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HUTCHINGS'



ILLUSTRATED

1861 ANT

CALIFORNIA MAGAZINE,

VOLUME V.

JULY, 1860, TO JUNE, 1861.



SAN FRANCISCO:
HUTCHINGS & ROSENFELD, PUBLISHERS,
NO. 146 MONTGOMERY STREET.

1861.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the years 1860-61,

By HUTCHINGS & ROSENFELD,

In the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Northern District of the State of California.

PRINTED BY CHARLES F. ROBBINS,

No. 417 Clay Street, S. F.

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HUTCHINGS'

CALIFORNIA MAGAZINE.

VOL. V.

JULY, 1860.

No. 1.

THE PONY EXPRESS.



SWIMMING THE STORM-SWOLLEN STREAM.

W

We are not about to insist that the Pony Express is the greatest of all the great enterprises of modern times, nor are we contemplating the running down of others, by way of proving that this individual one is par-

ticularly and pre-eminently *the* enterprise of the present day; but we shall show that in speed of transmitting news and letters, nothing has ever equaled it on this continent.

We remember with what enthusiastic

Nov. Feb. 6, 67 A

welcoming the first Overland Mail was received here, on the 10th of October, 1858, which had made the trip from St. Louis to San Francisco, via Los Angeles, in the unprecedented short time of twenty-three days and twenty-one hours. This was a great achievement, and should not be overlooked, especially as a better average of speed has been made from that time to this, almost in every instance anticipating the mail steamer's news.

Nor should we overlook the demonstration of joy everywhere manifest, when the pioneer mail steamship, the *California*, plowed the waters of the bay, on the 28th day of February, 1850; and the actual benefits that have arisen from passenger and mail transportation by the steamships of this and other companies from that time to this, with all their high prices and abuses—and heaven knows they have been high enough and bad enough. Yet, to suppose them out of the way, before the Pacific Railroad is built, would be to suppose one of the most deplorable extremities to which California could be reduced, especially as it would be utterly impossible to convey, overland, the thirty or more dray loads of mail matter sent by every steamer; to say nothing of the four hundred or more passengers that depart semi-monthly for the Atlantic ports. We wish to offer no plea in justification of the exorbitant rates of passage charged, nor the over-crowding and other abuses to which travelers have to submit, simply because they cannot help themselves; but to ask a question arising from the circumstances of the case. "After all, what could we do without them—at least, until the railroad is built?" and which at present appears very doubtful. Therefore, while we remember the one with just exultation and pride, let us not forget the other in ingratitude—however great the humiliation we may feel, that through the selfish conniving of interested politicians, who cannot be accredited

with being statesmen—a greater good, the Pacific Railroad, is indefinitely postponed. With this brief allusion to these valuable public enterprises, we can with a better conscience proceed to speak of a private one of equal importance, in a new and commercial point of view—THE PONY.

This Express was established by Majors, Russell & Co., whose principal office is at Leavenworth, Missouri, and who have had the mail contract from St. Joseph, Mo., to Salt Lake City, for several years. When gold had been discovered, and mining settlements began to flourish at Pike's Peak, this enterprising company organized a branch Express to that point also.

Early in the present year the plans for the establishing of the Pony Express from St. Joseph to San Francisco, were perfected, and Major Solomon, U. S. Marshal for California, was authorized to select and procure as fine a collection of fleet-footed and muscular horses, as could be found in the State.

This accomplished, Mr. W. W. Finney was dispatched as general roadagent, and who arrived here in March last, with the intention of starting the Pony on the first day of April, ensuing. But owing to the difficulty of arranging the stations beyond Placerville, on account of several severe snow storms having rendered the trails almost impassable, it was found next to impossible to get feed for the animals, and provisions for the men packed out at any price; and but for the kindness of Mr. Halliday, who promptly cashed the drafts of the company, a still further delay would have been inevitable; yet owing to this well-timed assistance, Mr. Finney was enabled to purchase trains of pack mules, and thus prosecute the work of stocking the stations, which he did with untiring energy.

All things being in readiness, early on the morning of the third of April, the "Pony" was placed at the door of the



PASSING AN EMIGRANT TRAIN ON THE PLAINS.

Alta Telegraph Company, on Montgomery street, San Francisco, decked with a small U. S. flag on each side of his head, and a neat pair of leather bags in the *mochila** of the saddle, on which was painted "Pony Express." At a few minutes before 4 o'clock, P. M., of the same day, in order to be in time for the Sacramento boat, the first messenger left the office, on his arduous undertaking.

At 5 P. M. of the same day, the first Pony Express was dispatched from St. Joseph, with St. Louis dates up to the time of starting.

As many of our readers have probably never crossed this portion of the continent, perhaps they would like to accompany the Pony—at least in imagination—for the purpose of seeing the country; which, if it be not as instructive, or as life-like as an actual trip, can be taken in less time, at a smaller expense, and with

considerable less fatigue, danger, inconvenience and exposure than is traveled by every expressman on the route.

The moment the St. Joseph's ferry-boat touches the western side of the Missouri river, the "rider" mounts his steed and dashes up the steep bank and across the heavily-timbered alluvium on the margin of the stream. The beautiful undulating country, carpeted with green, or covered with flowers; the songs of the birds, the wild bees prospecting for honey, even the delicious flavor of the strawberries that grow in bounteous profusion on every hand, are alike unheeded—for onward he hastens.

The loud peals of thunder, and the fierce flashes of lightning, or even the falling of the drenching rain, detains him not. What though the storm-swollen banks of the streams are full to overflowing, so that even the landmarks for crossing are altogether invisible, it deters him not, for in it he plunges and speeds along on his rapid course, undismayed.

* As the reader is probably aware, the "mochila" is the common, though Spanish name, for the leather covering of a California saddle.

Whether sun-dried or soaked, snow-covered or frozen, by day or by night, in starlight or darkness, be he lonely or merry, forward he hastens, until the thrice welcome station is just there, in sight, when he leaps from his saddle, and with full heart rejoices that his task for the present is fully accomplished. Here another, whose horse, like himself, has been waiting, perhaps without shelter, quickly takes the *mochila*, which contains all the letters. On his saddle he throws it, then jumps to his seat, shouts a hearty "Good-night, boys," and is lost in the distance. He rides on alone, over prairies and mountains, whether up hill or down, on rough ground or smooth, among true friends or foes, he hies swiftly on, until in the shadowy distance the relay is seen, and his duty's performed.

Again and again, from station to station, this is often repeated, until from the Carson, across the Sierras, a message announces the "Pony's arrival," with news from St. Louis in eight days or less.

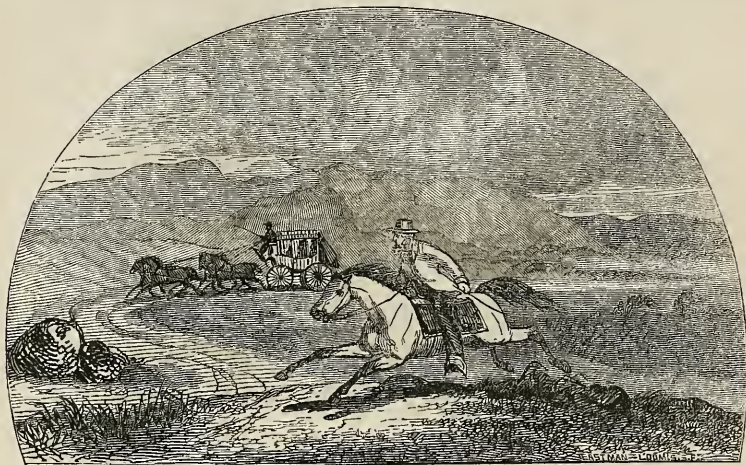
The following table, kindly furnished us by Mr. _____ of the Alta Telegraph office, will not only indicate the general route traveled, but the number, name and distance of the principal stations :

From St. Joseph to 1st Station.....	25
Kinnekek.....	25
3d Station.....	23
Marysville on Big Blue.....	45
5th Station.....	30
Little Blue.....	65
Up Little Blue.....	35
Fort Kearney.....	50
Plum Creek.....	40
Cottonwood.....	40
Crossing South Platte.....	85
Ash Hollow.....	18
Rush Creek.....	36
Larence Fork.....	21
Chimney Rock.....	18
Scott's Bluff.....	25
Horse Creek.....	15
Fort Laramie.....	35
Horse-shoe Creek.....	42
Deer Creek.....	58

Platte Bridge.....	25
1st Crossing Sweetwater.....	54
3d do do.....	40
Last do do.....	50
South Pass.....	10
Dry Sandy.....	12
Little Sandy.....	18
Big Sandy.....	6
Green River.....	20
Ham's Fork.....	20
Miller's Fork.....	20
Fort Bridger.....	12
Bear River.....	40
Weber River, mouth Echo Canon.....	30
Salt Lake City.....	42
Hot Springs.....	20
Camp Floyd.....	27
Rush Valley.....	24
Simpson's Springs }.....	27
Dug Way (Well) } Desert.....	20
Fish Springs }.....	30
Pleasant Valley.....	46
Shell Creek.....	45
Thousand Spring Valley.....	34
Ruby Valley.....	21
Two Springs.....	18
Next Station.....	12
Willow Creek.....	25
Antelope Creek.....	18
Mouth of Cañon.....	28
Cold Springs.....	20
Reese's River.....	20
Willow Creek.....	13
Sink of Carson River.....	50
Walker's River.....	22
Up Walker's River.....	14
Carson River.....	14
Miller's Station.....	12
Carson City.....	18
Placerville.....	100
Sacramento City.....	50
San Francisco.....	118
Total.....	1996

Up to the time of interruption by the breaking out of the Washoe Indian war, eight trips had been successfully made, in which the average number of letters carried from this side to the east was ninety-two, and those from the east, fifteen. From each way a steady increase was observable.

On the breaking out of the Indian disturbances, the volunteers, we are informed, without any regard whatever to the wants of the Express, pressed the



DISTANCING THE OVERLAND MAIL STAGE.

V. C. G. #6592.

stock from several stations into their service, and omitted to restore it; stores were appropriated in a similar manner; thus materially crippling the efficiency of the company before the Indians had molested it in any way.

No sooner had actual hostilities commenced than Indian aggression began to be manifest upon the route of the Pony, as the following dispatch from C. H. Ruffin, an employee of the company, located at Miller's Station, to W. W. Finney, road agent:

"MILLER'S STATION, May 31.

"I have just returned from Cold Springs—was driven away by the Indians, who attacked us night before last. The men at Dry Creek Station have been killed, and it is thought the Robert's Creek Station has been destroyed. The Express turned back after hearing the news from Dry Creek. Eight animals were stolen from Cold Springs on Monday. Hamilton is at the Sink of the Carson, on his way in with all the men and horses. He will get to Buckland to-morrow."

We cannot do better here than re-publish the following well-written letter, to the *S. F. Bulletin*, as it tells of the intrepidity and daring, and we regret to say, the melancholy end of a courageous man:—

IN MEMORIAM.

PLACERVILLE, May 31, 1860.

Editor Bulletin: You will oblige many by publishing the following tribute to the memory of a brave man:

Bartholomew Riley died last night, at Carson City, of a rifle-shot wound received at Cold Springs Station, on the Pony Express route, on the 16th of May. He had received an honorable discharge from Company E of the 10th Regiment of U. S. Infantry, at Camp Floyd, and was *en route* to California, where he has brothers and sisters residing, when intelligence of the Indian outrage at Williams' ranch was first brought to Carson. As might be expected from a gallant soldier, he did not hesitate what course to pursue, but at once threw himself into the ranks of the ill-fated volunteers, under Major Ormsby. During the trying scenes of that bloody day, at Pyramid Lake, he was conspicuous among them all for the intrepidity and gallantry of his conduct. Like the white plume of Henry of Navarre, his course was where the battle raged fiercest and the bullets flew thickest, but he heeded them not. More than one of the dusky enemy were made painfully aware of the unerring accuracy of his aim, whilst his were the friendly hands that performed the last kind service for the lamented Ormsby.

Among the last to leave the field, Riley did not reach Buckland's until near daylight, just as the Express going East arrived, on the 15th May. The rider upon whom devolved the duty of going forward with the Express shrinking from its performance, and when there seemed no alter-



CROSSING THE SIERRAS IN A SNOW-STORM. 4667 6593

native but a failure, Riley, fresh from the battle-field and tired as he was, stepped forth and volunteered to ride to the next change, a distance of 85 miles. He did so in excellent time.

On the following day, by the accidental discharge of a weapon in the hands of a friend, he received wounds from which he died last night. "He sleeps his last sleep—he has fought his last battle." May the last trump "awake him to glory again."

Thomas Flynn, the rider of the Pony Express from Genoa to Sink of Carson, who came in on Thursday night, informs us, says the *Territorial Enterprise* of June 2d, that the last Pony Express going East was turned back at Dry Creek, 250 miles east of here. No word there had been heard of the Express coming from the East. Six Pike's Peakers found the body of the station keeper horribly mutilated, and all the animals missing at Simpson's Park, as reported last week. Mr. Hamilton and Ruffin, with others of the Pony Express, took the stock from Smith's Creek, and camped at night at Cold Springs; Ruffin and Hamilton, while on guard, were fired

on by the Indians. The whole party on hearing the shots saddled up and moved off. They, in the moving, overtook some emigrants with 3,000 sheep; some forty men were with the sheep train. That party is now safe at Miller's Station. Josephus, a friendly Pah-Ute, who has been in the employ of the Pony Express Company, advised Flynn to leave with his stock from the Sink of Carson immediately. He heeded the warning, and attributes his safety to that fact.

It is ascertained beyond doubt, that most of the stations from Carson Valley to Camp Floyd, have been destroyed by the Indians, and it is thought that several of the employees have been murdered, and the stock driven off. Mr. Finney, with the intention of ascertaining the situation of the men and the condition of the stations, and with the view of re-establishing the Express, appealed to the public for men, well armed and provisioned, and \$1,000 for their pay. This met with a prompt response, at 2 P.M., of June 9th, from twenty picked men, who

were to start under Mr. F., but as he was indisposed, they left Carson City the same morning without him, well armed and mounted.

Where the country was favorable, the stations were distant from each other between 25 and 75 miles, according to the necessities of the route. The last Express that came through, made the trip from St. Joseph to Carson City, in less than six days' actual traveling time; but owing to the stock being run off, was delayed at the stations. The storms this spring, at the time the Pony was running, were very severe on the riders, and the roads were never in a worse condition. Besides, owing to the great depth of snow on the Sierras, but one trail (and that very narrow), was beaten; and as this was blocked up in many places with pack trains and travelers on their way to the Washoe silver mines, much detention was caused.

The company feel confident of being able to make the time regularly from St. Joseph to Carson Valley, in from five to six days. With all the drawbacks of the first few trips from St. Joseph to Carson City, the following excellent time was made:

First express from St. Joseph through to San Francisco, in 10 days; 2d, 14 days; 3d, 9 days; 4th, 10 days; 5th, 9 days; 6th, in 9 days. Those going eastward, were taken from San Francisco through to St. Joseph. By putting on a daily express and two riders, instead of one, that company affirm that it will carry the entire letter mail from San Francisco to St. Joseph, within six days. Of course this would be of immense advantage to the public. If this could be carried into effect, without injury to the overland mail, via Los Angeles, we should like to see it done.

On the evening of the 23d ult, another express arrived safely at Carson City, with St. Louis dates to the 9th, under guard of fifty mounted U. S. troops, as an escort to protect them from massacre by Indians, and to assist in re-establishing the stations destroyed. They met the twenty armed

volunteers who took the last out-going express from Carson City.

THE CALIFORNIA WILD PLUM.

It is very probable that many of our readers who dwell in the principal mercantile cities are unaware that in the mountains of this State there are not less than two varieties of a very excellent wild plum. One is almost the size—although we have seen some much larger—and shape of that given in our engraving, the other is a little smaller, oblong, and almost the shape and color of a damson when ripe. This latter variety has not yet been examined and classified by botanists; but if some of our friends who are coming to the city will bring a good specimen with them and leave it with us, we will see that this is done.

Both varieties of this plum grow on low bushes, and not on trees like other wild plums at the east, and are about the height and conformation of the illustration given on page 10.

They generally grow in patches or groups, at the heads of ravines, at an altitude seldom less than two thousand feet above the sea, and mostly in open localities adjacent to pine forests, but not directly in it. The bushes are found near to each other, and the two varieties frequently grow in the same group, though not from the same root.

Both are excellent edibles, although those that are round are the first ripe and better, eaten as fruit or stewed as sauce, and preferred by some palates; but when the oblong plum is thoroughly ripe, its rich acetous flavor, in our estimation, far excels the other, and which makes a delicious preserve.

Just before the fruit is fit for use, a large proportion of its leaves drop off,



THE CALIFORNIA WILD PLUM.

when, by drawing the hand up the small twig-like boughs, an immense quantity can be gathered in a very brief space of time.

For some unexplained reason, like the coffee tree of north-western Mexico, they do not always bear fruit two years successively.

These wild plums could be cultivated to advantage in our gardens, and would make a pleasing variety of fruit in our markets; and for grafting purposes, might be more hardy and serviceable than the other, as best adapted to their

native soil and climate, especially in a mountainous region.

***TECHNICAL DESCRIPTION.**—The *Prunus sub-cordata*, (Benth.) or *Pacific Plum*, is a small, smooth, spineless shrub, ordinarily from two to six feet high, with short, wide-spread branches. The leaves, as seen in our drawing, are broad, (seldom narrow) roundish, egg-shaped, or somewhat slightly heart-shaped, at the base, where the lamina is briefly decurrent upon the leaf stem; at this point are usually seen from one to four small glands; the margin is finely, doubly sharp-toothed, but not prickly, even from the base to the upper obtuse (or briefly acuminate) end; the leaf-stem is from one-fourth to one-half an inch long; in the bud the leaf is convolute, *i. e.*, rolled up from one edge to the other, which feature distinguishes a Plum from a

Cherry; the stipules are narrow linear, lanceolate, glandular-toothed. Flowers and fruit oftener in pairs—stem nearly half an inch long—plum a rich, reddish orange color. The calyx, or flower-cup, is bell-shaped; its leafy-like lacinæ oboval, oblong-toothed, two to two and a-half lines long, or twice as long as the calyx; ovary glabrous, style with a funnel-form top and stigmatose margin. A quite distinct plum from all others, as seen by the leaves, and by the lacinæ of the calyx, being so much longer than in the allied species.

CALIFORNIA FALSE PLUM.

Nuttallia Cerasiformis.

BY DR. A. KELLOGG.

This low bush on the coast, in favorable localities grows to the size of a small tree. The white flowers, in elongated clusters similar to a cherry or a currant, spring out from the same buds as the branchlets, appearing at the same time with the tender, delicate, and membranous leaves. The bark is smooth and brown, like a plum or cherry, and has a similar peach or bitter almond odor. The figure here given represents the proper oblique form of the fruit, but in the immature state. When ripe, they are clothed with a handsome blue bloom, covering an oblong, plum-like, pulpy fruit, with a blackish, rich ground, often very enticing to the eye, but rather bitter to the taste. We have no doubt but these wild stocks would furnish the very best plants to bud or graft the finer cherries or plums: if so, they are well worthy the attention of our nurserymen and citizens generally. It is often a great desideratum to obtain good stocks, on account of the native adaptation of the plants to the soil. In some portions of the South, worms, insects and animals, devour most rapidly the sweet flavored root barks of choice

trees, when the native roots would be left unmolested. We have also observed much peculiarity in soils which prevented the culture of desirable trees, readily overcome by taking a native stock; *i. e.*, if the soil is shallow, with an impervious clay, an apple, pear, or choice cherry, which shoot a deep perpendicular root, would flourish well until it struck the clay, or stagnant moisture a little above it, when all at once the growth would be arrested, and either die, or the top exceed the power of the root, and the high winds prostrate them. Look at a wild crab-apple; the roots almost run on the top of the ground, and therefore they flourish well in a shallow soil with bald clay bot-



THE CALIFORNIA FALSE PLUM.

toms. Hence their preference as stocks.

This shrub we think will also be found, upon trial, to furnish our medical fraternity with an excellent home substitute for the Wild Cherry Bark of the Eastern States.



THE CALIFORNIA WILD PLUM BUSH.

SANTA CLARA'S DAY.

A feeling of sadness unconsciously steals over one, as he looks upon the changes that American civilization has brought to the native Californian and Mexican resident in California, since the conquest in 1846, and the discovery of gold in 1848. Politically and socially, they had experienced many changes, anterior to the advent of so numerous a band of enterprising men as the conquerors proved. But, when they came, the world seemed to be in danger of being turned upside down to the native residents; and to the prejudices, employments, social habits, and amusements of the former, they evidently became so. The half-dreamy and semi-religious teachings introduced and practiced being more like a compromise between the barbarian on the one hand, and ethical refinement on the other, than any particular system of theology taught elsewhere.

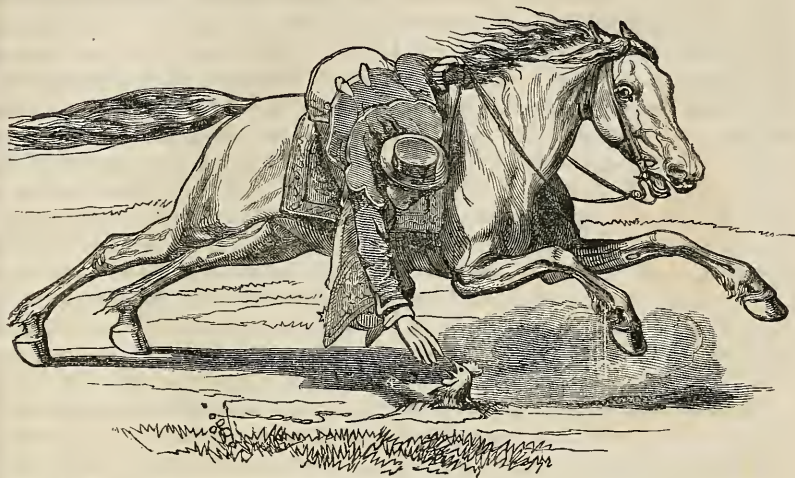
As in other countries, where the Spanish language is indifferently spoken,

and the Roman Catholic religion in its most depraved aspect, is a branch of the national belief, both men and women attend mass on Sunday morning, and in the afternoon a bull fight, at which the priests themselves are often present. Yet this differs only in a degree with the more refined amusements of the present age, with all its pretentious religious progression; having this distinction, however, that it is not only not customary, but is unmistakably unpopular for a religious teacher to be found in the theatre, or ball-room, or engaged at a game of ball or billiards on the Sabbath day.

Now, although by an act of the State Legislature, all barbarous amusements are suppressed, and all cruel sports very justly interdicted, both on week-days and Sundays, many others of a highly exhilarating and amusing character are still permitted, and enthusiastically practiced by the Spanish-Catholic population around the old Missions, especially on feast days, in honor of their saints. Of these, Santa Clara seems to be by far the most popular of all the saints in the calendar, and consequently receives a proportionate amount of attention.

Our readers are aware that the Mission of Santa Clara, situated some forty-eight miles south of San Francisco, was dedicated to this favorite personage, who is looked up to and feted as the Patron Saint of the Mission; and although nearly all the lands that belonged to it are claimed by settlers, who have divided it up, fenced and planted it, so that waving trees, flourishing fields of grain, fruit orchards, flower gardens, and beautiful cottages, almost exclusively fill up the landscape,—there the old Mission Church still stands on the plaza, with which is connected the most flourishing educational Catholic College in the State.

At sun-rise of the day especially devoted to this favorite Saint, the matins-bell calls the dusky sons of the soil to



NATIVE CALIFORNIAN AT FULL SPEED, TAKING THE BURIED ROOSTER BY THE HEAD.

prayers. It is an interesting sight to see them issuing from their humble tile-roofed dwellings, the señoras and señoritas dressed in the brightest of all the principal colors, and with the men sauntering near them, wending their way to the house of prayer. Then with the men to enter the solemn and shadow-filled edifice devoted to supplication, and hear the low matins chanted, or watch the solemn ceremonials at the altar, and the equally solemn countenances of the worshippers, and it will carry you back, far back, into that shadowy part of their history that you cannot but remember with pity, that they have been so far distanced in the race of life by a higher civilization, with which they have had no sympathy, and are consequently left behind.

But the moment the threshold is recrossed, and their feet tread the dusty road, or the green sward in front of the church, a change, apparently amounting to an entire transformation, is everywhere visible. The muttered response is exchanged for the merry, musical laugh,

and the bent posture for a lively light-footed skip. All the plans for a day of thorough enjoyment are eagerly discussed; and all the preparations in progress for a general holiday are recounted.

Wayside stalls laden with fruits, cakes, sweetmeats, toys and refreshments of various kinds, stand here and there—all of which are well patronized by the juvenile branches of the family, and their visitors, who come in from all the surrounding ranches.

As soon as their early mid-day meal, such as we call breakfast, is over, which is generally about eleven o'clock, some introductory pastimes are indulged in by the younger pleasure seekers, and which, about one o'clock, P. M., give way to such as are most popular among the adults. As these are somewhat numerous, and would, if fully described, far exceed the limits of a magazine article, we must content ourselves by noticing only a few of the principal ones.

As every native Californian is as much at home on a horse, as a Sandwich Isl-

ander is in the sea, and as horses are their particular pride, even while they excessively abuse them, and skill in riding is esteemed as among the first of accomplishments, those sports, which afford the most favorable opportunities for their display, and the costly caparisons of the animals they ride, are by far the most attractive. One of the most popular, next to horse-racing, is the following:

The body of a live rooster is buried in the earth, with nothing but the head visible above ground, a signal is given to the horseman, who is in readiness about sixty yards distant, when by a sudden plunge of the spur the horse is rode rapidly forward, and if by a dexterous swoop the rider can stoop low enough and succeed in taking the bird by the head while the horse is at full speed, he bears off the trophy with triumph, amid the applause of the concourse assembled. But, should he fail in the effort, as frequently happens, he not only loses the favors he expected to win, but is sometimes unhorsed, with violence, and dragged in the dust, at the risk of breaking his limbs or his neck, and greeted with derisive laughter from the spectators. Horses and their trappings, and oftentimes sums of money, are staked upon the success of such an attempt.

Another source of amusement, is to place a raw-hide flat on the ground, then after riding at full speed for some distance, to rein the horse suddenly in the moment his forefeet strikes the hide; if by any possibility this is not accomplished, the rider is berated for his unskillfulness.

Cock-fighting is by no means the least attractive divertisement among the men; but as this ought to be classed among their every day pastimes, it is generally reserved for small occasions.

But the greatest of all sources of gratification to all classes and sexes, were the bull-fights, and bull and bear fights. As

San Jose and her sister Mission of Santa Clara were the most flourishing of all the Missions, and as the latter was the especial favorite of all the Patron Saints, her bull-fights were the best in the country. After the discovery of gold, and before their grounds were much settled up by the Americans, they continued them with more zeal and magnitude than ever, until prevented by the town authorities in 1851, which was the last time they were permitted within the limits of the town.

On this occasion it was acknowledged to be the most extensive they had ever had; and was continued for nearly a week. Twelve bulls, two large grizzly bears, and a considerable number of Indians were engaged, at different times, for the amusement of the assembled multitude. In the second day's encounter, four Indians and one horse were killed, and several wounded by the bulls; the loss of the horse seemed to cause far more regret than did the Indians. When the latter were gored by the sharp horns of the bull, the band would strike up a lively tune to smother his cries or moans, and the people appeared to be immensely pleased at the performance.

The Padre in charge at the time was a Franciscan, and evidently enjoyed the sport, but he was removed the following year, and a Jesuit appointed in his place, who denounced all such cruel sports from the altar, to the great displeasure of the Californians generally.

Although this day is still the greatest holiday time at these two Missions, horse-racing in all its diverse maneuverings, with dancing and other harmless pastimes, are the principal methods now engaged in to spend the day pleasantly.

Santa Clara's Day, of the Franciscan Order, recurs on the 12th of August, and this is the day observed at the Mission of Santa Clara. It will be well that this distinction should be remembered, as there is another Santa Clara's Day, on the 18th August, originated by a different Order.

“LOVEST THOU ME ?”

BY MRS. AMELIA GRIFFITH.

“Lovest thou me ?”

Thus spake the risen Savior. And the words
Were living music, whose symphonies shall sound
E'en to the end of time; and then not lost,
But, gathered into a full chorus, sound
Through all eternity.

“Lovest thou me ?”

'Twas the heart-yearning of Divinity
For fallen man, so soon to be bereft
Of the great Shepherd's care. When he is gone,
Who'll guide the flock, whose weary wanderings
Prompt the true Shepherd to a double care ?
Or who will bear the fainting lambs ?—whose voice
Will sound the welcome call ?

“Lovest thou me ?”

Thus thrice he questioned; until Peter, grieved—
No doubt remembering how, once, he had
Denied his Lord—in sorrow thus replied:
“Thou knowest all things—knowest that I love thee.”
“Feed thou my sheep.” Thus thrice the charge was given,
At this, the third time he had shown himself
To his disciples. Peter thus he charged,
By all the love he gave his Lord, to care
For those he left on earth.

“Lovest thou me ?”

A mother sickened unto death, and knew
Her time was short. Yet her strong mother-love
Clung to her child, and would not loose its hold !
While, flutt'ring out toward the veiled Hereafter,
The soul's weak pinions were still weighted down,
Chained to the earth, by the subtle mystery
Of Motherhood. A strong man, bowed in grief,
Hard-struggling with his soul-subduing sorrow,
And murm'ring mourning words in love's own language—
Whispering sorrow for unworthiness past,
And promises of future tenderness—
At last was awed into a solemn silence
By her heart-thrilling cry of, “Lovest thou me ?”
Then, by that love, I bid thee to be kind
Unto our child, as thou wouldst be to me !”

WHO ARE OUR GREAT MEN ?

BY JAMES ALLEN.

LATELY, having nothing else to do, we have been poring over a few of the last volumes of the *Scientific American*, that excellent exponent of mechanical philosophy, and we have come to the conclusion, mauger the world's fashionable sanctions and traditions, that our really great men are those who have done most to explore and unveil the laws of nature and have labored to make the knowledge of those laws subservient to human happiness. In our estimation, the scientific mechanician, who discovers a means of lightening the toil of human muscles, by harnessing the uncomplaining elements and making them work, while the toiler can have leisure to rest and think, is the truly great man. He is the true benefactor of his race, the true motor and up-bearer of civilization.

There was a time—and, more's the pity, that that time has not quite gone by—when human greatness was measured and weighed by human blood and human corpses. A man, in order to become *great*, in the world's appreciation, was compelled to show himself a *great murderer*. The greater the number of his battle fields, the greater the number of his slaughtered victims, the greater the number of cities he destroyed and the lands he devastated, the greater he stood, as a man, and the historian and the poet vied with each other in chronicling his fame and singing peans to his glory. Strange perversity of the human heart, that it should exalt the destroyers of mankind while it passes by the benefactors of the race in silence and contempt. The patient geniuses, who built the grand cities of the world, rendering them abodes of peace, while they embellished them with the triumphs of architectural skill and the glories of sculpture, have been

strangely forgotten, in history and song, while the monsters who transformed those cities into masses of crumbling ruins, are the pets of the annalist and the most brilliant of themes for the lyricist.

Next, in the world's laudation, but more potent than the conquerors, come the priests—the men who profess to interpret the designs of Heaven for the benefit of humanity—and sorry we are that they have done so little, to earn the gratitude of the world, in the cause of scientific truth. They have seemed to think that human ignorance was more pleasing to their Divine Master than human knowledge. Instead of cultivating and extending the truths of physical science, they have amused themselves by the discussion of extravagant paradoxes and pompous absurdities. In fact, science has found in them its most inveterate and cruel antagonists. They denounced and anathematized the Copernican theory of the universe, and the premature death of its author only saved him from their malignity. To his disciple, Galileo, they gave the alternative of recanting the system of Copernicus or being roasted at the stake. Galileo, like a sensible man, as he was, who felt and knew that eternal truth needs no martyrs, went soberly through the ceremony of recantation, thus saving his valuable life and giving himself time and opportunity for further investigation into the laws of celestial mechanics. Columbus, relying on his hypothesis of the rotundity of the earth, ventured to ask for ships to test it, by sailing westwardly from Europe in quest of the Indies, and how was he met by the priests? With derision and obloquy, and the bitterest of ghostly reprobation. He was held up by these pious cosmogonists, who believed the earth to be a flat island floating on a mysterious ocean, as a heretic and an atheist; and the greatest marvel, in all his marvellous achievements, is that, with such a clerical load of opprobrium on his

head, he succeeded in obtaining from the priest-ridden court of Ferdinand and Isabella the means of triumphantly establishing his hypothesis. Forty years ago, when geology was timidly lifting its young head, and had dared to insinuate that the world was much older than some people supposed it, what storms of abuse were hurled upon the science and its votaries. Geology, in clerical parlance, was but Atheism in disguise, and Geologists were but godless materialists in masquerade. Geology, however, in spite of clerical thunder, has pursued its upward march, and now, quietly but triumphantly, it stands on vantage ground, secure from the mockeries of ignorance and the anathemas of fanaticism. Science is brave and indefatigable. She brandishes no weapons and deals not in bravados; but she resolutely presses onward, and each new foothold she gains is sure to keep. The clergy of to-day, unlike their predecessors, have, many of them, bowed down before the potency of her demonstrations and yielded a liberal assent to her revelations. Religion, when stripped of bigotry and superstition, is the natural friend and companion of Science; and the twain, when harmonized by Wisdom, are the surest supports and safeguards of human happiness.

The politicians, next in order below the conquerors and priests, claim high niches in the world's temple of fame. And, yet, what have politicians done in the cause of civilization and social order? Why, the man who perfected the steam engine, and the man who applied it to the purpose of navigation, have done more for human enlightenment and human progress than all the politicians that ever lived. Who caused the vast valley of the Mississippi to teem with intelligent and virtuous humanity? Not the politician. The steam engine and the steam boat, the ingenious creations of Watt and Fulton, have been the great motive agents that

have worked such miracles of progress, not alone in the valley of the Mississippi, but in California, and in all the American Republic. The man who, the other day, invented the sewing machine, bestowed a boon upon the world, greater in its consequences than all the grandiloquent harangues and pretentious civic reforms of a million of politicians.

In our own California—and especially in this very quarter of it—who unveiled the secret of tearing from the bowels of our gravel ridges their long-hidden hoards of treasure? Not a conquering warrior—not a priest—not a politician. No, Edward E. Mattison, who first discovered and successfully applied hydraulics in gold mining, thereby bringing to the light and adding to the world's wealth millions of dollars that would otherwise have slept, in silence and darkness, to the crack of doom, was and is nothing more nor less than an honest, unpretending mechanical inventor, who thought so little of his achievement that he never took the trouble to ask a patent for it. All the politicians that have risen, and reigned, and revelled in California—governors, senators, and assemblymen, with all their pompous pretensions—have never rendered a tithe of benefit to the State which it has derived from the simple hose and pipe of our unobtrusively ingenious friend Mattison.

This article, in its commencement, was intended as a brief compliment to the utilitarian excellence of the *Scientific American*; but, somehow, it has run slightly beyond its chalk-marks. Nevertheless, there is still room for saying that the *Scientific American* is a periodical that ought to be found in all the parlors, the libraries, and the workshops of the Republic; being, as it is, a cheap but ever intelligent and entertaining compendium of all that is useful in the arts and magnificent in science.

THE SECRET OF HAPPINESS.

BY G. T. SPROAT.

"I never knew how sweet honey tasted," said an old man, "till I took a piece of comb, and divided it with another. Then it was *doubly* sweet. So with good news. If you have any thing to tell any one that will make his heart glad, run quick and tell him. If you think it will grieve him, bottle it up! bottle it up!"

Good advice this, from the old man. Happiness consists in *making the happiness of others our own*.

My neighbor plants himself a garden; he fills it with flowers. I love to walk with him in his garden and admire the flowers. Do they smell less sweet because they are not my own? Nay, do I not enjoy them *more* than if they were all my own, and I had no one to share them with me? for pleasures are only such when shared with others; and joys, undivided, are no joys at all.

Another one builds himself a house. Oh what a fine prospect from the windows! how much he will enjoy it; how his children will delight to troop through the broad verandahs. Their merry shout rings even now in my ears. Do I enjoy it less because his wife and children are not my own? I have a *double* pleasure in making *myself* and *them* happy, and it is reflected back to me from them again.

"The human heart is like Heaven," says Fredreca Bremer, "the more angels the more room." The more happiness we give to others, the more we ourselves receive. Keep the heart busily traveling on its errands of mercy; it has feet that never tire—hands that never fail. The more it does of that work of love the more it loves to do.

"Love is ownership," says the great hearted Beecher. "We own whom we love. The universe is God's, because he

loves it." Every man becomes our brother when we love him as such. Even the brute owns no one for master but him who loves them; and we know how little children will instinctively cling to loving, friendly hands that they have never before pressed—showing a confidence and affection that far exceeds all the bonds of mere relationship.

In helping others we also help ourselves. A beautiful story is told of two brothers traveling in Lapland, which illustrates this truth more than whole volumes of aphorisms.

It was a bitter, freezing day, and they were traveling in a sledge, wrapped in furs from head to foot—but notwithstanding this, they were almost frozen in the fearful cold.

By the wayside they discovered a poor traveler benumbed and perishing in the snow.

"Let us stop and help him," said one of the brothers, "we may save his life."

"Yes, and lose our own," replied the other. "Are we not ourselves freezing in the cold? None but a fool would think of stopping on such a day as this. I would not throw off my cloak of fur to save a hundred travelers."

"I am freezing as well as you," said his brother, "but I cannot see this stranger perish, I must go and help him."

He was as good as his word. He went to his relief, chafed his temples and gave him wine from his bottle to drink. The effort that he made brought warmth to his own limbs, and he took the traveler on his back and bore him to the sledge.

"Brother, he said, "look! I have saved this stranger's life—and also, I verily believe, my own. I am quite warm from the efforts that I have made."

But his brother did not answer. He was sitting upright in his furs, on the sledge, *cold and dead*.

THE POPULATIONS OF ASIA ;

With an estimate of the area of the nations and islands of that continent, and the consideration thereof in relation to Western America, and Polynesia.

	Sq. miles, Eng.	Population.
Chinese Empire,.....	7,100,000	168,000,000
Russia in Asia,.....	5,800,000	3,600,000
Cochin China, or Anam,.....	98,000	5,000,000
Birmah,.....	184,000	2,000,000
Siam,.....	80,000	2,800,000
Nepal and Bootan,.....	100,000	4,000,000
Malaya,.....	58,000	600,000
Cassay, Beloochistan, Afghanistan, &c.,.....	407,000	6,000,000
Independent Tartary, or Turkestan,.....	727,000	5,000,000
Bokara, Kokan, Khira, and small States,.....	726,000	5,000,000
Persia,.....	482,000	9,000,000
Turkey in Asia,.....	447,000	12,500,000
Arabia,.....	1,000,000	10,000,000
British India, and States dependent on its protection and support,.....	1,322,000	150,660,000
ASIATIC ISLANDS.		
Japan Islands,.....	265,000	35,000,000
Ceylon,.....	24,000	1,000,000
Borneo,.....	262,000	4,000,000
Sumatra,.....	122,500	7,000,000
Java,.....	49,900	4,800,000
Celebes,.....	75,000	3,000,000
Philippine Islands,.....	129,000	4,000,000
Mindannao and Joloos,.....	101,400	1,300,000
Smaller Islands,.....	78,400	4,200,000
Papua, or New Guinea,.....	390,000	1,000,000
POLYNESIAN ISLANDS, north and south of the Equator, say.....	1,000,000	200,000
EUROPEAN RACES in California, Oregon, and N. W. America,.....		800,000
“ “ Australian Settlements,.....		1,000,000

For this estimate we are indebted to the great geographer and statist, J. R. M'Culloch, an author of research, learning, and the most philosophical common-sense views of men and things. His article on Asia, in the Geographical Dictionary, is one of the best written pieces in this department of physical science in our language. His views on this, and indeed every subject which his careful, fluent and comprehensive pen has touched, are truly cosmopolitan and liberal, with a single eye to the attainment of truth on the basis of right reason.

Speaking of the populations of Asia, he justly remarks, (Vol. 1, page 185): "There are no means by which to form anything like a correct estimate either of the extent or population of the greater number of the Asiatic States. The esti-

mates of the population of China only vary from about one hundred and fifty to three hundred and sixty-eight millions; and the difference in the estimate of the population of other countries, though much less in absolute amount, are quite as great in degree." The reasonableness of these remarks is borne out by accounts of the Asiatic travelers from Europe of the last ten years, who have now penetrated into many of the hitherto *terra incognita*s of that continent. The countries traversed by Marco Polo, the Venetian traveler, and the two monks Carpini and Rubriquis, sent by the Pope in the 13th century to melt the heart of the great Genghis Khan, and lock it up with the keys of Peter in the sanctuary of the Apostolic Roman Catholic Church, remain in the same normal condition of

morals, politics and trade, as described by them. The English in Hindostan, and the Russians in Siberia, have been unable, from the hostilities of those predatory and inhospitable tribes, to advance but approximately into the unknown regions of Central Asia, containing undoubtedly vast deposits of gold and silver. Their travelers have but caught glimpses of the great snow-capped mountain ranges, and the boundless horizons of the interior plains, deserts, and salt lakes—of rivers sinking in sandy wastes, or of the beautiful vallies and steppes hid in the sweeping slopes of the Tartarian and Altar ranges. Here dwell pastoral tribes who know not the face of the white man, and never heard the name of the great founder of Christianity, but who have undoubtedly by this time received tidings of the gold in California, and are delving in silence (to us) for the glittering product, which will assuredly extend the reign of gainful commerce, and dig the grave of Mohammedan bigotry, besotted Paganism, and lawlessness.

The population of the continent of Asia, as estimated by M'Culloch, is therefore, in round numbers, three hundred and eighty millions; and of the islands, small and large, fifty-six millions. Some authors on geography, as Balbi, Malte Brun, and Von Ritter, estimate the people of Asia to number six hundred millions, or two-thirds of the human race.

The speculations of untraveled philosophers may go for what they are worth. For our part, we fully believe, from the outposts of some of the most densely peopled of these countries, we have seen with our own eyes, that Asia does contain six hundred million souls; and that they are awaiting the shock of some mighty agent, combinative of morals, politics, and commerce, to make the old dry bones of dead, besotted and ferocious religions wake from their apathy, igno-

rance, and degrading tyranny. Let us examine these populations, so dense or so scattered, settled under half civilized, puerile governments like China, Persia, Birmah and Siam; or roving like the predatory tribes and lawless hordes of Tartary, Arabia, Mongolia, Manchourin, and Afghanistan, and we shall be struck with amazement that three hundred millions, as in China, should be governed by a single, deadened 3,000 year old system of ideas, administered by, probably, not more than 10,000 cunning heads with timid capacities; or that of Hindostan, with its numberless dialects, religions, languages and customs, a very Babel of tongues, and numbering by some accounts one hundred and eighty millions of human beings, controlled by the servants of a Commercial Company seated in London—that these servants number, including Europeans of every class, not more than 100,000 individuals who speak the English language, and that we, in California, lie very close to all this—we are inheritors with these one hundred thousand Englishmen, of the same laws, literature and ideas; nay more, that the seed which we have sown in every mortal mind inhabiting Asia within ten short years, is working and fermenting in those countries with prodigious force; that the idea of a cosmopolitan commerce, engendered in California, has spread and is extending in those countries and nations; we shall then begin to realize the dignity and purposes of a speedy exchange of products and quick communication of knowledge, which within the next fifty years is to produce such splendid results to California and Western America, nay, to the whole world.

Europe has been the hive from which swarmed the colonists of our Atlantic shores. The descendants of these colonists, mixed with Indian blood, have descended on the distant shores of the Pacific, in North and South America. For

the last sixty years only, have the Anglo-Saxon Colonists settled in Australia, and but ten years may be said to have commenced the real settlement of Western America, by British descendants of unmixed blood, from the Atlantic; and yet what a strange revolution in men's ideas, a new nation about to rise in the political firmament of the world, closely bordering on the shores of Asia, and with every advantage of founding a great commercial empire—with safe harbors, immense territories, stores of ship-building timber, fertile soil, healthy climate, mines of unknown wealth, and above all a homogeneous population speaking the language we speak here—young, vigorous, enterprising, restless and adventurous as ourselves—a great competitor to be with us, whose watchword is “Advance,” and whose spirit is ardent “Hope.” I mean the new nation of one million of Australians. And who made them start from the sleep of colonial vassalage? Why California—the little seed of fine gold—gold which has scattered man, and will gather him again; which will grow and take root and tear down as it strikes its roots deeper, old systems, old ideas, old religions, old democracies, old oligarchies, old despotisms, until they crumble into powder.

Well might Christ, the great law-giver of the world, say such words as are profoundly and philosophically true. Yes, eighteen hundred and twenty-seven years ago he declared on the shores of the California of Asia, “And whosoever shall fall on *this stone* shall be broken to pieces; but on whomsoever *it* shall fall, it will grind him to powder.” And California is emphatically the great disintegrator of tribes, religions, policies; of nations, of states, and of empires; of sects, parties and opinions, whether they be moral, political, commercial or physical. It has set ten of thousands of speculators with their hundred thousand of

schemes in motion; it will raise the millions of Asia to the dignity of men with minds enquiring the road to truth and the havens of reason and liberty; it will move forward, resistless and unbidden, the Anglo-Saxon populations of the world to the accomplishment of a marvelous destiny; a destiny which will grasp with hands of conquering energy the northern and southern Arctic shores, and the Pacific and Atlantic coasts. And it needs, indeed, a Continent for such “Titans to tug against.” And it needs, indeed, an ocean wide as the Pacific, for the theatre of its new life, and the surrounding densities of populated old empires to be the spectators of the mighty events now about to be marshaled on the stage of the world. And as Europe has been the mother hive of the Atlantic nations, Asia must yield her stores of men to do the rough work of aiding to reduce the waste lands of Malaysia, Australasia, Polynesia, Pacific America; and the great islands of the Archipelago, large enough in each of themselves to form empires, must yield their virgin soil to the Asiatic colonist and axeman—the European races cannot. He may there renew the probation in their wilds and those of the continent, that our race have endured for the last two hundred years, before we had reached the ocean limits of our western emigration. And the question will arise in every reflective mind here, are these millions of men to be governed, instructed, and guided by the Americans of these countries? Are we to practice on these effete and ignorant but laborious races, a policy narrow, cruel and oppressive—or are we to tutor their impoverished souls in the new reign of cosmopolitan liberalism; whose aim is truth, whose handmaid is reason, and whose spirit is humanity; whose motto, in the words of the eloquent Fenelon, is, “My country is the world, and my countrymen are mankind.”

But from signs which the American people have exhibited, we judge that the reign of Cosmopolitan humanity is as yet but an idea of schoolmen and visionists. And yet Columbus was a student and visionist; he was called crazy, and alas, for the ingratitude of men, died nearly crazy with grief of harsh neglect. "I will let these chains that have bound my body, rust to powder in my coffin, with the bones of my frame, as a memento of the ingratitude of Kings and friends." "You heard of 'Fulton's Folly,' said sneerers in 1807, "he says he can impel a ship by steam to Albany at the rate of five miles an hour." "Not a single encouraging remark, a bright hope, or a warm wish crossed my path," remarks Fulton in one of his letters. Finally he was harassed and chased to death by litigants, jealous of his hard earned fame, and greedy of his hard earned gains. "Good heavens," said Prime Minister Stanley, in 1832, "If steamships cross the Atlantic, I will eat the boiler of the first boat."

The tule swamps in Sacramento, San Joaquin, Santa Clara and Sonoma, deltas infected by stinging mosquitoes, uninhabitable by white men, are just fit for Celestials to turn into fields of golden grain by human industry.

Finally, California is no new thing—it is but a fresh and stimulative chapter of human history, of the seeds of human destinies, big with heaving strugglings of future fates. Shall we exclaim, with misanthropic Byron:

"Oh man! thou feeble tenant of an hour;
Debased by slavery or corrupt by power,
By nature vile, ennobled but by name,
Each kindred brute might bid thee blush
for shame."

Or with classical Seneca, two thousand years ago: "The great aim of every man is happiness; the most essential requisite for the attainment of happiness is peace of mind, consequently we should endeavor

to subject our feelings and desires to the control of reason, and to put away from us everything which can disturb our equanimity." Any how in California there are but few Senecas, and we have no time to be Byrons. And in conclusion, let us call to mind the prophecy of the Apostle of Democratic Liberty, Thomas Jefferson, hated of federalists and scorned of monopolists—democratic and aristocratic: "A great nation of freemen from our own loins will occupy in the future the western slopes of this continent. They may divide themselves from our confederacy. I think if so, it will be by mutual consent. Their influence on the nations, populations and commerce of Asia, will install a new era in human annals. Our language and our laws will there be perpetuated, and I hope and trust in the Supreme Director of the Universe, they may be just and democratic," or words to that effect. And we believe that it is no more possible or profitable for us to get rid of the Chinese and Asiatic in the countries of the Pacific, than it is possible or desirable to get rid of fresh Europeans in the Atlantic States. And we note these very remarkable and significant facts, that the Anglo-Saxon populations, numbering some seventy millions of men, control nine-tenths of the commerce of the American continent and the Pacific ocean; their language is the language of navigation and merchandise; their influence is so energetic in its nature that it keeps in awe six hundred millions of Eastern Asiatics, and that the active trade of the civilized world is nearly entirely in the same hands. And all the mountains of gold and silver in Asia, Australia, Africa or America, discovered and undiscovered, will but suffice in the coming times, of the splendor of new empires in these hitherto remote and unknown seas, to supply the quick demands of a mighty commerce of the to be civilized and humanized nations

of Asia, and that Americans from California are to have a prime helping hand in bringing now unknown communities and distant, remote tribes, into the full light of the day of liberty and just government. In years, having extended our frontiers to the remote South, and consolidated our influences and strength on the Pacific, we may assume, with Australia, the arbitration of the stupid and besotted strifes of the Babels of nations.

A reference being had to the January number, 1860, of the *London Quarterly Review*, which contains a digest of late advices from Australia, it will show, that abler pens than mine have arrived at similar conclusions on golden Pacific matters. The eloquent, truthful, and far-seeing remarks of Sir Lytton Bulwer, therein noted, shows that one of the greatest geniuses of our language, and one of the most recondite literary minds of our times, has grasped the new ideas of which the countries of the Pacific world are now the juvenile but vigorous theatre of action.

[However much we may differ with writers upon this or other subjects, as we believe in an open discussion of all questions of public interest, we consequently admit opinions that do not coincide with our own.—ED.]

THE BALLAD OF GUNHILD, OR THE PHANTOM SHIP.

FROM THE DANISH OF INGEMANN.

Fair Gunhild stands on the galley's deck
And looks on the calm blue sea,
She sees where the pale moon mirrors itself,
And the stars shine tremulously.

She sees the moon, and the emerald light,
On the blue waves sweetly smile,
While the galley glides softly, like a snake,
To Britain's distant isle.

Thither, long since, in his dark prowed ship,
The little maid's love had sail'd ;
Ah me ! ah me ! as she stood alone
That day she wildly wail'd.

He promised letters of love to send,
And soon to come back again,
But no letters of love did he ever send,
Nor did he come back again.

Fair Gunhild—alas ! she could not rest,
Her heart beat wild with fright,
And she went from her father's and moth-
All in the murky night. [er's house,

And the galley's deck did she straight as-
Her dear betrothed to find. [cend
Whether he lay in a far-off land,
Or rocked by sea and wind.

Fair Gunhild was toss'd about three days
All on the wild white wave,
But on the third night of moon and stars
The sea grew still as a grave,

And the maiden stood on the galley's deck,
And look'd on the calm blue sea,
And she saw the pale moon mirror itself,
And the stars shine tremulously.

The crew were lull'd in their slumber calm,
The helmsman bow'd in sleep,
While silently in her robes of white,
The maid look'd over the deep.

Then from the depths of the ocean, rose
A wild and shadowy ship,
And slowly, and weird-like, over the waves
She saw the strange thing skip.

The ghost-like sails were rent in twain,
By the board the mast had gone,
She could not sail, but like a wreck
She dreamily floated on.

And all on board was still as death,
She moved without life or sign,
The crew were flickering human shapes,
Like mists in the pale moonshine.

Now struck the wreck the galley's side,
But none could hear or see,
But the maid who saw from the lonely deck
The stars shine tremulously.

Then a whisper came, "O fair Gunhild,
Thy lover thou fain wouldst find,
He does not sleep in a foreign land,
But is rock'd by sea and wind.

"And cold and lone is his watery grave,
Down in the deep sea laid ;
And thus, alas ! must thine own one dwell,
Apart from his plighted maid."

"Full well do I know thy gentle voice,
O thou in thy sea grave laid,
And, oh ! no more shall mine own one
Apart from his plighted maid." [dwell

"No! Gunhild, no! thou art yet too young,
And thou must remain behind,
I will not weep, and I will not sigh,
When pleasure gilds thy mind.

"The plighted pledge of thy fond true
I give back again to thee; [heart
And oh! let another love be thine,
While the ocean grave hath me."

"I will be thy dear and faithful wife,
My oath I still must hold;
And is there not room for both of us,
Dear love, in thy grave so cold?"

"The wild wide sea for many hath room,
But dark are its depths of woe: [sky
When the bright sun shineth above in the
We slumber still below;

"And only, alas! in the midnight hour,
When the cold pale moonbeams fleck
The sea, can we rise from our dreary sleep,
And float on our shadowy wreck."

"Let the bright sun shine above in the sky,
I'll sleep in thy dear lov'd breast,
And there, forgetting the ills of life,
Will I take my gentle rest.

"Stretch forth thy hand, my own dear love,
Thy plighted virgin take;
And I will dwell in thine ocean grave
With thee, for love's sweet sake.

"And only, love, in the midnight hour,
When the moon and star beams fleck
The waves, shall we rise from our gentle
sleep,
And float on our shadowy wreck."

Then she gave the dead her lily-white
"Fair Gunhild, be not shy, [hand—
Quick, quick, dear love! the morning
Aloft in the dappled sky," [breaks

The maiden descended down on the wreck,
It drifted away again;
And the galley's crew woke up in fear,
The Dead Ship began to wane.

Pale and cold stood the galley's crew,
Gazing like maddened men;
They raised a prayer to God in heaven—
The Dead Ship vanish'd then.

AMELIA OLDENBURGH.

BY CLOE.

[Concluded from page 568.]

Miss Sara now informed Mr. Philips, that Amelia wished to see him. He hastened to her. She met him at the room door; unable to utter a word, she fell

upon his bosom and wept with very joy.

"My wife! my Amelia! this is the happiest day of my life."

We will now draw a curtain over their long and loving conversation, and take a look at another party. Mr. Douglas and his sister were busy sending their baggage to the railway station.

The whistle sounded, and now Mr. Douglas and Miss Sara came to say good bye to Mr. and Mrs. Philips. It was observed that Mr. Tresto was watching the train to see if the Douglasses went in it, according to agreement; when the masks were put on again, and all was right on the train. Amelia did not look towards Mr. Tresto, and he felt too guilty to look at her innocent face. Soon the train was moving at a rapid rate, leaving the little town far behind it.

Amelia now, for the first time, noticed that Miss Sara held a little boy in her lap, and she exclaimed, "why, Miss Sara, where did you get that dear little boy, I don't remember seeing him before."

"He is my little pet, Philip. It is poor Ruth Mulford's little boy."

"Ruth Mulford's little boy, did you say? then, you must not take him with you out west."

"Why?" asked Sara.

"Ruth is my dearest friend, and I know the dearest wish of her heart is to see her darling boy; leave him with me, Sara."

"It was part of our agreement with Mr. Tresto to take Philip with us," said Sara, "and I fear it would be improper to leave him; besides, I am much attached to the dear little fellow."

"Could you see his broken-hearted mother, you would not hesitate to give him to her."

"I was told by Mr. Tresto that she eloped with a gambler, and had never been heard of since," remarked Sara.

"'Tis false," said Mrs. Philips, "she is at the Mansion at this moment, and

has resided there ever since little Philip's birth."

"Take the child, then, Mrs. Philips, and restore him to his mother; but don't forget to write to me now and then, about the dear boy," said Sara, weeping and kissing little Philip tenderly.

They soon arrived at the station, and Mr. Philips and his lady, with little Philip, took another train for Philadelphia, while Mr. Douglas and his sister were prosecuting their journey west. A few weeks of toilsome traveling brought them to the tract of land, which was not far from the Missouri river.

They were much pleased with the location, and soon erected a trading store, for the purpose of trading with the Indians. Mr. Douglas also built a good log house, for Sara's comfort; and, being in the full enjoyment of their freedom from Mr. Tresto, they called their place "Independence." Mr. Douglas succeeded beyond his expectations; his store soon rose from a simple trading post to a large one for civilized men. The little place grew rapidly, and it is now one of the great starting points for California.

When Mr. Philips arrived in Philadelphia, with his bride, few could find out who the lady was.

As soon as they received a letter from Mr. Douglas and ascertained that he was safe, Mr. Hunt and Mr. Philips prepared to visit the mansion, taking an officer with them with a search warrant for Ruth, as Mr. Hunt had acknowledged to his nephew that Ruth was his wife, and that they were privately married—and that this Mr. and Mrs. Tresto knew very well.

Mr. Hunt was under particular obligation to a kind old father, who had arrived at second childhood, and fancied himself in love with Ruth; under these circumstances he did not wish that his father should know that he had married Ruth, especially as the old gentleman was in delicate health, and at the best could not

live long: and she of course would never receive his attentions; but before he died Mr. Tresto became involved in debt; and finding that by a stratagem he could use Ruth's property if it were not for her husband, he determined at once to separate them; when he took Ruth to Maryland, where her child was born and put to nurse under the care of Miss Sara Douglas. Ruth was then made to believe that her husband was a deceiver, that she was not lawfully married, that he cared for her no longer, and Mr. Hunt was told that Ruth was in love with a gambler, and had eloped with him, no one knew where.

When Mr. Philips and his lady met Mr. Hunt he was much pleased with the success of their adventure and its happy results. "But where did you find this little boy," he exclaimed.

"Miss Douglas gave him to me," said Amelia; "is he not a pretty little fellow?"

"Yes, indeed," said Mr. Hunt, regarding the child with peculiar interest; "what is his name, Amelia, do you know?"

"Yes, Uncle, his name is Philip Hunt, and I have every reason to believe he is your own son."

Mr. Hunt was so confounded that he came near fainting, then taking the little boy in his arms he wept on his infantine bosom; and Mrs. Philips and her husband could not keep back their sympathetic tears.

At length Amelia put her tearful face close to Mr. Hunt's, and in a soothing tone told him that his wife Ruth was worthy of his noblest love, and all that he had heard of her was false—the result of the machinations of Mr. Tresto's rascality.

"Can your words be true, Amelia; oh, my dear injured wife!" he passionately exclaimed, and in haste, he, with Mr. Philips, determined to find her.

When they arrived at the mansion Mr. Tresto was not at home. Madam Tresto received Mr. Philips with a warm welcome, supposing that his visit was to see Miss Mary.

"Be seated, Mr. Philips," she said, with apparent cordiality, "Mary will be delighted to see you;" and she immediately sent a servant to inform Mary of Mr. Philips' presence.

"Ch, I suppose you have heard of Miss Oldenburgh's marriage with young Mr. Douglas, of Maryland," said Madam, looking at Mr. Philips somewhat quizzically.

"I heard that she was married, but I did not know that she was married to Mr. Douglas," answered Mr. Philips.

"Yes, to Mr. Douglas," continued Mrs. Tresto, "Mary was present, and they are gone west. Indeed they are well matched; but, here is Mary." "Happy to see you, Mr. Philips," Miss Mary began—"what a stranger you are; if you allow it to be so long before you pay us another call, we shall think you intend to cut our acquaintance altogether."

"Not at all, Miss Mary; but I have come on business to-day." Madam Tresto stared at him with unpleasant apprehension. "I have come to see Ruth Mulford."

"Ruth Mulford, did you say, Mr. Philips? We would like to see her ourselves, but it is a long time since we had that pleasure; we know not where she is, and we cannot imagine what has induced you to make this strange request of us," replied Miss Mary, indignantly.

"I am well informed that Ruth is in your house," continued Mr. Philips, "and your dissimulation only convinces me that it is true. You must produce her, or your house will be searched by an officer that is with us."

"You are a villain," said Madam, "to come here in this manner during my husband's absence," and fell into a fit of

violent hysterics. Mary ordered Mr. Philips out of the room, and locked then herself and mother in.

The officer, under the direction of Mr. Philips, proceeded at once to search the house, when Ruth was soon found stitching away on a fine silk robe for Miss Mary. Ruth recognized him instantly, as he did her.

"I am very glad to find you so easily," said Mr. Philips. "Madam Tresto just informed me that she knew nothing of your whereabouts."

"You astonish me, Mr. Philips! could she tell such an untruth? I have never been further than the back garden since I came to this house; in fact I have been a prisoner here these seven years, for some cause or other."

"I have come to release you, and your husband is below waiting to see you."

"My husband," said Ruth, sinking upon a chair, apparently more dead than alive; "my husband was false, and cruelly deceived and deserted me. Why has he come now?"

"You are mistaken, my dear Aunt; Mr. Hunt is my uncle, and you both have fallen into the snares of as heartless a villain as ever lived."

"Oh! that what you say of my husband may be true, Mr. Philips; oh take me to him before this happy delusion fades from my sight."

"Heaven forbid that it should ever prove an illusion again," said Mr. Hunt, staggering into the room where his half-fainting wife stood, clinging to the back of a chair. Claspng her to his heart he imprinted many warm kisses on her cold and colorless lips, as he uttered, "oh my dear Ruth, can you forgive me for doubting you?" Ruth fell heavily in his arms, for she had swooned. He bathed her fair temples until her sobs and returning consciousness convinced him that all danger was past. Poor Ruth clung close to her husband, fearful that it was but a dream.

"No darling, you are not dreaming," said Mr. Hunt, again fondly clasping her; "come leave this detestable house, Amelia waits to welcome you to your home and dear little boy."

"Amelia! what mystery next?" exclaimed Ruth, fearing for her own sanity. So much good news completely overpowered her, and again she fell into a state of insensibility. Mr. Hunt carried her to the carriage, and was not long in reaching the city.

Ruth did not revive for several days after she was carried home to her husband and child. Amelia was watching beside her, while Mr. Hunt was taking a little rest, when she opened her eyes and saw Amelia.

"Oh! what a strange dream I have had," said she, trying to rise; Amelia put her back gently and requested her not to speak, as she was very weak, saying, "be calm, dear Ruth, and I will explain all that you call a strange dream." And Amelia took Ruth's thin hand and told her all of the circumstances connected with their singular wedding; how they had deceived Mr. Tresto; how Sara Douglas had left little Philip with her, for her to give him to his mother; how Mr. Hunt had been undeceived in regard to her rumored infidelity; their finding her at the mansion and bringing her home. "Now, dear Ruth, you are my own dear aunt, and I am the happiest of women." Mr. Hunt now opened the door, and Amelia gave him her place beside his beloved wife. Ruth was too full of happiness to speak; words were inadequate to express all she felt.

Amelia soon returned, leading little Philip by the hand. Mr. Hunt lifted the dear little fellow upon the bed, and laid his little curly head on his mother's face, while she smothered him with kisses. "Thank God for all these blessings," said Ruth, "may I never murmur again;" and her lips moved in thankful

prayer. The excitement of the occasion completely exhausted her strength, and Amelia took little Philip to her own room, leaving Mr. Hunt to smooth Ruth's pillow. With good nursing Mrs. Hunt soon regained her health, and made her home the happiest place that mortals ever know in this world.

When Mr. Tresto returned home he was overwhelmed with apprehension at Ruth's being taken away by her husband; but he had not long to meditate on this new feature in his case, as an officer was at his heels for his arrest on a charge of forgery. At the trial, proof positive was brought against him that he had forged a will to defraud Ruth of her property, and he was sentenced to five years in the penitentiary.

Mr. Tresto, mortified, and almost broken up by his creditors rushing in with their bills, in a fit of despair swallowed poison, and died from the effects. Madam Tresto settled up the business of the estate; and, as the mansion was for sale, Mr. Philips bought it for a summer residence. As soon as Madam Tresto could close up the affairs of the estate she left for Europe, in quest of Mr. Dundee, who was now in Ireland.

Several years of unmolested happiness fell to the lot of Mr. Hunt and his nephew, and their families. Business had been prosperous, and riches had filled all their empty coffers. Amelia often spoke of a will, that was in an old casket of her's. One evening as Mr. Hunt and his lady were spending a pleasant time with Mr. and Mrs. Philips, Amelia proposed a trip to her native land.

"Why, Amelia," said Mr. Philips, "have you not riches enough without this fabulous will, that you have kept so tenaciously?"

"Yes, but I would like, above all things of that kind, to see my birth place." "Then you shall," replied her ever indulgent husband. "And we will accom-

pany you," said Mr. and Mrs. Hunt, both in one breath.

We will pass over the pleasant journey to Strasburgh. Once here, Mr. Philips made many enquiries relative to the old miser Mintzmer, and to his surprise found that the old man was still alive, but very infirm. Mr. Philips sent up his card to the old gentleman, with a request to see him immediately. The servant soon admitted him to the old man's room, where he had been confined for several months. He took a seat near the bed, saying, "I have called on you, Mr. Mintzmer, to ascertain whether you are the gentleman that gave this locket to the little daughter of Rosana Oldenburgh." The old man called for his glasses, then took the locket and with a trembling hand he examined it. On opening the spring lock, he saw the paper and ring. He knew them well. "Where did you get this, sir," demanded the old man.

"You gave it to my wife, sir. The little Amelia, to whom you gave it, is now Mrs. Philips." "Where is Frederic?" shrieked the old man, clutching the bed clothes in his excitement. Mr. Philips informed him of their fate in as delicate a manner as possible. "Oh, yes," sighed the old man, "I knew it; I have had no peace of mind since they left; they are continually rising up before me, to laugh at me for not purchasing happiness with my gold. Ah, you say they are dead. Yes, yes, I murdered them. I know I did, and you have come to twit me of my cruelty. Well, I deserve it. Oh, if they will only come back they can have all that I have;" and the old man covered his withered face with his bony hand and wept like a child.

"You are too severe with yourself, my dear sir, their fate was in the hands of God."

"No, no, I drove them off, but now it is too late, and I must die with their withering curse blighting my hope of heaven."

Mr. Philips was shocked at the old man's ravings. He stole from the room and went for Amelia, hoping that she could soothe his violent grief. Amelia hurriedly prepared to go to Mr. Mintzmer's residence. He was still raving like a maniac. They had been in the room several minutes before the old man noticed them; at length his eyes fell on Amelia, and she was so like her mother, that the old man called her his Rosana. He took her hand and pressed it to his head, saying, "You are my darling, forgiving Rosana; you don't know how much I have injured you, my niece. I robbed your father; I broke his heart; I drove your mother from her rights, because I loved her, and she loved my brother; revenge was once sweet, but now it burns like the fires of hell, consuming my last hope. All is lost, lost; I know it, I know it;" and the old miser writhed in his agony.

Amelia approached him, and took his cold bony hand in her's. "I forgive you, dear uncle, and my mother prayed for you all her life."

"Oh, can you forgive such a wretch, my dear, good little girl?"

"Yes," said Amelia, falling upon her knees, and offering up a prayer for the wretched man. She was so earnest in her petition that the old man ceased to rave, and joined in the prayer with many bitter tears.

Amelia remained with the old man nearly ten days, softening his dying moments by her tender sympathy.

The old man became more calm before his death, and made a new will, bequeathing to Amelia all his real estate, valued at one million five hundred thousand dollars, besides a large amount in cash.

Mr. Hunt and lady returned home, leaving Mr. Philips to attend to the immense fortune just bequeathed him. Mrs. Philips found many relics of her family.

After residing in Strasburgh some time, they continued their travel through Germany, Switzerland and Italy; then to France and Belgium, then back to France, and then back to England. During their stay in London, as Mr. Philips and Amelia were riding in quest of pleasure, they passed a squalid looking group of persons seated on the way side. Amelia thought their faces looked somewhat familiar; a little further on was a drunken looking vagabond, reeling with a jug of ale in his hand. Amelia turned her head, and saw that the man stopped at the motley group.

"Oh what a wretched thing is poverty, coupled with dissipation," remarked Amelia to her husband; "if that group is there when we return, let us give them something."

"With all my heart, dear Amelia, let us do so now;" then, turning their horse, they soon came up to the waysiders. Who could imagine Amelia's surprise, when she discovered them to be Mr. Dundee, his mother, Madam Treto, and her three daughters. Dundee had gambled off all that he had himself, and all his mother-in-law had, reducing them to the direst poverty, even to street beggary. Mrs. Dundee had two little starved, half-naked children, dragging after her.

Although they had planned Amelia's destruction, she pitied them deeply, and so did Mr. Philips. Mary Treto covered her bare feet with her dress, and large tears stood in her eyes.

"I am really very sorry to find you all in this distressing condition," said Mr. Philips to Madam Treto. "Call on us at our rooms," and handing her their address and a well filled purse, they drove home.

The next morning Madam Treto and her daughters called on Mr. and Mrs. Philips. Amelia was grieved to see them brought to such extreme poverty, but was pleased at the evident change that suffer-

ing had made in their dispositions; when she had heard all they had suffered, she offered them a home in the old Treto mansion, and requested that they would return with her to Philadelphia. With many grateful tears they accepted the kind offer. Mr. Dundee was past redemption, as he deserted his family and joined a suspicious crew on board a fishing vessel. Mrs. Dundee, completely broken-hearted, could not forget her humiliating disappointment, and like her father, committed suicide. Emma's little children were given to Mr. and Mrs. Philips, as Emma had written to them in her last letter, imploring their protection to her innocent babes, when she said—"forgive, and love them for Caleb's sake; my little boy is called after your dear foster brother; my little girl's name is Amelia; may she be as good and as amiable as you are. When you read this I shall be at rest. Good bye; God bless you. Be kind to mother and Mary, and my other sister, who was always more kind to you than Mary and myself."

When Amelia found this letter in Emma's Dundee's bosom, everything was forgiven; and she mourned Emma's fate as that of a sister, receiving little Caleb and Amelia as her own, believing that God had sent them to her, in place of children of her own. Mr. Philips was as much pleased with them as any one could wish.

As soon as Mrs. Dundee's funeral was over they took passage for Philadelphia, and arrived at home in good health and spirits. Ruth received her repentant sister, with many kind wishes to do her good, and thus returned good for evil; and Madam Treto was treated with all the respect due to a sister. Mary Treto preferred residing with Mrs. Philips, so as to be with her younger sister, who needed much attention as she was in the last stages of consumption; she lingered a few weeks, then quietly dropped into

the grave. Poor Mary was now left alone with her mother.

Mr. Felix had gone out west, married Sara Douglas, and returned to Philadelphia to live. Mr. Douglas was at the city to buy goods, and to see his sister installed as wife to Mr. Felix and mother to his interesting family of children. Sara was a kind and efficient step-mother. Jesse Douglas was now quite a wealthy and respectable merchant, and became quite interested in Mary Tresto. Mr. Philips and his wife encouraged this, as they saw that Mary was quite in love with him. Amelia gave Miss Mary ten thousand dollars as a bridal gift; and when Mr. Douglas returned to Independence, he took Mary Tresto with him as his wife—and as her sufferings had changed and chastened her, she proved a devoted and excellent bride.

Mr. Phillips and Amelia often visited their western friends, Mr. and Mrs. Douglas. Ruth and Madam Tresto were inseparable companions; as Madam Tresto endeavored to make herself useful to her sister, to repay somewhat her many obligations. Little Philip was Mrs. Hunt's idol, but not more so than the little red-haired Caleb was with Mr. Philips and Amelia, whom he called by the endearing name of father and mother. Little Amelia was in feature like her father, and did not look unlike Mr. Philips; and many a flattering guest often remarked how much little Amelia favored him, even to a striking degree.

It was evident that those little ones would be very different from their unfortunate mother and profligate father, although many traits of character of both parents were often observable in the children; but great care was taken by their kind, adopted parents, to cultivate the better qualities of their natures; and we are happy to say that they were blessings to them, as they were ornaments to the excellent society in which their lot was so happily cast.

THE FIRST EXPLORATION
OF THE
BAY OF SAN FRANCISCO, NORTH.

BY W. H. T.

THE following account of the first exploration of the Spaniards on the northern shores of the Bay of San Francisco, east of San Rafael, is from the original Mss. of Father Altimira, and has never been published before. It will be found of great interest to those Californians who now inhabit so thickly the country explored by the old priest in 1823, and which from its so abundantly producing all the kinds of food desirable to aborigines, was numerously populated with Indians.

Extract of a letter written by Padre José Altimira, founder of the mission of San Francisco Solano, to Padre José Señan, President of the Missions of upper California. Translated from the Spanish.

SAN FRANCISCO,* July 10th, 1823.

"At present let us refer to another subject. By the journal, your Reverence will see that on the 29th of June we were at the locality called 'Suisun,' from which place we dispatched five neophytes of our mission, to the Rancheria called 'of the *Hulatos*,' (where many fugitives of our mission reside), with the object to effect the return of these, pardoning them their flight, and to invite the gentile Indians, disposing them thereto by promises and presents. They started and arrived there in the evening without meeting with a single individual. They then went to another Rancheria three leagues farther, called "*Los Lybaitos*.' It being already night, the gentiles did not recognize them, and at their approach put themselves to flight, which astonished our messengers. The eldest of them, named Valentin, shouted: 'Do not run, we are not come to injure you, I am Valentin, here is Nuñilo, Rafael,

* Dolores.

&c.' Hearing this, the gentiles immediately came to them in a peaceable manner with much contentment. They took them to their Rancheria, gave them grain, &c., and began to converse. Our men told them: 'the Padre is waiting for us at Saisun, there is also the officer *so and so* and others who want to talk as friends with you; they are in quest of a locality for the founding of a mission in the vicinity of your lands.' They instantly asked: 'what! is it the Padre of San Jose?' They answered 'no, but him of San Francisco.' They (the gentiles) then said: 'well we shall go there, but was it the one from San Jose, who has been here sometimes, we should not go, because some days past there came the San Jose Indian called Il Ildefonso, with many Christians of his mission, all armed with bows and arrows, and two with guns, saying, they came to look for *cimarones* (runaway neophytes). They went to the *Hulatos*, the said Ildefonso told them to go to San Jose and become Christians, that Padre Narciso, called for them, and in case they would not, there should come the Padre of San Francisco to take them away, and then they would suffer, for he (the Padre of San Francisco) did punish severely.—The *Hulatos*, Christians, and Gentiles refused, saying they would not come, and for this they were bound, beaten and robbed by the neophytes of San Jose. We being afraid of them, took flight and escaped. They went then to the Rancheria of the *Chemocoytos*, fought, and killed five men, there was also a *Josefino* (a neophyte from San Jose) wounded. Afterwards they went to another Rancheria called the *Sucuntos* and killed all the people. They took with them many gentiles, shipped them forcibly, and went to another isolated Rancheria called the *Ompines* and since that time they have not been seen any more; it is six days since they are gone. Here your

christian *Hulatos* and *Suisunes* remained three days and three nights; the gentiles did discourage one another and took flight to the Tulares, dispersed and lost.

"This is the narrative made to our messengers by the Gentile *Lybaitos*; of these, nineteen came to visit us, five Captains and fourteen inferiors, and made before us the same above related statement, translated by the Suisun interpreters Rafael and Marcelino; (the latter a *vagüero* of our Mission, who also was a fugitive and was bound by the "*Josefinos*," but escaped and now came to us.) We heard the said declaration with all possible care—myself, my compadre, Don Francisco Castro, deputy of the province, Don Jose Sanchez, the officer in command of the troops, some soldiers and neophytes. It was on the 30th of June when this people did visit us, and declare as stated above; and of these, there were four who the day before had been to see the bodies of the killed. I took down the names of three Captains—one is called *Alupa*, another *Guitchen*, and the third *Chibulu*. They also added, that at other times, these of San Jose had committed outrages. And my Padre asked, is this legal conquest, before God and men? It is to be remarked that the Provincial Government has already warned this Padre Narciso, [Duran], not to start on any expedition without previously informing the government, for the ways of the acting of said Padre in this line is an old scandal; a thousand times have I heard of his scandalous and arbitrary inroads. He sets out himself, or he sends a numerous band of his neophytes, who surmount and suffocate all, through the power given them by the Padre.

"The late Padre Prefect, (who enjoys Heaven,) did most bitterly complain of this way of conquering, which he observed in Padre Narciso and Padre Amoros; and then what business has this

Padre to effect conquests where it is forbidden to him? When the separation of San Rafael from San Francisco took place, there was made by the late Father Prefect a plan of concord, by one of whose articles the conquest north of the banks of the river Sacramento is prohibited to the Mission of San Jose, and this, (the conquest aforesaid), given to the Mission San Francisco.

"And now comes this Padre impudently breaking this law, dictated by said Superior, defunct, and approved by the Ministers of San Francisco and San Jose, of which statute he has a copy at his Missions, as we have at ours; disturbing our conquest, sacrificing the same to the barbarity of his badly brought-up neophytes, and exiling the inhabitants thereof from their lands with the greatest violence.

"I in consequence claim, Rev. Father, in behalf of the Mission under my charge, that all Indians baptised and Gentiles forcibly brought to San Jose, from the north part of the Sacramento, since the establishment of the plan of Concord, be restored to their Gentile state according to their wishes; and in case this should not be effectuated, application may be made elsewhere—although I should regret it, for such appeal would not be honorable to the holy habit.

"God guard your Reverence many years in his holy grace, and command to your subject who kisses your hands.

SR. JOSE ALTIMIRA."

NOTE.—Padre Altemira was one of the latest arrivals of the Missionaries of San Fernando College, before the breaking up or secularization of the Missions. He was a native of Old Spain, and was one of those who preferred to leave the country, rather than remain under the new government.

He is said to have left about the year 1837. And it seems that he is the only one of the old California Missionaries of Spain now alive, or was as late as 1855. When Bishop Amat of Monterey, was at the Island of Mallorca, on his way to the United States, he found that he just arrived a few hours too late to receive the welcome of Padre Juan Cabot, (the aged

Friar of San Miguel,) who had expressed a great desire to see the new Bishop of Monterey, appointed by the Pope, before he died; and he died at a very old age, exceedingly respected by the people of the Island, who looked up to him with great veneration as one of the old Spaniards who had Christianized the golden land of California, when he was in the prime of his life. Padre Jose Altimira, as the Bishop was informed in Spain, is still living in the Island of Teneriffe, or one of the Canary Islands, and very much venerated by the simple people of the country as a "returned Californian," of which land he speaks continually.

BEN ALLEN AND HIS BOY RALPH.

In the most frequented street of the little sea coast village of R——, jostled to and fro by the hurrying throng, wanders an old man. His form is bent, and his thin white hair surrounds a face haggard and worn, not so much by time as by deep, life-destroying sorrow. As he totters along, he accosts the passers-by, saying, in tremulous tones, "Have you seen him? Have you found my boy?" Some smile at the demented old man; some sigh, and answer kindly; whilst others ask his meaning, and receive for answer the eager, sorrowful inquiry—"Tell me! have you seen him?"

I will relate the history of this poor old man; I will tell you a tale of sorrow. Twenty years ago Benjamin Allen was a robust, jovial fisherman, happy in the possession of an affectionate wife, and a little son named Ralph. Honest and good-natured, he was a great favorite, and his custom became so great, as to give him the name of "everybody's fisherman." But alas for human happiness! Ben's loving wife sickened and died, leaving poor Ben borne down with sorrow. The little boy Ralph, was now his father's all, and the two were almost inseparable. While fishing, Ben would place the boy in the stern of his boat, on stormy days, wrapping him in a big oil-cloth coat, till hardly anything but his bright eyes would be visible; and amaz-

ingly did the little fellow enjoy this wild way of living.

Well, Ralph grew up to be a fine, amiable lad, much like his father, who lived but for him. He was now old enough to manage a skiff, and often went back and forth between the main land and an adjoining island, carrying supplies to the inhabitants of the island, which was thinly populated.

One cloudy morning Ralph left his father, (who was quite unwell,) at their little cottage, and started off for a day's fishing. A short time after his departure the sky darkened and a storm came on, the like of which had never before been witnessed by the awe-stricken inhabitants of the village. The rain fell, as it were, in sheets, and the tallest trees were struck down by the fiery lightning. Ben knew that his son had not traveled half of the distance to the beach where his boat was moored, before the commencement of the storm, and supposing that he had stopped at the house of an acquaintance to await the abatement of the storm, he was not anxious about him. But where *was* Ralph? When the storm came on he concluded to turn back and hurry home, and on the way was met by an intimate friend, who begged Ralph to carry him over to the island, as a very dear relative lay on his death-bed, and wished his presence. Ralph expostulated with him, saying that it would be dangerous to attempt crossing to the island in such a storm, but to no avail, and he at last consented, not supposing it as dangerous as it really was. The boat sunk, and the faithful friend and kind-hearted Ralph perished together.

The day ended, and night came on. Ben retired, thinking that during the night the clouds would roll by and Ralph would return, at the latest, early the next day. The following morning broke fair and pleasant; the sun returned to welcoming nature, and the previous day's

deserted streets were now thronged with busy inhabitants. But Ralph, alas, was not of the number. Day after day passed by, and still he did not come. *The father* wondered and surmised, until he could bear it no longer.

Alarming the neighbors, a search was made for the missing boy. Nothing was discovered until nearly dark, when a neighbor found the hat worn by Ralph. The boat belonging to Ben was also reported gone. Later in the day a messenger arrived, stating that it had been seen about half way towards the island, containing two persons, and as no boat could have kept above water at such a time as when the storm was in its utmost fury, no one attempted to save the men, and they perished.

This was too much for the sorrow-stricken father to bear, and he fell into a state of insensibility — from which, after a long time, he awoke a crazed, white-haired man. He wandered about the streets; day after day, searching for his son, and supposing that everybody is doing the same; he totters along, addressing every one with, "Have you seen him? Have you found my Ralph?"

B.

THE LITTLE PRINTER.

CHAPTER I.

"By Guttenberg! that love of reading will be the ruin of you, Mr. Benjamin. Of what use is it to a printer to read, or even know how to read? Of what use is it, I ask you?"

He who thus spoke was an old working printer, who went on mechanically with his business, while the person he addressed, a young and delicate-looking apprentice, sat at a little distance, absorbed in a book.

"Of what use is it for a printer to read, do you ask me, Thomas?" replied the boy; "why, simply, that he may not print nonsense."

"And what is the nonsense to us? that is the author's business. It would be

fine wearisome work, truly, to be obliged to read every thing we print!"

Benjamin smiled archly, and taking a bit of paper, he wrote a few lines unperceived by Thomas, then folding it as a note, he threw it on the desk, saying it was to be published in that day's paper. "Have you dated it?" he inquired.

"Boston, 17th January, 1721," said Thomas, looking for the date.

"My birth-day," said Benjamin; "I am fifteen years old to-day; but now, go on with your work, and let me finish my book."

"Is it the one lent you by Mr. Samuel, the rich merchant? I suppose it is very amusing."

"I think it is; the author is Daniel Defoe, who wrote the history of Robinson Crusoe, that I read to you when you were ill last winter. Do you remember it, Thomas?"

"And what do you call this book?"

"An Essay upon Projects——"

"Ah! I dare say this Essay upon Projects is the sequel to Robinson Crusoe, is it not, Mr. Benjamin?"

"Robinson is an entertaining book, Thomas; this is a more serious one, as you will understand directly, when I tell you that its object is the improvement of commerce, the employment of the poor, and the means of augmenting the public wealth; and it is this latter subject that I am anxious to study with particular attention."

"I know you will say that I am a fool, sir; but, by the immortal Guttenberg, I cannot see of what use it would be to you to augment your own; especially as, to my knowledge, you are as poor as old Job."

"Go on with your work, and don't trouble yourself about that, Thomas."

"One word more, Mr. Benjamin; you, who are so learned, can no doubt tell me who is the man, or the conjuror, that puts in these little papers every day for your brother's journal."

"I cannot," said Benjamin, without raising his eyes from his book.

"Allow me to tell you that it is impossible, Mr. Benjamin, for yesterday evening, at nine o'clock, there was nothing in the box; I went out, leaving you to watch, and when I returned five minutes afterwards, there was the paper. You do not like to tell me, Mr. Benjamin, the person has engaged you to keep the secret; but you ought not to keep it, as it

will make me lose the dollar your brother promised to give me, if I discovered the author of those papers that all Boston are talking about. Have you read them, Mr. Benjamin? They must be very good, I suppose, since every one says so; but I will lay a wager they are not to be compared to the two beautiful songs that you wrote."

"Do hold your tongue, Thomas; they were nothing but blind men's ballads."

"Blind men's ballads! Mr. Benjamin; by the immortal Guttenberg, the inventor of printing!"

"Now that we are alone, Thomas, I must point out an error into which you and many others are continually falling; Guttenberg was not the inventor of printing."

"Oh! I see, Mr. Benjamin, you want to have a joke, but you cannot impose upon me," said the old man, shrugging his shoulders. "Guttenberg, the illustrious, the immortal Guttenberg, was the true and only inventor of printing, and that is as well known as that the moon is the female of the sun!"

Benjamin smiled. "In the heavenly bodies there is neither male nor female, Thomas; but to return to your favorite hero, and to your hobby, printing——"

"My hobby!" forsooth, Mr. Benjamin; it is my bread."

"I tell you then, Thomas, that printing was invented in 1430, at Haarlem, in Holland, by a man named Laurence Coster, but it was improved by Guttenberg, who established a printing-office at Mentz."

"What do you call improved, Mr. Benjamin?"

"This Laurence Coster, Thomas, made use of only wooden types, which, being threaded upon a string, were consequently moveable and uneven, and incapable of yielding a good impression. Guttenberg entered into partnership with a goldsmith, named Faust, and this man had an apprentice, named Peter Schaffer, who, in 1452, first invented the art of casting metal types. These three men joined, and from their press first issued the Latin Psalter, the Bible, and some other books, the titles of which you would not understand, Thomas."

"I know that I am only a fool, Mr. Benjamin; yet I cannot but think that those three celebrated and immortal persons must have been greatly respected in their time; no doubt they had many hon-

ors conferred upon them—were carried about in triumph—had marble statues erected to them—their names——”

“You are mistaken, Thomas; for Faust, who introduced this art into Paris, ran a great risk of being burnt alive; but there is no use in my telling you all this, it would only tire you.”

“On the contrary, Mr. Benjamin, I have, as you know, but one employment and but one desire—to be for ever printing, printing, printing: and you, who read everything, if you would tell me a little about printing, it would be very amusing.”

“No, not amusing, but extremely interesting.”

“Oh! pray begin, Mr. Benjamin, for I would much rather listen to you than be looking at you reading. I am all attention—go on, go on.”

But at that moment both workman and apprentice were interrupted by the entrance of two persons.

“Oh!” said Thomas, “here comes the master, and he will be vexed that I have not been able to discover the mysterious writer.”

“Apropos of writing, then, have you printed that note?”

“Yes, Mr. Benjamin.”

“And without reading it?”

“To be sure, sir.”

“Then you may as well go and be hanged, my poor fellow.”

CHAPTER II.

“Brother,” said Benjamin to the younger of the two persons who had entered the office, “will you have the goodness to read this paragraph, which Thomas has just printed in to-day’s paper?”

“Indeed, Mr. Benjamin, you frighten me about that note; is it not well printed, very clear?”

“Oh! yes, it is clear enough, my poor friend.”

Benjamin’s brother took the paper, which was printed only on one side, and read aloud, yet not without showing evident astonishment at each word: “A most barbarous murder has been committed, which has thrown all the inhabitants of Boston into a state of the greatest excitement. Yesterday evening a man, named Thomas Simpleton, murdered his wife and his five children; this ruffian has been for the last three years employ-

ed in the printing-office of Mr. James Franklin.”

“What, I! I murdered my wife and my five children!” exclaimed Thomas, turning pale, and dropping his arms down by his sides.

Both the announcement and the exclamation of Thomas were received with a general burst of laughter, and Benjamin’s unusual merriment soon discovered him to be the author.

“What is the meaning of this joke?” inquired the brother, as soon as he was able to compose himself.

“I wanted to prove to Thomas the utility of reading what he prints,” replied the young apprentice.

“It was a joke then, Mr. Benjamin,” said Thomas, losing a little of his terrified appearance.

“Yes, and a good one,” said Benjamin, “to make a man accuse himself of being a murderer, without his knowing a word about it! But how pale you are, Thomas, are you frightened?”

“Marry! Mr. Benjamin, the devil is so malicious.”

“He cannot, however, make you a murderer against your will.”

“But, Benjamin,” said the older of the two persons, who during this scene had been attentively observing the young apprentice, “I do not see why you should be endeavoring to promote a taste for reading in your brother’s office; if all the workmen were to spend their time in reading like you, what would become of the establishment?”

“The health of my workmen would also suffer by it,” replied the master of the office; “for I yesterday discovered that Benjamin is actually starving himself.”

“How can that be?” exclaimed the father, “for in the arrangement that I made with you, James, it was agreed that for the nine years your brother was to serve his apprenticeship to you, that you were not to give him any payment, but were to support him.”

“Well, father, about six months ago, Benjamin came to me, and said that I paid too much for his support, and that if it would be equally agreeable to me, he would rather I gave him half the sum and let him provide for himself. I could only suppose that he did not like the kind of food provided for him, and that he preferred choosing for himself; I therefore consented, and what has been the

consequence? that Benjamin scarcely eats anything, and saves all his money to buy books."

"You are mistaken, brother, I eat plenty, only I live economically. Among the books lent me by my cousin, there was one which recommended vegetable diet as the best means of keeping the body healthy, and the mind active. I studied this way of living, and the author's method of dressing potatoes and rice in the most economical manner, and it was not until I was in full possession of these discoveries, that I made the proposal of supplying myself. I have dined very well, I assure you, father, on bread and raisins, and a glass of water."

"And, thanks to your Pythagorean system, you are becoming as pale and transparent as the water you drink."

"Besides, I have given up a vegetable diet," added Benjamin.

"Since when?" inquired his brother.

"Since the day before yesterday, when, on going into the kitchen, I saw Susan cleaning some fish, and in the inside of a large cod she found a small fish; 'Oh! oh! my lad,' said I, 'since you can eat one another, I see no reason why we should not eat you;' and that proves," added he, laughing, "that man is rightly called a *reasonable* creature, since he can so easily find reasons for justifying whatever he wishes to do."

"What a fickle, unsteady mind!" said his father; "in place of going on regularly with one business, Benjamin, you are always thinking of something else than of what you ought to do."

"How can I help it, father," replied the boy, "I had but one desire, that of studying—but one vocation, that of printing,—but one ambition, that of being a clergyman. Oh! how I should like to be the chaplain of the family. You know, father, how happy I was when at school."

"Unfortunately that education was too expensive for my means; but in place of becoming the chaplain of the family, as you call it, would it not be quite as honorable to become the support of it? and for that, you have only to continue my business."

"To melt tallow, prepare moulds, and manufacture candles! that is a business, father, that a person can acquire when he likes, and without being confined to deep and scientific studies."

"You are wrong there, Ben," said his

father, "all manufacturers do not equally make good candles; but that is not the subject in question. You had scarcely begun one business, when a book of voyages fell into your hands, and immediately you would think of nothing but sailing about, steering a boat, and making voyages."

"And swimming too, father; I taught myself to swim, which is no such easy matter."

Mr. Franklin resumed: "To divert you from that fancy, and with a wish to settle you more suitably, I tried to have you taught the cutlery business——"

"And unfortunately," interrupted the apprentice, "a lodger at the cutler's with whom you placed me possessed a fine library; Voyages and Travels, Histories of France and of England; it would have been a clever person, I promise you, that could have brought me from the library to the workshop; oh! what a pleasant time I spent at the cutler's!"

"At last, in order to satisfy your insatiable passion for books, I decided on making you a printer, although there was already one in the family; I placed you with your brother, and here again you will do nothing except turn over books and read."

"And make verses," said Benjamin, proudly, "ask my brother the success of my last song."

"It was immense," said James.

"My children, I have read those verses," resumed the father; "and I must confess that it grieves me to destroy the delightful illusions which this success has raised in the mind of Benjamin, but it is my duty both as a father and a friend to tell him the truth; those verses are detestable and worthless, void of taste, metre, or elegance; they have wit, I allow, but what is wit without good sense? A bad poet—which Benjamin is to the last degree,—a bad poet, I say, is the most useless being in the world, while at the same time he is the most ridiculous; poetry does not admit of mediocrity. If, indeed, you wrote verses as the mysterious writer of that article upon political and domestic economy writes prose, that is what I would call writing, that is sense; the style is rather youthful, there are some erroneous ideas, but what soundness of mind, what judgment! Those writings are the indications of a superior genius, and the author will one day be a great man! Have you read

those articles, Benjamin?" he asked.
 "I have," he replied, with affected indifference.

"Have you no clue yet as to who is the author of those papers?" inquired Mr. Franklin of his eldest son, who was correcting the proofs of his journal.

"None whatever," he replied; "I have charged Thomas to watch for the person who puts them into the box."

"And I have watched, sir," said Thomas, "I watched for two long hours, till some one called me out of the office; I then charged Mr. Benjamin to watch, but apprentices are no good; while Mr. Benjamin was there the article was put into the box, and yet he saw nothing."

"That is impossible, Benjamin," said his father.

Benjamin colored, while he replied, "Do you think, father, that I could sit with my eyes constantly fixed upon the aperture of the box?"

"That is an evasion you are making," said his father. "I have the most urgent desire to know the author of those anonymous papers; they not only have given great repute to my journal, but I wish to have an interview with this individual, and to concert with him the means of sometimes giving a new direction to its ideas. Now, Benjamin, acknowledge that you have seen this person, and that you have been enjoined secrecy."

"Come, Mr. Benjamin, acknowledge it," said Thomas, "consider that I shall gain a dollar by your confession."

"A constable's letter, sir," said a workman, entering the office, and handing a sealed letter to James.

James eagerly opened the letter and read as follows:

"Mr. James Franklin—I have taken the best means to discover the author of the anonymous articles which appeared in some of the last numbers of your journal, and I have obtained the most undoubted proofs that the writer is in your house, and in your own employment.

"Have the goodness, sir, to make the most minute inquiries into this business. I expect to be informed of the result before four-and-twenty hours.

NELSON BURDET, Constable."

"What can be the meaning of this? What is to be done?" exclaimed James, when he had finished the letter; then raising his head he was astonished at the number of people who had assembled around him. [*Concluded next month.*]

THE TONGUE IS A WORLD OF FIRE.

BY G. T. S.

Put a bridle on thy tongue, brother!

Curb it with bit and rein;

For a rancorous word will eat like fire

On the cankered heart and brain;

And a seething cauldron is the heart,

Raging with restless ire,

And the tongue is a world of fire, brother,

The tongue is a world of fire.

Should anger tempt thee with foul words

To do thy brother wrong,

Choke down the fiend, and set a guard

On heart, and lip, and tongue!

Chain the young tiger; check betimes

The risings of his ire!

For the tongue is a world of fire, brother,

The tongue is a world of fire.

Alas! how slight a cause can set

Whole kingdoms in a blaze!

Hearts, once united, wander forth

Embittered all their days.

Words kindle words, as faggots blaze,

Heaped round a burning pyre;

For the tongue is a world of fire, brother,

The tongue is a world of fire.

LOST—FOUNDERED.

BY W. W. CARPENTER.

EXPRESSIVE word. Reader, have you ever experienced its literal, soul-harrowing import? No! Well then, if my prayers could be of avail, you never would. 'Tis awful for exhausted nature to lie down, enveloped in the snowy element for a shroud, without star or compass to guide, or locomotive power sufficient to advance; and there reflect upon the impending probability of dropping into that sleep which knows no waking. And when one is rescued from his perilous abode, where is the language to be found of sufficient force to express his profound gratitude to his preservers? Ah! it is no where to be found, and

death-like silence is the only appropriate acknowledgment for services of that kind.

On the 8th day of April, 1860, another gentleman and myself took our departure from Pine Grove, Sierra county, destined for Gibsonville, in by far the most terrific storm of the season. The trail which we traveled was over the steepest mountains to be found any where in the Sierra Nevada—so steep that the route cannot be accomplished with animals at any season of the year—that conjoined to the fact that the snow was so light that our snow-shoes penetrated every step to the depth of three feet; he, and he only who has had an introduction to old Sierra's winter dirge, can understand our wretched situation. Notwithstanding the severity of travel, we made very good time, under the circumstances, until we reached Slate Creek, which was very high and rapid, and in crossing of which I lost one of my snow-shoes. I then took the remaining shoe off, and advanced about one mile and a half by placing it ahead of me and hurling myself along after it, when I became too feeble to go any further. My companion had more strength left than I had, and having both his snow-shoes, he proposed pushing on to Gibsonville as rapidly as possible and sending back aid to my rescue, as the only means of saving us both from certain death. This was a rational proposition, in fact the only method that could possibly have been adopted with safety, as my strength had already so far failed as to preclude any farther progress on my part; and had he have remained with me, we should most certainly have both perished.

But, gentle reader, if you have never been placed in a similar situation, you cannot have the most remote conception of the horror that accompanies the thought of being left alone in a helpless condition. That horror was enhanced in this instance beyond its necessary magnitude, by the circumstance, that neither

of us were certain of our precise whereabouts. Fortunately, however, we were nearer home, than either of us in our fondest anticipations had dared to dream of, and but a brief time elapsed between the departure of my companion, and the arrival of ample assistance to escort me safely home.

Home! I had dreamed of home before. I had fondly thought that I had duly cherished its sacred scenes. I was laboring under the impression that the time had been when I domiciled around its familiar hearth-stone, with a full and realizing appreciation of its imperishable blessings. I had heard its priceless beauties extolled, in burnished cadences, from the poet's inspired lips. But oh! never, never before, had I entertained a worthy regard for its boundless gifts.

SNAKE-BITE AND ITS TREATMENT.

To the Editor of Hutchings' Magazine:

SIR,—Your highly valuable and interesting journal, so widely circulated throughout the interior, affords abundant evidence of your energy and untiring zeal in the welfare of this State; I trust, therefore, the subjoined article may command a space in your columns. I extract it from the London Lancet, of 1847. It is "The Report of a Case of Snake Bite, with observations on the treatment in such cases; by W. Bland, Esq., surgeon," of Sydney, New South Wales.

During my residence in Australia, I made many experiments with, and examined into the habits, classes, and poisonous characters of various snakes. These examinations extended over a period of three years, during which I observed that the virulence of the poison varied in intensity; this is attributable to the seasons, health of the reptile, and local causes.

The cases of snake bite which came under my observation, and which were

treated after the manner described in the cases now subjoined, were successfully cured; while in other instances, the much-lauded panacea, "ipecacuanha paste," failed.

The experiments given below will prove the rapidity with which the poison acts. On one occasion I was struck by one of my specimens—the "Coluber Jaculator," or Darting Snake, so called, from the peculiar mode in which it attacks its object, and of a very venomous character. The influence of the poison was felt immediately after the accident, although remedies similar to those herein detailed, were applied simultaneously with the infliction of the wound.

I may observe that during a tour through Nevada and Sierra counties, last June, I examined the few snakes I met with; they did not possess the poisonous fangs, they were furnished with the prehensile teeth only.

I am, sir, your obdt., &c.,

H. SMEATHMAN.

— — —, Esq., aged about twenty-five years, was bitten by a copper-colored snake on the left leg, just below the calf, about one o'clock in the afternoon of December 14, 1844. It was with difficulty the animal was shaken from the limb. The part bitten was covered only with a cotton stocking. The patient, immediately on extricating himself from the snake, put an extremely tight ligature just below the knee. He then hastened home, which was within a short distance.

I first saw him about an hour and a half after the accident, when he was suffering from pain in the region of the heart, and a feeling of constriction about the chest, particularly the left side. He had at that time taken a full dose of laudanum, besides some brandy, with the hope of relieving those distressing sensations; and a solution of brandy and salt had also been applied to the bite, without any apparent benefit.

The first step taken by me was most carefully to inspect the limb which had been bitten; for which purpose I found it necessary to clear it of hair with a razor, to dip it in water, and then dry it

carefully with a napkin. There being some recent scratches on the leg, from thorns or twigs, the snake-bite could be distinguished from these only by the size of the wound, the arrangement of the punctures, and its position being confirmed by the observations of the patient himself. The local pain of the bite had entirely ceased. The part bitten was now fairly included between the blades of a pair of tenaculum forceps, raised from the subjacent tissues, and completely cut out with the scalpel, a circular excavation of the skin and cellular membrane being left, of about the size of the nail of the ring finger. A cupping-glass, fitted with an air-pump, was now applied; but being found inconvenient, from the smallness and rounded form of the limb where the bite was situated, this was immediately dispensed with, and its use was replaced by the spontaneous services of some of the men on the establishment, who kindly offered to suck the wound, and continued to do so with the greatest readiness, and every desirable effect, so long as their assistance was thought requisite.

The immediate effect of the suction, as I have always found on these occasions, was to relieve the pain in the heart and the constriction of the chest, which had both left in about half an hour after the suction had been commenced. The pulse, also, which had ranged from 96 to 98, fell to 82.

There still remained, however, some jactitation, giddiness, dimness of sight, and general distress, which in a short time were accompanied by a recommencement of the former rapid state of the circulation. For these symptoms I administered a teaspoonful of the aromatic spirit of ammonia, in a little water; but without perceptible benefit. I now, therefore, gave a table-spoonful of the oil of turpentine, also in water, on which the pulse again fell to about 82, the head became clearer, and there was a general expression of relief. It was then about four o'clock, when my friends Dr. Nicholson and Mr. A'Beckett (who had been sent for originally with myself), having arrived, we mutually agreed on the propriety of removing the ligatures, arrangements having been made that the suction of the wound be resumed with fresh energy, both immediately before, during, and after carrying that measure into effect. The patient was now also brought

into town in a carriage, (a distance of about a mile,) in order that our successive attendance might, if required, be the more readily secured. Soon after his arrival in town (although the suction had not been discontinued even during his removal), the pain in the heart and the constriction of the chest had returned.

He was now bled from the arm, to the extent of about sixteen ounces. The bleeding, in conformity with my former experience in these cases, was followed immediately by the entire removal of both pain and constriction. At ten the same evening, some pain and constriction having returned, he was again bled to the extent of about ten ounces. The head, face and hands were bathed in cold water, and his apartment was freely ventilated.

At seven the following morning, I found that he had passed a sleepless night, but, in other respects, he was better, and he continued so the whole day. At nine or ten in the evening, there was a slight renewal of the constriction, together with sensation of soreness within the cavity of the chest, which although relieved by the mere application of a liniment composed of equal parts of strong solution of ammonia, and soap liniment, returned, more slightly, from time to time throughout the night. By the morning, all these unpleasant feelings having disappeared, the patient was well, suffering only some slight sensation of general soreness, extending throughout the whole trunk and limbs.

Observations: From the present case, as well as from many others which have come under my care, during the last thirty years, the following appear to me to be the principal matters to be attended to in the treatment of the poisonous bites of our colonial snakes in general, whatever may have been the species of the animal by which the injury is inflicted:

1st. The immediate application of a ligature, whenever practicable, between the bite on the limb and the centre of the circulation.

2d. The excision of the bitten part in the manner above described.

3d. The suction of the wound, or the application of the cupping-glass.

4th. The exhibition of stimulants, as oil of turpentine, aromatic spirit of ammonia, brandy, or other spirits, eau de luce, sherry, champagne, or other wines.

5th. Bleeding, more especially for the

relief of the heart and chest, and perhaps of the head.

6th. The application of cold to the head, face, and hands, by the occasional washing of those parts with cold water, according to the patient's wishes and feelings, and due ventilation of the apartment.

7th. Sound sleep should also be prevented for some time; and should the weather be cold, or the patient appear chilled, which occasionally happens, due means should be resorted to in order to restore warmth.

There is generally some thirst, but no desire for food, in these cases. The patient, although apparently well, should be carefully watched for a few days after the accident, as the symptoms, which are temporarily removed, are very apt to return about sunset. Some unpleasant feelings about the head and chest, accompanied by much derangement of the general health, have been observed to exist, not merely for a few days, but even during life, if early and efficient relief has not been given. It seems to me desirable that the application of remedies should be made in the order in which they are enumerated above:

1st. Those which relate to the removal, if practicable, of the poison: and simultaneously as well as subsequently with these, the stimulants, of which the oil of turpentine appears to me infinitely the best, at least in the first instance, and until the violence of the symptoms has become reduced, when this may be superseded by an occasional dose of aromatic spirit of ammonia, with a spoonful or two of camphor mixture, or a glass of champagne or other wine.

2d. The employment of bleeding, which I have hitherto thought it better to postpone until the system has become perceptibly brought under the action of the stimulants, and also because its earlier adoption might not improbably accelerate the absorption of the poison before time had been given for the carrying into effect the primary indication. In the case under consideration, a second bleeding was found necessary, a few hours only after the first, and had I been apprized at the time, of even the slight symptoms that occurred on the second night, the bleeding, though to a still smaller extent, would have been repeated; this treatment would most probably have prevented some slight "muscular

pains," as the patient termed them, and uneasiness which continued to be experienced several days afterwards.

The reddish-brown, or copper-colored snake, "*Coluber fulvus Australicus*," "Yoonga" (native name by the Sydney tribe); "*Bulgora*" (name by the aborigines of Lake Macquarie) is very common in the neighborhood of Sydney.

It is of a somewhat deep rich copper color along the back, passing into a similar but lighter tint along the abdomen. The specimens I have seen have been, in general, between three and four feet in length, and about two and a half inches in circumference. The lower jaw is armed with two rows of extremely short prehensile teeth. The upper jaw, besides two complete rows of palatine teeth, is furnished externally to these with a tubular fang on either side, considerably longer and stouter than any of the other teeth, and fixed on a slender process of the maxillary bone. A few small prehensile teeth form an imperfect row extending backwards in a direct line, at some distance from these.

The two following experiments are selected out of a number performed by a

young friend of mine, Mr. H. Smeathman, with a view to obtaining some approximative comparison of the degree of virulence possessed in the venom of the above and other snakes:

Experiment 1. A part of the thigh of a chicken, about six weeks old, was inserted between the jaws of a dead specimen (killed a few hours before) of the copper colored snake. This specimen was three feet one inch in length, and two and a half inches in circumference throughout nearly its entire length. The chicken was dead in four minutes. The punctures from the bite of the snake were barely perceptible after death.

Experiment 2. Inserted part of the thigh of a second chicken, four weeks old, between the fangs of the same snake. It died in two minutes.

This was very probably the result of the difference of age in the two animals experimented upon; but in addition, the punctures in the latter instance were more clearly perceptible, and it is probable, therefore, that the inoculation with the poison had been more complete than in the first experiment.

Our Social Chair.

WELL, WELL, bless me, indeed how time flies, soliloquized a friend, as he carefully examined the new and neatly bound *Fourth Volume* of this magazine. "Why! it seems but yesterday when I saw the *first number* of it; and yet, it is over four years since!" "Yes," we replied, as though "thinking aloud" and half questioning the correctness of his remembrance, "one volume a year, multiplied by four, *does* give that interesting total; you are right." His expressive look, half pitiful, somewhat quizzical,

but mostly of good humored contemptuousness at the profound suggestiveness of our arithmetical remark, gave way to a broad smile as he resumed, "After all, there is a large amount of labor in writing, collecting and correcting five hundred and seventy-six pages of California matter, in such a volume as this!" "Which," we continued, "multiplied by four, gives two thousand three hundred and four pages, and includes nearly five hundred characteristic engravings of California life and scenery." "But," he continued, "I don't

see where you could obtain so much interesting material."

Could the reader have seen us at this juncture, he would have been reminded of some subject of mesmerism, whose phrenological organs of self-esteem and approbation had been simultaneously touched; and which had resulted in the immediate straightening up of his body so as to give the impression that he was two inches taller, (at least in his own estimation,) and of twice his ordinary personal value. But, as in similar cases, when other controlling organs had received the magic touch, and we remembered how very much we were indebted to our excellent corps of contributors for such a result, we became ourselves again.

By way of giving an answer, we pointed to them, and referred him, (as we wish to refer the reader), to the "Editor's Table," in our last number, for a full and candid explanation of the whole matter.

This year, we ask and hope for the assistance of our friends, in an attempt to double the circulation of this magazine; whereby we can materially improve the character of the work and make it still more worthy of becoming a faithful representative of the life, scenes and literature of California.

—

THERE are but few writers, if any, who have not, at some time or other, experienced a reddening suffusion of the cheeks and forehead on the discovery of some grave typographical error, that has unwittingly crept in and mutilated the style or sense of some favorite piece of composition. At such a time he will fret, and fume and chafe, and, if profanely inclined, will perhaps swear at the printer and proof-reader, until his anger has nearly expended itself; yet, on a second or third perusal, however annoying the fact may still be when he comes to see the extent of the mistake made, and the ludicrous interpretation that can be given a sentence, even by the alteration of a single letter; a reaction comes, and, like a true philosopher, he laughs at the blunder, and from that time forward it

becomes a good joke to relate in some fun-loving circle—or, if you will, in such places as the Social Chair.

An esteemed contributor had bestowed much care and labor upon an article for one of the first numbers of this magazine, and which with others had been "set up," "proved," "made up" into pages, the "proof corrected," the "revise read," and the "form sent to press;" yet, while some of the first "sheets" were being "worked off," a "typographical error" was discovered, which made "the links of memory's chain that bind us to the past," to read—"that bind us to the post." Now although only a single letter had been unintentionally substituted, it certainly made some *slight* change in the sense.

In a subsequent number, a paragraph was introduced that pictured in touching tenderness and beauty, the loneliness of a bereaved husband when he looked upon the vacant seat in the family circle, which was once occupied by his now sainted wife—how he called to memory the thousand tokens of her solicitude and love while ministering to his happiness, or busied herself unweariedly with the little comforts, &c., and which, instead of reading *busied*, was set up *buried* herself unweariedly, &c.; of course, rendering the whole ridiculously nonsensical.

The principal of a large and flourishing private school of this city informed its pupils through one of the evening papers, that their studies would be resumed on such a day, "after the Christmas *recess*," but which was printed "after the Christmas *aces*;" but as there were no "aces" at that time, and if there had been, the excellent principal not being a sporting character himself, and moreover is thoroughly opposed to the youthful mind being drawn into a notice of such sports, very naturally felt very much annoyed by such an announcement.

A typographic friend of ours, says an exchange, once set "familiar as Humboldt Roads," instead of setting, after Shakspeare, "familiar as Household Words."

Another, not very long ago, set "forty miners" for "forty-niners."

WE had almost feared that our friend Lovejoy—once the singular yet racy editor of the *Old Mountaineer*, and an esteemed contributor to this magazine—had, in some unusual and unheard of manner or other, passed quietly away from this earthly ball and in accordance with his natural instinct, was giving entertainment and amusement to other workers of some spiritual telegraph, either at the one end of their airline or at the other; but on looking over the advertisements in the *Plumas Standard*, we found that he was still in the land where such as the following are written:

OBITUARY—"IN A MANNER."—Dec'd, in or about Genesee Valley, on or about Tuesday, June 5th, AMOS REEVES, an old and respected citizen of this county. Mr. R. was noted for his fine social qualities, and was a good judge of "hoss-flesh." Mr. R. promised *if he lived*, to meet the undersigned at Quincy, on day and date above written. Having failed, we are well satisfied of his untimely end. Christian brethren will please pray for his mortal "sowl."

J. K. LOVEJOY.

Quincy, June 6, 1860.—lt.

THE *Shasta Courier* is always telling some racy anecdote or other, with which to make cheery a leisure hour, and this time weaves the following tissue for the benefit of the Red Bluff people, where the incident occurred. As the editor generally adheres to facts, we suppose this relation is made entirely of whole cloth:—

It appears that Eugene Howard having become involved, pecuniarily, determined to avail himself of the benefits of the Insolvent Law. To this end he applied to Joseph Combs, to "put him through," which he agreed to do for the sum of \$100, to be paid immediately after decree of insolvency was granted.

Counsel at once prepared the papers in "ship shape"—and had just concluded the schedule of client's liabilities, when a friend of client, previously posted, called counsel out to drink—when client, himself writing a tolerably good hand, availed himself of the lawyer's absence to write at the bottom of the schedule, "Joseph Combs, for legal services rendered in obtaining decree of insolvency, \$100." On return of

counsel, he proceeded very summarily to finish the business, and with the interpolated item unobserved, handed the paper into Court. The prayer of petitioner was granted, and all the creditors named in the schedule, of course "went up the flume."

The next morning, on applying to client for his fee, counsel was invited to visit the Clerk's office and examine client's schedule, which he did, and thereupon was made speechless with amazement by the palpable evidence of the astounding fact that he had been made the hapless victim of the most unequaled piece of "sharp practice" ever played off on mortal man or lawyer.

ONE of the best jokes that we have seen for many a day, is thus told by the *Sonoma County Journal*, which must be preserved in our Social Chair, as something that is too good to lose:

HOWE, HE DID IT.—*A New Way of obtaining Subscribers.*—A rich anecdote has just reached our ears, in which a gentleman not wholly unknown in the newspaper world, and at present a traveling agent for a San Francisco journal, plays a prominent part.

A few days since, during the peregrinations of of the said newspaper agent, and while in the Bodega' country, he inadvertently gave offence to one of the unterrified yeomanry of that region, and who soon succeeded in cutting it rather thick in a war of words, for the delicate nerves of the representative of the press. He, however, for a time, bore with becoming resignation the tirade of abuse so lavishly heaped upon his fair name and honorable calling.

Mistaking his customer's christian patience for cowardice, Spudlover waxed warmer and bolder, and finally declared that nothing short of battering the fair face of ye newsman would satisfy his wounded honor, and accordingly commenced operations.

Thinking that forbearance had now ceased to be a virtue, ye newsman squared himself, *a la* Benicia Boy, for the coming fray, and planting a sockdolager between the peepers of Spudlover, sent him in quest of the most promising locality for squatting, which he decided by measuring his length upon the floor. Believing in making hay while the sun shines, ye valiant newsman immediately mounted the prostrate hero, and seizing him by the ears, demanded—

"Now, sir, will you apologize for past offences, and promise good behavior for the future?"

"No, I wont!" was the savage response.

"But you must, though," said ye newsman, at the same time giving force to his words by punching Spudlover's *cabesa* upon the floor, until he was willing to make the required promise.

"So far, so good," replied the now exultant newsman; "but there is yet another point to settle. Do you take *The Sonoma County Journal*?"

"No."

"Do you take any paper?"

"No."

"Well, I thought so. Your ungentlemanly treatment of me was alone sufficient to prove this. Now, you must take and read a paper. Will you subscribe for the _____?"

"No! I'll see you — first!"

"Wont, hey? We'll see!"—giving him another headache settler, and looking daggers.

"Oh! oh! Yes, I will!"

"And pay for it in advance!"

"Yes."

"All right!" triumphantly exclaimed the victor, springing to his feet. "Now shell out the spondoolicks!"—which command the now pliable patron immediately complied with, after which the two retired to a neighboring bar, and "smiled" at the fortunate termination of their difficulty. And this was *howe* one of the San Francisco journals obtained a new subscriber.

If the following amusing "dog story," from the columns of our spirited cotemporary, the *Morning Call*, does not create some radiating wrinkles at the outer corner of the lower eyelids, we think the reader must certainly have the blues, and requires some kind of *punishment*, to keep him out of the physicians' hands:

A DOG STORY.—About a year ago, a gentleman of our acquaintance found a beautiful young fox-hound. He carried it home, and not knowing anything about dogs, tied it up in a kennel, except when he had it in the house, instead of handing it over to some one in the country who understood the art of dog-training, and could give Pluto (that was his name), some fresh-air exercise. Pluto grew to be a great pet with the whole family. One day, however, Pluto was missed. The gentleman advertised him, and anxiously offered a reward for his recovery. A gentleman called upon him at his house, and asked, "Did you advertise for this dog?" and showed him the lost Pluto. "Yes, that's the dog—here's \$10 for you. Pluto! Pluto! Plu-

to!" and the dog wagged his tail, and cavorted around. "Hold your horses," was the rejoinder, "not so fast, my friend—this dog I lost about a year ago, and I just thought I'd come and see where you lived, so that if he gets away again I'll know where to find him!" Our friend was thunderstruck, and the man walked off, muttering that Pluto was in bad condition, and not half the dog he was when he was lost the first time.

To which let us add another "clipping" from the same source:

A well-known French banker of this city gave a dinner, on the 24th of May, to a select company of friends. The dinner hour arrived, and all the invited guests were present with one exception. Anxiously the host awaited his coming. At last the bell rang, and the servant announced "Mons. _____ and friend." A look of expectation sat upon every face. Who was the friend? Mons. _____ quietly walked in with his friend, who turned out to be a Chinese merchant, who is very wealthy, and desired an opportunity of seeing how the opulent classes of the French nation enjoyed themselves at the dinner table. He brought him as *his friend*. Such being the case, they were all delighted to see him. The company sat down to dinner, and to everybody's surprise, the Chinaman acted in the most polite and refined manner. He ate his soup with a spoon, his fish with a fork, and everything else with knife and fork, which he handled as well as anybody. He helped the ladies before himself, bowed politely in taking wine, and was apparently posted in all the minutia of dinner-table etiquette. The host and hostess were charmed with their guest, and expressed the same when he departed at night. But the beauty of the whole affair was, that this Chinese merchant was only another well-known French banker of this city, in most complete disguise.

EVERYBODY who has been in the State long enough to walk without an umbrella knows Bill Lindsey, says the *Sierra Democrat*, and he tells a good story—many a one of them. Some time ago, when he was located on Carson river [he lives at Virginia City now], an Indian came to borrow a gun, to shoot ducks. Lindsey loaded up a Government musket with powder, shot, wadding and ball, to the muzzle—and off started Red Dick for his ducks.

The birds were on the water a short distance off, and Lindsey watched Dick to see the effect of the shot. Drawing a bead on the game, Dick blazed away and keeled over—and went end over end through about fourteen revolutions—and two or three out of a dozen ducks that went to the pond to swim, lived to swim another day. Lindsey traveled for home. In about an hour Dick came back, loaded down to the guards with ducks, musket in hand, very pale and severely skinned about the face. Lindsey asked how he had got along. Dick replied: "Bill, gun much dam bad! shoot um gun three time, no more duck, no more Indian!"

Most of our theatre-going readers remember Anderson, the "Wizard," who performed so many wonderful tricks a few months ago, and astonished people generally. Well, this same Mr. Anderson met with a Yankee, who stole a march on him after the following pattern:

Enter Yankee.—"I say! you Professor Anderson?"

"Yes, sir, at your service."

"Waal, you're a tarnation smart man, and I'm sumthin' at a trick, teu—kind o' cute, teu, you know."

"Ah! indeed; and what tricks are you up to sir?" asked the Professor, amused at the simple fellow.

"Waal, I can take a red cent, and change it into a ten-dollar gold piece."

"Oh! that's a mere sleight-of-hand trick; I can do that, too."

"No, you can't. I'd like to see you try."

"Why hold out your hand, with a cent in it."

Yankee stretched out his paw, with a red lying on it.

"This is your cent, is it, sure?"

"It's nothin' else."

"Hold on to it tight—*Presto!* change. Now open your hand."

Yankee opened his fist, and there was a gold eagle shining on his palm.

"Waal, yeou did it, I declare; much

obleeged tew yeou," and Jonathan turned to go out.

"Stay," said the professor, "you may leave me my ten dollars."

"Yourn! warnt it *my* cent? and didn't you turn it into this ere yaller thing, eh? Good-by!" and as he left the room he was heard to say, "I guess there aint anything green about this child."

The Fashions.

FASHIONABLE BONNETS are comfortable to the wearer, and in most instances, becoming; but, dear reader, beware of going to the extreme—or, (between you and I,) you will hide some part of your pretty face. For ourselves we frankly admit we like the present fashion very much, indeed, and think it deserves the countenance of every lady in San Francisco. But by the same rule we are constrained to acknowledge, we find it something of an "uphill" business getting them to agree with us on this particular point. But we are digressing—so now to the point. The crown is very large at the tip, sloping out at the neck, and on the top it is straight, (for but the very least little slope in the world is admissible); this crown is deep and full sized for the wearer's head. The brim, from the commencement of the crown, must have a perceptible flare, which is increased gradually at the sides and very much on the top, giving the shape of the front of the bonnet when done, considerable length and flare on the top, more than at the sides; the cape is narrow.

There is much crape used in millinery this summer, both for shirred bonnets, and also trimming for straw ones. Wheat is mixed in the trimming, with fine effect; for children's bonnets, white silk shirred. When for misses of fourteen, change the white trimming for some suitable color, such as pink or blue. The Leghorn flats, this year, have round crowns.

Misses Dresses.

If of silk, trim the bottom skirt with four narrow flounces or ruffles. The body is

plaited back and front, and cut square at the neck. Short sleeves, composed of four narrow ruffles. The skirts of little girls' dresses, are made somewhat longer.

Ladies' Dresses.

Checked summer silks, bareges, grenadines, and organdies, have ruffled skirts; and capes of the same material, ruffled; round and pointed waists are equally fashionable; sleeve wide, and flowing. Mantillas are made very large, indeed; and scarfs of lace are quite in favor.

Monthly Record of Current Events.

The steamer John L. Stephens, which arrived on the 27th May, brought some 1300 or 1400 passengers, although only 1007 names appear on the books. Among these were 200 women and 221 children.

The editor of the *Visalia Delta* received from a party of prospectors a specimen of lava, taken from the crater of a burning volcano, in Tulare county, while in a molten state.

Robert F. Morrison, having especially engaged a state-room for himself and wife, from New York to this city, for which he paid \$575, being deprived of its exclusive use, according to agreement, from Panama up, sued the steamship J. L. Stephens for \$5,000 damages in the U. S. District Court.

The stage from Iowa Hill was robbed by six highwaymen, May 26th, of \$11,000. On the 20th, the Shasta stage was robbed of \$15,000, near Chico.

An opposition steamer, the *Satellite*, Capt. Kentzel, was running on the San Joaquin, carrying passengers at two dollars each; but she was seized by the United States Marshal, and a libel filed by the United States against her, claiming \$500 damages, for sailing without license between Stockton and San Francisco.

The *Golden Age*, on the 5th ult., carried away 400 passengers, and \$1,691,580 in treasure, as follows: to New York, \$1,531,580; England, \$150,000; and Panama, \$10,000.

The *Daily Democratic Standard* of Sacramento, was discontinued on the 2d ult.

The American brig *Ida Rogers* made the run from Kanagawa, Japan, to this port, arriving on the 1st ult., in 28 days.

The Young Men's Christian Association of this city, held a magnificent Floral Fair

in Tucker's Academy of Music, from the 22d to the 27th of May, for the benefit of their institution, and which was very successful.

The long-pending suit against the bark *Glimpse*, by the Misses Gougenheim, for breach of passenger contract from Australia to San Francisco, was decided in favor of the latter, and \$700 damages awarded by Judge McAllister.

A number of ladies presented a banner to a newly formed military company called the French Guards, on the 5th ult.

The receipts of four lectures, before the Mercantile Library Association of San Francisco, by Rev. T. Starr King, amounted to \$2,605; of this sum, \$1,205 was clear profit to the society. \$1,000 was paid the lecturer, and \$400 other expenses.

During the month of May, 83,500 sacks of wheat were exported from this State. 36,000 to New York, 43,000 to Australia, and 4,000 to China.

The Santillan, or Bolton & Barron claim, to a large portion of the land on which this city is built, has been rejected by the Supreme Court.

Successful experimental trips of a newly invented steam-wagon, just imported from England by a silver mining company in Arizona, were made through the public streets at the south end of this city, during the early part of last month. The rate of speed obtained was about five miles per hour, with about forty-five tons of iron, &c.

The Dashaway Association of this city, took a picnic excursion to Ravenswood, San Mateo county, for the benefit of their society, when 1,400 tickets were sold, and \$800 net profits were realized.

Judge H. P. Haun, appointed by Gov. Weller to the vacancy in the U. S. Senate, created by the death in the duel with Terry, of D. C. Broderick, returned to this State May 27th, and died of congestive chills, after one day's illness, on the 6th ult.

The first Convention of Sunday School Teachers ever held in this State, met in this city, May 29th, and continued several days, when reports were received from 85 schools, 65 of which are without and 20 within the city of San Francisco. The number of scholars in attendance upon these schools is 8,326; teachers employed, 1,174. Only 51 schools are reported as to the number of volumes of books in their libraries. These schools have 32,742 volumes; of these, 18,500 belong to schools in this city, and 14,292 to schools in other parts of the State.

The Marysville *Appeal* has changed hands, and is now a Republican journal. It is edited by B. P. Avery, formerly of the *Hydraulic Press*, San Juan, Nevada county.

A vote to subscribe \$50,000 to the Sacramento, Placer and Nevada Railroad stock, was unanimously affirmative in Auburn.

One of the most beautiful, and by far the largest steamboat ever built on this coast, was launched at the South Beach shipyard, on the 2d ult. She was built for the Sacramento river trade, by the California Steam Navigation Company, at a cost of \$200,000, and is named the *Chrysopolis*. In length she is 245 feet, width on deck 40 feet, draws $4\frac{3}{4}$ feet water; tonnage about 1,000 tons, and will carry 1000 passengers.

The Corner Stone of the new San Francisco High School, was laid on the 9th ult. The cost of lot, building and furniture, will be \$28,000.

The trial of Judge Terry, for the killing of D. C. Broderick in a duel, was transferred to Marin county, by Judge Hagar, of the Fourth District Court.

At a new election of officers for the S. F. Industrial School, on the 4th ult., the following persons were chosen: President, William Blanding; Vice President, Ira P. Rankin; Treasurer, John Sime. Managers for two years—R. B. Woodward, C. O. Gerberding, Henry L. Dodge, Eugene Crowell, John P. Buckley, James A. Banks.

The new Pavilion for the next Fair of the Mechanics' Institute, was commenced on the 1st ult.

The steamer *Golden Age* took eastward 423 passengers, and \$1,691,580 in treasure,

of which \$1,531,580 went to New York, \$10,000 to Panama, and \$150,000 to Great Britain.

The Annual Fair and Cattle Show of the Alameda Agricultural Society, was opened at Oakland, on the 5th ult.

On the 5th ult. there arrived three emigrant vessels from China, the *Vi King* with 437, the *Renown* with 396, and the *Early Bird* with 263—1096 in one day! On the 7th the *Bellona* arrived with 430 others.

Persons in Sacramento who are interested in the propagation of bees, organized themselves into an association under the name of the "Pacific Aparian Society."

The *Solano Herald* of the 12th ult., says that during the last thirty days there have been shipped from Suisun three hundred and twenty-two tons of wheat and two hundred and fifty tons of hay. Also 6,272 sacks of wheat. Wheat has sold from \$1 40 to \$1 60 per hundred. Hay very low. The old crop is not all sold out.

A California tiger cat was recently trapped in Oakland, after destroying the following ranch appurtenances: sixty-three hens, eight ducks, three geese, five turkeys, nine sucking pigs, and from forty to fifty young chickens.

The post-office at O'Byrne's Ferry, Calaveras county, has been discontinued. New offices have been established at Plumas, in Yuba county, and at Fair Play, in El Dorado county.

The steamer *Golden Gate* arrived on the 12th ult., with 803 passengers, 200 tons of merchandise on freight, and 343 bags of U. S. Mails.

Editor's Table.

THE completion of our annual volume and the commencement of another, is not dissimilar in its remembrances and associations to the ending of the old year and the beginning of the new. All the endearing memories of those whose fellowship and co-laborers have united them to each other, seem to bring about a choice communion of spirit at such a time. In imagination they take each other by the hand, and while they renew

their friendships, re-dedicate themselves to the pleasant though self-imposed duties of the new magazine year before them.

Sympathy, which is a dear foster-sister of Charity, and the angel attendant upon Faith and Hope, seems to hallow and enoble each heart with her holiest inspirations and balm-breathing presence at such a season; especially where religion, morality, brotherly kindness, and unobtrusive benevolence, have been the main-spring

and motive of every emotion, and the foundation of every word and of every thought.

It is not perhaps well, dear contributors, that we should know the extent of good or ill of every line we have written; for if the latter, it might discourage and humiliate us too much, even though it cautioned us; and if the former, it might elate and self-conceit us, even while it encouraged us. It is probably enough for us to know that our motives, educated by the best of principles, have made us hopeful as well as anxious that no line we have written shall have tended to evil; and it may be that we have relieved many an aching heart, brightened many a dark prospect, beguiled many a tedious hour, and stimulated the discouraged to efforts that have been crowned with success. If so, our labors, though often wearying, have not been in vain, and the reward is much more than could be given or even estimated by the current coin of a commonwealth.

In the commencement, then, of our fifth volume, we would invite and urge the earnest-hearted to seek this year more than ever to keep the end in view, that the means may be commensurate to it; and that, in the event of either mind or body becoming powerless, we may know that we have worked 'while it is called to-day,' with the hope and motive of increasing the sum of human happiness.

We should also rejoice in a considerable increase to the number of our little volunteer army of writers. In a State where there is so much active energy of thought, it would be a pity that our literature should languish. It would be cause of regret to feel that money alone was the great desideratum of human happiness, in a country where such exhaustless resources, as well as such glorious destinies, invite to a nobler and higher intellectual life.

OUR readers will remember that mention was made in this department, last month, of the commencement of an Indian war on our eastern border, in Western Utah, and

that twenty-one whites had been killed, and others wounded. Since that time the number killed has been ascertained to exceed forty;

To repel and punish these Indian aggressors, fourteen companies of Volunteers marched to the scene of conflict, from different portions of the State. The following tables, furnished by a correspondent of the *Evening Bulletin*, will show the Companies, Captains, and numerical strength of each:

THE VOLUNTEERS.

A, Spy Co., W. P. Fleeson	15
B, Sierra Guards Co., E. S. Smith	46
C, Truckee Rangers, L. Nightingale	38
D, Sierra Guards, 2d Co., J. B. Reed	26
E, Virginia Rangers, H. Clayton	24
F, Nevada Rifles, J. B. Van Hagan	82
G, Sierra Guards, 3d Co., R. Raymond	18
H, San Juan Rifles, H. N. Miller	26
I, Sacramento Guards, G. Snowden	25
K, Virginia Rifles, E. F. Storer	104
L, Carson Co., J. Blackburn	44
M, Silver City Guards, M. Ford	58
N, Highland Rangers Spy Co., S. Wallace	15
O, Sierra Guards 4th Co., F. F. Patterson	28
Staff	11

560

To which should be added 50 teamsters and camp-followers, all well armed, making the total 610. About two hundred were well mounted, and the balance were infantry. They were officered as follows:

Colonel—J. C. Hays. Lieut. Colonel—E. J. Sanders. Major—D. E. Hungerford. Acting Adjutant General—Lieut. Col. C. S. Fairfax. Commissary of Subsistence—Maj. R. W. Snowden. Asst. Commissary of Subsistence—Capt. H. T. Booraem. Quartermaster—Maj. B. S. Lippincott. Assistant Quartermaster—Capt. J. McNish. Surgeon—Dr. Perkins. Asst. Surgeon—Dr. Bell. Sergeant Major—R. Magill.

THE REGULARS.

The United States troops in the Carson Valley expedition, number, at this date, 30th May, 1860, as follows:

Capt. J. Stewart, 3d Artillery, Commanding the Battalion.	
Surgeon C. C. Keeny.	
Capt. J. Moore, Assistant Quartermaster.	
Lt. H. G. Gibson, Assistant Commissary of Subsistence.	
E. Byrne, Asst'. Quartermaster's Clerk.	
Co. H, 3d Art., Capt. J. Stewart, Lt. A. G. Robinson	82
Co. A., 6th Infantry, Capt. F. F. Flint,	

Lieut. E. R. Warner.....	62
Co. H, 6th Inf., Lt. J. McCleary, (not yet arrived, but included in this statement, because immediately expected)..	53
Co. I, 3d Art. Detachment, with two 12-pounder mountain howitzers, Lt. H. G. Gibson.....	16
	213
Other officers above mentioned.....	5
	218
Total Regulars.....	218

These Companies, though acting under two separate commanders, moved in concert, and made common cause against the enemy. As it was known that some three different tribes of Indians, to the number of about 3,000, were encamped at Pyramid Lake, the forces on the 31st of May took up their line of march across a desert of sand hills and sage brushes for that locality, encamping on the Truckee river, 20 miles distant from the Carson. Here the mutilated remains of several bodies were discovered, that belonged to Capt. Ormsby's party, before alluded to.

On the morning of the 2d of June, a party of observation, numbering 40 men, went out in the direction of Pyramid Lake, leaving the others in camp, and arrived on the broad valley of the Lake, before they were discovered by the Indians. With a whoop and a yell a race was commenced, that was continued, with occasional firing, until our horsemen had nearly arrived back again into camp; when, supported by Capt. Storer's company, and shortly afterwards by the entire forces, an engagement ensued, which has since been alluded to as "the battle of Pinnacle Mount;" where Capt. Storer, and a volunteer named Cameron were killed, and three regulars wounded. The loss of the Indians was estimated at about 50.

On the following day a severe battle was anticipated, and arrangements were made for it; but when the eager and exultant troops had arrived in sight of Pyramid Lake, the enemy was no where visible, and, when they reached the valley they made the annoying discovery that the Indians had fled.

Meanwhile, in San Francisco and other places, mass meetings were held and subscriptions raised with much enthusiasm for the volunteer army in Western Utah, to the extent of several thousand dollars in money, besides large supplies of provisions, which were immediately forwarded.

While the subscription list was daily and rapidly augmenting, a telegram was received that told of the flight of the Indians; and also, that the regulars were deemed sufficient for all future emergencies, and were fortifying themselves at Pyramid Lake—consequently the volunteers would disband and return. This threw cold water on the labors of the subscription committee, and obviated the necessity of prosecuting their well-meant exertions further.

From newspaper correspondents it was ascertained that horse-feed in Virginia City was raised to \$7 per night, and three prices were charged the little army for everything they needed; and yet it was for the protection of this town, among others, that volunteers and regulars risked their lives. It is in this way that Indian War bills before Congress swell to such enormous dimensions; and it will be well that these facts should be borne in mind, and brought to light at some future day. We should like much to ascertain the names of all such ungrateful speculators, that we might chronicle them for future reference—especially when the "Washoe Indian War Bill" is before Congress.

It may not now be out of place, to say, that if general report speaks truly, this Indian war originated in the disgusting maltreatment of the Indians by some white ruffians at Williams' Ranch; the principal actors being the Williams brothers themselves, who enticed an Indian and his squaw into their house, and after binding the former, violated the person of the latter before his eyes. As soon as the Indians were liberated, they naturally told their humiliating story to their brethren, and the result was the killing of the perpetrators of the infamous deed—who well deserved

their fate—and the burning of their buildings to ashes. And where are the whites that would have done otherwise?

From this act of a few monsters in human shape, hundreds of valuable lives will be sacrificed, many thousands of dollars will be expended, and much valuable property destroyed, besides jeopardizing the lives of the incoming emigration, and the safety and speed of the Pony Express riders.

Nearly every one of the Indian wars on this coast have originated from similar causes—the aggressions of the whites. As we possess most of the facts connected with the origin of all these wars, we may some day give them to the world; the only objection being their disgusting details. We will at present content ourselves by giving the following, from the Evening Bulletin:

SAN FRANCISCO, June 1, 1860.

To the Editor of the San Francisco Bulletin:

Having lately arrived here from Humboldt Bay, I take the opportunity to inform the public, through your columns, of a few of the recent instances of shameful and horrible crime committed upon the Indians in Humboldt county, by white men.

Some time in February last, a man named L—, who has a stock ranch on Van Dusen river, had an Indian boy, whose family lived within half a mile of his place. L—'s boy would occasionally run off to visit his relations. This incensed L— so much, that he went down one morning and slaughtered the whole family—of about six persons—boy and all. He then made a rude raft of logs, put the victims on it, marked it to W. H. Mills—who was known to be opposed to indiscriminate slaughter of the Indians—and started the bodies down the river.

Messrs. Neil and Hood, two good men, who have a stock ranch on the outside and adjoining L—, had about their premises, for the last two years, an old Indian called Ukilloby. He acted as a faithful guardian to the ranch, always giving timely warning of the approach of thieving Indians, and always being ready to assist in tracking them up, while he was ready to assist about the place, to the best of his abilities. Well, about the 26th of April last, the old Indian, feeling perfectly secure, paid L—a friendly visit, and was immediately tied up and shot in cold blood without any explanation. This so incensed Mr. Neil, that he drove off his cattle to the Matole, leaving L— on the outside; since which time the Indians

have literally feasted on L—'s cattle.

Some time about the 18th of March last, three desperate ruffians, armed with hatchets, entered the hotel at Hydesville, and demanded of the proprietor by what authority he had written a letter to Lieut. Hardcastle, of the U. S. A., at Fort Humboldt; and if he had not convinced said ruffians that the letter was strictly private, and had no allusion to Indian affairs, and no communications for the *Bulletin*, he would have been assassinated on the spot. The names of these ruffians I shall withhold for the present.

Society is completely demoralized on Eel river; and the Thugs are largely in the majority, led on by Wiley of the *Humboldt Times*, and by Van Nest the sheriff. Young men talk and think of nothing else but hanging and killing young Diggers and their mothers. The pulpit is silent, and the preachers say not a word. In fact, they dare not. It finally amounts to this—that where the Indians killed a "beef" occasionally, before the late grand massacre at Eureka, they now kill ten.

All of the bucks who formerly lived around Eureka with their families, having ties that bound them to the Bay and the settlements here, have dispersed to the mountains, and are now seeking vengeance as thieves, for their kindred slain. It will cost not less than half a million dollars to dislodge the 300 thieving Indians from the Bald Hills. Men who detest and abhor the tugging system, from circumstances that surround them are silent. Two or three men who were on the last Grand Jury which sat at Eureka, were Thugs.

The man L— is the same person who boasted of having killed *sixty infants* with his own hatchet at the different slaughter grounds. This is the same man who peddled whiskey to the United States soldiers and the Indians not 18 months ago, and on the same ground that is now annoyed by the thieving savages. The Indians, since the recent grand massacre at Eureka, have done damage to L— of not less than \$1,000; in fact, he will be compelled to leave for some other range for his stock.

I append my name, privately, to this record of some of the atrocious deeds that have recently been perpetrated in Humboldt county. I have left that quarter for good; but, as I have a few friends in the place, I do not wish that they should be molested for any doings of mine, and you had better, therefore, not communicate my name, except under such circumstances as you may consider necessary or proper for the public good.

HUTCHINGS' CALIFORNIA MAGAZINE.

VOL. V. AUGUST, 1860. No. 2.

A RIDE TO THE REDWOODS.



THE APPROACH.

CHOYNSKI & CO
ANTIQUARIAN
257 S.F.
MINE



IMATHON? Mr. Jimathon?" began a fun-enjoying, adventure-seeking specimen of femininity, just in her teens, by way of enforcing respectful attention to the remarks about to follow; the frolicking drift of which might easily have been read in the expression of her bright cheery eye, and laughter-loving face. "Mr. Jimathon, I say, when are we to start on that promised pleasure jaunt to the Redwoods? I am dying—yes, that's the word—I am actually *dying* to be off. Every sunny morning that dawns is an admonition to be gone, and every distant glimpse I obtain of that scraggy looking mountain ridge away beyond the Portrero, yonder, is a fresh proof to me that it ought to be a *re*-proof to you, of a promise unfulfilled!"

"Bless me! Miss Jennie!" exclaimed the gentleman addressed, as he elevated his eyebrows in apparent astonishment, and turned quietly round in his easy chair; partly that he might confront his fair half-accusatory questioner, and partly that he might place himself in a position of defence, while he avoided another charge, a breach of politeness to a lady—"Bless me, Miss Jennie, I wonder that you don't make some suitable effort to distinguish yourself as an authoress, or a pub—" here Mr. Jimathon was interrupted by admonitory demonstrations of a limited acquaintance with 'the art of self-defence,' that suggested the probability of being upon dangerous ground, and contented himself with an attempt at looking very wise, which proved a failure; seeing the desirability of some more conciliatory course, he had taken a long breath, and with this end in view was about to proceed, when the appearance of a reinforcement to the enemy, of one whose roguish, fun-loving character-

istics at once bespoke a sisterly relationship; and who almost always aided and abetted Miss Jennie in all her enjoyment-promoting plans; and who, had either been listening, or having joined in league with her, they had agreed together upon a plan of attack, and this was a part of the details. As Mr. J. had expected, the entrance of Bonnie was the signal for a renewal of hostilities, when she became the assailing party, thus—

"Ah! Mr. J., when are we to take that delightful picnic excursion to the Redwoods, that you promised us, I don't know how long ago? Its all very well for you to put on an air of forgetfulness; you who have assumed the possession of all sorts of noble qualities, and so often quoted Shakspeare's sentiment: 'I dare do all that may become a man.' I'm ashamed of you. 'You cannot say that you remember such a promise?' Well, then, I think that I can materially assist you, if you will give me your attention for a few moments." Here Mr. Jimathon looked somewhat chop-fallen and penitential, intending no doubt to submit as gracefully as possible by giving every attention to his fair mnemotechnist. "Don't you remember that charming evening, when you, and I, and Jennie, stood on the little hill at the back of our house, looking towards that high and apparently smooth range of hills beyond the Mission Dolores, and I called your attention to another ridge, still farther away, that looked like an immense saw with many of its teeth knocked out; and you remarked, 'Those are redwood trees; it is there, and from the same range of mountains that we obtain a large portion of the redwood lumber that is found in the San Francisco market, and which is by far the most durable timber yet discovered in this country.'"

Mr. Jimathon nodded assent.

"And don't you remember saying, that 'the redwood lumber very much resem-

bled that of the Mammoth Trees of Calaveras and Mariposa, and was actually belonging to the same family, although of a different genus, Sepoy's temporary, or something like that."

"*Sequoia sempervirens*," suggested Mr. Jimathon, correctively.

"Ah! I knew it was some outlandish name you gave it, no doubt to appear very learned." Mr. J. smiled. "Well, as I was remarking, you were explaining matters in this way, and I said, how delightful and awe-inspiring it would be to roam among the shadows of such a forest, and watch the sunlight twinkling among the leaves as if playing at hide and seek; and how romantic it would be to take our own carriage, and provisions, and camp beside some clear, pebbly brook, and there go to sleep, dreaming of its sweet and soothing music! Come, what say you, let us go there in the spring;" and you remarked—'yes, it would be very pleasant.'

"And from that," resumed Mr. J., as he looked admiringly at the speaker, "you consider those words a verbal agreement to the proposition?"

"Certainly I do," responded Bonnie, somewhat roughly, yet decisively.

"And so do I," was Jennie's immediate rejoinder; "and, as a man of honor, upon which you men pride yourselves so much, you are in duty bound to make good your promise. I am sure that mother would like to go with us, and we will prepare so many delicious dishes to take along for the happy jaunt."

"For which you will have no use, ex-



THE GROUND SQUIRREL.

cept as producers of dyspepsia," responded Mr. Jimathon.

Thus tried and outwitted, if not condemned, Mr. J. did—as the reader would no doubt have done under similar circumstances—he acquiesced in the proposal, and the trip was accordingly agreed upon; which was received with all kinds of demonstrations of joy, exclusive of grand and lofty tumbling!

The reader may not consider it positively necessary that he should be informed, if either of the two young ladies named were *the particular* friend of Mr. Jimathon, or whether or not they were his sisters or nieces. It may be sufficient to mention, that an inquiry of "who shall accompany us?" from the young ladies in question, was intended to apply to some other gentleman, and as Mr. J. had spoken very highly of a friend, who in addition to being a fine gentlemanly fellow, was a good artist, all pronounced in favor of Mr. Simool.

"Mr. Simool," exclaimed Jennie—"what a name? Is he an East Indian, or a Japanese, or some distant relation of the great Khan of Tartary?"

The reply being "neither, he is an American;" was deemed satisfactory and conclusive.

Now, 'all the world and the rest of mankind' know very well—or they might and ought to know it—that to most ladies, one of the great attractions of any kind of a party, from a baby clothes sewing circle, to the most fashionable ball of the season, is the excitement and enjoyment attending the preliminary preparations. Merely to attend without these fascinating hallucinations, would be to commit it at once to the most common of everyday amusements, and as a matter of course, deprive it of its principal and most attractive charm. This being no mere *a priori* assertion, every infinitesimal prerequisite was canvassed with as much earnestness and interest as would have been actually essential to a seven years' cruise in the Arctic seas.

Mr. Jimathon had the assurance and thoughtlessness to assert, that in his opinion the Redwoods of San Mateo county were *not* in the Himalaya mountains, or among the steppes of the Caspian sea; but as this was deemed a reflection upon the committee of arrangements, and equal to a vote of censure upon the preparations in progress, he was threatened with exclusion from the committee if any further deprecatory remarks were indulged in; and as Mr. J. had learned the truth of the axiom, "discretion is the better part of valor," he was heard to give a low whistle, accompanied with the unpatriotic and irrelevant parodic quotation, "Hail Columbia's a very fine man," and concluded by giving the common-place but expressive language of Mr. Crockett, "be sure you're right, &c.," and very leisurely walked off.

As neither of the parties interested, or

all put together, for that matter, were the lucky owners of a vehicle large enough to accommodate so great a number as five persons, with all the etceteras of the *cuisine* and commissarial departments, a well known livery-stable keeper on Bush street, was consulted, and who very graciously informed the sub-committee deputed to superintend this department, that fast horses and a carriage for the number mentioned, could be had at eight dollars per day, for three or more days—and that another team, "just as good only rather less spirited," could be obtained at five dollars per day; and as the particular party in question in no sense made pretensions to the cognominal "fast," that which was "just as good, only less spirited," being pronounced the very *ne plus ultra* of equine travelers for such an expedition, was accordingly engaged.

"Could there have been a more beautiful and balmy morning than this?" exclaimed Jennie, after the little bevy of pleasure seekers were comfortably seated, the supplies and chattels snugly stowed, and the half-nautical signal "all aboard" had been given, and the vehicle was passing the scent-laden gardens in the southerly part of the city.

"G-e-t u-u-p," shouted Mr. Jimathon; to the horses, not the ladies!

"What a pity," ejaculated Mr. Simool, who had kindly consented to be one of the party—"what a pity that we are not labeled 'For Washoe;' the only objection that I see to such a 'sign of the times,' is, that we should not only attract a large share of envy as well as attention, but be informed at every step that we are on the wrong road."

"And that we have taken the initiatory measures for admission into that large and beautiful residence at Stockton, provided by the State for the mentally unfortunate," suggested Mr. Jimathon.

"Ah! me," escaped from Miss Jennie's

lips, so sorrowfully, one might have supposed that the speaker was thinking about becoming a candidate for membership in that institution, or was there already in imagination, sympathizing with its demented inmates. A loud laugh from Mr. Simool at once changed the melancholy tendency of such reflections, followed by the question from Jennie, "what are you laughing at, Mr. S.?"

"Didn't you see how neatly that was done?—ha! ha! ha! hah!"

"What was done?"

"That boy yonder, ha! ha! was just stepping over that apparently sleeping calf, ha! hah!—and just as he had one leg over, ha! ha! up jumped the calf,—ha! hah! ha! ha!! hah!!!"

By this time all had joined in the cachinatory exercise, and as they were beyond the restraints of the city, and above the constraints of its opinion in favor of or against their decorum, they indulged it to their hearts' content.

It is but just here to remark, that the San Bruno road, along which the party were journeying, is one of the best in the State, and owing to the numerous and diverse scenes to be witnessed on either side, it is one of the pleasantest to travel on. Waving fields of grass and grain, relieved by patches of flowers in every variety of shade and color, besides farm-houses and milk-ranches, dot the landscape in all directions. The waters of the Bay for several miles wash up against the rocky bluffs, around and in which the road is cut, adding much to the attractiveness of the ride. Several varieties of larks, blackbirds, goldfinches, linnets, sparrows, and numerous other native singing birds, enlivened these scenes, by their wild, sweet songs. Change of scenes and circumstances, let staid and



THE BOY THAT DIDN'T KNOW NUTHINK.

plodding people say what they may, are very grateful and reinvigorating to the feelings; and it is not to be wondered at that the city, (like an old friend, when a new one with a new set of good qualities is introduced,) with all its attractions and associations, was forgotten—as it no doubt ought to be in its business relations, if not in its social remembrances.

In every bird that hopped upon the roadside fence and commenced distending its little throat with merry song, Mr. Jimathon saw an excellent shot, and with his usual *sang froid* hinted to the driver that this would be a very good time to rest the horses; but this course meeting with justly censurable rebuke from the ladies, by whom Mr. J. was denounced as "a cruel and unfeeling man who harbored bird-murder in his heart, without a taste for the most delicious of all kinds of music," he became very humble and tractable for at least five minutes afterwards. When, however, they had reached the frontiers of the ground-squirrel

settlements, having frequently heard of the marauding character of its population, and the unscrupulous disposition manifested by them on all occasions in appropriating every kind of grain without ever leaving a *quid pro quo* to the farmer, all conscientious scruples seemed to have left our heroines, for, without a murmur Mr. J. was allowed to knock as many over as he saw fit; and moreover, was encouraged on by the remark, "what excellent squirrel pies and stews we shall have, when we encamp to-night." Mr. J.'s theory, that "all lives were equally precious to their owners, from the lark upon the fence to the squirrel running to his hole," was voted down as inconsistent with the act of shooting them; but he very prudently sought to turn the current of their remarks, by making some of his own, as follows:

"You observe how easily they become alarmed when we are near, and how straight with their bodies they carry their tails, which, however, are slightly elevated when they are running upon level ground, but which, when they arrive at the smallest inequality, they throw suddenly upwards?"

"Yes."

"That is to keep it clean. And do you observe how they always pause when they reach the tops of their holes, apparently listening, with their heads a little forward, as if to ascertain the true cause of alarm before going below, to report in full to any of their comrades who may be engaged in taking their *siesta!*"

"Yes—certainly."

"Oh! do look at that sage-visaged owl, there, a little to the right!" exclaimed Bonnie. "Why, I declare, he has just come out of a squirrel hole!"

"Ah!" resumed Mr. Jimathon, very knowingly, "he has partially anticipated my remark. I was about to observe that these dwarf owls take up their sleeping

apartments with the squirrels, who seem to be perfectly willing to 'let' them, for a consideration, in the day-time, which is"—

"You don't mean to say," interrupted Jennie, "that squirrels let their holes, in the same way that elderly maidens and matrons do furnished apartments with us, I hope, the consideration being a certain amount of 'rent in advance.'"

"I make no invidious comparisons—as such Dr. Johnson, I believe, remarks, are odious—especially to women;" continued Mr. J.; "but I mean to say, that they make a bargain of some kind or other, that is mutually satisfactory, and by which the owl is allowed to take up his quarters with the squirrel, the conditions being that the former keeps the hole warm in the day time, while the latter is feeding or at play; and, as he generally takes the night for these exercises, is only required to enter a little before day-break, when the air being uncomfortably cool outside, he has to occupy a position a short distance down, to keep out the cold, and which to them is equal to the contribution of a blanket consideration."

As this was deemed *romancing*, (a polite term used by the ladies for *fibbing*,) Mr. J., not wishing to contest the point, contented himself by merely shrugging his shoulders, and the conversation and the wagon were brought to a stand in front of the San Mateo Hotel, when refreshments were ordered all round—including the dog.

It is a question if there can be found a place more strikingly in contrast with the country through which our tourists had passed that morning than this, having scarcely seen a tree of any kind, except at a distance, while here a grove of live oaks surrounded and even overshadowed the buildings, extending far into the beautiful fertile valley; and at the northern end of the house there flourished a well-cultivated garden and orchard. A hint from the good-natured and lively matron



THE CAMP.

of the party, that "they were to camp for the night in the Redwoods," suggested the propriety of a brief stay here; and the well known signal "all aboard" being given, the hint and the seats were soon taken, and they sped on their way.

Happy as clams at high water, and merry as crickets, all kinds of laughter-provoking jokes and observations were indulged in, to prove on the spot that the company had started for enjoyment, and were bound to make everything harmless pay tribute to such an end. The time passed so pleasantly and so swiftly, that before they were aware of it, Redwood City was reached, just as the sun was disappearing behind the coast range.

Not wishing to verify the axiom of 'carrying coals to Newcastle,' the travelers had omitted to buy corn in the city to take to the country, but came near repenting of their indiscretion, for upon arriving at the above named place, although 'the county town of San Mateo

county,' not a single pound of corn, oats or barley, could be found at either of the three stores visited; and they were assured by the proprietors that none was to be obtained in the village, for love or money. Mr. Jimathon was heard to say that if he could have found his old friend Godfrey, the sensible editor of the San Mateo county *Gazette*, he knew well that there would have been some forthcoming, from somewhere, even though it had to be manufactured out of "em quads!" or raised, like ghosts, out of nothing. As nothing short of the Redwoods, themselves, with all their wild beauty, would satisfy either of the ladies as a camping place, and as yet they were several miles distant, and the sun very low, the tarrying at this flourishing agricultural town was too brief to allow of a sketch being taken of it, so that it was left with the promise of a future visit,—in the hope that horse-feed would, by that time, have preceded the party.

It will be impossible to describe satisfactorily the picturesque loveliness of the road across the valley, from Redwood City to the redwoods themselves. It resembled some large grass-carpeted and flower-studded park, dotted here and there with groves of majestic oaks, beneath whose shadows the quiet cattle lay, dreamily chewing their cud. Fences answered for squares in the carpet; trees, live stock, grain-fields and farm-houses, and their owners, (without any grain to sell) might make up the figures.

Not being successful in our explorations after horse-feed, gloomy forebodings and imaginary pictures of famishing animals, caused a momentary lull in the mirthfulness of our friends, when their arrival at another farm-house renewed their hopes and revived their spirits; as by the air of business and thrift about

it, they were almost certain of success. In the gateway stood a boy, who evidently on that day for the first time since he had been thrust into existence, was apparently thrust into a new suit of clothes (and he knew it), his hands were thrust into his pockets, the legs of his pants were thrust into the legs of his boots, his feet seemed to be thrust into their feet, and both in turn were thrust into the mud.

"My boy," began Mr. Simool, in a conciliatory tone, "has your father any barley or oats that he can sell us?"

"Don't know."

"Is he anywhere about the house?"

"Don't know."

"Is anybody in the house, yonder, your father, or mother, or anybody else?"

"Don't know."

"Well, is anybody in the house, yon-



RESTING-PLACE ON THE MOUNTAIN.—TWO REDWOOD TREES IN THE FOREGROUND.



THE QUEER YOUTH.

der—your father, or mother, or anybody else?”

“Don’t know—I don’t know nuffink.”

This candid confession, replied to by a good hearty laugh, had the effect of developing the fact that somebody was about the premises, for in the distance a man was seen moving, and who upon their approach informed them that he had no such thing as grain of any kind upon his premises, and “knew nobody what had in them parts.”

A drive of a mile, however, brought them to the desired haven and to one who had the article; and, if he knew how much pleasure he gave from that disclosure, he would have retired that night

with the consoling reflection that he had at least made one party happy that day. Would that we could all have the same consolation, every day.

Just as the distant tree stumps began to resemble men, and—

“The weary sun had made a golden set,
And by the bright track of his golden car
Gave token of a goodly day to-morrow,—”

they were puzzled where to make their earthy couch and camping ground, when a stalwart farmer, who was shutting up his gates by putting up the bars, before retiring for the night, gave them “good evening!” Their object and their wants being told, he with great kindness and good nature, bade them drive in, and he

would show them "a pretty good place," at the same time saying, that their horses might be turned out to pasture, as the field being fenced they could easily be caught when wanted. And so it proved.

"Didn't we wish that our friends could just take a peep at our charming and cosy group," exclaimed Bonnie, enthusiastically, after the camp fire had been kindled at the foot of a large redwood stump, near which the party had ensconced themselves, "and with us watch the leaping blaze, and the curling smoke as it sails gracefully up through the trees into the star-spangled and moon-lighted vault of heaven; then take a glimpse at the bright plates and dishes and creature comforts spread around, and at the same time feel the voracious appetite that I do—"

"And I!"

"And I!" shouted all—except Mr. Jimathon, who at that moment had inserted two-thirds of a large sandwich into the place from whence the remark was expected to proceed, and was consequently deprived of the momentary pleasure of joining the harmonious exclamation; and being nudged by Miss Jennie just as he was about to swallow it—the sandwich, not the remark—he appeared in danger of being unceremoniously choked; but escaping this, he made the exclamation unanimous, by crying out, aloud—"And I!"

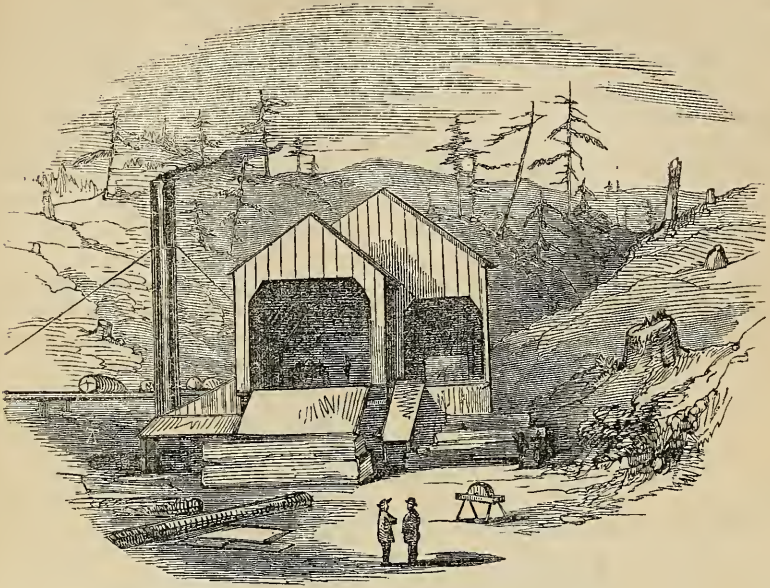
"Then again," resumed the former speaker, after the interruption had ceased, "if they could look into the happiness-lighted faces of every one of us and know how much we enjoy and appreciate the novelty of our situation, I am almost afraid that they might envy us for the instant."

"Wish to join us, you mean," ejaculated Mr. Simool, "and I believe we shall want some assistance, if all this provender is to be consumed on this trip."

"Then there are the squirrels, already killed, and the rabbits, deer and grizzly bear yet to be—" suggested Jennie, as she threw a roguish look at Mr. Jimathon, that seemed to say 'over the left.'

But even to enumerate a tithe of the laughter-provoking repartees, the good jokes, the pleasing stories, and the hearty songs that awoke the echoes of that old forest solitude, after the appetizing meal had been disposed of, would be to attempt an impossibility, and to fill several times the space given to this recital. Even when they had pitched their tent and quartered themselves comfortably for the night, sleep seemed reluctantly to visit them, lest she should be deemed an intruder upon their enjoyments, although the heavy sighing of the wind among the tree tops, and 'the brook that babbled by,' joined their choral symphonies to woo her with their soothing midnight lullaby.

Early the following morning, although a little fatigued, our jovial friends were astir, and as soon as breakfast had spoiled their previously good appetites, they started out afoot in search of new scenes and enjoyments. Among these trees, over those hills, up, up, up, that mountain, they climbed, until they had reached, by a well-worn road, the very summit of the coast range of mountains, which they had previously seen from San Francisco, and compared to an immense saw with many of its long, sharp teeth knocked out. Directly on the ridge there are but a few redwood trees standing, and those very inferior, but on descending a few hundred yards a vast forest is visible, of redwood, pine, fir, oak and other trees, which extends down the slope to the sea, some eight miles distant, and almost to an unknown point south-erly; but as there is no suitable harbor on the coast in this vicinity, and as the ridges are high and the ravines very deep and steep, as well as numerous, an im-



THE SAW-MILL.

mense tract of timber land is at the present almost inaccessible and useless for lumbering purposes, inasmuch as the expense of obtaining it would far exceed its market value. The time of course, will arrive, when these difficulties will be surmounted, and this vast forest be made tributary to the wants of a rapidly increasing population.

Gently descending, the party saw a number of small cottages, with neat gardens in front, and which indicated their proximity to one of the many saw mills built in the woods, for lumbering purposes. A little further down stood the mill—a new one just finished—as in one night the former one, known as Jones & Co.'s, which cost \$30,000, with 100,000 feet of lumber worth \$18 to \$20 per M., were consumed by fire; the blackened ruins and burnt ironwork still lying on the old location, indicated the extent of the conflagration. Thus, in one night, the labor of years was swept away; alas! how

many of these, and similar losses, have there been in this young State?

The new mill, owned by Mills & Franklin, had just been completed and put in working order, and which is capable of cutting from fifteen to twenty thousand feet of lumber per day. This with the produce of other mills, for several miles around, is conveyed on large and strong wagons to Redwood City, from whence it is mostly shipped to San Francisco, where it is wholesaled to lumbermen by the cargo, at about \$20 per thousand. The cost of getting the logs and manufacturing the lumber, averaging about \$8 per M.; transportation from the mill, by ox teams, to Redwood City, about \$5 per M.; freight thence to San Francisco, \$2 50 per M.; leaving about \$4 50 per M. for wear and tear of machinery and teams, interest on money invested, profits, losses, and the general superintendence of the owners. Here Hawkins & Clary's patent regulator is used for guaging the

lumber, to any thickness required, in a moment, by which an immense saving of time is secured.

"Oh, do let us measure some of those large redwood stumps, that stand all around us like so many rude Brobdignagian ottomans," suggested Jennie.

"Only ask, and in a trice 'tis done," replied Mr. Simool, as the tape-line was stretched. "Eleven feet three inches in diameter, this one; ten feet seven, that one; twelve feet two, the largest, down to six feet eight, the smallest!"

"And are those large trees in Calaveras and Mariposa, larger than these?" inquired Bonnie.

"Aye, many of them three times larger than the largest," replied Mr. Jimathon.

"What glorious studies, what grand and beautiful groupings of lights and shadows, what fine artistic 'little bits' of foliage!" enthusiastically, exclaimed Mr. Simool, as with his nature-loving eye he surveyed the scene. "I must come here and stay a week, at least."

"Yes," returned Bonnie, laughingly, "and six months at our camp; seven years in the park-like ground we passed through, four more at San Mateo, and goodness knows how many more before we return! It is to be hoped that you belong to a family that lives to a very great age, or you will certainly have to bathe in the fountain of perpetual youth, to accomplish all that you wish!" Mr. S. simply lifted his eye-brows in reply, when they reluctantly left these wild scenes, and retraced their steps to camp; where the fatigues of the day were forgotten over an excellent squirrel stew, and "the cup that cheers but not inebriates."

That evening was pleasurably spent with their good-natured friend, who had so kindly proffered them the use of his inclosure, milk, and "any other little thing you find yourselves short of like"—for which he would receive nothing,—and

when they had left his unpretending yet hospitable dwelling, after thanking him warmly for the favors he had so cheerfully shown, each one said, with feeling, "From our hearts we thank thee, John Hoff; and whenever we call to memory the pleasures of this ever to be remembered trip, thy name shall not be forgotten."

On the following morning, before the sun had begun to pour out his darkness-sealed floods of ray-sparkling sheen from his fountain of light, among the snowy tops of the Sierras, our travelers had bid a hearty farewell to their romantic little camping ground, and were on their return to the city. Wishing to see all that might give change and secure pleasure, they journeyed back on another and moderately good road, that lay at the foot of the mountains; it was well they did so, for it was extremely beautiful. Long avenues of trees, at pleasant intervals, overshadowed it; silvery streams ran on pebbly courses across it; fragrant flowering shrubs threw their perfume round about it, while birds sang merrily everywhere.

Now, although it was voted an impossibility that a greater amount of enjoyment could be crowded into a single ride than the one out, the scenes on the return in were altogether so new and different to the other, that if it could be possible—and of that there was very grave doubts, (if the party could be grave under any circumstances)—that, on the return, might claim a little the precedence.

As there were many roads intersecting each other, our friends were puzzled to know which was the right one; and, seeing an oldish man on horseback, they inquired of him the right one, when, instead of answering, he began a long rigmarole about 'General Jackson' interspersing it frequently with 'I'm a quare youth, I am'. He may be speaking yet, for aught they know, as their patience was exhausted before his.

It would be a charming task to tell all the sunny thoughts, the brilliant *bon mots* and the pertinent remarks indulged in, all the way home, not only by the younger, but by their spirited matronly companion, and to whom the company were much indebted for many of the enjoyments of the trip; but space now ad-

monishes us to use all brevity. Therefore, wishing that the reader may have as happy a time, and as cheerful company—and we know no better wish, or we would give it—that he might remember every act of his life as pleasantly as our travelers do, their “*Ride to the Redwoods.*”



THE END.

AN INCIDENT OF LONE MOUNTAIN CEMETERY.

BY LORRAINE.

“THE American people are a home people. Wherever they go, they carry their institutions with them; and the light of the home fireside burns ever bright in their hearts.”——

“**W**AS he a friend of yours?”
The question awoke me from a sad, yet pleasing reverie.

I had been leaning, for several minutes, upon the iron railing that sur-

rounded a grave marked by a marble slab, on which was engraved in plain letters, the name, age, and date of birth and death of a young man, whom I had known but a short time before as one full of life, and flushed with all the pride and hope of youthful manhood. Having been suddenly called away from the scenes of this life, his friends had laid his body to rest among the silent tenants of Lone Mountain Cemetery. Beneath the above inscription was written that familiar stanza, in which the passer by is warned,

“As I am now, soon you must be.”

So truthfully appropriate and impressively solemn. Thoughts, consonant with the place and circumstances, absorbed my whole attention, and I had neither seen nor heard the approach of a stranger, and started at the question—

“Was he a friend of yours?”

“A young man, sir, of whom I knew but little before, but whose virtues I have learned to respect, as they have been made known to me since his death,” I replied.

My interrogator, leaning his tall, manly form against an adjoining enclosure as if fearful of intruding nearer upon what might be a sacred spot to me, his hat thrown back from an expansive forehead, stood, kindly pressing his enquiry with an eye beaming with kindness and intelligence. Sorrow had made its mark upon his brow, and still lingered in the furrows it had plowed. The chastening of the heavy hand of affliction, long struggled against, could be seen in the air of melancholy which surrounded him, and be heard in the low, kind tones of his voice.

“Tell me of his history,” said he, “I’ll promise you an attentive listener.”

“One morning, of last year, Dr. W—— stopped me in the street, and asked me to accompany him to the funeral of a young man, whose name you see here engraved, (and the stranger advanced and leaned thoughtfully on the opposite side of the enclosure,) informing me that H—— had been accidentally drowned, the day before, in a small lake near the Presidio of California. Surprised and grieved at the intelligence, I stepped into his carriage and rode to the Presidio, and though I had known the deceased but a few days, formed one among a large number of sorrowing friends and acquaintances who followed him here to his last resting place. Without one sorrowing relative in this State to administer the funeral rites, and pay the last sad

duties to the dead, there was yet a long train of sad hearts, whom his kindness had won, and who sorrowed at his loss; who deeply sympathized with his friends at home, and whose hearts would be thus suddenly made desolate. From Dr. W—— and others, I have learned some facts of interest to me, and perhaps, may be so to you.

“Young H—— was from New Hampshire. He came to this land of gold, that he might better both his and his family’s circumstances. Amid all the selfishness of many and the wild recklessness of others, he remained true to his principles, and never forgot the counsels of his mother and the “light of home.” His thoughtful remembrance and devoted love of home has awakened a strong interest on my part, the more so as it is a rare quality among our youth of this the Bay city. His monthly earnings were sent carefully to his mother—a pleasing contrast to the thousands of young men, who squander their time and money in foolish amusements and health-ruining pleasures; pleasures which allure and amuse for a while, but whose fruits are ruin and disgrace.

“That he passed safely through the whirlpool of excitements and the tide of temptations, that swept away so many in early times in San Francisco, as an example of moral courage, is worthy of praise and respect. “A mother’s memory, and the love of home!” Who knows how many nearly desponding hearts have been cheered by their presence, how many young men have worked and hoped, sustained by their influence? But, oh! how fatal the mistake, when, in an hour of ill fortune, or in the full tide of prosperity, a man makes the fearful resolve to forget the one and deny the other! In my old school-reader, I remember this truism: ‘A young man is not far from ruin, when he can say, I care not what others may say of me;’ but I tell you

his ruin is almost certain, here, when he forgets home influences.

"Young men, who knew H—— well, volunteered to raise this simple monument to his memory, and erect this fence to protect his grave—where he sleeps the sleep that knows no waking. An act, on their part, which is a sterling rebuke to Eastern journalists, who prate of our selfishness, and accuse us with being lost to the finer feelings of humanity through the worship of the 'Almighty dollar.' He loved his mother, and forgot not the light of home!"

"It ought to be engraved upon his monument," said the stranger, and then continued: "I am an aged man, made older by afflictions. In the village graveyard, at home, lie buried all I held dear on earth—a wife and three children! I have sought this far-off shore, not for gain or amusement, but hoping in change of scene, to find partial forgetfulness of my sorrows. But my heart is buried with its treasures, and my home is in the graveyard wherever I go. I find a melancholy solace in wandering among its sleeping inmates. They are my only friends and companions. I can understand their silent teachings, can read lessons of comfort and hope from influences which others cannot feel. From their hallowing presence I feel my soul exalted, my thoughts purified, and myself brought nearer the throne of God, and thus, nearer to the loved ones! I have been in your city but a short time, and have seen but little, I am free to confess, flattering to its moral condition. But, in your short history of Mr. H——, and the conduct of his friends, I find much to disabuse my mind of the prejudices against the character of Californians generally, acquired before and since my arrival here. May the time soon come, when the citizens of this new State will no longer need the protecting influence of "home memories," to keep them in the

paths of virtue and morality, but be surrounded by the refining presence of "home influences" themselves! In the establishment of homes, and in the love of home, does their moral progress consist."

There is a bit of romantic mystery connected with this story, the circumstances of which are true, I said, breaking a long silence; do you love the mysterious?

"I do," said he.

"During the funeral service, a young lady, closely veiled and dressed in deep mourning, entered the room and took her seat, quietly, among the mourners. An air of deep sorrow, and her quiet, seeming obtrusiveness, attracted general attention. But she noticed it not. She was a stranger to all; and none knew ought of her, except that she came from the direction of the city. When the carriages drew up behind the hearse, she stood waiting, but no one offered her a seat, until Dr. W—— asked her if she would like to go to the grave. She gently acknowledged his courtesy, and he handed her in. Who can tell but her heart was breaking with grief, for one loved with all the sincerity of a true woman's affection? Perhaps she was the only one there, who sorrowed with a deeper sorrow than arose from friendly respect. How can we estimate the struggles made, against natural outpourings of sorrow, to disguise her real feelings from strangers? Curiosity was excited, but no one approached her with questions.

It is said, that oftentimes a lady may be seen sadly wandering near this spot. I know not if it be true, but if it is, what comfort it would be to his mother to know there is *one* who loved her dear boy, perhaps, as well as she; and now pays that sacred and comforting homage to his memory, which distance only denies herself.

"When *I* die, there will be no one to visit *my* grave!" said the stranger. "They have all gone before."

"WRITE TO MY WIFE."

THE following paragraph recently appeared in one of the daily newspapers:—

"DEATH FROM A FALL.—A man living on the Chowchilla, known as 'John,' and who has a wife and children in Wisconsin, fell from a tree, lately, which he had climbed to catch a wounded quail. He died in an hour afterwards. He was partially intoxicated when he fell. At first it was supposed he was not seriously injured. His partner, who was but a short distance from him, heard him say—'*write to my wife;*' and upon going to him, found that he was dead."

Far away from his kindred and his home, he lay upon the rugged mountain's side, while the damp dews of earth were fast settling upon his brow. The scenes of his childhood's home, the image of his sainted mother—the supporter, guardian and protector of his helpless infancy, gone to the grave before him—the green upon which he had often played with his school-fellows—the rippling brook upon whose cool, shaded banks he had strolled, angling the fish that sported in its waters and listening to the cheery song of the mocking-bird and bobolink—all the acts of his life, in a moment of time in rapid review, pass before him and vanish to give place in memory to thoughts of *one*, nearer and dearer than all the world beside, thoughts of his *wife*.

He saw her as when she stood by his side before the bridal altar, pure as the snowflake, fresh from its fleecy cloud ere it receives earth's contaminating touch; when in the pride of his manhood he solemnly vowed to love, cherish and protect her to the end of life. He thought

of the many years of unalloyed bliss that followed, of the evil day when the tempter whispered in his ear the words of discontent, at the slow march and uncertain road he was then traveling towards fancy's bright dream-land, Fortune—of his determination formed and fixed to leave the land of his nativity and the graves of his ancestors, and far away, among strangers, seek the fortune there denied him! The pangs and griefs of separation, and solemn promises of speedy return to make home more comfortable and happy—the many long years of loneliness that followed, years of sad, shameful neglect—of toiling and struggling against poverty and want without the heart's manna, messages of continuing love. Oh, could he but live to make amends, or even to fall at her feet and crave pardon for the wrongs he had done her; but no, the knell of his last hour has struck, and forewarned by the last beat of an expiring pulse, that only a moment, a brief moment, yet remained to him, summoning, that he might be heard, all the latent energies of a dying man, in language of bold entreaty he exclaims—"*write to my wife!*"

Gone—gone to "that undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveler returns." What, therefore, shall be the language of the message sent back in obedience to this mandate? Spirit of the departed, guide thou the pen, and it shall write, in thine own words, the missive—

"Companion of all my happy days—it was against thee, and against God, I sinned. Bereft of the influence thy gentle presence always gave, vice, often seen, soon led me captive at his will. Pardon! oh, pardon and forgive! The widow's God, He will be thy God, and blessings, in righteousness to me denied, He will shower on thy head."

LENAUD.

THE FALLS OF THE YO-SEMITE.

BY G. T. SPROAT.

THE voice of waters ! ringing on the ear,
 Awe-struck, amid the fearful solitude—
 Alone with Nature ! Torrents fitful gleam,
 Rushing, and hurrying on, with maddening leap,
 Into the depths below ! The deafening shock
 Of rapid whirlpools, leaping on the rocks—
 Dancing and foaming, with their deep hoarse roar,
 Like some huge monster—then, with maddening plunge,
 Dashing to depths below, while o'er them towers
 A mighty pyramid of misty cloud,
 Rising on high to heaven ;—such, such art thou,
 Yo-Semite !

The old red hunter stops amid the chase,
 And bows his head, and worships at thy shrine,
 As in the presence of the Invisible !
 The wild deer, roving on thy banks, look up,
 And snuff the air, and pause, and wonder oft
 To hear thy solemn chant, ascending up
 To God, both day and night ! The eagle looks
 From out his regal mansion in the sun,
 And gazes on thy forehead, set with gems,
 Flinging back the light into his fiery eyes,
 Above the sun's full brightness ; while the roar
 Of all thy waves ascends, and drowns the voice
 Of the hoarse thunder-trumpet.

He who laid

Thy deep foundations, which no eye can see
 Save the Eternal's, and gave thee thy voice
 Of fearful majesty, thundering up to Him—
 What saith he, from that cloud of mist and foam,
 Hiding the awful grandeur of his face,
 From which he speaks as from a sanctuary ?—
 “ Lift up thy voice, thou deep ! and sing with all
 Thy world of waters ! Raise thy anthem song,
 Majestic, high, up to the heaven of heavens—
 Deep echoing unto deep ! Sing praise to him
 Who sits upon the jasper throne—who built
 The earth, and poured the roaring floods, from out
 The hollow of his hand—whose name is GOD !”

THE LITTLE PRINTER.

[Concluded from page 31.]

CHAPTER III.

AS James Franklin had continually, like most of the inhabitants of New England, a number of people at his house, it was not so much the number of his visitors that surprised him, as the bewildered expression of their countenances.

"It is extraordinary," said one! "besides, the last article possessed a boldness——!"

"Of what importance can the opinion of a single individual be to the government?" said another.

"But it appears that the constable attaches considerable importance to it," added a third.

"A man who censures every one, who advises every one, who attacks every opinion," said a fourth.

"It is extraordinary," said they all.

"But the most singular part of it is, gentlemen," said James, "that the culprit is in my house, and that I do not know him."

"By Guttenberg, sir," said Thomas, touching his cap, "if you will permit me to give my opinion, you can yourself put your hand upon the author."

"Hold your tongue, Thomas," whispered Benjamin.

"Let me speak, Mr. Benjamin; though I am only a fool, yet I know that the writer will not be very difficult to find."

"Say who! say who!" exclaimed several voices at once.

"Marry, gentlemen, I dare not; but the master could name him if he liked."

"What an absurd supposition!" said James, shrugging his shoulders.

"If you have to run any risk on account of that, my dear master," replied Thomas, "you must even be silent, but as sure as Guttenberg was not the inventor, but the improver of printing, as Mr. Benjamin has just informed me, I make a guess, that he who wrote the anonymous articles knows how to write; the constable asserts that the person is in this house; then, as there is no person here who knows how to write, except you and Mr. Benjamin, and as he is too young for that, and besides, cares for nothing but reading, then——you perceive——"

"James," said his father, "this dissimulation with me is wrong."

"And with us all, James," exclaimed

several voices, "what! it was you who wrote those articles and concealed it from us!"

Thomas now advanced boldly into the midst of the assembly, and holding out his hand to his master, he said, "I have won my dollar, sir; it was I who first guessed that it was you."

"You are a blockhead," said his master, angrily.

"That is nothing new; I know it this long time, but that does not prevent me having won my dollar."

"Good morning, Mr. Franklin, good morning, James," said a new visitor, on entering the office, "your servant, gentleman. Well! you have heard the news?"

"What news, Mr. Samuel?" exclaimed James, and several others.

"Why, that the author of the anonymous articles in your paper has been arrested."

Benjamin trembled and turned pale.

"That is to say," continued the new comer, "that if he be not already arrested, he will be so before long."

"He is known then," observed Mr. Franklin, the elder. "In the meantime, my poor James, you had better keep out of the way, for if it be not true, I know that people can come upon the printer; therefore, take care of yourself!"

"Arrest! do you think they could arrest my brother, Mr. Samuel?" exclaimed Benjamin, in breathless haste.

"Only in case they cannot discover the author of the articles, my young friend."

"Ah! my dear master, how sorry I am that I informed against you," said Thomas, quite vexed with himself. "By Guttenberg, the famous inventor—no, the improver of printing,—that is what comes of having a bald head. Oh dear, oh dear!"

"The constable, sir," said a workman.

At the same moment an elderly man entered the office, towards whom every eye turned with anxiety.

As soon the constable entered, Benjamin ran to him. "Sir," said he, "if any one here is to be arrested, I am the person." And as every one was struck dumb with surprise, the generous boy continued:—"I accuse myself of being the author of the anonymous articles which appeared in several of my brother's papers; I can prove it by the copies of those articles which are still in the drawer of my table. I beg, sir, that no person may

suffer on my account, and, above all, do not punish my brother for having printed them; for pity's sake, let me be the only sufferer!"

"And who talks of punishment and suffering?" asked the magistrate, taking the young apprentice by the hand, and regarding him attentively.

"Are you not looking for the author of those articles?" inquired Benjamin.

"Yes, certainly, my boy; not to punish, but to reward him; to testify our satisfaction at his inimitable writings, so full of mind, sense, and judgment. What! is it you, who appear such a child, yet write like a man?—but how old are you, sir?" continued the magistrate, no longer calling him "my boy," so much had he already increased in his estimation.

Benjamin looked down in confusion, and modestly replied, "Fifteen years old, sir."

"And whence can you have drawn, at your age, such an extensive knowledge of trade and political economy?"

"Here, sir," said Benjamin, pointing to those around him; "I heard these gentlemen speak, and then I wrote."

Sobs were heard, which interrupted this interrogatory; and Benjamin, turning round, saw his father, with a handkerchief to his face.

"You are weeping, father," said he, rushing towards him.

"It is for joy," replied the old man, opening his arms to his son, and clasping him to his breast; "it is for joy, for happiness! And as I said before, give up poetry, so now I say, pursue your career, young man; the boy who listens attentively to the conversation of men, and who has sense to discern between right and wrong, in order to form his own judgment—that boy will do well, and his father will be the happiest of parents."

"By Guttenburg! Who will pay me my dollar?" exclaimed a voice from behind them.

"I will, as soon as I possess one," said Benjamin.

"In the meantime, take this one, Thomas," said Mr. Franklin, putting a five-franc piece into the hand of the old printer.

This little scene, my young reader, was but the prelude to what Benjamin Franklin afterwards became.

I will now briefly relate the remainder of his life, and show how he went on

from invention to invention, each more useful than the other, until he made that finest of modern discoveries, the lightning conductor.

A misunderstanding having occurred between the two brothers, Benjamin departed from Boston, by sea, for New York, but not being able to procure employment there he proceeded to Philadelphia; there he had not a single acquaintance, and all the money he was worth was one dollar.

Franklin found but two printers in that city, one of them, named Keyman, employed him through charity, but he soon found him his cleverest compositor. Sir William Keith, governor of the province, took much notice of him, and urged him to set up for himself, promising him every assistance. He then proposed to him to make a voyage to England, in order to procure all the necessary materials for a printing-office, and promised to take upon himself all the expenses attendant upon it. Franklin gladly embraced the proposal, and set sail about the beginning of 1725. Upon his arrival in London he found that Governor Keith had completely deceived him, and had forwarded neither letters of credit, nor of recommendation, and he was consequently unable to return to Philadelphia. He then, for a present support, engaged himself as a workman in the house of Palmer, a printer of note in Bartholomew-close.

At this time, although but seventeen years of age, his mind was turned towards plans of general utility. Having taught himself to swim at Boston, and knowing the difficulties of that art, he was anxious to establish a swimming school in London; but the desire of seeing his native country prevailed over every other consideration, and he returned to Philadelphia, where he entered into partnership with a person of the name of Meredith, whose father was able to advance the necessary money; the understanding being that Franklin's skill should be placed against the capital to be supplied by Meredith. In process of time Meredith withdrew from the partnership, and Franklin became possessed of the whole concern, to which he soon afterwards added the business of a stationer.

His public life now commenced, and even his relaxations became works of utility; he instituted a club for the pur-

pose of discussing political and philosophical questions, each member of which was obliged, once a month, to read an essay of his own composition. The purchase of an indifferent paper, founded by Reisner, the printer, which he soon enlivened with articles teeming with wit and sound sense, increased both his reputation and his resources. In September, 1731, he married Miss Read, and his prosperity from that time rapidly advanced.

Feeling how useful books had been to himself, as it was to them alone he was indebted for his education, he established a public library in Philadelphia, in 1731, (the first one ever known in America,) which, although it commenced with only fifty subscribers, became in course of time a large and valuable collection, the proprietors of which were eventually incorporated by royal charter; but while yet in its infancy, it afforded its founder facilities of improvement of which he did not fail to take advantage, setting apart an hour or two every day for study, which was the only amusement he allowed himself. In 1732 he commenced publishing his celebrated almanac, commonly known by the name of Poor Richard's Almanac, in which a number of prudential maxims were inserted, distinguished by a proverbial point and conciseness. calculated to fix them indelibly upon the memory; they have been collected into a single short piece, entitled "The Way to Wealth," which has been published in a variety of forms. In 1733, he began to teach himself the French, Italian and Spanish languages, and reviewed his recollection of the Latin, which he had nearly forgotten. In 1736 he was appointed clerk to the General Assembly of Pennsylvania; the following year he obtained the lucrative office of postmaster of the city of Philadelphia. In 1738 he improved the police of that city with respect to the dreadful calamity of fire by forming a society called the Fire Company, to which was afterwards added an insurance company against losses by fire. Soon after this he commenced those electrical experiments which have conferred so much celebrity on his name.

The Library Society of Philadelphia had received from England an account of the curious facts relative to electricity, which then engaged the attention of the European philosophers, together with a tube for experiments, and directions for its use. The Society deputed Franklin

to repeat those experiments, and he not only repeated them, but made several new discoveries; he was the first to observe the power of pointed bodies, both in drawing and in throwing off electric fire; and immediately, as his genius led him to applications, he conceived the idea of bringing down electricity from the clouds; for he had observed that thunder and lightning were only the effect of the electricity of the clouds. A simple toy enabled him to resolve this bold problem; he made a kite, which he covered with silk instead of paper, as being less likely to be injured by the rain; to the upper end of the kite he affixed an iron point, and having appended a key to the end of its hempen string, he drew down, from a passing thunder-cloud, electric fire, enough to yield sensible sparks from the key. He immediately perceived the utility of this discovery, as affording a means of preserving buildings from the effects of lightning, which are particularly alarming on the continent of North America. By means of pointed metallic conductors projecting from the top of the building, he conceived that the passing thunder-clouds might be made to discharge their fire silently and innoxiously; and such was the confidence in his opinion, that these conductors soon came to be generally used in America, and afterwards throughout Europe.

We have seen that he was a useful and a learned man, we will now view him as generous and philanthropic.

In 1763, the schools were poor, ill-directed, and badly attended; Franklin proposed a plan of public instruction, and in order to establish it, he opened a subscription list, which was soon filled; and it was thus he founded the College of Philadelphia. He was also greatly instrumental towards the foundation of the Pennsylvania Hospital. But all his enterprises of public utility never diverted his attention from his private duties; he had acquitted himself so well in his office of post-master, that the government raised him to the important employment of deputy post-master general for the British colonies, and the revenue soon felt the benefit of his attentions.

At a later period, after the Revolution of Boston, when the American war broke out, Franklin openly declared himself, in Congress, as favorable to liberty; he took an active part in the memorable Declaration of the 4th of July, and proclaimed

the national independence of the thirteen United States.

He was then elected President of the Convention at Philadelphia, assembled to settle a new form of government for the then State of Pennsylvania, and the result of the deliberations of that assembly may be considered as a digest of Dr. Franklin's principles of government.

When, in 1776, it was deemed advisable by Congress to open a negotiation with France, Franklin, though then in his 71st year, was considered, from his talents as a statesman, and reputation as a philosopher, the most suitable person to effect the desired end; and he was consequently nominated commissioner-plenipotentiary to the court of France. His residence in that country did not prevent him from amusing himself with mechanical arts and sciences. Grateful for the kindness of Marie Antoinette, he made for her the first harmonicon which had ever been heard in France. This precious instrument, given by the Queen to Madame de Vince, is still in Paris, and has a place in the cabinet of Professor Lebreton, who religiously preserves this historical memorial.

At the age of seventy-nine, his increasing infirmities made him desirous of returning to his native country; he was conveyed to Havre, on a litter, borne by Spanish mules, kindly placed at his disposal by the Queen of France, as the most easy mode for him to travel. On the road he experienced every mark of respect from several of the nobility and gentry whose chateaux lay adjoining, and particularly from the Cardinal de la Rochefoucault at Gaillon, where he passed a night, with his accompanying friends and attendants. He reached Havre safely without having experienced much inconvenience from the journey, and embarked in a small packet for Southampton, whence, after remaining a few days, he sailed for Philadelphia, where he landed safely on the 14th September, 1785.

The arrival of this great man was looked upon as a national triumph; he was borne to his house amid the acclamations and benedictions of the people, the ringing of bells and the firing of cannon. He received congratulatory visits and addresses from all the public bodies, every one being desirous to do him honor. He employed his latter years in exhorting his fellow citizens to union: his last work was upon the abolition of slavery.

He expired on the 17th of April, 1790, at the age of eighty-four.

So great and universal was the regret for the loss of this great man, that a general mourning was put on throughout the United States; and in France, at the suggestion of Mirabeau, supported by MM. de la Rochefoucault, Liancourt, and Lafayette, the National Assembly ordered a public mourning of three days for Franklin.

THAT WAS NOT LOVE WHICH WENT.

MY heart, I bid thee answer!
How are love's marvels wrought?
"Two hearts, by one pulse beating,
Two spirits and one thought!"

And tell me how love cometh?
" 'Tis here!—unsought—unsent."
And tell me how love goeth?
"That was not *Love* which went."

WHAT THE SPIRITS DID AND SAID.

BY SEKA-OTA.

I AM not superstitious, nor do I believe in dreams fully, although they are said to portend good and ill. At times I may have been visited by singular and peculiar *somethings*, which I must leave the more scientific to explain, after reading this chapter.

All had retired except myself. Save the ticking of the clock, whose hands were pointing at the witching hour of twelve, nothing disturbed the train of reflections passing in my mind. I had been counting the clicks of the pendulum, when I heard a rap apparently at the window. It was wild and stormy without; the wind blowing furiously, swaying the pine trees to and fro, and dashing sheet after sheet of rain against the piazza and sides of the house. As I placed my face against the window, shading my eyes with my hand, I fancied

another face pressed upon the outside, its glaring eyes peering into mine. Was it altogether my imagination? I would satisfy myself; and I placed my face at another window: it was *there*—it came *again and again!* Four successive times I saw the face and the glaring eyes. Nervous persons are most susceptible, thought I, to spiritual visitations. Now I was not at all afflicted with such a malady, and I decided this horrible visage a phantom. Then, thought I, it seems human; so, despite the consequences, I concluded to let the creature enter. But then, it might prove formidable, or evince a pugilistic inclination. It was well enough to prepare myself. I cast a hurried glance around the room; I saw everything but what I should have. I had almost decided to open the door, trusting to providence for the result, when my eye rested upon a bottle of ink upon the table. I snatched it hastily up, secured the cap, and thrust the bottle into my pocket. This will blind its horrible eyes, if necessary, I said.

I now advanced, crossed the hall, and placed my hand upon the knob; it turned in my grasp, and, without an effort on my part, the key turned in the lock. An instant, and a shadowy line of lurid light extended from the door to the chair I had vacated, and there the face appeared, grinning the same unearthly smile. It nodded to the seat opposite. I dropped into the chair, amazed at the power the apparition already exerted over me. By some means it divested its head of a little white skull-cap, odd in shape, with singular characters painted in deep blood red upon it. As it did this, the lower part of the face dissolved into mist, leaving the forehead and eyes alone visible. I was not alarmed, yet I remained motionless, awaiting something, I knew not what. At length it spoke:

“Unbeliever, thou art dumb! thou dost not tremble at my power, but thou shalt!”

Now there burned about me a circle of light brighter than the sun, and a sudden coldness seized me.

“Wilt consult thy spirit?” asked the voice; “wouldst know my power?” I had heard that graceful form of speech was necessary when consulting the spirits, and I replied—“If it so pleased the present spirit, I would know all.” I feared it might prove a *Samson*.

The blue circle around the serpent-like eyes, grew intense; the vapory cloud vanished, and the thin transparent flesh appeared, tightly drawn over the muscles and ligaments. I felt now a thrill of horror as I gazed, but had no power to move. I screamed—“Depart!”

“Not yet,” it replied, in a sepulchral voice. “Give me the ink! You thought to *blind me*; you feared—’tis natural. Bring the table.”

I brought it, together with the paper; the ink was also before me; how it left the depths of my pocket I know not. A hand, cold and clammy, placed a pen within my fingers, and I *wrote!* The room seemed a top; the burning lamp a broad, luminous star; vivid flashes of lightning followed by heavy claps of thunder, filled the room. I lost all power of locomotion. A death-like stupor overpowered me. Presently I felt myself borne upward, seemingly upon wings. Cloud upon cloud alone met my view, as I moved rapidly higher. I heard the rushing of wings and moans. The motion ceased, and the pinions closed under me. I sank slowly down upon something jagged and rough. I rubbed my eyes and gazed about me. A broad stupendous cavern encompassed me, far away, for leagues it seemed; uneven, rough, barren, rocky and undulating in many places. Thick, black bushes, bearing fruit, with hideous, ghostly faces imprinted in the rind, met me at every turn. A slough, teeming with reptiles and creeping monsters, stretched along

the outer edge, through which, it appeared, all persons who made their exit must pass. I shuddered, and turned my eyes in an opposite direction. There were collected together several thousand souls, some mourning, weeping, and others smiling derisively. "O, piteous sight!" I exclaimed.

"Piteous, indeed," sighed a voice.

"What means this?" I asked.

"Canst not conjecture?"

"I cannot," I replied, gazing round for the speaker.

"Seest thou yonder pinnacle?"

I had not observed it. The hand of a giant pointed in the direction of some skulls. A shaft of black lava-like substance rose perpendicularly upward; surmounting it was a colossal figure standing erect, a wand in one hand, and a book in the other. I could detect no movement. Its eyes shot sparks lurid and blinding, which scorched me. I turned toward the voice. "I see the pinnacle," said I.

"And flame?"

"Yes."

"And statue?"

"Yes."

"Turn then, to the left, what seest thou?"

"Scrolls, with written characters."

"Cans't interpret?"

"I have not made the attempt."

"Try if thou cans't."

I raised my hands to cover my eyes; gazed at the scroll; I could not read.

"Quick, or thou art lost?" shrieked the voice.

"I cannot," I added. I am blinded by the flame." And the statue menaced me.

The wings flapped again; I felt myself moving slowly; I was over the slough—horror! My long hair hung about my naked shoulders like serpents, and my garments seemed filled with sharp-pointed instruments, which pierced my flesh,

lacerating it frightfully. About me were hideous beasts, with distended paws and frightful fangs. Others with exuberant eyes and awful nostrils snuffed the air, preparatory to darting upon their victims. I endeavored to conjecture what manner of place this could be. Higher and higher rose the mist, further and more distant the wailing; dimly burned the flame; lost were the skulls!—

I had been *asleep!* and awaking, found my arms and head resting upon the window seat.

F A T E .

"For man is never master of his fate."—TENNYSON.

DOWN the rapid river,
With its flowing tide,
Thoughtless and forever,
Ceaselessly I glide.

Thoughtless of the morrow,
Thoughtless of the past;
Memory is sorrow—
Visions cannot last.

Pluck the idle flowers,
Blossoming to-day;
With the passing hours
Let them fade away.

Out of darkness coming,
Into darkness go—
Only what is present,
Do I care to know.

Ceaseless flows the river,
Ceaseless on I glide;
Fate is fate forever—
Man is not the guide.

IRON, THE CIVILIZING METAL.

BY JAMES ALLEN.

THE old Greeks, in all esthetic and artistic qualities, very far transcended their contemporaries, and in architecture and sculpture, the least perishable

of the arts, have left vestiges of their artistic skill and taste, which modern Art is satisfied in imitating, without dreaming of improving or surpassing the models. The painting and music of those old Greeks, being in their nature transient, have been lost to modern perception; but there is little danger in inferring that they were fully as meritorious, in completeness and beauty, as their sister arts, temple-building and statuary, which have lived into our own times, despite of vandalism and the tooth of time. In the arts, as we call them, those same old Greeks stood preëminent, in their own days, and, by universal modern consent, stand preëminent even in ours. But, with all due deference to their esthetic and artistic capabilities and achievements, we must be permitted to say, that their mythology was supremely ridiculous and contemptible. Anybody can find out what we mean by this assertion, who will take the trouble to read Tooke's Pantheon, or Homer's Iliad, or Ovid's Metamorphoses. For our present purpose, we shall let their nonsensical legends of Chaos and Old Night, Saturn and Jove, Olympus and Erebus, slip out of sight, while we take exceptions to their fanciful classification and successful order of what they call the *ages*.

They had, or believed in, an age of gold, an age of silver, an age of bronze, an age of iron, and perhaps, some other ages, all of a metallic ring, but all equally unphilosophical and false. Their age of gold was an age of bodily and mental nudity:

"When wild in woods the noble savage ran;"

with no other clothing than the fig leaf around his loins, and the golden jewels clasped on his wrists and ankles, and pendant to his ears and nose. The earth spontaneously yielded all that was required to support human existence and bestow delight on human appetites. A

blissful social state, no doubt—if absence of intellect and moral sentiment can be called blissful—but a tolerably accurate counterpart to this Grecian golden age can still be found in Central America; and, in saying that much, enough is said to vest it with the utter condemnation of Anglo Saxonism. The silver age was no better than the golden; and the bronze no better than the silver; but the Hellenic sages and poets committed their most palpable error in placing their iron age at the foot of the æval schedule and making it a period of sin and tribulation, oppression and want. This sort of an iron age may have had peculiar charms for such unscientific ballad mongers as Homer, and Hesiod, and Ovid; and, to this day, may carry a world of classical delight

"To simpleton sages and reasoning fools;"

but the wise man of the nineteenth century knows that, until iron was digged from the bowels of the generous earth, mankind must have been in a state of pitiable savagery. The iron age—when ever or wherever it commenced—was the dawn of civilization. Until man had learned the art of transmuting the crude iron ore into axes, and hammers, and knives, and saws, and augers, his condition could have been only one remove above that of the chimpanzee or orang-outang. He might have had great nuggets of gold suspended to the cartilages of his nose and ears, and ponderous rings of it encircling his arms and legs; but, without iron, or the knowledge of iron instruments, he could not be otherwise than a very weak brother in the family of humanity.

The Hebrews, according to their historian, who recorded the biographies of their great priest and prophet, Samuel, and their first and very ill-fated King, Saul, must, shortly after the latter began his reign, have been sadly low in the

scale of civilization. In the 19th, 20th, 21st and 22d verses of the 23d chapter of Samuel, it appears that, at the moment when Saul was about to lead his people to battle against the invading Philistines, there were but two swords to be found in his whole army—and they belonged to him and his son Jonathan—for, in the terse language of the Israelitish annalist, “there was no smith found throughout all the land.” Every Hebrew, it seems, was accustomed to take his ploughshare, his coulter, his axe, and his mattock, to the Philistine smiths to be mended and sharpened; and we can well imagine the inconvenience and distress of Saul’s unweaponed subjects, when compelled into a war with their ingenious and civilized neighbors. It was like a rabble of naked Utah Indians, confronted with a well disciplined and well appointed army of United States soldiers. Jehovah, in selecting the Hebrews as his chosen people, seemed to ignore the necessity of enhancing their intellectuality by any revelations of mechanical science. Their descendants, however, in common with the modern children of the gruff worshippers of the Scandinavian Thor and Odin, have made a prodigious forward leap in civilization, since the days of Saul and Jonathan.

Iron is the great civilizing and humanizing metal—although swords, bayonets, rifles and cannons are formed of it—and no nation, ignorant of its production and uses, can be considered as out of the swaddling clothes of barbarism. California is a very great State—a golden State—with the most vigorous and energetic population, mentally and physically, that ever conquered a wilderness or built an empire; and yet, until iron shall have been dragged from its lurking places and made to pass through the fire, we dare not, with the lights of history and experience before us, predict a

long continuance of Californian prosperity. Iron is your true democratic mineral—your genuine combination of the *utile et dulce*, the useful with the ornamental—and bears about the same relation to gold that the sober and thinking mechanic bears to the idle and soft-headed dandy.

THE FIRST SALTING ESTABLISHMENT IN CALIFORNIA.

THIS account was handed us by our friend, David Spence, of Monterey. Mr. Spence may be called, with truth, one of the veritable pioneers of California. He was born at Huntley, in Scotland, and arrived in this country from Lima, on the 29th of October, 1824, in the English brig Pizarro, Capt. Lacy; and has never been out of the country since; having been employed from 1824 to 1829 in the firm of M’Culloch & Co., until its dissolution at Monterey in the latter year. After his marriage with Adelaida, daughter of Don Mariano Estrada, Commandante of Monterey, he settled down as a merchant and ranchero, and has filled several government offices, under the Mexican and American governments, with the greatest credit to himself, and usefulness to his fellow-citizens.

—

In the year 1824, the firm of John Begg & Co., an English house, of Lima, made a contract with the Peruvian government to furnish them with the necessary salted provisions for their navy. The contract was forwarded for its fulfilment to their partners, M’Culloch, Hartnett & Co., in California. Salters and coopers were engaged and brought from Ireland for that special purpose, in charge of Mr. Tevy, who understood the business thoroughly.

Two or three shipments were sent, and received in good condition at Callao;

but as the Peruvian government was not yet properly established, they found difficulty in paying for what they had received; whereat, John Bigg & Co. considered themselves bound no longer, and annulled the contract. At the same time, they ordered Mr. Tevey and his men to return to Lima, and from thence to Ireland, at the company's expense.

From experience, the best time for killing and salting California "rodeo" cattle is about July; then the grass has come to maturity, and is more suitable to make the beef fat and firm. The animal, when killed, requires to be in a cool condition; otherwise, the meat will not take the salt.

Sometimes Peruvian salt was used, but Californian salt was preferred when it could be found. This last contains sufficient saltpetre to make the beef firm but not hard; and it is very likely, from the abundance of cattle and salt in this country, that in a few years the curing of beef will become an important item of California interests.

THE STUDENTS' PARTING SONG.

FROM THE GERMAN OF FRIEDRICH SASS.

BROTHERS, pledge a cup of wine
To our varied future life;
With the aid of God divine,
Let us plunge into the strife.
Brothers, what we swear here, now,
Is to us a holy vow.

Germans are we altogether,
And, in this Germanic league,
Let each heart arouse the other
To the fight, when there is need.
From the Elbe, and from the Rhine,
Here we stand in league divine.

Students can we be no longer,
Ripened now to mature year;
Let each sword be graspéd stronger
For our Father-land so dear.

Brothers, sworn on word of man,
Let our league forever stand.

If among us sits a Judas,
From our cup he drinks in danger;
Brothers, he shall not elude us—

Let each one be the avenger!
In the pulpit, on the throne,
Let no mercy be him shown!

While we are around the cup,
Never let our singing sink,
Together ne'er again we'll sup—
German tears mix with our drink.
Lift the beaker with the hand—
God preserve our noble band!

JOURNAL OF A MISSION-FOUNDING EXPEDITION NORTH OF SAN FRANCISCO, IN 1823.

IN order to appreciate the following unpretending narrative, translated from the daily journal, in Spanish, of José Altimira, the founder of the Mission of Sonoma, the reader should imagine himself to be one of the party of exploration; then, if he could ride over the same ground, and compare the past with the present flourishing condition of the districts mentioned, he would be ready to exclaim, "verily, how much hath civilization wrought?" It should also be borne in mind, that although this Expedition started but thirty-seven years ago, this country was then in the dark ages of distance and exclusiveness, and was but seldom brightened by its contact with commercial usages, or a higher civilization. Therefore the founding of a Mission was an era of importance, in which the deputy-governor of the province thought proper to assist; and as these Missions have been attended with a certain amount of success in a progressive point of view, apart from their sectarian character, they should, in our opinion, be remembered with respect.

This journal might have received a

more erudite and elegant translation, but such would have detracted from the simplicity and unassuming character of the writer, and the unadorned truthfulness of its description. As it has never before been published, we prefer to give it *verbatim et literatim*, as rendered by the friend who favored us with it:—

Journal of the Expedition verified with the object of examining localities for the founding of the New Mission of O. F. San Francisco, of Upper California. Begun on the 25th day of June, 1823.

FIRST DAY.

25th June.—Shipped at the Presidio at half-past nine in the morning, with destination to the assistant mission of San Rafael, situated on the Contracosta, in a north-easterly direction from this Presidio, and distant about four leagues.* Sailed with a fresh breeze, and arrived at said assistant mission about half-past one, P. M.; made no new discoveries. At said mission we remained the whole afternoon, and also the following night.

SECOND DAY.

26th.—Started from San Rafael at half-past five in the morning, traveling in a north-easterly direction; at nine A. M., we arrived without accident at the place called *Olompalé*, distant five leagues from San Rafael. There we rested until 3, P. M., when we left the above said place, and following the same direction, we turned the point of the creeks, (said point is called *Chocuay*,) and arrived about 7 P. M. at the brook of the *Petalumas* flat, called *Lema*; on the banks whereof we encamped for the night, in company with some eight or ten Gentile Indians from the Rancheria of *Libantilyomí*, situated towards the north-west of this locality, and distant about three leagues and a half. This afternoon and following night nothing more occurred, if we except our men killing a she-bear

with four cubs, who were discovered very close to us.

THIRD DAY.

27th.—Started from *Lema* about six in the morning, and explored that part of the flat running east, and which is extensive enough, the land very fertile, and covered with grass, but of little use for plants requiring irrigation in the summer; for in that season the springs are dried up, as is also the brook running on said flat or plain, called *Chocoiomí*. In this way we went exploring all the hills extending from this plain towards the north-east to the distance of two leagues, without finding anything of great utility except some oak groves, which are observed in the cañadas and on the tops of the hills; we found also on said hills a lagoon covered with tules, and whose extent may be some 50 varas wide and 100 long. But little further, in the same direction, we found the large lake of *Tolay*, so called after the Chief of the Indians, who in former times settled in that vicinity; its width at some parts is with little difference 150 varas,* at others 200 varas, and at some one-fourth of a league, which is also its extent in length. The water in both lakes is fresh, which circumstance, as the aforesaid hills are sufficiently covered with grass, makes it convenient for the raising of a large number of cattle at this locality. Proceeding in a north-easterly direction we arrived on the plain of the locality called *Sonoma*, named after the Indians who formerly dwelled there. This was at 10 A. M. We encamped on the edge of a brook, with the intent to remain sufficient time to explore well this place and its vicinities, for its aspect presents a very agreeable view, as hereafter will be mentioned.

In the afternoon, maintaining the

* A Spanish league is three miles.

* A *vara* is thirty-three inches and a-third of an inch.

camp at the same place, and leaving the horses, tent and other baggage, in charge of a soldier, with some Christian Indians from San Francisco who came in our company, and our barge (which that day also arrived very close by the place of our temporary dwelling,) remaining in the creek, we set out to explore. Going over the plain of aforesaid Sonoma, towards the north-west, we discovered a stream of the capacity of 500 "plumas"—[*Pluma, or quill.*—The capacity of a *pluma* is the quantity which constantly runs through the tube of a common writing quill; it is an old Spanish way for calculating the volume of running water.—TRANS.]—of very crystalline water agreeable to drink, between a thick growth of trees, agreeable to the sight and useful for several purposes; this runs down some hills that serve as a wall to this plain, extending in the same direction and terminating at the north. We were for a very long time penetrating into a grove of oaks; the trees are very large and robust, and offer eternal utility for firewood, the construction of carts, and for other workmanship. This oak grove on the plain may extend from east to west three leagues, and from north to south one league and a-half, although at some places it is narrower. Another stream more copious and agreeable than the former irrigates this plain, and runs down from west to east towards the middle of the plain, and then turns off towards the north.

The first named spring only runs when it is descending the hills, and disappears on coming down to the plain; but the second does not cease to run until after having followed the last named direction it unites with the large stream of Sonoma, which flowing from east to west, lets out its waters in the creek. In this direction we explored of this locality all what the length of the day did allow us.

The number of permanent springs, according to the Indians who saw them in the extreme dry season, are almost innumerable; the greater part of these we saw that afternoon. The mountains hemming in the plain produce much firewood, some redwood, &c. On parts of these mountains there are grasses in abundance, although some kinds of these have but little stem, on account of being exposed to the cold winds, particularly from the north-west. All the hills siding the plain have, among their abundance of trees, some spots lacking grass, but these spaces most actively rival with the former as to the tribute of usefulness they may pay to man, for they put into his hands several kinds of stone with the greatest abundance, proper for the erection of cemented buildings, and by labor, magnificent structures. The range of hills extending from north to east singularizes itself among the rest; for while producing stone useful for all the purposes aforesaid, it also produces a stone called *malpais*, proper for the making of *metates*—[stones used in Mexico for the grinding of Indian corn]. Also a white stone, pronounced to be lime by all who have seen the same. The soil of this plain is not all of the best, but there is soil for every purpose.

Having explored the whole plain, although somewhat superficially, for the night coming upon us, we returned to the place where we rested, and arrived there about 8 P. M., intending to continue the investigations on the following day in this and other localities. This afternoon the men of our company put to death many bears, animals offensive to humanity.

FOURTH DAY.

28th.—This day after having taken our breakfast, we started about seven in the morning, maintaining our camp at the same place, and leaving the barge in

the creek a quarter of a league distant from certain spots of the before mentioned plain, which the day before we were not able to explore. We ascended a small hill towards the east, distant from the creek a quarter of a league, from where, with much ease, the whole plain, the creek, the whole bight of the sea and hills circling the same in the east and west, also the entrance of the port of San Francisco, could be seen. We observed, by the thermometer, eleven degrees more heat, than at the mission of San Francisco. No one can doubt of the mildness of the climate of Sonoma, by observing the plants, the huge trees, the delicate ones according to their species, sycamore, cottonwood, ash, laurel and others, and above all, the abundance and vigor of wild grapes. The appearance of the grass, and other weeds, did not allow our opinion to vacillate as to the benignity of the climate of Sonoma. We did explore the slopes, and found large spaces of ground able to produce corn, &c. We did also observe that the barge could land near to where buildings may be erected, and certainly this is a good convenience. We inquired of the Indians if the creek contained fish, and they assured us it did, and particularly salmon. Taking into consideration these and other circumstances, it may be said that Sonoma is a very proper locality for the founding of a mission. With every wish to improve our knowledge of the vicinity, we returned to our encampment, intending to rest awhile, take dinner, and continue our journey exploring other parts.

At about 1 P. M. we set out, removing the whole train, leaving the barge in the creek of Sonoma, and proceeded in a north-easterly direction by a chain of hills. Although the grass had been burnt by the Indians of the neighborhood, it could easily be perceived that it was convenient grazing land for cattle, sheep, horses, &c., distributing them suitably;

for besides the hills having good pasturage, there are also sufficient springs, showing to be permanent, not omitting the remark that they are free from dense woods, which favor the straying of cattle. About two leagues from our starting place, we found in a cañada a small rill, of the capacity of about twenty-five "plumas" of water, which was said to be hot, but on making the experiment we found it only to be lukewarm, which may be caused by the total absence of shade on its borders. The borders of the spring consist of a certain whitish earth, very thin, but clammy, and is undoubtedly of the same quality as that which is to be found on the mountain of Monjui, (near Barcelona, in old Spain,) and is much valued for the cleaning of copper, brass, earthenware and other articles, for which use in said city every day some dozen loads of this earth are consumed.

We proceeded, and at the end of this small cañada we ascended another low hill, beneath which was another cañada larger than the former; from there we saw a herd of some two or three hundred female elk, (a species very abundant at all the localities we visited, from *Olm-alpi* upwards, as also are the antelope and deer.) We arrived presently at a small stream which is said to be the entrance of Napa; this is not swift, for its water is not abundant, but forms some ponds of very good, sweet, strong and agreeable water, sufficient for a considerable number of cattle.

Following on our route we passed a large plain, in the middle of which we arrived (about 6, P. M.) at another as famous a stream as the large one of Sonoma, which serves as a belt to this beautiful plain of the aforesaid Napa, so called by the Indians who formerly lived here. This is certainly a special locality, although on surveying the same we did not find the springs so numerous as at Sonoma. Excepting this particularity, Napa

is a mistakable picture of Sonoma, for its partial resemblance thereto. We encamped, finally, on the banks of the stream aforesaid; at nightfall we rested, and awoke on St. Peter's day, without any other occurrence than the happiness that God had mercifully bestowed upon us with abundance.

FIFTH DAY.

29th.—As the sun rose in a most brilliant sky, mass was said, and at the conclusion thereof the name of St. Peter was given to the stream, in honor of the day. We breakfasted, and about seven in the morning started, following the same direction; we observed that the Indians in the vicinity had discovered us, for they were setting watches. We saw on the plain and hills large groves of oak trees, and went over large spots of land proper for the cultivation of the vine; we then climbed the slope of a mountain, which, with its adjoining hills, could furnish good stone, abundant enough for the building of a new Rome. This appears to be possible. Descending this slope, we discovered before us in the north-east, the famous plain of *Suisun*, so called by the Indians formerly settling this locality; and without discovering more of great usefulness, we arrived about one P. M. at the stream of said place, distant about five leagues from our starting point, or ten leagues from Sonoma; inferring that the distance from Sonoma to Napa be five leagues, (15 miles,) and from Napa to Suisun, also five leagues. The temperature of the said Napa, and of the places traveled over this morning, until descending the slope, is with little difference equal to that of Sonoma; but that of Suisun is easy to be distinguished as being warmer. Finally having arrived at this locality, we encamped on the bank of said stream, which traverses the plain from north to south, and lets out into the creek in the latter direction. This plain has truly, soil proper for the raising of

all kinds of grain, but not as extensive as that we left behind. It is to be remarked, that the soil in the neighborhood of the stream does not require any irrigation, for in this season of the year the grass and other plants are green and very thick, as we saw this afternoon, but the soil more distant lacks this peculiarity, and as it is not proper to sow always on the same soil, and there being not much to vary, the land in this locality is not sufficient to provide for a middling large population. There is on hand timber enough for firewood, but not for lumber. There is land, from the north to the east, proper for the raising of cattle, but there is no water for them to drink. This considered, together with the fact of the great distance for a lone mission to communicate with the presidio of San Francisco, we convinced ourselves that this locality was not proper for our intent.

Being desirous to inform the Indians of these parts of the motives that brought us here, in order to prepare a smooth conquest, we dispatched five neophytes of San Francisco to the rancheria of the *Hulatos*, distant from us five leagues towards the north-east, to call on these Gentiles, and invite them to come to the place we were. The night came on and we went to rest, hoping that on the next day the Indians invited would come, and visit us in peace.

[Concluded next month.]

ALWAYS IN THE SUNSHINE.

ALWAYS in the sunshine;
 Always looking high,
 Where, behind the thunder clouds,
 Shines a brighter sky.
 Always climbing up the hill,
 Where, serene and bright,
 Shines the Eternal City,
 With its gates of light.

Always in the sunshine;
 And, though dark the way,

Finding out some little spot
 Where the sunbeams play :
 And though all around be waste,
 Without dew or showers,
 Thine a little spot enclosed,
 An oasis of flowers.

Always in the sunshine ;
 Singing still thy hymn :
 Always groping for the path,
 Through the forest dim.
 Creeping where thou canst not walk,
 Feeling for the way ;
 Looking up to find one star,
 Harbinger of day. G. T. S.

THE MINERSVILLE MYSTERY.

BY IDA LE CLERC.

"YOU write for the papers, sometimes, don't you, Mrs. Le Clerc?"

"Sometimes, Mrs. Farrago," I replied.

"Well, I have found out how they pay the printers—I mean them that does the work, set the type, you know—and I guess I can tell you how you, or anybody that writes, can help some of the poor fellows to make a little more money!"

"Indeed?"

"Yes, I have read so much about them; how real smart they are, and how very poor they are, that I was struck right away with the ide', when I found out they were paid so much for every m; it was certainly supernumerary!" (Supernatural, she meant.)

"What was the idea, Mr. Farrago?" I asked, as she rested after her big word.

"Why it is for you to put in as many an m as you can—bring in lots of words, like commandment, and, and sich like!"

"The idea is certainly quite new, entirely original!" I replied, gravely, for I should have given offence if I had laughed or even ventured to explain. Mrs. Farrago being unfortunately one of those persons who resent the least correction that implies ignorance on their part,

instead of thankfully accepting and affirming it, in order to avoid making absurd mistakes before others, who may ridicule them.

Mrs. Farrago is rich, and I being poor she patronizes me excessively, and though very often annoyed I do not like to offend her, she is so truly a good, warm-hearted woman, and if she has one peculiarity above another, it is the desire to seem well informed upon every subject, from the most simple details of the kitchen up to the machinations of our political wire-workers; and a strange sensitiveness, or rather stupidity, which settles to anger towards those that make her conscious of a fault, though in the most delicate manner they may do so.

In reply to my assuring her that the idea was without doubt entirely original, she said: "Yes, I flatter myself it is! I should be perpetually thankful if I ever could do anything to help printers! I respect them, because Franklin and nearly all of our great men have at one time belonged to that craft!"

I suppose Mrs. Farrago meant craft, but you must use your own judgment to interpret her misapplied or mispronounced words; I can only promise to act the part of a faithful and exact reporter! She continued—

"But all I can do is to inscribe for lots of papers and magazines; howsoever, I didn't call to talk about that, but come to ask if you would go with me to see Mrs. Asphodel, will you?"

"With pleasure, Mrs. Farrago, if you can wait until I hear my daughter's lesson," I replied, and directly commenced it; for there was so much to interrupt the regularity of her recitations that they often were altogether omitted, and for this reason I did not like to postpone the present one.

Now I always desire to make every study a pleasure, and as the dry detail of the lesson is never sufficient, I generally

—Illustrate it by some remarks of my own. is a man hardly ever do so now without parting at Mrs. Farrago's comical attempt to follow my example.) After listening quietly for a short time, my visit and perhaps wishing to hear her own any one, and supposing it would be an easy matter to hear a plain geography lesson, us I begged the privilege of doing so, and of rse I consented.

Mrs. Farrago succeeded very well until liame the question, "Describe Copenhagen," and the answer—"Copenhagen is the capital of Denmark, and situated on the east coast of the island of Zealand. It is a handsome city, has a harbor and a great many docks." Child-like, my daughter had not pronounced harbor perfectly plain, and her new teacher thought she said barber; also in her own little mind mistaking the meaning of the word vast; (it should have been vast docks); she had not given a correct answer. Mrs. Farrago did not know this, as she could not readily find the answers; she did not try, because the child's ready replies convinced her that they were proper ones! But this last answer suggested an idea that might interest her pupil, therefore she said, "It has but one barber, my dear, so I suppose that most all the men don't shave, but admit their beard to grow like the miners! And I suspect that they have heaps o' sick people, else they wouldn't have so many doctors, or docks, as they printed it for short!"

With this novel explanation, my daughter was evidently interested, but I was obliged to leave the room to give vent to my mirth.

When the lesson was finished we went together to call on Mrs. Asphodel, who was as desirous of appearing ignorant of at least all useful knowledge as was Mrs. Farrago to seem well informed; indeed the two were a complete contrast.

Mrs. Asphodel never tired of trying to personate a luxurious indolence; accord-

ing to her account, she never even dressed herself without assistance until she left her southern home for California; (and now I think of it, it seems to me strange how many persons were wealthy until they came to this country, by which they have lost everything! indeed, I once supposed that the desire to better their fortune had caused most of the people to come here, but of course their evidence to the contrary has convinced me of my mistake!) But to return to my story.

"I am so glad that you have happened to call just now, for I am in *such* trouble!" said Mrs. Asphodel, almost before we were seated.

"Dear me! what is it? No ruining misaster, I hope!"

"No, Mrs. Farrago, but Mr. Asphodel declares that I must do my own work! that he is not able to pay even one servant; just think of it! He discharged my only one, yesterday, and after getting the breakfast went to his work and never returned till dinner time, when there being nothing for him to eat, and the house not in order, he was positively cross, and said that I must not vex him often that a'way!" And looking angrily at her lord, who was then present, the much-abused lady buried her face in her handkerchief and sobbed softly.

Of all things deliver me from being present at a connubial quarrel; therefore it was with real thankfulness that I beheld the departure of Mr. Asphodel, who was evidently ashamed of the publicity with which his wife paraded their family feud. Moreover there was a look of wounded love, which though suffering bitterly, was yet too strong to die; he must still love the beautiful woman, though she fell far short of being that friend which every good and rational man desires in a wife. I believe he was a worshipper of the beautiful from his handsome wife down to the most trivial form thereof. His home assured me of

this, for the cost and care of it far exceeded those usually seen in the mines, where one's residence not being considered permanent, it is generally thought a waste of time and money when invested in this manner.

But at present, his home was far from being pretty; it was extremely untidy, if not absolutely dirty.

Good Mrs. Farrago had been all this time quite uneasy, and now with blunt plainness, if not positive indignation, exclaimed, "Your husband is right; he works hard, then why should'nt you help him? La me! you should jist saw the work I use' to do before we got rich, and I didn't fret about it n'ither. Why, when we fust come to California, I cooked for fourteen men and tuk in lots o' washing, and I never injoy the money I spend now like that I *earnt* by my own hard work!"

"Indeed," said Mrs. Asphodel, "I never would work that a'way for nobody, and thar would be no pleasure to me in earning money; I always was cared for by my dear father till I married my dear dead husband, and on him I depended till—" But here another succession of sobs concluded the complaint and softened the heart of Mrs. Farrago, who said—

"Well, let me persist you, to-day; it'll all come right after awhile."

"O will you be so good? and then perhaps Mr. Asphodel will repent of his harshness!" said the selfish beauty.

I rose to go, as I wished to call at the cabin of a new neighbor whom I had not yet seen, as they had but lately arrived at our camp, and direct from the East.

What a change it was from the house to the cabin! a change in more ways than one. In the one were many luxuries, in the other the want even of many necessaries; the one in dire disorder, the other the perfection of neatness; nor did the difference end here, but ascending the cabin step, I was assured that while the claims of one to the title of lady were

doubtful, to the other that title was affirmatively so, not only by education, but that which was even more essential, by nature also. Ah! the infinite grace with which she welcomed me, and made the embarrassing self-introduction a pleasure; how *cosily* and *cordially* we two conversed, not as strangers, but as sympathizing sisters! O! that lengthened call was a soul-feast, such as I but seldom enjoyed. Her husband, Mr. Rine, was a noble looking young man, and her only child, an eighteen months' old baby, an angel, if angels are ever loving, mischievous sprites, possessed of beautiful rosy lips and tangible forms!

The cabin had but one room, which was partitioned by curtains now looped back, disclosing a clean, comfortable looking bed, albeit the bedstead was built of rough boards; a few pine shelves, graced by a little library, beneath which was another supporting a work-basket, all in perfect order; and a soft carpet upon the floor, fronting the bed and extending to the lounge opposite, where Mr. and Mrs. Rine now rested, while they made me occupy the only chair, a homemade one, but withal very comfortable in its wadded chintz cover.

They were washing when I called, and now laughed at their awkwardness; at least she did, but I am sure it was with a great sorrow that he looked at her trembling little hands and palpitating person, and that a deeper meaning than the words imply was understood, when he said, "I have great pity for ourselves now;" and in her pointed reply, "And why? are we not rich in each other? How much would you take for Daisy and I, or for what would I exchange Daisy and you?" There was a hidden meaning, that I was quite certain, but what it was I could not then understand.

I apologized for interrupting them, and would have left after a little, but that they urged me with unmistakable sin-

cerity to stay, and kept up a continuous course of conversation upon which I did not like to break, and therefore made an unprecedented call for length, and only rose to go as a knock at the door interrupted it and announced new visitors. Looking up as they entered, I was surprised to see Mrs. Farrago and Mrs. Asphodel, which surprise was not lessened by the strange behavior of Mrs. Asphodel as I introduced her and her companion to Mr. and Mrs. Rine; they too, seemed to be under some restraint, as they acknowledged the introduction to Mrs. Asphodel, who blushed and paled, until the crimson tide slowly ebbing, she fell back fainting.

"Poor thing! I really didn't think she had worked hard; she must be powerful weak to give out that easy!" said the kind-hearted but unsuspecting Mrs. Farrago. But I was sure it was not bodily fatigue, but a mental shock, and going home, as I did, when she had somewhat recovered, I tried to refrain from puzzling my head with the mystery. I shamed my curiosity, and asked it what right it had to try and solve the affairs of strangers; but mother Eve was strong within me, and I continued to wonder over the matter.

CHAPTER II.

Friendships soon ripen in this genial clime, whether owing to the atmospheric warmth, or the heart's holy fire that forever burns for the dear ones "at home," as we of California always love to designate the older States. Therefore but a few days passed after my call at the cabin, until I was there for a good afternoon visit. How gay we were, Mr. and Mrs. Rine, and my husband and I; the more so that numerous mishaps, arising from Mrs. Rine's inexperience, were a continual provocative to laughter.

"What is this, Ida?" asked Mr. Rine, who was helping his wife prepare the

supper for the table, and he held up a collapsed looking object which evidently had no right about the culinary department!

"O mercy! it is Daisy's shoe!" she exclaimed with so much horror that I involuntarily laughed outright, as also did Mr. Rine, and with increased heartiness as she tried to explain, "Daisy must have lifted the cover and put in the shoe while—"

"Ha, ha, ha! Ida never mind, the laugh will do us more good than the food!"

I also tried to reassure her, and directly we were but the more merry for the trifling incident.

After supper Mrs. Farrago dropped in, disturbing our cosy chat by her gossip about Mrs. Asphodel. "I'm really afraid that Mr. Asphodel will be druv to his eternal ruin by his wife—he is nearly mistracted betwixt his love for her and his love for order, betwixt her extravagance and his poverty. And she, poor thoughtless critter, is the cause of his bein' poor. I declare I am sorry for both on 'em! Say, Mrs. Rine, they have got a queerish story round here 'bout you an' her, and I jist include you ought to know it!"

"Ah?" faltered Mrs. Rine, as she kissed Daisy's curls, and thus screened a tell-tale face—"Yes, they do say she was back here again that very evenin' after her first call, and somebody hearn her say, jist as she was goin' away, earnest-like she says to you: 'You will keep my secret for me; O, by the love you have for your husband do not let this thing come between mine and me!' Them's the very words, and ain't they odd ones to be calculating 'round? Now I don't want to be acquisitive, but reckon you might as well tell me whether the story is true!" She concluded while she watched Mrs. Rine with keen curiosity.

[Concluded next month.]

THE TWO GUESTS.

I SAT in my chamber the other night,

The lattice open wide ;
Beside me, scowling, sat Despair,
When in came Hope, that angel fair,
And nestled at my side.

She said,—“Two spirits walk the earth :

One is an angel bright ;
The other, from the shades below,
Where the rivers of Erebus ebb and flow,
Amid the realms of night.

One, you may always know her by

The gloomy scowl she wears ;
The other sits, and smiles, and sings—
You may know her by the joy she brings,
And the welcome news she bears.

That scowling guest oft talks with you,

While seated here alone ;
Then you begin to wear her frown—
Your voice grows thick, your hands hang
And your heart is like a stone. [down,

I turned to see my scowling guest,

But found that she had flown.
That angel, with her voice so gay,
Had driven the demon quite away,
And sat by me alone.

ANECDOTES OF SAGACITY AND
INTELLIGENCE OF ANIMALS.

A CHAPTER ON DOGS.

ALTHOUGH animals may not possess the gift of *reason*, we cannot deny that sometimes they exhibit a large amount of *sagacity*, and often surprise us with the wonderful skill and dexterity which they display in accomplishing a desired end. The following are some of the incidents of this kind, which have come under our own observation, or have been derived from sources which leave us little room to doubt their authenticity :

Deception practiced by a Newfoundland Dog.—A relation of ours owned a large Newfoundland dog. He had been long

in the family, and was so trained to strict habits of honesty, that the least deviation of it in other animals seemed to excite his abhorrence. For instance, if he saw the old family cat steal a piece of meat, which she sometimes did, from the larder, he would seize her by the nape of the neck, and hold her until she had dropped it; and then instead of eating it himself, he would stand and bark over it till he had attracted the attention of some one of the family, who would come and take it away.

But although he was such a pattern of honesty in everything that related to his master, as soon as he was away among strangers, or the nearest neighbors, he would steal whatever he could set his eyes on. He would go into a neighbor's house, and if the family were not on the look-out, he would make his way to the kitchen, and uncovering the meat-pot, he would take the largest piece he could find, and carry it out and hide it. But, as if to keep up the appearance of honesty, he would return and very carefully replace the cover on the pot, and lick up all the grease that he had dropped, as if to say, “I'll be too smart for you this time; no one shall suspect *me* of being a thief.”

This trick of his was several times repeated.

Concert of action between two Mastiffs.

A gentleman, residing near a market town in England, was the owner of a mastiff, whom he was in the habit of sending every day to market, with a basket hung on his neck, in which he brought home the meat for the family dinner. One day, on returning with his load, he was attacked by the curs on the street through which he passed, and he had hard work to drive them off and at the same time prevent his meat from being stolen by the thievish, hungry curs. He succeeded, however, in reaching home in safety, and setting down the basket,

he refused the piece of meat which his master offered him; and instead of his usual glad look on such occasions, he hung down his head very sulkily, and went sneaking *doggedly* out of the house.

In a neighboring house lived a gentleman, who was also owner of a large mastiff; between whom and our mastiff of the market a deadly hatred had always existed; indeed, they were never known to meet without a fight, of which they generally carried the marks for days afterwards. To the old enemy our mastiff bent his way, and great was the surprise of the beholders to see these two dogs standing side by side, on a hill near the house, with their faces turned toward each other, as if in earnest conversation. But their surprise was still greater, when they saw the two dogs set off together towards the village in which stood the market, and in the direction of the street in which the morning fight had occurred. Soon the whole street was aroused by the cries and yells of the poor wounded curs which had attacked our mastiff so unmercifully, a few days before. The two strong mastiffs pitched into them, granting no quarter; and many a cur lay biting the dust, and paid for his insolence with his life.

When they were finally driven off from the work of destruction, by the owners of the curs, the two mastiffs were seen to go to a brook together, just out of the village, and having washed themselves from the blood and dirt of the encounter, they each returned to his master's house, and ever after appeared to be firm friends to each other.

Trickery in a Spaniel.—A young gentleman, residing in Edinburgh, was the master of a beautiful spaniel, who had in all probability been taught to steal for the benefit of his master. It was some time before his new master, who had bought the animal from a person who dealt in dogs, became aware of this irreg-

ularity of his morals; and he was astonished and teased by the dog bringing home articles which he had picked up in an irregular manner. But when he perceived that he proceeded upon system, he used to amuse his friends by causing him to give proofs of his sagacity in the art of stealing; of course, putting the shop-keepers, where he meant he should exercise his faculty, on guard. The process was curious, and excites some surprise at the pains which must have been taken to qualify the animal for these practices.

As soon as the master entered a shop, the dog seemed to avoid all appearance of having come with or recognizing him, and lounged about with an indolent sort of air, as if he had come into the shop of his own accord. In the course of looking over some wares, his master indicated, by a touch on the parcel, and a look toward the spaniel, that which he desired, and then left the shop. The dog, whose watchful eye caught the hint in an instant, instead of following his master out of the shop, continued to sit at the door, or lie by the fire, or watch the counter, until he observed the attention of the people of the shop withdrawn from the prize which he wished to secure. Whenever he saw an opportunity of doing so unobserved, he never failed to jump upon the counter with his forefeet, get the gloves, or whatever else had been pointed out to him, and escape from the shop to join his master.

Affecting Instance of Memory and Affection in a Dog.—A gentleman in Connecticut owned a large Newfoundland dog, of which he was very fond, and which always manifested for him the greatest affection. The kind master sickened and died, and the dog, from the hour that he saw his dead body carried out of the house, lost all his former vivacity and playfulness, and went moping about the place, refusing his food, and wasted to a mere skeleton.

One day, many months after, during a season of house cleaning, the gentleman's portrait was removed from the darkened parlor, where it had been hanging, and placed on the floor, against the wall of the front hall of the mansion. The dog came into the hall with his head and tail hanging down, moping and spiritless as usual, when suddenly his eye lighted on the portrait of his old and loved master. In an instant, what a change! He sprang towards it with all his might, kissed the face, the hands; and so loud were his cries of joy that they attracted all the family to the spot, where they could with difficulty restrain their tears, at a sight so strange and affecting. UNCLE JOHN.

CALIFORNIA—HER CLIMATE.

BY W. W. CARPENTER.

IN a climatic point of view—as in almost every other—California is without a rival; without a spot whose charming Eden-like atmosphere can boast of even an approximation to ours. Ah, yes! the glorious, heaven-favored home of our adoption, on the charming borders of Pacific's verdant shore, is nature's masterpiece. On no other section of nature's vast dominions has the great Dispenser poured forth from his laboratory so copiously of the divine essence of concentrated beauty and loveliness. The memory of scenes upon old Atlantic's shore are dear to me—sacredly dear—because they are associated with reminiscences of childhood's pure and guileless hours, never again to recur; but were those sacred ties, and cherished recollections of dear old home, ten thousand times more passionate, they would not, they could not, even then, for a moment induce me to entertain the thought of exchanging my adopted home for that of my birth. It is true, the dweller on the Atlantic side can enjoy the smile of summer in mid-winter's chilly reign, or a

cool, health-laden breeze from off a snow-clad hill in summer; but to realize the former, he must penetrate the *ultima thule* of the American possessions on the south; while the latter can only be found on some high peak in the Canadian wilderness.

And now, my Atlantic brother, we will suppose that you have wintered in Florida—which, I believe, is admitted to possess the most mild and pleasant climate of any Atlantic State—and what then? Why, just this: Had you spent only one day out of that winter on this coast, in our soft, mellow, dreamy climate, you would in that day have reaped more solid, soul-satisfying comfort, than in all the other three months. Then, had you received that single inspiration of summer breeze from off Sierra's silvered head, instead of Canada's harsh domain, you would have experienced a soul-elevating, body-invigorating, lung-developing sensation, which old Canada can never be the father of. Within the limits of the Golden State can be found almost any climate, from the nearly tropical to as cold as any would desire. The great Sacramento Valley tranquilly reposes in a climate that blossoms with never-ending summer; whilst seventy miles will place the traveler on a bank of snow, which has concealed *terra firma* from mortal gaze for ages. The climate in the Sacramento Valley, in the winter season, is a harmonious blending of all the climatic qualities of Italy, Greece, and Palestine combined. So says Bayard Taylor.

Perhaps by far the most awe-inspiring scene that it is possible for the mind of man to dwell upon, is to stand in that valley of perpetual summer, and look upon the adjoining mountains of perpetual winter. Can there be a more profound subject for contemplation than to live in summer, yet in the presence of winter? To visit the outskirts of the

beautiful city of Marysville, on a clear January day, and spend an hour in Flora's bounteous garden, and there inhale the balmy atmosphere, as it falls upon you as soft and sweet as a fresh-born zephyr from heaven, and raise the organs of vision to that mountain chain of snow, apparently not more than fifteen miles distant, and you will at once acknowledge that the contrast forms one of the most enchanting prospects that it is possible for the eye of mortal to dwell upon. That great body of snow is sixty-five or seventy miles from you; but you have only to mount the stage in the morning, and at night you are in its presence.

Reverse the scene. Four miles from where I now write, and in sight of where I now sit, a stupendous mountain (Pilot Peak), rears its giant head to as great an altitude as any other point of the Sierra Nevada, and on whose hoary head reposes a cap of snow, which has never been doffed since the advent of civilization in these parts. Upon the summit of that mighty monument of nature have I stood, and oh! that it were possible for me to delineate the mere outlines of that gorgeous view. But I cannot; no pen can do it, much less mine. It was grandly sublime to stand upon that heaven-towering pinnacle of ice, and listen to the voice of the angry waters as they wildly rushed on, in their mad career, through gorge after gorge, and cañon after cañon, as if each drop was contending with the other for an advance place on the final journey to the maternal bosom of the mother of waters. But raise your eyes, and glance over mountain, hill, and dale, and what is that, so bright and sparkling in the distance? It is the Sacramento Valley, blossoming in the summer of its luxuriance. Take another look still beyond, and what is that standing out so shadowy and so faintly as to be barely discernible from the blue ether above? It is the coast range of mountains, whose

flanks have been washed by the surging billows of the Pacific for ages upon ages. And what is that faintly distinguishable gorge? It is the Golden Gate!—the inlet to by far the most lovely and bountiful country that lies under the smiling, genial rays of an unclouded sun.

This is no fiction, reader. Such is the purity of our atmosphere, that you can stand on the top of the Sierra Nevadas, and look upon the Golden Gate—a distance of nearly three hundred miles!

THE FALSE MERCHANT.

SIR Felix was a warrior of high prowess, but therewithal of small possessions and slender income, and careful of his little patrimony. Summoned to the defence and rescue of the Holy Sepulchre, he looked around for one in whose hands he might repose confidence; for he had sold his few fields in order to raise a sufficient following of armed esquires to enable his banner to be raised with credit on the fields of Palestine. Some little of his money yet remained, and Sir Felix desired to place it with some man of trust, that it might remain for him, should he ever return from his hazardous expedition.

Among all the merchants of the imperial city no one bore a higher or more extended reputation than Cautus; from east to west, from north to south, his agents were in motion, and every nation recognised the power and the energy of the great Roman merchant; the wild hordes of the deserts of the east, and the roving bands of the Scythians, were alike in his pay—the hired guardians of the long files of camels, or the countless wagons that bore his goods from one nation to another people.

“His argosies with portly sail—
Like signors and rich burghers of the flood,
Or as it were the pageants of the sea—
Did over-peer the petty traffickers,
That courtied to them, did them reverence,
As they flew by them with their woven wings.”

To outward appearance, no man was more calm, or less excited by good or evil fortune, than Cautus. The least part of his affections seemed placed on his many ventures; he cared little how the wind blew, whether fair or foul, and seldom consulted his maps for the ports or

tracks to or over which his vessels were sailing.

"His ventures were not in one vessel trusted,
Nor to one place; nor was his whole estate
Upon the fortune of a present year;
Therefore his merchandise made him not sad."

To this merchant Sir Felix went.

"Good Sir," said the knight, "I come to entrust you with the little that remains to me of my paternal fortune, after raising my followers for the Holy Land, and furnishing their and my equipments. There are a thousand pieces of gold; receive them in trust for me, should I ever return. If I fall in Palestine, take them to yourself. For no wife, nor child, nor relative have I, and of wealth none can I take with me to the grave."

"Freely do I receive the trust, Sir Knight, and honestly will I, if it so please you, employ your money until you shall receive back your own with interest."

"Nay, nay, good merchant, I am no trader; make thou what thou wilt of the gold, so that I do but regain my money on my return."

With these words Sir Felix turned to leave the house of the merchant, when Cautus stayed him.

"Sir Knight—stay, Sir Knight, until I can give you a written acknowledgment of the trust, and a bond to return it on your demand."

"Nay, nay, Sir Merchant," rejoined the knight, "no scholar am I. If I cannot believe the word of Cautus, how can his bond profit me?"

Years passed over before the merchant and the knight met again. Mixed fortune had followed the merchant; some of his ventures had gone to wreck, but the majority had come to a good market, and the wealth and reputation of Cautus was greater than ever. Far different had been the fortune of the crusader. His life indeed had been spared to him, but sickness had borne down his frame, and death in every form had destroyed one by one the gallant and faithful band that had followed his person. Eager to regain the small sum he had deposited in the hands of Cautus, the knight made his way to the imperial city.

Meanly clothed in a pilgrim's dress, Sir Felix entered the splendid house of the merchant.

"What news, Sir Pilgrim?" said Cautus.

"But little good, Sir Merchant. Dis-

ease and war wear down the bodies of the holy warriors, and dissensions weaken their strength. I, too, have suffered; and now I return to redeem the pledge with which I entrusted you on my departure."

"The pledge, good pilgrim—what pledge?"

"Dost thou not know me?" asked the knight, as he bared his face and heard. "Sore as disease has wasted me, many must there be that know me."

"Sir Pilgrim, I know thee not—who art thou?"

"Am I not the knight Sir Felix, and art not thou the merchant Cautus, in whose hands I placed a thousand pieces of gold, when I sailed for the Holy Land?"

"Nothing know I of thee or thine, Sir Knight; but come, if that thou sayest be true, show me my bond, and I will pay thee that I owe."

"I have no bond," replied the knight.

"No bond, Sir Knight; and yet wouldst persuade a merchant that thou didst entrust him with a thousand pieces of gold? Go to, ask of any man whether the merchant Cautus ever takes a pledge without giving his bond. Go to—thou art a bold impostor."

"If thou wilt deny thy trust, Sir Merchant, at least have pity on my distress, and of thy abundance give me that which thou dost deny me of my right."

"Away, sir—away, sir; to a case of real woe and misery, the ears of Cautus and his wealth were ever open, but to an impostor he has nothing to give but punishment. Go, Sir Pilgrim, for thy garb's sake I refrain from giving thee up to justice."

Driven from the merchant's house amid the sneers and threats of Cautus and his subordinates, Sir Felix wandered haplessly through the noisy city, and sought the silence of the fields without its walls. Wandering along a bye-road, deeply grieving over his miseries, the knight met an old and feeble woman, dressed like himself in the weeds of a pilgrim. Hardly able to support herself on her staff, the old woman tottered along, stumbling over the stones that lay scattered in her path. In pity on her condition, Sir Felix moved some of the impediments out of her way, and assisted the devotee to a part of the road whereon her shoeless feet might walk with less pain and discomfort.

"Thanks, good father, for thy kindness. Old as I am, and sore worn with fasting, prayer, and travel, methinks my aged features bear a less mournful appearance than thine."

"Good mother," rejoined the knight, "sorely have I suffered in the Holy Land by disease and wounds; but now more grievous is my loss, for he to whom I had entrusted the little remnant of my property denies the pledge, and drives me from his house as an impostor."

When the old devotee heard the whole of the knight's story, she bade him take comfort and follow her advice: then the old devotee sent for a crafty workman, a man of trust and ability, and he made by her order ten large and fair chests of wood, well adorned with ornamented locks and hinges, and enriched with curious devices and colors on the outside. When these chests were well filled, she sent for ten porters, and told them to take the ten chests to the house of Cautus, each successive man to be at least several minutes after his predecessor. With the workmen she went herself to the merchant's house, and told Sir Felix to come in with the porter that brought the first chest.

"Good mother," said Cautus, as soon as he saw the old woman come tottering in, and recognized her as a devotee of great repute, "good mother, what can I do for thee?"

"My son," replied the old woman, pointing to the workman, "this my friend leaves Rome to-day for Egypt, and would find some safe place for his great wealth. To thee, my son, for thy known probity, have I brought him: and look, where the first of the ten chests in which it is contained is now being brought hither."

At this moment the porter entered with the first chest, and placed it with apparent difficulty on the ground. Hardly had Cautus expressed his thanks to the old devotee, and her supposed friend, before Sir Felix entered, and not far behind him was seen another porter staggering under the second chest. Only too glad to sacrifice the thousand pieces to obtain the treasure of the ten chests, the merchant hastened to Sir Felix and embraced him with every demonstration of joy.

"Ah, my friend, my dear Knight! where have you been? when did you return? Receive, I pray you, the gold you entrusted to my care, and take the inter-

est it has made during thy absence—three hundred like pieces. Come, my dear friend, receive thine own."

Whilst Cautus was paying Sir Felix his money, the ten chests continued to arrive, until the whole number were arranged on the floor, and gladdened the eyes of the merchant with their external glitter, and apparent weight.

"My son," said the old devotee, "there be yet more than these ten chests; we will go and see after them; do thou take care of these during our absence."

With these words the old devotee and the workman left the shop of Cautus and followed Sir Felix. Every day, every hour, Cautus expected their return, but they came not; the ten chests were borne into another warehouse, and the merchant regarded them as his own, as he had given no document for them. After much delay, his avarice overcame him, and he proceeded to open the first chest. The labor was great, but endured gladly in the hopes of the treasure within; at last, lock after lock was forced, and the lid kept down by its own weight alone. Sending every one away, Cautus entered the closet and approached the chest; with a trembling hand he raised the heavy lid, and held the lamp over the box, that he might better scan its contents. With a sudden scream he reeled backwards, and the lamp fell from his hand, and was broken on the stones with which the box was filled. With the three hundred pieces he had given to the knight, he had purchased nought but tons of pebbles.

THE GRAVE.

BY GRACE.

Thy grave is deep and stilly,
Fear round its brink abides;
With veil all dark and chilly,
An unknown land it hides.

Its silence is unbroken
By the sweet night-bird's song;
Affection's flowery token
Fades on the moss ere long.

Yet, there alone can mortals
Their rest, long wished-for, find;
There lies beyond those portals,
A home for all mankind.

The heart, long vainly pressing,
Through storms to reach the shore,
Finds peace, the priceless blessing,
Where it can bear no more.

Our Social Chair.

IT IS subject matter of doubt if there be another spot on this wide earth, where social principles and social pleasures are more active and more appreciated, than in the golden State; and yet it is within the range of probability, to say, that it is equally doubtful, if any other spot can be found, where a similar number of intelligent persons enjoy themselves less socially than here. Yet it must be confessed that here there is a noble indifference to the usual ceremonials of personal acquaintance with both men and women, that is not found elsewhere. This arises in a great measure from the circumstances in which individuals here find themselves, and with the desire generally felt to meet the difficulties of their position half way.

Much of the lack of social enjoyment is doubtless attributable to the unexampled scarcity of women, especially in the mining districts, where, to this day, there is not an average of more than one woman to ten men; and as their society is generally monopolized by those who have been fortunate, and can show them a large share of attention, the chances for unlucky sinners are somewhat small. Of course there are many redeemable exceptions to this rule, but it will, as a rule, hold good with the majority notwithstanding. This necessarily excludes a large portion of earnest workers from all social pleasures, such as are accorded to the poorest in older States. In such conditions of social life, it is material for astonishment that so many have withstood these great trials to moral, physical, and intellectual health. Happily this cause is fast disappearing, and the genial influence of woman is being felt in the most remote settlements of the State; and when the present disproportion between the sexes is annihilated, the millen-

ium of contentment will come, and this will be acknowledged

“Of every land the prime.”

Well do we remember the first advent of a woman at a mining camp in the early day, and the reverence involuntarily accorded to her, especially on one occasion:—Some men were passing the cloth covered house in which she had been installed, when one of them who was busily talking, not having noticed their close proximity to it, was commencing to give utterance to some very emphatic adjectives, when one of his comrades called out in a loud whisper, “Bill—Bill! hush!”—and pointed to the cloth covered sanctuary of the woman; when he suddenly ceased, almost biting his oaths in two, and with a loud laugh made answer in a low voice, “I’d almost made an unthinking ass of myself before I was aware of it; I’ll stand treat for that, Joe, when we reach the store.” Thus is woman’s influence and mission acknowledged—may she never act unworthily of it.

MR. F. was the keeper of a hotel in the capital of one of the New England States, where the Solons and Lycurguses of the State found ample accommodations, at the season when their legislative duties drew them to the capital. Among these were many sorts of men; the State representatives being sturdy, well-to-do men, composed of farmers, ship-builders, land speculators, lumber merchants, &c., &c.

Among them was a farmer of large landed estate, but noted for his parsimony and rigid habits of economy, and who would not scruple to take any measures, however penurious, to increase his already abundant store of wealth.

One morning he went to the landlord, and said, “Mr. F., I am delighted with the accommodations of your house, and the

way you supply your table is grand, sir, grand—good enough to feast a king; but, Mr. F., as I am a plain man, and not at all rich, I am afraid I shall not be able to stand the expense of such high living: besides, I am not used to it, and it will make me sick. Don't you think you could give me a seat at one end of the table, where there are but few dishes, and board me at half price? Come, don't be hard on a plain farmer, Mr. F."

"Well, I don't see as I can well do it," replied the landlord. "Provisions are uncommonly high this year: I can hardly live with the price I am now charging, and you are a representative, sir, and want to live like the others."

"But I am willing to live much plainer, Mr. F. There's your turkey fixins, and chicken fixins, and *varmicelli* fixins, I would not give a cent for them—that is, for myself; they are good enough for them that like them, and no doubt very genteel, and all that; but then, I am a plain farmer, Mr. F., I can live on most any thing. I can eat corned beef, and potatoes, and bread, and grow fat on that. Come, what say you to that, Mr. F.?"

"Well, as to corned beef, and potatoes, and bread—if you will agree to put up with them, I don't know but I will agree to board you at half price: but it must be kept a secret between us, Mr. G. I would not like to have my other boarders know that I had made such an arrangement with any man."

Our representative departed in high glee at the success of his plan of private economy, and Mr. F. laughed within himself, to think of the rich store of fun there was in prospect.

He called several of the waiters, and said to them: "You know Mr. G.? He is a rich man—a man of influence, and pays well for his accommodations. I want you to be particularly careful, and furnish him with all that the table supplies—in no case let him be neglected."

When the dinner hour arrived, Mr. G. took his seat at one end of the table, and

a waiter stood very obsequiously at his elbow.

"What shall I help you to, Mr. G.? Turkey, chicken-pie, venison, steak, roast beef—which will you take, Mr. G.?"

"*Corned beef!*" exclaimed Mr. G., with very decided voice, that was heard to the farthest end of the table—"Corned beef!"

The waiter took the plate, and the corned beef was furnished.

In a moment more, another waiter, seeing Mr. G.'s plate nearly empty, came hurriedly up behind him?"

"What shall I help you to, Mr. G.? Turkey, chicken-pie, veal, steak, venison?"

"*Corned beef!*" exclaimed Mr. G., beginning to perspire pretty freely, and at the same time coloring in the face as red as a cock-turkey.

More corned beef was brought and laid on his plate; but Mr. G. had not got it more than half swallowed, when another waiter, seeing the half empty plate, came up hastily behind him.

"What shall I help you to, Mr. G.? Turkey, chicken-pie, veal, steak, venison?"

Human nature could hold out no longer. Sweating like a race-horse, and suffocating with rage and vexation, he struck the handle of his fork down on the table, with the force of a sledge-hammer, and thundered out—

"Can't you understand me! you blundering thick-headed, numb-skulled rascals! I don't want any of your *turkey fixins*, or *chicken fixins*, or *varmicelli fixins*! I am not a *turkey boarder*! I am a regular *corned beef boarder!*"

The waiter started back in confusion; the representatives at the table, who had kept their ears open to all that had been going on, could hold in no longer; and, amid a roar of laughter that made the hall ring, Mr. G. was glad to make his escape to the open air.

THE Fourth of July might, with some shadow of truthfulness, be termed the Politician's Annual Sabbath; not, however, as "the golden clasp that binds together the

volume of the week," or year, as Longfellow so happily expresses the seventh-day Sabbath of the Christians to be—but as that particular and only day of the three hundred and sixty-five, when the interests of his country are not secondary to those of his party, and when all Americans can meet on one common platform to celebrate the most glorious day yet known to history.

If from this day forward a purer political era could be inaugurated, and men of all parties would love their common country only and seek its weal above every party interest and issue, it would be a far happier and more glorious day to these United States, than it can possibly be now.

Our ever welcome exchanges are full to overflowing with the accounts of enthusiastic and patriotic rejoicings on that day, from one end of the State to the other—excepting Mariposa, of which, the *Gazette* somewhat sarcastically, although facetiously, remarks, that in future there is every reason to suppose that the day of the pugilistic encounter between Heenan and Sayers, will supersede the celebration of our National Independence in that vicinity! Oh, L. A. Holmes, where do you suppose the Mariposans "expect you to die when you go to," for that unfeeling assertion?

In the same satirical spirit, with how much justice we leave our readers to judge, was given in an Eastern paper, the following:—

ADDRESS TO VOTERS.

Voters!

Only a few hours will intervene before you will be called upon to exercise your rights as freemen, and at the ballot box state your preference for rulers and officers.

Be Prepared!

Don't Wear Your Best Clothes!

Patriotism does not require the sacrifice of your other clothes for the sake of the Union.

Roll up Your Trousers and Go In!

Vote Early!

Vote Frequently!!!

Vote Often!!!

Keep on Voting!!!!

When you get well known at one Ward, go to another, but vote manfully, and for whom you like, and frequently—we insist, frequently.

*Rally! Rally!! Rally!!!
To the Polls!*

Save your country! Have you wives and children? Vote that those orphans may enjoy hereafter the political privileges you are enjoying, and let not the traitor and the treason strike them down. If they do hit, hit back—We need not suggest hitting hard when you hit.

Vote until Sundown!

Don't Lose a Chance!!

Put in all the Votes you can!!!!

Go it! Go it!! Go it!!!

Swear in your votes! If you can't swear in your votes, swear at the Inspectors of the Election. Have a swear at somebody, at all events.

Vote always!

Never mind your dinner or supper, but stay at the polls and vote.

Vote considerably!

The more you drink the better you will feel. Moreover, the candidates pay for the liquor. See there is nothing left over, therefore.

In conclusion, we would say—

Continue Voting all day!!!!

WE do not suppose that many of the readers of the *Social Chair* are in the habit of imbibing, but to such as are, we recommend the perusal of the following excellent description of "Washo Brandy," from the *Sierra Citizen*:—

A new and appalling sort of beverage is "on hand and offered for sale" at Virginia City. With frightful significance it is termed by surviving drinkers, "Washo Brandy." In comparison, "Minnie Rifle" and "Chain Lightning" are mild and soothing beverages, the drinking of which after the "Washo," is said to greatly relieve the internal scald. An acquaintance arriving somewhat exhausted, began to peer about for something to drink, and having been advised of a place where *good* liquor was to be had, incautiously swallowed thirty or forty drops of the Territorial destructive. The effect was instantaneous and appalling. He first turned white, then red, then round and round, and finally horizontal; his countenance at first depicting the emotions and physiognomical phenomena of a wild cat with her tail in chancery; afterwards his face is said to have assumed that smiling expression peculiar to travelers found in everlasting sleep in the Valley of Sardis. The man recovered, however, and describes the internal sensation as that of a stomach full of galvanic batteries, yellow hornets, pepper-sauce and vitriol!

Now if the above is not sufficient to make the reader somewhat of a Dashaway, we have no hope of him. Yet, if he wants further intellectual light, we refer him to a pamphlet just published by the Association, entitled "Alcohol, its Uses and Abuses," by Dr. I. Rowell.

"AM I NOT THINE ASS?"—Once two ministers of the gospel were conversing on extemporaneous preaching:

"Well," said the old divine, waxing warm, "you are ruining yourself by writing your sermons and reading them off. Your congregation cannot be interested in your preaching; and if you were called upon to preach unexpectedly, unless you could get hold of an old sermon, you would be completely confused."

The young divine used all his eloquence, but in vain, to convince the old gentleman that his written sermon expressed his own thoughts and feelings, and, if called upon, could preach extemporaneously.

"As we are of the same faith," said the young minister, "suppose you try me next Sabbath morning. On ascending the pulpit you can hand me a text from any part of the Bible, and I will convince you that I can preach without having looked at the text before I stood up. Likewise, I must be allowed the same privilege with you, and see who will make the most of it."

The idea seemed to delight the old gentleman, and it was immediately agreed upon.

The following Sabbath, on mounting the pulpit, his senior brother handed him a slip of paper, on which was written: "And the ass opened his mouth and spake;" from which he preached a glorious sermon, charming the attention of the delighted hearers, and charming his old friend with his eloquence.

In the afternoon the young brother, who was sitting below the pulpit, handed his slip. After rising and opening the Bible, the old man looked anxiously around—"Am I not thine ass?" Pausing a few minutes, he ran his finger through his hair,

straightened his collar, blew his nose like the last trumpet, and he read aloud: "Am I not thine ass?" Another pause, in which a deadly silence reigned. After reading a third time—"Am I not thine ass?" he looked over the pulpit, at his friend, and in a doleful voice, said: "*I think I am, brother?*"

The Fashions.

Bonnets.

THE prettiest for this month (August), are of crape, shirred. Some of our ladies have the mistaken idea that crape is not serviceable or suitable for our San Francisco climate; but if they will try it, they will find it both. Crape is also good to wear on all full dress occasions—at church, or carriage, promenade, or opera; for the last named, crape and allusion are almost the only suitable material. One of the handsomest we have noticed, was white crape, shirred crown and white allusion, front puffed; the cape was of white silk, covered with white blond spotted with black; on the front, a deep blond lace; on the right side, three large cabbage roses, intermingled with the lace—this forms the only trimming. Inside the front, full white tabs; at the sides and across the top, a wreath of full blown roses; wide white ribbon strings.

Another, very beautiful, is of rose colored crape and silk, mingled the same, and varying only in the lace, this being of black "Chantilly."

More on the subject of Bonnets would be superfluous, as all our lady readers, even in the most remote mountain gorges, know as much about the shape and size of the fashionable Bonnet as we ourselves do—need we say more?

Aprons are much worn, and made moderately small sized, say about two-thirds as long as the dress, and are of forty-inch wide silk, trimmed down the sides with silk buttons, surrounded by black lace, forming rosettes; tie with cord and tassel

to match. Silk and mohair Nets are fashionable for the hair, and are worn by both children and adults. Kid gauntlets are preferred for street gloves. Slippers are much worn on the promenades in New York. The most fashionable way of wearing the hair, is to curl, or comb it back from the forehead.

Dresses.

No particular change in the cut of Dresses; the skirts and waist are of the same length, &c., &c. There are a few novel sleeve patterns, but nothing deserving description here. The plain flowing, and the "Pagoda," divide attention; some most admire the tight sleeve, and when that is the case, wear it.

Monthly Record of Current Events.

THE Warren Fire Company of Marysville paid a visit to the firemen of this city, June 14th, and after enjoying the usual hospitalities, departed for home on the 19th.

June 18th, the Pacific and Atlantic Telegraph was completed to Visalia, in Tulare county. On the receipt of the first dispatch one hundred guns were fired there in honor of the event.

The mail steamship John L. Stephens carried away 360 passengers and \$1,644,-084 in treasure, June 20th.

Pedro Duenno, a sluice robber, was killed on the night of 15th June, near Jamestown, whilst engaged in his nefarious calling. The owner of the sluice had placed a spring gun of his own invention on his boxes, which the robber inadvertently discharged with fatal effect.

The steamer Visalia arrived in Stockton at 9½ o'clock, P. M., June 19th, having made the trip to Fresno City and back, in three days and four hours. This, says the *Republican*, is the best time yet made.

On the 22d of June, the Supreme Court of this State made known its decision against the celebrated Peter Smith title to the uplands of the city of San Francisco, and in favor of Pueblo titles and the Van Ness ordinance, which relinquishes all city titles in favor of *bona fide* occupants.

As the Downieville stage was ascending the mountain above Goodyear's Bar, June 21st, the outer bank of the road gave way and precipitated the stage down the precipice about one hundred feet, severely in-

juring the face of the driver, while the passengers, three in number, escaped unhurt.

The corner stone of a large Masonic Temple was laid, with much ceremony, at the corner of Montgomery and Post streets, San Francisco, June 24th.

The trips of the Pony Express, which were interrupted by the Indian war of Western Utah, was telegraphed as having again arrived safely at Carson City, June 23d, with St. Louis dates of the 15th.

The large Pavilion, intended for the forthcoming exhibition of the S. F. Mechanics' Institute, was completed June 20th. It is the largest room in the world—being 150 feet wide by 200 feet long.

A man named Denton was chopping wood, near Timbuctoo, when he found in the butt of a hollow tree a bag of gold dust worth \$7,000. It had been there, evidently, for a long time, and the owner is probably dead—otherwise he would have returned for it.

The stern-wheel steamboat Sam Soule was sunk a few miles above Colusa, on the 1st ult.

The schooner Ortolan, with a prospecting party of fifty gold hunters, whose destination is Behring's Straits, sailed from this port June 25th.

A large mass meeting was held in the new Pavilion of the Mechanics' Institute, on the evening of June 28th, in honor of the defeat, by the Supreme Court, of the Peter Smith title to city property.

A comet, supposed to be that known as the Charles V. Comet, was seen from Sacramento, for the first time in our day and generation, June 22d.

Another party of gold hunters took passage on the schooner Santiago, bound for Puerto La Union, with the intention of proceeding to Tlayapa, in the interior of Honduras.

The steamer Uncle Sam sailed for Panama, June 30th, and was the first of the steamers under the contract for tri-monthly trips between this city and New York. She took \$796,290 36 in bullion, and 221 passengers.

On the Fourth of July, (ult.), the first passenger train of cars was run on the Market street and Mission Dolores Railroad.

On the 3d June, the Supreme Court reversed the decision of the District Court, and allowed \$300,000 to McCauley & Tevis, lessees of the State Prison.

THE Sonora sailed for Panama on the 11th ult., with 230 passengers and \$1,071,-782 in treasure. As the contract for car-

rying the mails by steamer had expired, and the postmaster had received no instructions relative thereto, no U. S. mails were sent out by her. Wells, Fargo & Co's Express, however, carried letters at twenty cents each, and newspaper matter at twenty-five cents per pound. Five thousand letters and about 500 pounds of newspapers and magazines were thus conveyed.

Rock suitable for the manufacture of an excellent quality of building cement, was discovered on the ranch of Benito Wilson, at San Gabriel, Los Angeles county.

Mr. Barclay Woodward, a young ranchero, near the Mission of San Antonio, having fired at a grizzly bear and wounded him, was pursued and torn to pieces by the exasperated animal.

The Golden Age arrived on the 12th ult., with 530 passengers and the U. S. mails. This is the last mail to be received by sea, without a new contract.

The change of venue from San Francisco to San Rafael, for the trial of Judge Terry for shooting Senator Broderick in a duel, having been granted, the case came up for trial on the 6th ult.; but as the witnesses for the prosecution, subpoenaed from this city, did not arrive in time, and no postponement or delay being granted by Judge Hardy, Terry was discharged.

Mrs. M. G. Blanding, Vice Regent of the Mount Vernon Association in California,

reports that she has received, up to June 30th, \$11,973 81, collected by the lady agents in this State, for the purposes of the Society.

The eleventh semi-annual ball of the Hebrew Young Men's Literary Association, of this city, was given at the Academy of Music on the 11th ult., when a beautiful banner was presented to the Association by a committee of ladies.

Some extensive leads of copper were discovered in one of the spurs of the Monte Diablo, that give promise of becoming valuable.

The "State" and "Alta" lines of telegraph were consolidated on the 12th ult., under the name of the California State Telegraph Company.

The Daily Evening Mirror, a literary and news journal of eight pages made its *debut* on the 9th ult. Messrs. Daggett, Rutherford, and Foard, formerly of the Golden Era, are its enterprising proprietors. The issue of a large weekly edition was commenced on the 14th.

During the month of June, 2,488 books were taken out by the members of the Mercantile Library Association. They are classified by the Secretary as follows: Romance, 1,560 volumes; travels, 162; biography, 236; belles lettres, 177; miscellany, 115; history, 128; science, 84; religion, 23; poetry, 51; bound periodicals, 12.

Editor's Table.

GOOD Intentions are without doubt a great boon, both to the possessor and the world; yet, without other corresponding qualities, they become utterly inoperative, and consequently are null and void in the benefits they might otherwise confer. Many well-intentioned acts have doubtlessly passed all Legislatures, yet owing to some technical or obscure phraseology used by the framers of those Acts, designing and unprincipled men have made them subservient to their own selfish aggrandizement. Of such this State has had a most bounteous share.

Indeed many men have "served their country" as legislators, who would have done better to serve themselves, and their country also, by following some employment for which they were properly qualified. Yet many of these were men of good intentions; unfortunately, however, their knowledge and political sagacity were not in proportion; for, their labors proved that the amount they did *not* know, would make a respectable library of law books.

Then again by far too large a number have been elected, who have taken their seats in our legislative halls under implied

obligations, which they have afterwards violated and repudiated. Others, instead of looking into the future workings of the laws they have enacted, have allowed themselves to be button-holed into the cats-paw service of knaves.

The injurious effects of such a course have been forcibly manifest within the past month, to the citizens of San Francisco. Mexican law gave to each Pueblo, all the land within and around it, for homesteads to actual settlers; and the *Ayuntamiento*, or Town Council, acted as trustees, donating to each *bona fide* resident fifty varas square, and this quantity was seldom or never exceeded. The Supreme Court of this State has decided, that the lands in, and around San Francisco for two leagues distant, being acquired and settled under Mexican pueblo law, are held and possessed by actual residents under the Pueblo title; and it is natural to suppose that from this decision, every resident of a city may obtain from the representatives of the old Pueblo—the Board of Supervisors—any fifty-vara lot not previously donated or occupied by an actual resident. But it is not so. In June, 1855, some unprincipled speculators inveigled the city authorities into passing an ordinance, which takes its name from the Mayor for the time being, Mr. Van Ness, and which is consequently known as “the Van Ness Ordinance.” This gave to every settler west of Larkin and Johnson streets, all the land they were then in possession of under *one hundred and sixty acres*; and virtually abolished the letter as well as spirit of the Mexican pueblo law, under which the city received its title. This ordinance was log-rolled through the Legislature and became a law, received the sanction of the State Supreme Court, and was included in its recent decisions.

Now if a man has not from five hundred to ten thousand dollars, wherewith to pay speculators for a lot which the pueblo title had previously guaranteed him for nothing, he must remain without it, and pay an exorbitant rent for himself and family without the prospect of obtaining a homestead

at all, unless Fortune should favor him in some especial and unlooked for manner.

So much for the “Van Ness Ordinance,” and loose legislation. But such are the men and such the acts that obtain precedence in our day and generation. God help us. And so long as public offices are filled by inefficient or dishonest men, foisted thither by partisan politics, and at the expense of high-minded and honorable principle, so long may the galled jade “Good Intention” wince, and we and our posterity be made the unwilling sufferers, henceforth and forever. We fearlessly here assert, that any man—be he high or low, rich or poor—that loves his *party* better than his *COUNTRY*, and sacrifices the latter to the former, is a TRAITOR.

—

WE wish to call the attention of every lover of the State's progress, to the third great Industrial Exhibition of the Mechanics' Institute, to be held in this city, in September next. Producers of every kind, from the smallest and most insignificant article of consumption to the most elaborate work of art, should lend every energy to the task of producing something for this exhibition.

Already by means of this and similar institutions, a productive, self-reliant and self-sustaining spirit has been engendered, fostered and stimulated, so that a vast variety of raw materials have been brought to light—and a large proportion of goods, formerly imported, are now manufactured here. We earnestly invite every young man and woman throughout the State, to make something new for exhibition at the large Pavilion, in September next. Do not think of sending antiquated articles of your own manufacture—that, in reference to former exhibitions of this kind, may be termed ubiquitous—but send something that is new. We do not wish to be understood as reflecting upon the kind spirit that for variety has sent quaint commodities of a past age or generation, by no means; as by these we can see the progress made, and then receive a further stimulus

to reward effort for the present; but we do object to such articles only being sent, as have figured in every exhibition of the kind, from the earliest time of our State's existence.

Literary Notices.

THE TREASON OF CHARLES LEE, Major General, second in command of the American Army of the Revolution. By GEO. H. MOORE, Librarian of the New York Historical Society. Chas. Scribner, publisher, New York: Allen & Spier, San Francisco.

Books are as essential to a healthy intellectual life, as wholesome food is to the physical; and the study of a new volume is as invigorating to the mind as a good meal is to the body.

The author of the book before us seems to have been led to its production by obtaining unlooked-for possession of the actual proof of his treason—now presented to the world for the first time. And in order to make an interesting volume, Mr. Moore has traced the traitor's life step by step: the disappointed ambition of his career, before his visit to America; the insidious stealthiness of his manœuvring to gain the confidence of the patriots after his arrival; the assumption of a knowledge of military tactics, without any real demonstration of its possession; his ungovernable selfishness; the tardiness of his movements, from an evident inclination to defeat their successful issue, in order to bring Washington into disgrace, and thereby obtain for himself the first command of the army; his cringing servility to Lord and Gen. Howe, after being taken prisoner by Harcourt's command of light dragoons; his treasonable papers: all these are given with great force and accuracy, but when you come to the end of the volume, and expect to find his trial and condemnation, you are informed that these are to be given in some other volume. This annoys you, in the same way as when, having followed each character of an interesting narrative, you find that the concluding chapters are torn out, or the *denouement* is to be given in

a sequel. Still, it is an interesting volume, and is invaluable to United States history.

THE MINISTER'S WOOING. By HARRIET BEECHER STOWE. Derby & Jackson, publishers, New York: Bancroft & Co., San Francisco.

Although this volume cannot now justly be classed among the *new* books, it is of such a character, that if it has not previously been in the possession of the reader, he will thank us for calling his attention to it. If we overlook its sectional character and tendencies, and take the story upon its own merits, it will enchant our admiring attention by its clear and beautiful pictures of New England life. Its brilliant and original imaginings; its terse and graphic delineation of domestic habits and customs; its etherialization and sublimation of love, so that we almost lose sight of the grosser surroundings, or inferior qualities of humanity, as we find it. Did space now permit, we should follow out our original intention of giving a few of its happiest sentiments and sentences by way of appetizer to the reader, but we must forbear, hoping that he will obtain the book and read the whole for himself.

ANNUAL OF SCIENTIFIC DISCOVERY; or, Year-Book of Facts in Science and Art, for 1860. Edited by DAVID A. WELLS, A. A. S. Published by Gould & Lincoln, Boston; A. Roman, San Francisco.

The object and aim of this work is to give all the latest discoveries in natural philosophy, chemistry, geology, botanical zoology, astronomy, &c., and all the recent inventions and improvements of importance in every department of mechanics and the useful arts. It is a text-book of valuable records, and should be in every student's and experimenter's library.

SENATOR LATHAM will please accept our thanks for the *Report of the Secretary of the Treasury on the State of the Finances*, for the year ending June 30th, 1860. Also, the Message from the President of the United States, at the commencement of the first session of the thirty-sixth Congress; and other documents.

HUTCHINGS'

CALIFORNIA MAGAZINE.

VOL. V. SEPTEMBER, 1860. No. 3.

THE DEPARTURE.



THE WIND, with low moans, stirred the tops of the pines,
That grew at the foot of a forest-crowned hill;
Then it swooped, like a bird, to sing 'mong the vines,
With beauty embowering a rude cabin. Still,

Like an airy-winged sprite on a mission of love,
 There it hovered, and sung, that its music might trend
 To soothe one lone inmate, with notes like a dove,
 Or, what is far dearer, the voice of a friend.

And oh! who can tell but such sounds came to cheer
 The suffering one, on his hard pine-leaf bed,
 As he talked with the loved ones, in spirit so near,
 Whose bodies were absent—perchance with the dead.

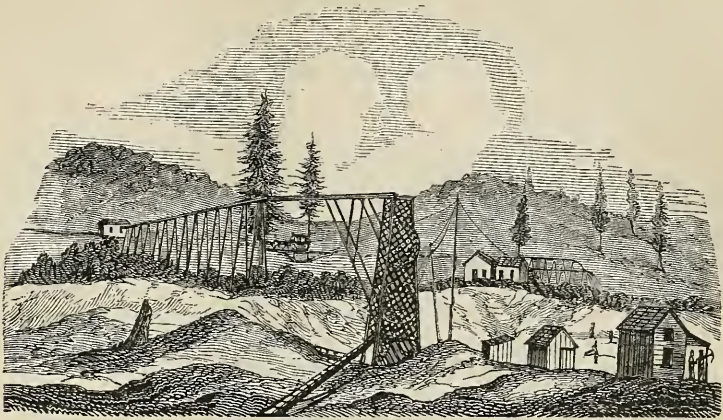
Some bright guardian angels perhaps were allied,
 And these were their voices to welcome him home;
 For he stretched out his arms to embrace them, and died
 With a smile, and the words, "God bless you, I come."

As the broad hand of day clutched the curtain of night,
 And rolled up the darkness as though 'twere a scroll,
 A kind neighbor entered—appalled with affright,
 Gasp'd faintly, "What! dead! In peace rest thy soul!"

Aye, rest thee. No more shall thy spirit be sad,
 That thy wearying toil 'neath the summer sun's ray
 Or the chill winter's rain, went unblest, to make glad
 Thine own yearning heart, or the loved far away.

While the cold dew of death lay unwiped on his brow,
 A calm and sweet smile told the peace of his end;
 The sighs of the mourners rose high, as a vow
 That those thus bereaved should not e'er want a friend.

In a dark, shady glade on the side of a hill
 That was then draped by clouds in a mantle of rain,
 In the deep grave they laid him, all solemn and still,
 And the winds murmured o'er him a mournful refrain.



TOMLINSON'S ELEVATOR.

METHOD OF ELEVATING EARTH, NEAR NEVADA.

OLIVER M. TOMLINSON'S ELEVATOR, in the city of Nevada, is a mining curiosity. Whether there is another or a similar one in California, I do not know. During near four years journeyings in the mines, I have not seen one. The object for which it was constructed, was to raise the earth from the diggings over a ledge of hard rock, thereby obviating the necessity of excavating an expensive tunnel. This Elevator consists of a frame of square timber, braced by a narrow boarding, resembling lattice work. It is forty feet long, by thirty feet wide at the base, and tapers moderately to a height of eighty-two feet. Two overshot wheels, each twenty-five feet in diameter, are placed one over the other, connected with which is an elevator chain with buckets of sheet-iron attached, each bucket holding about a barrel. The dirt, which is washed from the bank by means of a hydraulic hose, and run into a pit beneath the Elevator, is raised in the buckets to a height of forty feet, and discharged into sluice boxes, in which the gold is secured by riffles in the usual manner.

The water to propel the machinery, is brought from a ditch to the top of the Elevator, in a flume.

This Elevator, though it has been attended with a great deal of trouble and expense, has proved a highly successful experiment, and Mr. T. has realized a handsome fortune from his diggings, having obtained therefrom upwards of twenty dollars per day for each hand employed.

But however valuable the Elevator may have been, the period of its usefulness is drawing to a close. A company, to whom Mr. T. has sold a portion of his claims, have commenced the excavation of a tunnel, and when that is completed, the Elevator will doubtless pass away, and its history be remembered only—by the readers of Hutchings' California Magazine. J. L.

EUREKA PEAK.

THE Eureka Quartz Mills in Plumas County, are twenty-four miles distant from La Porte, and three from Jamison City. Communication between these places is carried on by means of mule trains over a wild and barren country, re-

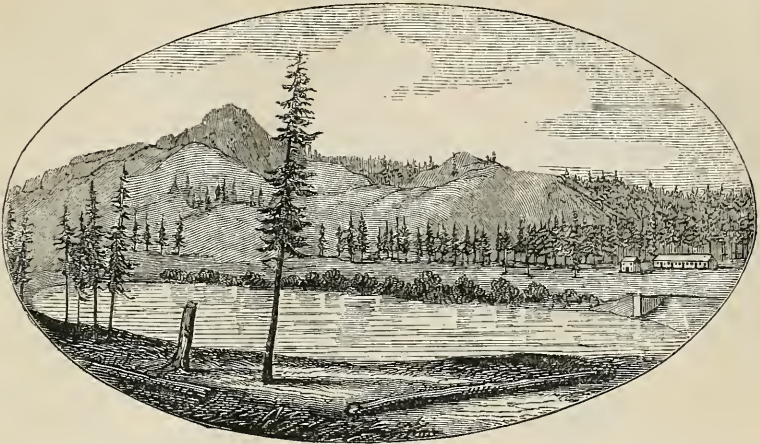
pulsive to the agriculturalist, but affording many scenes of exquisite interest to the lover of the picturesque. The Mills are situated at the outlet of a little lake of twenty acres in extent, which supplies them with water during seven months of the year. This lake flows in a little basin on the side of a mountain, and is twelve hundred feet above the Jamison Creek. The Mountain is called Eureka Peak. It rises abruptly above the lake into a lofty pinnacle of barren rocks, and affords one of the finest scenes in the Sierras. On the southern side of the mountain, overlooking the valley through which flows Jamison Creek, is a narrow ridge, whose jagged sides stand out almost perpendicularly many hundred feet in altitude, and are crowned by a singular crest of rocks thirty or forty feet high, and varying from two to four feet in thickness. A deep and narrow gap has been opened in these rocks, separating them into two portions. In the outer portion there is a perforation somewhat star-shaped, and five feet in diameter.

The village—if it may be called a village—of Eureka Mills consists of one dwelling-house, one large boarding-house, two cabins, two quartz mills, stables and workshops, owned by a company who are doing an extensive business, and have a lode of rich quartz. They have made a good road from their mills to the lode, whence they transport the quartz in wagons. A large building has been erected over their principal shaft, in which machinery for raising the quartz by mule power is placed, and in one corner of which there is a blacksmith's shop, where two men are constantly engaged in repairing drills and other tools. The company employ about fifty men in the different branches of their business. Formerly, a large number of Mexicans were working for the company to extract the gold from the quartz by means of arastras, the proceeds to be divided in certain

proportions between the parties. But becoming convinced that the cunning Mexicans defrauded them of a large share of the gold, they discharged them all. In walking round the little lake, I saw on the low ground surrounding it, the remains of a large number of arastras—more than a hundred, I think—with piles of tailings about them, which had lain there during several years. These tailings were now passing through the process of a second washing, and yielded a fair compensation to the laborers employed, though the water used was pumped from the lake by hand.

During my stay here, I made an excursion up the mountain, visiting the diggings on the way, descending the principal shaft, at that time eighty feet deep—by ladders made of pine trees with notches cut in them for steps,—and going into several chambers on my way down, where workmen were employed in blasting the rock and loading the buckets.

Having satisfied my curiosity, I ascended the shaft, and proceeded up the mountain, stopping, however, on the way to sketch the singular rocky ridge before described, and climbing with no little difficulty and labor up to the gap, that had been broken out of the narrow wall or crest, and with still further labor getting up to the hole in the wall. This hole, which from the house looked scarcely larger than a star, was of an irregular form and five or six feet high, while the rock itself was little more than three feet thick. Standing in it, I looked down on either side nearly two thousand feet below me. The scene was grand, and the point from which I viewed it, unique. I seemed almost poised in the air, and so exceedingly narrow was the ledge on which I stood, that I could not suppress a feeling that my own weight, or even a breath of wind, might tumble it into the valley.



EUREKA PEAK.

But I had not yet reached the pinnacle of the mountain, and had no time to spare, and little inclination to waste many moments in this castle in the air. So, letting myself down again, I clambered along the side of the mountain, and succeeded after several ineffectual attempts, in ascending the highest rock that crowns the summit, whence I looked down upon the little lake, into which it seemed that I could plunge at a single leap; upon the valley of the Jamison creek, with the Mills of the Mammoth Quartz Company, and not far distant, the ruins of the far-famed "City of '76," where a hundred thousand dollars were expended and lost by a single company; upon the Downieville Buttes with their lofty crags and pinnacles; upon Beckworth's, and the Sierra, and other valleys and plains, and upon forest covered hills and mountains, rising one above another, range beyond range, like the waves of the ocean, growing fainter and fainter in outline as they receded into the far distance, until the last seemed but little snow-white clouds scarcely perceptible, and fading into the sky.

I descended the mountain, and pre-

pared to return to the Sacramento valley, for October had arrived, and winter was approaching. A little snow had fallen, and ice had formed half an inch in thickness. Snow falls to a great depth in winter, and frequently sweeps down the mountains with such force as to carry off houses and destroy men and cattle, while all communication with the neighboring villages and towns, except on snow-shoes, is often cut off during several months.

J. L.

NEW SPECIES OF CALIFORNIA PLANTS.

BY DR. A. KELLOGG.

THE following new Plants were discovered by Mr. Hutchings, in a recent tour in the mountains. They are both very showy herbaceous annuals, perhaps perennials—well worthy of cultivation.

These Plants belong to the genus *Pentstemon*, (a name signifying *five stamens*;) the *fifth* one, although present and conspicuous, is yet sterile—or in common parlance, are of the beautiful *Beard-tongue* family—(many having this fifth stamen or tongue, bearded.) There are also

other less appropriate common names, by which these Plants are known. A dry sandy, or light loamy soil, suits them best.

Pentstemon rostriflorum—(Kellogg)—or Beak-flowered Beard-tongue, was found in a crevice of the Lower Dome, at the back of the Great Tissaac, or South Dome—3,500 feet above the Yo-Semite Valley. We regret not having the lower leaves; (may we not hope to be remembered by some self-sacrificing individual?)

The stem is smooth, somewhat two-



PENTSTEMON ROSTIFLORUM.

edged, caused by the mid-rib of the leaf running down the stem. The leaves (as seen in the figure) are narrow linear-lanceolate, sessile, mid-rib sharply prominent, leaves standing erect or somewhat spreading. The flower stems with two flowers, seldom more than one fully developed; peduncles inclined to one side,

glandular, upcurved, as long or longer than the leaves. Bracts minute, calyx divisions, lanceolate attenuate, acuminate; the lower segments scarcely longest, acuminate, glandularly villous, the villi very minute. Flowers tubular, creamy yellow, an inch in length, tube three-quarters, refracted as if forcibly bent down, not bellied or swelled; externally, minutely glandularly villous, mostly at the lips; upper lip longest, straight and somewhat vaulted, notched, lower lip lobed, lobes linear acute. Stamens nearly equal, two longest as long as the flower, inserted at the lowermost margin of the tube; declined, ascending above, thickened and compressed at the base: shorter pair, with the fifth inserted into the tube about 1-8th of an inch above; the smooth, fifth filament or tongue, is shorter than the stamens, and included in the upper lip; style about as long as the stamens.

The second figure exhibits the upper portion of the *Gray-bearded Pentstemon*. *P. canosobarbatum*—(Kellogg.) This new species is probably somewhat shrubby, or at least perennial.

The color of the flowers is a deep scarlet, or blood red, with a long, venerable gray or whitish frosty beard. Those who have access to this plant could not confer a more pleasing and valuable favor upon their friends abroad, than by sending them a few of these seeds in a letter. They are of remarkably easy culture, and retain their vitality very well on the longest voyages.

The stem is smooth, with a bloom like a plum; leaves lance-shaped, slightly wedge-form at the base; sharply remote, saw-toothed, or short cuspidate; recurve spreading on short leaf-stems;—(lower leaves unknown.)

Flower stems with one to three flowers; calyx divisions equal, oblong-lanceolate very slenderly acute; the tube of the flower is short, (as in *P. breviflorus*);



GRAY-BEARDED PENTSTEMON.

one-quarter of an inch long, or about one-third longer than the calyx. Often resupinate or turned bottom upwards, then the three-lobed lower lip is uppermost, the middle lobe of the lip is narrow, the lateral ones obliquely broader, bearded on the outside; what should be the upper lip slightly notched; also, densely bearded outside, with long, white, and frosted hairs.

The tongue short, naked, somewhat erect, hairy at the base; style longer than the stamens. Stigma simple, slightly head sloped; stamens extending out of the flower, anthers smooth; filaments kneed at the base, flattened below the prominent angle; the margins of their expanded base hairy, but smooth above and from the angle ascending in a curve corresponding to the lesser lip.

This plant was also found at the back of the Great Dome, above the Yo-Semite Valley.

ADVENTURES OF JAMES CAPEN ADAMS, MOUNTAINEER AND GRIZZLY BEAR HUNTER, OF CALIFORNIA.

THE above is the title of a new volume, written by Theodore H. Hittell, and published by Towne & Bacon, San Francisco. All those who have ever visited Adams' Pacific Museum, or Menagerie rather, of San Francisco, will readily call to mind the singular proprietor of that establishment,—than whom there was not a greater curiosity within it. His large grizzled beard, his quaint, yet expressive features; his peculiar tone of voice; his oddly fashioned garments;

his easy self-possession when "stirring up" the animals; and his remarkable influence over them; with other causes, gave convincing proof that Adams was no common every-day character; and that his history, when written, would be one of more than ordinary interest.

This has been accomplished, and our expectations have been more than realized in its perusal; for, Mr. Hittell has very cleverly gathered, and charmingly linked together, many of the most remarkable passages of the bear hunting hero's life, and made a very interesting narrative therefrom. Through the courtesy of the publishers we are enabled to lay before our readers a brief synopsis of this work.

James Capen Adams is a native of Medway, Massachusetts, where at an early age, he learned and followed the trade of shoe-making, until attaining his majority, when he resolved to gratify his intuitive love for the wild roving life of a hunter, and at the first opportunity hired himself out to a company of showmen, for the purpose of obtaining a collection of native wild animals for exhibition. With this end in view he traversed the forests of Maine, New Hampshire, and Vermont, capturing panthers, wolves, wild-cats, and other animals.

After returning from one of these predatory excursions, his employers requested his services to assist in training a Bengal tiger that had become intractable; and entering the cage several times for this purpose, on the last occasion he was struck down by the infuriated beast, and injured so badly that his life was despaired of. Several years of prostration ensued, and as hunting was out of the question, but for his former useful handicraft he would have been an unwilling burden to his friends.

For fifteen years he again followed his old trade of shoe-making, in Boston. Accumulating several thousand dollars, and wish-

ing to obtain a fortune at a more rapid rate, he invested the whole of his money in a cargo of boots and shoes, which he shipped to St. Louis, just in time to see them consumed by the great fire of May, 1849.

This being at the height of the gold excitement, he turned his steps towards California, and arrived here by way of Mexico, in the fall of that year. After the usual successes and misfortunes of an early residence, as the latter had predominated in his experience, he became disgusted with the world and turned his back upon the society of his fellows, and his front toward the unexplored sierras, resolving "thenceforth to make the wilderness his home and wild beasts his companions." His hair and beard being already grey and long, he looked like an old man, although in the prime of life, and still possessed of a constitution of iron.

From this time his history begins to increase rapidly in interest. Finding himself in the possession of only one old wagon, a yoke of oxen, an old Kentucky rifle carrying twenty balls to the pound, a Tennessee rifle carrying sixty, a Colt's pistol, several bowie knives, a few tools, several pairs of blankets, and a limited supply of general stores, he remarks:

"Notwithstanding such scanty preparation, I drove up into the mountains with a buoyant and hopeful spirit; and it gives me pleasure, even now, to recall my lively feelings upon mounting the scarred and rugged shoulders of the Sierra. The roads were very rough; my team was none of the strongest; I had to rely on my rifle for provisions and the roadside for pasture; but the new and romantic scenes into which I was advancing, enchanted my imagination, and seemed to inspire me with new life. The fragrance of the pines, and the freshness and beauty of nature, in these elevated regions were perfectly delightful to me. The mountain air was in my nostrils, the



ADAMS AND BEN FRANKLIN.

evergreens above, and the eternal rocks around ; and I seemed to be a part of the vast landscape, a kind of demi-god in the glorious and magnificent creation.

“ In the neighborhood of my camping place, there happened to be one of those restless tribes of California Indians, who are accustomed to migrate from the plains to the mountains, and from the mountains

to the plains, as the seasons change and the game upon which they live goes up or down. These creatures lived upon the fish which they caught in the streams, and the small animals which they killed on the land ; also, upon nuts, acorns, berries, and roots, sometimes upon insects and sometimes upon grasses. At the time of my advent among them in the

fall, though plenty still smiled on their larders, I aided to give them abundance; for there was much game, and I was liberal with what cost me so little trouble to procure. In return for my liberality, the Indians assisted me in building a wigwam, and gathering and drying grass for the use of my oxen in the winter. They also assisted in tanning the skins of the deer I killed, and in making me several complete suits of buckskin, which I then adopted as my costume, and in which, ever since, I have generally dressed. Next my body I wore a heavy woolen garment, and on my head an untanned deer-skin cap, lined with rabbit's fur, and ornamented with a fox's tail; but all the rest of my clothing was buckskin,—that is to say, coat, pantaloons, and moccasins."

When the cold winter weather began to set in, his Indian acquaintances left him entirely alone, and for several months he did not see another human being; and yet he says that these months were among the happiest of his life. In a Robinson Crusoe like style he remarks:—

"When the little stock of groceries which I had brought along, ran out, various kinds of grass seeds pounded into meal, served for flour, and roasted acorns made a substitute for coffee. The pine forests furnished that sweet gum, called pine sugar, which exudes from bruises in their trunks; and many were the receipts and expediences in mountain economy, which now became my special study. In making myself comfortable, I found pleasant and beneficial occupation, and I may say that I was as happy as a king."

"Upon entering the mountains," he continues, "it was without any idea of devoting attention to bear-hunting as a business," but in the following spring of 1853, his brother William visited him in his mountain home; and having been successful in mining, seeing how matters stood with our hero, he invited his company to their native place, proffering

again to start him in business there. This did not comport with Adams' idea of independence, and he declined it. Wishing no doubt to assist his brother in some way that might be agreeable to his tastes, William proposed a copartnership in the collection and ownership of a menagerie of wild animals; and as this was exactly in accordance with his wishes, articles of agreement were entered into and duly signed.

As soon as his brother had left him, on his way to Massachusetts, Adams made preparations to enter upon his new engagement with earnestness; and meeting with a young Texan named Sykesey, he engaged him to accompany him in his dangerous calling; taking with him, in addition, a couple of Indians from the Tuolumne river, who could speak some English, one of whom he named Tuolumne and the other Stanislaus.

Properly armed and equipped, on a bright May morning they left Strawberry Ranch on the Tuolumne, and taking one of the elevated mountain ranges proceeded northward; and without stopping to hunt any more than was necessary, continued their journey across the head waters of the Klamath river; passing down between the Cascade and Blue mountains, turned the great bend of the Columbia river, and striking out to the north-eastward found an excellent valley surrounded with hills, and here pitched their camp.

"In the course of our journey, we killed a number of animals, and caught two small black bear cubs, which we carried in a hamper on one of our mules. We also, while near Klamath Lake, saw a strange beast, which resembled a hedgehog with the head and feet of a bear. We made all the endeavors in our power to catch it, but in vain; and now, in looking back and harrowing my memory of this curious animal, I am unable to describe it more particularly. It was



ADAMS AND THE ELK.

entirely unknown to me, and I had, very unwillingly, to leave it as one of the non-descript wonders of the Pacific coast."

As it will be impossible to trace this interesting narrative step by step, we must be content in giving only an occasional incident, such as the following, and which was their maiden adventure from their first regular encampment.

"Not far distant from my camp, there was an extensive chapparal, covering the

side of a broad mountain and skirting a beautiful valley of tender herbage. My attention was attracted to it by indications of large bears; and, after a short *reconnoissance*, I discovered on the mountain-side the den of an old grizzly with two yearling cubs. The animals were in the habit of descending into the valley every night, and had worn a trail, along which they almost invariably passed in their excursions. I immediately deter-

mined, if possible, to slay this dam, and make myself master of her offspring, which were two of the finest looking young beasts I had ever seen.

"To resolve to do a thing, and to do that thing, are different matters; and so I found them on this occasion. There seemed, however, to be but one plan of action,—to waylay the dam; and, in accordance with it, I concealed myself one morning near the trail, when the animals were coming up from the valley. I had both my rifles well charged lying at my side; and, as the old beast approached, I drew Kentucky, and planted a half-ounce ball in her breast. She fell, but almost instantly recovered herself and rushed towards me; when, seizing my second rifle, I fired a second shot through her open mouth into her brain. It is often the case that the grizzly will live for several hours after being pierced even through the head or heart, and perform prodigies of strength; but in this instance, fortunately for me, perhaps, life lasted but a few minutes.

"As soon as the dam expired, I seized a lasso which lay at my side, and rushed towards the cubs. I had imagined it would be a matter of ease, with the dam once out of the way, to secure them; but soon learned my mistake. As I rushed at them, they retreated; as I pursued, they broke away, and, doubling, shot past with a rapidity of motion which defied all my skill. I chased a long time without success; and, finally, when they and I were nearly worn out, they suddenly turned and made so violent an attack upon me that I was compelled, for my personal safety, to betake myself to a tree, and was glad to find one to climb. Although but little more than a year old, I saw that they had teeth and claws which were truly formidable.

"It was a ludicrous situation which I occupied in that tree; and it makes me laugh now to think how a hunter of great

bears was thus besieged by little ones. However, there I sat, and there was no help for it. The cubs tried to climb after me, and it was necessary to pound their paws to keep them down; and I shall never forget how they snapped their jaws, and how wickedly they looked, when they were satisfied I was beyond their reach."

In the course of half an hour the cubs went off to their dead mother, when our hero left for camp. After providing horses, on the following morning the hunters started out with the intention of lassoing the young bears, but they could not find them. Observing a large spring at which most of these animals in that section went to drink, Adams took up his station there, and while watching for the cubs, killed a large black bear. Finding that the objects of his solicitude also visited that spring, he ordered out his assistants one evening, and after considerable skill in manœuvring they succeeded in lassoing both of the young bears, one of which he named Lady Washington, and which afterwards became one of his favorite companions.

After many thrilling experiences in this kind of adventure, he found the necessity of building traps for the more speedy success of his plans and the completion of his undertaking, but we must not linger to state them.

"Another adventure occurred about this same time, which might have cost me my life; this was a combat with an elk. The morning of the day we expected to complete the trap, as fresh meat would be needed for bait, I sent my comrades ahead with the mules, but myself made a circuit for the purpose of killing a deer. In the course of a few miles, I discovered a band of five or six elks. There was one of them, a splendid buck, with five antlers, and magnificent bearing, which particularly attracted my attention. Could he have been transported, as he



SAMSON. ANOTHER OF ADAMS' GRIZZLIES, 1800 LBS. WEIGHT.

stood there, into the midst of the world, poets and painters would have paid tribute to his beauty; no stag of Landseer has a nobler mein, or more of the spirit of freedom in his limbs.

"It was impossible to approach nearer than seventy-five yards without alarming the band; and, consequently, I fired from that distance. The buck fell, and supposing him to be dead, I drew my knife, and, as is the usual practice upon shooting an animal of this kind, rushed up to cut his throat. The elk, however, was only

wounded; and when I reached him, he suddenly sprang upon his feet, and jumped with his fore legs upon my shoulders. This knocked the knife from my hands: but hastily drawing my revolver, I discharged the barrels, one after the other, in quick succession, while hopping around to avoid his terrific lunges. Fortunately, one of my shots took effect at the butt of his ear, and stunned him; when, seizing the opportunity to grasp my knife, I ran up, plunged it to the heart, and the red tide of life spouted from his side. I then

ripped him up to the bearded throat, and turned the entrails out upon the ground. My neck and back were severely bruised, but not enough to prevent me from shouldering my rifle, proceeding to the trap, and working there steadily until sundown."

We must now entirely skip more than a hundred pages of his graphic descriptions of animals, and the many interesting episodes in his eventful life while in this region, and invite the reader's company to his old camping-ground in the sierras which he afterwards visited, and allow him to relate one of the most memorable events of his history, being no less than the capture of his celebrated pet Ben Franklin.

"It is with pleasure that I dwell on this part of my story, and I would fain distinguish it with living words. In all the after-course of my career, I could look back upon it with peculiar satisfaction; and rarely, in the following years, did I pat the shaggy coat of my noble Ben, but I recurred to my fatiguing and solitary vigils in the Mariposa cañon, my combat with the monster grizzly, my entry in her den, and seizure of her offspring. The whole adventure is impressed upon my memory, as if it had occurred but yesterday.

"No sooner was the dam dead, than I turned towards the den, and determined to enter it without delay. Approaching its mouth, accordingly, I knelt, and tried to peer in; but all was dark, silent, and ominous. What dangers might lurk in that mysterious gloom, it was impossible to tell; nor was it without a tremor that I prepared to explore its depths. I trembled for a moment at the thought of another old bear in the den; but on second thought I assured myself of the folly of such an idea; for an occurrence of this kind would have been against all experience. But in such a situation, a man imagines many things, and fears

much at which he afterwards laughs, and therefore, though there was really no difficulty to anticipate, I carefully loaded my rifle and pistol, and carried my arms as if, the next instant, I was to be called upon to fight for life. Being thus prepared, I took from my pocket a small torch made of pine splinters, lighted it, and, placing my rifle in the mouth of the den, with the torch in my left and the pistol in my right hand, I dropped upon my knees and began to crawl in.

"The entrance consisted of a rough hole, three feet wide and four feet high. It extended inwards nearly horizontally, and almost without a turn, for six feet, where there was a chamber, six or eight feet in diameter and five feet high, giving me room to rise upon my knees, but not to stand up;—and its entire floor was thickly carpeted with leaves and grass. On the first look, I could see no animals, and felt grievously disappointed; but, as I crawled around, there was a rustling in the leaves; and, bending down with my torch, I discovered two beautiful little cubs, which could not have been over a week old, as their eyes, which open in eight or ten days, were still closed. I took the little sprawlers, one after the other, by the nape of the neck, lifted them up to the light, and found them very lively. They were both males; a circumstance which gave me reason to presume there might be a third cub, for it is frequent that a litter consists of three, and I looked carefully; but no other was to be found. I concluded, therefore, that if there had been a third, the dam had devoured it,—a thing she often, and if a cub dies, or be deformed, she always, does. Satisfying myself that there were no others, I took the two, and, placing them in my bosom, between my buckskin and woolen shirt, once more emerged into daylight. The possession of the prizes delighted me so much that I almost danced my way down through the bushes

and over the uneven ground to the spot where my mule had been left; but upon arriving there, it gave me great concern to find that she was gone."

These young bears were afterwards suckled by a greyhound; only one pup was spared from the whole litter, which he named Rambler, and they grew up playfully together; but, as he had to present one cub to a partner, the other, Ben Franklin and Rambler became inseparable companions, and followed him in all his excursions. The following will explain why he became so much attached to them.

"As I was leisurely passing through a thicket of chapparal, I heard a stick crack at my side, and, upon turning, beheld a huge grizzly, which had three young cubs, in the act of springing at me. I tried to raise my rifle, but in an instant it was struck from my hand by the bear, and, with the same blow, I was thrown to the ground. Ben and Rambler were but a few paces behind at this time, and rushed forward, Rambler seizing the enemy's thigh, and Ben attacking her at the throat. This distracted her attention for a moment, at which I seized the opportunity to snatch my rifle and spring to one side, while the savage bit terribly into the head and neck of poor Ben. I uttered a terrific shout, and the old bear rose for an instant, when I fired a ball into her heart, and she fell over backwards. I then jumped upon her, and bathed my knife several times in her heart's blood.

"All this was the work of a moment; but when I looked for Ben, he was bounding off for camp, with the blood streaming from his head, and yelling at every leap. I endeavored to call him back; but the little fellow was scared nearly to death, and soon disappeared. As for myself, I did not know at first that I was hurt; but in a little while, the blood commenced dripping over my

clothes, and I found that my scalp had been dreadfully torn by the brute; and she had bitten through my buckskin coat and flannel, making wounds, the scars of which still remain, in my neck.

"With considerable difficulty, I managed to reach camp, where I found Ben lying under the wagon, licking his bleeding sides. The poor fellow had certainly saved my life, and I felt so grateful that at once I took him into the cabin and dressed his wounds before I dressed my own; and I continued paying unremitting care to him for nearly a week, when, finding him well enough to travel, I settled up my business in the region and departed. That was one of the narrowest escapes I ever had in all my hunting; and, as my preservation was due to Ben, the circumstance explains, to some extent, the partiality I have felt towards that noble animal. He has borne the scars of the combat upon his front ever since; and I take pride in pointing them out to persons who, I think, can appreciate my feelings towards him."

On a future visit to the south, when among the mountains within a few miles of the Tejon river Reservation, he presents the following relation.

"We were weary with the labors of the day, and turning into our blankets early, got into a deep sleep. I was suddenly aroused at midnight by a fearful snuffing and snorting among my animals; but what to make of the noise I knew not, except that there was danger at hand. It was starlight, but too dark to see; and raising myself in my blankets and seizing my rifle, I listened with all attention. In a short time, I distinctly heard the lapping of water at the spring, which was about fifty yards distant; and, looking in that direction, beheld two spots, like balls of fire, glaring at me. I expected an encounter, and prepared myself for it; but the stranger beast unexpectedly, after uttering a low growl,



THE JAGUAR.

turned and leisurely retreated, as if he did not deign to attack, much less to fear me. I could see that he was of large size,—a majestic animal of the lion genus; but this was all I could see.

“My curiosity, as well as my love of adventure, was so much excited by the sight of the magnificent but unknown beast, that during the remainder of the night I could think of nothing else. My imagination presented me with the picture of an animal whose capture would exceed in interest all the adventures of

my previous days; and no sooner was it light in the morning than I started out with Ben and Rambler to follow the track and reconnoitre the country. The trail led us four or five miles over a rough country, and at last into a gorge,—one of the roughest and craggiest places man’s eyes ever beheld. The only way I could work through it, was by crawling, clambering, climbing, and pulling myself from cliff to cliff, and thus getting along by slow degrees. In among the huge rocks, which were scattered all over the coun-

try, there was here and there a space of soft earth, where the prints of the animal's feet were plainly to be seen; and it was by these marks that I pursued the trail into the gorge. Here the marks were better defined; and after following them across the gorge up to the face of a ledge of rocks, I came to a cave, which there was no difficulty in recognising as the den of the animal.

"The cave was elevated on the side of the cliff, so that a man could with difficulty reach it. In its mouth, and scattered below it, were multitudes of bones and skeletons of various kinds of animals, and among others, of mountain sheep, making the place look like the yard of a slaughter-house. I endeavored to reach the cave for the purpose of looking into it, but was unable to do so, and therefore withdrew to consider plans for operations, determined as I was to leave no stone unturned in my efforts to secure the unknown but evidently ferocious animal which made it his haunt. Considering the matter in every point of view, I resolved at last to build a trap on the trail, near the den; but, there being no timber in the neighborhood, before proceeding further, I had to go out and search where I could find wood.

"It is unnecessary to detail day after day the progress of my trap-building here, and the slow and tedious manner in which we had to transport our timber from a distance of eight miles. Suffice it to say, that the arduous undertaking was at length accomplished, and the trap completed. No sooner was it finished and baited, than I picked out a hiding-place, about three hundred yards from the cave, and in such a position that I could see the length of the trail, the trap, and the den; such a place, indeed, as would give me a full and fair view of all that took place in the gorge. Taking Lady Washington, Ben, and Rambler to this place, I tied them together, and

seating myself at the side of them with my blanket about me, I determined watch the first night and see how the trap would work.

"There was at this time a new moon, and the gorge, a doleful place even in daylight, was darker than I liked; nevertheless, I could see if any animal passed the trail, and this was some satisfaction. I therefore watched the twilight passing over the mountains, and saw it grow dusky, and at length dark, when, overpowered by the fatigues of the day, I curled down by the side of Ben, and fell into a slumber. Barely were my eyes closed, however, when a roar roused me, and I started up and strained my eyes along the trail from the den to the trap, but could see nothing. In a few minutes the roar was repeated, but in an apparently subdued tone; and directing my eyes in the direction from which it proceeded, I saw a spotted animal, resembling a tiger in size and form, with two young ones. The view was very indistinct, but I could see that the animal was crawling out of the rocks. She went ahead for a little distance, then turned around, and appeared to call the little ones, which followed, playing like kittens. My first thought was to kill her and catch the young;—and I have often regretted since that I did not take the risks and fire; but I considered the trap which we had built, would be a safer and more certain method to secure them.

"Soon after dark the animal again made his appearance. As he came to the mouth of the den, he looked around and snuffed the air, and then leaped down, and going a few yards placed his paws upon a rock, and stretched himself, yawning at the same time as if he were waking up out of a sleep. In a few minutes afterwards the female appeared, and approaching, lapped his brawny neck. Pleased with this conjugal attention, the male threw

himself upon the ground, and after rolling a few minutes, stood up, shook himself, and then, with a proud step, trod away towards the traps; and his consort followed him. Their manner towards each other induced the reflection in my mind, that nature works much the same in all species of animals; for even among human beings, I had rarely seen a more expressive indication of conjugal love than was exhibited here.

"The male beast, as nearly as I could see, was twice as large as the ordinary cougar, and appeared to be covered with dark round spots of great richness and beauty. His mein was erect and stately, and so majestic and proud his bearing, that it was with pleasure I contemplated him. As he approached the pit, my heart fluttered; now, thought I, is the time of my success; but, alas, for my hopes! the animals, when they reached the place, evidently suspected something wrong; and, after smelling about suspiciously, made a circuit and passed on. They next stopped at the trap, which they appeared to examine attentively; they even entered it, and I strained my eyes to see the doors fall; but no, alas, for my hopes again! the animals came out and went off, without disturbing the bait, and soon disappeared over the ridge. I watched the remainder of the night, but neither saw nor heard anything more of the beasts.

"For several weeks after this time, I continued making all endeavors to trap these animals. I caught live bait, and tried to inveigle them with the choicest morsels, but all in vain. On several occasions, subsequent to those mentioned, I obtained a sight of the animals, but only a passing one; and at last, confident that it would be impossible to trap them, I determined on the first opportunity to shoot. The male I never afterwards saw; but the female and her cubs I unexpectedly came across one day, in a

gorge far removed from the one containing the den. Ben and Rambler were with me at the time; and, as I fired upon her, they bounded forward and engaged with her in a terrific combat, but she tore them dreadfully, and managed to escape. Poor Ben was so badly injured in the encounter, as to require my surgical care and assistance for a week or more afterwards; but, though I hunted and hunted, I could find no more trace of the beasts, or of any animals like them. I was, therefore, not able then, nor am I able now, to pronounce with certainty upon their character. If they were not jaguars, which had strayed up beyond the usual range, I know not what to call them."

With great reluctance, we must now close this interesting adventure, in the hope that every person who has read this exceedingly brief and imperfect epitome, will possess himself of the volume, for we can assure him it is our opinion that he will read its three hundred and seventy-eight pages with unflagging attention; and look upon all its spirited illustrations, with as much, or more interest than upon those which accompany this article.

THE MUSIC OF HOME.

In the pastures the cow-bells are tinkling,

And there, all the summer day long,
The cat-bird is mocking the linnet,

The black-bird is singing its song.
The breeze whispers through the brook
willows,

And, bright with its silvery flow,
The streamlet is laughing and dancing
O'er the glittering pebbles below.

In the orchard, the robin is pouring
Its roundelay, gushing with glee;
And, tap, tap, tap, rings the wood-pecker,
On the bark of the old apple tree.
Beneath, hums the bee in the clover,
The grass-hopper chirrup all day;

And the squirrel sits nibbling and chat-
tering,
On the wall, by the side of the way.

In the cottage, the cradle is rocking,
To Mary's sweet lullaby song;
While, tick, tick, tick, in the corner;
The old clock beats slowly along.
The vine rustles over the window,
With the musical play of its leaves;
While above it the swallows are twit-
tering,
From their nests, in the shade of the
eaves.

They will tell you of rich music pealing
Through vaults of some cathedral old;
Where the deep organ thunder is soun-
ding,
And high choral anthems are rolled;
But where is the music so thrilling,
Though wide o'er creation we roam,
As the old-blessed strains of our child-
hood—
The music of heart and of home.

G. T. S.

JOURNAL OF A MISSION-FOUND- ING EXPEDITION NORTH OF SAN FRANCISCO, IN 1823.

[Concluded from page 62.]

SIXTH DAY.

JUNE 30th.—As we destined this day
for rest, we remained in this locali-
ty; but not without being rewarded, for
we succeeded in killing ten bears.

Finally, about three o'clock, in the
afternoon, there came to us nineteen gen-
tile Indians from the raucheria of the
Lybaitos—five Chiefs or Captains, and
fourteen inferiors; they came in peace,
as we desired, and at the calling of our
messengers. As they arrived, some with
lances, others with bows and arrows, one
after the other in rank, they formed their
circle and sat down. It appeared they
entertained some mistrust, but this soon
vanished, by the following operation:

They who were friendly asked how the
others had been during their voyage;
what was the news in their country, &c.;
then a large quantity of "pinole" was
set before them, which they fell on im-
mediately, and soon finished the same,
allaying the hunger they felt; afterwards
a bale of dried beef, weighing six "arro-
bas," [an *arroba* is twenty-five pounds,]
was given to them; also fresh meat of
elk and deer, which we had kept for our
dinner. Cotton shirts, and small bor-
dered cloths, were distributed among
them, and to each a good quantity of
glass beads were given; our men also
gave them the fat and tallow of an elk,
recently killed, (for they relish it.) The
night fell, and we laid down to rest until
next morning.

SEVENTH DAY.

July 1st.—This day we were up before
sunrise, intending to leave this locality
and retrace our steps towards where we
came from. We breakfasted, and took
leave of the gentile Indians aforesaid,
crowning the work by giving them a bag
of "pinole," some more dried beef, and
some bear-skins—(much estimated by
them); we exhorted them to keep peace
with the Christians, and other fellow
men; and not to fear us, for they well
could see we did no harm to them, &c.,
&c. Having got ready, we started back
by the same way, towards Napa, where
we arrived about 10 A. M., without ob-
serving anything particular or meeting
with any occurrence, except the killing of
three bears by our men. We took shelter
on the bank of the stream, in the shade
of its trees, and there we rested. At
half-past 2, P. M., we started on our
travel back to Sonoma. About one
league before arriving at its plain, we
passed over some hills somewhat to the
north of where we passed when we went
to Napa, and there fell in with a certain
quality of stone which appeared to be
lime; we examined the same, and all

who did so, declared that certainly it was lime. We went on, and arrived at the flat of the said Sonoma. We explored about the distance of a league, on the hills higher than the rest, and where before we had passed by; here we saw good soil for the planting of the vine. We climbed the mountain to where the stone was, before spoken of, and held to be lime, in order to examine the same better, and after having done so, we were still more convinced of the fact.

We descended to the plain, prospected, and in less distance than a quarter of a league, found six or seven ponds of water; some among willows, and others, covered with tules; all good, fresh and agreeable to the taste, and what is better still, it was plainly to be seen that they were permanent. We do not doubt but Sonoma is a source of springs. We proceeded to the place of our dwelling, where, on the former occasion, we had encamped, and there we arrived at 8, P. M., and rested until daybreak.

EIGHTH DAY.

2d.—This day we breakfasted, and then started in a north-west direction, following the whole plain of Sonoma, by the bottom land of the great stream. We still felt more enamored of the grove of trees which border the same, and as our object was to go to *Petalumas* to explore, being already acquainted with the particularities of Sonoma, we little detained ourselves, and traveled on.

The plain became more narrow as we approached the end of the same, but we also remarked that the mountains extending from north to south and which form the walls of the cañada, were more densely covered with timber, and that in sufficient quantity to furnish lumber for a large population; and as this is a road between Sonoma and Petaluma, we thought it proper and most advantageous, sometimes to found the Mission at one place, and then again at another, and

therefore rejoiced in all the advantages we met with on this road. We traveled about four leagues, and after having gone over the flat part, we came among some hills and then fell in with the second stream, which flows towards Sonoma and unites with the large one. Here we rested, and found, on a barren hill adjoining the stream, another kind of stone, which appeared to us also lime-stone. We started from there about 3 o'clock in the afternoon, following the range of hills, and at the distance of one league before arriving at the plain of the *Petalumas*, found a lake, whose dimensions are about 200 varas long and 70 or 80 wide; the water thereof is fresh and among tules; this is only good for cattle to drink, but is not convenient, for they would easily be lost there, because it is an open space between the woods—and for this reason this lagoon does not offer any utility. We went on, and arriving at the point of the hills from where the plain is to be seen, we found among some trees other lime-stone, appearing to be of the same sort as found before. We descended to the plain, and presently came to the stream, which, by the Indians, and men of our company who had seen the same on several occasions, is considered as the most copious of all in this locality, and we found it to be without water and entirely dried up in coming on the plain; although at the foot of the hills, where it runs down, there was a little rill, but so small as to be altogether unpromising.

This is a very good locality; an immense plain, favored by timber and good soil, but the absence of water did imperiously forbid the inclination to found the Mission here, and we saw clearly that we could not select this place. As the night was coming on, we went between the hills in quest of some spring to water the horses, and also for the men to drink; but until we came to the spring of the rancheria of the Petaluma Indians,

who at other times dwelt there, all was dry. We hastened then to arrive at the stream of the *Lema*, where we passed the night of the second day's journey. We arrived at that place about 8, P. M., and rested, intending to return the next day to Sonoma, two leagues distant from this locality, to find and determine upon a place where to plant the Holy Cross, the first cement of the Mission.

NINTH DAY.

3d.—This day, at 6 A. M., we started "*recto-tramite*," for Sonoma, distant from Lema two leagues, and before night we arrived on its plain; we then directed ourselves towards some hills, which from the southerly winds, shelter the plain towards the point of the creek. We had been told that from said hills a rill of very clear water ran down towards the plain, and let out into the creek. A quarter of a league distant before we came to said rill, and on the plain, we discovered a small lagoon, covered with tules and full of fresh water, good to drink, yet with the defect of being muddy. This lagoon may be 50 varas square. Some 500 varas further, there is another pond of fresh water, good to drink. We noted all this, and traveled all along the hills and towards the creek, when we soon come to the spring we were told of; but, instead of descending the hills, it is at the foot that a very excellent spring of water runs, which, united by a little excavation, could hold 70 "plumas" of fresh water good for irrigating, washing, tanning, &c.; although not agreeable to the palate, from being lukewarm at all times. We asked of a Christian Indian from our Mission, (late of this same place,) if at sometimes it did not dry up, and he assured us that he never saw it dried up—and he ought to know it well, for his rancheria, when in the gentile state, was settled at the distance of 20 varas from this same source, and from this they always drank; and we, our-

selves, during the twenty-four hours we delayed at this small spot, did not use any other water to drink or cook with. We saw then that this water, with the assistance of the small *tular* and pond aforesaid, a quarter of a league distant, would render the place agreeable; moreover, in the rear, at the distance of about 500 varas, there is another source of permanent water, fresh, strong, and very clear. Finally, one fatigues himself with seeing springs and ponds, probably permanent ones, around the spot referred to.

This particularity, with that of having the barge anchored at only 500 varas distance, the view it represents, the timber at the most but two leagues and a-half off, and the road level—firewood at hand and in great abundance, the lime-stone at a short league, the means of raising cattle at *Petalumas*, of settling there a rancho, and serving as a point to tame the Gentiles of the North-west—the advantage of being able to raise sheep and cattle at *Napa*, with another small rancho, to soften the asperity of the Gentiles of the North-east—and all the other circumstances connected, made us agree, without dissension of opinions and resolutions, between myself, the undersigned Padre minister, Señor Don Francisco Castro, deputy of the province, (who accompanied us,) and the graduated 2d-Lieutenant Don José Sanchez, commanding the escort troops, to put the Mission in this locality. So we resolved, this very morning; and we went to a small stream on the plain, distant half a league, where our encampment was, to rest. It was then about 10 o'clock, A. M.

About three in the afternoon, we rose, and transported the whole camp to the spot agreed on for founding the Mission; and we went southward, following the range of hills which are in the rear of this locality, and terminate at the creek in that direction. This range of hills form a point towards San Rafael, whose top

will serve to make a look-out on, and from far off discover who by sea comes and goes; there also is an inlet, or place, proper for horses to graze, and some flats for the cultivation of Indian corn, water-melons, squashes, &c. With this, ended the afternoon, and as the night fell we retraced our steps to our resting place, with the intention of fixing the Holy Cross at this point, the next day.

TENTH DAY.

4th.—This day was a festival with us. The men rose at 6, A. M. A field altar was erected, and the Holy Cross, provisionally made of redwood, seven varas long and three varas across, was blessed by the Padre minister—the locality was also blessed; and on this same spot, where formerly the gentiles had their rancheria, the Holy Cross was planted. At the moment of erecting this image of the instrument of our redemption, the soldiers fired a volley; at the same time, the Padre minister, with the neophytes, singing the verses of the *Páñgue lingua*, &c., and *Crux fidelis*, in adoration of the Holy Cross. The imposing sacrifice of the Mass was then celebrated, in action of gratitude—to this, all the men of our company assisted; and it was 8 o'clock, when the ceremony terminated. It was then to all signified, that henceforth this locality should bear the name of *New San Francisco*.

We dined then, and at about 2, P. M., started on our return, and arrived at *Olompali*, distant from New San Francisco six long leagues, at 6, P. M. Here we rested and passed the night.

ELEVENTH DAY.

5th.—We started from this place at 6 A. M. for San Rafael, where we arrived without accident, about half-past nine, the same morning. Here we stopped the whole day, waiting for our barge, which had left New San Francisco at the same time that we did, but owing to the north-west wind being contrary to her, she

anchored at Point San Pedro, three leagues distant to the east of San Rafael, and remained there until daybreak of the

TWELFTH DAY.

6th.—About 5 A. M. our barge passed on her oars, before San Rafael, steering towards Point Tiberon, (one of those which wall in the waters of the port of San Francisco on the north,) while the undersigned Padre minister said low mass at San Rafael, at which all the companions of the expedition assisted: at the conclusion of the same we breakfasted, and started from San Rafael at half-past seven in the morning. At ten we arrived at said Point Tiberon, embarked at about half-past eleven, and as our embarkment did not take place at the very point, but at the inlet of the same, we went on, becalmed, on the oars, until we came out of the said inlet; then we had wind, shipped the oars, unfurled sails, and hauling close to the north-west wind, arrived at the beach of port San Francisco, and landed at 4 o'clock, P. M. We gave each other welcome, at the door of the house of the Commandante of the Presidio, and took leave, begging each other's prayers to the Eternal God, to give us fortitude to employ ourselves in His holy service. Amen.

Mission of O. F. San Francisco,
(*Dolores*), July 22, 1823.

FRIAR JOSE ALTIMIRA,
Minister.

There is also an old story of the native Californians, that in an expedition made by the soldiers from Sonoma, about the time of Padre Quigas, (1829,) to the country north of Bolanos,—Bolinós or *Baulinos* Bay,—(probably this is named after Bolanos, the pilot of Viscain's expedition, which in 1602 examined the coasts hereaway,) and so on to Cape Mendocino; that somewhere between Tomales and the Cape, they fell in with a tribe of Indians, in which the women had as

much to say, in general affairs, as the men, and often took command of expeditions. They were a fine made set of people, and were known among the Californians as "Los Amazonas." In some late newspaper of our State, we cannot say which, this story seems to be in some manner confirmed.

NOTE.—It seems, from a letter of Padre Altimira, that there was a large rancheria of Indians, called Kaquinas, or Kah-qui-nes; either at Martinez, or on the southern edge of the bay towards the San Joaquin—or on the north side opposite;—whence the present name of the Carquines Straits.

THE DYING MAIDEN'S SONG.

BY G. T. SPROAT.

IN a hushed and twilight room,
In a home beside the sea,
A dying maiden sat and sang
Her parting melody.

Rest for the weary, rest,
In the land beyond the tomb;
Where our wand'ring feet shall roam no
And storms can never come. [more,

There shall be no more night,
No burning, sultry heat;
No roaring beast, no desert waste,
No storms of snow and sleet,

A few more summer rains,
A few more winter snows;
A few more autumn storms and winds,
And we go to our repose.

A few more parting prayers,
And gushings of the heart;
A few more looks into dying eyes,
To see their light depart.

The song and the jest will sound,
And the loud laugh echo wide;
The children's voices ring at eve,
In the chamber where we died.

Flowers will grow o'er the path,
And birds will sing all day,
On the hill-side, where our funeral train
Went winding on its way.

And we shall rest forgot,
And the stars will on us beam;
And our children start to hear our names,
Like some forgotten dream.

"Dust to its kindred dust;
Soul to its place on high;"
Ye who have lived the life of love,
Why should ye fear to die?

THE MINERSVILLE MYSTERY.

BY IDA LE CLERC.

[Concluded from page 66.]

CHAPTER III.

MRS. Rine was embarrassed, and I, trying to relieve her, said, "Mrs. Farrago knows better than to believe such silly reports; so do not let them trouble you, Mrs. Rine!"

"I shall not notice them at all!" was the reply, with so much self-asserting dignity, that the good gossip for once was abashed, uncomfortable, and soon left us.

That all I saw and heard, excited my curiosity, you may well imagine; but I flatter myself that I had the grace to conceal it, and I endeavored to return to the same pleasant conversation which the coming of Mrs. Farrago had interrupted. But soon, seeing with what an effort Mrs. Rine sustained her part, I excused myself, and left her to the solitude that I was sure she so much needed.

That well-known and seemingly-omnipresent personage "They say," was not long in busying itself with the names of Mrs. Rine and Mrs. Asphodel. Minersville was all agog to solve the mystery of, to them, many mysterious trifles. "They say" said that, owing to some wonder-working power, Mrs. Rine had made a thrifty housekeeper and pleasant wife of the indolent, peevish Mrs. Asphodel. "They say" wondered why Mrs. Asphodel always seemed so embarrassed whenever Mrs. Rine appeared; why she

blushed and seemed to hesitate, when, with others, about to be seated at the table at the first social gathering graced by the presence of Mrs. Rine.

But though I knew all this to be perfectly true, yet I was not so much surprised by it, as by the strange blending of graciousness and disdain, that characterized Mrs. Rine's manner towards Mrs. Asphodel. She evidently liked her, exerted herself to meet her as she did others; yet there was, withal, an involuntary, (and I judge to most, for it was not remarked,) an imperceptible haughtiness shadowed forth upon her bright, and truthful face. If I could have believed it possible that Mrs. Rine would not only countenance, but really have a strong liking for one who was criminal, I should have thought that Mrs. Asphodel was guilty of some crime; though I might believe that promises of a better life had obtained forbearance, I could not think Mrs. Rine likely to have an affection for such a one, especially when the person was not gifted with that subtle fascination which often attracts where reason repels.

CHAPTER IV.

Time passed. Mrs. Rine had prospered slowly, but Mrs. Asphodel had been unfortunate, and, but that his wife's improvement was a constant source of pleasure, he would have been utterly discouraged.

As yet, Minersville was no nearer the solution of their mystery than at first. The excitement had, in a measure, subsided, only to be revived with fourfold force.

"You must decide for us, Mrs. Le Clerc," said Mrs. Rine, as I went in, one morning, to see them. We were very dear friends now, Mrs. Rine and I, and they both confided in me as in a mother.

"Certainly; you know how I delight in nothing more than acting arbitrator,"

I laughingly replied, before I noticed the lady's tearful eyes and pale face.

"Mrs. Rine is sick, and is washing—says she must—I wanted to hire—"

"But who could you hire in this out of the way camp?" I interrupted.

"Why, I am sure, I could get Mrs. Asphodel," he answered, in spite of the imploring looks of his wife, and pure amazement keeping me silent while he continued. "Mr. Asphodel is not making anything; besides, he is far from being strong, while his wife is a hearty woman, and well able to work."

"You had better not go there, you would most likely meet with insult—not, I think, from Mr. Asphodel, but from his wife, who is foolishly fastidious, and will regard the proposal with horror; her withering reply will disturb even your gentlemanly assurance!"

"I think not," and a puzzling smile played over his handsome face.

As for me, I was lost in a maze of wonder, which, I doubt not, my countenance plainly revealed. There was silence for a moment, and then the gentleman took up his hat.

"Do not go yet, Mr. Rine. Mrs. Le Clerc was to decide our dispute, but cannot without knowing why I object to having Mrs. Asphodel troubled." Then addressing me, she continued: "I confide in you, my friend, because I am sure this secret will be as safe with you as with myself. Still, I must confess, that I never should have told even you, but that I hope you will be able to convince Mr. Rine that I am right; and that he is wrong thus to humiliate Mrs. Asphodel, who, it seems, has often declared that she could never demean herself, so as to associate with women who worked for wages. Maria Asphodel was my father's slave—my playmate while we were children, then my own maid when I was a young lady. Therefore you will not think it strange that we were very much attached to each

other. I know a mistress never loved a servant more than I loved her; and I believe that her affection for me was as strong, and that nothing but her very proud spirit, which detested the name of slave, which rebelled against all control, made her consent to leave me, and go where her former position would not be suspected. My husband and I gave all our slaves their freedom, but for none did we so kindly care, as Maria and her brother. We accompanied them to Missouri, saw them comfortably established, and then returned to try and find some business that might restore our lost fortune. But we were not able to restore it—worse, we eventually lost nearly all in our unsuccessful attempts to better our condition. Finally we collected together what little remained, and started for California. What has happened, and how we have prospered here, you already know. Quite unexpectedly we have found Maria; her brother, she says, is dead, and she has married a worthy man, who loves her devotedly, and whom she loves with a selfish love, it is true, but I think she is improving. She is in constant terror, lest the truth of her past life should become known; and, therefore, has very foolishly tried to mislead others by appearing as a lady of leisure, and having a certain contempt for those who serve. Now I pity her, and would fain save her this mortification; would not you?"

I reflected a moment and then replied, "You need help, and your husband is willing and able to pay for Mrs. Asphodel's services. To Mr. Asphodel, any sum, honestly earned, will be welcome; besides, he will love his wife a thousand times more, if he thinks she is making a sacrifice of her prejudices in order to help him. Besides, it will be better for Mrs. Asphodel to appear more herself; and if she really loves you, it will be no great hardship to help you, and assign that love as a reason—a love formed in child-

hood, strengthened in later years, and now renewed after a long separation."

"Ain't it queer?" said Mrs. Farrago to me, a few days after this. "How odd that Mrs. Asphodel, who always held her head so high, should do Mrs. Rine's washing! But, dear me, she nearly got umbrageous when I spoke of it; was just as red as fire—said something about knowing each other in Missouri,—but, sakes alive, she acted mighty queer about Mrs. Rine, anyhow!" I did not reply, but carelessly changed the subject.

That was years ago. Minersville is among the camps that were, and its inhabitants scattered, yet to the last the mystery, to them, was never solved.

ABOUT SINGING FISHES.

SIR J. Emerson Tennet, in his visit to Ceylon, thus describes the music that he heard from singing fishes at the bottom of a lake at that place. He says:

"They were said to be heard at night, and most distinctly when the moon was nearest full; and they were described as resembling the faint sweet notes of an Æolian harp. I sent for some of the fishermen, who said they were perfectly aware of the fact, and that their fathers had always known of the existence of musical sounds, heard, they said, at the place alluded to, but only in the dry season; and they cease when the lake is swollen by the freshet after the rain.

In the evening, when the moon had arisen, I took a boat and accompanied the fishermen to the spot. There was not a breath of wind, nor a ripple except that caused by the dip of the oars; and on coming to the point mentioned, I distinctly heard the sounds in question. They came from the water like the gentle thrill of a musical chord—of the faint vibrations of a wine-glass, when its rim is rubbed by a wet finger. It was not one sustained note, but a multitude of

sustained sounds; each clear and distinct in itself—the sweetest treble mingling with the sweetest bass.

On applying the ear to the woodwork of the boat, the vibration was greatly increased in volume by conduction. The sounds varied considerably at different points as we rowed across the lake, as if the number of fishes from which they proceeded was greatest in particular spots; and occasionally we rowed out of the hearing of them altogether, until, on returning to the original locality, the sounds were at once renewed."

A gentleman near Paraguay describes similar music as proceeding from some cat-fish which he had caught, and deposited in a bucket of water, in his cabin, over night. He says:—

"I had not yet fallen asleep, when the sweetest notes fell upon my ear, and getting up, what was my surprise to find my cat-fish discoursing sweet sounds to the sides of my bucket!

I examined them closely, and discovered that there was attached to each lower lip, an excrescence divided by soft, wiry fibres. By the pressure of the upper lip, thereon, and by the exhalation and discharge of breath, a vibration was created similar to that produced by the breath on the tongue of a jewsharp."

Mr. David A. Shaw, who has just returned from Nuuhiva, one of the Marquesas Islands, has favored us with the following testimony:—

"During a residence of some months, among the wild and picturesque islands of the Marquesas Group, I made several excursions with the natives around the numerous bays and harbors of Nuuhiva, for the purpose of fishing, gathering shells and curiosities, and collecting fruit and nuts. During one of these excursions, which was of many day's continuance, we had been out pulling around the lofty headlands and magnificent bluffs for some hours, when, on suddenly

rounding an abrupt point, a scene of terrific grandeur burst upon our view. A deep bay, extending into the land some two miles, with an entrance of about half a mile in width; and gradually widening until it terminated in a beautiful sandy beach of nearly a mile in length. The whole bay was entirely hemmed in by wild and precipitous crags and towering peaks and bluffs, some of them reaching a height of fifteen hundred feet, and in many places perpendicular, so that when close under them, it seemed as if the whole stupendous mass was toppling over and about to fall upon us, and I could not repress a shudder of alarm.

I had ventured close under one of these awful precipices, for the purpose of examining a glistening spot of considerable dimensions, on the rock close to the water's edge, and having accomplished my purpose, I was about to retire, when I heard a faint murmuring sound like the distant sighing of the wind through the strings of a harp, and exquisitely sweet. I checked the progress of the boat, and bent my ear attentively in the direction from whence it seemed to proceed, but owing to the swash of the water against the sides of the rock, the sound did not increase. Eyer intent on novelty, I endeavored to ascertain whence this delicate music emanated, but for a time was unsuccessful. I had allowed the boat to float with the tide to the entrance of a small cove; and, was about to enter it, when I again heard the sound, but more distinctly. I cannot describe what I now heard; it was so deliciously entrancing that I sat as if spell-bound, drinking in the sweet sounds, until I was aroused by an exclamation of fear from the two natives who accompanied me; for they, seeing my pleasurable emotions, mistook them for fear, and becoming terror-stricken they uttered the noise which broke the spell; and, seizing the

paddles, they began to propel the boat from the spot, but, being unwilling to let the matter rest here, I very peremptorily forbade them. A few minutes after, I chanced to lean over the side of the boat to lave my hand in the cool water, when I became utterly astounded to find that the music was much more distinct, directly around and under the boat.

This caused me to gaze into the water, and I began to conjure up many recollections of stories of mermaids and fairies, and an indefinable awe crept over me. Not feeling satisfied at this new discovery, I looked intently into the water, and could very plainly discern the bottom, which indeed appeared beautiful. It was dotted here and there with clusters of green sea-weed; at other places, with shells and coral of variegated hues, while at others, deep fissures in the rocks caused a very pleasing and attractive variation in its appearance. Over this sylvan spot myriads of the finny tribe, of all sizes, shapes, and colors, hovered in graceful motion, intermingling in perfect harmony. Meanwhile, the sounds continued; and, being altogether uncertain whether the music was produced by them, I threw over a line with a baited hook attached, in order to test the reality of my surmises, and watching to learn the result of my scheme. The sinker had scarcely reached the bottom, when I felt a gentle vibration through my thumb and fore-finger for a moment, but it almost immediately ceased; and, on looking down, I observed a great commotion among the fishes, which were darting to and fro with amazing rapidity, and the sound died away.

I visited the place several times afterwards, and on each occasion I heard the music and saw the fishes, and became firmly convinced from whence it emanated, by the unvaried result of my experiments. I had never heard more delightful music before, and I never expect

to again. Notwithstanding repeated and persevering efforts to capture one of the beautiful marine songsters for preservation, I was reluctantly obliged to desist from my attempts."

Similar music has been heard at the bay of West Pascagoula. The slaves in the neighbourhood are afraid to go out on the bay at night, for they think that the music proceeds from the wandering spirits of some Spaniards who were drowned in the bay, about one hundred years ago, whither they were driven by the Indians—men, women and children, and perished in the waters. One of them being asked by a recent traveler what he thought occasioned the music, replied:—

"Wall, I tinks it's dead folks come back agin; dat's wat I does. White peeples say it's dis ting, and dat ting, but it's noting, massa, but de ghosts ob people wat did'nt die nat'rally in dere beds, long time 'go—Injuns or Spaniards I believe dey was."

"But does the music frighten you?"

"Wall, it does. Sometimes when I'se out on de bay in a skiff, and I hears it about, I always finds myself in a puspilation, and de way I works myself home, is of de fassiest kind. I declar, de way I'se frightened sometimes, is so bad, I doesn't know myself." S.

PROGRESS IN THE 19TH CENTURY.

BY JAMES ALLEN.

NEARLY sixty years of the present century have glided into the dead-and-gone Past, but they have left behind them more enduring mementoes, in the shape of scientific and mechanical achievements, than all of the two thousand years that preceded them. Since 1801 the world of mind has taken a forward leap, unprecedented in the annals of humanity.

Should the forty years, that intervene between the present and 1901, be as pro-

lific, in inventive brains and bold investigations of physical laws and elements, as the sixty that have passed, the 19th century will surmount the column of time like a Corinthian capital on a Tuscan shaft. In great political events, the future historian, who shall assign to his pen the task of recording the exploits of the Caucasian race, will find this century a prolific field; but to the contemplative philosopher, of fifty years hence, its intellectual march will appear with dazzling grandeur. Within the first twenty years of this same century, Napoleon Bonaparte rose to be a mighty emperor, and sunk to the tomb a poor captive.

But his life and his fate, startling as they were, have left no beneficent impress upon the world, comparable to that which Fulton gave it, when he launched his first steamboat. Napoleon conquered nations, and left the memorials of his triumphs stamped on the desolated hearts of widows and orphans; but Fulton conquered the currents of impetuous rivers, and the winds and tides of angry oceans, and erected the trophies of his genius in the marts of commerce, exalted far above their former state, and in subdued wildernesses, rescued to civilization and the arts of peace. No hero, of any race—no priest, of any religion—ever effected a more momentous revolution in the affairs of men, than did the almost forgotten Fulton, when he chained the Hercules of steam to the oar, and made him a navigator. And this he did in the first decade of the nineteenth century.

The printing press, which had toiled through three centuries, almost the same slow plodding machine it was when it came from the hands of its inventor, Guttemberg, became a marvel of celerity early in the century, and suddenly added twenty thousand gates to the temple of knowledge, where but one existed before.

What an upward stride of mechanical science it was, when the old Ramage

press of 1815, the ink beaten into the faces of the types by buckskin balls, and whereat the sweating pressman could not make more than one hundred and fifty impressions in an hour, all at once disappeared before the steam-impelled machines of Clymer and Hoe, which astonished the world with their hourly impressions of twenty and thirty thousand.—

The old-fashioned woolen-stuffed balls, with which the fathers of the typographic art, for more than three hundred weary years, had beaten a curious sort of devil's tattoo, were banished from the press-room by the inventor of the composition roller. A scientific mechanist saw the composition roller at work, and, forthwith, the idea of a *printing mill*—the power press—seized upon his faculty of constructiveness. Presto! Twenty thousand printed sheets were hurled upon the public where only a meager hundred had been softly dropped before—thousands and tens of thousands of readers began to read, where only fifties and hundreds had read before—paper mills burst into existence, as if by magic, to supply the novel and unwonted demand for their fragile fabrics—and education and knowledge were thrown at the feet of thousands and millions of children, who had else grown up in ignorance and its consequent vices. And for this great miracle of physical science, which annihilates time, while it diffuses mental and moral light in ceaseless radiations, the world is indebted to the 19th century.

Another and a less pretentious light-evolver is the friction match, invented in the third decade of this century, and at which some people, measuring their meed of approbation by its substantive diminutiveness, may laugh; but the people who toiled with the flint, steel, and tinder, and the other clumsy and uncertain igniferous appliances of forty years ago, would have hailed it as a boon from Heaven!

The railroad, that gave to man a means of locomotion, as swift as the eagle and as untiring as the wind, is another great child of the 19th century. What the steamboat and steamship of Fulton left uncompleted, the railroad has more than accomplished. Time was, when

“Lands intersected by a narrow frith
Abhorred each other; mountains interposed
Made enemies of nations—”

but the Railroad has burst through the boundaries of nations and the prejudices of communities, and brought hereditary foes into acquaintanceship and brotherhood. It cleared, at one leap, five centuries in the march of Caucasian progress.

Yet its triumphs are but of yesterday. Who shall record its future !

It is within the memory of a brief lifetime, when thousands and millions of civilized men and women, impressed by a false piety and false notions of Divine Benevolence, quailed beneath the clamors of the clouds, regarding them as the expressions of an offended God. The lightnings were the vengeful flashes of his eyes, and the reverberating thunders gave horrid voice to his maledictions. The electrical conducting rod, which the genius of Franklin had bequeathed to man, to save his habitation from the artillery of the skies, was looked upon as an impious instrument—a sacrilegious bantering of the Deity. In the fourth decade of this century, a worthy successor of Franklin harnessed these dreadful lightnings, and made them work at his pleasure, the thought-swift messengers of the galvanic wire. Of this grand triumph of the human intellect, over a once terrific element, it is needless to speak; its utility and its glory are the property of the American Republic and the nineteenth century.

Thousands of other trophies might be enumerated which mechanical science has achieved in this our century—the sewing machine, the steam-plough, the steam-wagon, the horse-power, the reapers and

mowers, and the hydraulic mining process, stand proudly eminent among peaceful arts, while the cannons and rifles of to-day infinitely transcend all the death-dealing engines of former wars; but a volume, not a brief essay, is needed to render even common justice to a subject at once so vast and so magnificent. If the Genius of Progress shall continue her march into the coming centuries with the same lightning-like strides that mark her course in the present, we, who are so proud of our day and generation, shall be eclipsed—lost in the glories of a future as much brighter than our epoch, as ours is brighter than that of the barbaric father of the Arabs.

THE AVALANCHE.

A TRUE INCIDENT OF THE GREAT ST. BERNARD.

BY UNCLE JOHN.

AMONG the Alps of Switzerland stands Mont Joux, which has two eminences—the Little and Great St Bernard. Near them lies a mountain pass to Italy, the highest and most dangerous in Europe. It is eight thousand feet above the level of the Mediterranean Sea.

On the top of each of these mountains are monasteries, built by St. Bernard, a Savoyard Archdeacon, for the accommodation of Pilgrims going to Rome. They are inhabited by monks; and it is here that those famous dogs may be found that you have often read about—and who has not heard of the dogs of St Bernard? They are very large, and of a tawny, lion-like color, and have a noble, kindly face, and an eye beaming with an expression almost human. They are trained by the monks to go and seek out travelers lost in the snow, and bring them in safety to the monastery. They generally carry a little bottle of wine, or cordial, attached by a collar to the neck, so that if the traveler is exhausted, and faint for want of

nourishment, he may partake of the cordial and have strength given him to follow the dogs to the monastery. If he is lying helpless in the snow, these noble animals will hasten and give the alarm, and return with aid, and help carry the poor wanderer to the shelter of the hospice.

Above the Great St. Bernard rise higher Alpine peaks, glittering with eternal ice and snow, and standing amid awful solitudes, where no other sound is heard save the fierce howling of wintry winds, and the thunder of the falling avalanche.

Just below the Great St Bernard, on the way to beautiful Italy, stands the little village of St Remy.

Forty years ago there stood a cottage just out of the village, in which lived Pierre Berthoud, the village baker, his wife Rosabell, their two children.

Of these, Florian was the oldest; he was seven years old, and his little sister, Lisette, was five. Dearly they loved their mountain home, and thought no country so grand or so lovely as that which lies among the mountains and valleys of Switzerland.

One bright afternoon, in the month of February, the baker had gone to the village to procure meal to furnish his bakery, and Rosabelle, his wife, was also in the village talking with her neighbours, and Florian and his sister were left alone in the cottage. The children were standing at the window of the cottage, when suddenly a sound like that of distant thunder was heard; it came nearer, the ground trembled beneath their feet, and then the sky grew suddenly dark as if it had been night.

"The avalanche!" shrieked Lisette, "brother, the avalanche!" and in an instant a great crash was heard all above and around them, as if a mountain had fallen, and they were shrouded in thick darkness.

Florien sprang for the door, and tried to open it, while Lisette shrieked aloud, "Florien! where are you! Oh! do not leave me, Florian!"

"Here I am, Lizette. The avalanche has fallen above us, but it has not crushed the house, (for it was built of stone and very strong) but the darkness is dreadful! Come and take hold of my hand, Lisette."

Lizette came and took hold of her brother's hand, and they two groped their way to the door, but they could not open it, —the great mass of snow lay so heavily against it.

"Oh! what shall we do?" cried Lisette. "we are away down under the snow, and father cannot reach us, and it will be many, many long days before the snow melts away, and we can get out! Oh, what shall we do, Florian?"

"We will stay where we are, said Florian. We shall not starve, or freeze, Lisette. There is bread in the bakery, and we will dig to it, and the goats are in the shed, and we can drink their milk and if we sleep near them they will keep us warm."

"So they will, said Lisette. "Let us get the door open, Florian, and dig to the bakery, and the shed where the goats are, and then wait till the summer shall come, or our parents shall dig through the snow and come and find us."

And so the children went to work very bravely, and soon they had got the door open and commenced digging a passage to the bakery.

They dug rather slowly at first, for it was very dark, and they could not see where to work, and the snow that they took away they had to pack at the end of the cottage.

So they worked many hours before they reached the bakery. At last Florian struck against something hard, with his shovel, which proved to be the bakery

door. They opened it, and were glad to find that only part of the roof was broken in by the weight of the snow, for it as well as the cottage, had been built of stone with great timbers running across for a roof. There was a large oven full of loaves, for their father had, that morning, been baking, and the loaves were not yet cold.

From the bakery they dug a passage to the goat shed, which was only a short distance from it. That too had been saved, on account of the large quantity of hay which had been stowed away into its loft and rested below on the ground.

The children were glad to find the goats safe, and they sat down by them, and milked from their udders into their mouths, and made a supper with the milk, and with some bread from the bakery. Then they laid themselves down on the hay near the goats, and were soon fast asleep.

A long time they lived in this dismal, strange way. They did not know how long; for they could not tell when it was day or night, down under the deep snows, and they could not see the goats, or each other's faces,

"Florien," asked Lisette, "don't you think that the spring is almost come, and will they not dig for us then, and come to us before it is summer, and the snows are gone?"

"Perhaps they will," said Florien, "but the snow must be very deep over our heads—perhaps a whole mountain of snow. You know how dreadful the avalanche sounded!—it was as if the great St. Bernard itself had been tumbled down upon us."

"Oh, yes; I remember," said Lisette; "with what a fearful crash it came and how the ground shook, and then how quick it was all dark! But that seems many, many long days ago."

"It does," replied Florien. "Oh! shall

we ever see the light again, or the faces of our dear father and mother? Perhaps they are dead, Lisette. Perhaps they thought we were killed by the falling of the avalanche and they died with grief at the thought. Oh! Lisette! shall we ever see them again?"

"I hope we shall," said Lisette. "All the time, I pray that we may see our dear father and mother once more."

And so those children tried to cheer and comfort each other away down under that avalanche of snow.

But the worst was still to come. The goats' milk failed, for they had no water to give them, and they had nothing else to drink, and they began to grow very weak, and their lips were parched with thirst. They sucked a little moisture from the snow that was melting nearest them, but it made them sick and full of pain, so that it was worse than the thirst; and their bread too grew very dry and hard, so that they could scarcely chew it.

At last Lisette grew very sick and weak; she could hardly stand; she lay all the time on the hay near where the goats were feeding, and her voice was quite low, like a whisper, so that Florien could scarcely hear her when she spoke. He could not see her face, to know how pale it was, but he knew, by the feeling of her hand that *it* must be very thin and white, for it was so cold that it made him shudder to touch it.

So, after a long time, Lisette called him to come and sit very near her in the darkness, and said, Florien, I am going to leave you! I am very sick and weak, and know that I must soon go home to our Father in heaven. Do not weep, Florien. *Father is coming.* He and the villagers are now at work digging to us through the snow. An angel whispered it to me a few moments ago. Yes, father is coming, and mother with him, and they will find you here alive, Florien,—but, Lisette will then be gone! I shall

go to that God who lives in heaven far above the Great St Bernard—the God that father and mother have taught us to love and worship.”

“Tell mother all about me, Florian. Tell her that I held out as long as I could—hoping to see her—but now it is too late! Kiss me, Florian!”—and Florian stooped down to kiss Lisette; but her lips were cold and still, and then he knew that she was dead. *Dead!* and he was left alone in that dreadful darkness, with his dead sister by his side!

He did not dare to move—scarcely to breathe—so awful it seemed. He sat there—he did not know how long—it seemed so like a dream!

Then he heard distant, murmuring voices, and light—the first that he had seen for many weeks—came gleaming into the goat-shed, on him, and on his dead sister's face.

There she lay—looking so pale and quietly, with her eyes open, and turned up towards heaven!

Florien sat gazing upon her; he did not see the men who approached him through the opening that they had made in the snow, and scarcely did he hear his mother's voice, calling through the deserted home, “Florien! Lisette! Speak to me! Where are you, my children?”

He arose and went to the door of the goat-shed.—“Here I am, mother,” he said, “but Lisette—Look, mother! There lies our little darling Lisette!”

His mother came hurriedly in; she stooped down, and kissed little Lisette's cheeks, and lips, and forehead, with a thousand soft, burning kisses, and then, clasping Florian in her arms, she said, “She is gone. The good angels have taken Lisette. But you—Oh you are spared to me still, my son!”

“Yes, mother; and Lisette told me that you were coming. The angels whispered it to her just before she went. She said that she was going home to the great

God who lives in heaven, far above the Great St Bernard. She told me not to weep; for that you and father were coming to us, through the snow.”

And so they took little Lisette up and buried her in the shadow of the Great St Bernard, and on her tombstone were written these words;—

“LISETTE—who amid the darkness of the avalanche, talked with angels, and went home to heaven.”

SKETCHES OF LIFE AMONG THE CANNIBALS.

BY DAVID A. SHAW.

No. 1.

SOME eighteen months since, it was my lot to be cast upon one of the Marquesas Islands, named Nuuhiva. The circumstances attending this occurrence may here be briefly stated.—Being in ill health at home, I resolved to try the benefits of a sea-voyage; and accordingly, I provided myself with a berth on board a whaler; this being to my notion, an active and unmonotonous life, full of incident and adventure. After cruising about on different whaling-grounds for some months with but indifferent success, we made for the Marquesas Islands, intending there to recruit ship, with hogs, potatoes and fruit, if they could be procured there. Soon after our arrival in Nuuhiva Bay, I was taken seriously sick; and the Captain, after a consultation with his officers, concluded to put me on shore, saying, that “he could not have sick men on board his ship; they were of too much trouble,” and, notwithstanding all my expostulations, I was bundled ashore, bag and baggage. Here was a position to be in! Sick, and amongst strangers, and those strangers natives, hideous, uncouth looking beings, and but few of whom could speak English, and as

I afterwards had fearful evidence, were cannibals, I felt indeed disheartened; yet the rude but apparently kind attentions of the chief who took me in charge, made me in some degree contented. Under the influence of the balmy and delightful climate, my health and spirits soon recovered their usual tone, and I began to look around me for diversion.

To attempt a description of this garden of luxury and beauty, would, for my feeble pen, be impossible. Groves of trees—the lofty cocconut, the waving banana, the majestic bread-fruit, the delicate orange and lime, with their bright green foliage, and the immense Mëo with its wide-spreading branches, which studded the entire valley—formed a surpassingly lovely picture. The Mëo tree is fresh and flourishing all the year round; and, is constantly covered with buds and blossoms of a delicate pink and white color, which shed a delicious fragrance around. The wood resembles mahogany, and is used by the natives in building their huts and canoes; for, it is considered indestructible by them.

The bay is some two miles wide, and about a mile long, terminating in a fine sand beach, along which are built the huts of the natives. The gently undulating hills extending far into the valley in gradual slopes, and covered with forests of Doâva, a tree bearing a healthful fruit; and occasionally, a patch of green and luxuriant grass; the stupendous rocky eminences and precipices by which the valley and bay is surrounded; the lofty ranges of mountains in the back-ground; and the gentle babbling of the ever running streams which pour down from the mountains, watering the rich soil of the valley, all induced a feeling of awe and wonder at the magnificent works of the Creator. For a more definite and clear description, I would refer the reader to Herman Melville's "Typee."

The native men are tall, muscular, and

well-built, while the women,—oh! ye powers!—are the most beautiful and fascinating creatures in existence, far excelling in my humble estimation most of our own *civilized* women! They are not very tall; with olive complexions, much lighter than the men; small eyes flashing with brilliancy; smooth round faces; small and delicate feet and hands; while their wrists: lips, hands, feet, and ankles are tattooed with fanciful and fantastic figures of wreaths, flowers, and leaves. Their fingers and toes are also tattooed with figures of fish and animals. Their dress consists of a loose flowing gown, fastened with a girdle of native cloth around the waist; while their long jet black hair is left hanging gracefully over their shoulders. Wreaths of flowers encircle the head, strings of either beads, porpoise or shark's teeth adorn the neck, and bracelets of bright red berries or yellow nuts their wrists; and around their ankles is clasped anklets of feathers of various colors. They always carry a fan in their hand, this being considered a badge of honor by nearly all the different tribes.

The women do nearly all the work around the house and plantation; while the men lounge about idly, occasionally only, going out on fishing excursions; for, they are a very lazy, inactive race. The young men and maidens do all the shore fishing on the beach, in the coves, and along the many streams which come down from the mountains. Their modes of fishing are novel and will be more fully described hereafter. The huts, which are generally large and commodious, are built upon a "pii-pii," a rude elevation of large stones, sometimes fifteen feet high. No beds, tables, or chairs are used, for, when eating, they squat on their knees and haunches around a large wooden dish, each one in turn dipping the two fore-fingers into the "poi," and by twirling them around, secure a suffi-

cient quantity, then pass them into the mouth, and again into the dish; and, when they lie down to rest, they spread a coarse mat on the stones between two huge cocoanut logs, and covering themselves with a piece of native "kapa," they lay their heads on one log and their feet upon the other, and sleep as soundly as I would upon a feather bed.

Their food consists chiefly of raw fish and "poi;" and I rarely saw a fire built for purposes of cooking, except on the occasion of a great feast, fire being "tabu" to everybody but the priest for cooking. The men are tattooed all over the body, and never wear anything but the "malo," a strip of native cloth around their loins. They adorn their necks with strings of nuts, and in their ears large cork-like shaped pieces of bone or ivory; while, in most cases, their heads are half shaved, some with only a tuft on the crown, and others with a lock on either or both sides. Children have their heads shaved in this way until fourteen years of age, when they let their hair grow as they like.

Gratitude, and affection appear to be no part of their creed. The aged and infirm are placed on a rude platform of bamboo, under a shed with open sides; here they remain, receiving a daily allowance of "poi" every morning, never receiving further notice until relieved by death from their sufferings, unless, as is sometimes the case, they become too great a burden, when they are quietly put out of the way, in some instances, being literally buried alive. War and bloodshed, drunkenness and debauchery, they delight in, and, though sometimes visited by whale ships, yet they seem to be as uncivilized as ever.

The French, who retained the island, and who once occupied this bay, but who lately sailed for New Caledonia, left behind them the marks of their corrupt and vicious example. There are no whites on the island; and, the religious views

and ceremonies are left entirely to the management of two native Catholic priests, from whom emanates the pernicious system of "tabu," which they tyrannically enforce; the poor ignorant savages fearing much more than respecting them. What a field for enterprising and energetic missionaries this is? And, it is a remarkable and lamentable fact, that this is almost the only island in the group, where there are no Protestant missionaries. They are susceptible of great improvement, and most of them desirous of a better state of things.

It was not until I had been there over three months, that I learned the horrible fact that they were cannibals. One of their inhuman feasts, of which I unwittingly partook, with the infernal orgies attending it, shall be particularized in a future article. It was the occasion of my leaving them, although my escape was attended with difficulty and danger. For the present, I take my leave, hoping that this brief sketch may, in a measure, prepare the way for "The White Cannibal," a series of papers now in course of preparation.

HANNAH LAWRENCE.

A COUNTRY STORY:

BY ELIZABETH YOUATT.

AND now, gentle reader, we will tell you a country story;—one that actually took place far away, among green fields, and quiet woodlands, where it is related by the aged to this day, with a simple and solemn truthfulness at which you cannot choose but weep, although you will presently smile, and bless God, as they never fail to do when they tell it.

Once upon a time, (we love to commence thus, in memory of our happy childhood, whose pleasantest tales always began after this fashion)—Once upon a time there lived a young girl named Hannah Lawrence. She was an only child, and as good and sweet tempered as she was pretty. A little wilful to be sure,—it is

said, most women are; but then, as her old father used to observe, she had such a winning way with her, that one could not help loving her, do what she would. There was another beside Mr. Lawrence, who was much of the same opinion; and Hannah felt it, and was happier than she cared to let the world know of; while the knowledge, so far from tempting her to exercise the power she was conscious of possessing, made her humble, and meek-spirited. To be sure, she did contrive in general to get her own way, but it was so quietly that her lover yielded almost imperceptibly to her gentle guidance. The woman who loves, and is beloved, should feel her own responsibility, and be careful to blend the wisdom of the serpent with the harmlessness of the dove.

When Robert Conway told his mother that he believed smoking did not agree with him, and that he should give it up,—that he was weary of the debating club, which only led to drinking and quarrelling, and thought his evenings would be much better spent at home,—she agreed, with a quiet smile, and blessed Hannah Lawrence in her heart. The aged woman was fondly attached to her intended daughter-in-law, and had sufficient good sense to be pleased rather than jealous of the influence which she possessed over Robert.

“So you do not like smoking?” said Mrs. Conway; casting at the same time a mischievous glance towards Hannah, who at that moment entered. “Do you hear that, Hannah?”

“Yes, mother,” replied she very demurely, “and I cannot say that I am altogether sorry, for it certainly does make the breath smell very unpleasantly sometimes.”

“But my breath does not smell now, Hannah, dear!” said Robert, kissing her. And, as the girl looked up into his frank open countenance, she longed to whisper—that smoke, or do what he would, she did not believe there was his equal in the whole world. It was as well, perhaps, that she did not: it will not do to humour one’s lover too much. It is different with a husband.

Hannah sat between them, with a hand in each; she was very happy.

“Why should it not be always thus?” whispered Robert Conway. The girl looked timidly at his mother.

“Answer him, Hannah,” said she. “I also am impatient to have two chil-

dren instead of one.” But still she never spoke a word.

Mrs. Conway had been young herself, and she rose up to leave them together; but Hannah would not suffer her.

“Do not go, mother,” said she, timidly.

“What is it you fear?” asked her lover, drawing her gently towards him.

“Only—only that this should be all a dream!” And she rested her head upon his bosom, and wept.

Robert Conway smiled as he soothed and kissed away her tears. As Hannah said even then, it was too great happiness to last.

That night she told her father and mother everything, with many blushes and a few tears, for she felt home-sick at the thought of leaving it forever, although it was to live close by; however, the day was at length fixed for her marriage. And the old people blessed her again with joyful hearts, together with the lover of her youthful choice.

“Yes, he is worthy even of our Hannah!” said Mrs. Lawrence.

“Worthy! O, mother, he is too good for me!”

“Impossible” replied the old man, “even if he were the king himself.”

“Robert will not spoil me as you do,” said the girl, stroking down the father’s long white hair with playful fondness.

“I am not so sure of that, or how he will be able to help it.”

Hannah laughed, but there were tears in her eyes as she bent down to kiss his withered brow. The conversation now turned upon the many things that were to be done and arranged before the wedding could take place. Hannah wished to have her young cousin Maude Hetherington sent for, who, with her ready invention, and nimble fingers, proved a great acquisition on the occasion. Besides which it was very pleasant for the girls to talk together in their leisure moments, or when they went to bed at night; and often until morning dawned; for Maude likewise expected to be married before another twelvemonth, and they had a thousand things to say to one another. Maude was older than her cousin, and sometimes took upon herself to play the mountess.

“Do you not humour Robert Conway almost too much?” said she one day.

“Oh! not half enough! If you did but know how kind and thoughtful he is!”

"Yes, just now; but take care, or bye-and-bye he will be playing the husband and the tyrant."

"Are all husbands tyrants?" asked Hannah, archly.

"Well, I do not know about that; but it will not do to let them have their own way too much beforehand."

"But I cannot help letting Robert have his own way, because, somehow, his way is always mine. We certainly do think strangely alike about everything."

"Not strangely," said Maude, with a smile. "And so you have really consented to old Mrs. Conway's living in the same house?"

"It was my own suggestion. Robert is greatly attached to his mother; and so am I, too, for the matter of that. The dear old lady seemed quite beside herself with joy when she heard that she was not to quit the home of her childhood, where she had seen so many pleasant days, and will again, please God; and blessed and thanked me, with the tears in her eyes, while Robert stood by, looking as happy as a prince. Dear Robert! he is so easily pleased, so easily made happy!"

"Well, I only hope you may never have cause to be sorry for what you have done. For my own part, I would not live with a mother-in-law for all the world!"

"But mothers-in-law are not always alike, Maude, dear!"

"True; and to be sure Mrs. Conway is very kind and good-natured; only a little too grave to be a fit companion for a young girl like you."

"But I mean to become grave, too, when I am married," answered Hannah, with a smile.

About a week before the period fixed on for the wedding to take place, Hannah complained of a sudden faintness, and looked so pale, that her mother and cousin were quite frightened.

"Nay, it is nothing," said she; "but do not tell Robert, lest he should be uneasy about me."

Maude supported her to her chamber, and persuaded her to lie down on the bed for a few hours, after which she got better again; so that, by the time her lover came in the evening, all traces of her recent indisposition had entirely vanished. But she grew sad after he was gone, and observed to her cousin that she feared she had not deserved such happiness.

"I thought so this morning," said Hannah, "when I was taken ill. Oh! Maude, if I were to die, what would become of Robert? We love one another so much!"

"Hush!" replied Maude, "I will not have you talk thus. God grant that there may be many years of happiness in store for my dearest cousin!"

"Forgive me," whispered Hannah, "I am very silly."

"To be sure you are," said Maude, kissing her affectionately.

Every stitch in Hannah's simple wardrobe, even to her pretty white bridal dress, was of her own setting. Many said what an industrious little wife she would make; and there were not a few who envied Robert his good fortune, and could have wished themselves exactly in his place—although the girl herself would not have changed to have been made a queen. All the cakes, too, were of her making, assisted by Maude, and her old mother, who could not, however, do very much; and it was cheerful enough to hear them talking and singing over their pleasant tasks. As Maude said, "What was the use of being dull! for her part she could never see anything in a wedding to make one weep, unless, indeed, the bridegroom should be old or disagreeable, or going to take her away from all her kindred and friends; and even then she would not marry, unless she could love him well enough to go cheerfully."

"As for you, my dear cousin," added she, "about to be united to such a man as Robert Conway; with a sweet little cottage close by, so that you may see your father and mother every day if you like—why, I could almost envy you, if it were not for certain anticipations of a similar happiness in store for myself. Ah! you shall come to my wedding bye-and-bye, and see how merry we will be!"

"And help to make these nice cakes, eh, Maude?" said Mrs. Lawrence, laughingly. "But you are looking pale, my child," added she, turning to her daughter, "and we must not have you tire yourself. There is another whole day yet."

Hannah smiled, or rather tried to smile, and, tottering as she walked, went and sat down by the door as though she felt faint.

"Are you not well, cousin!" asked Maude. The girl's lips moved fast, as they grew every moment more white and colorless, but no sound came.

"It is only a fainting fit," said Maude, endeavoring to appear calm. "You had better bathe her temples with a little cold water, while I run for Mrs. Conway. I will not be gone a moment, and she may advise us what to do."

She soon returned, followed at a distance by the feebler steps of her aged companion. Rendered utterly helpless by grief and terror, Mrs. Lawrence could only wail and wring her hands like a distracted thing, calling in passionate accents upon the name of her child; while Mrs. Conway, whose presence of mind never forsook her, directed Maude to send immediately for the doctor, applying in the mean time all the restoratives usual on such occasions; but her care was vain. Between them those aged women bore the stricken girl in their arms, and laid her on the bed, where she remained white and motionless, as though carved out of stone. Seeing that there was no more to be done, Mrs. Conway knelt down and prayed as we only pray at such times as these.

Maude returned with the doctor, and he tried to bleed Hannah, without success. All their attempts to restore animation were in vain; the girl never spoke again, but died towards morning, peacefully, and without a struggle. Once only she opened her eyes, and looked around her with a wild, agonizing glance that was never forgotten by those who witnessed it. Mrs. Conway closed them softly and shudderingly with her hand, and she never moved after that.

Pale and horror-stricken, Robert made one of the little group who stood weeping in their vain grief around the bed of death. And, when his mother rose at length from her knees, and laying her hand upon his shoulder, said in a solemn voice, half choked by tears—"The Lord has given, and the Lord has taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord!" his heart refused to utter, Amen!

Maude's grief was deep and passionate, but nothing in comparison to the wild lamentations of the bereaved parents: until at length, completely worn out, they both fell asleep by the bedside of their dead child, and dreamed that the wedding day was come. Mrs. Conway had taken her son home, thinking he would be more likely to recover his composure away from that terrible scene, and poor Maude crept about the house, putting out of sight all the simple bridal

finery, over which they had taken so much pains only the day before. "As for the cakes," thought she, "they must do for the funeral." And she began to weep afresh, as she recalled to mind all the pleasant words and merry jests that had been uttered over them; almost the last words that Hannah was ever heard to speak being in playful anticipation of an event that was not to be. Of a truth it was very terrible! No wonder that poor Maude felt heart-stricken, and like one in a frightful dream. No wonder that she sobbed and cried, when even a strong man like Robert Conway wept. Every moment that Mrs. Conway could spare from the side of her half-distracted son was spent at the cottage, where she assisted Maude in performing those sad but necessary offices, of which the poor old mother, in her deep affliction, seemed utterly incapable;—speaking words of comfort and consolation, and endeavoring to improve this melancholy event to the heart of her young companion, by teaching her the frailness of all earthly hopes.

Two days and nights had elapsed since the spirit of the young and beautiful betrothed had passed away without a word or a prayer; and the two sorrowful mothers sat together in the dim twilight, exchanging now and then a few kind words, but more frequently remaining silent for long intervals, during which memory was no doubt busy enough. Maude was a little apart by the half-open casement, working on a black gown for Mrs. Lawrence to wear at her child's funeral, and pausing every now and then to wipe away the blinding tears that hindered her from seeing what she was about; and thinking the while, perhaps, of a certain dress, over which she had taken so much pains for a far different occasion.

"It is too dark, I am sure, for you to see to work, Maude," said Mrs. Conway, at length, and her voice sounded strangely loud in that silent room. "Go into the field, dear child, and look for your uncle; it is late for him to be out alone."

The girl did as she was desired, and found him kneeling amid the long grass, with his white hairs uncovered, and the tears streaming down his withered cheeks. Not liking to intrude upon his grief, she stepped behind a large tree and waited, hoping that he would presently rise up of his own accord, and return home.

Meanwhile it grew quite dark, and so still that the inmates of that desolate

cottage could almost hear the beating of their own hearts. Mrs. Conway arose at length to procure a light, and just at that moment a faint, moaning sound was heard, proceeding, as it seemed, from the bed where the corpse lay. Mrs. Lawrence clung fearfully to the side of her companion.

"Did you not hear something groaning?" whispered she.

"Yes, I thought so; but it might have been only the wind."

"Hush! There it is again!"

"Let me go!" exclaimed Mrs. Conway, hastily disengaging herself from the terrified grasp of her companion. "It is Hannah's voice!" And tearing aside the curtain from the foot of the bed, there was Hannah, sure enough, sitting upright in the dim moonlight, and looking wildly around her, like one awakened from a heavy sleep.

With ready presence of mind, Mrs. Conway threw a large shawl over the dead-clothes in which she had been wrapped, and spoke to her calmly and soothingly, motioning to the mother, at the same time, to go out quietly and call for assistance; but Mrs. Lawrence stood still and motionless, as though her feet were glued to the floor.

"How cold it is!" murmured Hannah, shuddering as she spoke. "But what is the matter? Have I been very ill, mother?"

"Yes, yes; but keep quiet, dear child, you will be better soon!" And freeing her face, she laid her head gently back on the pillow, and went as fast as her tottering steps would carry her to summon medical assistance, and prepare Maude and Mr. Conway for what had happened, leaving the mother, still motionless and terror-stricken, in the darkness.

By the aid of heat, and restoratives constantly applied, Hannah soon began to rally, and by the morning was almost well, but for the weakness and exhaustion, and a strange feeling of weariness, beneath the influence of which she at length fell into a gentle slumber. How anxiously did they all listen to her calm regular breathing, and gaze upon that sweet face, once more colored with the warm hue of life. How they longed to be able to get off the grave-clothes without her knowing it, fearing that the shock would be too great, but could not without disturbing her, which the doctor had for-

bidden strictly. How they wept, and blessed God!

Presently Hannah opened her eyes, and fixing them upon the anxious faces that were watching over her, inquired of her mother if she had been long ill.

"No, my child, not very."

"Ah! I remember now—I was taken ill while we were making the cakes; but it is only a fainting fit. By the bye, Maude," added she, as the girl came forward, and bent down to kiss her, "I hope you looked after them, for the dough was just rising, and they promised to be excellent."

Her cousin tried in vain to keep down her struggling sobs, and answer calmly, while Hannah, mistaking the cause of her emotion, added kindly,

"Well, never mind, dearest! We can easily make more; it was my fault for frightening you. . . . And, mother, do not say a word to Robert, please, about my being ill: it is past now."

"You must not get up, Hannah; indeed you are not strong enough!" exclaimed Mrs. Conway, trembling lest she should discover all.

"Oh, yes, I am so much better; and Maude and I have a thousand things to do. It was only the heat made me feel faint. But how came I by this shawl?" asked Hannah, as she endeavored to unfasten it from about her shoulders. "It is Mrs. Conway's! Has she been here?"

"She is here now," replied the kind voice of her old friend, while a tear fell upon her uplifted brow; "but you must lie still, my child, and listen to what I am going to tell you."

"Please don't let it be a very long story, mother dear," said Hannah, as she flung her arms around her, and laid her head upon her bosom, like a playful and weary child.

Who shall attempt to describe her feelings when she heard all? feelings expressed rather by tears than words. Mrs. Conway understood them best, when she motioned to the rest that they should kneel down and pray for her, that she might never forget that solemn hour in which God had restored her to them, as it were from the dead.

Robert Conway was half beside himself when he heard the joyful news; and could not rest until he had gone in softly and kissed her hand, as she lay pale and tranquil upon the bed; for, somehow, he dared not touch her lips, although she

was his own betrothed bride. After that many of the neighbors came just to look upon her, and congratulate the old people on the restoration of their child. But none spoke above their breath, for fear of disturbing her.

In a few days, Hannah rose up, and went about among them all just as usual, only that she was paler and graver; but no one wondered at that. The wedding did not take place until some time afterwards; when Robert received his young bride as the gift of God; and truly she brought a blessing with her. Hannah lived many years, and was a happy wife and mother, and what is better still, a happy Christian; meekly trusting in the merits of her Redeemer, and ready whenever it shall please God to call her to Himself.

There are many instances on record, similar to the above; but not ending so happily. It was only a few days since we heard of a poor woman, living in an obscure country place, who suddenly became insensible, and was supposed dead. On the night previous to the interment, her sister, who occupied the next chamber, was disturbed by a slight noise, and looking in, saw the corpse sitting erect, and attempting, as it seemed, to remove the grave clothes from about its face. The terrified woman caught up her sleeping child from its cradle, and fled away, half naked as she was, to the house of a neighbor, nearly a mile off; where she remained all night, although they only laughed at her, and fancied she must have been dreaming. The following morning, however, the appearance of the corpse fully corroborated her statement; giving fearful evidence of the struggle that had been going on between life and death. The poor woman might have been alive to this very day, had her sister only possessed presence of mind enough to assist instead of deserting her in that dark hour of untold agony. And yet we are ready to make every allowance in a case where none of us can be quite certain that we should have had courage to act differently.

The story of the sexton and the ring must be familiar to many of our readers; and we could tell them many others, equally wild and wonderful—melancholy histories, for the most part, but not without their warning lesson both to the aged and the young.

SENTIMENTS FROM FESTUS.

A LOVER of the above singular work having finished reading it, has sent us the following selections, with the remark that its beauties are not sufficiently known, or the book would be more generally read:—

Friendship hath passed me, like a ship at sea.

No more shall beauty star the air I live in.
Some souls lose all things, but the love of beauty;

And by that love, they are redeemable.

I know not joy or sorrow, but a changeless tone

Of sadness like the nightwinds is the strain
Of what I have of feeling.

The beautiful are never desolate—

But some one always loves them; God or man.

The sweetest joy—the wildest woe is love;
The taint of earth, the odor of the skies,
Is in it.

Life may be all suffering—and decease
A flower-like sleep.

It is men who are deceivers, not the Devil;
The first and worst of frauds is to cheat
One's self—all sin is easy after that.

The bells of Time are ringing changes fast.
Mammon sits before a million hearths
Where God is bolted out from every house.
I never could destroy a flower.

Every man is the first man—to himself,
And Eves are just as plentiful as apples.

Men look on death as lightning—always
Off, or, in Heaven. [far

Whoever paused on Passion's fiery wheel?

Who knows one woman well
By heart—knows all.

Man is a military animal—
Glorious in gunpowder, and loves parade;
Prefers them to all things.

There was no discord—it was music ceased.
The worst way to improve the world is to
denounce it.

It is the intensest vanity alone
Which makes us bear with life.

I cannot live, unless I love, and am loved.

A thousand deathless miracles of beauty.

If life be a burden I will join
To make it but the burden of a song.

Time laughs at love.

In the divine insanity of dreams.

Man's heart hath not half uttered itself yet.

CALIFORNIA MASTWORTS.

BY A. KELLOGG, M. D.

AMONG Mastworts, none are more useful to mankind than oaks. They have been celebrated from the earliest times for the strength of their timber, and its value as fuel. The bark is useful for dyeing, and making ink; it also arrests decay, and wonderfully preserves

animal substances; an old stinking hide of a horse or other animal, is soon tanned into leather. A strong tea cures chafed and sore feet from walking; cleanses and heals sores, stops mortification, cures people of fits, and a thousand and one other useful things.

The acorns make a "King-Cure-All" coffee, highly prized by our German people; especially in scrofula of the very weak and delicate.

Here is a newly discovered species, recently found in California. A pretty little tree, with a broadly-spreading top, and very thickly set with leaves, which vary much in form and size.

No. 1, at the top of our figure in the margin, shows the smaller sample of leaves, when old and where it only grows to the size of a large shrub. The cups, or acorns, at first look like little wheels, but finally the fruit becomes quite long and large.

No. 3, you will see is a pretty large acorn-cup.

No. 2 in front of the main large leaf, represents the usual size; in this you see no scales to the cup, because they they are covered up with a yellow fur.

No. 4 is the outline of a young leaf which has teeth; the old leaves, like very old people, are very apt to lose their teeth, it appears.

Particular description: Leaves oblong, egg-shaped and pointed, toothed or smooth and entire; teeth only on the upper half; acorns oblong, set, about one-quarter of it, in a thick saucer cup; very furry, with a yellow rusty mealiness.



Our Social Chair.



HAT stirring feelings of light-hearted happiness there is in speaking a kind word or doing a good action. The donee and the donor are its glad recipients; not perhaps, in equal instalments, inasmuch as the Scriptures declare, and facts confirm the declaration, that

the giver is thrice blessed. Theories amount to but little; while actions tell the whole of the glorious story. We never knew a man or woman who ever talked or even thought unkindly of another, but what he or she always felt the worse for it; even when there had been much cause perhaps for the feeling that prompted it.

Then again, as we are all human, and consequently imperfect, there may be a possibility of our being guilty of the self-same act, or thought, or speech, if surrounded by the same circumstances; or of some other equally offensive action, from one of our own personal weaknesses. It is all very plain no doubt, that imperfections exist in our neighbor, as we probably think we see them; but we are a little too apt to forget the imperfections, of another kind it may be, which our neighbor sees in us.

It is not well to look upon the failings of others, as, in doing so, we are too much inclined to overlook the many, and possibly, very great virtues they possess; therefore, our convictions are one-sided, and consequently unjust; and such moreover, that we could not and would not tolerate towards ourselves, did we know it. If we were to look at the virtues instead of the failings of each other, our feelings and actions would be much nobler and kinder than they are, and the happiness of all would thereby be much more likely to be secured.

THIS Social Chair once knew a man, whose hair had silvered in the service of a

generous and unostentatious philanthropy. He visited and gave to the poor, but no man heard of it. He sat through the wearying watches of the night by the bedside of the sick and dying—not once, but frequently—yet the great world outside knew it not. He sought out the bereaved and the mourning, that he might soothe and comfort them—and none knew it. Indeed, his life-time and limited fortunes were expended in these and other self-denying labors, known only to God, this Chair, and the recipients of his whole-souled and perpetually offered sacrifices. And yet, his quick and passionate temper was the theme of much ill-natured criticism from hollow and showy “great men and women,” who saw *his failings only*.

The amount of good or ill that the reader, and this Social Chair, could do would be almost incredible, were we in a position to realise it. A word of slight towards or of another, spoken in a single moment, will leave a rankling wound in the spirit for months or years, and yet possibly there was no intention of causing such a fearful result. And alas, how many times the rise or downfall of men may be attributed to a single sentence, thoughtlessly written or spoken of another.

In this connection may be given the following, that will convey its own most excellent moral:—

“Men make themselves uncomfortable, destroy the peace of their families, and actually make themselves hated by fretfulness.” Beecher says—“It is not work that kills men; it is worry. Work is healthy. You can hardly put more on a man than he can bear. Worry is rust upon the blade. It is not the revolution that destroys the machinery, but the friction. Fear secretes acid, but love and trust are sweet juices.” We knew a man with a patient, good, Christian wife, and we never heard him speak a kind, pleasant word to her, and doubt if he ever did in the half century they had lived together. He is

always in a fret. Everything goes wrong. You would think that he was made of cross grained timber, and had always been trying to digest a cross-cut saw. He is eternally cross, and thinks that his wife and children, hired hands, and all the domestic animals, have entered into a combination to worry him to death. He is not only rusty, but fairly crusted over with it. He is encased in a shell of acid secretions, through which no sweet juices ever distil. Friction has literally worn him out, and he will soon worry himself to death. Of course he has never worked to any advantage to himself or anybody else. With him everything always goes wrong. He superstitiously believes "it is because the devil has a spite against him" when in truth it is nothing but his own fretfulness.

As many people, who are really belonging to a respectable class of citizens, are in the habit of betting a little just before the day of election, we clip the following for our Social Chair from a western paper, in the hope that it may be both mirthful and suggestive at such a season as the present.

One of the most singular wagers we ever heard of, was made in Chicago on the day before the municipal election in that city, on Wentworth and Burnee, the opposing candidates for the Mayoralty. The bet was between a Water street merchant and Ned Osborne, of the Tremont House, the largest cigar and tobacco dealer in the city, and was to the effect that, if Wentworth was elected, Osborne should have the privilege of kicking the Water street merchant from the Tremont House to Springer street, and *vice versa*. The day after election, the merchant having lost, went to Osborne's store, and presented his person to him for the contemplated kicks, and demanded that Osborne should take the stakes. Osborne had been training his right leg all the previous day, and armed his foot with a heavy cowhide boot, with soles as thick as two clapboards. The merchant started up by the Tremont, Osborne delivering a heavy kick as he started, but drew back with a spasmodic action and paroxysm of countenance absolutely pitiful. He tried another one, but the loser flinched not, and kept leisurely on his way, undisturbed by the volley which he had received. The result of this was worse than the first, and Osborne fairly curled upon the ground and howled with pain. The merchant stopped and calmly inquired, "Why don't you take the stakes?" "What have you got in the basement of your pants?" cried Ned. "Milwaukie

bricks!" shouted the merchant, "and we are not within a mile of Springer street yet!" Osborne subsided, paid the champagne, and has been wearing a list slipper ever since.

MAT OLMSTEAD was a day laborer in Danbury, Connecticut, and has been immortalized by a brief biography in the "Life Time of Peter Parley" Goodrich. He was short and thick-set, with a long nose, a little bulbous in his latter days, with a ruddy complexion, and a mouth shutting like a pair of nippers. Mat had a turn for practical jokes, and was not very scrupulous about the means of making them.

"On a cold, bitter day in December, a gentleman, a stranger, came into the bar-room of Keeler's tavern, where Mat and several of his companions were lounging.

The man had on a new hat of the latest fashion, and still shining with the gloss of the shop. He seemed conscious of his dignity, and carried his head in such a manner as to invite attention to it. Mat's knowing eye immediately detected the weakness of the stranger, and, approaching him carelessly, he said,

"What a very nice hat you've got on! Pray, who made it?"

"Oh, it came from New York," was the reply.

"Will you let me take it?" asked Mat, as politely as he knew how.

The stranger took it off his head gingerly and handed it to him.

"It's a wonderful nice hat!" said Mat, "and I see it's a real salamander!"

"Salamander!" said the other. "What's that?"

"Why, a real salamander hat won't burn!"

"No? I never heard of that before. I don't believe it's one of that kind."

"Sartain sure; I'll bet you a mug of flip of it."

"Well, I'll stand you!"

"Done!" said Mat; "now I'll just put it under the forestick."

It being thus arranged, Mat put the hat under the forestick into a glowing mass of coals. In an instant it took fire, collapsed, and rolled into a black, crumpled mass of cinders.

"I du declare!" cried Mat, affecting great astonishment, "it ain't a salamander hat arter all;—but I'll pay the flip!"

Mr. Clark, a gentleman well known for his propensity to fun and his inability to resist the temptation to joke whenever the opportunity offers, was traveling by stage a short time since, when he was led to in-

dulge himself on this wise. He had for his companions an elderly lady, a half-grown boy, and several gentlemen, one of whom was fond of retailing stories of the marvelous order, especially those that had fallen under his own immediate observation. Among others, he related a fact that had been widely published, that a man in his vicinity was engaged in blasting rocks; that the charge accidentally exploded, driving the chisel up under and through his chin and head, coming out at the top of his skull, and yet the man got well.

The party expressed their surprise, as some of them had never heard of it before, when Mr. Clark observed that he had heard a case much worse than that.

"Ah! what was that, indeed?" asked the man who had retailed the first story.

"Why, a very respectable citizen of our town, on the Fourth of July, was firing a salute, when the cannon unfortunately burst, blew both his arms out at the shoulder joints, mashed his legs to a jelly, and completely tore off the one half of his head!"

"And didn't he die, sir?" exclaimed the astonished listener.

"Yes, *sir*, to be sure he did."

"Ah! But the man I spoke of recovered."

"And I told you," replied Mr. Clark very innocently, "that my case was *much worse than that*."

Mr. Clark's "case" was pronounced the *best* as well as the *worst* on all hands, and we heard no more incredible stories for the rest of the ride.

We heard a friend relate the accompanying incident the other day with not a little zest, and to the amusement of a good many bystanders:

Jumping into an old-fashioned stage coach last month, in company with nine others, to jostle over ten miles of unfinished road between Pittsburgh and Philadelphia, I was very much amused with the following characteristic dialogue between a regular question-asking "down-Easter" and a high-heeled Southerner. We were scarcely seated before our Yankee began:

"Traveling East, I expect?"

"Yes, sir."

"Goin' to Philadelphia, I reckon?"

"No, sir."

"Oh, ah! to New York, maybe?"

"Yes, sir."

"Calc 'latin' to buy goods, I presume?"

"No, sir."

"Never ben there before, I wouldn't wonder?"

"No, sir, never."

"New York is a wonderful place."

"Such is my impression, sir."

"Got letters, I expect?"

"Yes, sir, I am provided with letters of introduction."

"Wouldn't mind showing you reound myself a spell, if you wanted."

"I thank you, sir, but I shall not require your assistance."

This last remark of the polite but reserved stranger was a poser, and the "inquisitor" fell back a moment to take breath and change his tactics. The half-suppressed smile upon the faces of the other passengers soon aroused the Yankee to still farther exertions, and, summoning up more resolution, he began again:

"Stranger, perhaps you are not aware how almighty hard it is for a Yankee to control his curiosity. You'll please excuse me, but I really would like to know your name, and residence, and the business you follow. I expect you ain't ashamed of either of 'em; so now won't you just oblige me?"

This last appeal brought out our Southern friend, who, rising up to the extremest height allowed by the coach, and throwing back his shoulders, replied,

"My name is General Andrew Washington. I reside in the State of Mississippi. I am a gentleman of leisure, and, I am glad to be able to say, of extensive means. I have heard much of New York, and am now on my way to see it; and if I like it as well as I am led to expect, I intend to—*buy it*."

Then was heard a shout of stentorian laughter throughout the stage-coach, and this was the last of *that* conversation.

In looking over an old *Knickerbocker* magazine we stumbled upon the following humorous narrative:

Our next door country neighbor, "The Domine," narrated a good story of the celebrated Rev. Hooper Cumming, the other morning, as we were 'rushing round the Horn' on the New York and Erie Rail-road, from our suburban sanctum to our other home, in town: 'One stormy Sunday evening in autumn, about half past nine o'clock, when the rain was raining cold, and the wind was souging through the half-dennuded trees in front of his mansion, out-spake the great pulpit orator to his dame: 'My dear, we have had two services to-day: we have tried to forget the toil of it: we have endeavored to read—we have essayed to

converse; but all of no avail. Fatigue has overcome us both. The wailing of the storm—the labors of the day—all invite us to repose. Suppose we go to bed!’ The house was closed: the servants had retired: and they *did* go to bed; and in five minutes both were in dream-land. Presently a loud knock was heard at the door. It was a *heavy* knock, but to the sleepers whom it aroused, it seemed a visionary ‘rapping’: but the next prolonged summons couldn’t be mistaken. ‘Get up, my dear,’ said Mrs. Cumming; ‘the servants are all in bed and asleep, and we are close by the door;’

‘Then up gat Hooper Cumming, he,
Up gat he in his bed:’

and said he to his wife, ‘Who *can* it be? I will go and see!’ And he went. As he approached the door, at the end of the hall, he heard low conversation. He bore a small night-lamp in his hand, whose light swayed to-and-fro, and flickered, in the passage. When he reached the door, he said, ‘Who is there? ‘It is *me*, Sir, and Biddy!’ ‘I can do nothing for you to-night,’ said the first colloquist: ‘it is Sunday night: it is somewhat late: the servants have gone to bed: our dinner was a simple one: we *have* no cold victuals.’ ‘Don’t *want* any cold victuals—want to be spliced, Biddy, and I. I am a sailor—they *say* I’m a good ‘un too: but *I* say nothing. How’sumd’ever, we want to be spliced. I’m off airily in the morning. Will you *do* it, captain?’ ‘You want to be married?—is *that* it?’ ‘Yes! What d’y’e *take* me for? Didn’t I *say* so? And I want it done *now*: it will be too late to-morrow.’ ‘Wait a moment,’ said the clergyman. Then a fumble was made at the key-hole, and the next moment the candle went out: the key could not be found by the sense of touch: the shivering divine, standing almost *enpulis naturalibus*, in the dark, raised the fan-light, at the side of the door, bade the twain approach, and then and there—it was a brief service—coupled the two for life. He heard a kiss in the dark, and then was addressed with: ‘Cap’n I aint goin’ to buy a pig in a poke. If Biddy turns out a good craft, you shall get your pay for splicin’ us—now mind I tell you. You’ll hear from me again, Cap’n—*see* if you don’t! The twain departed, and the clergyman went shivering to bed. About a year after this amusing occurrence, a big box was brought to the reverend pastor’s door, of which word was sent to him by the carman who brought it. ‘Don’t take it in!’ said his wife: ‘it’s another of those boxes with elēmosynary little books and tracts, which have cost us so much cart-

age, besides the trouble of distributing them.’ But better counsels prevailed. The charges were paid—the box received and opened—and the result was astounding! Instead of books or tracts, it contained the richest and costliest fabrics, a present to the clergyman’s wife. It was the wedding-fee of the wandering and now promoted sailor. Not a port had he visited, but had paid tribute to his admiration for the ‘good craft’ which the clergyman had secured to him in the person and heart of his ‘Biddy.’ On a beautiful shawl from Canton he had pinned a piece of paper, expressive of his gratitude, and in rude yet eloquent language, asking the acceptance of the box as a token of the same. When our friend ‘The Dominie’ concluded, ‘We’ll *book* that, we said—and we have endeavored to do so.’

—
THERE is a very laughable scene, again remarks the good old *Knickerbocker*, recorded of a certain surly ill-tempered English officer, Major ———, whose wife and sister were in the habit of visiting him at the “barracks” where he was stationed. He had given orders, out of spite to one or two subordinate officers, whose families had hitherto enjoyed the like privilege, that “no females were to be allowed in barracks after tattoo, under any pretence whatever. One night an old fellow, a great “precisian” in his office, and not a little short and crusty, was sergeant of the guard. They called him “the General,” from his preemptory style:—

Shortly after “tattoo,” sundry ladies, as usual, presented themselves at the barrack-gate, and were of course refused admittance; at length, to the great surprise of the sentinel on duty, the Major’s lady and sister-in-law made their appearance, and walked boldly to the wicket, with the intention of entering, as usual.

To their astonishment, the sentinel refused to let them pass. The sergeant was called, but he was quite as much of a *precisian* as the ladies, and his conscience (and his orders) would not permit him to let them in!

“Do you know who we *are*, sir?” inquired the Major’s lady, in a very imperious manner.

“Oh! certainly,” said the ‘General;’ “I knows your ladyships werry vell.”

“Then what do you *mean*, sir, by this insolence?”

“I means no insolence whatsomdever,

Marm. but my horders is pertick'ler to let no female ladies into this 'ere barrack after tattoo, upon *no* account whatsomdever; and I means to obey my horders without no mistake!"

"Then you *refuse* admittance, do you, to the lady of your commanding officer? Was there ever ———."

"And her sister," shrieked the second lady.

"Most sartinkly, Marm; I understands my duty!"

"Good gracious! what assurance!"

"No insurance at all, Marm; if your ladyships was princesses you couldn't come in a'ter a tattoo. My horders is werry partick'ler."

"Don't you know, sirrah, that these orders can't be intended to apply *to us*?"

"No; I does'nt kuow nuffin' about *that*: horders is *horders*, and *must* be obeyed; that's what the Major says."

"Impudence!" exclaimed both the ladies, in a breath.

"Imperance or *no* imperance, I must do my *duty*. If my superior hofferer was for to give me horders not to let the Major in hisself, I should be obligated to keep his honor out at the p'int of the bag'net!"

Finally, the officer of the guard was sent for, and the officer of the guard sent for the orderly-book, which by the light of the guard-room lantern was exhibited to the ladies, with much courtesy, by the 'General,' in justification of his apparent rudeness:

"You see how it is, your ladyships; you can't come in, not on *no* account!"

Imagine the chagrin with which those 'females after tattoo' retraced their steps homeward; and don't 'forget to remember' what *the Major's* feelings must have been the next morning, when he found his own malice thus turned against himself. 'Curses, like chickens, *will* come home to roost,' is a veritable maxim, though 'some-what musty.'

The Fashions.

Bonnets.

In bonnets and dresses, there is more of a change than is usual, so very early in the fall season. Feathers are not so much worn as they were in the summer; the large cabbage rose is far the most fashionable ornament for bonnets, of all description of material. The limp crown, formed in three plaits, quite drooping in the back and extending much further over on the front; purple silk crown and cape, and straw front, with a fall of wide black

Chantilly; the cape is not to be dispensed with, as has been predicted by some, but is not plaited quite as full as in the summer. White silk bonnets are at present much called for. Brown and white silk mixed, is also worn.

Dresses.

Plaids in silks and poplins are beginning to make their appearance on the street. Skirts plain, and ample; the body is high and pointed at the waist, and trimmed with daisy buttons from the point to the neck. Sleeve, wide flowing. Cashmere double shawl. Glazed gloves. Honiton lace collar and sleeves. Parasol very large size, plain or watered. Bracelets of plain gold. Black gaiter boots.

When plain or small plaided silks are preferred, they are made with seven founces. Some of the sleeves of these have five puffs, graduated in size; others, but square at the ends, slit up all the way, and plaited at top. Tulle undersleeve with a puff terminating in a frill, bordered by a narrow puffing, in which a blue ribbon is run. Chemisette to correspond.

Dress caps are still as indispensable as ever.

Monthly Record of Current Events.

The Golden Age carried away 275 passengers and \$ 1, 078, 883 of treasure. July 21st.

On the first of June last, the Funded Debt of the city of San Francisco, including School, Fire, and all, amounted to \$3,101,634

The John L. Stephens arrived on the 25th July with 157 passengers.

The town of Minnesota, Sierra county, was destroyed by fire on the morning of July 17th.

The California Steam Navigation Company sold and delivered to Major Samuel J. Hensley their sea-going steamers Pacific, Brother Jonathan, and Senator, on the 26th of July.

The large new steamboat Chrysopolis made her first trip up the Sacramento on the 2nd ult.

The long dry grass in the Stockton cemetery ignited and swept along with such rapidity as to consume the railings and head-boards of many of the graves.

In the month of July 253 persons visited the mammoth Tree grove of Calaveras.

The steamship Uncle Sam arrived on the 3rd with 350 passengers.

The ship Ocean Pearl carried away half

a million of dollars to China on the 4th ult.

A ten mule team hauled 39,975 pounds of wheat into Stockton at a single load July 28th.

The Uncle Sam sailed on the 10th ult. for Panama with 252 passengers and \$1,030,553 in treasure.

The State Prison was transferred to the State authorities on behalf of the State by Messrs McCauley & Tevis on the 10th ult for the sum of \$137,500 cash, and the same amount to be paid in six months from date, making \$275,000.

Large numbers of bees were killed in Sacramento, the past month, by the heat melting the comb.

Several "Old Folks' Concerts," under the direction of L. Dickerman, and given for the benefit of different institutions, attracted large audiences at Platt's New Music Hall, Montgomery street, in this city.

The following new papers have made their appearance: The *Pacific Patriot*, The *Daily Nation*, The *Constitution*, *Maul and Wedge*, *Demokratische Presse*, *Der Republikaner*, San Francisco; *Folsom Semi-Weekly*

Telegraph; *Republican*, Petaluma; *Central Californian*, semi-weekly, Placerville; *Semi-Weekly Independent*, Red Bluff. Most of the above are started as campaign papers for the Presidential election.

The first number of a new Hebrew weekly paper, entitled *The Pacific Messenger*, made its appearance on the 17th ult. Rev. Dr. H. Bien,—Samuel H. Henry & Co., editors and proprietors.

A company has been formed at Campbell's Flat, near Columbia, to run a long tunnel for the purpose of washing five hundred acres of ground by the hydraulic process. The auriferous soil is sixty feet deep.

The Sonora arrived on the 13th ult with 317 passengers.

Fifteen Bactrian camels arrived from the Amoor river in the schooner C. E. Foot. They are intended for pack animals among the mountains.

The Supreme Court decided against cultivated gardens and orchards being subject to entry for mining purposes.

The Sonora sailed on the 21st ult, with 201 passengers and \$871,261.

Editor's Table.



HIS MONTH, and the following, will be among the most interesting and exciting of the year. First come the Agricultural, Horticultural, and Mechanics' Fairs of Marysville, Stockton, and other places. Then the great "Industrial Exhibition," given under the auspices of the San Francisco Mechanics' Institute, to be opened September 3d, and to continue not less than fifteen days. Then the Seventh Annual Fair of the California State Agricultural Society, to be held at Sacramento, September 19th, 20th, 21st, 22d, 24th, 25th and 26th. After this will come the First Annual Exhibition of the San Francisco Bay District Agricultural Society, October 4th, 5th, 6th, 8th, 9th, 10th and 11th. These and all other similar institu-

tions, are the fosterers and stimulators of every kind of productive enterprise; and will bring together a greater number of State interests than in any previous year. We bespeak at least one article, the product of native skill, from every Californian, both male and female; and we hope that such will be of recent manufacture—not the mere remains of former exhibitions.

Then with all this, there will be mixed a certain amount of political discussion; and this year, we hope, without indulging in personal abuse, as such is a disgrace to all engaged, and in no way advances the views, arguments, or interests of either party, being foreign to the issue. Everybody's candidate is, of course, expected to win. We cannot boast of ever voting but

one "straight ticket," and on that occasion there was but one person's name upon it, and only one candidate to be elected; for if, in our opinion, one person has been more honest, more capable, and better adapted to the duties of the office than another, without regard to party, we have always given that one our vote—and we expect again to do the same, especially as we seek no office, are after none of the loaves and fishes: and, moreover, love our glorious country, and its welfare, better than the one-sided interests of any party known.

THIS month we have the pleasure of giving most cordial greeting to a new monthly journal, entitled *The Bookseller*, which is devoted to the advancement of the interests of literature and education. This interesting candidate for public favor is published by W. H. Knight, and is under the editorial management of Mr. John Swett, the energetic and successful Principal of the Rincon Grammar school of this city; whose great and never-ceasing aim seems to be to elevate the educational tastes and acquirements of teachers, that they may the more efficiently meet the high expectations and duties of a rapidly advancing civilization. It is well that men can be found who will assume the responsibilities of such an arduous enterprise; whose labors, we doubt not, will be most heartily seconded by all those who can feel the extent of their accountability to the present and succeeding ages.

The following sentence, from the editor's salutatory, will give our readers some idea of the task attempted by this journal:

"We intend that our pages shall represent the spirit of living teachers. We shall present those methods of teaching which tend to develop *thinking power*, rather than lumber the mind with the rubbish of dead facts. We shall urge the necessity of gymnastic and calisthenic training as a vital element in the education of boys and girls. We believe the culture of the social and affectional natures of children quite as essential as the intellectual, and that it

requires a much higher degree of art in the teacher."

We most heartily wish it "God speed."

Literary Notices.

THE LIFE OF GEN. GARIBALDI—Written by Himself. With Sketches of his Companions in Arms. Translated by his friend and admirer, THEODORE DWIGHT. Published by A. S. Barnes and Burr, New York: Allen & Spier, San Francisco.

It must not be supposed that Garibaldi has experienced a lull in his patriotism, or suspended his endeavors to write *Liberty* on the national banners of Italy; or, has even found sufficient leisure and philosophy among the arduous duties of camp life and conquest, to become the author of his own memoirs. By no means. The substance of this interesting volume was written after the struggles of the valiant Italians against the French in 1848 and '49, and during his long convalescence preceding his voyage to and after his arrival in the United States, in 1850, at which time they were placed in the translator's hands, with permission to publish. But, at Garibaldi's own request, they were withheld from the public at that time; and now that the civilized world is interested in this wonderful man's history, the translator has thought proper to place them before the public.

The devoted patriotism of Garibaldi's earnest heart for Italy, and "Rome, once the capital of the world, now the capital of a sect," (as he so forcibly expresses it), led him to hope and expect much; and, if need be, to risk and suffer much for the welfare of his own dear native land. All that is said of him in this work is deeply interesting; and when speaking of his devoted South-American wife, Anna, it becomes almost affecting. There is, however, a wide chasm—from 1850 to 1860—that leaves the memoir of this remarkable man so very imperfect, that one is apt to overlook the interest of the former in the vexation felt at the omission of the latter, which, being attended with such great

results, is certainly as interesting as any portion of his eventful life. If however the reader will recall the many records of his patriotic valor, in the various newspapers of the day, and dovetail this work with those records, he will have a tolerably good historical picture of Giuseppe Garibaldi, the Italian patriot-hero.

RIGHT AT LAST, AND OTHER TALES. By MRS. GASKELL. Published by Harper Brothers, New York: A. Roman, San Francisco.

We never rise from the perusal of any of Mrs. Gaskell's justly popular works, without feeling that while in imagination, we have been listening to the thrilling recitals of her narratives; she not only thinks clearly, and writes forcibly, but that she also feels nobly, and creates within us a higher intellectual life. There is no attempt at effect, no array of brilliant sentences; no, but an irresistible charm that makes you totally unconscious of the author's existence; and not until you have finished reading are you prepared to care how, or by whom, these life-like creations had their being. We like this, and therefore heartily commend this new volume to the favorable notice of the public.

THE MILL ON THE FLOSS. By GEORGE ELIOT. Published by Harper Brothers, New York: Allen & Spier, San Francisco.

It has to us been a subject of wonder how some critics can by any possibility discover a resemblance between the writings of Miss Evans, the authoress of the above named work, "Adam Bede," and "Scenes of Clerical Life," and those of Miss Bronte, the authoress of "Jane Eyre," "Villette," and other successful books. Their styles are as different as those of Dickens and Thackeray; the former possessing all the life-like truthfulness and piquancy of the latter, without her sarcastic bitterness. Both possess a deep insight into the weaknesses of human nature; yet the one has a loftier and more generous belief in its goodness than the other, and the effect upon the reader is conse-

quently better. The "Mill on the Floss" has all its characters living in the humbler walks of life, and which are sketched with such graphic force that you almost feel yourself present as an eye witness.

NATURAL HISTORY; For the Use of Schools and Families. By WASHINGTON HOOKER, M. D.: Illustrated with 300 engravings. Published by Harper Brothers, New York: A. Roman, San Francisco.

The object and aim of this beautifully illustrated and well written and neatly printed work, is to give a general history of most of the principal animals, birds, fishes, reptiles and insects, in order to present a clear and comprehensive idea of Zoology, without the tedious details required by a thorough student of all its technical mysteries. A more suitable present for the young of both sexes, could not well be made, than this book.

HISTORY OF GENGHIS KHAN. By JACOB ABBOT. Harper Brothers, New York: A. Roman, San Francisco.

Most of Mr. Abbot's writings for the young are exceedingly interesting. His lively imagination, and simplicity of style, in clothing the great facts of history, are not exceeded by any living writer. The History of Genghis Khan is not an exception.

THE THREE CLERKS. By ANTHONY TROLLOPE. Published by Harper Brothers, New York: A. Roman, San Francisco.

The "Internal Navigation Office," in which the "Three Clerks" are employed—if 'doing nothing' can in any sense be called employment—reminds one of the "Circumlocution Office" in Little Dorrit; and at first is a little tedious, but, as you become acquainted with the various characters of the plot, and realize by degrees the various phases of a particular branch of English social life, the tediousness gradually dissipates. We cannot however say, that Mr. Trollope, although a man of considerable talent, is one of our favorite authors; but, as all tastes are not alike, he no doubt will find many admirers, as well as readers.

HUTCHINGS'

CALIFORNIA MAGAZINE.

VOL. V. OCTOBER, 1860. No. 4.

CHINESE WORSHIP OF THE DEAD.



CEREMONIAL AT A CHINESE GRAVE.



THE respect exhibited by the Chinese for their dead is a portion of the curious system of religion which has prevailed among that people from the earliest times. Their Sages, or as we would say their Saints and Fathers, taught little or nothing about God, the invisible world, or Divinity. Their great teacher Confucius admitted that he did not understand much about the gods, said they were beyond and above the comprehension of man, and taught that the obligations of man lay rather in the doing his duty to his relations and society than in worshiping spirits unknown. He never taught the duty of man to any higher power than the head of the state or family. The entire religious system of the Chinese, when not inoculated with foreign superstition, may therefore be compared to a school of philosophy, resembling in some respects the old Greek schools, where gods were spoken of, but hardly made the pillars of faith. One of the Chinese sages said that sufficient knowledge was not possessed to say positively that gods and spirits exist, and he saw no difficulty in omitting the subject altogether. He was silent also respecting the immortality of the soul and future rewards and punishments. According to him, virtue was rewarded and vice punished in the individual or in his posterity on earth; but he never spoke of a separate state of existence. Confucius said, "not knowing even life, how can we know death?"

For these reasons the devotions to the dead, which are practised in China and wherever the Chinese are found, can hardly be called idolatry, perhaps not strictly even worship. The ceremonies seem rather to be a pageant or form, intended to remind the people of the sacred lessons teaching honor and respect to

one's ancestors. The spirits of the dead are addressed—and so far the national religion acknowledged spirits—but the object seems rather to keep alive their memory than to supplicate them for favors or pray to them as gods. The idea of praying for the repose of the soul is also unknown among this people; they have none or a very inadequate conception of Judgment and Heaven; and all their concerns are, so to speak, of a temporal nature. Their prayers to their ancestors may consequently be termed rather addresses of thanks than supplications for mercy. Mr. Williams in his book on the Middle Kingdom gives the form of one of these prayers as follows:

Taukwang, 12th year, 3d moon, 1st day.

I, Lin Kwang, the second son of the third generation, presume to come before the grave of my ancestor, Lin Kung. Revolving years have brought again the season of spring. Cherishing sentiments of veneration, I look up and sweep your tomb. Prostrate I pray that you will come and be present; and that you will grant to your posterity that they may be prosperous and illustrious; at this season of genial showers and gentle breezes, I desire to recompense the root of my existence and exert myself sincerely. Always grant your safe protection. My trust is in your divine spirit. Reverently, I present the five-fold sacrifice of a pig, a fowl, a duck, a goose, and a fish; also, an offering of five plates of fruit, with libations of spirituous liquors, earnestly entreating that you will come and view them. With the most attentive respect, this annunciation is presented on high.

There are two annual festivals of this worship of the dead, one in the early part of April, at the term called *tsing-ming*, when a general worship of ancestors, called *pai shan* or "worshiping at the hills," is observed; and another in August, called *shau i* or "burning clothes,"

when paper folded in the form of garments, houses and servants, and other puppets, are burned, and supposed to go to the benefit of the spirits. At the former the people repair to the graves, carrying roast pigs and fowls, libations, candles, papers and incense, and go through a variety of ceremonies. At the latter the burning of fireworks seems to be the principal business. Both festivals are attended with music and feasting. But the former is the principal one, and most commonly and extensively observed.

Among the Chinese in California the *pai shan* takes place every spring, and generally in the first week of April. In San Francisco a large portion of the Chinese population repair on this day to their burying-ground at Yerba Buena Cemetery; some in vehicles, others on foot; and accompanied with wagons and drays bearing their roasted hogs, pigs, fowls, fish, sweetmeats, fruits and other dainties. They bear with them various kinds of ornamented and tinted papers, cut in various shapes, some gilded with silver, others with gold; and various colored candles, and burning punk-sticks.

Upon arriving at the graves, some set forth in front of the tomb all the sacrifices, arranging them upon mats; others busy themselves in clearing the grass and weeds from the graves; others stick lighted candles in the earth, and still others scatter burning papers over the ground, and ignite fire-crackers. In the meanwhile one of the number of worshipers steps forth in front of the feast, kneels and bows his body three times to the ground, at the same time muttering what is supposed to be a prayer, something like the one above given. He then rises and pours out three small cups of wine or tea, scatters it over the ground, and retires—while the others step forward and follow his example. These ceremonies are conducted by different relatives, and always in honor of ances-

tors. The spirited engraving at the head of the article shows the feast spread forth, and represents one of the libations.

After the ceremonies at the graves are over, the meats and other edibles are gathered up, replaced in the wagons, and the worshipers return to their respective homes, where they spend the rest of the day in feasting. Sometimes a few of the fruits are eaten at the tomb; but, generally speaking, the entire feast is carried back to the homes and there partaken of. The whole worship may be said to consist of pouring out libations and burning paper and candles at the grave, and then a family meeting or social feast, with a few simple prostrations and petitions. There are no bacchanalian riots; all is decorous and harmonious. "Such," says Sir John Davis, "are the harmless, if not meritorious forms of respect for the dead, which the Jesuits wisely tolerated in their converts, knowing the consequences of outraging their most cherished prejudices."

SKETCHES FROM THE LIFE OF PEG-LEG SMITH.

CHAPTER I.

EVERY man, woman and child, who has ever passed the corner of Montgomery and Clay streets, on a sunny afternoon, when Peg-leg Smith has been "drawn from the ranch," cannot have failed to notice that celebrated individual. Any such afternoon he is to be seen with his one sound leg and one stump, dressed in some uncouth costume or other, with a bland smile on his weather-beaten and wrinkled old face; his white hairs straggling out from under a cocked wool or long-napped and slouching old beaver hat; hopping along from Biggs & Kibbe's corner to Martin & Horton's, or *vice versa*; or standing out on the curb and taking it quite as easy as Thomas Tennant's wooden sailor opposite the Custom



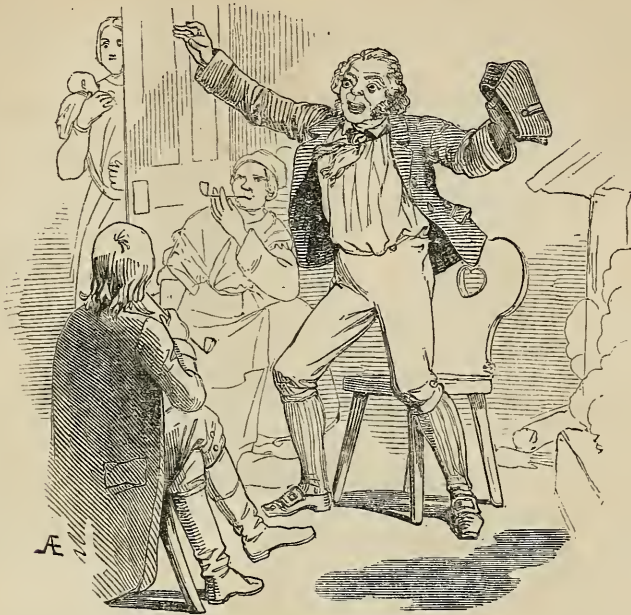
PEG-LEG SMITH.

[From a Photograph, by Vance.]

House. On such an afternoon, he is one of the most familiar of our San Francisco sights, and can hardly fail to attract the attention of the passer-by. There is something in the appearance of the old man, in the lines of his face, the cut of his clothes, the making up of his toilet, and particularly in the manner in which he braces himself up on the thick and positive piece of timber, which forms the lower half of his left leg, that marks him out as a remarkable man. There is a sort of *abandon* in his manners, a take-me-as-I-am style in his behavior, and an old-soldier-like veteran independence in his bearing, which at once suggest a career where the amenities of social life were little known and fashion was a different thing from the soft-worded but effeminate politeness of our metropolitan existence.

Such has been the effect produced upon

us by the spectacle of old Peg-leg, as he usually appears on the sunny side of Montgomery street,—and, when he is in the city, he is as regularly to be found there as the timber-legged tars, who sing of “Nelson and of victory,” on the leather benches of Greenwich Hospital. For a number of years past we have periodically observed him; and could not help looking again and again; and never to our recollection in all that time have we ever seen him leaning or sitting down, and seldom in conversation with any one. Now and then, perhaps, some upstart, who had never seen the fresh tracks of a grizzly or heard the whoop of an Indian, would address him; and Peg-leg’s broad face would expand into a “much-obliged-to-you,” at an invitation to take a social glass, as if it brought back to his memory his old times; but even this was a rare occurrence; and,



“A WAR-WHOOP, BY HEAVENS!”

as a general rule, the old man was alone in the midst of the younger crowds about him. Being, in other respects, comfortably situated, all his necessities supplied by friends in the country, and nothing to do but to pass the remainder of his days in that repose and quiet which his age requires, he spends his time in visiting the country inn, hearing the news there; and, when the weather is pleasant, and there is a dearth of sport on the farm, coming in to the city and taking up his old stamping ground.

This singular old man, one of the last straggling remnants of that strange class whom Washington Irving has immortalized in his “Adventures of Captain Bonnevill,” and other narratives of the Rocky Mountain hunters and trappers, is the famous Peg-leg Smith of western story, whom all our readers have undoubtedly heard of if they have not seen. For nearly half a century he lived in the

wilderness, which stretches west and north and northeast of Santa Fé, as far as the mouth of the Colorado in one direction, and the Missouri in the other; and during the most of that time in his present peg-legged condition. He became domesticated, as it were, among the plumed and painted warriors of the beaver and buffalo grounds; and though much of his time was spent in battling and marching, in fighting and ambuscading, yet he found opportunity to marry in a royal family of the forest; and the story of his loves and losses, is among the most interesting of his checkered and varied career. Often has the ring of his deadly rifle been heard on the blue and distant hills that stretch in uncounted chains from the Platte to the Rio Virgen; and many have been the vermilion painted horse-thieves that have paid dearly for their temerity in disturbing the pickets of his camp; but over the whole coun-

try, wherever bold mountaineers and brave leaders are in repute among the red men as well as among the white, from Fort Hall down to Albuquerque, and from Independence across to the plains overlooked by the white caps of the Sierra Nevada, the name of Tevvy-oats-at-an-tuggy-bone, is known and respected.

CHAPTER II.

THOMAS L. SMITH, or, as he is better known and as we shall call him, PEG-LEG, or, as he is familiarly called by the Indians, Tevvy-oats-at-an-tuggy-bone, was born in Garrard county, Kentucky, two miles north of Dick's river, on the road leading from Crab Orchard to Lancaster. His father, Christopher Smith, was an Irishman, who had early emigrated to America, and engaged under General St. Clair in the Indian wars of the northwest territory. After the disastrous defeat in 1791, he made his way to Crab Orchard, in Kentucky, then a comparative wilderness, and formed the acquaintance of Nancy Long, a member of one of eight families who had recently emigrated from Culpepper county, Virginia. A mutual attachment sprang up, and the result was matrimony, and a large family of nine daughters and four sons.

Old Christopher had built himself a double cabin of hewn-logs on a gentle rise of ground, a few yards from a spring of clear water, surrounded by a grove of elm, oak and sugar-maple trees, which were made melodious with the songs of the feathered vocalists of the western wilds; and thither he conducted his bride. It was there, one stormy night, the 10th of October, 1801, that several of the neighbors, male and female, were gathered. The women were in the eastern wing of the cabin, the children being snugly disposed in trundle beds and pallets. The usual treble notes of industrious gossip were to be heard around the fireplace; but the busiest person was old

Granny Richardson, the midwife of the neighborhood, who understood the virtues of "yarbs" and "pennyroyal" to perfection. In the western wing, before a rousing blaze, regaling themselves with their pipes and apple-toddy, and relating their oft-told tales of Indian skirmish and hair-breadth escapes, sat the men. Bob Trotter, from a natural defect in his organs of articulation, could never sound the "l," but substituted "n" in its stead, and was talking of having been at the "batte of the Bnue-Nicks, where the bunnets and numps of nead new nuke hane stones," when Jack Taylor suddenly sprung to his feet and exclaimed, "A war-whoop, by Heavens! Chris., your baby's born!"—and Tevvy-oats-at-an-tuggy-bone made his advent into the world, destined to pass a life quite as wild and boisterous as the elements were furious on the night of his birth.

Two miles distant from Christopher's double cabin was a little round-log school house, where Dominie Ross taught the mysteries of letters and laid the foundations of a knowledge of reading, writing and cyphering. Hither, at the age of four years, Tommy was sent in company with an elder sister, as kind-hearted a girl as ever flung a shuttle or turned a spinning-wheel, who, when the little fellow got tired of walking, frequently carried him upon her back. In two years constant attendance Tommy seems to have acquired a tolerable acquaintance with the first three letters of the alphabet, when a new pedagogue, named Sevier, arrived in the neighborhood and opened a "Seminary;" and Tommy was sent to him. In eighteen months further study, the hopeful pupil got as far as b-a-baker; but not being able to master the "k," he was turned back to the a-b-abs; and old Christopher, concluding that he was never intended for one of the savants of the world, put a hoe in his hand, and placed him in the field to hoe corn and dig pota-



TOM CRIED "OPEN!" AND WON.

toes, at which occupation and driving up the cows and doing little jobs about the farm, he was kept till his tenth year. In the meanwhile Tommy grew up a mischievous boy, and learned much more about robbing hen-roosts and fighting chickens than of anything good; and for a long while he and his companions were such a terror to the poultry yards, that the neighbors were forced to purchase pad-locks and keep watch-dogs in all their chicken houses.

On one occasion, Jack Taylor, the same who said Tommy had uttered a war-whoop at his birth, had gone with a load of marketing to Lexington and brought home a game rooster, which came up to Tom's ideal of a beauty to a feather. That night as Tom went to bed, he said to his brother William, who slept with him, "Bill, did you see that new rooster of old Jack Taylor's? Now, if we only had *him*, couldn't we whip Jim McCormick's black chicken, though?" William thought that they could do it

very easily; and it was forthwith arranged that they must have the rooster, even if they died for it. The next day, which was Saturday, they accordingly put themselves upon their good behavior, did all their work about the farm in good time, and obtained permission of old Christopher to go possum-hunting that night. After dark they called the dogs and started on their way in the direction of old Taylor's barn. Reaching a small grove of timber near the barn, William set the dogs on a hog; and their barking soon brought out all of Taylor's dogs, while Tom slyly stole around to the chicken house and managed the game so adroitly that he secured the coveted prize without causing either a squall or a cackle.

CHAPTER III.

After breakfast the following day, Bill and Tom stole off with their roosters to the rookery, as they called it, a small open space in a pawpaw patch, surrounded with a dense undergrowth of spice-

wood and huckleberry and shaded by tall hickory, oak, walnut and sugar-maple trees. About a hundred yards before reaching the spot, they concealed their newly-acquired prize in a cane-brake and taking with them their three other roosters, found Jim McCormick and the other boys on the ground. In a short time the wagers were laid and the fighting commenced, but with indifferent success on either side, till Tom proposed to fight his "Grocery-keeper," as he dubbed his new rooster, against Jim's famous black chicken, the "Turkey-Buzzard" for all the money in the crowd, which amounted to some five or six dollars. The offer was eagerly accepted, and Bill was dispatched for the Grocery-keeper. The cocks were soon heeled, and after a few preliminaries, they were pitted; and, at the third pass, the Grocery-keeper drove his gaff directly through the head of the Turkey-Buzzard, and Jim McCormick's famous black chicken lay lifeless upon the ground. This made Tom the envied hero of the day, but as is usual upon such occasions, he was not allowed to enjoy his honors without a fight.

It is not at all strange that one wickedness leads to another; the connection is so intimate that a pretty fair judgment of an entire character may be formed from a single act. If we see that a man will lie, we may be pretty sure that he will steal; and if he will steal, there is hardly any vice or crime that he may not be guilty of, under certain circumstances. For the vagaries of youth and the effects produced upon an inexperienced mind by bad company, some allowance is to be made; but, as sure as the sun shines, if a boy commences with chicken-thieving and cock-fighting, and is allowed to run on in the career of which they are usually the threshold, he will come to no good end. We make these observations, not to apply to the subsequent life of Tom; for notwithstanding all his boyish wick-

edness, circumstances afterwards rescued him to a great extent from the influences of these vices; but to point out in the beginning of these sketches the thread of moral which pervades all truthful biography. And it is only for the sake of the truth, and in the hope that any and every truth, though it be the truth of wickedness, may result in some good, that we feel justified in bringing up to the light the now nearly forgotten stories of this strange old adventurer—we had nearly said vagabond—Peg-leg Smith's youthful shortcomings.

But to return to the narrative: we said that Tom, upon the victory of the Grocery-keeper, was the envied hero of the day. Jim McCormick, however, managed by searching in the bottom of his pockets to collect together about a dollar beside what he lost, and with the intention of retrieving his fortunes, proposed to play cards at three shillings a game. Tom, after fighting chickens, could not refuse to play cards; and the two little gamblers went immediately at it, surrounded by a circle of youthful spectators, watching with breathless interest the vicissitudes of the contest. The first game was decided in favor of Tom; but here a dispute arose respecting the deal, and the game, as is usual on such occasions, broke up in a quarrel. We will not attempt to repeat the talk of the scamps; but suffice it to say that after many oaths, Jim proposed to bet his remaining shillings on the game of "open and shut." Tom pleaded ignorance of this game; but Jim was the loser, and play Tom must. Said Jim, in an explanatory tone, "you see, I'll put my hand behind me, so, and you guess whether it's open or shut; if you guess right, you win; if you don't, why, I win." "Well," said Tom, "how am I to know whether I guess right or not?" "Why, when you guess, I'll bring my hand round this way before me, so." "Well," said Tom, "put up the money;

I've beaten you at everything else to-day, and I'll try to beat you at this, too." Thereupon Jim, placing his hand behind his back, cried "open or shut?" Tom eyed him a second or two, when he brought him a well-directed blow under the burr of the ear, which brought him to the ground; and, as he spread out his hands to break his fall, Tom cried "Open!"—and won Jim's last half-dollar at his own game.

Tom might now have said, with the famous Logan, thrice have I gone forth to give battle and thrice have I returned victorious; but that day's sun was destined to see him completely chop-fallen. Among the friends and cronies of Jim McCormick was one Buck Buford, a boy four years older than Tom Smith, and of a tyrannical and overbearing disposition. He had been busy nearly the entire day, trying to pick a quarrel with Tom, had used disparaging epithets, taken the part of the Turkey-Buzzard against the Grocery-keeper, and stood over Jim McCormick and helped him at the game of seven up—all of which was equivalent to a declaration of hostility. Tom, on his part, allowed himself to be persuaded by Bob Tisdell that he could whip Buck; and without much negotiation agreed to go over to the Seminary and fight it out. Repairing to that place and settling the preliminaries, accordingly, a ring was soon formed, and at it they went; but it soon became evident that Buck's additional years were more than a match for Tom's skill and determination. The two soon closed, but Buck's greater size and strength gave him at once a decided advantage. Bob Tisdell, seeing this, attempted to part them, but the remainder of the party interfered and the fight had to be fought out; which was not the case until Tom felt compelled for once in his life to cry "enough." It was a bitter hour for him, and the humiliation of it stuck to him for many a day. Even now,

at a distance of fifty years, and although but half of what he used to be, Peg-leg declares that should he ever meet with Buck Buford, he would try that fight over again.

CHAPTER IV.

At the age of ten, Tom was again sent to school with his sisters and brothers, and continued in attendance for over four years; and it seems that notwithstanding his mischievous propensities, he so conducted himself during school hours as to win the approbation of his teacher and the friendship of his schoolmates. One remarkable thing is said of him, which is hard to credit of a boy who fought chickens and played cards, and that is, that no inducement could make him tell a black lie; that no matter what kind of a scrape he might be led into, not even to escape the severest punishment would he violate his character for veracity, but rather confess and suffer the penalty. His father was not one of those affectionate parents, who believe in spoiling the child by sparing the rod; and Tom had bitter experience of it; but even the certainty of the old man's wrath did not deter him from living up to what he considered the dictates of honor, widely and unfortunately as he had mistaken the true meaning and principles of that noble word.

There happened, about the time of which we are speaking, a wedding in the neighborhood and the pies, cakes and confectionaries were all deposited in the dairy under an apple tree in the yard. On the night previous to the eventful day, Tom with his mischief-loving companions repaired to the spot, carried off everything to the woods and after merely tasting, hid the dainties in a hollow stump, with the intention of returning the following day and having a grand feast. But to their sad disappointment they found that the ants had taken possession of their store-house, crawled into



"WELL, I'M GOING ON SIXTEEN YEARS OLD."

the pores of the cakes, got in between the crusts of the pies, and mired in the sugary juices, and entirely destroyed the pleasures which they anticipated from their stolen luxuries. They indeed attempted to dislodge the industrious little invaders; but after fruitless efforts by knocking and blowing, now and then taking a bite and having to spit it out again, they soon gave up the job in despair; and had to content themselves with the reflection that they were no worse off than the wedding party. But "murder will out," and in the course of a few days this theft was noised about the neighborhood and came to the ears of old Christopher Smith, who at once suspected Tom of having had a hand in it. Here Tom's character for veracity was fully borne out; for upon the accusation being made by his father, he instantly acknowledged his participation; but no amount of punishment could induce him to inform on his companions; and it was as much for his obstinacy in this respect as for his original mischief that his father gave him such an unmerciful flogging that he was laid up for a week.

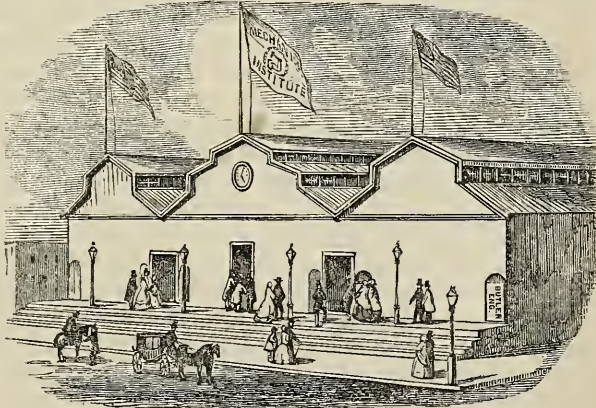
Not long after this, one day in school, Tom's propensity for fun overbalanced his discretion and subjected him to the ire of his schoolmaster, who in a paroxysm of rage ordered him to take off his coat. This Tom positively refused to do; and the authority of the irascible pedagogue being thus for the *first* time called in question, so excited that dignitary and caused him to ply his hickory so fiercely, that Tom determined to reciprocate, and jerking up the dog-wood poker, gave him a tremendous poke "below the belt," which sent the school-master reeling to the other side of the room. The momentary cessation of hostilities, occasioned by this stroke of policy, afforded Tom an opportunity to look around him, and dropping the poker, he fled. The teacher sent several of the other boys to bring him back, but they knew Tom too well to execute their commission and returned reporting him beyond their reach. As for Tom, he stopped at the forks of the road and waited for his brothers and sisters on their way home, who brought his hat and a note from the master to his father. After inquiring the state of affairs at the school-house, he went on with them to his home, rather anticipating a belligerent display there too; but old Christopher, after reading the note with a half smile, merely put it in his vest pocket and walked out into the yard. A subdued conversation was now carried on between his mother, his sister and himself, which was soon interrupted by the reappearance of his father, and Tom expected to catch what he called "magnificent particular;" but nothing was said till after breakfast the following morning, when the old man quietly said, "Well, Tom, it appears you and the school-master have had a fight; which had the best of it?" "Don't know, sir," said Tom, "but I rather think he got the hardest lick. I didn't want to take my coat off; I thought it bad enough with

it on." "Well," replied the old man, no doubt feeling remorseful for the unmerciful flogging he had given Tom a short time before, "you go to school; and as you got into the difficulty, you must get out of it the best way you can. Settle it between you; I shall have nothing to do with it."

With these paternal words still in his ears, Tom started in the direction of the schoolhouse; but after arriving at the end of the field, he mounted the fence and looking around him began soliloquizing: "Well, I'm going on sixteen years old and I've had nothing but work and flogging all my life; twice by my father so bad that I have been laid up in bed, and I don't know how many times I've been walloped by crabbed schoolmasters. I could stand being larruped by my mother," and here the tears began to swell in

his eyes—"but by these others, never. Now, I know boys of my age, who have no parents and they earn their own living—why can't I do the same? Yesterday I got licked and will be again to-day, provided"—here his face wreathed in a melancholy smile—"provided I face the music, which I don't intend to do, no how you can fix it. So, good bye, old folks, I'll try my hand with the world," and getting down from the fence, Tom started off on the road to Nashville, Tennessee, where a maternal aunt of his resided, some two hundred miles distant. With only the clothes he had upon his back and twenty-five cents, which his brother-in-law had loaned him a day or two previously, in his pocket, Tom walked briskly on; and soon had his first experience in what he called trying his hand with the world.

THE PAVILION OF THE MECHANICS' INSTITUTE FAIR.



VIEW OF THE PAVILION.

THE Pavilion of the Mechanics' Institute Fair, of which the above engraving gives the outside front view, is situated on the corner of Montgomery and Sutter streets, and very nearly in the centre of the city of San Francis-

co. It fronts 150 feet on Montgomery street and runs back 200 feet, making one of the largest rooms in the United States. It is on the main street, and the omnibus lines from the extremes of the city as well as the rail-road from the

Mission pass along the adjoining streets; consequently a more easily attainable locality could not have been selected.

The present Pavilion is the second which has been built by the Institute; the first one, which served for two years, having been erected on the same spot in 1857. That building was in the form of a Greek cross, covered with canvas, and with a large canvas dome in the center. The First Industrial Fair ever held in the State was opened there on the 7th of September, 1857, and remained open for five or six weeks. Being a great novelty and embracing all objects of interest in mechanical departments in the State, besides a remarkably fine display of the California Horticultural Society, the Fair met with a success which was altogether unexpected. During its continuance, the Pavilion was almost constantly crowded and it presented really a very interesting or at least a very new kind of exhibition, one to which most of the population had been unaccustomed since they had left their homes in the East.

The unexpected success of the first Fair induced the managers of the Institute to renew it the next year; and the Pavilion was allowed to stand through the winter. The canvas roofing indeed rotted away and was blown into shreds; but the next summer the building was repaired, a new roof put on, and in September, 1858, the second Fair was opened. It resembled the first in many respects, except that what it lost in novelty it made up in the greater number and greater excellence of its articles on exhibition. During the season of its continuance it was well attended, fully rewarding its conductors for the pains and trouble to which they had gone to make it an exhibition creditable to the city and State. After the close of this second Fair, it was resolved that the third should not be held before 1860; and the Pavilion building was sold, and the greater

part of it broken up and carried away. The wing fronting on Montgomery street remained, however, for two years longer; and was used, first as the place where the "Model of Solomon's Temple" was built and afterwards exhibited; and subsequently for a few months at the end of 1859 by Capen Adams, the famous Grizzly Bear Hunter, for the exhibition of his Pacific Museum.

The present Pavilion, which is a great improvement as an exhibition building on the first, was built in the spring of this year. During the summer it was used for various purposes, being engaged almost every evening for concerts or balls. The Episcopal Mission Sunday School engaged it for their 4th of July Celebration and decorated it very beautifully for that fine occasion. It had also been used for political meetings; but was found to be of bad acoustic qualities: and one great mass meeting, that in relation to Fraudulent Land Claims, was compelled to adjourn to the street, as the speakers could not be heard within its sound-dissipating roofs and walls. It was opened by the Mechanics Institute with their Fair on the evening of September 4th. The attendance was crowded, and for two weeks up to the time of this writing, it has continued crowded evening after evening, with fair attendance during the day time.

The Fair this year far surpasses in variety and excellence of the articles exhibited, the Fairs of 1857 and 1858. Even in these last two years the progress of California in the Industrial Arts has been very great. In almost all departments of mechanics we can compete very well with the manufacturers of the East; and we may almost say of Californian Art, as we say of California herself,—that it has sprung, like Minerva from the head of Jove, full-formed into complete existence. All branches of manufactures, from the immense marine steam engine of 1000 horse-power from Mr. Donahue's

Union Iron Works, down to California-made tin dishes, are represented. Mills of all kinds are to be seen, from the ponderous quartz crushers down to small grinders. Ladies' work which might be the envy of Paris modistes is on one side; on the other are the delicate cameos cut by Mr. Mezzara and the diamond and gold work of our Californian jewelers. Ship carpenter work, iron cables and wire ropes, agricultural implements, pianos, tools and instruments and machinery, mantuamaking, tailoring, painting, solid and fancy work—every kind of industry indeed has its representative. The visitor is astonished, and can not help wondering at the already attained greatness of the new State.

 THE DISCOVERER OF CORAL CAVE.

BY WANDERER.

A DELVING 'mong the ragged rocks,
 What cheering hopes he found;
 When stern misfortune's cruel shocks
 All common hearts did wound.
 But he, unconquered, sought to know
 The secrets of the hill,
 And day by day his works did show
 The efforts of his will.

For this he toiled with hands and brain,
 To conquer if he could;
 He said: "Perhaps some one may gain,
 For Providence is good."
 Undreamed of, unexpected quite—
 Fortune rewards the brave;
 At last the lantern's feeble light
 Revealed the Coral Cave.

E'en he, the brave, could scarcely dare
 To lift his flickering lamp,
 And tempt the unknown wonders there,
 Those chambers dark and damp;
 Till, hark, a voice of sweet, pure tone,*
 Told of the spirit fair,
 Who made the glittering grot her own
 Retreat, unique and rare.

When Nature robbed the earth in green,
 And everything was good,

Fair flowers and fruit and grain were seen,
 And Paradise still stood;
 Then man and beast and birds were gay,
 In sylvan shades and sun;
 But Nature rested not that day—
 Her works are never done.

On, on she worked! and worketh still,
 Replacing what decays,
 And forming new, 'neath vale and hill,
 Her works in wondrous ways;
 'Tis thus the hidden cavern yields
 Wonders as fair to view,
 As e'en the forests and the fields
 'Neath Heaven's arching blue.

Go on, brave man, thou first to tread,
 Where none hath trod before,
 Where Nature lavishly hath spread
 Her rich, resplendent store!—
 And, trusting to the lantern's light,
 He ventured on his way, [bright
 Through halls whose crystals dazzling
 Reflected back each ray.

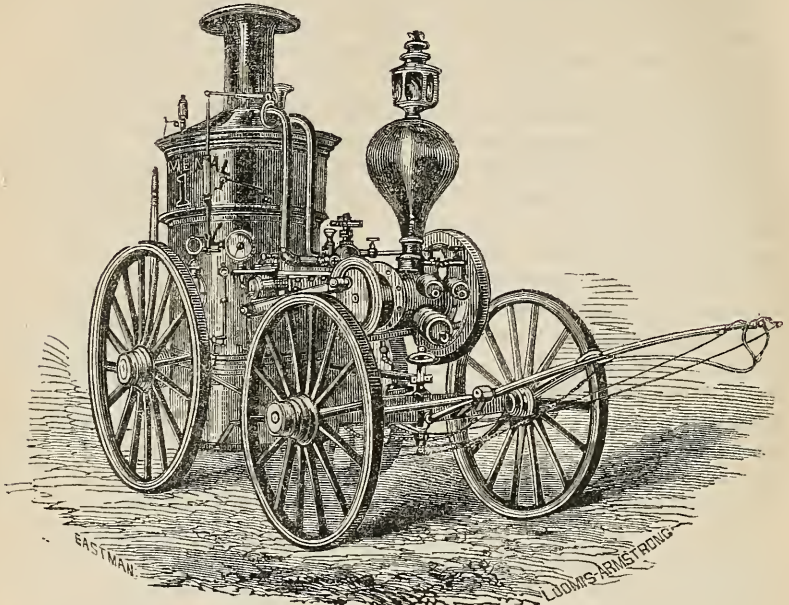
He raised his voice, but not to shout;
 A sacred face he thought;
 And grandest, purest thoughts devout,
 Forbade expressions rude;
 He stood enraptured with the scene,
 Bound with a mystic spell;
 But what he said his soul alone,
 No words, no tongue can tell.

* NOTE.—When Mr. Gwynn first broke into the Cave, he heard a musical moan, occasioned by the escape of the pent-up air, and resembling the melodious tones of a woman's voice.

THERE is a spring of great medicinal virtues on the south or principal Farallone Island.

The water comes up from many apertures, containing chlorates, sulphates and phosphates. In taste it resembles alum water mixed with vinegar. It is represented as healthful and curative; and is known to be a great provocative of appetite. It has the reputation of being a perfect cure for obstinate cases of diarrhœa. One of the keepers of the lighthouse on the island states that for three consecutive years he suffered constantly from this distressing disease and exhausted all the remedies within his reach without effect. Upon resorting to the use of the waters of this spring, a speedy and entire cure was effected.

THE PIONEER STEAM FIRE-ENGINE.



[Photographed by W. Watkins.]

WE present above an illustration of the new Steam Fire-Engine, which has been imported from New York, by Wethered & Tiffany of this city. It is now in the hands of Monumental Engine Company, No. 6, and will be purchased by them, provided that on trial it prove satisfactory. We have had the cut made from a photographic view taken while the engine was on parade, on the occasion of the Tenth Anniversary of Monumental Fire Company, No. 6, which took place September 12th.

The annexed notice of the Engine in question, taken from the *Scientific American*, gives a description of it: It was built, says that journal, by Messrs. Lee & Larned, of New York, at the Novelty Iron Works. These engines are fitted to be drawn by hand, being intended especially for the use of engine and hose companies; so that villages and small

cities may now avail themselves of the superior and untiring power of steam, for fire-engine purposes, with no change in existing organizations, and without the expense of a horse establishment. The engine from which the view is taken was on duty for several months, in the hands of the Valley Forge Hose Company, stationed in Thirty-seventh street, New York, and it rendered signal service on several occasions. It is about ten feet in length, exclusive of the pole, and weighs 3,700 pounds; which weight, we understand, will be reduced at least 200 pounds in engines of the same style to be hereafter built. Having large wheels and sensitive springs, it runs as easily as an ordinary fire-engine of 500 or 600 pounds less weight, and easier than the average of first-class hand engines. Its best single stream, for distance, is one inch diameter; for quantity, $1\frac{1}{2}$; but for ordi-

nary fire duty, it will handle, with good effect, two one-inch streams, drawing its own water. This it did, for ten consecutive hours at a fire on the ship *John J. Boyd*, in January last.

The steam power is derived from one of Lee & Larned's patent annular boilers, of 125 feet of heating surface, with which steam can be raised to working pressure, in from six to eight minutes. The pump, which is of brass, and highly finished, is Cary's patent rotary, driven by a single reciprocating engine, of 7 inches bore and $8\frac{1}{2}$ inches stroke, with a pair of light balance wheels to carry it over the centers. It is intended to make from 200 to 400 revolutions per minute. A flange-disk, cast on the pump shell, makes one of the heads of the steam cylinder; the two, thus combined, forming a steam pump, of novel form and unequaled simplicity and compactness; occupying, indeed, so small a space (only 27 inches in length), that they are hardly seen in the engraving. The piston rod, passing out through the opposite head, acts on a cross-head of such length as to allow a connecting rod from each end of it to pass the cylinder and take hold of cranks on the pump shaft. The valve movement is obtained by means of a rockshaft, actuated by an eccentric rod from the main shaft. The boiler is supplied from an independent feed pump, but has also a connection with the main pump, which may be used at pleasure. The carriage frame is, in front, simply a horizontal bed plate of iron, of less than a foot in breadth, expanding, behind, into a ring, to the inside of which is bolted an upright open cylinder of thin, but stiff, sheet-iron, strengthened at the bottom by an angle-iron ring, the whole forming at once a seat and a casing for the boiler, which is placed within it. This end of the bed or frame is hung on platform springs, arranged like those of an omnibus, by means of tension rods and braces, taking hold of

the angle-iron ring. The center of weight is directly over the hinder axle, which opens into a hoop allowing the boiler to hang within it. The springs are plates of steel, one or more to each, of uniform thickness, but tapering in width from the middle towards either end. In front, two springs of this form are used, placed one above the other, in line with and directly under the bed, receiving the weight of the machinery at the middle or widest part. These serve the two-fold purpose of spring and reach, taking hold in front, by means of forked ends, on swivel-boxes at each end of a short vertical shaft, forming a universal joint with the front axle; giving thus a single point of front suspension, annihilating the tendency of the bed to wring and twist under its load in traveling over rough roads, saving all the weight of metal needed under the ordinary arrangement to counteract that tendency and secure the necessary stiffness, protecting the machinery perfectly against the concussions of travel, and dispensing with the complication and friction of a fifth wheel.

These engines are built of several different sizes; the one we have described being the smallest. The next size larger, weighing 5,200 pounds, is also a hand engine (though either can be fitted to be drawn by a horse or horses, if required), and being of proportionally greater power, it is to be preferred where the condition of the streets is favorable, in respect to surface and grades, and the company is strong enough in numbers to manage it. This engine throws a $1\frac{1}{4}$ -inch stream 260 feet, a $1\frac{3}{8}$ -inch 228 feet, and for fire duty not unfrequently plays a $1\frac{1}{2}$ -inch stream with great effect. The Manhattan engine, which, in the hands of Manhattan Company, No. 8, of New York, did such admirable service at the severe fires of the last winter, and which was, according to the estimate of competent authorities, the means of saving property to the amount of at least a hundred times its cost, is of this size.

SAND CLOUDS ON THE DESERT.

THE stories told by the old traveler Bruce, of columns or pillars of sand moving with fearful rapidity over the African deserts, were regarded by many as too wonderful for belief; and probably he did draw a little too much upon his imagination in his descriptions of them. But there was much truth in his accounts there can be no doubt, as columns of this kind are observed in the smaller deserts of our own country.

Dr. John B. Trask, writing under date of April 30th, 1860, from Virginia, in the Washoe region, says:

"Since my last, we have had a variety of weather, the compound being made up of clear and warm, clear and cold, and cold and windy, with a half-hurricane and abundance of whirlwinds the greater part of the time. At our altitude (5,582 feet), now well determined, the view to the east is romantic and grand. On the forty-mile desert (the nearest point of which to this place is sixty-six miles), there has been for the last ten days an almost constant series of tremendous whirlwinds, which at this distance seem to travel north or south. The level of this desert is obscured from our view by a low ridge of mountains about one thousand feet high, and you may form some conception of the grand scale on which these local storms act, when I state to you that the columns of sand rise to an elevation of more than four times the height of the intervening ridge. Taking the distance into consideration, the largest column raised to this immense height, which I saw on the 22d, could not have been less than three miles in diameter, forming a feature on the atmosphere of an immense water-spout, at times witnessed at sea. These whirlwinds seem to travel about seventy miles an hour—for one of the columns rising on the southern border traveled a distance of forty miles in

little less than thirty minutes. The manufacturers of geographies would do well to come to Virginia City, and study the features of sand-storms for their illustrations. Since I have been here, there have been probably not less than a dozen or more of these storms, and they all present the same features, viz.: a point of cloud descending from a broad base for a short distance, and beneath it a dark column gradually rising till a junction is formed. The sand-cloud also rises when no cloud is visible there."

Frank Soulé, a few weeks afterwards, wrote of the same sand-clouds:

"This has been a day of fearful winds. Clouds of snow have been hanging on the mountain tops, and scattering their burdens down; and furious gusts and gales are sweeping from the southwest across the forty-mile desert, raising columns of sand and dust to the clouds. Some of these must be at least three thousand feet in height above the desert, and travel at great speed. Above the hills, above the highest mountain tops, we see them at a distance of from thirty-five to fifty miles, whirling upwards as if they would blot out sun and sky, while the desert itself seems like an ocean of water, dashed into billows of foam. Pitiless, indeed, seem these galloping columns of stifling dust and sand, and pitiful indeed is the condition of any poor creature, human or brute, who, caught there, is obliged to endure, or die, amid the chilling and strangling tempest."

THE LION AND THE HARE.—A lion vouchsafed his intimate acquaintance to a facetious hare. "Now, is it true," asked the hare of him once, "that the crowing of a miserable cock can so easily put you lions to flight?"

"It is true, indeed," replied the lion, "and it is a very common observation that all of us great animals have some certain little weakness or other. Thus, for example, you have doubtless heard of the elephant, how the grunting of a sow will throw him into paroxysms of terror."

"By my faith," exclaimed the hare, "now I understand why we hares are so frightened at the barking of dogs."

[*Lessing's Fables.*]

THE MIRAGE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF FREILIGRATH.

MY EYE surveys with restless gaze the harbor's pennon-bearing breast,
 But thine still seeks the ostrich plumes that nod upon my warrior crest:
 "I fain would hear once more again, here in our sea-surrounded yacht,
 A tale about the desert wastes from which these beauteous plumes were brought."

Well, well! I lay my aching brow upon the hollow of my hand;
 My eyelids fall, but not for sleep—see there, the desert's glowing sand!
 The places of the tents belong to those of whom I'm kith and kin,
 And in her blighted widow-weeds Sahara's spreading wastes are seen.

Who traveled through the lion-band with claws and hoofs is marked the clay?
 Timbuctoo's caravan it was—on horizon the banners play,
 And glisten spears—and in the dust the Emir's purple vestments spread,
 And proudly midst the moving throng the camel lifts his stately head.

They travel in compacted mass, where intermingle sand and air:
 But see that sulphurous-colored cloud within whose folds they disappear!
 'Tis easy to point out their trail from traces they have left behind:
 With what they've lost, in scattered heaps, their rough and toilsome way is lined.

The first, as if a mile-stone placed, dead dromedary, lies just there;
 And on its carcass sit and gorge, with naked necks a vulture pair;
 They take their raw and glut'nous meal—close where a jeweled turban's tost,
 Which in his wild and raging haste a young and noble Arab lost.

Beyond, 'tis silken housings-stuff which on that tamarisk's thorns is seen;
 And near it, dry and empty, lies a tough but bursted water-skin—
 But who is he of frantic gaze that comes with wild and painful tread?
 It is a dark-haired desert chief, the Sheik of Biledulgerid.

The rear-guard closing, fell his horse; he stayed; his people would not bide;
 His favorite wife alone of all cleaved fainting to his girdle side.
 How brightly beamed her brilliant eye, when lifted to his saddle seat!
 And now he drags her panting form amid the desert's dust and heat.

The burning sands, where nightly but the lion's shaggy form has crept,
 Are now with the disheveled locks of this exhausted beauty swept.
 The dust besoils her loosened curls; it stains her ripe and dewy lips;
 And here and there her blood paints red the flint stones' sharp and cruel tips.

And e'en the Emir reels; the blood in all his pulses feverish flows;
 His eyes start out, and on his brow a vein that's full to bursting glows.
 With one last burning kiss he wakes his fainting Fezzan bride again,
 And then, with wildest curse he falls upon the dry and parched plain.

[spouse?

She, wondering, wondering looks around;—ha, what is that? "sleep'st thou my
 The sky that seemed all brass, now wears a look of steel. Arouse, arouse!

Where is the desert's yellow glare? where e'er I look a light appears!
It is a glimmering, like the sea's, that brightly shines beyond Algiers!

See, see! it lightens and it storms; and moister, cooler grows the air!
A giant mirror sparkles it:—wake up, perhaps the Nile is there!
But no, we travel southward; ah! perhaps it is the Senegal?
Or, if it were the ocean wide with broken white and pearly swell?

But either one, 'tis water still! wake up! our raiment lay aside;—
Wake up, my lord; and let us haste and bathe us in the welcome tide;
A living draft, a strengthening bath, our veins with power renewed will flow;
And soon we'll reach those castled towers which yonder o'er the waters glow.

Around their grey and stony doors the scarlet banner proudly flies,
And lances bristle on their walls; and in their midst domed mosques arise;
And in the road-steads freighted ships, high-masted, sail-spread, come from far,
And pilgrims of all nations fill the spacious and perfumed bazaar.

Belovéd, haste, my tongue grows thick! wake up, the twilight comes again!"
Yet once he lifted up his eyes; then spoke with husky voice: "'Tis vain!
'Tis but a mockery and a cheat, the mirage, false, delusive spell."
He ceased.—The meteor disappeared—upon his corse she lifeless fell!

Thus spake in Venice harbor once about his home the swarthy Moor;
The General's story sweetly streamed in Desdemona's eager ear.
She rose not till the vessel came beneath the palace marble's glow
And then he bore her up the steps—sole child of old Brabantio.

NOTES ON AMADOR VALLEY.

BY JOHN S. HITTELL.

LOOKING eastward from the city of San Francisco we see the bay of the same name eight miles wide, beyond that a plain three or four miles wide, and beyond that the Contra Costa ridge of the coast mountains. That ridge with its spurs is about ten miles wide, and to the east of it, and between it and the parallel Diablo ridge, lies Amador valley, one of the prettiest and most fertile dales of the state. The valley was formerly called the Valley of San José, and was used by the Mission of San José for the pasturage of its cattle. The present name is derived from Don José Amador, the first white

settler, who came into the valley more than twenty-five years ago. He was at one time *Administrador* of the Mission of San José, and was a prominent man among the native Californians. Some five or six years ago he sold out and moved southward to Santa Barbara. Soon after the discovery of the gold, this Señor Amador went to the mines, with a large number of Indians from his ranch, and he mined for a time between the Cosumnes and Mokelumne rivers, at a place now within the limits of Amador county, to which his name was given.

The Amador valley is triangular in general shape, about eight miles in diameter, and is nearly surrounded by mountains. Only a very little of the land is cultivated; nearly all of it is used for

pasturing cattle and sheep, of which former there are about 20,000 and of the latter about 5,000.

When seen from the adjoining hills, the valley, with its great extent of untouched grass lands, the paucity of its houses, fences and cultivated fields, and the abundance of its cattle, reminded us of Napa, Sonoma, Petaluma and Santa Clara valleys, as they were eight or nine years ago, when our State imported wheat and barley from abroad, and we did not dream that our apples and our vines would soon compare with any in the world. Here something can still be seen of California as it was in old times, when the lasso was king, as it is yet in this valley. Nine-tenths of its wealth, exclusive of the land, lies in the herds of cattle. The native Californians have sold most of their land to the Americans, but the latter have adopted the pursuits of their predecessors, and prefer swinging the lasso to following the plough.

The Mexican system of stock-raising was very good for the California of 1846. In fact, no other system was available. The great ranches, large as European dukedoms or principalities, the lack of fences, the open range, the vaqueros, the *realta*, (pronounced ray-áh-ta) the strong Mexican saddle, the Spanish bit and spurs, the corral, the brand, the *rodeo*, (pronounced ro-dáy-o) all these were necessary to success in stock-raising in California fifteen years ago. Cattle and horses were never or very rarely fed, but were compelled at all seasons, to rely entirely on their own ability to pick up food in the open plain. And they had very little value. Horses were worth about \$5 apiece, and the chief value of cows was in their hides and tallow, for which alone many were killed every year. Under these circumstances it could not be expected that the *ranchero* would go to much expense in improving his stock; his only care was to keep his

herds within reach and marked so that he could recognize them without difficulty. But now a new order of things has been instituted.

The old system is becoming every year less and less suitable to our present wants and circumstances. Our herds are now, when well managed, the source of immense wealth. The *ranchero* can afford to improve his stock; indeed, if he wishes to derive the most possible profit from his herds he must improve their blood. The old breed of California horses and cattle were of very good quality in some respects, and suitable for their wild modes of life, but they are poor as compared with the high-bred animals common in England and the Eastern States, and now in demand in California, too.

The Spanish cattle of California were brought from Mexico, by the missionaries, about 1770. At what time their stock came originally to Mexico is not precisely known, but no doubt it was in the seventeenth century, and they must have been imported from Spain. In Mexico they were allowed to run almost wild, and they took the appearance of wild animals. They have very nearly the same range of colors as the American and European cattle, but mouse dun and brindle colors, almost infallible signs of "scrub" blood, are more frequent, and the deep red, fine cream color and delicate mottling of deep red and white found only in high-blooded animals, are entirely wanting. Their legs are thin and long, their noses sharp, their forms graceful, their horns long, thin, and wide-spread; and they have the same duskiness about the nostrils and eyes as the deer. In many points a resemblance may be seen between a young Spanish cow, and a deer. The cows are small and wild, do not fatten readily, produce little milk, and their meat is not so tender and juicy as that of the American cattle. The meat of the Spanish cow

when fat is good ; but since most of the Spanish beef, now brought into the market of San Francisco, is obtained by driving wild animals a considerable distance, and necessarily worrying and wasting them, it may well be inferior to that of stock bred near the city, in fields, and specially fattened for the table. However, they are certainly far inferior to the American and imported stock for general farm purposes, and they should be replaced by herds of better blood as soon as possible. In this respect much has been done by California. Millions of dollars have been spent to get fine-blooded bulls and cows, and we have almost as fine Ayrshires, Devons and Durhams, as can be found anywhere, and of American cows there are not less than ten thousand in the State.

The Californian horse, like the cow, betrays his base blood by his colors. Mouse color, dull duns of various shades, and calico color or mixtures of white with red or black in numerous large spots or blotches, are very common, and chestnut, bright sorrel and dark bay and fine dappled gray, are very rare or entirely wanting.

The Californian horse is quick, tough, unsurpassable for the use of the rider and the vaquero ; but he is small, lacks weight and strength, is not suited to hard, steady work with the plough or wagon, and is not beautiful. He is wanting in the hereditary submissiveness and steadiness of the well-bred horse ; and he lacks that sort of "sense" which leads an American horse to be quiet and gentle even in circumstances strange to him. The consequence is that American horses are worth about twice as much as Californian horses, the latter averaging in price from \$75 to \$100 ; the former from \$150 to \$200.

The Californian who desired to have a ranch under the Mexican dominion sought him a place in a valley where grass and

water were abundant, and petitioned the Governor to give him a grant, for colonization, of some leagues of land—not less than one league nor more than eleven. The Governor addressed a note to a local officer, instructing him to examine whether the land petitioned for was vacant, and report. If the report was favorable the grant was made, on condition that within a year or two the grantee should build and occupy a house, and put some cattle on the land. The grant having been obtained, the rancho selected his house site, built, near a spring or creek, a house of adobes, or sun-dried bricks, covered it with tiles or *tules*, (rushes), and drove his cattle to the place. Ordinarily there was no garden. The rancho had his home and his *corral*, or yard, into which his cattle could be driven, and these were the only improvements on his place.

A young rancho might start with two or three hundred cows, which, previous to 1846, were worth about \$5 a piece. If two hundred, he would, the next year, have two hundred calves, half bulls and half heifers. The next year he would have as many more calves. The third year his oldest heifers would take rank with the cows, and he would have three hundred calves, the next four hundred, and so on increasing. The bull calves would be used for veal, or changed, and used for work oxen, or killed for their hides and tallow. The herds required no expenditure of money for their protection. They never had any shelter, or were inclosed in a field, or tasted any cultivated plant. They ate only the indigenous grasses, oats and clover. Nothing was spent to improve the blood, or to transport them to fairs, or to advertise them. The owners' only care was to keep them in his vicinity—on his ranch, if possible—and mark them, so that he and all his neighbors might know them. To prevent them straying away, so far as

to be lost, the attention of a *vaquero* (pronounced vah-káy-ro, cow herd, from the Spanish *vaca* and Latin *vacca*, for cow,) was necessary. He always had his horse, his Mexican saddle, the pummel strong enough to hold a bull, and his *reata*, with which to lasso cattle, if necessary. He rode out occasionally to see where the cattle were, and, if beyond the limits of the ranch, he drove them to their proper grazing ground.

The ranchero recognizes his own solely by the brand; that is, he knows his cows by the brand, and knows his calves by their following his cows. The latter are all branded when they are brought on the ranch. He must collect all his cattle every spring, and brand every calf. The collection of cattle for branding is called a *rodeo*, and the business of holding *rodeos* in the spring makes the busy season of the rancheros. There are general *rodeos* and special *rodeos*. A *rodeo* may be for one ranch or for several—in the latter case, the size of the ranches, and the number of cattle, being usually small. When a general *rodeo* is to be held, the owner of the ranch gives notice to every cattle-owner in the vicinity, and to all supposed to have stock in the ranch, for cattle will often wander forty or fifty miles from home.

On the day of the general *rodeo* a dozen *vaqueros* start out, at daylight, to all the borders of the ranch, and commence driving the cows to a level spot agreed upon, usually near the centre of the ranch. The cattle learn to know this place, and when they hear the shouts of the *vaqueros* they all start in that direction, and they are usually collected on the designated ground before noon. The *vaqueros* of the ranch-owner are then stationed round them, and the other rancheros ride into the band, find their own, lasso the cows, and take them out—the calves following. When a ranchero gets all his cattle out, he drives them off to

his own ranch, and brands the calves.

At the general *rodeo*, everybody can come; the special *rodeo* is similar, except that it is given at particular request of some persons, who then have the privilege of taking out all their cattle before anybody else can disturb the herd. After the time of the general *rodeo*, everybody is busy branding his calves, of which a dozen *vaqueros* will brand about two hundred in a day.

The *rodeos* commence in the latter part of March, and continue about three months. In some parts of the country, the *rodeos* have a regular round. Thus, at the beginning of the *rodeo* season, the rancheros of Amador Valley start with thirty or forty men for the San Joaquin Valley, a distance of about fifty miles, whither many of their cattle stray during the winter, and commencing at the furthest ranch south, a general *rodeo* is held, at their request. After collecting all their cattle at the first ranch, they drive them northward to the next, where another *rodeo* is held, and so on, and they usually get home after an absence of two or three weeks. In the fall, another general *rodeo* is held, for the purpose of branding calves which may have been overlooked at the spring *rodeo*, or born after it, though that is a rare event—the cows calving almost universally in the winter.

On the 14th of May last, Mr. Dougherty, the owner of the finest stock ranch, and the largest herds of cattle, in the northern half of the State, held his general *rodeo* for this year. Notification of the time and place had been given, far and wide, to the rancheros, who came together in a large assemblage for such an occasion. The *rodeo*, (which etymologically means a surrounding, and comes from the same origin as "rotate,") supplies to the rancheros those occasions of general meeting, exciting adventure, and conversation and festivity which the settlers of the Mississippi Valley have in

their "raisings," politicians in their conventions, and ladies at balls and tea parties. The 14th of May showed promise, early in the morning, of being a splendid day, clear, quiet and warm, a promise afterwards fulfilled. The valley, about eight miles in diameter each way, was covered with a deep green carpet of grass and clover, here and there hidden by the abundance of flowers, while all around rose the hills, tinged with a pinkish purple where the vegetation had commenced to dry up, and beyond these were the mountains, brown and sullen with barren rocks and dull green chaparal.

Before daylight, Mr. Dougherty had sent out a dozen vaqueros to the outer limits of his ranch, to drive together all the cattle, which then for three hours could be seen running in great herds to the rodeo ground, near the place where the Alamo Valley opens upon the larger Amador Valley. At nine o'clock, eight thousand head of cattle were there collected, and about them were 200 or 250 rancheros, all on horseback, picturesque Californian figures, swarthy faced Mexicans, thick-bearded Americans, mostly rough looking fellows, some from the San Joaquin, fifty miles off, others from Santa Clara, Tasajera, Diablo, San Ramon, Suñol and other valleys, where rancheros and stock owners supposed that some of the cattle had strayed away to Dougherty's ranch. All were mounted on Californian saddles, with the accompaniments of Spanish bits, long spurs, leggings, *sudaderas*, *tapaderas*, *reatas*, &c.

The cattle were driven into a compact mass, nearly circular, and the body was apparently about a quarter of a mile across. The number was guessed at eight thousand. It is said that Dougherty owns about four thousand, and his, easily recognized by a little tail cut from the dewlap, were not more than half of the great herd. They were driven by the

vaqueros to move round and round in a circle, thus giving a better opportunity to see them.

Soon after nine o'clock the work of the day commenced—a day full of life, action, confusion and excitement. The men from the San Joaquin, having come the furthest, were allowed the first opportunity to get out their cattle. They rode in, a dozen men or more, and took a direction contrary to the motion of the cattle, which were not disturbed in the least by the presence of the horsemen. Whenever one of the stock-men discovered one of his cows, he called to a friend, and the two chased it out of the herd. The horses were evidently familiar with the work and fond of it. They soon recognized the cow that was to be "parted out," and kept their eyes fixed upon her, discovering her purpose before their riders, and turning with every turn of hers. She was soon driven away from the herd, and then, was placed under the charge of two vaqueros who guarded her until her owner had got ready to depart. When the animal to be driven out was an unmarked calf, it was lassoed, thrown down, and a vaquero with a knife marked it, cutting or slitting the ears, or cutting a little tail from the dewlap or neck, according to the owner's knife marks. Now and then a vaquero, after lassoing a cow, would lose hold of his *reata*, and the cow would run away. The horse knowing that the *reata* must be picked up, would run alongside of it, and while he was at full speed, the vaquero, with one hand on the pommel of the saddle, would lean over or hang down on one side, and with the other hand pick up the *reata*, rise to his place, then wrap the *reata* about the saddle-horn, and the cow would be caught as securely as though the *reata* had never slipped from the vaquero's hand. Numerous scenes of this kind were going on continuously on all sides of the great herd, and meantime the vaqueros and

rancheros on the outside had frequent opportunities to show their horsemanship in chasing up the cows and calves which would occasionally break away and attempt to escape into the plain. It was a very lively scene; and not a silent one, for the cows had mostly become separated from their calves, and thousands of cows and calves were lowing and bawling, without intermission, in tones of greater or less anxiety. Here and there, too, might be seen pairs of rival bulls, which, after shaking their heads in defiance at each other, pawing up the ground and muttering threats in deep bass, had put their heads together for a fight; but all these encounters, exciting as they promised to be in the beginning, ended bloodlessly with the inglorious flight of the beast which found himself to be the weaker of the two.

After the San Joaquin men had "parted out" their stock, the rancheros of the vicinity entered the herd, and finally the vaqueros of Dougherty went to work at getting out such of the ranch stock as they wanted to corral, and the day finally passed, full of excitement and labor. When evening came, every ranchero in the vicinity had collected his herd together on one side, under charge of his vaqueros, and each started for his home, driving his cattle before him. As is usual on such occasions, several wagons laden with fire-water were on the ground to supply those who thirsted for such a compound. There is but one general rodeo on a ranch in a year, and there are often serious accidents caused by the foolhardiness of the vaqueros and rancheros, and their desire to display their horsemanship and boldness in playing queer tricks with their horses and the wild cattle. In this case no accident occurred.

The land of Amador valley is rich, moist, and warm, and produces feed when other valleys are nearly bare. The hills

produce wild oats, and the low lands native clover, both excellent for stock. In the spring, the cattle prefer to range in the hills; in the summer and fall they love the clover; and even after the ground appears to be bare, the stock thrive by picking up the clover burs which lie upon the ground. This bur clover is more nutritious than any imported, but it will not thrive so well in dry land as the alfalfa.

Tributary to Amador, are two smaller valleys, the Alamo, (pronounced à-lah-mo) and the Tasajera, (tah-sah-hày-rah.) The former is so called from some *alamo* trees in it, but whether these *alamos* are elms or cottonwood, (the Mexicans apply the word *alamo* to both,) we are not informed. The Tasajera valley is so named because, previous to the secularization of the Missions, some vaqueros or Indians killed cattle belonging to the Mission, and cut up and dried the meat in this valley. *Tasajear* is a verb, meaning to perform that process, and *Tasajera* means a place where meat is cut up and dried in the sun. This is a process which would be well nigh impossible in the Atlantic States or Northern Europe, where meat would putrefy before it would dry, but there is no difficulty of that kind in California. Previous to the American dominion, when beef was the chief article of food with everybody, and almost the only one with most of the population, the process of cutting up and drying meat was one of the most common operations of the ranchero's life; now gone completely out of practice, except in a few of the ranches in the southern part of the State.

The small amount of tillage in Amador valley is to be ascribed to various causes, among which are that the land with a clear title is in the hands of a few owners, who own great herds of cattle, that fencing timber is scarce and dear, that the land is remote from the markets, and that spermophiles, or as they

are commonly called, squirrels, are extremely abundant. Beechey's spermophiles are among the peculiar features and curses of California. They exist in thousands, we might almost say in millions, in Amador Valley. Their burrows make the earth look like a honeycomb in those places where they establish their colonies, for they are gregarious animals and are fond of company. Sometimes five hundred burrows may be found on an acre, and hundreds of tenants may be seen at a time racing about over the the grass. Nobody in Amador Valley need suffer for the want of fresh meat, for it would not be a difficult matter to shoot a hundred of these pernicious spermophiles in a few hours; and their meat is fat and sweet. They live on grass and grass seeds—that is, if they cannot get into cultivated fields or gardens—for if they have access to any such places they cut down everything. The only way to raise a garden in their vicinity is to build a board fence so tight that they cannot get through it. They are so bold that they will make their burrows within ten steps of human dwellings, and there is in the valley more than one house from the roof of which dozens of squirrels might easily be killed in a day with a rifle. But they are now so numerous that it is almost folly to think of making any perceptible decrease in their numbers by shooting or hunting them. In the course of a few years, however, the squirrels will be killed off; good roads will bring the markets near; cattle will be stall-fed, or kept in fields of cultivated grass, and Amador will be one of the garden valleys of the State.

EVENING IN NAPA.

BY W. P. RICE.

FAIR Napa, sweetest valley, radiant queen—
Of Californian vales, how sweet thy scene

Of shady groves and verdant dales,
When evening breathes her balmy gales.

Here lawns extend in flowery sheen,
And waving fields in vesture green,
And silvery streams with music flow
And purple mists in beauty glow.

Yon setting sun with gorgeous light,
Tips each surrounding mountain's height;
Yon groves where Love her court might
hold,

See, how their green is edged with gold.

No chills; no frosts; here fade no bowers;
Here always bloom the tinted flowers;
Through all the year their glories shine,
O spring perennial! happy clime!

Long ere the "pale-face," Fortune's child,
Came o'er the hills, thy valley smiled;
And forest maidens knew to dream
Of love along thy flowery stream.

And yet may rove, at twilight hours,
True lovers mid thy blooming flowers;
For, hark, the note of turtle dove;
Here is the paradise of Love.

THE UNSEARCHED SHORES OF SAN FRANCISCO.

IN looking over our books on marine animals, plants and zoophytes, and particularly those published of late years by Mr. Gosse of London, we can not but think of the magnificent field for the naturalist, which is presented in our own Bay and Coast, the Unsearched Shores of San Francisco. When we consider the casual discoveries that have been made from time to time by even unobservant persons, the curious fishes, sponges, corals, polyps and shells; when we sit out at the ends of the wharves and look at the dark, green and black shell-incrusted piles, with their worms and parasites; when we walk around North Beach after a gale and survey the tangled line of delicate and gorgeous-hued sea-weeds; when we clamber among the rocks and see the anemones, crawling star-fishes,

and pinching crabs; when indeed we look in any direction, whether towards the stony ledges of the Golden Gate, the rocky islands, the shallow waters of the lower Bay, the sandy beaches to the north and south of the city, the flats and ponds of Oakland, or the mud-stretches of Mission Bay;—in every place we find unexplored regions, filled with new and untold wonders of the deep.

All these have to be investigated, studied, described; and we do not know that one could do a more acceptable or useful service to his day and generation than to assist in unfolding and spreading forth these hitherto unopened pages of the great book of nature. There are men in our midst who are well capable of reading the mystic characters, and of translating for us the evangels here written and bound up; for we cannot doubt but that there are on every side of us revelations—for those who can decipher them—as convincing and as wonderful as ever in the old world served as stepping stones from Nature up to Nature's God. If these men would for but a short time every week or a few days every month lay aside their scalpels, books, and crucibles, and pry a little more into the wonders around them, they would soon open up new and unheard of instruction and entertainment. Who would have thought that a horse-pond could have furnished such a fund of knowledge of the most pleasant and useful kind, till Buckland dipped his net into it and brought his microscope to bear upon its slimy scum? Who would have thought that the humble parish of Selbourne, with its few swallows and swifts, could have furnished a series of histories, read with pleasure over the whole world, till White noted down the results of his stray observations? But probably in no other spot on the face of the globe is there a field so rich in variety and interest, or which affords better opportunity for making investigations, than the vicinity of San

Francisco. The harvest is spread forth abundantly; the rewards are rich and glorious; who will go forth to labor?

It would be a task of supererogation to speak of the usefulness of science: it might as well be asked what is the good of *eloquence*, at some one of whose sacred altars every spirit, that has ever benefited his race, has been lighted. When therefore the question is put, what is the use of fingerling among the sea-weeds and scraping up the mud, which lies in refuse masses all around us? the response is, there is entertainment, instruction, knowledge, philosophy, poetry, religion in them.

Little comedies and tragedies are taking place daily among the bugs in yonder pond, which are quite as interesting and to some much more so than those in the playhouse; a correct knowledge of the habits and natural history of the long, many-legged, boring worm, which honey-combed those hickory piles at the foot of our city, might save us tens of thousands of dollars every year; the philosophy and poetry, which are written in the waves of the sea, as well and quite as finely illustrated as in the depths of the forest, constitute the only common ground upon which the tastes of all nations and all critics from the beginning to the end of the world can meet; and as to religion, which rightly viewed is the end and aim of all knowledge not purely economical—there can be no infidelity in the religion of Nature. Unbelief in the evangel of the material world around us is death; and death is itself a proof of the evangel.

In view of the magnificent field for research, which is open in the Bay and along the shores of San Francisco, a few results from this kind of study, as carried on in England, may be interesting to the reader. It has become so fashionable in that country to observe the nature and habits of marine animals and plants, that every summer, parties are formed in London and other cities to go

down to the sea-coast and spend a few weeks dredging the bays and overhauling the rocks for weeds and curiosities. Great numbers of aquariums are scattered over the kingdom, and so general is the interest taken, and so much in vogue this kind of investigation, that shops are established where ready-made aquariums, fresh sea-water and specimens are sold.

The most devoted perhaps of all living students in the natural history of marine forms is Philip H. Gosse of London. He has published several books on the subject, in one of which "The Aquarium," he gives directions how the study can be best prosecuted. In his writings he is perhaps too much disposed to ramble and preach sermons out of place; but no one can deny that he has presented us with some very entertaining sketches; but we think that his works, interesting and celebrated as they are, could be excelled by some of our California scientific men, were they to turn their attention to the Bay and coast waters and give us a plain narrative of their investigations.

THE SEPIOLE.

Mr. Gosse gives the following sketch of the "Sepiote," a curious kind of Polyp, species of which have been taken in our own Bay. He says:

My notions of the *Cephalopoda*, [a genus of marine animals having the feet at the head,] derived from figures of the various species in books, were anything but agreeable. I thought of them as hideous, repulsive, fierce, atrocious creatures; hated and feared whenever seen. But an acquaintance with the pretty *Sepiote Vulgaris*, has not a little modified these ideas; and its beauty, sprightliness and curious habits, have made it quite a favorite pet among the denizens of my Aquarium. It is a little creature, rarely exceeding an inch in length, though the extensibility of the arms somewhat varies its dimensions.

When we turn out two or three from the net into a pail of sea-water, they are at first restless and active. They shoot

hither and thither, as if by a direct effort of will, but in reality by the impulse of rapid and forcible jets of water, directed towards various points, from the mouth of the flexible funnel situated beneath the body. After a few moments they suspend themselves in mid-water, hovering for many seconds in the same spot, scarcely moving a hair's breadth either way, but moving their large circular swimming-fins rapidly and regularly up and down, just like the wings of an insect. Indeed, the resemblance of the little cephalopod, in these circumstances, to a brown moth hovering over a flower, is most close and striking, and cannot fail to suggest an interesting comparison. The body is held in a horizontal position, the large protuberant eyes gazing on either side, and the arms, grouped together in a thick bundle, hang freely downwards. If you essay to count these organs, you find only eight; and even if you are aware that one of the characters of the genus is to have ten, of which two are much longer than the rest, you may search for these latter a long time in vain. Of course I mean during the life and health of the animal, when its impatience in being handled presents obstacles to a very accurate investigation; you may turn it over and over with a stick, and look at the bundle of arms from above and below in turn, now grouped together, and now thrown all abroad in anger at being teased; still you can make out but eight. It was not until after many trials that I at length caught a peep at the missing organs—the pair of long arms—and discovered that it is the animal's habit to carry them closely coiled up into little balls, and packed down upon the mouth at the bottom of the oral cavity. If we managed to insert the point of a pin in the coil, and stretch out the spiral filament, the little creature would impatiently snatch it away, and in a twinkling roll itself up again. A zealous votary of the circular system would seize on this analogy with the spirally-folded tongue of a moth, and triumphantly adduce it as additional proof that the cephalopoda represent in the molluscan circle the lepidoptera among insects.

While thus hovering motionless in the water, the *sepiote* presents a fair opportunity for observing its curious transitions of color, which are great and sudden. We can scarcely assign any hue proper to it. Now it is nearly white, or pellu-

cid, with a faint band of brown specks along the back, through which the internal viscera glisten like silver. In an instant the specks become spots, that come and go, and change their dimensions and their forms, and appear and disappear momentarily. The whole body, arms, fins and all, which before appeared free, display their spots, which, when looked at attentively, are seen to play about it in the most singular manner, having the appearance of a colored fluid, injected with constantly varying force into the cavities in the substance of the skin, of ever changing dimensions. Now the spots become rings, like the markings of a panther's skin; and, as the little creature moves slightly, either side beneath the fin is seen to glow with metallic lustre, like that of gold-leaf seen through horn. Again, the rings unite and coalesce, and form a beautiful netted pattern of brown, which color increasing, leaves the interspace a series of white spots on the rich dark ground. These and other phases are every instant interchanging, and passing suddenly and momentarily into each other with the utmost regularity. But here is a change! One is hovering in quiescence, his color pale, almost white; one of his fellows shoots along just over him; with the quickness of thought, the alarmed creature turns from white to an uniform deep brown, the rich full color suffusing the skin in a second, like a blush on a young maiden's face. The hue is very beautiful; it is the fine, deep, sienna tint of a tortoise-shell; a substance which, indeed, the mingling clouds of brown and pellucid horn closely resemble in the intermediate phases of color.

The *sepiola* is a burrower, and very cleverly and ingeniously does it perform a task which we might at first suppose a somewhat awkward one, the insertion of its round corpulent body into the sand or gravel. Watch it as it approaches the bottom, after a season of hovering play, such as I have described. It drops down to within an inch of the sand, then hangs suspended, as if surveying the ground for a suitable bed. Presently it selects a spot; the first indication of its choice being that a hollow, about the size of a silver fourpence, is forcibly blown out of the sand, immediately beneath the group of pendant arms. Into the cavity so made the little animal drops; at that instant the sand is blown out on all sides from

beneath the body backwards, and the abdomen is thrust downward before the cloud of sand which has been blown up settles, but which presently falls around and upon the body. Another forcible puff in front, one on each side, and another behind, follows in quick succession, the fine sand displaced at each blast settling round the animal, as it thrusts itself into the hollow thus more and more deepened.

I was at first not quite sure by what agency these blowings, so admirably effective and suited to the purpose, were performed. The jet in front I readily attributed to the action of the fleshy funnel projecting from beneath the mantle on the breast; but I did not see how this could blow a stream directly backwards. I therefore put one of my pets into a vessel with glass sides, which was furnished with the requisite sand and water. I at once saw that the funnel was indeed the organ employed, and the only one in every case; and perceived its beautiful adaptation for the work it had to do, in its extreme flexibility. This organ is very protrusile, and being perfectly flexible, its orifice can be, and is, at will pointed in any direction, so as to blow the jet of water forward, backward, or to either side, at pleasure.

It frequently occurs, of course, that small stones are mingled with the sand, or the animal may find it convenient to burrow in the loose gravel. In either case the arms come to the aid of the funnel, the sucking-disks with which they are furnished being made to adhere to the stones, which are dragged out and thrown aside. You may suppose this to be a clumsy expedient, but you would think differently if you saw it; the rapidity with which the arms are thrust under the body, and drawn out, bearing pieces of stone of comparatively large size, and the graceful ease with which they are then thrown forward, discharging and dropping the burden, impress the mind with admiration of the beautiful fitness of the organization for the requirement.

I am sorry to confess that my little pet can be a real Cain at times. I saw one dart at an unoffending brother, that was passing, and seizing him with murderous jaws, shed out his life in a few seconds. The poor victim shot his feeble column of ink, and sunk white and motionless to the bottom, as soon as the ferocious grasp was loosened. The indict-

ment which old Ælian brings against the whole race, that they are gluttonous, ("terrible fellows for their belly," is his phrase,) and murderous, is, I am afraid, after all not far from the truth.

THE SOLDIER CRAB.

Many of us are disposed to regard the story of the old man of the sea in Sinbad the Sailor, as a very marvelous narrative; but listen to Mr. Gosse, on a subject of much the same kind:—

While I was feeding one of my Soldier Crabs, which occupied a whelk-shell, by giving him a fragment of cooked meat, which he, having seized in one claw, had transported to the foot-jaws, and was munching, I saw protrude from between the body of the crab and the whelk-shell the head of a beautiful worm, *nereis bilineata*, which rapidly glided out round the crab's left cheek, and, passing between the upper and lower foot-jaws, seized the morsel of food, and retreating, forcibly dragged it from the crab's very mouth. I beheld this with amazement, admiring that, though the crab sought to recover his hold, he manifested not the least sign of anger at the actions of the worm. I had afterwards many opportunities of seeing this scene enacted over again; indeed, on every occasion that I fed the crab and watched its eating, the worm appeared after a few moments, aware, probably by the vibrations of its huge fellow-tenant's body, that feeding was going on. The mode and the place of the worm's appearance were the same in every case, and it invariably glided to the crab's mouth between the two left foot-jaws. I was surprised to observe what a cavern opened beneath the pointed head of the worm when it seized the morsel, and with what force, comparatively, large pieces were torn off and swallowed, and how firmly the throat-jaws held the piece when the latter would not yield. Occasionally it was dragged quite away from the crab's jaws, and quickly carried into the recesses of the shell; sometimes in this case he put in one of his claws and recovered his morsel, and at others he gave a sudden start at missing his grasp, which frightened the worm and made it let go and retreat; but sometimes the latter made good his forage, and enjoyed his plunder.

THE VELVET FIDDLER.

Mr. Gosse finds that even Jack the Giant Killer is not too marvellous a story for truth. He thus describes an ogre of the sea:

An old male of the Velvet Fiddler is a striking and handsome crab. His body generally is clothed with a short velvety pile of a pale brown or drab hue, from beneath which here and there shines out the glossy deep black shell, especially when rubbed, as at the edges. The feet, particularly the plates of the oars, are conspicuously striped with black; the large and formidable claws are marked with bright scarlet and azure, as are also the foot-jaws and face; while the eyes are oft the richest vermilion, projecting from hollow black sockets.

I said that he is a "striking" crab; and, though I was quite innocent of a pun when I wrote the word, it is characteristic in more senses than one. Both it and its frequent companion, the shore crab, when apprehensive of assault, use the powerful claws, not to seize, but to strike transversely, as a mower uses his scythe; and this action they perform viciously, and with great force and effect.

In the aquarium the Velvet Fiddler was shy and reclusive. He at once slid into the most obscure recess he could find, beneath the dark shadow of two pieces of rock that formed an arch. For some days he remained gloomily in his new castle; but at length he ventured out under the cover of night, and would wander about the floor of the tank. But he never lost his cautious suspicion, and the approach of the candle was usually the signal for a rush back to his dark retreat. He was a fit representative of one of those giants that nursery tradition tells of, as infecting Cambria and Cornwall, "in good King Arthur's days." Gloomy and grim, strong, ferocious, crafty and cruel, he would squat in his obscure lair, watching for the unsuspecting tenants of the tank to stray near, or would now and again rush out, and seize them with fatal force and precision. As the giants grim of old spared not ordinary-sized men for any sympathy of race, so our giant crab had no respect for lesser crabs, except a taste for their flesh. I had two or three soldier-crabs, themselves warriors of no mean prowess; two at least of these fell a prey to the fierce Fiddler. His man-

ner of proceeding was regular and methodical. Grasping the unthinking soldier by the thorax, and crushing it so as to paralyze the creature, he dragged the body out of the protecting shell. The soft, plump abdomen was the *bonne bouche* [sweet morsel]; this was torn off and eaten with gusto, while the rest of the animal was wrenched limb from limb with savage wantonness, and the fragments scattered in front of his cave.

The crabs are the scavengers of the sea; like the wolves and hyænas of the land, they devour indiscriminately dead and living prey. The bodies of all sorts of dead creatures are removed by the obscene appetite of these greedy crustacea; and there is no doubt that many an enormous crab, whose sapidity elicits praise at the epicure's table, has rioted on the decaying body of some unfortunate mariner. But what of that? Let us imitate the philosophy of the negro mentioned by Captain Crow. On the Guinea coast people are buried beneath their own huts, and the land-crabs are seen crawling in and out of holes in the floor with revolting familiarity: notwithstanding which, they are caught and eaten with avidity. A negro with whom the worthy Captain remonstrated on the subject, seemed to think this but a reasonable and just retaliation, a sort of payment in kind; replying with a grin and chuckle of triumph:—"crab eat black man; black man eat *he!*"

THE BIRDS OF THE FARALLONES ISLANDS.

IN a late paper on the subject of the Farallones Islands, Mr. Gruber speaks as follows, in regard to their ornithology. We translate from his German account:

On whichever side the eye turns, it is presented with a most lively scene; all the rocks seem to be sowed over, as it were, with gulls, of which there are four species, sea parrots or tufted puffins, murrens or foolish guillemots, cormorants of four species, sea pigeons and horned murrens. The common murre is the most frequent bird to be seen, and the horned murre the least so. In the month of No-

vember there are also falcons, pelicans, snipes, plovers, bitterns, great herons, and often also meadow larks, blue-birds, sparrows, rusty-crowned warblers, and swallows. But all the last named, after a short rest, leave the Islands again, because, with the exception of a peculiar kind of grass, they produce no plants or other food for them. They are, generally speaking, nothing but bare gray rocks.

From the middle of May to the end of June the murre eggs, known as Farallones eggs, are collected; and often 25,000 are gathered weekly, and sent to San Francisco for sale. Among hundreds of these eggs two cannot be found of similar markings, so various are they; also in color there is much difference, some being green, some light blue, some gray brown, and some white.

The murre lays one egg, and if that is taken a second one; the sea-gull, whose eggs are gray with black markings, lays generally three; the cormorant from two to six; the horned murre one or two; the sea pigeon three, and the sea parrot two or three. The egg of the horn-billed guillemot, [*uria occidentalis,*] is the most difficult to be procured, because this bird broods from three to five feet deep in the clefts. Most of the other birds lay their eggs on the bare exposed rocks; but the cormorants, gulls and horned murrens build a kind of nest with dried grass. When the birds are disturbed by the egg gatherers it seems as if thick clouds ascend from the Islands, which, however, settle down again upon their former places. The gulls take the opportunity of following the egg gatherers, and every murre egg which is left undefended they seize upon, carry two or three feet in the air and drop, whereupon in a trice three or four gulls collect and devour its contents. In the same manner the gulls often steal each other's eggs, when they are left but for a few seconds.

LIFE AMONG THE CANNIBALS.

BY DAVID A. SHAW.

NO. II.

IN the September number of the Magazine Mr. Shaw gave an account of the manner in which he was left on the Island of Nuuhiva, or Nukahiva one of the Marquesas group, together with some interesting particulars about the Islanders. He continues:

Having in a great measure recovered my health and spirits, I mixed freely with the different classes of natives, and endeavored to make myself master of their language. But this I found a difficult matter, as it required a peculiar twist of the tongue to pronounce many of their long-winded words. Their alphabet consists of but fifteen letters: *a*, pronounced as *ah*; *e*, as *a*; *i*, as *e*; *u*, as *oo*; *f*, *h*; *k* and *l*, like aspirated *t*; *m*, *n*, *o*, *p*, *r*, *t*, and *v*. The words are so intermingled, that their distinct sounds are undistinguishable, and many entire words and even sentences are made up of vowels alone. In a short time, however, I succeeded in making them understand me, and in understanding them in return.

For some weeks, nothing of importance transpired with regard to me, except that occasionally I went fishing with the King Mowana and the Chief Tohuya, and at times strolled out over the mountains, hunting and gathering fruit. On my first expedition of any length, we started one night at eleven o'clock for the neighboring bay called Typee or Hapa, and after pulling in clear smooth water for some three hours, along the wild and rugged coast, we landed at Uapa; and, having anchored our boat, laid ourselves down to rest until daylight. As soon as the Typees knew of our arrival, they came down to the beach in great numbers and escorted us up to their huts, giving us a lively welcome, by feasting us

with "poi" and fish, and providing plenty of cocoanut rum. After the feast, they rubbed noses with us, and passed round the pipe; after which, they smeared us over with a yellow ointment of a very agreeable perfume, and then all hands took to the water for a bathe, men, women and children in one indiscriminate company. While we remained with them, some four hours, waiting for the trades, they filled our boat with fruit and eatables, and we then took our leave of these rude but kind people.

As space will not allow a minute and full description of all I saw, I shall only mention a few of the most important objects. We took from Uapa, as passengers, an old woman and her son, intending to convey them to Uapoa. From their endeavors to make me understand their answers to my repeated inquiries regarding the age of the woman, I gathered that she was about one hundred and twenty-eight years old. By signs, she gave to understand that she had helped to eat about three score of her own people and prisoners which they had taken in battle. She laid down on a mat in the middle of the boat, from which position she did not move for several hours. Three of us were in the stern and four in the bow, and there each had to stay during the passage, for, it is "tabu" to pass anything over or to pass by a female while she is in the boat.

As we ran down along the land for some distance, I saw two great natural curiosities; and, I had the boat stopped in order to make a minute survey of them. The land, which was high and steep, with only an occasional break, in some places projected out at the top some sixty feet; in others, the immense rock extended perpendicularly from the water's edge, to a height of from three to five hundred feet.

One of these stupendous masses, which ran some two miles without a break, was

about four hundred feet high, and at nearly half the distance from the water to the top there was a huge tree with wide and luxuriant branches, among which were myriads of birds. The tree grew horizontally out of the rock, and was some sixty-five feet in height from the rock to its outer extremity. It bore white and purple blossoms, and presented a most pleasing contrast to the great body of rock by which it was surrounded. Some six miles distant from this spot, there was a wide bay, almost entirely inclosed by a reef. There was no sand beach, but nearly in the centre were three tall and slender rocks, or needles. The one in the centre was very wide at its base, and gradually tapering off to a sharp point about three hundred feet high, and covered on one side with numerous shrubs and small trees; the two outside needles were but about thirty feet through at the base, and rising straight, gradually decreasing in circumference, to a height of four hundred and fifty feet, terminating in a small point, somewhat like a Chinese pagoda. They were entirely bare, and the sun, as it struck on them, caused them to assume the appearance of two bright bars of steel. Any of my readers who have ever visited the islands, will very easily remember the locality. In truth, these islands abound in the wildest and most fantastic freaks of nature, that I have ever met with.

After following the land for some fourteen miles, we shaped our course to the westward, for Uapoa, which we could just discern in the distance. We reached the town of Hakihitou, about dark, and landed in the surf—and the natives came down and assisted us with great eagerness. As I wore spectacles, the chief, Tao-hi, mistook me for a missionary, and immediately took me to his hut, where he entertained me most profusely. At nine o'clock, some three hundred natives were collected around the fires, which

were built to welcome us, and raw cocoa-nut rum was very plentifully distributed amongst them, when they soon began a wild and boisterous dance. I had taken my flute with me, and wishing to try its effect upon them, I struck up "Hail Columbia,"—the first time, I suppose, its stirring notes ever sounded on those wild shores. Instantly all was silent for about ten minutes, during which they crowded around me, and endeavored to find out whence the sound proceeded by putting their ears to the finger holes; but when they could not see into it, they set up a yell, and began to dance more furiously. The scene which ensued for about two hours, until the rum was exhausted in its effects, baffles description. It seemed more like a pandemonium than anything else. They seized me and whirled me about, passing me rapidly from one to the other, until I began to be seriously alarmed. At length, however, they quietly calmed down, and at about one o'clock all was still; most of the hideous creatures either squatting on their haunches, or lying on the ground asleep. About every hour during the remainder of that long night the chief roused me to eat with him,—this being esteemed as conferring an honor upon me. While I slept the chief watched over me, and he would often wake me to take a smoke with him and his wife, so that I obtained but little rest.

Having finished our trading, the next day, after I had "hula-hula'd" on the flute for them, we started on our return, and steering to the north, at noon we reached the Island of Nuuhiva, at some distance from the bay—but we arrived home at sundown, and were welcomed by all our friends.

On the next day, I started on another excursion, in which I was fortunate enough to discover the "singing fishes," of which I have given a full description in the September number of this magazine, and need not detail here.

NO. III.

AFTER a sojourn of three months among these people, I began to be considered as an old story. I was allowed to go anywhere, or do anything, which was not "tabu," being, however, always attended by one or other of the sons of King Moānā. This, I have reason to believe, was to prevent me from escaping, as they had some ulterior designs upon me. King Moānā and his head chief Tohūga, both offered me the choice of two of their daughters for wives; said they would have me tattooed like themselves, and that I should always live with them, and be the king's son. As a further inducement, they offered me a large tract of land, and three men, to do with as I chose.

This was all very well, but to a man, who had before been accustomed to move in a more enlightened and civilized sphere, the idea of passing the remainder of one's life there was horrible; and, I gave an evasive answer, putting off the evil day, as quietly as possible; for death would have been the penalty of refusing them. They seemed for a time satisfied; and nothing more was said until the day before my final escape from their hands. I began now to grow anxious for some ship to pass, determining to swim off to her, or escape in her in some way, and I was always on the look-out for one.

I made several excursions to "Music Bay," which I had named from the singing fishes, and to various other parts of the island, and remarked the following particulars concerning their habits, customs, "tabu" system, etc. On meeting each other, they rub noses and touch the back of the right hand to their foreheads, uttering in a guttural sound the salutation "Mæniū." Their gait is always a sort of dog-trot, and wherever night overtakes them they lie down and sleep

on the bare ground. The men endure great fatigue whenever they are well remunerated for it, and they carry great burdens with ease and rapidity over steep crags and rugged and dangerous paths, where a white man could scarcely venture to crawl.

Although they have so many varieties of fruit, their principal food consists of raw shark's flesh and other fish, and "poi." This "poi" is made of bread-fruit, which in a ripe state is of a rich yellow color, the inside white as snow, and when baked or roasted makes indeed a luscious feast. It is gathered in large quantities when ripe; and, being roasted in the ground, it is pounded up into a soft pulp. Then it is worked up with water by the women until it becomes a gelatinous matter, when it is rolled up in small bundles and again baked; it is now worked over again, and then deposited in deep pits in the ground, and pressed down by the feet and covered with stones. Here it remains for some months, and the worms having coursed through it in its sour state, it is taken out and re-worked, and then placed in a fresh pit, where it remains eight or nine months, when it is fit for use. When wanted, sufficient is taken out for present purposes, and is re-worked and baked by the women. It is served up in a calabash, and covered with water. It is of the color and consistency of liquid glue, and tastes like a spoiled lemon.

Their places of sepulture are either in old and abandoned huts, or on bamboo floors resting on four upright posts, about four feet high from the ground, and a roof over all. Around are hung the furniture and implements of the deceased, with his favorite animal or fish. The body is fully exposed to sight, and the whole is sickening and disgusting. Trees bearing fruit which stand near these rude charnel houses, are never used,

they being left for the use of the spirits of the dead. If a man or woman dies in the hut, they keep the body hung over the door or in the middle of the hut for three months, and the hut is "tabu" to all but the near relatives; and all other huts are "tabu" to them. The consequence is, that sometimes, whole families are taken off before the first three months expire.

Tieti, the native priest, is held in great fear and veneration; for with him rests the power of life and death, and he strictly enforces the "tabu," a system which is very complex, and vexatious, and of such ancient origin, that it will be a difficult matter to root it from their social polity. Stones, heads, hills, trees, groves, houses, food, and canoes, are all laid in some manner under its ban, and one is not aware until he offends. The heads of males are "tabu," and it is most certain destruction to offend some of the tribes in this particular. Roads, paths and canoes made by men, are tabu to women. Charnel houses are tabu to all but relatives, unless attended by a priest in his sacrificial dress. Poi pounded by men is tabu to all women. Banana, cocoa-nut, squid, oranges, and bread-fruit, cannot be eaten by both sexes at the same time. The men sleep on cocoa-nut mats, but they may never handle them, or sleep on one on which a female has previously lain. No one is allowed to enter the sacred house but the priest and the victim for sacrifice. All prisoners taken in battle, are roasted alive with great ceremony, and after being offered to Taë Nuá, the God of War, they are eaten with voracity. Tattooing is a long and very painful process, and every one must undergo it, or be held in abhorrence by his tribe. The hula-hula is a dance, and all girls and boys under ten years are made sacred for the purpose. To any one

dancing it over that age, it is certain death. Uáoa, or shaving the head, is tabu to all but the priest, who performs it with many superstitious ceremonies. Such are only a few of the many tabus, which degrade and hold in the bondage of brutish superstition this people.

Tütü, princess and wife of Tohüga, and Täolávi, queen and wife of Noäná, are most beautiful women. They treated me with great kindness and consideration, in return for which I presented them with a few small things, such as beads, needles, copper rings, several pairs of scissors, at which they were highly gratified. In only one particular, were they at all disagreeable; that is, they kept me continually filling and lighting their pipes whenever I was within call, so that I kept out of their way as much as possible.

About this time I noticed some strange faces around, and a great commotion among the people of the bay. This lasted for some time, before I could find out the reason. At last the princess Tütü came to me, and said: "Ata áoi iti etoi uaúni vivi;" which meant, "we are going to have a great feast," and at the same time she signified to me her desire that I should accompany her. As I had been to feasts on a small scale before, I felt some reluctance, but not wishing to offend, and not knowing the occasion of the feast, I consented. Accordingly, the next day, all the women started off in a body, and the men took to their canoes. I now found out they were going about fifty miles, over to the other side of the island, where we all arrived in safety on the third day. Our poor women, who went over the mountains, were there waiting for us, with about nine hundred natives of the different friendly tribes.

The first two days after our arrival was passed in drinking Kava, and gath-

ering cocoa-nut husks to make a great fire, the cocoa-nut husks being the best for an intense heat with little blaze. The Kava is a soft and pulpy root of a sharp and bitter taste. Two large roots are obtained, and some fifty or sixty natives sit around, each having a small calabash at their side. They each break off a piece and chew it soft, and then spit it out into the calabash. When a large quantity is thus masticated, they add water, press and strain, and then each drink in turn, the men first and then the women and children, until they become stupid, when they go to sleep and remain sometimes for whole days unable to move. The sight without the taste was sickening enough to deter me from indulging in the beverage.

On the fifth day, at the full of the moon, all the people assembled at and around a huge pipi or heap of stones, which was used as a sacrificial altar. The preparations which were making, struck me with a sort of fear, for I could now see that a human victim was to be sacrificed, and I thought that my hour had come, as I observed several natives glancing slyly and significantly, as I thought, at me. At the same time, fear made me think they were guarding me more closely than before; but I soon found out my mistake. They brought out two boys, whom they had taken prisoners, and then followed a scene, which beggars description. The recollection is too horrible to particularize here,—suffice it to say, the two boys were roasted, sacrificed to the god, and then brutally devoured before my eyes. I fainted, and neither could nor would partake, although repeatedly urged to do so.

Shortly after our return, I saw a ship, but she was too far off for me to succeed in attracting her attention, and I was still doomed to remain in my present unenviable position.

"AROUND THE BAY," IN THE SEASON OF FLOWERS.

THE Rev. T. Starr King in a letter to an eastern journal, written last July, thus describes the "flowers by the acre, flowers by the square mile," which paint our bay-hills from bases to tops in the spring season :

In the early part of May, a week after my arrival in California, I was invited by a very intelligent gentleman in San Francisco, to take a seat in his carriage for a "drive around the bay." This means around the Bay of San Francisco, which extends southerly about fifty miles from the Golden Gate, where the tides of the Pacific force their way inland. The bay is, therefore, a large salt-water lake, about eight miles broad and six times as long. It is undotted with islands, and lies placid in the embrace of some of the richest lands of California. In making the tour around it, we drive down along the narrow county of San Mateo, whose hills divide the dreamy bay from the billows of the Pacific, then across the county of Santa Clara, and up, on the eastern side, through Alameda county to Oakland, where the ferry-boat returns us to the metropolis of wind and fog, whose climate in summer is exhaustively stated in the phrase, "gust and dust."

Early in May is the true time to make this excursion, for then the country is at the height of its brief bloom. California has often been compared with Palestine and Syria for scenery. The passages in the Psalms and the New Testament which describe the fleeting beauty of the flowers and the grass, are certainly applicable here. "For the sun is no sooner risen with a burning heat, than it withereth the grass, and the flower thereof falleth, and the grace of the fashion of it perisheth." Indeed, there is no grass, properly speaking, native to the landscape. The green of early May on the uncultivated

plains and slopes is mostly that of the wild oats. As the summer sun rises, and the rains cease, they ripen into a golden tinge, which, at a distance, is the hue of sand, and their seed drops into the parched and crackling ground for new crops when the rain returns. By the middle of June all the wild fields that are destitute of trees, look sandy with this harvest of indigenous and self-sowed grain; and it is only in May that the plains and hill-sides which the plowshare has not broken are clad in their vesture of embroidered green.

But the beauty is as captivating as it is evanescent. Some travelers have written of the marvelous effect of the air of California on the spirits. Bayard Taylor tells us that, on this very drive, he felt in breathing the air like Julius Cæsar, Milo of Crotona and General Jackson rolled into one. I cannot honestly say that the vivifying quality was any greater than I have experienced in the Pinkham woods, or the forests of Mount Adams, or on the heights of Randolph. Oxygen is oxygen, and will General Jacksonize a man as quickly in Coos county, New Hampshire, as when it blows over the coast range of California, fresh from the Pacific. But there was a great exhilaration in the first acquaintance with the scenery of a strange land, especially when made in a luxurious carriage and with the accompaniment of pleasant companions and a very spirited team.

The first thing that arrested attention after leaving the sandy shores of San Francisco was the flowers. Early in May, in New England, people *hunt* for flowers. A bunch of violets, or a sprig or two of brilliant color, intermixed with green, is a sufficient trophy of a tramp that chills you, damps your feet, and possibly leaves the seed of consumption. Here they have flowers in May, not shy, but rampant, as if nothing else had the right to be; flowers by the acre, flowers

by the square mile, flowers as the visible carpet of an immense mountain wall. You can gather them in clumps, a dozen varieties at one pull. You can fill a bushel-basket in five minutes. You can reap them into mounds. And the colors are as charming as the numbers are profuse. Yellow, purple, violet, pink and pied, are spread around you, now in separate level masses, now two or three combined in a swelling knoll, now intermixed in gorgeous confusion. Imagine yourself looking across a hundred acres of wild meadow, stretching to the base of hills nearly two thousand feet high—the whole expanse swarming with little straw-colored wild sun-flowers, orange poppies, squadrons of purple beauties, battalions of pink—and then the mountain, unbroken by a tree or a rock, glowing with the investiture of all these hues, softened and kneaded by distance. This is what I saw on the road to San Mateo. The orange and purple seemed to predominate in the mountain robe. But on the lower slopes, and reaching midway its height, was a strange sprinkling of blue, gathered here and there into intenser stripes, and running now and then into sharp points, as if over the general basis of purple, orange and yellow, there had fallen a violet snow, which lay tenderly around the base, but in a few places on the side had been blown into drifts and points.

The wild poppy of California, in May, is the most fascinating of all the flowers. It does not have a striped or spotty leaf, but is stained with a color which is a compromise between a tea-rose and an orange, and is as delicately flushed and graduated in hue as a perfect rose. I never tire in studying their color, in masses or singly. While driving to San Mateo, we came upon little clumps of them, springing out of the rocks on the edge of the road that overhangs the bay, and their vivid orange, upheld on graceful

stems, and contrasted with the grey stones and the blue of the bay, gave me a joy which comes up as fresh while I write as when I saw it first. Another piece of cheer intrudes itself between my eyes and the paper, and insists that a note shall be made of it. I mean a California black-bird, perched on a mustard stalk ten feet high. The wild mustard grows luxuriantly on the lands at the foot of the bay. It is a great trouble to the farmers, for if the cows eat even a little of it—and they seem to like it for seasoning—it gives a pungent flavor to the milk and makes the butter bite. But a field of it in brilliant yellow is decidedly a pleasing condiment to the general feast of colors. And when a blackbird with a large spot of scarlet on each wing flutters over a tall spear of it and then alights with a cheery twitter, one has a picture before him which gives two-fold delight by making him repeat the couplet of Holmes—

The crack-brained bobolink courts his crazy mate,
Poised on a bulrush tipsy with his weight.

If I quote wrongly, may the genial and always accurate Professor forgive me. I repeat from memory, and must wait till the *Mameluke* arrives from Boston with my books, before I can verify a dozen passages of his, which the Californian scenery sets to music again in my brain.

And yet the old Californians, "forty-nine-ers," sigh when you speak in praise of the May-luxuriance around the bay. They say that the glory is over now. "Ichabod" is written on the landscape. They rode over the same districts when there were no roads, or ranches, or fences, between San Francisco and San José, and when the horses wallowed and galloped through an ocean of floral splendor. The visitor cannot help noticing, when he leaves the base of the mountains, and comes to the farms, how civilization has tamed the land. The barley and wheat, and bearded sweeps of simple green, look cool and unromantic in contrast with the

natural coat of many colors which the unploughed districts wear. The brindled leopard has taken the hue of the cat. It is only when, here and there, we come upon a garden, and see the blaze of roses which bloom the year through, that we see how superior art is to nature.

GREEN SCUM ON THE BENSLEY WATER.

A NUMBER of the daily newspapers within the last week or two have been making complaints about the impurities of the Bensley water, with which the city of San Francisco is now supplied. Many of the citizens not connected with newspapers and particularly those of an experimental turn of mind, also have devoted some attention to the subject and have, on more than one occasion, amused themselves with collecting the settlings of the water and pointing out to their friends the unexpectedly large quantities of solid matter which is carried along in the flumes and distributed by the pipes throughout their extent. Their investigations and complaints have induced other citizens to go out and examine the reservoirs and aqueducts of the water works; and these latter report that the water runs perfectly pure and clear into the main reservoirs; but that there it becomes contaminated, filthy from the contact of some impure matter or other, and covered with a disgusting green scum. The investigators in the city and the investigators in the country have compared notes together; and discussed the matter in all its bearings, and the result has been a kind of wholesale denunciation of the Bensley Water Company, which is accused of neglectfulness and want of proper care in cleaning out their canals and ponds. On the other hand, the Bensley Company have represented that they have used the greatest solicitude in cleaning their works, and

they publish the fact, which however was pretty well known before, that the peculiar greenish hue of the water is due to the presence of minute vegetable organisms, which have been developed by the recent warm weather. They say that this vegetable matter is not injurious to health and they trust that the visits of the little green strangers will be as brief as they are unpleasant.

The discussions, which have thus been induced by the green-scum question, have appeared to us exceedingly amusing, for the reason that both parties are partly wrong and both partly right; but neither of them seems likely to arrive at the true philosophy of the matter, without a little assistance. On the one side no intelligent person can be brought to believe that water, filled with decayed or decaying vegetable matter and covered with a green scum, is healthy; but on the other side there can be no doubt that the Bensley Company have used all possible care in keeping their flumes and reservoirs clean.

The real difficulty, paradoxical as it may appear, is, that they keep them *too clean*. They have lined their reservoirs with stone and cement; and allow no living things, such as frogs, snails and fishes, in them. By this exclusion of the "filthy creatures," they really make their water filthy. The minute vegetable organisms, which are in all river water and which particularly swarm in such a place as Mountain Lake, germinate in the flumes and reservoirs and, for want of animal life to consume them, preponderate to a frightful extent. They not only thus germinate; but, for want of the carbonic acid which is given off by animals in the water as well as by animals on the land, they are not properly sustained and sicken, die and decay; spreading their slime and scum in all directions and, in reality, poison the water.

All this may seem strange to some of

our readers, but Nature teaches very plainly and unmistakably this very lesson. In Mountain Lake, where the sun strikes with much more warmth and there is comparatively less running water, certainly much less in proportion than in the Bensley reservoirs, the water is sweet, pure and clear; yet it is lined with muddy borders, and on its oozy bottom crawl worms and bugs and other filthy creatures innumerable. But by the wise provisions of Nature the due proportions are kept up in the compensating vegetable and animal departments; the oxygen given off by the plants is appropriated by the animals, and the carbon given off by the animals is appropriated by the plants. The superabundance of plants is consumed by the animals; and the superabundance of animals is consumed by other animals; and between the two, the water is kept in that pure and healthy condition, which alone is healthy for the consumption of terrestrial animals, man included.

The proper way to remedy the evil of green scum in the Bensley water, therefore, is not to sit by and wait until the little green strangers please to cease their visits, but to introduce the necessary animal life into the reservoirs.

THE ASS AND THE HUNTING-HORSE.—

The Ass had the presumption once upon a time to run a race with a famous hunting-horse; but the trial was a pitiable affair, and the Ass received for his trouble only derision and laughter. "I see now why I lost," said he, "some months ago I ran a thorn into my foot, and it pains me even to this hour."

"Pardon me, my beloved hearers," said Parson Leatherhead, "if my sermon to-day is not quite so able and masterly as was to have been expected from the successful imitator of a Mosheim; but, you see, I have had a very bad cold for the entire week."—[*Lessing's Fables*.

A FEW WORDS ABOUT CALIFORNIAN CLOVERS.

THE following notice of Californian Clovers, written by John S. Hittell, will be found interesting, so far as it goes. The paragraph in relation to the bur-clover is excellent; and the reader will find an explanation in it of what may have been a subject of wonder to him, how the cattle live in the dry fields.

While taking a short walk near the White Sulphur Spring in Amador County, I plucked a handfull of flowers and grasses, and coming to examine them afterwards found six kinds of clover among them.

The *first* has a large yellowish white bloom, from an inch to an inch and a half in diameter, a beautiful plant, well suited as an ornament for yards and gardens. This clover grows very large, quite two feet high in moist favorable situations; while in dry places it will also mature its seed, but without rising more than two or three inches from the ground. It is very sweet, and is eaten by the Indians, who like it both raw and boiled. Cattle also are extremely fond of it. The bloom of the clover, botanically considered, is composed of a cluster of distinct flowers, each of which in the large white Californian clover has a large black spot upon it. Sometimes the flowers are of a reddish color.

The *second* species has a bloom about a third of an inch in diameter, composed of violet tinged flowers.

The *third* clover has a bloom from a sixth to a quarter of an inch in diameter, the flowers of which are subdued green, tipped with pink at the end. The plant is small.

The *fourth* is the bur clover. Its name is derived from spherical burs, from an eighth to a quarter of an inch in diameter, which it bears in clusters of three. This bur clover is found in nearly all

parts of the State, and is extremely valuable as food for stock. Cattle do not like it much when green; but after it dries, the burs fall upon the ground, and are picked up by the cattle, while the stranger is astonished at seeing cattle pasturing and keeping fat on what appears to him to be the bare yellow ground. The bloom consists of three very small yellow flowers. It is said that the stalks of this clover take root whenever the joints touch the ground.

The *fifth* species, known to botanists as the *Melilotus Officinalis*, likes a very moist soil, and there grows luxuriantly; crowding out nearly everything else. Its bloom consists of a head about an inch long, and a sixth of an inch thick, hung with little yellow flowers: Cattle do not like this plant much in any shape, but they like it better in hay than in any other form.

The *sixth* species is the Alfilerilla, often called erroneously, "alfarea." Its name means little pin, and is derived from *alfler*, Spanish for pin. It bears clusters of green pins or spikes about an inch and a half long, and is sometimes called pin grass, and sometimes wild geranium. The botanical name is *Erodium Cicutarium*. The Alfilerilla has attracted some attention as a succulent, sweet, nutritive, hardy, and large herb, well adapted for our climate and soil. It has a large root, which it sends deep into the ground, thus enabling it to resist the drought, while above the surface, it puts forth a dense mass of stalks and leaves, spreading out sometimes several feet in every direction. Cattle prefer it to every other indigenous plant of the State. The seeds seem to abound throughout the soil, for whenever the sod is broken up for the first time, there the alfilerilla appears, though it may never have been seen there before. It is frequent in gardens, in cultivated fields, and in lands lying fallow.

Experiments ought to be made in collecting the seeds of the first, fourth, and sixth species of clover, as numbered in the above list. Such experiments are matters of serious import to the country. Heretofore, nothing of the kind has been done, so far as we are aware. We send to distant countries and purchase clover seed at great expense, while it may be that we have, at our very doors, plants far better suited to our wants. Certainly, no grass, when green, can be more nutritious than the alfilerilla, when green; none more than the bur clover, when dry. Such experiments, however, require time and trouble; and while the general public is glad to derive the benefit of any new discovery, it is very unwilling to give any thanks, or other reward, to the experimenter.

The present system of allowing cattle to pasture upon other people's lands—for that is the result of having no fences—cannot be maintained much longer in this part of the State, nor is it desirable that it should be. Then let us have all our pastures fenced, and every man's cattle confined to his own inclosure, and we shall soon have cultivated meadows, stall-feeding, high-bred cattle, numerous profitable dairies, and fine beef. There is no telling how soon a severe drought will come and teach a lesson that the Americans in California have never yet learned by experience. Those stock-raisers who wish to secure themselves against ruinous loss, should prepare to cultivate their ground and grow the grains and clovers which will produce abundant food, even if the season be as dry as that of 1836, when cattle died by the thousands for want of food, and when large bands of horses were killed to prevent them from dividing the scanty pasture with the kine.

The true clovers all belong to the botanical genus of *Trifolium*, and therefore, the popular name of clover applied to the

Melilotes Officinalis and the *Erodium Cicutarium*, is not strictly correct. Dr. Gray, the botanist, expresses a doubt whether the *Melilotes Officinalis* is indigenous. He gives a list, in Whipple's Railroad report, of twelve species of *Trifolium*, indigenous to California, but we presume the list is not complete. It is to be regretted that our indigenous grasses and clovers have not been studied carefully by botanists and stock-raisers; but our resident botanists are men who cannot afford to spend much time in the unprofitable business of examining the plants of the country. Mr. H. G. Bloomer, of this city, has of late been giving some attention to the clovers.

THE MUSE OF FABLE.

IN the deepest recesses of that lonely forest, where I have so often listened to the language of animals, I lay once, near a gentle water-fall, and wearied myself with endeavors to give to one of my tales that poetic and beautiful form in which Lafontaine has made it a custom for the modern fable to appear. I meditated, I chose rhymes and rejected rhymes, and my brow fairly glowed with the labor—but all in vain; inspiration came not at my call. Filled with disappointment, I sprang to my feet; but behold! there stood, in all the grace of her divine presence before me, the muse of Fable.

And she spoke smiling: "Scholar, wherefore plaguest thou thyself with these thankless pains? Truth may indeed require the charm of fable, but why should fable require the charm of pleasant numbers? Why wouldst thou season what is itself a spice? Let it suffice thee, that the fable is in its very nature a practical creation, and let it be dressed in an artless guise, like the wise sayings of the philosophers." I turned towards

her, and would have answered, but the muse had already disappeared.

"What!" I seem to hear the reader say—"what, the muse disappear? Wouldst thou only beguile us with an impossible narration? 'Tis but a lame and impotent conclusion to which thou hast brought thyself, thus calling up the muse—like many others, who have invoked her aid."

Excellent reasoning; my dear reader, thou art in the right. I confess to thee that the muse revealed not her presence. I have told thee but a sheer fable, and thou hast already drawn the intended lesson from it. I am not the first, nor

will I be the last, who seeks to make his whims and humors, believed to be the oracles of a Divinity.

THE MARMOT AND THE ANTS.—"Oh, you poor ants!" said a marmot, "is it worth the while that you labor the entire summer to collect together such a scanty provision? If you could only see my magazine?"

"Hear thou;" answered an ant, "if the store is larger than thou requirest, so is it right that men dig after thee, rob thee of thy buried treasure, and pay thee for thy ravenous avarice, by taking away thy life."—[*Lessing's Fables*.

Our Social Chair.



HENEVER a Social Chair is out of the humor to be sociable, or rather to write confidentially and sociably, what a huge blessing is it to find that some kind-hearted and jocular friend—for friend such an one always proves—to write us like our correspondent "Weeper."

Mr. Weeper, who seems to have been to the S. F. Mechanics' Pavilion, and having had the temerity (!) to take his wife with him, thus discourses thereon:

Dear Hutchings: Have you been to the Mechanics' Pavilion, I mean to the great Fair of the Industrial resources of the State? If you have'nt, don't you go—or at least if you do, (and I suppose that all of your profession ought to go,) be sure and not take your wife with you—if you have a wife—for if you do, unless you are richer than editors have the reputation of being, you will rue the day.

I had heard such great praise of the thousand and upwards of curious and beautiful articles on exhibition, and says I to

my wife, "Lizzie, suppose we go to the 'Fair' this evening; what say you?" "I should like it very much, Tim," said she; and as soon as twilight began to deepen into night I deposited our "50 cents each" on the palm of the pleasant looking door-keeper, and we soon found ourselves introduced to the wonders there exhibited. "Bless me," says she, "Tim, what is that beautifully bright and odd-looking thing on that platform?" "Oh! my love," I replied, "that is a California marine engine." "Where was it caught?!" "Caught!" I inquired with a look of surprise—"do you suppose it to be some kind of reptile?" "No; but I do take it to be some kind of animal, for didn't you say it was 'a marine Indian?'" After I had explained how Mr. Donahue, a skillful machinist on First street, had manufactured it for a steambot as large as the *Chrysolopolis*, now running on the Sacramento river, and that it was not only of California manufacture, but the first of the kind ever built here, she remarked that "it would make a very curious and uncommon ornament for our garden!"

"Yes, my love," I replied, "I will buy it for that purpose!"

Scarcely had that remark been concluded and we were walking up towards the engine, than a flood of light and a sizzling and hissing sound at our right, attracted us to a long row of lamps—coal oil lamps—of all sizes and styles; and near them a small kitchenfull of cooking stoves—not your common wood or coal consuming articles—but some of a new style that stand as well on a table in a bed-room, as in a kitchen, and cook anything, from a cup of coffee to an extensive and elaborate dinner; and without ashes, dust, soot, or any similar abomination. "Ah!" Lizzie began to whisper in my ear, when Mr. Dietz had finished his explanation, "that is just what we want, Tim; you'll buy me one of those." "The lamps or the stoves?" "Oh! the stoves, of course; you know we have several lamps; and if the stoves—the *Æra* vapor stoves, is the name, I believe—they seem to be called, if they are as good as the lamps and as economical and cleanly, I wouldn't be without one for the world." "I'll buy you one."

Then we looked at the time-piece with a brass flower on the top, that opened its petals every hour, and disclosed to view a little bird, which fluttered its tiny wings and sung a merry tune, and was again covered up as before,—and I was to buy that also.

Then—Tucker's magnificent "Railroad-set" of silver; the 2,200-pound cheese, for the What Cheer House; some fine and large California-made blankets—all these were to be bought for us. But, thank goodness, when examining the fine quality of California-made paper from the Pioneer Mills, I was to speak to *you*, to buy *that* for the Magazine, to have it printed on California paper.

Perhaps you think that this ended the chapter of wants! Oh! dear no. Hank's & Packard's California prepared oil and water colors were to be purchased to make some paintings of the Yosemite Valley. Then a washing-machine—and no doubt

a sewing and a knitting machine also, but we had the good fortune to have one of the former already. Then, I was to buy the beautiful little model sloop "Mermaid"—just to take a sail in on Sundays, New Years, Thanksgiving Days and Fourth of July. Then, that beautiful carriage was to be bought, (not the new steam fire-engine.)

Next we were to get some Redwood and have a new parlor-set of furniture made of that, or of the Madrone, chiefly because these looked well, were well polished, and Californian. (My wife is the most enthusiastic Californian you could become acquainted with)—and she threatens me with—"she don't know what," if I don't introduce you to her; but if I were to tell you all that she says about you and the Magazine, you would be as proud as I am jealous.

Next, as we wandered through the picture gallery, we were to have Nahl's beautiful and life-like sketches, and Butman's paintings, and Neal's India-ink portrait, Eastman's and Loomis' pencilings and water-color drawings, with nearly the whole of the wondrous and pretty articles in Kohler's case, etcetera, etcetera, etcetera.

So that after carefully estimating the cost of that visit, if I were to buy all the articles wanted, it would amount to the insignificant sum of \$197,428 39, and you know the old maxim about figures.

I will just add that if you are familiar with the homely proverb, "A nod's as good as a wink to a blind horse," no more will be necessary for me to say but that I remain as ever,

Your Sincere Admonisher,

TIMOTHY WEEPER.

P. S.—I ought perhaps to mention that I couldn't excuse myself from purchasing, at her entreaty, the four volumes of your Magazine, as nicely bound as those on exhibition in the Fair, although I have taken the numbers from the beginning and intend so to do for many years to come, simply because it is just what it professes to be— a *California Magazine*.

THIS Social Chair is well aware that all topics of a business nature, are generally by common consent as well as by the rules of good breeding, carefully excluded from the social circle, but if the following pleasantly given moral against borrowing money, at a high rate of interest, from the New York *Leader*, does not prove a sufficient apology in itself for the digression, we will, upon complaint, make one to suit:

A merchant once came to Mr. James G. King, of New York, in great distress, to borrow \$100,000, for a year, saying that he must have it, and that his business would justify him in paying any rate of interest. Mr. King told him that no business could stand a premium of three per cent. a month, but finding him hard to convince, took the following ingenious method:

"Why discount for a short time?" said Mr. King. Why not make it up for two or three years? I will discount your note for \$100,000, if you make it three years.

"Thank you, Mr. King. I will draw it at once. It is very kind in you, but don't you want collateral?"

"No sir. Mr. Miller, (turning to his accountant,) take off the discount at three per cent. a month on \$100,000 for three years, and draw a check for the balance for Mr. D. Wait a moment D., give me your note for \$100,000. The conversation became general, both were seated, when Mr. Miller, the accountant, handed the following memorandum to Mr. King:

Note of Mr. D. for.....\$100,000
 Payable three years after date,
 Discount at three per cent. a month is thirty-six per cent. per year, and for three years one hundred eight per cent.,
 or \$108,000

Balance due to Prime, Ward & King, \$8,000

"D., have you a blank check with you?" pleasantly asked Mr. King.

"A check. What for?"

"Why Miller has handed me a statement, and I find that if we discount or shave your note for three years for \$100,000 at three per cent. a month, you will have to pay us \$8,000."

"Why, this is absurd. I give you my note for \$100,000, and get no cash in return, but have to give you \$8,000 cash.—Bah!"

"Be cool, D., and listen. I have done this purposely to give you a lesson—to show you where your mercantile career will end, if you submit to such extortion.

Now; if you will pledge me your word of honor that you will curtail your business, and never pay more than seven per cent. interest to carry on your trade, I will tell you what I will do. You want \$100,000. Draw your note for that sum at ninety days, leave with me \$100,000 of your best notes receivable, and I will give you the money, less the ordinary discount of seven per cent."

Mr. D. was grateful. He appreciated the lesson taught by Mr. King, and he is, at the present moment, one of the wealthiest men in the city of New York.

We cannot resist the temptation to treasure up in the Social Chair the following good story from the Red Bluff *Beacon*, although it has been extensively circulated:

A 'capital joke' is told of a well-known steamboat captain, celebrated for his patient endurance in accommodating the people along the Sacramento river. Boatmen positively assert that no landing was too difficult for him to make, to deliver five pounds of coffee, or receive an order from an old lady for a pound of tea, to be delivered on his return trip. So notorious at length did he become in this respect, that the good captain was actually imposed upon, in some instances, to such a degree, that even he has been heard to murmur at the importunities of some of the inhabitants along the river. The most glaring instance of impudence that we ever heard of as being practiced on him, or anybody else, is said to have transpired, between Knights Landing and Colusa, several years ago, and, as the story goes, was something after the following order:

Elderly lady on shore hails the steamboat,—steamboat lands, when the following conversation ensues:

"Well Mrs.—what can I do for you to day, madam?"

"Well, really, Captain, I want to send a dozen eggs to Colusa, and have but eleven; there is a hen on, however, and I think there will be another directly. Can't you wait a few minutes?" He waited, but it is said to have worried him a little.

MANY anecdotes are related of the Rev. Mr. M——, a Scotch Presbyterian of the Old School, who forty years ago ended a long and successful ministry in the venerable town of L——, New Hampshire.

As the inscription on his tomb-stone testifieth, "from nature he inherited an energetic and capacious mind, with a heart of tenderest sensibility." His manner had not only "something of patriarchal sim-

plicity," and "something of apostolical gravity and authority," but was frequently relaxed by much of native wit and genial humor.

During the agitation in 1812, relative to the declaration of war with Great Britain, it is well known that the subject met with a strong opposition in the New England representation in Congress, as well as in a great portion of the people in this section of the country. Meetings expressive of hostility to the bill were held by the people throughout these States, and it was proposed that the good people of L— should manifest their pacific spirit and "define their position." A public demonstration was agreed upon, and old Parson M—, being considered the "man for the times," was called upon by a committee appointed for that purpose, with the request that he would prepare an address appropriate to the occasion.

The Parson did not yield a ready compliance, but *illustrated* his reply on this wise:

"I once knew," said he, "a widow lady in Scotland who had an only son. Upon him she had expended much to enable him to acquire an education. He was absent from home for a long while attending school. Having completed his course of studies, he returned to his good old mother.

"'Come, John,' said she, on the night of his arrival home, and when they were about making preparations to retire, 'you've been a long time away from me, my son, and have studied much. I know ye are a good lad, but I have never heard ye pray. Try it, John; for ye surely must know how, with all the learning ye have got.'

"Accordingly John complied—made a long, humble, and, as he supposed, satisfactory acknowledgment of his sins and general unworthiness, and of his great indebtedness to his Maker.

"'Well, mother,' says John, 'how did it suit ye?'

"'Pretty well—pretty well, John,' replied the old lady; 'but *why didna ye gie the old de'il a slap or two?*'

"'Ah!' says John, 'not I—not I; for you know, mither, there's none of us knows *whose hands we may sometime fall into!*'"

The old parson used to give the following leaf from his private journal with characteristic good nature:

He was appointed a delegate to the Presbyterian Synod which convened at Philadelphia. Before leaving home he made all domestic provisions that would be requisite during his absence, not omitting to select a substitute for himself to occupy

the head seat at table, as well as 'to conduct the family service.' The appointee was J—, one of his hired laborers, he being a member of the Parson's church, who, though rather more liberal with his professions of goodness than replete with its spirit, was nevertheless regarded by the charitable, unsuspecting Parson, as an upright, conscientious man, and, under the circumstances, the "most available man for the office."

On the morning following the Parson's departure his good lady, Mrs. M—, informed J— what was expected of him during her husband's absence, and he accordingly, after having officiated at breakfast, read passages from the Scriptures, and concluded the services with prayer. In fact, he performed the duties assigned him in a very creditable manner, quite in accordance with the requirements of Mrs. M—. His prayer was, to be sure, somewhat prolonged beyond the usual time allotted by the Parson to that sacred ceremony; but Mrs. M—, with extreme delicacy of feeling, refrained from insinuating that any abbreviation in future would be desirable. The next morning, however, the services—the prayer more especially—consumed so much time that she was forced to remark that in "*haying time*—especially in fair, warm weather like this—Mr. M—always cut short the service; he bearing in mind the old adage, 'Make hay while the sun shines.'"

"Perhaps he does, ma'am—perhaps he does," replied J—, *very benignly*; but, you see, *I'm paid by the month*, ma'am; and in *hot weather like this I'd rather pray than mow, any time!*"

The Fashions.

Bonnets.

WE hold this fact to be self-evident, that all fashionable Bonnets are large—but whether they will be made still larger for winter wear, remains to be seen. Certain it is that up to the present the tendency is to diminish rather than increase the *flare* and *size of the fronts*; but the crowns are materially enlarged in the tips, thereby making them perfectly comfortable. Indeed, the bonnet that does not retain its place on the head without fastenings, is a failure of the maker's. If coming events cast their shadows before, oh! what a mil-

lenium is at hand—for American women are coming to their senses once again, and the question is *not now*, is it French? but, is it comfortable? One of the prettiest of Fall Bonnets for our climate is to be made of white crape, front embroidered in crimson dots, with a puffing of fine white Illusion over and a fall of black Chantilly lace; the crown made of plain black corded silk; cape to correspond with the front; trim with crimson roses and black velvet leaves edged with gold; inside white tabs with a "bandeau" of white and crimson daisies across the top. Strings wide, black and crimson mixed. Green and purple, mixed with black velvet, is much used in trimming straws and Neapolitans.

A handsome Evening Bonnet may be made of puffed tulle-white, over a rice foundation; the tulle interspersed with gold and silver spangles—very diminutive in size, say about as big as a pin's head. Roses and Marabout feathers comprise the trimming inside and out.

Dresses.

In Dresses, we shall only attempt generalities this month, because to attempt minute description of all that we have seen new and fashionable, we know would fill a big book; and doubtless that which we don't know would fill a bigger one; we therefore give the outline of what we know to be the *latest* cut and style, only.

Wedding Dresses—White pompadour watered silk with white overskirt of Illusion lace, dotted with white floss silk, and trimmed with white ruches, a hand's breadth apart from bottom to top. The body pointed, low in the neck; sleeves short and puffed, the Illusion on the waist and sleeves, same as the skirt. A bouquet of Narcissus and eglantine in front of the corsage.

Street Dresses—Body plain, and high belted at the waist with quite wide belt. Sleeves either plain, tight, or gathered at the top and finished at the bottom with a cuff of upturned velvet. Plaids and plain worsted and Merinos, are quite the style.

Monthly Record of Current Events.

STATE.

THE record of crimes and casualties throughout our State continues to be a large one. Homicides, suicides and accidental deaths, we hear of from every quarter; but in San Francisco where a few years ago no week would pass away without its crop of violent deaths, they are now comparatively rare, not more than one or two a week on an average.

One of the most exciting and widely discussed affrays lately was the shooting of Thomas Gardner, agent of the Sacramento Union, by William F. Hobson, a book-keeper, on August 25th. Gardner was charged with having taken improper liberties with Hobson's wife. The wound was not fatal. Hobson subsequently attempted to drown himself.

The Mono and Mimbres mines still continue to attract much attention, though neither are yet elevated to the excitement pitch of a Fraser or a Washoe. The wealth of Washoe is still regarded as unlimited; but the difficulties of getting out the metal continue as great as ever. A quartz mill has lately been put into successful operation there; and others are being constructed. A number of shipments of Washoe silver ores have been made by the mail steamers to the east.

Col. Lander has settled the terms of a peace with Winnemucca, chief of the Pah-ute Indians; and it is presumed that the Indian difficulties of Carson Valley are composed, for a time at least.

The contract for the building of the Capitol at Sacramento was awarded on September 1st, to M. Fennel.

The subject of the adulteration of California wines by manufacturers and jobbers has lately been a subject of discussion. While the greed of making money lasts, there is little hope of obtaining a pure article, except from reliable dealers. The reputation of California wines suffers in consequence of the frauds already practised.

A project has recently attracted the attention of the press for connecting Europe with California by telegraph. It is said to be a project of Louis Napoleon, who, however, is presumed to have quite enough of other work to do. The line, according to the plan, is to run from Paris to Constantinople, to Calcutta, to Peking, to Behrings Straits, to San Francisco, to Mexico, to Valparaiso, to Buenos Ayres, and to terminate at Rio de Janeiro. There will be

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"times, times and a half" before that line will be built.

Asbestos is said to be found in large quantities in the neighborhood of Iowa Hill.

There are two pear trees at Placerville bearing two distinct crops of fruit this season.

A small party of Digger Indians are endeavoring to become civilized by cultivating a four-acre lot near Campo Seco. They have erected a rude frame house and have a fine crop of corn, besides melons and pumpkins. They imagine that they belong to the honest yeomanry of the country and assume great airs of consequence and importance.

William H. Stone, who killed John C. Bell, late of the State Assembly, was tried for murder at Jackson and acquitted on September 11th.

CITY.

The Tenth Anniversary of the admission of California as a State into the Union was celebrated by the Society of California Pioneers in San Francisco on September 10th with a parade, oration, poem and grand ball. The oration was delivered by Edmund Randolph; the poem by Edwin R. Campbell.

Improvements continue to progress in all parts of the city, particularly in the business quarters and South-Park-ward. House builders have all been busy, and merchants and mechanics, generally speaking, have been doing well.

The deposits during the month of August, at the mint, amounted to \$1,088,035 worth of gold bullion, and \$15,431 worth of silver bullion was purchased. The coinage reached \$1,450,000 in double eagles; \$10,000 in half dollars; \$13,000 in quarter dollars, and \$16,300 in refined silver bars.

The steamer *Golden Age* on September 1st, carried away three hundred and thirty passengers and \$1,287,657 in treasure.

The famous Sherreback land claim for 800 varas square in the southern part of San Francisco, has been re-opened, and much new testimony has been taken showing its fraudulent character.

The Chileans of the city celebrated the anniversary of their National Independence on Tuesday, September 18th, by a mass in St. Mary's Cathedral, and a ball in the evening at Turn Verein Hall.

The San Francisco High School building nearly erected, was dedicated with appropriate ceremonies on September 19th.

The Mechanics' Institute opened their Fair at the new Pavilion on the corner of Montgomery and Sutter streets, on the 4th of September. John W. Cherry made the inaugural address on the evening previous. The Fair was a very fine one, and attracted much attention.

The steamer *John L. Stephens*, which arrived on Sept. 2d, brought out a steam fire engine intended for Monumental Engine Company No. 6. It formed a part of the procession of the Monumentals on their Tenth Anniversary Celebration on Sept. 13th, and was then placed in the Mechanics' Fair.

The corner stone of St. Mary's new Hospital of the Catholic Sisters of Mercy, was laid by Archbishop Alemany and other clergy, on September 2d.

The steamer *John L. Stephens* sailed on the 10th September, with 240 passengers, and \$1,009,158 in treasure.

A fire occurred on Sunday evening, September 9th, at the house of Bryan Donnelly, a milk dealer on the Potrero, at the south of the city. Mrs. Donnelly and one of her children were burnt to death. Mr. Donnelly and a second child were very severely injured.

The San Francisco Fire Department numbers 976 members. There will be an election for Chief Engineer in December. Mr. Whitney, the present excellent Chief, declines renomination.

The political campaign throughout the State is already very brisk and is growing brisker as the election approaches. The splitting up of the Democratic party has put unwonted zeal into the Republican ranks. Speakers of all parties are out "stumping" the State.

In San Francisco local politics, the people's Party, which grew out of the Vigilance Committee of 1856, continues to muster much strength and may be yet called a living institution.

The papers speak much lately of the first silk cocoons produced in California. They were raised by Mr. Prevost's nursery at San José.

The Mexicans of the city celebrated the anniversary of the Independence of Mexico on the 16th of September. They fired salutes from Telegraph Hill, had an oration and a grand ball. Throughout the State there were celebrations of the same day. At San Lorenzo, Alameda county, there was a celebration of three days, including bull-fights and horse-racing, as in old times.

Editor's Table.

IT is our purpose to make this Magazine a vehicle of communication between the intelligent minds of the State, as well as to convey instruction, and make a pleasant companion. The field of Californian science may be said to be just opening. Here and there

a worker is delving among the hidden treasures, and bringing up to light facts of new and startling interest; but they are very inadequately represented in the meager and unsatisfactory reports and rumors of reports which we see in the newspapers. There is yet no exclusively scientific journal on the Pacific coast, with the exception of a very irregular publication of the Academy of Natural Sciences. Hence it has always heretofore been the case, that a knowledge of the most interesting subjects connected with Californian natural history and the progress of Californian science has been frittered away in ephemeral notices, or sent out of the country, to be either buried in the dark night of Latin terms and mathematical symbols, or appropriated as a portion of foreign observations, which are to all intents and purposes lost to this State.

We have long felt that there is need of a work, where the results of our constant progress in these branches of learning may be garnered up and presented to the general public in a popularized form. The zoology, botany, ichthyology, meteorology, and a hundred other departments of our physical surroundings, are constantly being more and more developed; and almost daily new observations are being made, which, if properly presented, might serve for the edification as well as the amusement of all classes of society. We purpose to make our Magazine just such an expounder of science in a popular form, as the general public of California requires; and we will exert ourselves to interest the

scholars of the State to aid and assist us. We know that many of them will do so; and in a few months we are confident that the monthly appearance of the Magazine will be looked for with the most lively expectation in all parts of the State as well as in all parts of the world, where a real and genuine interest is felt in our glorious country.

At the same time the history of California and her pioneers and adventurers; matters in general connected with the Pacific Ocean; the Islands usually visited by our ships; the Indians of its coasts; the deserts and plains, which divide us from our sister States, and any subject which may be regarded as interesting to our people, shall not be considered as outside the scope of our work. All these and kindred subjects, as well as descriptions of Californian scenery, criticisms of Californian art, and more or less attention to Californian romance and poetry, are property within the province of a Californian periodical. Whether we succeed in making the Magazine take a high rank among the publications of the times, and being what it ought to be, an exponent of the intelligence of the country, within a few months or a few years, remains to be seen; but this shall be our object, and for this we shall earnestly and devotedly strive, satisfied that success will meet with its proper reward, and that any approximation towards it will not fail to be duly appreciated.

IN the September number of the Magazine were given a few interesting extracts from Theodore H. Hittell's book on the Adventures of James Capen Adams the Grizzly Bear Hunter. This strange man is now in New York with his animals; but it is feared that he will not live long. The reader will recollect one of the extracts which described an encounter with a grizzly bear in which Adams' "scalp was dreadfully

torn by the brute." The following notice from the *New York Journal of Commerce* gives the melancholy sequel of that adventure:

A few days ago, Mr. J. C. Adams, known as the Rocky Mountain Bear Trapper, appeared at the College of Physicians and Surgeons, to see if anything could be done for his head, which was scalped in a bear fight some six or seven years ago. It appears that Mr. Adams, accompanied by a tame bear, encountered a huge grizzly and closed with him. The monster, by one fell blow, struck Adams upon the head and tore the scalp from the skull completely over the *os frontis*; and the trapper would soon have been in a condition to make no more hunts, but for the tame bear, who, seeing the danger of his master, rushed into the strife, and saved Adams' life at the risk of his own.

Adams suffered a long time from this fray, and was also injured in the same place by a second blow from the large grizzly, who is known in his collection by the strap which girds his whole body. Adams' skull being stripped of even the *periosteum*, the bone, from want of its natural covering and nutriment, died and sloughed off. In its place granulations were formed, which in appearance look like fungus-matter. But the end of Adams' ill luck was not yet. A few months ago he was training a monkey, which creature sprang upon the unfortunate man's head and inserted his carnivorous teeth in the wounded part. Under these combined misfortunes, Adams has lost his health, and has become a great sufferer. Any one who witnesses that pale man going through the daily training with his huge bears, can easily see that his end can not be far away. One who saw him at the College of Physicians and Surgeons states that when the heart beats, if the head is uncovered, the pulsations can be seen in the boneless portion of his cranium. We believe that no remedies can be relied on for a cure.

Literary Notices.

A NARRATIVE OF THE FATE OF SIR JOHN FRANKLIN AND HIS COMPANIONS. By CAPT. MCCLINTOCK, R. N., L. L. D. Published by Ticknor & Fields, Boston. A. Roman, San Francisco.

Our readers are well aware that several voyages have been made to the Arctic seas in search of Sir John Franklin. The last, and successful one, left Aberdeen, Scotland,

at the beginning of July, 1857. The work before us is a thrilling narrative of that expedition. All the difficulties and dangers of the voyage are described with a force and raciness that very much relieves the gloom almost consequent upon knowing of Sir John's fate. All the grandeur of the ice-bound and snow-covered landscape is graphically described; and every event of moment, every noticeable change of scenes or circumstances, are admirably pictured. There is not a tedious paragraph in the whole 375 pages. Then again the illustrations and maps given enable the reader to accompany the heroic voyagers every step of the way; and as he reads, he longs to be one of the party, with all its risks, discomforts, and exposures.

We have been informed that 35,000 of these books were sold in Boston, within two months; and that even a greater number were disposed of in the same amount of time in England; and we do not wonder at it. Costing only \$1 each, every one almost can add this interesting volume to his library.

THE EMPIRE OF RUSSIA, FROM THE REMOTEST PERIODS TO THE PRESENT TIME By JOHN S. C. ABBOTT. Published by Mason Brothers, New York. Allen & Spier, San Francisco.

As the author of this concise historical volume, in his preface, remarks, "The world is too busy to read voluminous history." Especially is this true of *the many*, in all parts of the world, particularly in the United States. In order to meet these circumstances, Mr. Abbot has gathered from various sources the facts connected with the history of Russia; and, excluding much that is dry and uninteresting, has given a valuable volume to the public on that singular and powerful country. We are sorry to see, however, that the author has too closely followed the footsteps of too many of his predecessors, and related its struggles of war and the rise and fall of its rulers *only*. We should not think that the doings of our Presidents and cabinets was the history of the United States? If this

be true of our own, it is equally true of other countries. Nevertheless the work is very interesting, and one we can commend.

THE MARBLE FAUN: OR THE ROMANCE OF MONTE BENI. By NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE. In two volumes. Published by Ticknor & Fields, Boston: A. Roman, 127 Montgomery street, San Francisco.

No person who has ever admiringly read the "Scarlet Letter," "The House with Seven Gables," or "The Blythedale Romance," but will rejoice that their author has given to the world another great intellectual treat in "The Marble Faun." After several years residence in Italy, Mr. Hawthorne has succeeded in giving a truthful picture of the past glory and present wonders of that interesting country. He takes the reader into the sculptor's studio, to watch the chiseling of the marble statue; among the vine-draped ruins of her ancient buildings; into her old and glorious galleries of pictures; and not only introduces him to all the most remarkable sights in Rome, but in different portions of fair

Italy—describing the manners and customs of her inhabitants, and their employments and aspirations at the present time, with characteristic cleverness,—all of which is clothed in that romantic mysteriousness peculiar to Hawthorne. Now, as Italy, under Garibaldi, bids fair to do much towards reëstablishing her great position among the nations of the earth, these volumes will be read with more than ordinary interest.

PLAIN AND PLEASANT TALK ABOUT FRUITS, FLOWERS AND FARMING. By HENRY WARD BEECHER. Derby & Jackson, New York: Allen & Spier, San Francisco.

Whatever Mr. Beecher attempts is sure to be well done. We would rather take this work than half of those published, for its straight-forward common sense, completeness and conciseness, convinces us that his remarks are founded upon his own experience, and not upon theory. If a farmer, gardener and horticulturist, would not save a hundred times the cost of this book, in a single season, if he adopts its excellent suggestions, we are very much mistaken.

CALIFORNIAN CARTOONS.—No. 1.



THE BOTTOM OF ALL OUR POLITICAL DIFFICULTIES—"A NIGGER ON THE FENCE."

HUTCHINGS'

CALIFORNIA MAGAZINE.

VOL. V. NOVEMBER, 1860. No. 5.

THE BACTRIAN CAMEL.



THE BACTRIAN CAMEL IN CALIFORNIA.



THE Bactrian camels, fifteen in number, which reached San Francisco in July last per schooner Caroline E. Foote, from the Amoor river, and which still remain in our neighborhood, deserve much more attention than they have as yet received. Not so much because they come from the far interior of

Asia, and are curiosities in themselves, are they entitled to consideration; but we think that the animal will yet be acclimated in America, and that the present importation is only the first of a series of private ventures, which will eventually result in giving to the United States a domestic animal of great value and importance. It was supposed by Mr. Otto Esche, the importer of the present herd, that they were well adapted for the transportation of goods from point to point in the mining regions, or, if not there, certainly on the sandy plains which are found between the Sierra Nevada and Salt Lake, and on the desert wastes which make up the southern portions of the United States territories from San Bernardino across to El Paso. It seems, indeed, to have been the intention of establishing a Camel Express from California to Salt Lake, and, if the animals were found well adapted to the country, to extend it as far east as Missouri. Hitherto, however, no trial has been made of the animals, and with the exception of a few days of exhibition for the benefit of the German Benevolent Society, they have attracted but little public attention.

Owing to the want of proper accommodations on the vessel, the animals reached San Francisco in very poor condition, lean, meagre, and with their double humps shriveled down to mere skinny sacks, which hung in flabby ugliness over their sides. Even when in the best condition, the camel can not be called a beautiful

animal; but it is doubly or trebly ugly, when in ill condition. An attempt is now being made to bring them back to their pristine vigor and health by sending them out to pasture near the Mission Dolores; but what effect the unaccustomed Californian diet will produce, and what the final result of the camel enterprise as a whole will be, remains to be seen. Enough, however, has been done, and the interests of the country are sufficiently at stake, to justify us in taking a Californian interest in the welfare and general prospects of the distinguished strangers. We have therefore presented above the portrait of one of our Camel Pioneers, confident, or at least hoping, that the picture as we give it, with Californian surroundings, will not be an unfrequent one in future views of our State.

The Bactrian or two-humped camel differs in various respects from the Arabian or one-humped camel, numbers of which were imported by the Government from Smyrna in Asia Minor a few years ago, and which have attracted much national attention. There were, among the Government importations, several Bactrians; but they were lost, and we believe that these now Californian specimens are the only ones in America. They are much more heavily built, of stouter limbs and much stronger animals than the Arabian camels. Their usefulness as beasts of burden, is generally regarded as limited, on account of the difficulty of loading them, but this can easily be overcome by Yankee ingenuity. They can, moreover, be used with much success as draught animals; and owing to their great powers of endurance and peculiar adaptation to desert countries, would without doubt be found of great value in those sections of our country for which they were intended. If the Government or some public spirited institution could but devote the proper care to the subject, we have every reason

THE BACTRIAN CAMEL.

to believe that the importation of camels into America would lead to results second only to the importation of horses and cattle, neither of which, it is to be recollected, were native to the western hemisphere. We can see no good reason why the camel, which is quite as useful in its place as the horse or the cow, can not be naturalized, quite as well as they.

Much of the information given about the camel in the early books on natural history is incorrect; and if we trust entirely to the reading of our boyhood we will have very erroneous ideas in regard to the character and peculiarities of the animal. It is not, as is generally supposed, peculiarly adapted to the torrid zone; but on the contrary it suffers quite as much from great heat as it does from intense cold. It is truly better calculated for deserts and level countries; but it can very successfully cross ranges of mountains even when they are covered with snow and ice. Its feet, which are generally supposed to be soft and velvety, fitted only for sandy traveling, are clothed with thick and leathery skin, as tough as horn, and calculated quite as well for sharp stones and flinty ground as for the sandy wastes of the desert. It moves with embarrassment in wet and slippery places; and frequently, when driven over such spots, if not hobbled, the poor animal is made to split up, by the straddling of its hind legs. The Bactrian, however, is much better calculated to cross such places than its cousin of Arabia.

The speed of the camel has been generally overestimated. The dromedary, a "fast" variety of the Arabian camel, can indeed travel a hundred miles in a day on an emergency; but the ordinary rate does not exceed fifty miles. Loaded camels do not usually travel more than thirty miles a day; and loads "tell upon them" quite as much as upon other animals. The ordinary load of a strong cam-

el does not exceed 600 pounds. For a short distance, say a mile or two, a strong camel will carry from 1,000 to 1,200 pounds; but the fast dromedary will not carry over 300 pounds. The gait depends, almost as much as that of the horse, upon training; and to make a good rider much care and attention are necessary.

The great advantages in using camels in certain portions of our country are their adaptability for making long journeys and passing over wide tracts of desert, where there is a scarcity of food and water; the cheapness of keeping them, and the length of time for which they are serviceable. At four years of age they can commence carrying loads, and they continue of use till twenty or twenty five; but they may be said to be in their prime only from their fifth to their tenth or twelfth year. They eat and thrive upon almost every kind of vegetation that grows. They like to gather their own food, and will eat almost anything, thistles, prickly-pear leaves and thorny weeds, which are too dry and useless for any other land but a desert. A very little also goes a great distance, and owing to the hump, which may be pronounced one of the greatest "institutions" in the animal creation, the camel is enabled to lay up an ample supply of food at the start, to last a long time. This hump, together with the water reservoir of the stomach, justifies the use of the term often given to the camel, of being "the ship of the desert," carrying as it does stores of food and drink for use on the journey. The hump is composed of gelatinous fat, very plump when the animal is in good condition, and seems to be intended for no other purpose than to supply food, by re-absorption, when other sustenance fails. It is not necessary to the animal's vitality: on the contrary it is said to have been often opened and large portions of the fat cut away, without in any manner in-

juring or affecting the general health of the animal. The condition of the camel is judged from the appearance of the hump: and in the case of the Bactrians, which arrived here in July, the most casual observer could observe by looking at the lean and shriveled humps that they were in very bad plight. After long and painful journeys, it is not unusual to see a camel with very little or no appearance of a hump or humps. The water reservoir is a peculiar sack of cavities or cells, which contain some twenty or more pints of water, or of a pure and drinkable secretion resembling it.

The camel is a chewer of the cud; its flesh resembles beef but is more tender; and its milk can hardly be distinguished either in color or taste from cow's milk. It is subject to very nearly the same diseases as cattle, and it is supposed that a good cow-doctor would be able to prescribe successfully for camels.

Much amusement has been afforded late students of natural history by a curious discussion which was once carried on in relation to the seven callosities, which are seen upon the camel, and upon which it rests when lying down. One party seriously contended that they were not natural, but had been produced by ill treatment and hard usage through a series of ages; while the other party considered it necessary to quite as zealously and warmly argue the contrary. The callosities were given to the camel from the time of its original creation quite as certainly as was its hump, its stomach, its split nose, and the curious power it has of closing its nostrils.

In character the camel is generally gentle, submissive and patient to the will of man; but sometimes more or less "stubborn." Some are even trained for the arena or prize-ring. Their contests, however, are rather amusing than dangerous; though sometimes they break each other's legs. Fighting, indeed, is

not unnatural to them, for when two strange males meet, where there are females, they wrestle for the supremacy; and the conquered one ever afterwards acknowledges his inferiority by not so much as daring to look at a female.

It remains for actual experiment to determine which of the two species of camels is best adapted to the United States. Very likely one species will be found best for one region or one kind of service and another for another; and the mule camel or hybrid cross of the Bactrian male upon the Arabian female may just as well combine the power of the former, with the one hump and quicker movement of the latter in America as in Asia. For crossing the plains the Arabian would perhaps be best; for the hilly regions of California, probably the larger and hardier Bactrian, whose ordinary size is about seven feet and a half high, ten feet long and nine or ten feet around the body over the front hump. The weight of the animals is about two thousand pounds. Much valuable information concerning the camel and the history of the camel enterprise by the United States Government is to be found scattered through the reports to the Secretary of War on the subject, printed in 1857, to which we are in part indebted for the information herein given.

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SUBTERRANEAN HEAT.—The *Los Angeles Star* relates that the sulphur springs at Temascal have undergone a change of late, which, if taken in connection with the disappearance of other springs in that vicinity, would seem to indicate some subterranean disturbance. The great spring, used for bathing, has become much hotter, with a greatly increased volume; while a small spring, a few yards distant, has not only increased, but becomes occasionally hot—it being formerly icy cold.



THE WRECK OF THE STEAMER GRANADA.

THE engraving represents the position and appearance of the ill-fated Steamer Granada, which was wrecked upon the rocks at Fort Point on the night of October 13th. The drawing was made a week after the disaster, and was taken from the door of the light-house at the Fort. The bluffs are seen on the left and the line of Point Lobos beyond. The strained appearance of the vessel, or the sinking of the bow and stern, called in nautical parlance "hogging," is as fairly represented as could be in a view from the bow.

The Granada was—we can already speak of it in the past tense—was a vessel of about 1400 tons, six years old, and had been running in the line between Aspinwall and Havana. She was one of two vessels, the Moses Taylor being the other, purchased by Marshall O. Roberts and intended for the Pacific side of

the new line between San Francisco and the Atlantic States by the way of Tehuantepec. She left New York on her way hither on July 14th last, came through the Straits of Magellan, and after 14,000 miles of ocean voyage, without an accident, was wrecked upon endeavoring to enter her harbor of destination.

She had taken on board a pilot before passing Point Lobos, and it was doubtless owing to his rashness that the vessel was lost. He attempted to bring her in at evening and during a very heavy fog. A short time before the vessel struck, he had ordered a full head of steam to be turned on; and the ship was going at full speed, when breakers were observed at her bow. The order was given to reverse the engines, but it was too late; she was already firmly imbedded in the sand and on the rocks—and there she remained. There was no freight and no

passengers on board but a son of Mr. Roberts. There was no loss of life. Strenuous attempts with steam-tugs and by pumping were made to save the steamer, but all failed; and the wreck was dismantled. It was sold at auction "for the benefit of whom it might concern" on October 18th for \$9,400; and measures were immediately taken to remove the engines, boilers and other valuable parts.

The rocky shore where the wreck lies has become famous for wrecks. It is the same where several previous ones took place, among them the Jenny Lind and Golden Fleece; the Chateau Palmer only a few years ago, and the General Cushing. The ship Euterpe went ashore there a few months since, but was fortunately recovered.

SKETCHES FROM THE LIFE OF PEG-LEG SMITH.

CHAPTER V.

AT the close of our last sketch, Peg-leg Smith, then a youth of but sixteen years, had just left the paternal roof in Kentucky, and with only twenty five cents in his pocket was trudging along, a fugitive, towards Nashville, Tennessee.

After a brisk walk of about ten miles he was overtaken by a solitary horseman, who commiserated his weariness and invited him to ride alternately with him; and Tom began to believe that he would find kinder friends among strangers than among his own nearest relations. Arriving about dark, at his new friend's house, he was invited to stay the night; and the next morning, after a good sleep and a hearty breakfast, he shook his kind-hearted host by the hand and departed with a resolve that should he ever be successful in life, he would never see a fellow being suffer whilst he had anything to share with him. Going on and revolving this good resolution in his mind, he came presently to a river; and half of his quarter-dollar was soon expended for ferriage and a glass of cider. He then walked on and near night stopped at an inn on the roadside to ask for a drink of water and inquire the distance to the next house. There were several young ladies here, and one of them questioned him whither he was traveling. Tom

replied, to Nashville. This together with the lad's way-worn and weary appearance attracted the attention of the landlord, who invited him to stop, as it was some distance to the next house, which he readily accepted. In the morning Tom tendered his remaining bit, supposing in his simplicity that it would be sufficient for his lodging; but his artless communicativeness the previous evening had made him friends of the whole family; and the hospitable Kentuckian not only refused to receive the money, but set the girls to work making a haversack of tow-cloth, which was filled with boiled ham, smoked sausages and corn-bread; a supply so ample that it lasted him three days on his journey. As he was bidding the family farewell, one of the girls slightly squeezed his hand with a pleasant smile; and as he reached the end of the fence he could not help turning round; and, seeing the young lady still looking after him, he began soliloquizing again. "By heavens," said he, "if all boys were treated at home as I have been treated by this family, very few would ever want to leave I wonder if I could not hire out to this man; I know very well I would not have to work any harder than I had to at home. By jingo, when the old man put me on that log-heap with Jack Tay-



ONE OF THE GIRLS SLIGHTLY SQUEEZED HIS HAND.

lor's Ben, the black rascal liked to have broke my back when he run me over that log,—and because I knocked him down with a hand-spike, why, the old man gave me particular fits. Well, mother used to talk kind to me, so did sister—but then sister never appeared so kind as the young lady”—and here the tears began to roll down his cheeks.

While he was sitting thus, a gentleman passed along in a gig and asked him what was the matter. Tom immediately replied that he had stuck a thorn in his foot, at which the gentleman stopped and offered to extract it for him. Tom rejoined

that he had got it out, but that it had made him lame. The gentleman inquired his destination and, finding he was going in the same direction, took him in his gig ten miles, where at a cross-roads Tom had to take to his legs again. That night he slept in a hay-stack, and the next morning after walking about a mile and a half, he sat down by the side of a beautiful branch of clear water and breakfasted from his haversack, which brought to his mind again the pretty girl, who had smiled so kindly upon him. In seven miles further he reached another ferry, which reduced his fund to a picayune,

and this he spent for another glass of cider. Penniless now but undaunted he proceeded on; the weather growing warmer and his feet commencing to blister—and it was eight days before he reached Nashville, which, even at that early day, was quite a flourishing town. Stopping in front of a large house near a couple of country-jakes, dressed in copperas colored home-spun, one said to the other, pointing at a large gilt spread eagle, "I wonder what sort of a bird that is?" "Why," said the other, "don't you see, it's a *hotel-bird*; don't you see the name under it!" It was the Eagle Hotel.

Having found his aunt, Tom remained with her for several days; when he met with Mr. Scott, a former neighbor of his father's, who had just finished building three flat-boats and was loading with provisions for New Orleans. From the earliest settlement of the Western States there was always a kind of magic for young adventurers in the name of the Crescent City. It was regarded as a sort of metropolis of supernatural splendor, where profuse wealth and luxury ran riot; where the streets were paved with gold and the merchants and traders were clothed in purple and fine linen. The young men who went down there in the fall would generally return in the spring, dressed in rich broadcloths, Panama hats, and morocco boots; they would appear to have gained a new language and new manners, sparkling qualities of many new kinds; and their country cousins would look upon them almost as beings of another sphere, and sigh for an opportunity to go down likewise to the great city, drink its nectar and eat its ambrosia. Unfortunately, in most cases the western youth were polished by their converse with New Orleans, at the expense of their sturdy country virtues; and many who left home with an-

ticipations of wealth and generosity to all, closed brilliant but short and miserable careers as vagabonds and bloats.

Tom, too, had heard of the western Babylon and at a word hired himself as cook upon one of Scott's "broad horns" as they were called; and in a few days found himself floating down the Cumberland river. They stopped at the plantations on the banks, as they descended, for the purpose of taking in produce for the New Orleans market and it was consequently three weeks before they reached Smithland, where the Cumberland pours its tide into the mighty Ohio. It was April the, season of floods, and they were carried down on the mighty tide past Cairo into the Mississippi, the King of Rivers, upon whose bosom they ventured, in company with a number of other broad horns, all on their way with the early exports of the western country down to the great center of trade. But the pleasure of being carried forward by the turbid and raging flood soon came to an end; for Tom's boat was suddenly drawn into an eddy, thrown upon a sawyer and wrecked, in spite of the almost superhuman exertions of the crew. It was even with difficulty that the boatmen saved their lives; and then they were kept for several days, catching the hogsheads of tobacco and other articles, that would float from time to time from the wreck. The weather was raw; the water cold; and the constant hardships and dangers, with which he in common with the rest was surrounded, soon damped Tom's ardor and caused him to regret for the first time since his departure from home, that he had not faced his incensed Dominie and remained with his mother. That had its unpleasantness, it is true, but this was positively uncomfortable. However, after securing what could be saved and getting once more afloat, the buoyancy of youth soon dissipated the gloom, and again Tom indulg-

ed in joyous anticipations of a bright future as the boat swept down into the sunnier regions of the south.

CHAPTER VI.

It was the 10th of May, 1817, that the boats pulled into shore and made fast at Natchez in Mississippi, which was at that early day the resort of the most depraved of people, of both sexes. If New Orleans was the Babylon of wealth and splendor, Natchez was the Sodom and Gomorrah of vice. "Natchez under the Hill" for gamblers, cut-throats and crime of all kinds, had a reputation as wide as the whole country. But fortunately for Tom, he remained here but a short time. One day he took a stroll through the city, and passing by a splendidly fitted-up drug-store, stepped in. He was cheerfully greeted by the pleasant-faced and jolly druggist, and amused himself by looking at the fancy articles on every side, when a lad of much his own age sauntered in and asked for "sweet smelling stuff" for his sister Betsey but he had forgotten, the name of it. The druggist with a smile repeated over the names of all the fragrant oils, but without success. He then took down the bottles one after the other and placed them to the lad's nostrils, but still without success. At last, he took down a bottle of concentrated spirits of ammonia or hartshorn and, removing the stopper, asked him to try *that*. The lad took a deep inspiration, which almost overpowered him; but upon recovering he doubled up his fists and, advancing toward the druggist, exclaimed, "Now, I've smelt all sorts of smells in my time, sweet smells and sour smells; but, look here, Mister, if you put any more pizen to my nose, I'll make you smell these," and at the same time he exhibited a pair of long fists that would have done credit to a boxer. The druggist, who could hardly contain his ill-suppressed laugh-

tes, assured the customer that it was impossible to guess at what sweet-smelling article he wanted, and advised him to send Betsey herself.

Our boatmen had been at Natchez but a short time, when they learned that the small pox was raging in New Orleans; and Mr. Scott, Tom's employer, having in the meanwhile learned his run-away story, refused to take him any further. He provided him with a supply of good clothes and thirty or forty dollars in cash, and put him on the way to return home to Nashville by the usual route, which lay through the country of the Choctaw and Chickasaw Indians. These people had just received their annuity, and Tom found residence among them for a short time very pleasant; and by his intercourse with them he gained an insight into Indian habits, customs and character, which proved of great benefit to him in after life when wandering among the tribes west of the Mississippi and in the Rocky Mountains. Having purchased an Indian pony, he in the course of a few weeks proceeded on his way and finally reached his aunt's house in Nashville. This lady gave him much good advice and sent him on towards home; but Tom, having so far succeeded well in what is generally called a relentless world, determined to try it a little longer, rather than return to the hard discipline of his father; and accordingly, soon after leaving Nashville, turned his pony's head towards Boone's Lick in Missouri, of which he had heard much in his recent travels. The very name associated it with tales, familiar to him almost from infancy, of the many adventures of the great Daniel Boone, the famous Pioneer whose exploits, though as yet but inadequately set forth in any writing, still live in the recollections of the people, and are the theme of many a backwoods story. But the greatest inducement to attract him to Boone's Lick was the fact that

his elder sister, she who had always befriended him in his earlier days, lived there, and he knew that by her he should be welcomed.

Tom, therefore, instead of proceeding homeward, turned off, crossed the western part of Kentucky, and passing over into Indiana, travelled from cabin to cabin, endeavoring to sell a variety of wares which he had brought with him from the Choctaw country. He at length reached the Wabash river, where he was attacked by a violent bilious fever, and lay for a number of weeks in a very critical condition. After the bilious fever passed over, an obstinate intermittent fever seized him; and he was compelled to remain where he was, in the center of a fever and ague country during the winter. While here he was presented almost daily with spectacles of a distressing sickness, which was so common as to be regarded as a proper matter for pleasantry in conversation; and on more than one occasion, when he saw patients shaking almost to pieces, yet greedily devouring pound after pound of corn-bread and fat pork, he could not help being also amused. Life, or at least healthy life was made so much of a laughing stock that his residence here left its traces upon his character; and long afterwards he showed that he could make a joke of his own sufferings.

In the Spring he proceeded on his way through Illinois, always kindly entertained at the cabins of the then scattered population, and meeting with various adventures. On one occasion he found a little boy not more than 7 or 8 years of age sitting at the door-step of a cabin and sobbing and crying as if his heart would break. Tom asked what he was crying for, and the boy replied between his sobs, "Daddy's gone to the still-house for another jug of whiskey; mammy's drunk in the bed; and the baby's crying in the cradle, and" with an oath and an

emphatic blow of the nose, "I don't care what comes of them."

On another occasion, as he was sitting in a public house, a gentleman came riding up, well dressed and on a fine horse, when the man at the bar exclaimed, "Halloo, Angus, is that you?" "Yes," was the reply; and on comparing notes they found each other to be old friends, and had been fellow-officers in the last war. Of course two bottles were in a short time deposited on the counter, and the bar-keeper asked, "which do you like best, the old or the new?" "The old, of course," replied the other. "Well," rejoined the bar-keeper, uncorking one of the bottles, "this is the old: it was run off from the still last night. That," said he, pointing to the other bottle, "is the new; it was run off this morning." And with a hearty laugh, the two friends regaled themselves, and drank to the memory of old times.

It was about the end of September when Tom finally arrived at the house of his sister, who was now Mrs. Cross. His ague had not yet left him, and repeatedly he had to dismount and lie down at the road side, until the violence of the attack would pass over. He had become so emaciated and cadaverous-looking that his favorite sister did not recognize him at first; but when he made himself known she clasped him in her arms, bore him into the house and placed him gently upon a sofa, covering him with her caresses, and bathing him with her tears. The unexpected meeting aroused in Mrs. Cross's bosom the most painful solicitude for her errant brother's destiny; and his present condition moved her to the deepest commiseration with his struggles and sufferings. She waited and attended upon him with the most affectionate care, and in the course of a few months he was entirely cured.

The next spring young Smith tried his hand at farming, and worked hard during

the summer; but not meeting with the success he anticipated, he abandoned the business in the autumn, and turned his attention to hunting game and collecting peltries; and for this purpose made frequent long excursions into the countries of the Osage, Kansas, Sioux, Sacs and Fox tribe of Indians, acquiring by degrees a thorough knowledge of their languages, habits, customs and characters. He also made acquaintance with other hunters, among them Mark Frist, the Sheriff of Lafayette county, and John Roup; and many were the bee-trees they despoiled, many the deer they killed, many the fights they had with the red-skinned warriors of the wilderness. In the summer of 1822 the dogs of a party of about twenty Sac Indians, while hunting in the neighborhood of Mr. Cross's house, killed several of his sheep; when he and four others, of whom Smith was one, proceeded to their camp and made complaint. The Indians replied that they were not responsible for their dogs, and spoke saucily, which called forth a like response on the part of the whites. From words the parties proceeded to blows, and finally the Indians fired, but with no other effect than making a few holes in the clothing of their antagonists. The whites returned the compliment and with fatal effect, for the Indians precipitately retreated, leaving one of the dead upon the ground and carrying off three badly wounded. The affray created much excitement in the neighborhood, and the conduct of Cross was severely animadverted upon; but Smith avers that his party were entirely justified in returning the fire, and he entirely exonerates Cross from the accusation of killing *that* Indian.

CHAPTER VII.

During the year 1823 Smith continued hunting and trapping in the Indian country; but in the winter he heard of a com-

pany of one hundred and fifty men, with a caravan of eighty wagons, about being organized under the command of Alexander Legrand for the purpose of a trading expedition across the plains to Santa Fe, the first with wagons ever fitted out from Missouri. Smith could not resist the temptation thus presented to his adventurous disposition and he eagerly joined the party, taking with him a hunting horse and a few mules packed with goods suitable for the market, besides Indian trinkets, beads, buttons, awls and paints.

It is needless to recount how the caravan collected and started off into the wilderness; how it passed first through the Indian country proper, and then into the buffalo range; and how day after day the adventurers had their sports and jokes as well as labors and privations. On one occasion, near the head waters of the Arkansas river, a herd of buffaloes burst into their camp and caused a stampede among their animals, the result of which was that thirty were lost and the entire party delayed several days. When they reached the head waters of the Sementer river, they found it dry, as is usually the case during the summer months, a mere bed of sand. They accordingly proceeded to dig for water; but while so engaged they were all at once startled by a rushing sound, as if of the approach of a mighty army of cavalry, and looking up stream they beheld a body of water, like a wall five or six feet high, rushing wave-like towards them, with the velocity of the wind, and in a few minutes the entire bed of the river and the neighboring low grounds were completely inundated.

After crossing Red river near the eastern foot of the Sierra Madre, while the wagons proceeded to Santa Fe by the way of San Miguel, Smith and a few others with their packs proceeded to the little town of Fernandez, situated about the center of the extensive and fertile valley of Taos, about seventy miles north of

Santa Fe. Here they encountered a native population professing and observing the outward forms of the Christian religion but semi-barbarous and ignorant, possessing many of the degrading vices of civilization and but few of its virtues, yet withal kind-hearted and hospitable, particularly the female portions. Among this wild people Smith, who was now but four and twenty years of age, gave himself up too readily to idleness and its attendant sins; and by the end of the summer he found the products of his little venture so much wasted, that he was glad of an opportunity to join a trapping expedition of eighty men, then just fitting out for Grand river and its tributaries, among the Utah, Arapajo and Snake tribes of Indians. They set out early in September, 1824, but upon arriving at the head waters of the Del Norte river, Smith, being what was called a "free trapper" perfectly independent of the expedition, and finding a few others of the same character in the company, formed the design of gathering a small band and passing over on his own account to Grand river. He soon drew into his project three other trappers, named Hopper, Marlow and LeDuke, and three Mexicans, with whom, having in the company a number of horses and mules, he crossed over the Sierra Madre and finally commenced trapping on a tributary of Grand river, which they named Smith's Fork. This stream they trapped to its mouth and then some fifty miles down Grand river, which with the equally large Green river forms the Rio Colorado of the west. Here they came to the conclusion that the company though consisting of but seven was too large to be profitable; and whilst Hopper, Marlow and the three Mexicans went off westward for Green river, Smith and Maurice LeDuke followed down Grand river.

In a very short time after the party divided, Smith had his first introduction

to the Utah Indians, by finding five of his animals stolen by a band of about thirty of them. He and LeDuke immediately mounted and pursued, and such was the effect of their determination and the fear of their unerring fire arms, that the Indians thought it prudent to resign their booty and were glad to escape with whole bodies. The trappers, not liking the prospect in a country where they were in constant danger of robbery, turned off from Grand river towards the south east, crossed St. John's river and passing over a range of high mountains followed down the dry bed of a stream, when to their surprise they came upon a cornfield, from which the grain had been recently gathered. Approaching a shed or hut, made of boughs and mud with only three sides enclosed, they found an old squaw, squatting upon the ground over a small fire and a shallow earthen pan, filled with corn, which she was diligently stirring. She was chanting a wild song; and with her wrinkled features, bony fingers and long, coarse, grizzled locks streaming over her face, she seemed the very personification of Smith's idea of a witch. At first, so intent was she upon her task, as not to observe the strangers; but as their shadows fell across her vision, she raised her head and sprang to her feet, utter dismay spread upon her every lineament. Smith, however, made a sign which quieted her fears, and making her understand that they were hungry, she pointed with her long, skinny finger, first to the parching corn in the earthen pan on the coals and then in the direction of a gap in the hills, accompanying the motion with a bleating like that of a sheep. The trappers accepted the information and, pursuing their way around the point of the hills, came upon a village, composed of huts similar to that of the squaw, only a little more comfortable, and with flocks of sheep and goats feeding upon the slopes in the vicinity. A beautiful

limpid stream, sweeping over a pebbly bottom, meandered through the little valley, and scattered here and there were patches of corn just ripe. A number of Indians, who proved to be Navajos, came out to meet the trappers, and received them with every demonstration of the most friendly feeling. Here Smith and Le Duke remained ten days, exchanging trinkets for sheep and goat skins, also serapes of superior quality manufactured by the Indians and so closely woven as to be almost impervious to water. The inhabitants of the neighboring villages for miles around, from every little valley and nook in the hills, which afforded sufficient soil to raise corn, wheat, beans, pumpkins or red-pepper, came in with their little stores and trafficked, until he was able to load six mules with remunerative products.

The Navajos always professed to entertain an exalted opinion of the American people, of whom they had heard favorable reports, and a great desire to cultivate their friendship. It was doubtless owing to this that they manifested so much interest in Smith and his companion, they being the first Americans ever amongst them, with the exception of two unfortunate trappers, whom they had killed in one of their forays, supposing them to be Mexicans. They spoke much of these poor fellows, and expressed the deepest regret for their fatal mistake.

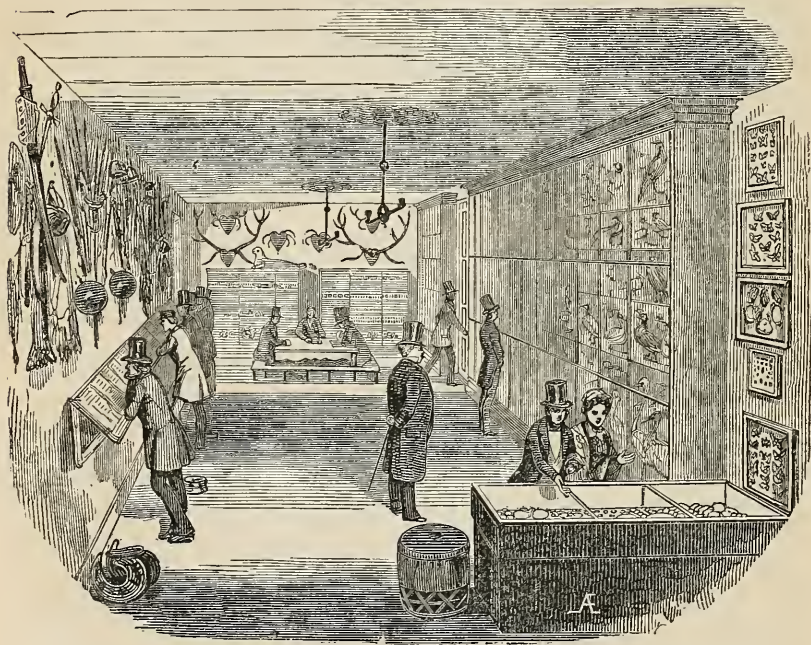
Smith and his companion next visited a populous village of the Moqui Indians, who lived several days travel to the southward on the Rio Coloradito or Little Red River; which here was a beautiful, clear stream, affording wide bottoms of arable land. A short distance below this spot the river loses itself in the sand, but it rises again, still further on, and joins with the great Colorado of the west. They were quite surprised to find these Indians, apparently so remote from even the borders of civilization, comfortably

clothed, and their habitations, though of primitive structure,—being mostly below the surface of the ground and covered with earth, resembling bee-hives in outward appearance,—yet neat and cleanly. But more especially were they pleased with the cheerful industry exhibited by the community. The females were engaged in twirling between the thumb and finger of one hand a wooden spindle, resting in an earthen bowl, and with the other hand drawing out the wool or cotton for thread, or in weaving from the spun threads coarse cloths, or rather superior blankets. The males were engaged in cultivating a genial soil, or herding horses, mules, cows, sheep and goats. The mystery of their progress in advance of their neighbors, was explained by the fact, that a Spanish priest, then absent, had been for several years residing amongst them.

After a stay of three days among the Moquis, trafficking for blankets and provisions, Smith and Le Duke took their departure, and traveled in a northeasterly direction, towards the Rio del Norte. In five or six days they observed a smoke rising above the top of a cedar grove, a little to the left of their course. They approached and found a Navajo girl, about eighteen years of age, lying on the ground, in a truly pitiable condition. She told a sad tale of having accompanied her husband, a young brave to whom she had just been married, and some twenty-five of her tribe, on a visit to the Moqui villages. Her party had been attacked fifteen days previously on the spot where she was lying, by an ambuscade of Utah Indians. At the onset she had been shot through the thigh and her husband had been killed at her side, as they were traveling a little in advance. Their companions, however, came nobly up to the rescue, and dispersing the assailants, hurriedly disposed of the body of her husband in the fork of a tree, and

telling her they would return, set out in pursuit of the fugitives, with what success she was ignorant. She had subsisted upon a little stock of provisions which had been left with her, and, after they were exhausted, upon a few roots which she was enabled to gather by crawling around where she lay. Smith offered to take her to the Mexican settlements; but

she replied that her wounds would prevent her from riding, and at all events she preferred awaiting the return of her friends; and after dividing his little store of provisions with her, the trappers proceeded on their way, and about the middle of December reached Taos. What become of the poor Navajo bride they never learned.



THE MUSEUM AT THE WHAT CHEER HOUSE.

IT is not a little strange that the most extensive and in many respects the best Museum in California, should be due to the private enterprise of a smart Yankee, and be a mere adjunct or addition to an extensive hotel. There are in various quarters of the city and State, cabinets of minerals, and Indian curiosities; the Academy of Natural Sciences has a rich collection of minerals; the

Odd Fellows have a collection of curiosities; various private gentlemen have valuable collections of ores, shells, insects, eggs and other objects of scientific interest; but for variety and all that goes to make up a museum, no collection in the State can compare with the museum of R. B. Woodward's What Cheer House, on Sacramento street. The proprietor, finding that his house was the best pa-

tronized in the State, seems to have come to the conclusion that he would make a little world in itself out of it; and accordingly established an extensive and well-chosen library for the use of the patrons of the house—and, from several visits to the place, we believe we can say with truth that no Library in the State is more extensively and better read than the What Cheer Library. It is arranged on two sides of the reading room, and seldom can any one enter it without finding the large apartment entirely blocked up with readers. Lodgers, and particularly lodgers from the country who are waiting for conveyance out of the city, have much time on their hands; and here the soberer and better classes find amusement and instruction. Though Mr. Woodward reaps his own profit from his library, we are not altogether certain but that he is entitled to the name of being a public benefactor with this reading room of his.

The Museum was established last summer with much the same objects as the Library, that is to say, as a part of the House, and for the amusement of its patrons, though everybody, who takes interest in seeing it, has access. It consists of a large apartment forty-five feet long by fourteen wide, with an entrance through the Library and Reading Room. It contains large cases of preserved birds and animals, filling up one entire side of the room, and including almost all the noted birds of California. They were collected by F. Gruber, the taxidermist; and the arrangement of them by him is very tasteful and appropriate. They are, as well as could be possible under the circumstances, represented in their natural positions, and in various instances we are taught a portion of their Natural History by the surroundings in the case. The Hawk with the Sparrow in his claw occupies a dry limb, apparently removed from all sympathy with the rest of the

feathered creation. The Woodpecker seems to be rapping on the dead branch; the Thrush to be luxuriating among the berries. The Quail rambles among the stubble, and the Cranes and Herons seem stalking among the shallows.

The spirited engraving at the head of this article represents a general view of the Museum, the birds and animals being ranged along the right side, the Indian curiosities on the left; the eggs in front and the minerals, shells and insects in the rear. We shall have occasion hereafter to give a number of the various objects of interest in detail and with special drawings, and particularly some of the most remarkable of the Californian birds and antiquities; but for the present let it suffice to call attention to the Museum as a whole, give it the proper credit for being the best one in the State, and state, as a matter of general information, what is to be seen in it.

There are six hundred specimens of birds, including species from every part of the world. Among them are Eagles, Vultures, Hawks, Owls, Nighthawks, Falcons, Crows, Magpies, Jays, Cuckoos, Woodpeckers, Creepers, Kingfishers, Thrushes, Orioles, Starlings, Sparrows, Finches, Warblers, Crossbills, Cardinals, Larks, Wrens, Buntings, Parrots, Cockatoos, Trojans, Birds of Paradise, Pigeons, Doves, Toucans, Satin Birds, Hummingbirds, Nightingales, Sun Birds, Snipes, Woodcocks, Rails, Avosets, Plovers, Coots, Bustards, Grouse, Quails, Pheasants, Guinea Hens, Snow Grouse, Gold and Silver Pheasants, Albatrosses, Sea Gulls, Terns, Petrels, Auks, Tufted Puffins, Horn-bill Guillemots, Oyster Catchers, Murres, Sea Pigeons, Cormorants, Cranes, Herons, Egrets, Bitterns, Grebes, Swans, Pelicans, Geese, Ducks, and Divers.

There are twenty five specimens of preserved animals, including the Deer, Armadillo, Black Hare, Mountain Pole-Cat, White and Norway Rat, Red and

Grey Squirrel, Ground Squirrel, Gopher, White-bellied, Northern and Yellow-cheeked Weasel, Mole and Dog.

The collection of Eggs comprises 1200 specimens from the largest Ostrich to the smallest Humming-bird's eggs. They were collected and arranged by J. L. Jungerman.

Of Indian Curiosities there are war and fishing implements, and weapons from the South Sea Islands, Sandwich Islands and North West coast; Idols, Spears, Bows and Arrows, Dresses, Gourds, War clubs, Fish nets, Boats, Drums, Pipes, Oars, Ornaments, Belts, Blankets and Fish hooks.

There is a large collection of old and rare Coins, chiefly copper and brass, going back even to the times of the Romans; also Medals, Indian Wampum, Beads, Cowries and other currency.

The cabinet of Shells was chiefly procured from Dr. Frick, and embraces marine specimens from many localities of the Pacific Ocean. A complete collection of the rare and beautiful terrestrial shells from the Sandwich Islands, collected by himself and containing many new species, described by him in a catalogue, which is to be found with the collection. To these must also be added all the fluviatile shells found in the same Islands, as well as the Society and Friendly Islands.

The Cabinet of Minerals is devoted chiefly to Californian specimens, and contains a little of almost everything of interest in this line on the Pacific coast.

The Alcoholic Preparations embrace specimens of the Pilot Fish, Shark, Rattle Snake, Black Snake, Coral Snake, Pilot Snake, Whip Snake, Striped Snake, Copper Snake, Horney Ants from Arizona, Lizzards, Polyps, Tape-worms, a four-legged Chicken, Snails, and Horned Frogs.

There is a large collection of Butterflies and other insects, Australian, European and American.

Some other curiosities are scattered around, among them an excrescence from a Whale's nose, tusks of the Walrus and Wild boar, Seal and Sea-lion skins, and horns of the Elk, Deer and Mountain Sheep.

It may be said of the Museum as a whole, what has been said of the Library, that it has constant visitors and is always a popular quarter for the patrons of the What Cheer House. It is well known that no bar-room or gaming table is to be found about the establishment; but instead of the vicious and dangerous pleasures of dissipation, there is abundant invitation to the higher, more refined and more respectable pleasures of the well-stocked cabinet and well selected and well filled shelves.

THE GREAT KNIGHT'S FERRY DIAMOND.—A late number of the *San Joaquin Republican* tells a story which would serve excellently as the foundation of a romance. Upon such a basis a Bocaccio would have raised a splendid structure in the way of a tale. The story goes, that a party of miners were working a claim with sluice and hydraulic pipe and hose, at a point called Buena Vista, nearly opposite Knight's Ferry. One night about dark, the pipeman saw an object which he had washed out of the bank, lie glittering in the pile of dirt and stones, that was about to be passed through the sluice. The gleams from it lit up all the space in the vicinity, and caused much astonishment to the hardy workmen. The pipeman picked it up and moved along to show it to one of his comrades, but accidentally dropped it into the sluice, and it was borne down by the torrent of water into the mass of stones and dirt known as "tailings." A company of Spiritualists at Knight's Ferry are trying to discover the present locality of the jewel, which is represented to be larger than the Koh-i-noor.

NOTES OF CALIFORNIAN PIONEERS.

BY JOHN S. HITTELL.



THE CALIFORNIAN BEAR FLAG.

DURING a late visit to the village of Lafayette, in Contra Costa county, I visited the house of Elam Brown, Esq., one of the American Pioneers of California. His name is familiar to all Californians as one of the framers of our State Constitution, and within the circle of his acquaintances he is much respected, as a good, intelligent and venerable man, who has acted well his part during a long life. He came across the plains in 1846, from the Platte Purchase, in western Missouri. For many years before he started, he had been interested in California, for he partook of the restless disposition of the people in that border; and reports were current there that the country in the vicinity of the bay of San Francisco was a good country, easy to live in, certain to be annexed, and certain of a brilliant future. The deep and secure bay, the fertile valleys, the great

herds of cattle, the mild winters, the indolence of the Spaniards and their ignorance of the value of their lands, were often spoken of among his neighbors as great inducements for migration; and there were rumors of rich mines, also. Many persons were excited by these reports, and there was much inquiry about the resources of the country, and the road across the continent; but it was very difficult to obtain information, and that difficulty prevented many persons from coming who would have started in large bodies as early as 1840, if they could have known how to go. It was probably this very inquiry among the people along the Missouri border, which suggested to Benton the idea of having Fremont sent to California.

The first party started in 1842, when John Bidwell, Joseph Childs, Grove Cook, Charles Hoppe and — Bartleson, came.

Mr. Brown fitted Bidwell out for the trip.

Subsequently L. W. Hastings, William Mendenhall, Ira Stebbins, Henry Smith, Napoleon Smith, Henry Downing, John Van Gordon, Ira Van Gordon, ——— Wooden, and Peter Weimar came.

In 1845 Capt. Swift, the Murphys of Santa Clara county, Major Snyder, Judge Blackburn, Henry Speels, Capt. J. M. Griggsby, Dr. John Townsend, Julius Masten, Benjamin Kelsey and Samuel Kelsey, came.

In regard to the emigrants who crossed the plains in 1846, I endeavored to make out a list with Mr. Brown, and the following was the result of it. About fifty families were in that year's migration, of whom about three-fifths went to Santa Clara Valley, and the remainder to Sonoma and vicinity. First as to those who went to Sonoma:

1. L. W. Boggs, Ex-Governor of Missouri, lived in Sonoma until 1853; was one of the framers of the State Constitution, and died wealthy in 1860.

2. Wm. Boggs, his son, still lives in Sonoma.

3. James Cooper, now residing in or near Benicia; said to be wealthy.

4. Nicholas Carriger, now residing near Sonoma; wealthy.

5. Wm. Elliott came either in '46 or '45. Resided for a time near Santa Rosa.

6. ——— Patten. Resided in Sonoma county.

7. Wm. Moore resides near Clear Lake.

8. John Ray, keeps an inn on the road to the Geysers.

9. ——— Hudson, resides near Santa Rosa.

10. Daniel Berry, resides in Suisun Valley.

11. James Savage.

12. Benjamin Mitchell has returned to Kentucky, his native State.

13. ——— Harbin resides in Napa valley.

14. Jesse Stilts.

15. Nathaniel Jones resides in Taylor Valley, Contra Costa county.

16. ——— Kellogg has a fine place in the northern part of Napa Valley.

17. Samuel Brown.

18. ——— Allen, is dead.

19. ——— Hollingsworth was killed by the Indians in the mines in 1848.

Of those who went to Santa Clara, the following may be named:

1. Mr. West, who has returned to the "States," wealthy.

2. Thomas Campell is in Santa Clara Valley.

3. William Campbell resides at the same place.

4. William Hen.

5. John Wismon.

6. Stephen A. Wright, was for a time a banker in San Francisco, failed for a large sum, went to Arizona, and if report be true is wealthy.

7. Dr. Wiswell has gone back to the "States," wealthy.

8. James Wiswell, ditto.

9. ——— Lard resides in Santa Clara Valley.

10. Wm. Mootin resides in same valley.

11. Samuel Young is wealthy.

12. ——— Caldwell is in San Jose, reported to be wealthy.

13. James Hopper is in Santa Clara Valley.

14. ——— Dickinson is residing in the valley of the Merced.

15. ——— Finlay is in Santa Clara Valley.

16. ——— Table resides in Contra Costa county, in comfortable circumstances.

17. Wm. Bennett resides in San Jose.

18. Capt. Aram resides in San Jose, and is wealthy.

19. James Allen resides in Contra Costa county, and is wealthy.

20. James William.

21. ——— Hitchcock, Sr.

22. ——— Hitchcock, Jr.

23. ——— Macpherson.

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| <p>24. — Hecock resides in Santa Cruz county.</p> <p>25. Zachariah Jones resides in Santa Clara co., in comfortable circumstances.</p> <p>26. Leo Norris is in Contra Costa county, wealthy.</p> <p>27. Matthew Fallon resides in San Jose, wealthy.</p> <p>28. — Murray resides in San Jose.</p> <p>29. Elam Brown is in Contra Costa.</p> <p>30. — Matthews resides in San Jose.</p> | <p>31. — —, Matthew's son-in-law.</p> <p>32. — White.</p> <p>33. — Whiteman.</p> <p>34. Peter Quivey resides in San Jose, and is wealthy.</p> <p>These notes are in a very incomplete and unsatisfactory shape, it is true, but it appears better to publish them than to leave them unpublished, as they may serve as a foundation for a complete record by somebody else.</p> |
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WHEN MAY WE WEEP?

BY MRS. C. A. CHAMBERLAIN.

WHEN may we weep?—when our beloved lie
 With still, pale forms, and deeply-shrouded eye,
 And lips that speak not, though we may implore
 One sign—one token more?

Oh, not for these!—for they have done with strife,
 With peril, doubt, and all the pain of life;—
 If tears must fall, we for ourselves may weep,
 Yet fear to break their sleep!

Why should we weep? They have but crossed the stream,
 Upon whose banks we sit, awhile, and dream
 Of the bright land, that lies the other side,
 Ere we, too, cross the tide!

When may we weep? When fortune's favors go?
 The gems, the gold, and all life's royal show?—
 Ah, what have we, the children of the spheres,
 For these, to do with tears?

When we to our high trust unfaithful prove,
 Turn coldly from some gentle deed of love,—
 Then may we weep!—then may our tears fall o'er,
 What time gives back no more!

For, midst the sea of life, our moments flow
 Like little waves, that ne'er returning know;—
 Swift passing onward to the shores of light,
 The dark waves and the bright.

And angel watchers, bending o'er the tide,
 Note all the waves as to those shores they glide;
 And when for us the golden hues they wear,
 There's joy for earth e'en there!

CONFUCIUS, THE GREAT CHINESE MORALIST.

WHEN we observe the characteristics of the Chinese population in California, and particularly when we regard their reputation among the American people for honesty and veracity, that race seems a bad place to look for a philosopher of sublime purity and virtue. We usually give the Chinese credit for being cunning and patient, able to imitate the most difficult works and persevering enough to carry out to completion the most intricate designs; but it seems difficult to believe that any of the despised Mongol race could have possessed as original and nearly as sagacious a mind as Socrates, and could have spoken from as pure and noble a heart as Plato. Yet of all the sages and philosophers of profane history, none was wiser or purer than the great Chinaman, Koong-foo-tse, or, as the name was Latinized by the Jesuit Missionaries, Confucius.

This remarkable man was born five hundred and fifty years before the Christian era or more than twenty four hundred years ago, in the kingdom of Loo, one of the numerous small States into which China was then divided. His ancestors had for six generations held official situations under the Government; and his father, at the time of the Sage's birth and for some years afterwards, appears to have been Prime Minister of his country. From his earliest age, as his biographers tell us, the Sage was indifferent to the ordinary amusements of childhood and devoted himself to serious and grave pursuits. As he grew up, he employed himself entirely with moral and political science, and studied with the most sedulous attention the doctrines of former sages; for it seems that China had great men before Confucius as well as great men after him. He lost his

father while still a young man, and we hear of his being in poor and low circumstances, and being obliged to have recourse to manual labor for his support. During this period of his life, about the age of 19, he married and had a son; but finding afterwards that married life was not compatible with philosophy, he divorced himself; and this divorce, on the principle that no man is entirely without fault and because little else can be found against the character of Confucius, has been seized upon to prove that even *his* sublime virtue was open to censure. But divorce was certainly not censurable, according to the customs of China; and perhaps may be justifiable under certain circumstances in any country. At any rate it was not used against Confucius in the political campaigns of the time; and his great intelligence and eminent abilities becoming known, at the age of 20 years he was appointed by Government Superintendent of Grain and Cattle. In his writings he says of himself that when in this office he thought only of its duties; and as in another place he says, "In serving your Prince, respect his rank and put salary in the background," it is not difficult to believe that he made a model Inspector in every respect. Public officers in our time could learn from him, Chinaman though he was!

He afterwards visited several of the neighboring kingdoms and prosecuted his studies with zeal and enthusiasm; and by degrees gained a wide reputation, which attracted around him a number of scholars, whom he instructed in the learning of his times; but in his 35th year, on account of disorders which took place in his native kingdom, he was obliged to fly to the neighboring kingdom of Tse. There he became steward of one of the mandarins and frequently conversed with

the King, who was so much pleased with his principles that he proposed to give him an appointment; but was finally dissuaded by some of the courtiers, who feared the power which the philosopher seemed likely to wield. Finding himself disappointed, and knowing now that the disorders in his own land had been pacified, he returned thither; but declined serving in an official position, for the reason that improper men held office. He accordingly retired to a solitary and romantic valley at the foot of a high mountain, where the mica was so abundant that, when the sun shone, the paths seemed paved with burnished gold, contrasting beautifully with the green grass, the overarching foliage, and the many birds of bright plumage, which made the place their home. On one side coming down from the mountain was a clear stream which, upon reaching the vale, formed a beautiful cascade of crystal and foam; and then the water swept on with gentle and placid current, meandering under the trees and among the flowers through a narrow gorge out into the lower plains. Here he devoted himself to study again, revised the national books of poetry and history, and cultivated and improved the arts of politeness and music. His disciples soon flocked around him again, and for years he continued to give instruction on politics and morals, which he in his benighted heathenism looked upon as very nearly one and the same thing.

When he was 50 years of age he was called to office in the kingdom of Loo, first as Governor of a District and then for a short time as Prime Minister. His influence produced a complete renovation in the manners of the Court and of all within its influence; so much so that the government of Tse became seriously alarmed lest Loo should soon become an overmatch for it. Its officers were attentive to their duties; its treasury full; and all its departments healthy and pros-

perous; so that it behoved Tse to take some measures to cripple it by expelling the philosopher from office. The method hit upon was worthy of a modern diplomacy. A band of female musicians, specially employed for the purposes of corruption, was sent to the court of Loo; and the Prince and most of his courtiers were so enchanted and ravished with the blandishments of the syrens that for a number of days they entirely neglected the business of the Government and paid no heed to the counsels and warnings of the Sage, who at last became so disheartened with his vain position that he resigned it and left the country. He now traveled again into foreign kingdoms, and spent several years of voluntary exile in visiting their Courts. While he was thus absent, one of the principal officers declared on his death-bed that the resignation of Confucius had endangered the country and left it as a dying command to his successor to procure his reinstatement; but the machinations of the Sage's enemies prevented it, and he continued his wanderings and studies. Between his fiftieth and seventieth years he was absent from home fourteen years altogether.

It was about his seventieth year that feeling himself to be growing old, he formed the resolution of ceasing his travels, and returned to his native kingdom, where he spent the remaining few years of his life in further revisions of the ancient books, in the composition of new ones, and in instructing his disciples, who now numbered some three thousand. He died at the age of seventy three, after seven days of sickness. His disciples erected a booth at the grave and spent three years in mourning for him, after which they returned to their homes, all but one, Tse Kiung, who remained three years longer. In their subsequent dispersal over the country, these devoted adherents disseminated the teachings of

their lamented master, until at length Confucianism became the State Religion of China, the most populous nation in the world. He left at the time of his death, only one child, a grandson; but from him the succession has come down through nearly seventy generations, and seems to have increased in geometrical progression; for at the last count of them a few generations ago, the males alone numbered eleven thousand. Even to this day they enjoy extraordinary honors and privileges.

In person Confucius is said to have been so tall and handsome that all the people admired him, and called him by way of pre-eminence the *tall man*. He was renowned for his unpretending humility and modesty, and always practiced the exalted principles of morality which he taught. He avoided wrangling, sought neither to pamper his appetite nor live at ease; he was diligent in the practice of his duty, cautious in his words and not ashamed to learn even from inferiors. According to him virtue consisted in five things, gravity, liberality, fidelity, intelligence and benevolence; and so far as the practice of these was concerned, he was perfectly virtuous.

He seems, both from the intrinsic evidence of his life and wanderings, as well as from the records of history, to have lived in a time of great degeneracy, especially among the Courts and higher ranks of society, into whose contact he was most thrown. He was far from being regarded as a prophet in his own country, and frequently had to lament that his doctrines were not embraced and that all his exertions had but little influence upon his day and generation. But he died much regretted by the rulers of the States whose government and morals he had contributed so much to meliorate. "Time"—says Sir John Davis to whom we are indebted for many of our facts in relation to the life of Confucius, "Time

has but added to the reputation which he left behind him; and he is now, at the end of more than two thousand years, held in universal veneration throughout China by persons of all sects and persuasions, with shrines and temples erected to his worship." His writings are the sacred books of the Chinese. "The circumstance," says the Rev. David Collier, "of these and little else having been from time immemorial carefully studied or committed to memory, not only by what are deemed the literati, but even by the common school boy, has, no doubt, contributed most powerfully to fix their most singular language: so that during a period in which many other languages have undergone almost an entire change, the Chinese has remained the same, with scarcely the shadow of change. In making this remark, however, we do not forget that there is something in the structure of the language, which affords a strong protection against innovation. Their love of antiquity connected with their veneration for their Sage, and intimate acquaintance with his writings has induced them to allow their thoughts to run in that channel which he marked out for them. So long has this been the case, that it appears to them little less than blasphemy to call in question any of his positions, and worse than idle to think of marking out a track for themselves."

It was the chief endeavor of Confucius to reform the vices of his times and correct the abuses which he saw in every day life and particularly in every day political life around him. Of all Sages he was one of the most unspeculative and practical. He had no new theory of the universe or new articles of faith to promulge; but taught the great doctrines of doing the duty that lies at one's hand, with as much plainness and simplicity as a Franklin. On one occasion he said to his disciples: "You suppose that I have

some mysterious doctrines, which I conceal from you. I have no secrets; whatever I do, all is laid open to your view." He believed in God or Gods as the Supreme Rulers of the world; but seldom spoke of them and taught no peculiar doctrines in regard to them. A disciple, named Ke Loo, once asked how the Gods ought to be served. The Sage replied; "You cannot yet serve men, how can you serve the Gods?" The disciple proceeded: "I presume to ask concerning death." The Sage replied, "You do not yet know life; how can you know death?"

It was as a Moralist that Confucius stood pre-eminent; and, considering his remote antiquity, his nationality and the circumstances with which he was surrounded, he was undoubtedly the greatest of all profane Moralists whom the world has ever seen. Chinaman and Heathen as he was, he taught a doctrine so pure and Christian-like, that the records, which have come down to us of his sayings, would seem to be pious forgeries; did they not bear the undoubted marks of genuineness and truth. These records consist in all of only nine, called the "Four Books" and the "Five Canonical Works," of which the original text is confined within a very moderate compass, but the commentaries upon them have swelled to formidable lengths. It is the third of the "Four Books," which is called "Lun Yu" (Dialogues,) corresponding in many respects to the *Memorabilia* of Socrates by Xenophon, which give us an insight into the character of the Sage. He is represented in this work as teaching in the midst of his disciples; and almost every paragraph commences with the words "Confucius says," equivalent to the famous "Ipse dixit" of the Greek schools. Indeed there are many resemblances between the Chinese philosopher and the great Greek, and their differences may perhaps be attributed more to the diversity of their situations than to

any great distinction in their characters. The Greek was surrounded by sophists and did most of his teaching in the streets and market places; whereas the Chinese was surrounded with disciples who received with implicit obedience all the doctrines, which he promulgated. Socrates therefore comes down to us as a controversial philosopher; Confucius as a teacher in the strict sense of the term.

Both Socrates and Confucius were fond of portraying the man of perfect virtue; but while the world is tolerably familiar with the picture of Socrates, little is known, except among the learned, of that of Confucius.

A few extracts from the "Lun Yu," will therefore not be unacceptable to the general reader; and we shall close this article with the portraiture of the superior man as given by the great Chinese.

The superior man—says Confucius—has nine things that he thinks on. When he looks, he thinks of seeing clearly. When he hears, he thinks of hearing distinctly. In his countenance he thinks of manifesting benignity. In his words he thinks of truth. In his actions he thinks of respect. When in doubt he thinks of inquiring. When in anger he thinks of suffering. When he sees an opportunity of getting gain, he thinks of justice.

Confucius says, that the superior man does not feel indignant when men are blind to his merits!

Confucius says, that the superior man seeks not to pamper his appetite, nor to live at ease: he is diligent in the practice of his duty, cautious in his words, and comes to men of right principles that he may be corrected. Such a man may be said to be lover of learning.

Confucius says, that the superior man wrangles not. If he do, it is at shooting matches. But he yields the place to his unsuccessful antagonist, and ascends the hall, then descends and drinks with him.

This is the wrangling of the superior man.

Confucius says, when a man's natural, honest plainness exceeds his ornamental accomplishments, he is a mere rustic; on the other hand, when his ornamental accomplishments exceed his natural, honest plainness, he is a mere scribe (or fop); but when substantial plainness, and polite accomplishments are properly blended, they form the superior man.

Confucius says, the superior man is composed and easy, the mean man always appears anxious and restless.

Confucius says, a superior man may do a bad thing, but there never was a mean man who at any time practiced virtue.

Yen Yuen asked in what perfect virtue (or benevolence) consists? Confucius replied, virtue consists in conquering self and returning to propriety. When a man has conquered self and returned to propriety, on that day all men will allow that he is virtuous. Does perfect virtue then originate in one's self or in others? Yen Yuen asked what are the several branches of perfect virtue? Confucius replied, what is contrary to propriety, look not on it—listen not to it—speak not of it—touch (or move) it not.

Chung Kung asked what is perfect virtue? Confucius said, when you go out, do it as if you were receiving a guest of high rank; command the people as if you were attending a great sacrificial festival. What you do not wish others to do to you, do not to them; then in the country none will be displeased with you; nor will any in the family feel dissatisfied. Chung Kung replied, although I am not quick I wish to act thus.

Tsze Chong asked Confucius in what virtue consisted? Confucius replied, he who possesses five things is virtuous, all over the world. Tsze Chong said, I beg leave to ask what these are. Answer.—They are gaiety, liberality, fidelity, intelligence and benevolence. Be grave and you will not be treated disrespectful-

ly. Be liberal and you will win the affections of all. Be faithful and you will be confided in. Be intelligent and you will be meritorious, benevolent and you will be able to manage men.

Confucius says, that if your own conduct be correct, although you do not command, men will do their duty. But if your own conduct be incorrect, although you command, the people will not obey.

Confucius said, how can a low man serve his Prince! Before he gets into office, he is in distress how he may obtain it; and when he has obtained it, he is vexed about keeping it. In his unprincipled dread of losing his place, he will go to all lengths.

Sze Wa now asked respecting the man of superior virtue. Confucius replied, he has neither sorrow nor fear. To have neither sorrow nor fear, does that constitute a man of superior virtue? Confucius rejoined, when a man examines within, and finds nothing wrong, why should he have either sorrow or fear!

Confucius says, the truly intelligent have no doubts—the truly virtuous, no sorrow—and the truly brave, no fear.

Fau Che asked what benevolence (or perfect virtue) is. Confucius replied,—to love men. What is knowledge? The Sage answered, to know men.

Tsze Kung said, suppose a man were to manifest general benevolence to the people, and promote the happiness of all men, what would you say of him? Might he be called perfectly virtuous? Confucius replied, why only virtuous? He must be a Sage.

Tsze Kung asked, what may be said of a man who is loved by all the people in the village? Confucius replied, you must not believe that he is truly virtuous. What if all in the village hate him? Confucius answered, even then you must not believe that he is vicious; this is not equal to being loved by all the virtuous

in the place and hated by all the vicious.

Tsze Chong asked, what might be called superior intelligence. Confucius said, when a man can stop a slowly soaking slander, and a flesh cutting accusation, he may be called intelligent. The man that can defeat the ends of a soaking slander, and a flesh cutting accusation, may be said to possess a high degree of intelligence.

Confucius says, although a man may be able to recite the three hundred odes; if, when he receives an appointment, he know not how to act, or when sent abroad, as an ambassador he is unable of himself to reply to the questions put to him; although he has read much, of what use is it to him?

Confucius says, a man may apply to learning, and yet not hit on right principles; he may hit on right principles, and yet not become established in them; he may be established in them, and yet not be capable of weighing things aright.

Confucius said, he who knows right principles is not equal to him who loves them, nor is he who loves them equal to him who delights in them.

Confucius says, be not vexed that you are not known, but be concerned that you want abilities.

Confucius says, be liberal in reproving yourself, and sparing in reproving others; thus you will put murmuring to a distance.

Confucius said, Kung Tse King managed his own family well. At first, having little, he said, it will do. Afterwards having a little more, he said, it is complete. When he became rich he said, it is excellent.

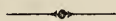
Confucius says, that it is more difficult to bear poverty without murmuring than to be rich without pride.

Some one asked, what may be said of rewarding hatred by kindness. Confucius said, in that case with what will you reward kindness? Reward bad treat-

ment with justice, and kindness with kindness.

Confucius sighing exclaimed, alas! I have not seen those who are conscious of their errors, and inwardly accuse themselves.

Confucius exclaimed, alas! I have never seen one who loves virtue as we love beauty!



THE LOVER'S VIGIL.



BY J. F. BOWMAN.



THIS midnight and the moonbeams rest
How softly! on the sleeping stream;
While, mirrored in its placid breast,
Clouds gently float—stars mildly gleam

The summer winds are breathing low—
A heavenly calm pervades the scene;
The murmuring waters softly flow
Their sedge-lined banks between.

I wake from dreams of her I love;
I cannot sleep, and forth I go,
To gaze upon the summer night,
And hear the river's flow.

Like one who dreams I wander on
With aimless feet, and now I stand,
Before the cottage, gleaming white,
By the green meadow land.

O'er the low roof the elm boughs droop,
The rose-tree climbs the porch above,
And there, mid clustering vines, I see
The window of my love.

Within she sleeps! I seem to hear
Her gentle breathing; soft and low,
I seem to see her pillowed head—
Her tresses' loosened flow.

The drooping elm-boughs gently sway,
The breeze just stirs the whispering
leaves;
With feeble voice, the porch beside,
The plaintive cricket grieves.

No other creature wakes—alone
 Beneath the starry vault I keep,
 My vigil, while the world is wrapped
 In slumbers calm and deep.

O beauteous world! O happy heart!
 Ye Kings, I envy not your state;
 I tremble with a joy, how rare
 Among the proud and great.

For when yon waning moon again [height,
 Shall climb full-orbed the mountain

Her mellow radiance shall illumine
 Our blissful bridal night.

O light and swift ye white-winged hours
 Through day and darkness speed your
 Roll on, O silver moon! O haste, [flight;
 Till on the wished-for night

Renewed in beauty, thou shalt come
 And lift the nuptial torch above
 The distant mountain's purple rim,
 To light me to my love!

LIFE AMONG THE CANNIBALS.

BY DAVID A. SHAW.

NUMBER IV.

SOME time elapsed before I recovered from a severe indisposition, which had been occasioned by the excitement of the inhuman feast which I witnessed, as related in the last number of the Magazine. The natives call these feasts "koeka," and they were very frequent. During my illness the Queen and Princess attended me very assiduously, and used every exertion to amuse me, but my convalescence was slow.

I happened on a certain occasion, one day, to see the King busy with his musket, which was out of order, and which he was endeavoring unsuccessfully to repair. I took it from his hands, and with a piece of old iron hoop for a screw-driver and a hammer, fixed it for him in a very few minutes. He was much pleased, and when he went out, told everybody about it. The consequence became immediately manifest, for the next day I had no less than twenty muskets to repair. I succeeded in putting them in good order, and the owners were all so well satisfied that they all brought me presents. Some brought fruits, some hogs, some tappa, and others shells and feathers of the "Bo-sun," so that I had

a large assortment, and suddenly became rich. The King, who had before this urged me to be tattooed, now called me his son, and commanded me to have a time set for the ceremony. Thinking that some opportunity to escape might offer soon, I said to him, that in two moons I would be ready. This satisfied him, and he caused it to be made known all over the island, and also on Uapoa, that on that day two moons, he would give a great "koeka," or feast in honor of the event. I now became restless and anxious to have a ship heave in sight, and I passed whole days on the top of a high mountain, looking out to sea for a sail. In the meantime I was not idle, for having cut a cocoa-nut stick I busied myself in working it into a cane, and for a change in weaving a cocoa-nut mat, both of which I finished.

Shortly after the day was set for being tattooed, the chief Tohuga said that he would like to have me go with him to the other side of the island for a few days. I gladly consented, seizing eagerly any novelty and change, to relieve my mind from dwelling upon my sad condition. Our party consisted of three besides my-

self and the chief, and we took with us a sick woman and her husband a portion of the way. The first part of our voyage was pleasant, and we made rapid progress until the evening of the second day, when the sea became rough and the wind high; and being on the weather side of the island, we had head winds, and our progress was slow. After incredible labor, we succeeded in pulling the boat around an immense headland, against a strong wind and a very boisterous sea. The woman became frightened, and as we had some twelve miles to go before we could land her, we pulled into a small bay, to wait for the wind and sea to subside; but, as there was no immediate possibility of its doing so, the chief and myself started over the mountain for help, as our provisions and water were nearly consumed.

At ten o'clock, A. M., we left the boat and proceeded at a rapid pace up the "pala," or mountain, hoping to reach the settlement of Hapatake, which by land was twenty miles distant, by two or three o'clock. After two hours rapid travel over high hills, steep precipices, deep valleys, and narrow, dangerous ledges, we sat down to rest, and consumed the bottle of water and the "poi" we had brought, which refreshed us much, and we then resumed our journey at a more easy rate. Some three hours afterwards, we began to suffer from thirst, and as the valleys yielded no water, and the ground was rocky and very rough, we made but little headway. The chief, unencumbered as he was by clothes, glided swiftly along with comparative ease, but I lagged behind, until at last, I sat down, completely overcome and wearied. But I soon started afresh, and every valley we came to I looked eagerly for signs of water or cocoa-nut trees, yet we were each time disappointed. "Water, water," was now my only desire, and I began to suffer terribly. Not so the chief, who

was accustomed to it, and he seemed to take everything so easy, and at the same time use every endeavor to keep up my spirits, that I was forced to admire him. At sundown we reached the summit of a high mountain, and looking down into the valley, what a prospect burst upon our view! An immense valley, extending far up between two high and precipitous mountains, covered with luxuriant foliage of the cocoa-nut, orange, lime, banana, bread-fruit, and many other varieties. Numerous huts and houses were cosily peeping out here and there, up the valley, as far as the eye could reach.

At the moment we became aware that our journey was near its termination, about two hundred natives were fishing and bathing on the beach, and making the air resound with their discordant shrieks—men, women and children, all together. Suddenly, a most profound and painful stillness reigned. This was occasioned by one of their number having discovered us, and immediately my chief made a sign by crossing his hands above his head twice, whereupon a dozen strong, athletic men, came briskly towards us, climbing the steep ascent with astonishing ease and rapidity. On reaching us, they seized me, and ran swiftly down the hill to a stream, into which they plunged me, and then commenced to shake and buffet me about so violently that I became greatly alarmed; but I soon learned that it was for the purpose of causing a reaction of my nerves, which were completely unstrung. I was then stripped and rubbed all over plentifully with cocoa-nut oil, and plied internally with cocoa-nut rum. Presently my chief returned to me laden with fruits, a whole roast pig, and some sweet potatoes; and I enjoyed the first good meal I had had since leaving my ship.

Ten men were instantly dispatched with water, rum and provisions, to the boat. They returned at daylight the

next morning, with the boat and all safe. We were all kindly entertained, and feasted, and remained with them five days; during which time, I took frequent strolls over the hills, and up the valley. On one occasion, I discovered by accident a mineral spring, which upon a necessarily imperfect analyzation, I found to contain—

Chloride of soda.....2.20 or thereabouts.
 Carbonate of iron.....1.00
 Sub-carbonate of lime 0.65
 Bicarbonate of soda...0.20

Temperature — Fahrenheit, 63.9, or nearly so.

The natives would not touch it, and they seemed alarmed when they saw me drink it in large quantities. When we left these apparently happy people, they seemed very sorry, and urged the chief

to stay longer, but he modestly declined.

Our return voyage was quick and prosperous, and the Queen and Princess manifested immoderate joy at our safe return. At night, we dined on raw shark and "poi;" and the next day I returned to my watch on the mountains, being constantly attended by one of the king's sons. We used to amuse each other by trying to speak each other's language. We succeeded very well, though I made but very slow progress. In this manner we whiled away the long days, until the fourth of February, 1860, when an event occurred, which was of the greatest importance to me, and the fortunate termination of which afforded me infinite satisfaction, and saved me from much suffering and trial; but this I must defer relating till the next number.

CUNNING TRICKS OF THE CALIFORNIAN COYOTE.

BY FATHER LORENZO WAUGH.

SPEAKING about frontier life, new settlements, and characteristics of wild animals, I will pen you a brief sketch of my coyote experience. After coming across the plains in the year 1852, I settled five miles north of the spot now occupied by the town of Petaluma. The place up to that time had been "passed by on the other side" by all the immigrants, as the main or most usually traveled road to Bodega was through Santa Rosa, or by the "old Adobe" and Petaluma. Everything was new, and there was not a house in a line between me and town. It being autumn we wintered in a kind of redwood camp; but the next spring built a redwood house, and prepared for comfort, as well as we could. I purchased a brood sow for \$40, and my wife bought a sucking pig for \$10, cash. I also bought a number of

hens, at a high figure; the amount at this moment I do not recollect, but I recollect well that the roosters cost me at the rate of \$60 per dozen.

We had hardly more than got comfortably situated, when my wife left on a visit to an old friend in "'Frisco," as the metropolis was then called, and charged me to be particularly careful of her hens; and so indeed I was; but somehow or other, when she got back and had a chance to make a survey of the roost, she earnestly affirmed that "more than a dozen were gone,"—and among the missing was her favorite old Shanghae rooster. Well, I told her I had not heard a "squall," and could not account for the loss. For the life of me I could not tell one chicken from another, while my wife on the contrary, knew every possible difference, color, name, age and feather;

and during the night she scarcely slept a wink on account of her grief, and listening for the attack of the foe to her chickens, and to her peace of mind.

Just as day began to dawn she softly awakened me; told me to take my gun, go out and see what I could discover about the hen-house. So, yager in hand. I slipped out, and sure enough, there was one of your coyotes—sleek, fat, silent, sly, and seemingly as innocent as a lamb. He stood at the corner of the hen-house, with his eyes upon the elevated door, ready to take the first chicken that should light upon the ground. I blowed day-light through him, as your hunters would say; when out came my wife, just as she sprang from the bed, hurrahing for my success. The yellow rascal had succeeded in killing the chickens, one by one, without allowing them an opportunity to raise a noise about it.

The above circumstance induced me to watch out in future for coyotes, not only in relation to my wife's chickens, but to my sow and her pigs. One very wet day I heard the old sow making a fussing noise just below the house; and, going down towards her, there stood Mr. Coyote at a new trick, which I was curious enough to notice, as long as it was safe for our costly pigs. The cunning rascal would with great apparent earnestness advance towards the sow, as though he intended to catch her, which she would resent by bounding at him with open mouth; and for some twenty yards on a run she would seem just ready to grab and tear him to pieces; when, all at once, he would bound back at full speed, leaving the infuriated mother in the midst of her folly, and his chase for a pig would be very spirited till she came up again. A shot, however, from "old yager," convinced him that lead was good for paying off the score, and he settled his final account in quick time.

I might mention, too, that one day, during the absence of my wife, spoken of above, a young man rode up to my house in great haste; and exclaiming, "get your gun and come down to the big tree below," hurriedly rode off. I left my cup of coffee, and following the man, found a black bear, panting, on the first big branch of the big tree, but a short distance from my house. It was the work of but a few minutes to make him acquainted with my old yager; and he proved to be most delightfully fat—as fine a piece of meat as ever was dressed by a hunter. The young man was not "acquainted with bear," and did not exactly know what the creature was. He found him crossing the Petaluma plain going towards the Sonoma mountains, and ran him with his horse till the bear felt it prudent to climb.

My experience in many a backwoods adventure had made me pretty thoroughly conversant with the animal, and I picked him out at the first shot.

WHALE-SKIN LEATHER.—The *Scientific American*, speaking of miserable, machine-made Yankee boots, pronounces the leather badly tanned and worsely worked-up. It therefore congratulates the age upon the discovery of whale leather. It says that squeezing oil out of stone coal was a thing to be thought of as a miracle which might some day convert the heathen; but to get shoe leather from the skin of a whale was so reasonable a probability that one is amazed it should not have been thought of before. A Frenchman has obtained a patent for whale leather; and remarkable pliant stuff it is. The skin is so thick that, after removing the inner portion, which is spongy, the remainder is split to make it of the usual shoe thickness. It is remarkably tough, but as soft as buckskin, and repels water well.

MEDICINE AND MEDICINE FEASTS AMONG THE VANCOUVER ISLAND INDIANS.

BY MEDICUS.

SPEAKING about the Indians, there are practices among them of an ancient date, which put the reputed discoveries of modern times somewhat to the blush. For instance, at a certain season of the year, about November, the aborigines about Victoria make what is called "Medicine," by which certain individuals, young men, are admitted into the Indian mysteries, and become men who are much dreaded, and possess much influence over the tribe. The first step, as far as is known, consists in throwing the devotees into a *mesmeric state*. How this is performed is unknown to the whites, although every attempt has been made to discover it; the truth is, that the interference of white men the Indians suppose would destroy the efficacy of their medicine. After the subject has been kept in his mesmeric state, lying in his lodge from two to four days, a feast is made and the rites commence. The mesmerised individual is brought out from his habitation in a cataleptic condition; he looks pallid and ghastly, often smeared with blood about the face, and cannot at once be distinguished from a dead person—in fact he looks a corpse, and is totally insensible to all noise, pain and external influence. He is so rigid, that amidst the deafening shouts of excited Indians, he is raised high into the air and down again to the ground many times, only his head and heels resting upon the hands of the bearers; there is no support to any other part of the body and none apparently is required, so rigid is it. The spectacle to one unaccustomed to it, is horrible in the extreme.

The object of bringing him from his lodge seems to be to recover him from his mesmeric state; to do this he is, as I

have said, raised several times into the air and down again, and then suddenly plunged into the sea. This often has not the desired effect at once, when *frictions* are resorted to and the dipping recommenced, often with slaps from the hands, and even incisions from knives. After a time, of longer or shorter duration, animation is restored or the cataleptic state destroyed; the man looks about bewildered and astonished, and is considered insane; he usually runs wildly away to the woods, and numbers of the young men follow in order to watch him, see that he does himself no harm, and to take care he is not lost. After a longer or shorter period, sometimes days, he returns, or is brought back; he has been among the Gods, has seen his guardian spirit, who has directed him what to do, what his future life is to be, and who will hereafter direct him. All this is related to his awe-struck listeners, and he is ever afterwards a man of veneration and of great influence. He also states from what direction the spirit came, and usually in the woods, puts a row of stones, indicating the course.

During the time that he is being recovered from his cataleptic condition, which is often hours, he is guarded on all points, by Indians infuriated or excited by some medicines administered, and who are armed by ivory or wooden dirks, faces painted black and their bodies clothed in the skins of wild beasts, the bear being the favorite. These infuriated wretches are in their turn watched and guarded, a rope is round their waists, with two ends, each of which is held by a number of individuals, so that he is prevented from running away or doing injury, and in fact is led wherever it is

pleased. In order to prevent the cataleptic swimming away he is surrounded by numbers of canoes, who keep at a good distance, and I believe would bolt should he make towards them; however, I presume he would not be allowed to drown, but Indians have told me that in former days it was considered evil to rescue any one from drowning.

Now, here is mesmerism with a vengeance, and has been in existence among the tribes from ancient times. It is impossible to trace how it came among them, and in fact very little is known of the matter. I recollect being told of an Indian who was placed under the influence of ether, in order to have his leg amputated; of course he was made insensible, and the operation rendered painless. This was ten years ago. Some Indians who witnessed the whole of the matter, were somewhat surprised, but said, "we can do exactly the same thing but in a different manner;" no doubt referring to the mesmeric state above spoken of. These medicine affairs usually terminate in dances and feasting, and go off without much detriment.

What has been above described is the usual course of events at and about Victoria, and is very mild and harmless, compared with the Northern tribes. Take an imaginary trip to the end of Vancouver Island, and here additional horrors await you; the mesmerism also exists; the medicine rites are practiced, the same infuriated guards chained or roped, dressed in the skins of wild beasts, bodies painted, and fury in their eyes and actions. There is, however, some method in their madness, for although the whites have been among them and near them, none were ever attacked although threatened. Of course they kept out of their way as much as possible; but on one occasion one of these devils made a rush at a white man, who, however, accustomed to the scene, did not

bolt, as an Indian would have done, but stood still, and when the savage came near enough dealt him a sound English blow between the eyes, which felled him like an ox; the barbarian little expected and was rather astonished at this feat, but walked off, and the affair led to no trouble.

But now to another subject: on one of these medicine feasts, a poor slave was driven about with an iron hook penetrating through the skin of his back and probably the tendons. After this had gone on for some time, he was hauled up and down a pole with this same hook and line several times, and lastly after sundry other rites he was dispatched and eaten by the wretches who call themselves men. This is the fact and shows that Cannibalism exists or did exist at the time of this occurrence, which is said to be only seven or eight years ago. This is horrible, most horrible; but further horrors await you. Go a little further north on the main land, and observe the scars and wounds upon the arms and bodies of the people, men and women; these scars are the result of pieces bitten out by these infuriated beings at medicine seasons, and are looked upon as an honor. At this place the bodies of dogs, alive, either fresh or decayed, are eaten. Go still further north, and disgust and horror will be your portion; the medicine feasts also take place, but these satanic beings take bodies from their tombs, decayed, festering and corrupt, crawling with maggots—rottenness itself; limbs and portions are torn asunder, and the disgusting brutes are seen running about with an arm or a leg, the flesh so putrid as to be dropping from the bones; and then you see them devouring the horrible morsels until not a remnant remains, save the bones. Crowds of Indians look on, awe-stricken; and the devotees are afterwards held in veneration. This is all that is visible, the previous prepara-

tion is unknown to the whites; what sacred or infernal rites are practiced is but known to the few and initiated. It is unnecessary to go further; even while penning this my candle burns blue, and the shadows upon the walls are like spectres of the scenes annually to be witnessed, and from which I shrink appalled. Do not think that all partake of these rites; there are but few who enter upon the unhallowed paths, and they are the chiefs, or candidates for the chieftainship.

Whence did this medicine institution take its rise? and what is its intention? Of the former nothing is known: in the Indians themselves it is lost and naught remains but the rites—yet as all these Indians are supposed to have come from the East, where similar sacrifices have been made under other forms, it is presumed to have been derived from thence. As to its use and intention almost as little is known; it is said to be practiced in order to keep the tribes under subjection to the chiefs who by these means possess supernatural attributes and by which tribute is gained from their subjects. This explanation can scarcely be agreed to, although now it may be used as stated, but it would appear to be a sacred rite, by which they hold supposed communications with supernatural beings, who in their turn impart supposed knowledge to the initiated. The whole is a madness, which in various shapes was practiced by the ancient nations in the temples of the heathen gods and at various grottoes and sybilline institutions. The whole subject would amply repay investigation, but investigation at the present time is almost impossible from the closeness with which the secret is kept, and probably disclosures would be certain death to the informant.

The idea of holding communication with unearthly beings is not however confined to the chiefs. The young men

are often sent or do often go to receive inspirations. They wander into the woods or among the mountains until the Deity makes his appearance, and, whatever is received from the god decides the future course of the man. The theory of this probably is, that after a certain time the searcher after gods suffers more or less from starvation (for recollect he does not eat or drink until he has seen the spirit); starvation and excitement brings on a species of delirium, which delirium when once induced supplies all that is required. Confessions, however, have been made by some that they did not see anything, others no doubt invent their tale, but still there can be no hesitation in affirming that many of the most nervous and sensitive do hold in their madness what they consider to be a communion with spirits either evil or good. It is also known that some of the most renowned Indian warriors have been accustomed to retire for weeks, yea months, to the mountains, the object being as they stated, to hold communion with their presiding genii. Some of these have been supposed to be mad, but others never went on any warlike expedition excepting they first consulted their Deity.

While upon the subject of Gods, it may be asserted with truth, that the Indians have ideas of a future state. The chiefs go upwards to the skies and there remain in indolent repose, with slaves to attend to all their wants. The lower orders go downwards somewhere; what their lot is I know not, but there is a little discrepancy as to how the slaves should be above to attend upon the chiefs. There is also one very curious circumstance with regard to the dead chiefs; they are said (at least by one tribe) to return again to the earth and are to be known by certain marks upon the body, which of course they had before dying the first time. A boy for instance among this tribe was looked upon with great

regard, because he had a mark resembling a healed up wound from a musket ball upon the hip. A chief had died some four generations before who had had that very mark, as had been handed down by tradition: it was now fully believed that he had reappeared in the person of this boy: (who was a chief by birth) but future history must declare whether he is to be as renowned a warrior now as he was before or not.

Another curious thing was once related to me by an Indian, whilst taking a trip in a canoe. It is well known that the partridges disappear from the Island just when the gulls make their appearance. He stated that tradition said, that the gulls and partridges were one and the same; that half the year they lived on the water, the other half upon land, and said he, the thing is plain enough; you have only to flatten the beak of the partridge and web his feet and the gull appears, for indeed in color there is a resemblance. But the strangest part of the tale is this:—He said tradition says that these birds are departed Indians, who had been particularly wicked, and therefore are compelled to wander the earth in this shape for punishment.

I shall not enter upon the similarity of these traditions with the doctrine of Metempsychosis and the doctrine of annihilation of the Buddhists; these may be traced out by the more learned and more interested; but what the Indian gods really are is unknown, although certain stone and wooden images have been supposed to represent them. An Indian woman once became sick and lay in a trance for some days; fortunately she was not buried, but recovered; she related having been above among the great chiefs that were, who wanted to know what business she had among them, and they advised her to return, but at the same time advised her to take a young man for a husband, which she, having return-

ed to the earth or recovered from trance, very quickly did, although she had two husbands living already. This case is rather peculiar, not only as bearing upon the existence of a future state among the Indians, but in the fact that although Indians may and do possess many wives, yet it is rare for a woman to possess more than one husband. This lady was, however, a great chief, which may make a difference; at all events at her death a large log was placed near her residence, covered with carving and hieroglyphics, which was held in much veneration.

It has already been stated that the rites of the medicine feasts are more numerous and more dreadful the further we go north. Before the persons are here thrown into a mesmeric state, they are (it is said) starved for a long time, until they become pallid and emaciated. It is said that starvation is carried on for two or three weeks, but it is probable that some substance is slyly administered. When starvation has been carried to a sufficient extent, they are ready for the mesmerist. Here we stop, and know no more; but it is stated by some that the cataleptic condition is produced by rattling before the individual and making all kinds of noises, until the due effect is produced; this, however, is doubtful. It must however be recollected, that the term "medicine feast" has no relation to what we term the medical art; any one can be a doctor who chooses. "Medicine feasts" refers to those things already related.

The effects of these rites upon the Indian mind are very numerous and various; it renders them superstitious, believers in charms, spells, and evil influences. They suppose that with a hair of the head bad medicine may be worked so as to destroy life, either gradually or suddenly. This being the case with hair, blood is considered more potent, so much so that the greatest care is exercised,

whenever blood is spilled in any way, to see that none of it falls into strange hands. It is not necessary that the bad medicine should be administered; on the contrary, it may act by charm, incantations, &c., from any distance, and may be made either by enemies in their own tribe or from without. Of course none can tell the mode or manner in which such things are made or act, but the belief is strong, as also that of the "evil eye." Many cases of real bodily disease are frequently put down to "evil influence wrought upon the person," and it is not uncommon for an Indian to be shot, who from some cause or other has been suspected of dabbling in the occult sciences. Some idea may now be formed of the power medicine men have over their subordinates; for of all powers, mystery, superstition, and the belief in charms, spells, &c., are the greatest; in fact, they are the keys of life and death.

Now what are the Indian ideas of diseases proper and their treatment, omitting accidents, wounds and such like? As a rule it is supposed that a person suffering from internal disease, has become possessed of the devil, or has been worked upon by charm and spell. Possessed of a devil, means that a wolf, bear, crow, fox, or some other animal, has taken possession of the patient, or perhaps some other noxious influences. The obvious mode of treatment to the Indian, or to any one else is to drive it or them out again, but the Indian proceeds about it in a peculiar manner. The medicine man or doctor is consulted, who gives his opinion that some animal has possessed the patient and must be got rid of. He summons about two dozen people, who enter the lodge, arrange themselves in a circle round the fire, each one possessing a short stick and a box or piece of flat wood; the patient and doctor are sometimes placed in the midst. After a certain time this circle set up a chant and

beat with their sticks upon the boxes or flat pieces of board. The time kept is very good and the tunes often not unpleasant. The doctor now commences his incantations; then uses rattles and makes other noises; rubs, champoos, blows upon the patient and spits upon him, often paints the body black, or places him before the fire and covers him with burnt charcoal or leaves, powdered cedar bark, and what not. After a longer or shorter interval spent in these interesting exercises, which are very laborious to the medical attendant, the patient is put to bed and for the most part starved, lest the food should be consumed by his internal enemy.

If the patient recover of course the adversary has been driven out by the potency of the treatment: but if he only partially recover one of two things takes place; he either goes through the same performance again or the doctor declares that although the wolf, bear or whatever it was, has been driven out, still that a beaver, crow, or some other animal has taken his place and the necessary incantations and treatment for the expulsion of this must be had recourse to. Well and good: various modifications of the treatment alluded to, then go on again, until the patient gets well; and when he does he has to pay pretty sweetly his medical adviser. But if the patient dies, he may die because the enemy has taken too strong possession to be dislodged, or it may be considered the fault of the physician, in which case he is very likely to be killed in return, so that the medical practitioner does not enjoy a very enviable position. But even here as in civilized communities, additional advice is often sought, and if the patient be a man of note, half a dozen doctors are by no means extraordinary. Scarifications and sucking the blood are very much employed. A woman was troubled with swelling of the

abdomen: the doctor said it was full of blood which must be taken out. He set about the treatment as before mentioned with women, sticks, drums, rattles, incantations, and so on, but he determined to suck the blood out. He commenced sucking the skin over the abdomen: after a while he spat a little blood from his mouth; in process of time the quantity increased so that at last he brought out mouthfuls; the floor of the lodge was streaming with blood! The abdomen diminished in size and the patient was well. Where the blood came from must be left to others to judge, but the fact is as stated. Up north *post mortem* examinations are very frequently made by the doctor before the friends of the deceased, and of course the doctor takes pretty good care, that his diagnosis shall be found correct by the examination. One instance I remember. An Indian died; the diagnosis before death was, that he had a musket ball in his interior placed there by bad medicine. A *post mortem* examination was held and after some search lo and behold! a musket ball is produced from the intestines. This was certainly a piece of chicanery on the part of the doctor, but it saved his life.

Here is a specimen of white man's treatment of disease in Indians. A red-skin had been ill a long time, with some disease or pain in the stomach; he believed himself possessed of some evil spirit which the Indian doctors could not drive out. A glass of soda water or rather an effervescing draught was given him, and he was told to drink it. He looked aghast to drink the boiling fluid, but yielded and down it went; the Indian only being surprised at its being cold instead of hot. After a few moments as is very common after drinking such draughts, belching took place and a quantity of gas came up with considerable noise. "There!" says the white man, who had his wits about him, "there

is the skookum or evil spirit driven out at last and you are cured!" The Indian was not sick afterwards! Of course this disease had been a mere fancy, but no doubt the result of superstition working upon the mind.

Of medicines proper they may be said to know nothing: but the warm and steam bath is very commonly employed. Sometimes a dose of medicine given by a white man does not have so good an effect. A settler gave an Indian a dose of salts—the Indian took it and died the same day. The salts was immediately considered to have caused death and the administerer had to conceal himself for some days; otherwise he would have followed his patient to Walhalla. The excitement having subsided, the man returned and remained unharmed. But although they know but little of medicine proper, the recoveries from wounds is very surprising. Injuries that most certainly kill any white man are cured in the Indian, not from any skill in surgical treatment, but I presume from the fact of their being in a more natural or low state, than the white man, for it is said to be an axiom, that the more cultivated or civilized man becomes, the less able is he to bear any very serious wounds or injuries. In the Indian, joints may be shot through and the man recovered, and more than one may be seen, who has been shot in the lungs or abdomen. There was an Indian on the coast who had a buck-shot in his brain—the only inconvenience being headache upon rapid motion or turning. He lived thus for a long time, but one night he got intoxicated, and the next morning was a corpse.

Second sight is believed among the Indians: individuals can foretell things about to happen; such men are looked upon with veneration by their tribes. The individuals are few in number and do not prophecy often. As a matter of

course but little faith is put in their sayings by white men, but the following incidents are at least curious. An Indian up north related to a white man, that by "second sight" he had seen an English "man-of-war," and that she would be upon the coast in three days from that time. No one about the place expected anything of the kind, and he was laughed at—(a very improper mode of treating an Indian)—but upon the third day, lo and behold, a man-of-war appeared, and more than that; at the time the Indian prophesied the arrival, this ship was hundreds of miles away and therefore could not have been seen by superiority of vision.

A grey headed venerable man sat pensive and desponding before his lodge; he was a known seer. At length he spake, and at intervals said: "Woe unto you,

my children, woe unto you, my friends—destruction awaits many—I see men armed for the fight—they belong to the tribe [naming it] they move on and now they attack you, my friends—the slaughter is fearful. At the third moon from this blood will flow like water on the lands—remember what I say, for before that I shall be no more." The old man remained melancholy and dejected and ere long died: but at the time indicated the attack took place. His tribe was unprepared, and frightful slaughter took place—and in truth the blood flowed like water upon the land.

CALIFORNIAN WHORTLEBERRIES.—Whortleberries are said to be unusually plenty, this fall, in Humboldt county.

IN MEMORIAM.

BY W. F. B. J.

I

THE life-blood of the year is ebbing slowly,
 Staining with crimson drops the fallen leaves
 He who was once so proud now lies there lowly,
 While Autumn garners up her golden sheaves.
 The flaunting aster, purple-lipped, has perished,
 The rainbow-colored dahlias withered all,
 And, like one fond regret which love hath cherished,
 Alone the ivy shivers on the wall.

II.

A voice o'erburdened with a low, wild moaning,
 Sighs out its plaints upon the midnight air,
 Like a lost spirit for its sins atoning,
 Whose only whisper is the word 'Despair.'
 The waves of sound throb wildly 'gainst the shutter,
 And fast recede into the darksome night,
 Trembling with sadness, like the painful flutter
 Of frightened doves in their uncertain flight.

III.

The Frost-King is abroad, with magic finger
 Twining in Earth's tresses icy curls;
 While on her brow his freezing kisses linger
 Till morn shall melt them to a crown of pearls;
 The naked trees fling out their quivering branches,
 Like spectral fingers clasping shadowy forms;
 While each hail-smitten crest in fury launches
 A proud defiance to the hissing storms.

IV.

I hear the waves of ocean far rebounding—
 The white-keyed organ of the universe—
 That in their eager joy, seem ever sounding
 Their Maker's praises in majestic verse:—
 Far, far through rocky halls the anthem pealing
 Fills the vast caverns with its floods of song,
 And on the distant ear comes softly stealing
 Like sighs of flowerets borne the wind along.

V.

O, winds and waves! with a tumultuous thronging,
 Old memories come on sorrow-burdened wing,—
 Memories of one, who, with an earnest longing,
 Drank deep the inspiration which ye bring.
 Your trembling lips pronounced a benediction,
 Morning and evening, on her youthful pride,—
 And when bowed down beneath the great affliction,
 Her wounded spirit drooped its wings and died.

A NIGHT OF HORROR.

—
 BY CHAUNCEY.
 —

IN the Spring of 1859, having suffered in health from close study and long confinement, I was advised by my physician to take a trip to the country, and if possible "a little sea air." After due consideration of his candid advice I cast aside Chitty and Blackstone, and on a fine morning in the month of May, found myself on board one of the Northern steamers, bound for Victoria, with all the necessaries for a six weeks tour.

The last shaking of hands was soon over; the hawsers were cast loose; the wheels revolved; the steamer swung into the current; the parting gun was fired; and away we sped.

On the evening of the second day out, feeling much better, I remained on deck longer than usual, and sat at the stern, watching the luminous light of the steamer's wake, till a feeling of weariness came over me, and I fell asleep. I had slept perhaps an hour, when I was awakened by a touch on the shoulder, and, looking up, was startled by the appearance of a stranger bending over me.

There was not a living soul besides ourselves on deck; all had retired.

I arose to retire to my cabin, but the stranger pushed me violently back, and laughed with a strangeness, that sent a shudder through my entire frame. He was a large man, and in my weak condition I could not combat with him; but I was on the point of calling help, when he drew a long knife from his pocket, and told me to make no noise, or both of us would die, at the same time remarking with a diabolical chuckle that he could have thrown me overboard as I slept. It is unnecessary to say that I trembled with horror, for I saw that I was in the power of a madman.

I sat still, hoping that some one of the officers of the ship would come around, and then I would be saved; but suddenly the madman cried, "Come, let us jump overboard, and then all is oblivion."

His eyeballs rolled meanwhile, and his hands twitched with an uneasy motion; there seemed not a moment to be lost,—when, fortunately I thought of a subterfuge, and asked him before taking the final leap that he should give me his history. He looked at me with a suspicious glare for a moment, but seemed to reflect and said, yes, it would be better to give his history first—and seating himself beside me he commenced:

"I was born in Pennsylvania, and my name is Joseph Thorpe. At the age of 13 years, I lost both my parents and was consigned to the care of an uncle. This uncle, having no family of his own, lavished all his kindness upon me. He sent me to school and college and I graduated with honor. I entered a merchant's office, where I remained about three years, when an event occurred, which changed my prospects for life. My employer was a kind-hearted man, very easy-tempered and never found fault with me, and consequently I grew bolder and bolder with him, till one day he reprimanded me se-

verely before all the other clerks. I deserved his rebuke, but in my blind passion could not see it, and I swore a bitter oath that I would be revenged, and how do you think I got my revenge?

About three months after the period referred to my employer desired to go to New York, and wished to take his daughter with him, a beautiful young lady who was attending boarding school about forty miles distant. He commissioned me to go for her and I took the train and was soon on the way. But I had not gone far when the fiendish thought entered my head that now the hour of revenge was come! The devil tempted me and I could not resist him. I determined that when the cars should be going at full speed, to push her off.

I soon arrived at the seminary and telling her her father's wish, she was soon prepared. She was, as I said before, a beautiful girl about fifteen years of age, buoyant and merry. Little did she think, poor thing, as she bade good bye to her school mates, that she was never to see them again. Well do I mind the sunny smile that illumined her countenance, as the train began to move towards her father's house. Alas, how soon was that smile to be set in death! As the train rushed on, it seemed as if a thousand fiends were pursuing; and anon as the shrill shriek of the whistle would burst forth, I thought that one of the fiends had at last reached the cars, and that he came towards me and whispered in my ear. I feigned to see a beautiful sight and asked the young lady to step out on the platform, telling her we could see it to better advantage. There were a number of passengers in our car, but they sat with their backs toward us and did not observe me. We gained the platform and, telling her to look in the direction I pointed, I gave her a violent push.

The next moment a terrible shriek was heard, and an object flitted by.—The

passengers were dumb with horror. The train was stopped; but all that was picked up was a mangled corpse. I played my part so well that I was not even suspected; while I had the satisfaction of seeing her father suffer, I might say a thousand deaths—but now a worm was tearing at my heart; remorse was awakened, and I must try and quiet it.

I determined to travel, and went West where I became a Santa Fe trader. I soon gathered a large fortune, and in the exciting life which I led, for a time forgot my crime; but gradually the awful truth burst upon me, that I was pursued by a fiend. Was there no escape? I fled into Mexico and opened a monte table, and for months continued winning, but in one night lost all. I then determined to come to California, where I would dig for gold, and then go to some foreign country and, in an active life try to bury all in oblivion. I soon reached California and went to the Northern Mines, where I was quite successful. But one dark stormy night, the fiend which dogs my steps, peered into my cabin, and whispered in my ear, that the next time he visited me, he would take me. In my agony I shrieked; my brain was on fire. I rushed out endeavoring to escape; but soon fell unconscious. When I regained my senses, they told me that I had been for several days in a delirious condition; that I had accused myself of a horrible crime; but all this was thought to be the effects of the fever, and nothing more was said. I was confined to my bed for a long time afterwards, but at length I recovered. I now determined to escape from California; but my money had all wasted away in medical expenses. I however managed to get to San Francisco, where I found I could work my passage to the North, and I caught at anything to escape."

At this point of the madman's narrative, with which I had become deeply

horrified, a dark form was seen to approach. I saw that it was the mate, and oh, how I blessed his appearance; but the poor wretch before me howled with terror, and jumping up he cried, "The fiend! the fiend comes to take me!—I will yet escape," and suiting the action to the word he leaped overboard, and a momentary flash in the luminous track of the steamer was all I saw of him. It was a dark night and the vessel going swiftly, so that an attempt to save him was vain.

The mate told me that just before the sailing of the steamer, one of the old hands had deserted, and that this poor wretch, offering his services, they had been accepted; and he knew nothing more about him. But I had learned enough to know that the fiend that constantly pursued him, was his conscience; and of the truth of his story, I have not the least doubt.

When I retired to my cabin, I threw myself on my knees and thanked God for my narrow escape.

THE ALLIGATOR IN PYRAMID LAKE.—A marvelous, though by no means impossible, story, has created much discussion lately in regard to a nondescript in Pyramid Lake. This inland sea is salt only in the northern portion, while the southern part, where the Truckee river enters it, is fresh. The water is deep, and large fish are found in it. Though certainly not a usual thing to find alligators so far north as this region, yet it is well known that they are common in the southern rivers on the western as well as on the eastern shores of the continent; and it is therefore not improbable that the story of the Saurian in the Great Basin is entitled to credit. It is at any rate worthy of being placed on record. We are perfectly well convinced that there are a number of

discoveries in natural history yet to be made in our neighborhood. There is, for instance, a nondescript beast in the southern part of Oregon; why should there not be a nondescript in Pyramid Lake? The story is thus told by William H. Jardin, in the *Sierra Citizen*:

Last July, three of us crossed the Truckee river a short distance above the American camp, and proceeded along the northern shore of the lake in search of wild fowl, great numbers of which abound in and about the tules. We had proceeded perhaps three-quarters of a mile, when Mr. Enslow shot a duck which fell some rods from the shore, and continued fluttering a considerable time, when we were amazed to see an extraordinary object driving swiftly towards our game, which suddenly disappeared, amid great commotion of the water. Enslow exclaimed that it was an alligator; but at my direction we sat quietly in the reeds, in hopes that the creature, whatever it might be, would reappear. Within five minutes the water again showed signs of some large animal in motion, and directly the creature's head appeared slowly moving towards the shore. The monster slowly crawled on land, its tail dragging through the mud and its legs apparently sustaining its immense body with great difficulty, each leg alternating, like the steps of a sluggish quadruped. Having gained the shore, the creature stopped, within thirty feet of our hiding place, cautiously peering about, I suppose, to observe any lurking danger. Just then, while endeavoring to get a better view of the animal, a brittle stick broke under me with a sharp crack, when he turned about with great haste and awkwardness and made for the lake, in which he speedily disappeared, but not before receiving two charges of duck-shot, which, I hardly think, did him serious harm.

Of course, there could be no doubt of

the animal being an alligator; two of us, Enslow and myself, having been familiar with the sight of the creature in the south-western waters. I estimate the dimensions of this one between seven and eight feet long, the head being perhaps twenty inches. On discovering us, the monster raised on his legs, uttering a blowing sound and displaying formidable rows of teeth, but it showed no signs of fight. His color was darker than those of the Mississippi, and less rough, though in other respects I remarked no difference.

PEARL FISHING IN THE GULF OF CALIFORNIA.—A late Mexican journal, published at Ures, in Sonora, notices the fact of a charter of a small schooner by three Americans, for the purpose of pearl fishing in the Gulf of California. Their purpose fishing in the Bay of Mulege, where pearls are said to have been found of extraordinary value and astonishing brilliancy. It was here, according to report, that an Englishman, named Jeremiah Evans, more than half a century ago, obtained a number of magnificent pearls, of which a collar was subsequently made for the Queen of Spain, which was the admiration of Europe. The pearls of the Gulf of California are, as a general rule, recognized as superior to all others. The fisheries during the time of the Spanish dominion and even down to within a few years, were carried on with great activity, and were a source of wealth to the people of the California Peninsula; but recently they have declined. The American expedition may have the effect of bringing them into prominent notice again. It is supposed that the value of the shells alone will be sufficient to defray the expenses of the expedition; and that what pearls may be obtained will be clear gain.

CALIFORNIAN TAR BUSH.—(*Eriodictyon Californicum*.)

BY DR. A. KELLOGG.

THE condensed illustration here given, will enable any one—not already familiar with the shrub—to recognize it; if he attends carefully to the following description:

The Tar Bush, from Sulphur Cave, was presented to us a few days since, by Mr. Hutchings, together with many other rare and interesting novelties of the vegetable kingdom, which we shall notice in detail very shortly. This bush in particular, so far abounds in California, that to notice all its known localities, would be too tedious. We propose simply to give a short, popular description, in order to make it better known and duly appreciated for its medicinal properties.

The Tar Bush is shrubby, erect, branching, and smooth; three to five feet in height. The recent stems and leaves exude a gum-resin. It is this sticky or pitchy property which is so significantly set forth in the common name.

The thick and leathery leaves are about three or four inches in length and somewhat variable in breadth, often without teeth; elliptical-lance-shaped; tapering gradually into the short leaf-stem, alternately set. The feather-veined appearance of the upper surface is seen in the leaf marked *u*. They are also often worm eaten, as we see in this example.

The lower surface is remarkably net-veined, rendered more conspicuous by the short white down in the little angular interspaces as represented in the leaf *l*, showing the lower side. The flowers are rather pretty, of a pale purplish-blue; arranged in clustered and coiled racemes at the ends of the branches—*f*, a flower laid open showing the five short stamens—*s* the seed-vessel with its two styles.

The leaves have a strong terebinthine



taste, and a fragrant balsamic odor. They are eaten by those suffering from chronic rheumatism and affections of the kidneys and adjacent viscera. Beaten up and applied to eruptions from poison oak, they are also useful—or in salves for ill-conditioned and indolent sores, and for healing cuts &c.

The best method in rheumatism, is to make an infusion by steeping a single handful of the leaves to a pint of water, and drink it during the day. We have had the most emphatic personal assurance of relief, from those who have used it. In one instance of excruciating gout, it was used both internally and externally, with great success. As a healing and emollient poultice, we think it entitled to favor. Its reputation, however, is not fully established in all these respects. There can scarcely be a doubt, even with the most skeptical, as to its beneficial effects as a general tonic.

Our Social Chair.

ON social occasions it is good to make due and proper allowances for the individualities and peculiarities of acquaintances and to agree with them on all matters of small importance, rather than mar the general harmony by contradiction and contention. In this *Social Chair* we shall accordingly treat all the world and the rest of mankind with politeness; and we hope that the compliment will be returned to us, when we chance to say things that all readers may not endorse or when we write a little too much or a little too little on any given subject. It is a bad state of affairs when a serious man can not unbend once in a while. It is not necessary that he should be boisterous, or tell old stories, or set the table in a roar;—that is not our idea of a Social Chair;—but every man ought to pay up his proportion of talk, and gossip, and cheerfulness, whenever and wherever these are specially in demand.

Cannot a man be a very sociable, pleasant, agreeable, whole-souled fellow, and at the same time be serious and earnest? We know among our living friends some very companionable individuals, who never attempted a pun or cracked a joke in their lives; and among our dead friends, that is to say the literary geniuses, we confess a penchant for the sober old fellows as solid companions. To our mind old Montaigne and old Burton and the rest of the old crop of gossips are more companionable than all the jest books in the world; even though they never make us laugh, but only provoke a smile. A good broad laugh here and there, is without doubt a good thing; doctors say it is healthy; that great laughers grow fat, and fat men enjoy life; but it is a matter of doubt whether there is not quite as much and may be more benefit in the chaster and more refined pleasure of a smile than in the loudest laugh of the equine family. A stump speaker will rehash you any quan-

tity of old saws and parade you any number of grotesque images; and you, in common with the rest of his audience, may feel like shattering the benches with your big stick; but after all is said and done, there is not left in the soul that genial and satisfied feeling, which the after dinner talk of a great traveller or a superior man of any kind produces. Cheerfulness is better than joy for its wearing qualities. Jests are like champagne wine, they pop and foam and sparkle for a while, and then are—dish water.

Reader, have you been to see the wreck of the Granada? If you have not, you have lost an opportunity of being very sentimental. There is something so affecting in the fact that the Granada should have come 14,000 miles, more than half the circumference of the globe, through cold and heat and wind and wave, only to be dashed to pieces at the end of her voyage. She could securely steam her way through the rocks and currents of Magellan; but the passage of the Golden Gate—that was too much for her. Thus a man often sails prosperously down the broad stream of time, braving death and danger in a thousand different horrible forms and shapes, and just as he imagines he is entering the harbor of his hopes and aspirations and carelessly dashes ahead, of a sudden he hears the roar of breakers ahead and sees rocks under his bows. But he is fated; and it is no use to reverse the engines. G-r-r,! thump! crack!—and all is over with him. Forty thousand steam-tugs will never draw him out into the broad current again.

There is another sentiment which this wreck suggests. Captain Howes brings her 14,000 miles without a graze or scratch; and just as the voyage is up he has to trust for the last 20 miles to another. For ninety long days and nights, the ves-

sel has fronted the dangers of the great ocean; but in a paltry half hour in careless hands, she is thrown up, a melancholy spectacle. Thus too often is the careful and laborious work of years wrecked on the eve of fruition.

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This puts one in mind of politics, which is just now the almost sole topic of excitement. How ought a philosopher to look upon and treat politics, such as we see it around us? Some rail at it; some despise it. We have often seen a couple of tumble-bugs fighting over a round ball of dirt, which each regarded as a treasure though it was in fact but a lump of nastiness—yet it was interesting to witness the strife; it showed the nature of the bugs. Just so does the strife over the spoils of office show the nature of politicians.

The tumble-bug rolls his ball of tumble-bug-wealth together by turning tail on and pushing backwards.

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What a happy fellow a Prince must be, to be sure! Not so much because he has such an abundance of all that wealth can buy; but to be so noticed and caressed by the world; to have the universal Yankee nation at one's feet; to have the New York belles by the ears, who shall have the first dance with me! But there goes a story that the prince has *also* been spanked by his royal mamma. We warrant you that he has the heart-burn quite as often as other gay young men. History nowhere shows that Princes are the happiest of mortals. But it would be glorious to be a Prince—for a change.

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Pure blood reminds us that we have had a great show of blooded stock in San Francisco. Mr. Emerson of Santa Clara had a splendid looking specimen, genus *bos*, there, called "Prince of the Pacific"—and this Prince too was noticed and caressed, in his way. It might take a Philadelphia lawyer to tell which of the two Princes ought to feel most flattered at the notice taken of them.

The Fashions.

CLOAKS are cut, first a large Circular reaching as long as to the first flounce on the bottom of the dress, this circular is then slashed to the droop of the shoulder in five places, viz: once on each shoulder and three times in the back--a square Pagoda sleeve is set in on the back seam of the gore, the other three gores are of the same width, and when this circular is of cloth and the gores of velvet, and the sleeves trimmed with velvet and lace--and a hood of velvet is trimmed with a cord and tassels to correspond--this cloak is exceedingly stylish, and is quite new, and is called the "venetiana." In trimming up the gores, embroidery is prettiest, but a less expensive and at the same time rich and tasty trimming is the daisy button, surrounded with lace.

For Misses--plain circulars with hoods, and of one solid color, trimming and all, are worn most. Merinos are most used for the entire suit--gaiters to match in color,--Leghorn hat with white Ostrich feather, rosettes and strings of white.

Bonnets.

Bonnets are a size smaller and two sizes shorter at the corners, which are also made wider, and the string is set up a little, and the ties are of narrow ribbon. Buckram frames are most used at the present, as velvets are in requisition for the cold weather. They are still made of mixed colors.

Bonnets are gaily trimmed with large red and yellow roses made still more gorgeous by a mixture of bright blue harebells and white snowdrops; indeed *nothing*, writes our correspondent, can vie in coloring with this Fall's ribbons and flowers but the banks of our glorious "Hudson,"--and whose drapery so profusely magnificent as hers, whose dye stuffs so varied and costly seeming, as those wherein she steeps her woodland foliage?--but we are occupying more than our allotted space, and will stop short by stating that *black and bright colors* in plaid ribbons and in plaid silks for

dresses are the style in New York. Next month we will speak of bridal dresses &c.

Monthly Record of Current Events.

STATE.

POLITICS is just now the chief topic of conversation and news throughout the State; and the people generally care for little else, talk of little else, and think of little else than politics. When a mail arrives from the East, the first question asked is a political one. Over the whole State for the last few weeks the cry has been politics, politics, politics; stump-speakers have gone the rounds, tracts have been distributed, letters and circulars have been sent, newspapers by the thousand, newspapers by the million have been printed and distributed; it is the way over the entire Union, and if the people do not vote understandingly at the coming election, it will not be for the want of preaching and talking to.

The most exciting and doubtless the most important political news of the last month, was the election of Col. E. D. Baker and J. W. Nesmith to the U. S. Senate, from Oregon. Col. Baker is an old Californian, well known to the public as a lawyer and able speaker for many years. The news of his election was received in California with tumultuous and wide-spread enthusiasm,

Sporting men have hardly had time as yet to avail themselves of the opening of the game season, which commenced in accordance with law on September 15th. The markets, however, attest the fact that the horns of the hunters are heard on the hills, and that the slaughter of the innocents has commenced again.

A number of the newspapers created an excitement by the announcement that the cattle disease, which has lately been so fatal in the East, had made its appearance in California. The report was entirely unfounded, and the State continues quite as healthy for the genus *Bos* as for the genus *Homo*.

The Red Bluff *Beacon*, or some illy-informed writer of it, says, that the rivulets in the Red Bluffs region are not only paved with coral, but that coral is being formed there. It would be easy to point out numerous sections of the earth's surface where the rivulets run over corals, which were buried in the old geological periods; but the idea that coral is being formed in fresh

water creeks, will not do. We can believe the story of the Alligator in Pyramid Lake; but then fresh water corals are a little too "steep."

The rainy season made its first decided appearance about the 24th of September. There were showers over the greater part of the State, earlier than for many years past.

The mining news are all favorable, and the season of plenty of water hopefully awaited. News from Washoe are of the most cheering kind, and capital is being invested there in large amounts. As an evidence of it, Virginia City is rapidly improving. Silver ore, from Pyramid Lake, is said to have assayed at Sacramento, at the rate of \$6,000 per ton.

A discovery of coal is reported within about one hundred miles of Carson City, in the Washoe region.

Works are to be erected for the reduction of cinnabar or quicksilver ores, which have been found in great reported richness at Knight's Valley, in Sonoma county.

Petaluma creek is full of sardines; the steamboats throw them up on the banks in passing along, and immense numbers of pelicans feed and fatten on them.

The Telegraph was completed as far south as Los Angeles, on October 9th, and we may soon expect a Pony Express by the southern route.

The fisheries at the north of the State are attracting much attention. Whales are plenty off the coast of Del Norte county, and salmon are multitudinous in Klamath, Eel, and other northern rivers.

The Turn Verein Societies of the State had a grand celebration at Stockton, on October 8th and 9th.

Judge Baldwin is reported to be about to resign from the Supreme Bench—hardly without a prospect of something better.

The Arabian camel enterprise in the southern part of the State is regarded as a failure; a camel, lately sent out from Los Angeles towards Fort Mohave, died of exhaustion on the desert. The animal has not had a fair chance as yet.

The discovery of a new silver mine is reported at Bear Valley, in San Bernardino county, of fabulous richness. The discoverers supposed the ore to be lead, and run bullets of it---so says the report,---but afterwards it was discovered to be virgin silver worth \$15,000 a ton. The story is a good one, though the mine may not amount to much.

CITY.

The Bay District Agricultural Society opened their great Fair on October 4th; the exhibition of stock at the Pioneer Race Course, and that of farm and orchard products and agricultural matters at the Pavilion in this city. The latter place had been resigned a few days previously by the Mechanics' Institute, after a month of successful exhibition, closing up with a grand billiard tournament of three days. The Fair of the Bay District Society was a success, and particularly the stock exhibition and races, which were well patronized.

The General Association of California and the Presbyterian Synod had their regular meetings the first week in October.

Two fires occurred on the night of October 4th, at the same time, one on Drumm near Sacramento street, which destroyed a broom factory; and the other on Broadway, Front and Chambers streets, destroying six or seven sailor boarding houses.

Two Courses of Lectures have been commenced in this city, one a "Military Course" at Music Hall; the other for the benefit of the Church of the Advent at Tucker's Hall.

The British ship-of-the-line *Ganges*, which had arrived from Victoria, departed on her way to England, on October 4th.

The steamer *Golden Age* arrived on the 6th October, with the *John L. Stephens* in tow. The latter steamer had sustained an accident by the breaking of her machinery below Acapulco, and had to be towed back. Her passengers and freight were left at Acapulco, to be forwarded on the steamer *Uncles Sam*.

A judgment of over \$13,000 was recorded in the U. S. Circuit Court, against the steamer *Uncle Sam*, on October 6th, in favor of W. H. Chamberlain and others, for breach of passenger contract, while running in the Garrison line.

Dr. Ver Mehr's Seminary for Young Ladies, on the corner of Bush and Taylor streets, was totally destroyed by fire on the evening of October 10th.

The argument in the great New Almaden Quicksilver Mine case, commenced in the U. S. District Court, on October 8th.

The will of Senator Broderick, deceased, was admitted to Probate on October 8th, after a long and severe contest.

On the 9th of October, the Italians of the city celebrated the successes of Garibaldi, by salutes, and a general display of the Sardinian flag.

Prince Kamehameha, elder brother to the King of Hawaii, arrived in his schooner

about the beginning of October, and made a visit of a couple of weeks. He found much to admire in the improvement of the State during the last ten years.

On the evening of October 13th, the ocean steamer *Granada*, while attempting to enter the harbor in a fog ran upon the rocks near Fort Point, and became a total wreck. She had just come from New York, and was intended for the proposed new Tehuantepec line.

Brevet Brigadier-General N. S. Clarke, of the U. S. Army, Commander of the Department of the Pacific, died on October 17th. The military turned out and made an imposing display on the occasion of his funeral. The body was conveyed to Benicia, and placed in the Army vault.

On October 18th, E. D. Baker, the new U. S. Senator from Oregon, arrived from the North, on his way to Washington, and was received with salutes by his political friends.

G. W. Ryckman, consul at Valparaiso, now on a visit to San Francisco, advertises for all the creditors of Harry Meiggs to call upon him and talk over a settlement.

The schooner *J. B. Ford*, 119 feet long and 280 tons register, the largest sailing vessel ever built in California, was launched in this city on October 15th.

The steamer *Moses Taylor* arrived in port on October 21st.

U. S. Senator Baker of Oregon, who arrived on the steamer *Brother Jonathan* on October 18th, received his friends at Tucker's Academy of Music on October 22nd. He was greeted by an immense throng of all parties.

The New Almaden case in the U. S. District Court was being argued, when we went to press. Mr. Peachy for the claimants made an opening address of seven days in length. Mr. Randolph for the Government followed at nearly as great length. J. P. Benjamin was to follow him, and then he was to reply. Reverdy Johnson was to come next, and then Mr. Randolph close.

A horrible murder, or series of murders, was committed at the ranch of Theophilus Johnson, near Lone Mountain Cemetery, on October 23d. Mrs. Johnson, her daughter, (thirteen years of age,) and a hired man named William Cook, were murdered by having their skulls beaten in with an axe. It seems probable that Cook was murdered first, by an enemy, and the other two to put the witnesses out of the way. No clue to the perpetrator or perpetrators, could be discovered.

Editor's Table.

WHAT does the general public want to read? In other words what is the most acceptable matter for a Californian Magazine? This question will be answered in different ways by different persons, and each will speak according to his own wisdom or folly. In so far as the community is gossipy, it will want gossip; in so far as it is scientific, it will want science. The general style of a writer shows not only his own character but the character of all, who read him with pleasure.

If we take up a book of Dickens' for instance, we find that his chief characteristic is a good heart, and that he writes for the good-hearts of men. It is no less a compliment to human nature than to himself that he finds so many readers. If we take up a newspaper of wide circulation, we can form a pretty accurate idea of the general character of the community where it is taken; and, on the other hand, if it is desired to give a newspaper a wide circulation, it must be in character with the spirit of its time and place. The community moulds the newspaper much more than the newspaper the community.

The same rule applies to a Magazine; it must adapt itself to the general intelligence and feelings of the community. We have an idea that the general reading public of California and particularly the mining population have been underrated, that they have not been given credit for the real degree of intelligence and good taste which they possess. A great many persons suppose that the only literature fit for the mines is of the "*yellow livered*" description; but we must differ from them, differ from them not only in opinion but in practice. We have an abiding faith that the

people want solid information and a sober, common-sense view of topics of interest--- and we shall endeavor, as far as in our power lies, to supply them.

We have thrown out these remarks in answer to a remark made about our last number. We therein stated that it would be partly our desire to popularize science in so far as it might come up in our treatment of Californian subjects. A friend remarked that a Magazine was only valuable in as far as it enabled a reader to throw away his time pleasantly. Our answer was then, as it is now, that it was of vital importance to make a Magazine pleasant reading; but we have a higher respect for the intelligence of the reading public, than to subscribe to the "throwing away" portion of the remark.

We frequently find in the newspapers from the interior, notices of subjects of scientific or semi-scientific interest. We might cite as an illustration, the notices a few years ago of the tarantula and its winged enemy. Probably every reading man in the State read those notices and remembers them,---doubtless read them with more pleasure and remembers them with more distinctness than any mere editorial matter which has ever been published. So we find that any notice giving new or important information in regard to the natural history of the Pacific coast is eagerly copied from journal to journal; and we cannot but believe that such matter is acceptable to the reading public.

These considerations will explain why we have already given and shall continue to give a portion of our space to matters of a scientific cast, though it is by no means the intention to make them the exclusive subject of notice and treatment.

Literary Notices.

STUDIES IN ANIMAL LIFE. By GEORGE HENRY LEWES. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York. Allen & Spier, San Francisco.

When a man takes delight in any particular branch of study, he is almost certain of attaining eminence in that department. It is a loss to the world when a devoted student in any of Nature's great mysteries possesses the power to learn, and yet has not the gift to teach. And observation and experience gives ample evidence that good scholars are not, *per se*, good teachers. Mr. Lewes, however, while he gives abundant proof, in the volume before us, that he has the former, shows also that he is endowed with the latter to an eminent degree. This author takes the reader by the hand, so to speak, and says "come with me, and lovingly study Nature;" and as he opens up this wonder, and explains that profound study, light breaks in upon the mind and opens up new fields of studious recreation. We should like to see such works as this in every school, and made to supersede the musty and unmeaning rubbish generally put into the hands of the young as "Moral Science" and "Intellectual Philosophy," the dry details of which only serve the more to mystify---if not altogether disgust---the youthful student, and set him against metaphysical studies altogether. This volume is a valuable addition to our literature, especially as showing the connecting links between the vegetable and animal world.

EL FUREIDIS. By the Author of "The Lamplighter," and "Mabel Vaughan." Published by Ticknor & Fields, Boston. Sold by A. Roman, San Francisco.

All readers of Miss Cummings' first work "The Lamplighter," will readily and pleasantly call to mind the characteristic pictures of city life in New York there presented. In this new volume the imagination is transported into Syria, there to witness the beautifully wild, romantic scenes of Mount Lebanon, and to become

familiar to with the interesting employments and habits of the residents of that once remarkable land. The plot of the tale is very well laid, and the characters and their customs remarkably well painted. The author in this work has added new laurels to her already well-won reputation.

THE WEST INDIES AND THE SPANISH MAIN. By ANTHONY TROLLOPE. Harper & Brothers, New York. Allen & Spier, San Francisco.

When we read this author's first work we received the impression that his style was somewhat affected. That affectation he has lost, or, our taste has undergone a change. The astute ability brought to bear on the themes upon which he unites, takes you out of the author into the subject. The vigor and life-like raciness with which he portrays the scenes and people in the tropics, is very entertaining, and leaves the conviction that the writer possesses a penetrating and impartial mind. This work, picturing as it does the present condition of those countries---especially of Jamaica---and their inhabitants, should be read by every sincere friend of the colored race, both North and South.

A PRACTICAL TREATISE ON THE CHEMISTRY OF GOLD, SILVER, QUICKSILVER AND LEAD, tracing the crude ores from the mines through the various Mechanical and Metallurgic Elaborations, until the pure mineral is obtained. Collected from the best sources, and his own Practical Experience, by EDWARD PIQUE. Printed by Towne & Bacon, San Francisco. For sale by H. H. Bancroft & Co.

This is a valuable little book of 133 pages, just published in this city, giving in a clear, condensed and well-arranged form a knowledge of the chemical properties of the metals named, particularly with reference to practical mining and assaying. It explains the various methods of treating the ores in the most celebrated mines in the world, and gives clear and intelligible directions for reductions, refinings, furnace building, amalgamation, and so on, illustrating the whole with thirty-seven wood cuts. The miner, who does not clearly

know all that the book contains, should inform himself as soon as possible. Mr. Pique's book is more than a Practical treatise; it is, to our mind, very interesting reading matter.

A LIFE STRUGGLE. By MISS PARDOE. Published by W. J. Pooley & Co., New York. Allen & Spier, San Francisco.

Ferdinand Greville is the hero, and Laura Heathcote the heroine of this novel. They love each other, and are betrothed. After this it is discovered that the father of Greville has forged several papers, and in order to secure their destruction the hero agrees to give up Laura, and at the request of Mrs. Heathcote, who possesses the forged papers, to use his utmost influence to form a match between Laura and the Earl of Ravenswood. This union is instigated by her mother, to revenge herself on a sister who, having married a nobleman, looked down upon her as the untitled wife of a merchant. This union is consummated, and a young girl in her teens marries a

man of fifty, and who proves to be the father of Ferdinand, so that the sacrifice made by the hero in giving up Laura is found to be altogether unnecessary. The story is simply and pleasingly told, and, although not of the highest order, is very interesting.

THE HARP OF A THOUSAND STRINGS; or Laughter for a Life-time. "Konceived, kompiled, and komically konkokted by SPAVERY; aided, added and abetted by over 200 kurious kutz, from Original Designs karefully drawn out by McLenan, Hoppin, Darley, &c., &c., to say nothing of Leech, Pliny, Doyle, Cruikshank, Meadows, and others." The whole engraved by S. P. Avery. Published by Dick & Fitzgerald, New York. A. Roman, San Francisco.

To those very dyspeptic-looking and long-faced people who do not wish to be cured, and afterwards die laughing, we recommend them by no manner of means to buy this book. Its titles leaves nothing for us to say, except that "the half is not there told," for it is full to overflowing with racy wit and sparkling good-natured humor.

CALIFORNIA CARTOONS.—No. II.



"TAILING OUT"—IN THE MINES.

HUTCHINGS'

CALIFORNIA MAGAZINE.

VOL. V. DECEMBER, 1860. No. 6.

THE ALABASTER CAVE, OF EL DORADO, CO., CAL'A.



THE PULPIT.

WHENEVER nature steps out of her usual course to make anything very beautiful or very wonderful, it is not unreasonable to expect that men and women, generally, will be gratefully willing to go out of their way to see it. It is true that many men love money, more than they love nature, and will not go; others, love nature more than money, and yet often feel too poor, almost, to gratify that love; and yet another class have become so much habituated to the same stool in the counting-house, the same old chair in the office, the same familiar standing-place in the store, and the same spot in the workshop, mine, or field; that nothing short of an earthquake or revolution, could induce them to turn aside from the well-worn highways of business habit, to see anything beyond themselves, and their business routine. In their eyes it is the Alpha and Omega of life, the beginning and end of all things, yea, life itself. But unfortunately—or fortunately!—hah. it unfits them for anything beyond the machine—man. The blue sky, the bright sunshine, the flower-carpeted earth, the foliage-clothed trees, the moss-grown cavern, the mighty hills, or the forest-formed harps touched by the fingers of the wind, and playing their grand old anthems of praise have no inviting and suggestive voice, that “man was made for enjoyment as well as duty—for happiness as well as business” and that the probability is apparent, that the God-like faculties bestowed upon him, enabling him, if cultivated, to hold communion with the beautiful, the enobling, the sublime, or wonderful, would not have been if man were not expected to be something loftier than a mere hum-drum business machine.

Nature sometimes turns over some new and wonderful pages in her glorious old volume, and discovers to men such marvels as the Groves of Mammoth trees,

the Yo-semite valley, the Geysers, the natural bridges, and caves, and recently the Alabaster cave of El Dorado county. At such times there are many persons who will find time to open their sight-seeing eyes, and take a glimpse, if only to say, that “they have seen them,” lest they should be deemed behind the age or out of the fashion. But there are others again, and their name is legion, in this new State, who adore, yea almost worship, the beautiful, the grand, the astonishing; from the handful of soil, that gives out so many varieties of rare and fragrant flowers, and luscious fruits, to the vast cathedral-formed arches and intricate draperies of stone, produced by chemical agencies and mystical combinations in one or more of nature’s great laboratories beneath the surface of the earth.

With the latter class it is always a pleasure to be in company; as a pleasure shared is always doubled; besides, kindred spirits have a happy faculty of reproduction, denied to others.

A ledge of limestone rock, resembling marble in appearance, cropped out by the side of the El Dorado valley turnpike road, which, after testing, was found to be capable of producing an excellent quality of lime. Early in the present year Mr. William Gwynn employed a number of men to quarry this rock, and build a kiln. To these works he gave the name of “Alabaster Lime Quarry, and Kiln.”

On the 18th of April last, two workmen, George S. Halterman and John Harris, were quarrying limestone from this ledge, when, upon the removal of a piece of rock, a dark aperture was visible, which upon being enlarged enabled them to enter. The flood of light pouring in through the opening made, enabled them to proceed some fifty feet. Before venturing further they threw a stone forward, which, falling into water,

determined them to procure lights before advancing farther.

At this juncture, Mr. Gwynn came up, and, upon being informed of the discovery, sent for candles, to enable them to further prosecute their explorations. Mr. Swan of Placerville by chance making his appearance they all entered together. The result of this, after several hours spent, cannot be better given than in Mr. Gwynn's own language, from a letter addressed to Mr. Holmes, a gentleman friend of his, residing in Sacramento City, and afterwards published in the *Sacramento Bee*, dated April 19th, 1860:

DEAR HARRY:—Wonders will never cease. On yesterday, we in quarrying rock, made an opening to the most beautiful cave you ever beheld. On our first entrance, we descended about fifteen feet, gradually, to the center of the room, which is one hundred by thirty feet. At the northend there is a most magnificent pulpit, in the Episcopal church style, that man ever has seen. It seems that it is, and should be called, the "Holy of Holies." It is completed with the most beautiful drapery of alabaster sterites of all colors, varying from white to pink-red, all overhanging the beholder. Immediately under the pulpit, there is a beautiful lake of water, extending to an unknown distance. We thought this all, but, to our great admiration, on arriving at the center of the first room, we saw an entrance to an inner chamber, still more splendid, two hundred by one hundred feet, with the most beautiful alabaster overhanging in every possible shape of drapery. Here stands magnitude, giving the instant impression of a power above man; grandeur, that defies decay; antiquity, that tells of ages unnumbered; beauty, that the touch of time makes more beautiful; use, exhaustless for the service of men; strength, imperishable as the globe, the monument of eternity—the truest earthly emblem of that everlasting and unchangeable, irresistible majesty by whom and for whom all things were made.

WM. GWYNN.

As soon as this interesting announcement was noised abroad, hundreds of people flocked to see the newly discovered

wonder from all the surrounding mining settlements of Whiskey Bar, Wild Goose Flat, Rattlesnake Bar, Pilot Hill, (Centreville,) and other places, so that within the first six days, it was visited by upwards of four hundred persons; many of whom, we regret to say, possessed a larger organ of acquisitiveness than of veneration, and laid vandal hands on some of the most beautiful portions within reach, near the entrance. This determined the proprietor to close it until arrangements could be made for its protection and systematic illumination, the better to see and not to touch the specimens.

At this time Mr. Gwynn leased the cave to Messrs. Smith & Halterman, who immediately began to prepare it for the reception of the public by erecting barricades, platforms, etcetera; and placing a large number of coal oil lamps at favorable points, for the better inspection of the different chambers.

The discovery being made in the spring, considerable water was standing in some of the deepest of the chambers; but signs were already visible of its recession at the rate of nearly six inches per day, and, in a few weeks, it entirely disappeared, leaving the cave perfectly dry. This afforded opportunities for further explorations; when it was found that a more convenient entrance could be made, with but little labor, from an unimportant room within a few feet of the road. This was accordingly made, and which, in addition to convenience, allows of the free circulation of pure air. Having thus given an historical sketch of the discovery, with other matters connected with its preservation and management, we shall now endeavor to take the reader with us—at least in imagination—in describing

OUR VISIT.

We had grown tired of looking, month after month, upon the same sanctum walls; of being a mere pen-driving ma-

chine from week beginning to week ending; and, consequently, felt ready for anything that offered a change. It is true the flowers, for the most part, had dried up and departed; that the grass had grown withered and sere, and that dust, in all kinds of cloudy sportiveness, had given intimations of a readiness to powder hair—and clothes, too, for that matter—to any extent, free of charge. Besides, knowing—or at least believing—that our “peck of dust,” allowed by (no one can tell how ancient a) tradition to every person! had, years ago, followed the fortunes and destinies of our meals, and had quietly been disposed of without visible injury, we were prepared to receive any new instalments of the article in store, on our own account, or on that of anybody else.

Therefore, nothing daunted, we elbowed our way aboard the new and convenient California built steamboat, the Chrysopolis—or, as a merry friend of ours calls it, (we think in sportive derision of the name,) the “Erysipelas”—we arrived in Sacramento shortly after midnight; remained on board until daylight; at half-past six o'clock, A. M., took the cars of the Sacramento Valley Railroad for Folsom, and arrived there at a quarter to eight, making the distance of $22\frac{3}{4}$ miles, within an hour and a quarter.

Folsom is a perfect stage coach Babel, where stages from all points of the central mines connect with that terminus; but, as we shall have something to say about this in a future number, we will leave the subject for the present, and make our way for that quiet-looking, open-faced (and hearted,) middle-aged man, who is patiently sitting on the box of his stage, his good-natured countenance invitingly saying, “If there are any ladies and gentlemen who wish a pleasant ride to-day, to “Alabaster Cave,” it shall not be my fault if it is

not one of the most agreeable they ever took.” That gentleman is Capt. Nye.

We ask, somewhat hurriedly, if his is the conveyance for the Cave, when a bluff and kindly response is, “Yes, sir; but don't hurry yourself, I shall not start for a few minutes, and the day is before us.” It may not be amiss here to remark that the Alabaster Cave is located on Kidd's ravine, almost three quarters of a mile from its debouchment in the north fork of the American river; ten miles from Folsom, by the “Whiskey Bar” road; and thirteen miles by “Shaws” road, known as the El Dorado Valley Turnpike.

As our coachman cries “all aboard,” and as he has way-passengers on the latter route and none on the former, we, of course, give it the preference.

From Folsom, then, our course lay over gently rolling hills, with here and there an occasional bush or tree, to Mormon Island. Here peach orchards and well-cultivated gardens offered a grateful relief to the dry and somewhat dusty road.

Crossing the south fork of the American by a long, high, and well-built suspension bridge, we ascended, on an easy grade, to a mining camp, named Negro Hill. Threading our way among mining claims, miners, and ditches, we passed through this latter town into the open country, where buckeye bushes, now scantily clad in dry brown leaves that bespeak the approach of autumn—the nut pine, and the dark, rich foliage of white oaks, dotted the landscape.

Presently, we reached the foot of a long hill covered with a dense growth of chapparel, composed mostly of chemical bushes. As we ascended, we felt the advantage of having an intelligent and agreeable coachman, who explained the localities visible from the road. From the summit of Chapparel Hill, we had a glorious prospect of the country for many miles.

There, is "Monte Diablo," sleeping in the purple distance; yonder, "Sutter's Buttes," which bespeak, at once, their prominence and altitude; while the rich valley, and the bright silvery sheen of the Sacramento, and tributaries, are spread out in beauty before us. The descent to the cave is very picturesque and beautiful, from the shadowy grandeur of the groups of hills seen in the distance.

Arriving at the cave, or rather at the "Alabaster Hotel," we had an excellent appetite for a good dinner, and soon found enough to satisfy it. Indeed, we were much indebted to Mr. Holmes, the proprietor of the hotel, for the many attentions extended to us by him during our stay. This will also, with great justice, extend to the gentlemanly lessees of the cave, who, with prompt pleasure, gave us all the information, and pointed out wonders, that might have been overlooked in the multitude of attractions found.

Here let us give a table of distances to Alabaster Cave, from

Rattlesnake Bar,.....	1½	miles.
Pilot Hill,.....	4	"
Gold Hill, Placer Co.....	6	"
Mormon Island,.....	6½	"
Auburn,.....	8	"
Negro Hill,.....	6	"
Greenwood Valley,.....	9	"
Lincoln,.....	9	"
Folsom,.....	10 and 13	"
Uniontown and Coloma,.....	16	"
Georgetown, El Dorado Co.,.....	18	"
Diamond Sp's. & El Dorado City,.....	20	"
Iowa Hill, Placer Co.,.....	20	"
Forrest Hill,.....	20	"
Placerville,.....	23	"
Grass Valley,.....	30	"
Sacramento,.....	32	"
Nevada,.....	34	"
Marysville,.....	36	"

Dinner being quietly over, let us take a good rest before presuming to look upon the marvels we have come to see;

for too many do injustice to themselves, and the sights to be seen by attempting to see them hurriedly, or where the body is fatigued.

On leaving the hotel, it is but a short and pleasant walk to the cave. At our right hand, a few steps before reaching it, there is a lime-kiln—a perpetual lime-kiln—which, being interpreted, means one in which the article in question, can be continually made, without the necessity of cooling off, as under the old method. Here a large portion of the lime consumed in San Francisco, is manufactured. It is hauled down to Folsom or Sacramento in wagons, as return freight, and from thence transported below. To see this kiln at night, in full blast, as we did, is a sight which alone would almost repay the trouble of a visit. The red-hot doors at the base, with the light flashing on the faces of the men as they stir the fire, or wood-up; with the flames escaping out from the top; and when to this is added the deep ravine, darkened by tall, overhanging, and large-topped tree, and shrubs; while high aloft sails the moon, throwing her silvery scintillations on every object around, from the foliage-draped hill, to the bright little rivulet that murmurs by.

At these works, there are forty barrels of lime manufactured every twenty-four hours. To produce these, three and a half cords of wood are consumed, costing, for cutting only, \$1 75 per cord. To haul this to the works, requires a man and team constantly. Two men are employed to excavate the rock, and two more to attend to the burning—relieving each other, at the furnace, every twelve hours; from morn to midnight.

The rock, as will be seen in the engraving, is supplied from the top, and is drawn from the bottom every six hours, both day and night.

When entering the cave from the road, which is directly in front of the aperture,



ALABASTER LIME KILN, BEYOND WHICH IS THE ENTRANCE TO THE CAVE.

we descend some three or four steps to a board floor. Here is a door that is always carefully locked when no visitors are within. Passing on, we reach a chamber about twenty-five feet in length by seventeen feet in width, and from five feet to twelve feet six inches in height. This is somewhat curious, although very plain and uneven at both roof and sides.

Here is a desk, on which is a book, inscribed, "Coral Cave Register." This book was presented by some gentlemen, who believed that "Coral Cave" would be the most appropriate name. The impression produced on our mind at the first walk through it, was that "Alabaster Cave" would be equally as good a name; but, when examining it more thoroughly, afterwards, we thought that

a greater proportion of the ornaments at the root of the stalactites, being like beautifully frozen mosses, or very fine coral; and the long icicle-looking pendants, being more like alabaster, the former name was to be preferred. But, as the name of "Alabaster" had been given to the works by Mr. Gwynn, on account of the purity and whiteness of the limestone found, even before the cave was discovered, we cheerfully acquiesce in the nomenclature given. The register was opened April 24th, 1860, and, on our visit, September 30th, ensuing, 2721 names had been entered. Some three or four hundred persons visited it before a register was thought of, and many more declined entering their names; so that the number of persons who have already

visited this cave, must have exceeded three thousand. Advancing along another passage, or room, several notices attract our eye, such as, "Please not touch the specimens," "No smoking allowed," "Hands and feet off," (with *feet* scratched out)—amputation of those members not intended, we believe! The low shelving roof, at the left and near the end of the passage, is covered with coral-like excrescences, resembling bunches of coarse rock-moss. This brings us to the second doorway.

Here is the entrance to the real wonders of the cave. Before us is a broad, oddly-shaped, and low-roofed chamber, about one hundred and twenty feet in length by seventy feet in breadth, and ranging from four to twenty feet in height.

Bright coral-like stalactites hang down in irregular rows, and in almost every variety of shape and shade, from milk-white to cream color, and stand in inviting relief to the dark arches above and frowning buttresses on either hand. While low-browed ridges, some almost black, others of a reddish-brown, stretch from either side, between which the space is ornamented with a peculiar coloring that resembles a grotesque kind of graining.

Descending towards the left, we approach one of the most beautiful stalactitic groups in this apartment. Some of these fine pendants are no larger than pipe stems, tubular, and from two to five feet in length. Three or four there were, over eight feet long; but the early admitted vandals destroyed or carried them off. Others resemble the ears of white elephants, (if such an animal could be known to natural history,) while others, again, present the appearance of long anemones, inverted.

By examining this and other groups more closely, we ascertain that, at their base, are numerous coral-like excrescences of great beauty; here, like petrified

moss, brilliant and almost transparent; there, a pretty fungus, tipped with diamonds; yonder, like miniature pine trees, which, to accommodate themselves to circumstances, have grown with their tops downwards. In other places, are apparent fleeces of the finest Merino wool, or floss silk.

Leaving these by turning to the right, we can ascend a ladder and see other combinations of such mysterious beauty as highly to gratify and repay. Here is the highest part of this chamber.

Leaving this, you arrive at a large stalagmite that resembles a tying post for horses, and which has been dignified—or mystified—by such names as "Lot's wife," (if so, she was a very dwarf of a woman, as its altitude is but four feet three inches, and its circumference, at the base, three feet one inch,) "Hercules' Club," "Brobdignag's Fore-finger," etc. etrea.

Passing on, over a small rise of an apparently snow-congealed, or petrified floor, we look down into an immense cavernous depth, whose roof is covered with icicles and coral, and whose sides are draped with jet. In one of these awe-giving solitudes is suspended a heart, that, from its size, might be imagined to belong to one of a race of giants.

On one side of this, is an elevated and nearly level natural floor, upon which a table, and seats, have been temporarily erected, for the convenience of choristers, or for public worship. It would have gratified us beyond measure to have heard these "vaulted hills" resound the symphonies of some grand anthem from Mozart, or Hayden, or Mendelssohn. Many of the pendant harps would have echoed them in delicious harmonies from chamber to chamber, and carried them around from roof to wall, throughout the whole of these rock-formed vistas.

We must not linger here too long, but,



THE CRYSTAL CHAPEL.

on our way to the Crystal Chapel, enter other little chambers, in whose roofs are formations that resemble streams of water that had been arrested in their flow, and turned to ice. In another, a perfectly formed beet, from one point of view; and, from another, the front of a small elephant's head. A beautiful, bell-shaped, hollow near here is called "Julia's Bower!"

Advancing along a narrow, low-roofed passage, we emerge into the most beauti-

ful chamber of the whole suite, entitled the "Crystal Chapel." It is impossible to find suitable language or comparisons to describe this magnificent spot. From the beginning, we have felt that we were almost presumptuous in attempting to portray these wonderful scenes; but, in the hope of inducing others to see, with their natural eyes, the sights that we have seen, and enjoy the pleasure that we have enjoyed, we entered upon the task, even though inadequately, of giving an out-

line—nothing more. Here, however, we confess ourselves entirely at a loss.

Miss Maude Necham, a young lady visitor from Yreka, has succeeded in giving an admirable idea of this sublime sight, in some excellent drawings, made upon the spot; two of which we have engraved, and herewith present to the reader.

The sublime grandeur of this imposing sight fills the soul with astonishment, that wells up from within as though its purpose was to make the beholder speechless—the language of silence being the most fitting and impressive, when puny man treads the great halls of nature, the more surely to lead him, humbly, from these, to the untold glory of the Infinite One, who devised the laws and superintended the processes that brought such wonders into being.

After the mind seems prepared to examine this gorgeous spectacle, somewhat in detail, we look upon the ceiling—if we may so speak—which is entirely covered with myriads of the most beautiful of stone icicles, long, large, and brilliant; between these, are squares, or panels; the mullions or bars of which seem to be formed of diamonds; while the panels themselves resemble the frosting upon windows in the very depth of winter; and even these are of many colors; that most prevailing being of a light pinkish-cream. Moss, coral, floss, wool, trees, and many other forms adorn the interstices between the larger of the stalactites. At the farther end, is one vast mass of rock, resembling congealed water, apparently formed into many folds, and little hillocks; in many instances connected by pillars with the roof above. Deep down, and underneath this, is the entrance by which we reached this chamber.

At our right stands a large stalagmite, dome-shaped at the top, and covered with beautifully undulating and wavy folds. Every imaginary gracefulness possible

to the most curiously arranged drapery, is here visible, “carved in alabaster” by the Great Architect of the universe.

In order to examine this object with more minuteness, a temporary platform has been erected, which, although detractive of the general effect, in our opinion, affords a nearer and better view of all these remarkable objects in detail.

As this spectacle, as well as the others, is brilliantly illuminated, the scene is very imposing, and reminds one of those highly-wrought pictures of the imagination, painted in such charming language, and with such good effect, in such works as the “Arabian Nights.”

Other apartments, known as the “Picture Gallery,” etc., might detain us longer; but, as they bear a striking resemblance, in many respects, to other scenes already described, we must take our leave, in the hope that we have said enough to enlist an increased attention in favor of this new California wonder.

As the ride is agreeable; the fare cheap; the coachman obliging; the guides attentive; and the spectacle one of the most singular and imposing in the State, we say to every one, by all means, *go and see it.*

LA PORTE, SIERRA COUNTY, CALIFORNIA.

HOW well do we remember the few agreeable days, spent in this mining town in the winter of 1856; when snow was several feet in depth, and still falling. To sit in the cozy cabin by the large log fire, and listen to the cheerful converse of the miners, when the snow-king had driven them from their daily labors, and clogged the water ditches, was a time to be remembered. We have often thought that mining, if the claim pays well, is one of the most independent and pleasant of all occupations in the mountains—even while ad-

mitting that it is very laborious and fatiguing. But to the history.

In 1859 the *Mountain Messenger*, published at La Porte, gave a very interesting account of several mining towns in Sierra county, among which was the one here illustrated, and we know that we cannot do better than present that history to the reader, as there given.—

This flourishing place is pleasantly situated on the north side of Rabbit Creek, on the dividing ridge between the Yuba and Feather Rivers, about sixty-eight miles north of Marysville, and twenty miles from Downieville; and during the winter season is the highest point of the Sierra Nevadas reached by passenger trains. The altitude of La Porte is about four thousand five hundred feet above the sea level.

There is but very little definite or accurate information concerning the time of the discovery of gold in this part; but the year 1851 is generally admitted to be the time. The name of the discoverer is not now known, and probably this very important item in the town's history will ever remain among the things unchronicled.

Mr. Hackett, now a resident of Gardiner's Point, in this county, worked on Rabbit Creek in 1851, and is now the only person residing in this vicinity who was a resident at that early period.

Several stories are rumored in regard to the origin of the name by which this place was known till the year 1857; but the following has the precedence for correctness: some miners who were working, on what is now known as the West Branch, one evening were returning from their labors, when they saw a rabbit.—The sight being a rather novel one in this altitudinous region, the name RABBIT CREEK, was given to the stream; afterwards to the town—if we may dignify a few cabins by that name. In the year 1855, when a Postoffice was established, the

name Rabbit Town was assumed.

The year 1851 marks an important era in the history of this town—in that year Siller's Ditch, the first brought into the place, was completed.

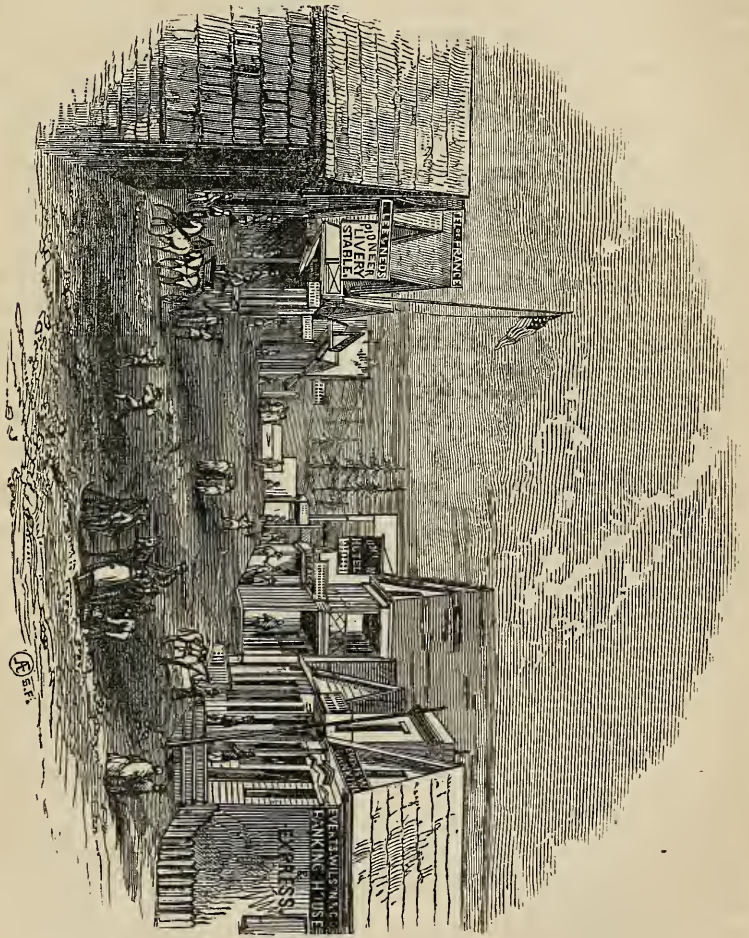
EVENTS IN THE YEAR 1852.

The succeeding season, 1852, is also a memorable one in the recollection of the old residents of the town. In this year the Rabbit Creek House, the first building erected in the town, was built by Mr. Eli S. Lester, still a resident of La Porte. He had commenced selling goods here in April of that year. The Lexington House, two miles south of this place, built in 1851, was at this time the head of team navigation on what was known as the Jamison route; and from the Lexington, all goods and provisions for more northern points, were packed.

In this year, the first hill diggings were opened on Rabbit Creek. The "Sailor Boys," Hillard & Co., Harrison & Co., O'Hara & Co., Hackett & Co., Brown & Co., Wagoner & Co., and Hudson & Co., opened claims on the West Branch, and E. C. Smith & Co., and Newton & Co., on the East Branch. The completion of Lester's Ditch afforded increased facilities for mining, adding considerably to the prosperity of the camp.

The latter part of the winter, '52 and '53, formed the most disagreeable season ever known in this locality. The snow averaged fifteen feet in depth, and was accompanied by very cold, boisterous weather. There may have been nearly as severe weather, as much snow, and as keen freezing since that time, but ample preparations have been made for the advent of the storm-king, and precautions which could not be taken at that early day, have contributed to make the winters much more pleasant than the one which will be remembered by the old settler, as an epoch in his life to be looked back upon with commingled feelings of joy and sadness.

STREET VIEW OF LA PORTE, SIERRA COUNTY.



R. E. F.

Provisions this year were very scarce, and many articles not to be procured by any means, consequently high prices were demanded. Something of an idea of the prices of early times may be formed from the following list of rates:—Flour, 50 cts. per pound; pork, 65 cts.; coffee, 50 cts.; sugar, 45 cts.; butter, \$1; and fresh beef—seldom to be obtained—for fifty cents per pound.

There were but two buildings on the present site of the town, at the close of this year; a log structure erected by Robert Bruce & Co., and Lester's building, to which we have previously alluded. But two families, Jacob Peters, wife and child, and Isaac Griffith and lady, resided here during the winter. About one hundred miners wintered on the Creek, in cabins erected near their claims, during the preceding summer.

The mines, taking into consideration the facilities for working, paid very well in 1852.

EVENTS IN THE YEAR 1853.

In the year 1853, but few improvements had been made, although the claims about were paying well.

Two stores—one kept by E. S. Lester, and the other by Mortimer Cook—carried on a fair business.

This year was a remarkable one in the history of mining in this section; being the time when hydraulic sluicing, or as it is more commonly called, "piping," was introduced. Mr. Eli Lester, (Eli Straight,) now residing in Sonoma Co., was among the first to introduce the new system of mining. The nozzle attached to the hose first used, measured but one inch in diameter.

The new manner of sluicing away the dirt was found to be a great improvement on the old method, and was generally adopted the same season. About fifty companies worked on Rabbit Creek during the water season, and as a general thing were amply rewarded for their labors.

EVENTS IN THE YEAR 1854.

During the year following, 1854, the town began to improve rapidly. More buildings were erected in the spring and summer than had been built previous to that time. Mr. Thomas Tregaskis built a dwelling house; A. Lefevre, a butcher shop; Henry Smith, a dwelling house; J. W. Perry, *alias* "Chicago," a blacksmith shop; Allen & Ball, a house; Davis & Smith, a tin shop; Everts, Davis & Co., an express office; Rigby & Co., a saw mill, on the south side of Rabbit Creek; Wells, Fargo & Co., an express and banking office.

Cutler Arnold took possession of the Rabbit Creek House in December.

Two casualties, the first that occurred here, took place this year. A man named Jenkins was killed by the falling of a tree. Another man (name unknown) was killed by the accidental discharge of a gun in his own hands. The small pox became prevalent and took away a number of victims.

In October of this year, M. D. Harlow murdered Henry Smith, in the vicinity of Rigby's mill. The circumstances of this murder are well known, and we will consequently make but a brief allusion to them. Harlow boarded at the house of Smith, who was a married man. The two men were chopping saw-logs, south of Rabbit Creek, on the 11th of October. Thomas Tregaskis, in passing the place, saw the form of Smith lying beneath a pile of brush, the head fractured in five places. Harlow, who was seated with an ax in his hand, requested Tregaskis to stop, but the latter appearing to pay no attention to his conversation, and apparently unobserving the murdered man, proceeded to town, and gave the alarm. Several persons repaired to the scene of the murder, and found Smith's corpse lying on the snow. Harlow had, in the meantime, made his escape. In about a year afterward he was arrested at San

Francisco, taken to Downieville and tried in the 14th Judicial District, before Judge Searls; H. B. Cossitt, district attorney, for the prosecution; W. S. Spear and R. H. Taylor, for the defense. He was found guilty of murder in the first degree, sentenced, and hung on the 18th of April, 1856.

EVENTS IN THE YEAR 1855.

The town continued to improve in the year 1855. Quite a number of good buildings were erected: Madame Cayote built the Hotel de France; Murray, the Kitt's Hotel, (now called the Union); Jacob Peters, a brewery and hotel; V. Bona, the El Dorado saloon; Dan Daley & Co., a bowling Alley; besides various dwellings erected in different parts of the town.

Messrs. Cook, Fuller & Buell, and Loeb, were engaged in mercantile business.

The introduction of a still greater supply of the needful water, by the Martindale ditch, formed an occasion for rejoicing among the miners.

A meeting was held in American Hall, December 22d, for the purpose of agitating the question for the division of the county, from which period the continued efforts of the citizens have their first date.

During this year, a never to be forgotten event occurred, which for a time cast a gloom over the State, from which it did not soon recover: we allude to the failure of Adams & Co. About the time the news of the failure came to this town, Mr. F. D. Everts, then agent for Adams & Co., received instructions to forward all specie on hand to the principal office at San Francisco. Many miners, merchants and others, who had made deposits, called on Mr. E., and were promptly paid, as long as a dollar remained in the office. He preferred paying the money to the honest, but too confidential depositor, to giving it to the unscrupulous, and we may add, dishonest bankers. This act of honesty on the part of Mr. Everts

is well worth recording, and adds another proof to the many that our community is not destitute of men who possess integrity.

EVENTS IN THE YEAR 1856.

In 1856, Fuller & Buell erected their fire-proof brick store—*this was the first brick building built in Sierra county.* The same season H. C. Brown finished his brick store, and the same year sold goods in it.

John Conly opened a banking house, for the purpose of buying gold dust and doing a general banking business.

A man named John J. Rousch, (a soda water pedler, from the valley,) committed suicide at Kitt's Hotel, May 18th, by taking laudanum. He had been in a state of despondency for some time, and finding himself a prey to dissipation and gambling, and not having the moral strength to conquer these demons, he concluded to launch his frail life bark in the untried waters of death. Rousch left a wife and children in the Atlantic States.

On the 3rd of October, C. Stockman, better known as "Coush," was killed by a man named Betts, at the "Pontoosuc," a house of ill-fame, situated in the upper part of the town. Betts and one of the female occupants of the house were in a sleeping apartment together, when Coush knocked at the door and demanded admittance, and upon being refused he broke open the door. Some words were exchanged, whereupon Betts shot him. Immediately after the killing of Coush, Betts made his escape to Salt Lake, where he remained for several months, during which time he held an office under the Government. He afterwards returned to this State, was arrested in Oroville, taken to Gibsonville, in this county, where he was tried and acquitted.

In 1856, a number of good paying

claims were opened, several main and branch tunnels were run, and the diggings yielded a much larger amount of gold than had been taken out at any former season. Notwithstanding the depressed financial state of affairs which existed in many of the mining towns of this State, caused by the heavy failures the year previous, La Porte, or as it was then called, Rabbit Creek, felt but slightly the shock which had almost paralyzed many of its sister towns.

EVENTS IN THE YEAR 1857.

In 1857, the people, having a dislike to the name by which the town was called, held a meeting, and resolved to substitute LA PORTE for Rabbit Creek. Accordingly on the 16th of October, the name was changed, and in the language of Moore (slightly altered):

What was Rabbit then, is La Porte now.

On the 26th of April, a murder and suicide was committed, the particulars of which are still familiar to many citizens. A man named Harry Yates, an individual of rather intemperate habits, lived on the creek, and was deeply in love with a young lady named Miss Caroline Young. His demonstrations of love were not cordially received by the young woman, and being of desperate character, he resolved to either win her affections, or kill her. He went to the house of her brother-in-law, a Mr. Anderson, and immediately after his arrival, he went into a room where the girl was. He asked her to marry him, and upon being refused, drew a pistol and fired, killing her instantly. He then shot himself through the neck, lay down by the side of the murdered girl, and finding that his first attempt at self-murder had not proved effectual, he arose, put his revolver on a table, took a deringer, placed it to his head, and ended the tragedy by blowing out his brains.

EVENTS IN THE YEAR 1858.

The year 1858 was a prosperous one. The water season was as lengthy as usual, better facilities were afforded for mining than had been at any former season, and notwithstanding the Frazer river stampede, La Porte was in a healthy financial condition. Many valuable claims were opened, which though scarcely prospected, last season, amply remunerated the owners for their labors. The town rapidly improved; many valuable buildings—among others, the fire-proof banking house erected by John Conly—were put up. Prominent in the improvement line, was the project—talked of years ago, but never carried out till last summer—by which the town was to be amply supplied with water. The water is brought from a spring, which is one mile from Everts, Wilson & Co's Express office, through logs which are laid below the surface. The spring is 75 or 80 feet above the level of the town, never failing, and not excelled for its purity and coldness. All the stores, and nearly all the family dwellings in the place are supplied by water which is conveyed to the buildings by hydrants. To the energy of B. W. Barns our citizens are indebted for this improvement.

MOUNTAIN MESSENGER.—In August, 1856, Myers & Head removed the *Mountain Messenger* printing establishment to this place, from Gibsonville, where the paper had formerly been published. It was published under this firm for two successive years, when A. L. Smith purchased Mr. Head's interest. Myers and Smith continued in partnership some four months, at the expiration of which time Mr. M. became sole proprietor, and continued as such until 1858, when Mr. Wm. Y. Head again became its publisher. Mr. H. continued its publication to the 1st of January, 1859, when A. T. Dewey was

received into partnership; the paper appeared in new dress, machine job presses and new type were added to the office, rendering it the most complete newspaper and job printing establishment in the mining towns of this State. The paper is in a prosperous condition, and steadily increasing in circulation.

RABBIT CREEK FLUME.—This important acquisition to the mines in Rabbit Creek was located in June, 1857, by Wm. H. Reed and J. M. Barry. Work was commenced in July, and the same season the flume was finished to the bridge, a distance of 1,000 feet. The proprietors, Messrs. Reed, Underhill, Bourom and Barry, have continued the flume to the length of 2,850 feet, with a branch flume up the East Branch a distance of 1,000 feet. The intention is to run the main flume 2,500 feet farther. Dimensions of flume: 6 feet in width (below the dam), above, 5 feet, (board flume), and branch flume, 3 by 4½ feet wide.

The Rabbit Creek Flume has already proved beneficial to the miners on the Creek, and when completed cannot fail to accomplish results which must add largely to the wealth of La Porte. Many miners on Rabbit Creek will be ready to run tailings through the flume in the coming spring, and when it is completed there will be an opportunity to work one hundred valuable claims.

WATER DITCHES.—There are now four ditches coming into this place. The Martindale ditch carries forty sluice-heads of water, Feather River ditch sixty, Yankee Hill ditch twenty-five, and John C. Fall's sixty—making a total of 185 sluice heads, all of which are used during the mining season.

THE TOWN—ITS PROSPECTS.

The town now contains thirty-five business houses—has a number of wholesale establishments, which do an extensive business in selling goods to many of the miners and retail dealers in the adjoining

mining camps. An extensive travel passes through La Porte, both in summer and winter, and during the former season a semi-daily line of stages runs to this place.

A brisk business season is expected as soon as water comes, and mining commences. Fifteen companies will be ready to work in a few weeks; and about three hundred miners will be at work on Rabbit Creek next season. Some of the most valuable claims in the mountains were opened last fall, and when worked, next season, a bountiful golden yield may be looked for.

THE TRUE CONSERVATISM.

When the hurryburly's done,
When the battle's lost and won.—SHAKESPEARE.

A GAIN the great quadrennial revolution of the Federal Government of the United States has transpired. Again that marvel of modern times, the peaceable and bloodless change of national rulers, has taken its place among the events of history; and the unpanoplied but weary soldiery rest from their marching and countermarching—the victorious with a sweet and joyous repose, the defeated in hopeful resignation. The dead (hopes) have been decently interred; the wounded (feelings) are in a fair way to convalesce. Though the smoke of battle has scarcely had time to clear away, a stranger visiting the scene of conflict might go on his way unconscious of the event, for all the hint he would get from the appearances of things. To us, however, who have mingled in the fight, whose field was the ballot-box, some reflections naturally arise, based upon the late experience, and from which may perhaps be drawn some hints for future guidance.

It is not a new experience in the exercise of the elective franchise, that a large proportion of the conservative vote is thrown away—utterly wasted. It is not, perhaps,

doing the conservative man justice to call him an old foggy, or even significantly stigmatize him as a member of the "Old Gentleman's" party. There is, without doubt, a germ of patriotism at the core of conservatism; else, why is money, time, and earnest effort so often spent in a hopeless contest—a contest at the end of which lie no party spoils, but simply the satisfaction of having performed a duty to his country, negative though it be, and almost Quixotic in its aimless and useless expenditure of energy and means. But of what value is a power, unless it be so directed that its influence may be felt for good—may assist to eradicate an evil, and build up something better in its place. Even admitting that something to be not the *best* thing, in the conservative's view, it may be a step towards the end desired; and, at any rate, where one of two parties is likely to be triumphant, the wiser course of the true lover of his country would seem to be to make a choice between them, rather than remain in the isolated position of a cypher. We know that even a cipher, by being judiciously placed *with other figures*, may be made to represent something, instead of nothing. But conservatives, by standing alone, and in the minority, (as they generally do,) represent value no better than an indefinite number of ciphers unaccompanied by other figures.

"I have always been in the minority, and suppose I always shall be," remarked an intelligent gentleman on election day.

But what a humiliating confession is this, when closely scanned! Think of an American citizen having allowed six or eight Presidential elections to pass without ever having exercised his privilege of voting, during that long period, with sufficient discrimination to have had a voice in the government of the nation! As well might he, for all practical purposes, have entirely refrained from voting.

As an example of what a different course of action might sometimes accomplish, our own State, in the election which has just transpired, is an instance. It was pretty generally understood that the contest would be a close one between the Republicans and the Douglas Democrats. The "Union" men professed to entertain the laudable object of defeating disunion projects, and pacifying the sectional animosities which had, as they contended, reached a crisis of danger. Between the two parties named there was doubtless a choice in the minds of most "Union" men, however much they may have deprecated both. To say they had no preference, would be absurd. But their action, in adhering to their favorite candidate, who stood not the shadow of a chance of carrying the State, was tantamount to remaining at home or at their business posts, and not voting at all. They practically shut themselves out from having a voice in the matter, where their votes, limited though they were, would have decidedly told in favor of the party of their choice. That they had plausible reasons for the course they pursued, there is no question; but, from the patriotic point of view, do not those reasons appear puerile, empty and insufficient?

The preservation and peace of the Union, and its general prosperity, lie possibly within the control of the powerful and everywhere pervading influence of the conservative element of our population. This hypothesis, however, rests upon the assumption of the judicious exercise of that influence, but as utterly fails if that influence be not so exercised as if it were not exercised at all. The conservative element is confessedly small, in proportion to the great mass; yet, by proper management, it may always occupy the driver's seat of the Government coach, and, holding the reins, guide it safely along the highroad of prosperity. Let conservatives reflect upon this.

W.

THE JOY AND BEAUTY OF LIFE.

BY G. T. SPROAT.

THOU shalt go through the world, as though it were
The dwelling place of gods. Day unto day
Shall utter speech, and night to night show knowledge.

The summer woods, through which the breezes float,
And singing birds sit warbling all the day,
Shall fill thine heart with tuneful harmonies,
Such as ne'er floated through the mazy arch
Of earth's old, grand cathedrals, where the sound
Of mighty organs rolled their thunder tones,
Or died away in melodies, soft and sweet
As angels' whispers, at still midnight heard
By infants in their dreams. All the bright earth
Shall minister to thee, and its fulness pour
Into thy cup of joy. The clouds, that seem
The chariot path of angels, the low flowers
That smile along the desert, the old trees
Swayed by the storms of ages, rocks and brooks,
The ever heaving, ever changeless main,—
All, all shall talk with thee; and thou shalt learn
From out their silent teachings all high thoughts,
Of grandeur and of beauty, all sweet love,
All due humility and grace of life,
All charity and wide benevolence,—
Blessing and making many rich, while, lo!
Angels shall stoop and kiss thy brow, all radiant
With such sweet joy of life.

CALIFORNIA SUNFLOWER.

[*Helianthus Californicus.*]

BY DR. A. KELLOGG.

THE accompanying sketch exhibits
the true characteristic features of
the California Sunflower as found in this
vicinity. The outline drawing was made
by us directly from a growing specimen
brought from the other side of the bay of
San Francisco by Mr. Dunn of Oakland.

This sunflower has mostly a simple
stem—although in very rich open situa-
tions we believe it is sometimes seen with
spreading branches. It usually grows
to about four to eight feet in height,
with a loose open top of golden flowers,
radiant as little suns, blooming late in
September and October.

To us, few flowers have such an honest,
candid, open-hearted, good old home-like
countenance as the sun-flower. We never
see one without wishing to press it to

our bosom—and we always stop to admire it and do homage to its virtues.

We have observed this class of plants for more than twenty years past, with a view to ascertain whether they were justly entitled to their reputation for preventing the effects of malaria, and rendering the atmosphere around them more salubrious. During many years residence in Georgia and Alabama we had better opportunities for this kind of observation than since our residence in the comparatively healthy climate of California. But we were then, as we are now, persuaded there is much truth in the observation. It is but fair, however, to note some facts which tend to mislead our judgment and militate against any hasty conclusions. We seldom knew a rich planter cultivate a sun-flower; and they were those who commonly owned the richest and more malarious districts; while the light, dry, or sandy and to some extent wooded ridges, remote from swamps, were owned by the poorer or well-to-do classes who were more given to planting them, in this their more genial soil.

Doubtless if we studied the higher and more useful laws that govern the great ocean of atmospheric fluid in which we live, with as much care and skill as the keeper of an aquarium does his reservoirs, we should find it equally as easy to understand and avoid any ill-balanced culture, and thus be able to supply the needed natural compensating vegetable life exactly suited to purify the air by absorbing injurious exhalations and effete accumulations consequent upon stagnation and excess; and also counteracting their baleful influences by balsamic and ethereal exhalations in such abundance as to supply the brain and nervous system with its appropriate pabulum and consequent vital force—sufficient at least to counteract the temporary tendency and preserve a general state of healthy equilibrium.

The time is drawing nigh, we would

fain hope, when we shall need the physician less, because we are more willing to search out and submit to the divine laws of Nature. Those who may be skeptical on these points, and too ready to dismiss the subject without investigating for themselves, would do well to consider; that with regard to this plant, it is one of the most remarkably absorbing and exhaling properties. The perspiration of the sun-flower is seventeen times greater than the human body, and its exhalations are peculiarly balsamic and healing in mucous irritations.

To dwell on the powerful, although often insensible nature of the resinous, oleaginous, inflammable and electrical, besides numerous other qualities of these vegetable exhalations, would be to extend our remarks to a volume, instead of a short notice; we hope enough has been suggested to induce observers to entertain the subject, so far at least, as may be useful for investigation.

This plant appears to be an intermediate form between *H. Californicus* (D. C.) and *H. Californicus* (Nutt.) which are distinct species in T. & Gray's Flora. In Nuttall's description, his plant has leaves "narrowly lance-linear" or "4 to 6 inches long" and only "2 to 5 lines wide" *H. Nuttallii* of T. & G.

In De Candolle's description the leaves are "entire"—ours it will be observed, are slightly serrate—the cup-scales of the flower (involucre) are spoken of as "rigid" and a "little longer than the disk" and "not ciliate," in which respect it also differs. Notwithstanding these discrepancies, we believe this is the plant alluded to—at least with the facilities here offered the scientific reader will be better enabled to form an opinion.

It would be gratifying to us to receive specimens from other localities with which to compare this plant.

Technical description—stem smooth, leaves broadly-lanceolate, entire or cre-



THE CALIFORNIA SUNFLOWER.

nate-serrate, strongly triplinerved toward the base, feather veined, tapering into a short winged petiole, ciliate, apex elongated acuminate, slightly scabrous. Branch leaves mostly opposite. Involucral scales ovate, ciliate, 3-nerved at the base, apex attenuate long-linear, square 2 or 3 times the length of disk, unequal. Rays 14—pappus of two broadly subulate awns, achenia smooth and shining anthers of disk florets dark-brown or black, florets nerved, 5 toothed, scabrous externally. Chaff of receptacle acute entire short villous above.

THE HEROINE OF THE RHINE.

"I have a thousand spirits in my breast."—SHAK.

AT the foot of the Vosges mountains, in that part of the Kingdom of Bavaria which lies on the western banks of the Rhine, stands the old romantic town of Zweibrucken. In one of its oldest mansions, thirty years ago, lived Jacob Ambos, a rich wine merchant, his wife, and five children. Of these, Henri was the eldest, and a few years younger than himself was Betti, or, as the neighbors used to call her, the "Fairy Fawn of Zweibrucken." Her figure was small; her eyes dark, and full of frank earnest expression; her firm, close set mouth betrayed resolution and decision; and her fair high forehead shone gracefully through the bands of plaited hair which she wore fastened to the top of the head, after the fashion of the German peasant girls. She loved her brother Henri more than any other being, and thought him, by far, the wisest, the bravest and the best of all the fair youths of Zweibrucken.

And dearly did Henri Ambos prize his sister's love. They had spent all their happy childhood together; together roamed the fields, gathering blue-bells and little pinks which grew so luxuriantly among the broad pasture lands of the Rhine; together they climbed the

hills covered with old vine-clad ruins, which impart such picturesque beauty to the scenery of Germany, and fed their flocks of white and brown goats, and watched them as they scaled the steep castle-crowned cliffs at the foot of the Vosges mountains.

An old stork had built a nest for its young in the roof of their father's dwelling; old Jacob Ambos said it was the same that built there when he was a boy, full forty years before. Be that as it may, the children never disturbed them. "Do not molest them," their father would say. "Where the storks build their nests God sends a blessing"—for such is the old German proverb.

Happy days, these, for Henri and Betti Ambos! They did not dream of the changes that time would soon bring—time, that scatters families and separates brothers and sisters from each other, and lays our parents in the dust.

When Henri was nineteen years old, he was sent to the University of Elangan, in Bavaria, to learn a profession, and Betti was left alone with her father and mother who were now getting to be old. Much did she miss her brother, who had been her only companion; and she used to watch and listen for hours, for the wheels of the coach that was to bring him home to spend his vacations with her. But when he came, and she saw him grown up a noble and very learned and wise man, then was Betti's heart happy—happier than when they played together among the cliffs of Zweibrucken; and we must forgive her if she looked with a feeling of pride on her high minded, noble spirited brother.

After a few years Henri finished his studies at the University, and one of the Princes of the north of Germany chose him for his private secretary. With him he traveled over many of the Kingdoms of Europe, and afterwards became professor in the University at Riga. Here

he fell in love with the daughter of a rich Jewish merchant, but, as he was not of the Hebrew faith, her father forbade their union, and Henri persuaded her to fly with him beyond the frontiers, into Silicia, and there become his wife.

She consented to do so, and one night they fled; but her father pursued them and took his daughter home, and Henri Ambos was accused of stealing the daughter of the rich Jewish merchant, which, in that country, where the Jews are protected by law, is considered a capital crime. He denied the charge, and said that she had followed him voluntarily, and to become his wife. "Call her," he said; "she will answer for herself." Pale and trembling she came into court, with her father beside her, and when the judge asked her "if it was by her own will she had fled with Henri Ambos," she answered in a faint voice "no." "Had then violence been used to carry her off?" "Yes!" "Was she a Christian?" "No!" "Did she regard Henri Ambos as her affianced husband?" "No!"

Henri Ambos sprang to his feet on hearing this falsehood; "Darest thou say this," he asked, "in the face of man and of God? Darest thou say it to me, thy affianced husband?"

Her eye quailed—she could not speak. "A curse upon thee!" he said, "for thou hast perjured thy soul!"—and seizing a knife he endeavoured to throw it at her, and then to strike it into his own heart. But it was wrested from him, and he was committed to prison.

A few weeks after he was sentenced to spend the remainder of his life, an exile among the wilds of Siberia. He was conveyed to the fortress of Barenski, in Siberia, where he was loaded with irons, and made to work, breaking stones, chained to the vilest of criminals.

Poor Beni Ambos! When she heard of it she went almost distracted. "I

will see him," she said. "I will go to the Emperor at St. Petersburg! I will throw myself at his feet! I will plead till I die! but I will save Henri, my poor, wronged, and innocent brother. Do not stop me, mother," she said; do not look at me as if you thought me mad; but I love Henri, my dear good brother, the companion of my youth and the idol of my heart. Oh, mother, bless me, and let me go!"

Her mother approached her, and laying her hands on her daughter's head, said, "Go, my daughter, and may God touch the Emperor's heart, that he may restore Henri to us once again! The blessing of the mighty One be with thee! Go, my daughter."

And so the next day Betti Ambos departed with her mother's blessing resting upon her. "It was that which made me so strong," she said. I feared not kings or emperors. With my mother's blessing resting upon me I could have gone to the ends of the earth."

She arrived at Riga, on the road to St. Petersburg. Here she obtained the proofs of her brother's innocence and unfair trial, and with the necessary papers, she started for St. Petersburg. When she arrived there a good friend drew up a petition, and with great difficulty she gained access to one of the Ministers of the Court, and begged him to present it to the Emperor. But the mean-hearted official treated her with great harshness, and absolutely refused to deliver the petition. She threw herself on her knees, and added tears to entreaties; but he was inexorable, and added brutality.

"Your brother was a *mauvais sujet*; he ought not to be pardoned; and, if I were Emperor, I would not pardon him."

She rose from her knees, and stretching her arms towards heaven, exclaimed with fervor, "I call God to witness that my brother was innocent, and I thank

God that you are not the Emperor, for I can still hope." The Minister, in a rage, said, "Do you dare speak to me thus? Do you know who I am?"

"Yes," she replied, "you are his Excellency the Minister C——, but what of that? You are a cruel man; but I put my trust in God and the Emperor;" and then, said she, "I left him without even a curtsey, though he followed me to the door, speaking very loud and very angrily."

What was now to be done? For six long weeks did this brave girl try to find some friend to present her case to the Emperor, but all refused. At length God, who never deserts his children, raised her up a powerful friend, indeed. It was a very rich Countess, who had heard her story, and invited her to her residence in the city.

"I pity you, Betti Ambos," she said; "therefore I sent for you. I love you for your perseverance, which nothing can conquer, and I reverence your love for your brother. I will do for you all I can with the Emperor. But I dare not present your petition myself; I might be sent off to Siberia, or at least banished from Court; but all I can do I will. I will lend you my equipage and servants; I will dress you in one of my robes, and you shall drive to the palace the next levee day, and obtain an audience under my name. When once in the presence of the Emperor, you must manage for yourself. If I risk this much for you, you must venture yourself to do the rest."

Betti then threw herself at her feet, and kissed the hem of her gown. "You are my good angel," she said. "You have saved my brother. God will reward you for this."

This plan being arranged, on the day appointed our resolute heroine drove up to the palace in a splendid equipage,

preceded by a running footman, with three laced lackeys, in full dress, mounted behind. She was announced as the Countess Elise ——, who supplicated a particular audience of his majesty. The doors flew open, and in a few minutes she was in the presence of the Emperor, who advanced one or two steps to meet her, with an air of gallantry, but suddenly started back. "I sprang forward," said she, and knelt at his feet, exclaiming with clasped hands, 'pardon, imperial majesty! pardon!'

"'Who are you?' said the Emperor, astonished, 'and what can I do for you?'

"He spoke more gently than any of his ministers, and overcome even by my own hopes, I burst into a flood of tears.

"'May it please your imperial majesty, I am not Countess Elise ——; I am only the sister of the unfortunate Henri Ambos, who has been condemned on false accusation. Oh, pardon! pardon! Here are the papers—the proofs. O, imperial majesty, pardon my poor brother!'

"I held out the petition and the papers, at the same time, prostrate on my knees; I seized the skirt of his embroidered coat and pressed it to my lips. The Emperor said, 'Rise, rise!' but I would not rise. I still held out my papers, resolved not to rise till he had taken them.

"At last the Emperor, who seemed much moved, extended one hand towards me, and took the papers with the other, saying, 'Rise, mademoiselle, I command you to rise!' I ventured to kiss his hand, and said with tears, 'I pray your majesty to read that paper.'

"'I will read it,' he replied.

"I then rose from the ground and stood watching him, while he unfolded the petition and read it. His countenance changed, and he exclaimed once or twice, 'Is it possible? This is dreadful!'

“When he had finished he folded up the paper, and without any observation, said at once, ‘Mademoiselle Ambos, your brother is pardoned!’ The words rung in my ears, and I again flung myself at his feet, saying—and yet I scarce know what I said—‘your imperial majesty is a God upon earth. Do you indeed pardon my brother? Your minister would never suffer me to approach you, and even yet I fear—’ He said ‘fear nothing; you have my promise!’

“He then raised me from the ground and conducted me, himself, to the door. I tried to thank and bless him, but could not. He held out his hand for me to kiss, and then bowed his head as I left the room.” (*To be continued.*)

HISTORICAL OF CALIFORNIA.

EDMUND RANDOLPH'S ORATION BEFORE THE SOCIETY OF CALIFORNIA PIONEERS, SEPTEMBER, 1860.*

THE early history of California having been preserved, for the most part, in fragmentary papers, written in Spanish, and stowed away among the musty archives of the Missions, has not been readily available to persons unfamiliar with that language; or, who were unable or unwilling to go to much trouble to find the interesting facts thus treasured up.

In 1853 E. S. Capron paid this State a flying visit, and returned with the material for a small volume; but his opportunities were small, and as a consequence his little work, historically speaking, was very meagre.

In 1855, that ably edited and comprehensive volume, “The Annals of San Francisco,”—which, has not, we are sorry to say, as yet, received the appreciation to which its merits so justly entitle it—made its appearance, and in its first six chapters gave a general history of California, the material for which was principally collated from various published works. Mr. Randolph, on the other hand, although necessitated to draw a portion of his facts from similar sources,

* This has been given to the world, entire, in a neat pamphlet of seventy-two pages, with maps, by A. Roman, the enterprising publisher and bookseller of Montgomery street, San Francisco.

derived them mainly from the old Spanish records, thus materially increasing the historical knowledge of this portion of the world, while he rescued from decay and oblivion the substance of many scarce and valuable papers.

We have heard many “Orations” that have not been remarkable for their eloquence, point, or practical tendencies. Mr. Randolph’s was not of this class. It was our good fortune, not only to be a member of the Society of California Pioneers, but to be a delighted hearer on the occasion of its delivery; and we must confess that the three hours passed in listening, was among the best and the most profitable we ever spent. To us there was not one fatiguing or tedious sentence—not a line that we could wish expunged,—and we feel a meanness stealing over us at the idea we have entertained of mutilating it by giving only an abridgment in this article; but as many of our readers may not probably see the Oration entire—we sincerely hope they will obtain it,—under the impression that “half a loaf is better than none,” we appropriate the small consolation which this conviction gives, and proceed with our abridgment:

PIONEERS:—From the importunities of the active Present which surrounds us,

we turn for a brief space to the Past. To-day we give ourselves up to memory.

And first, our thoughts are due to those who are not here assembled with us; whom we meet not on street nor highway, and welcome not again at the door of our dwellings; upon whom shines no more the sun which now gladdens the hills, the plains, the waters of California: to the Pioneers who are dead. Your companions died that California might exist. Fear not that you will honor them overmuch. But how died they, and where do they repose—the dead of the Pioneers of California?

Old men amongst you will recall the rugged trapper; his frame was strong; his soul courageous; his knowledge was of the Indian's trail and haunts of game; his wealth and his defence, a rifle and a horse; his bed the earth; his home the mountains. He was slain by the treacherous savage. His scalp adorned the wigwam of a chief. The wolf and the vulture in the desert feasted on the body of this Pioneer. A companion, wounded, unarmed and famishing, wanders out through some rocky cañon and lives to recount this tale—lives, more fortunate in his declining years, to measure, perhaps, his lands by the league and to number his cattle by the thousand. And the sea too, has claimed tribute; the remorseless waves, amid the terrors of shipwreck, too often in these latter days have closed over the manly form of the noble Pioneer. The monsters of the deep have parted amongst them the flesh of our friends, and their dissevered members are floating, suspended now in the vast abysses of the ocean, or roll upon distant strands—playthings tossed by the currents in their wanderings.

Pursuing still this sad review, you will remember how with the eager tide along and up the course of rivers, and over many a stony ascent, you were swept into the heart of the difficult regions of

the gold mines; how you there encountered an equal stream pouring in from the East, and in a summer all the bars and flats, and gulches, throughout the length and breadth of that vast tract of hills, were flooded with human life. Into that rich harvest Death quickly put his sickle. Toil to those who had never toiled, toil, the hardest toil, often at once beneath a torrid, blazing sun, and in an icy stream; congestion, typhus, fevers in whatever form most fatal; and the rot of scurvy; drunkenness and violence, despair, suicide and madness; the desolate cabin; houseless starvation, amid snows; all these bring back again upon you in a frightful picture, many a death scene of those days. There fell the Pioneers who perished from the van of those who first heaved back the bolts that barred the vaulted hills, and poured the millions of the treasures of California upon the world!

Of populous Christian countries, Upper California is among the newest. Her whole history is embraced within the lifetime of men now living. Just ninety-one years have passed since man of European origin first planted his footsteps within the limits of what is now our State, with purpose of permanent inhabitation.—Hence all the inhabitants of California have been but Pioneers.

Cortez about the year 1537 fitted out several small vessels at his port of Tehuantepec, sailed north and to the head of the Gulf of California. It is said that his vessels were provided with everything requisite for planting a colony in the newly discovered region, and transported four hundred Spaniards and three hundred negro slaves, which he had assembled for that purpose; and that he imagined by that coast and sea to discover another New Spain. But sands and rocks and sterile mountains—a parched and thorny waste—vanquished the Conqueror of Mexico. He was glad to escape

with his life, and never crossed the line which marks our southern boundary.

The viceroy Mendoza, soon after the failure of Cortez, despatched another expedition, by sea and land, in the same direction, but accomplished still less—and again in 1542 the same viceroy sent out Juan Rodriguez Cabrillo, a courageous Portuguese, with two ships to survey the outward or western coast of California. In the latitude of 32 degrees he made a cape which was called, by himself, I suppose, Cape Engaño, (Deceit;) in 33 degrees that of la Cruz, and that of Galera in 36½, and opposite the last he met with two large islands where they informed him that at some distance there was a nation who wore clothes; in 37 degrees and a half he had sight of some hills covered with trees, which he called San Martin, as he did also the cape running into the sea at the end of these eminences. Beyond this to 40 degrees the coast lies northeast and southwest, and about the 40th degree he saw two mountains covered with snow, and betwixt them a large cape which in honor of the viceroy he called Mendocino. This headland, therefore according to Venegas, was christened three hundred and eighteen years ago. Cabrillo continued his voyage to the north in mid-winter, and reached the 44th degree of latitude on the 10th of March, 1543. From this point he was compelled by want of provisions and the bad condition of his ships to return, and on the 14th of April he entered the harbor of Natividad, from which he had sailed.

In 1578, at mid-summer, Sir Francis Drake landed upon this coast, only a few miles northward from the Bay of San Francisco, at a bay which still bears his name. Sir Walter Raleigh had not yet sailed on his first voyage to Virginia. It will be interesting to know how things looked in this country at that time. After telling us how the natives mistook

them for Gods and worshiped them and offered sacrifices to them much against their will, and how he took possession of the country in the name of Queen Elizabeth, the narrative goes on: "Our necessaire business being ended, our General with his companie travailed up into the cuntry to their villages, where we found hearde of deere by 1000 in a companie being most large and fat bodie."

"There is no part of earth here to be taken up, wherein there is not a reasonable quantitie of gold or silver." [1578.]

And it would also appear that Sir Francis Drake knew nothing of Cabrillo's voyage, for he says: "It seemeth that the Spaniards hitherto had never been in this part of the country, neither did discover the lande by many degrees to the southward of this place."

There were other expeditions to Lower California and the Western Coast, after the time of Cortez and Cabrillo, but they all proved fruitless until the Count de Monterey, Viceroy of New Spain, by order of the King, sent out Sebastian Vizcayno. He sailed from Acapulco on the 5th day of May, 1602, with two large vessels and a tender, as Captain-general of the voyage; and three bare-footed Carmelites, Father Andrew de la Assumpcion, Father Antonio de la Ascension, and Father Tomas de Aguino, also accompanied him; likewise Capt. Geronimo Martin, who went as cosmographer, in order to make draughts of the countries discovered.

Sebastian Vizcayno with his fleet struggled up with immense difficulty against the same northwest wind. On the 10th of November, 1602, he entered San Diego. In Lower California he landed frequently, and made an accurate survey of the coast. Above San Diego he kept further from the shore, noting the most conspicuous landmarks. But he came through the canal of Santa Barbara, and when at anchor under one of the islands, was

visited by the King of that country, who came with a fleet of boats and earnestly pressed him to land, offering as a proof of his hospitable intentions, to furnish every one of his seamen with ten wives. Finally he anchored in the bay of Monterey, on the 16th of December, 1602. The name of Monterey was given to this port, in honor of the Viceroy. On the 17th day of December, 1602, a church—tent or arbor—was erected under a large oak, close to the seaside, and Fathers Andrew de la Assumpcion and Antonio de la Ascension said mass; and so continued to do whilst the expedition remained there. Yet this was not the first Christian worship on these shores, for Drake had worshipped according to a Protestant ritual, at a place where he landed, twenty-five years before. Vizcayno sent back one of his ships with the news, and with the sick; and with the other left Monterey on the 3d of January, 1603, and it was never visited more for a hundred and sixty-six years.

In 1697, the Jesuits with patient art and devoted zeal, accomplished that which had defied the energy of Cortez and baffled the efforts of the Spanish monarchy, for generations afterwards. They possessed themselves of Lower California, and occupied the greater portion of that peninsula, repulsive as it was, with their missions. In 1742, Anson, the English Commodore, cruising off the western coast of Mexico, watched for the Spanish galleon, which still plied an annual trip between Acapulco and Manilla, and captured her. On board was a million and a half of dollars, and a chart, on which we find that the coast of California from a little further north than Punta de los Reyes, is laid down with remarkable accuracy. We have a great indentation of the coast immediately below Punta de los Reyes, a large land-locked bay with a narrow entrance, immediately off which lie seven little

black spots, called Los Farralones—in short, a bay at San Francisco, but without a name.

In 1769, the history of mankind may be said to have begun upon this coast.

In 1767, the Jesuits being banished from the Spanish dominions, Lower California was transferred to the charge of another celebrated order, the Franciscans. Into this field, when it had been wrested from the Society of Jesus, the Franciscans were led by one who was born in an island of the Mediterranean, the son of humble laborers. From his infancy Father Junipero Serra was reared for the Church. He had already distinguished himself in the conversion and civilization of heathen savages in other parts of Mexico; and afterwards had preached revivals of the faith in Christian places, illustrating, as we are told, the strength of his convictions and the fervor of his zeal by demonstrations which would startle us now coming from the pulpit—such as burning his flesh with the blaze of a candle, beating himself with a chain, and bruising his breast with a stone which he carried in his hand. Further, this devout man was lame from an incurable sore on his leg, contracted soon after his landing in Mexico; but he usually traveled on foot none the less. You have before you the first great Pioneer of California.*

Josef de Galvez, then Visitor General, a very high officer, arrived at this time in Lower California, bringing a Royal order to dispatch an expedition by sea, to re-discover and people the port of Monterey, or at least that of San Diego. Father Junipero entered with enthusiasm

[* If we are not misinformed, Mr. Randolph will find among the old Spanish manuscripts, sufficient evidence that a devoted layman left the city of Mexico on foot and alone, to explore the Californias as a field of missionary labor; and thus opened the way for Father Junipero's devoted labors, and was the real Pioneer.—Ed.]

into his plans. Galvez, the better to fulfill the wishes of his Majesty, determined besides the expedition to sea, to send another in search of San Diego by land, at which point the two expeditions should meet and make an establishment. And he further resolved to found three Missions, one at San Diego, one at Monterey, and another mid-way between these, at San Buena Ventura. Galvez ordered to be boxed up and embarked all kinds of household and field utensils, with the necessary iron-work for cultivating the lands, and every species of seeds, as well those of Old as of New Spain, without forgetting the very least, such as garden herbs, flowers and flax, the land being he said in his opinion fertile for everything, as it was in the same latitude with Spain. For the same purpose, he determined that from the furthest north of the old missions, the land expedition should carry two hundred head of cows, bulls and oxen, to stock that new country with large cattle, in order to cultivate the whole of it, and that in proper time there should be no want of something to eat. Father Junipero blessed the vessels and the flags, Galvez made an impressive harangue, the expedition embarked, and the *San Carlos* sailed from La Paz, in Lower California, on the 9th day of January, 1769. The *San Antonio* also sailed on the 15th of February, following, on board of which were the historians of the period, Fathers Vizcayno and Gomez. The land expedition started shortly afterwards.

Father Junipero Serra, President of the Missions of Lower California, and of those that were to be founded, marched with Portalá and came up in very bad condition. He was traveling with an escort of two soldiers, and hardly able to get on or off his mule. His foot and leg were greatly inflamed, and the more that he always wore sandals, and never used boots, shoes, or stockings. His priests

and the Governor tried to dissuade him from the undertaking, but he said he would rather die on the road, yet he had faith that the Lord would carry him safely through. A letter was even sent to Galvez, but he was a kindred spirit, and agreed with Father Junipero, who, however, was far into the wilderness before the answer was received. On the second day out, his pain was so great that he could neither sit nor stand, nor sleep, and Portalá, being still unable to induce him to return, gave orders for a litter to be made. Hearing this, Father Junipero was greatly distressed on the score of the Indians, who would have to carry him. He called one of the muleteers and addressed him, so runs the story, in these words: "Son, don't you know some remedy for the sore on my foot and leg?" But the muleteer answered: "Father, what remedy can I know? Am I a surgeon? I am a muleteer, and have only cured the sore backs of beasts." "Then consider me a beast," said the Father, "and this sore which has produced this swelling of my legs, and the grievous pains I am suffering, and that neither let me stand nor sleep, to be a sore back, and give me the same treatment you would apply to a beast." The muleteer, smiling, as did all the rest who heard him, answered, "I will Father, to please you;" and taking a small piece of tallow mashed it between two stones, mixing it with herbs, which he found growing close by, and having heated it over the fire, anointed the foot and leg, leaving a plaster of it on the sore. God wrought in such a manner—for so wrote father Junipero himself from San Diego—that he slept all that night until daybreak, and awoke so much relieved from his pains that he got up and said Matins and Prime and afterwards Mass, as if he had never suffered such an accident; and to the astonishment of the Governor and the troop at seeing the Father in such health

and spirits for the journey, which was not delayed a moment on his account. Such a man was Father Junipero Serra, and so he journeyed when he went to conquer California. On the first of July, 1769, they reached San Diego, all well, in forty-six days after leaving the frontier. The first day of July, ninety-one years ago, is the first day of California. The year 1769 is our era. The obscure events that I have noticed, must yet by us be classed among its greatest occurrences, although it saw the birth of Napoleon and Wellington.

The number of souls then at San Diego should have been about two hundred and fifty, but the San Carlos had had a very hard time at sea, not reaching San Diego, which place she found with difficulty, until twenty days after the arrival of the San Antonio, which sailed five weeks later. She had, of the crew, but one sailor and the cook left alive; all the rest had died of scurvy. The first thing to be done was to found a Mission and to look for Monterey, which from Vizcayno's time had been lost to the world.

The Mission being founded, the next thing was to attract the Indians. This was done in the simplest manner by presents of food and cloth to the older ones, and bits of sugar to the young ones. At the same time they were drawn from a wandering life, collected in villages around the Mission Church, and instructed in the habits and arts of civilized life. Father Junipero began the work at San Diego on the 16th day of July. An untoward incident of a very unusual nature in California, attended this first essay. The Indians not being permitted to steal all the cloth they coveted, surprised the Mission when only four soldiers, the carpenter and blacksmith were present, and Father Junipero would have been murdered then at the outset, but for the muskets, leathern jackets and bucklers, and mainly the valor of the blacksmith. This

man had just come from the communion, to which circumstance the Fathers attributed his heroism, and although he wore no defensive armor of skins, he rushed out shouting, *vivas for the faith of Jesus Christ and death to the dogs, its enemies*, at the same time firing away at the savages.

On the 14th day of July, the Governor Portalá and a servant; Father Juan Crespi and Francisco Gomez; Captain Moncada, the second in command, with a sergeant and twenty-six soldiers of the leathern-jackets; Lieutenant Pedro Fages and seven of his soldiers—the rest had died on the San Carlos or were left at San Diego—Don Constanzo, the Engineer; seven muleteers and fifteen Christian Indians, sixty-five persons in all, with a pack train carrying a large supply of provisions, set out to re-discover Monterey by land. Portalá passed Monterey without visiting it, and kept on further towards the north, and at forty leagues distant in that direction they discovered the Port of San Francisco, which they recognized at once by the description they had of it. The Fathers considered this circumstance as providential. They remembered that when Galvez was instructing Father Junipero by what names to call the three Missions he was to found, the Father had asked him:

“But sir, is there to be no Mission for our Father St. Francis?” and that the Visitor-general had replied: “If St. Francis wants a Mission, let him show us his port, and we will put one there.” And in view of the discovery, they thought that it was now clear that St. Francis did want a Mission, and had concealed Monterey from them purposely that they might go and find this Port. A question of more than historical interest, or curiosity at least, is whether, notwithstanding that Portalá knew the port from description as soon as he saw it, any other white man ever had seen it be-

fore. His latest guide was the voyage of Vizcayno, who had entered the port of San Francisco on the 12th of January 1603, and anchored under a point of land called *Punta de los Reyes*, namely in the bight outside the heads and north of point Bonita.

It seems to me certain that Portalá was the discoverer. And I regard it as one of the most remarkable facts in history, that others had passed it, anchored near it and actually given its name to adjacent roadsteads, and so described its position that it was immediately known; and yet that the cloud had never been lifted which concealed the entrance of the Bay of San Francisco, and that it was at last discovered by land. [Here follows a long and interesting account of the Missions; and of the return of Portalá and others to Mexico; which we are reluctantly obliged to omit.] When they were gone there remained only Father Junipero Serra and five priests, and the Lieutenant Pedro Fages and thirty soldiers in all California. It is impossible to imagine anything more lonely and secluded than their situation here, at the time the bells were ringing so joyfully in Mexico, on their account. Very soon, however, they began to get on good terms with the Indians, for Father Junipero was not a man to lose any time in beginning his work.

Father Junipero soon removed his Mission from Monterey to a more suitable place close by, on the river Carmelo. This was his own Mission, where he always resided when not engaged in founding or visiting other Missions, or in some other duty appertaining to his office of President of the Missions of Upper California. This high office he held for the first fifteen years of the history of California, and until his death, which occurred at his Mission of Carmel on the 28th of August, 1784. His activity and zeal in the conversion and civilization of

savages are really wonderful, and scarcely intelligible to us. The sight of a band of Indians filled him with as much delight as at this day a man feels at the prospect of making a fortune. He regarded them as so many souls that he was to save; and the baptism of an Indian baby filled him with transport.

The Missions of San Francisco and Santa Clara were not founded for several years after the occupation of Monterey. The wants of the new Missions of his jurisdiction induced the Reverend Father Junipero, to make a journey to Mexico to see the Viceroy in person in 1744, and come back again with a considerable number of soldiers and families in 1776. In the meantime in anticipation of his arrival the San Carlos was sent up to examine the port of San Francisco, and ascertain whether it could be really entered by a channel or mouth which had been seen from the land. This great problem was satisfactorily solved by the San Carlos—a ship of perhaps some two hundred tons burthen at the very utmost, in the month of June 1775.

The date of the foundation of the Presidio is the 17th of September, and of the Mission, the 9th of October, 1776. And after the Presidio, and before the Mission was established, an exploration of the interior was established, as usual, by sea and land. Point San Pablo was given as the rendezvous, but the captain of the Presidio, who undertook in person to lead the land party, failed to appear there, having with the design to shorten the distance entered a cañada somewhere near the head of the bay, which took him over to the San Joaquin river. So he discovered that stream.

There are some traits of the first inhabitants of the place, the primitive San Franciscans. They lived upon muscles, acorns, blackberries, strawberries and fish, and delighted above all things in the blubber of whales, when one was stranded on the

coast. Their marriages were very informal, the ceremony consisting in the consent alone of the parties; and their law of divorce was equally simple, for they separated as soon as they quarreled, and joined themselves to another, the children usually following the mother. They had no other expression to signify that the marriage was dissolved than to say, "I have thrown her away," or, "I have thrown him away." And in some of their customs they seemed to have been Mormons. In their marriages, affinity was not regarded as an objection, but rather an inducement. They preferred to marry their sisters-in-law, and even their mothers-in-law; and the rule was, if a man married a woman he also married all her sisters, having many wives who lived together, without jealousy, in the same house, and treated each other's children with the same love as their own.

Father Junipero's death closes the first period of our history. It is a period, too, marked by exploits—they are of those of humble and devoted, yet heroic missionaries. And only one instance of bloodshed attended the happy course of the spiritual conquest. The vicious Indians of San Diego, on a second attempt, murdered one of the Fathers, and two or three other persons, and burned the mission, which some little time afterwards was re-established.

[Concluded next month.]

TO AMI.

It may be folly, weakness, yet I feel
 A strange, wild joy which words cannot
 reveal,
 A welling up of love within the soul;
 An immortality of bliss—the whole
 Of earthly happiness, whene'er I see
 A pair of heaven-lit eyes bent down on me,
 And read within their sparkling depths,
 whate'er
 Of Love and Faith pure thoughts have
 written there. M.

WHAT IS CHARITY?

BY W. W. CARPENTER.

IT strikes me that there is a marked and important contrast between genuine benevolence, and that which the world designates as such. The word admits of a very broad and extended definition. I consider its correct meaning to be an "unostentatious donation to those who are in absolute need." And I furthermore believe, that in order for it to deserve the appellation of charity, the sole prompting incentive to the presentation, should be the relief of the subject of acceptance. When the object of the giver is the bombastic heralding of his name abroad as a great public benefactor, he deserves the finger of scorn to be pointed at him. Finally, there is, there can be but one motive, in true charity—the redemption from actual want, suffering and distress, of a worthy donee. Admitting my definition of the word to be correct, where are we to look for charity to-day, with a good prospect of finding it? I am forced to confess that I know not where. The papers of the present day, are filled with matter, extolling to the skies, men for spontaneous liberality, in making large donations; but reader, had generosity been the motive, the world would never have heard of it. How usual it is to take up a daily paper and read a paragraph like the following, to wit: Mr.—one of the wealthiest men of the present generation, died last week. Upon opening his will it was ascertained that he had made the following disposition of his immense property: For building a church of the —— denomination one hundred thousand dollars; for defraying the expenses of missionaries to the heathen, ditto; and so on through, with perhaps ten or fifteen similar donations, to banks and all kinds of monopolizing institutions. What was the cause of that man's making such enormous

gifts to such questionable institutions? *It was the glory of public eelat.*

Yes, in the name of charity he has given importance and influence to many monopolies, while true subjects of charity laid perishing, in the last agonies of starvation, at his very door. Call you that charity? I think not. Not a generous thought entered his mind. Had a charitable impulse have been present, his money would have been distributed amongst the thousands of haunts of misery, suffering and starvation which beset him on every side. It would have dried up the tears of the widow, and the sobbings of the orphan. Think you that great donator will ever receive one solitary blessing from heaven, for making such a distribution of his property? I think not. But had he given his property to the obscure poor, the world would not have given him any credit for it. Oh! what a perverted, degenerate age we live in. But I acknowledge a higher tribunal than man; and had I a million dollars to give away to-day, I should pursue precisely an opposite course to that which is followed by the would-be philanthropists of the present age. Edward Everett and the ladies of America have toiled for years, and raised thousands upon thousands of dollars, and for what? To enable them to buy the land and rear massive works of art on the spot where the ashes of the immortal Washington repose. What supreme absurdity! Could the spirit of that mighty patriot express its sentiments to those mistaken philanthropists, it would plead in thunder tones for them to desist from their work of foolish vanity, and expend that which has already been collected, in the worthy cause of redeeming the very people from whom it was extorted. You, who have in all sincerity contributed to that cause, stop and reflect one moment, upon the pitiful superstition, for a nation claiming a high standard of intellectual

excellence, apeing the aborigines, who either burn or bury, as the case may be, with the corpse, all the property that belonged to it when living, in the hope of securing a greater degree of happiness for the spirit which has leaped beyond the confines of time. Do you too, believe that the pecuniary sacrifices which you make over the mortal ashes of George Washington, are requisite to the happiness of the veteran spirit, which long, long ago, broke the ties of earthly connection, and spanned the ethereal space of immensity to the very gates of paradise? If not, you are not as excusable as the savage is, because he considers such superstitious proceedings essentially requisite to the happiness of the spirit. Does any one believe, for instance, that Mr. Everett would have traveled and lectured three or four years, at his own expense, and at the expiration of that time invested the whole proceeds thereof in clothing and feeding the poor amongst the many miserable haunts of destitution with which the Union abounds? Let us reflect upon these things, and forget not our poor brethren around us, who need our help; or if we do the one, let us not neglect the other.

THE AMIENTO, OR ASBESTOS.

DURING a short visit among the wild and beautifully picturesque scenes of north-western Mexico a short time ago, we had the good fortune to become acquainted with Dr. Narvaez, of Tepic,—a gentleman of extensive acquirements and devoted research into the wonderful and curious in nature,—to whom we were indebted for much information concerning the exhaustless resources of that politically unfortunate country. One of the facts he so kindly communicated, was the existence, near Colima, of a large hill composed of Asbestos.

This mineral, as most of our readers

know, is capable of being divided into fine threads, and woven into cloth; and is thoroughly indestructible by fire. The Greek ladies used to wear skirts made of asbestos, and which when soiled were not washed like ordinary clothing, but thrown upon a hot fire, from whence they were taken white and clean. In order to enlist the attention of ingenious young men to this subject, we give the following description of it by M. J. Girardin of Paris, and which was translated for this Magazine by Mr. P. Hale of Tepec.

We embrace the opportunity of saying a few words about one of the most remarkable substances that now engages our attention in the mineral kingdom, the Amianto or Asbestos, of which Aldini made one of the essential parts of his preserving apparatus.

This substance which is found in certain primitive rocks in small hillocks, possesses such singular properties that the ancients, seduced by a love for the marvelous, have enriched its history by a multitude of stories that have been preserved to our day. Its fibrous texture, its gloss, analogous to that of silk, the facility with which it can be separated into very fine filaments, flexible and elastic, so that it assimilates to flax or silk; in fine, its immutability and incombustibility by fire, caused the ancients to believe it to be a kind of incombustible flax grown in India. This opinion sustained by Pliny, who assures us that its property of resisting fire is owing to the dry hot climate in which it grows, has prevailed until some chemists examined those pretended vegetable fibres, and ascertained that the amianto is a mineral composed of many oxides of metals: lime, magnesia, alumina, in combination with an acid that in our day is called *Silica acid*.

This mineral, which is very scarce, is found in the Upper Alps, in the Pyrenees, and in that part of Savoy called

"Tarentesa." From this last country above all comes the amianto whose fibres are the longest and most pliable.

The ancients spun the amianto, which they wove into table-cloths, towels, coifs; and they threw them into the fire when soiled, from whence they drew them forth whiter than if washed, as the fire destroys all foreign matter and by no means attacks the amianto cloth. The word amianto signifies a thing that cannot be stained.

The Greeks and Romans who burned their dead, manufactured shrouds or winding-sheets of this in which they wrapped the bodies of their Kings, so as to collect their ashes intact. In Rome near the Nuevia gate, in 1702, there was found a funeral urn which contained a skull, burnt bones and ashes in a piece of amianto cloth of 2 metres long, and over 1½ metres broad. [A metre is about 3 ft. 3 in. and ⅓ of an inch in length.] This precious relic was seen in other times in the Vatican.

The incombustible wicks of the ancients were composed of amianto, which, according to some authors, burned in oil, without being consumed. Such is the origin of the perpetual lamp. The name of Asbesto, which signifies inextinguishable, appears to have been given to this stone on account of its use. Aldrovando, a Bolonian naturalist, in the sixteenth century certified that he could convert it into oil, which would burn forever. When the filaments of this substance are long enough, and at the same time smooth and pliable, they are easily woven, especially when mixed with cotton or hackled flax or hemp. When taken from the loom the cloth is thrown into the fire to burn the vegetable fibres, the amianto cloth alone remaining untouched by its contact with the fire. Some twenty years ago the Italians manufactured very fine amianto cloth, and even lace. They also manufactured paste-board and pastel from the same substance. Madam

Perpentì, who commenced this industry anew, presented some years since to the Institute of France, a work printed throughout on amianto paper. Father Kircher speaks of amianto paper thrown into the fire to blot the writing, and on which they wrote anew. According to Sage, they manufacture in China, sheets of similar paper 6 metres long, and also entire webs of cloth. The inhabitants of the Pyrenees manufacture purses and garters which they sell to the curious who visit their mountains. In Siberia, in Nerwinsky, they also manufacture purses, gloves, &c. Amianto paper could be advantageously used for deeds, &c. if a mineral ink were used, that without alteration could bear the action of a violent heat. The pasteboard made of this substance, although fragile, could be advantageously used in many things, especially in decorating theatres.

The society for the encouragement of the Arts at Paris, has offered a premium of 500 francs to any person who will perfect the weaving of amianto, since Aldini has applied himself with so much success to the preservation of the firemen.

Such is the history of this curious mineral, the nature and properties of which have given a margin to so many strange and fabulous stories during entire centuries.

FALL OF ONE OF THE MAMMOTH TREES.—

The gale of the nineteenth November, which swept across this State from the north, with such fury, prostrated one of the largest of the mammoth trees in the Calaveras Grove, known as the "Miner's Cabin." This tree was three hundred and five feet in altitude, and ninety-one feet in circumference. It was very much burned at the base, so that there was a hollow large enough comfortably to seat some twenty persons. Here was its weakness, and the cause of its fall. We chronicle the fate of this noble monarch of the forest, with deep regret.

THE NEW MOON.—A LETTER.

I.

ONE eve I wooed and won a gracious "YES."
This, and the life beyond, ordained to bless.
That eve, slender, and curved like reaper's blade,
And golden, like the golden autumn grain,
The "Harvest Moon" her maiden step essayed,
Tuning from Heaven to Earth her first refrain.*

Far down the purple-colored western slope,
With coming Night's expectant glories rife,
She hung; as hesitates the trembling maid,
Blushing, timid, verging on maturer life.
Thus, trembling on the margin of the skies,
Beamed the young creature's pure and trustful eyes
Into my heart fresh courage, firmness, hope.

II.

Again: The eve I bade my friends good bye,
To haste to my betrothed from afar:
That eve, all burnished in the tropic sky,
Serenely moving, came young Cynthia's car,
Bright twinkling in the ripples of the lake,
And keeping music with the steamer's wake.
I hailed the hopeful omen as a charm,
New fervor nerved my heart, new strength my soul;
I felt the loved one leaning on my arm;
Her virgin breath came perfume to my cheek;
Her soft voice echoed in my inner life.
I knew that surely I approached my goal—
Safely to find the haven I would seek—
Safe, and all-loving, find my promised wife.

III.

Again: the hallowed eve that made us one;
Elate, as neared the hour of holy rite,
I turned my footsteps to the setting Sun.
Baptised in glory went he from the sight,
Yet left the firmament in crimson glow;
And lo! soft blushing in the violet air,
A new young Cynthia bent her modest bow,
And sped new beams of gladness to my heart. [fair
To my fond thought she beamed more chaste and
Than other Cynthia that had e'er beamed there.

My goal was won; I knew that golden dart
Had poised two souls that never more would part—
In life or death to hold each other's love
Supreme of all things, save the great ABOVE.

Joyous yet thoughtful turned my footsteps east,
Where now was timed the gracious marriage feast.

IV.

* * * * *
This vernal eve, another mild young moon
Directly up its slender crescent turus;
And memories throng me till my bosom burns.
Courtship, trothal, tryst, and marriage tie,

* * * * *
* "Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The Moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the listening Earth
Repeats the story of her birth."—ADDISON.

The joy and love vouchsafed me in that boon,
 All quicken at that upturned arc on high.
 Yet solemn, tearful, thoughts come with it too—
 Deep thoughts, and griefs I cannot all subdue.

V.

Forever shines a VERNAL MOON above
 For us; the dear gone fledgling of our love.
 He is not lost to us, beloved wife;
 We see him clearly with our inner eyes,
 Perpetual BOW OF PROMISE in the skies,
 That upward, yonder, lies the better life.
 Bright bud of promise, as we knew him here;
 Bright bow of promise, in the upper sphere.

Always remembered be this pensive eve,
 Whence springs bright hope, from e'en the hour we
 grieve; [reave.
 Promise and faith from e'en the partings that be-

VI.

The Giant of the Forest and the little Flower,
 Quitted of one accord this fitful hour;
 Of one accord reposed their bodies in the earth: *
 Together went their spirits to immortal birth:
 Together crossed they over, hand in hand,
 From sinful world up to the Better Land;
 The tender fledgling, and the great old man,
 Crossed the 'great gulf,' o'er iris-tinted span.
 The love that bound that ancient and that young,
 Will last while yet the heavenly unison be sung.

This, the true faith whence strength, bereaved one,
 Wisdom and strength to say, 'Thy will be done';
 Whence catch we glimpses of the secret ways,
 And feel the drawings of the mystic chords,
 And guess the meaning of the charmed words,
 The Lord appoints to bring us to his praise—
 Forgive us, Lord, if tearful still we mourn
 Thy chastening hand, and bring us to the self-same
 bourne.

VII.

Shine on bright Cynthia; let thy quivers go,
 From off thy silver or thy golden bow;
 Teaching constant, with thy pure young eyes;
 How the time—how the hour—of promise flies;
 Yet through our Master's love may come again,
 As comest thou, and all the heavenly train,
 Brighter for the clouds, fresher for the rain.

WM. CAREY JONES.

C STREET, WASHINGTON, 4th April, 1859.

* "It is a curious and affecting circumstance that the youngest and the eldest of the family should have died within a few hours of each other, under the same roof. An infant grandson of Col. Benton, the child of Mr. Wm. Carey Jones, died in the house of his grandfather yesterday morning, and the nursing and the grandsire now lie side by side in death on the same bier. The remains of both will be placed in the rail road cars this afternoon, on their way to St. Louis, for interment."—*National Intelligencer*, April 12th, 1858.

LIFE AMONG THE CANIBALS.

BY DAVID A. SHAW.

NUMBER V.

HAVING repaired to my usual station, on the summit of the mountain, I scanned the horizon eagerly for a sail, not knowing what moment one might "heave in sight." Meeting with no success, I turned to my companion, who in this instance was a boy prince, about 14 years of age, and of beautiful features and proportions, saying to him "Mennü itā, lohü" which being interpreted means—would be welcome a ship, or a ship would be welcome, when he relied, "Nü āna" or "No to me." The forenoon was passed in mutual improvement in learning to talk the language of each other; and at about noon, the King, and Chief, with two young princes, and the Queen and Princess, came up with some poi, some young green cocoanuts, and shark, and we all took a hearty meal, and after passing round the omnipresent pipe, all retired to the hut to sleep, except myself, and my companion, who stuck to me with the tenacity of a leech.

Being somewhat wearied with continual long sittings, I prevailed upon the prince to take a walk with me, and just as we proceeded towards a deep ravine, at a short distance from us, I glanced my eye around the horizon, and to my joy saw what I most earnestly hoped might be a ship. It was but a mere speck as yet, but I felt almost certain that deliverance was at hand, and at once began to consider the feasibility of certain means for my escape. Several canoes lay hauled up on the beach about a mile from us, and as I caught sight of them, my plans were immediately formed. My demeanor was nothing changed, for it was part of my plan to appear totally unconcerned and not seem to have seen anything. I succeeded admirably, and occasionally

stole a look towards the speck, which now increased in size rapidly.

Having many times previously been out, sailing in a canoe with some of the natives, for pleasure, I gradually, and without any suspicion, enticed the prince down to the beach, saying I was going to take a sail, to sound him, but he made no demur, and having entered the canoe, we shoved off. As the canoe was small and clumsy, and I was encumbered with a few articles which I valued too highly to leave behind, and which I always carried with me in a bag, in case of an emergency of this kind, our progress was considerably retarded. When we had got out about a mile and a half, he made a sign to go back, and with considerable trepidation uttered "Lohū lohū, va tei lolo meaka vū ; toro" which means—a ship, a ship, pull, go back shore soon ; now. But I turned upon him suddenly and by threatening motions made him sit still, and having taken the paddle from him, I propelled the canoe vigorously towards the ship, when I heard a loud shout, and looking towards the shore I saw from twenty to thirty canoes just leaving the beach in pursuit of us, for it seems that they had discovered the ship, and, missing the young prince and me, they instituted a search, but not finding us immediately, they rushed to the beach, and thus became aware of our whereabouts.

Our relative positions at this moment, I took in at a hasty glance: the ship was two miles from me to the S. W., and the canoes about two and a half miles due N. N. E., and between me and the shore. My only chance of escape was, in being seen by some one on board the ship, in which case, she would be kept off two points, which would soon materially lessen our distance. Happily this was the result, for I saw that her course was altered, and that she was running straight for me. Meantime, the

canoes came up with great rapidity, and gained upon me fearfully. When the ship was about half a mile from me, I observed a great commotion on board, and presently she "luffed up" to the wind, hauled aback the maintopsail, and the next moment, down came two boats well manned, and pulled quickly towards me. As one of them ran up alongside the canoe, I jumped into it, and told the men to pull for their lives, at the same time giving them a brief and hasty outline of my adventures. The canoes were now within speaking distance, but our boats distanced them, and in a few minutes, I stood upon the deck of the ship, happy and free. The canoes surrounded the vessel, and the natives made some angry demonstrations, but the Captain very ostentatiously displayed his whole ship's crew, armed with harpoons, cutting spades, hand-spikes, bill-hooks and old muskets, which had the effect of making them more peacefully inclined. A large canoe was now observed, just leaving the beach, and viewing it with a glass, I soon informed the Captain that he was about to be honored with a visit from the King, Queen, and the Princess my intended spouse; and, while waiting patiently for their arrival, I informed the Captain how matters stood, entreating him not to deliver me up to them. He handed me over to his wife, who took me down into the cabin, gave me a suit of the Captain's apparel put a wig on my head, she took off my spectacles; and when the King and the others came on deck, I was sitting at a table very composedly, playing a game of chess with her. My transformation was so complete that they were baffled for a time, but the lynx-eyed princess soon penetrated my disguise, and eagerly rushed towards me, but the mate caught her, and I escaped to the lower cabin. She did in reality love me (which admission is perhaps taking too much credit to myself) and I was

much pained at her apparently real sorrow, of which she made very loud demonstrations.

A long parley ensued, but as the Captain was firm, they were obliged to be contented with trading a few articles, and then they retired, uttering loud grunts of dissatisfaction. Before the King left, the Captain made several attempts to induce him to sell my chest and clothing which were on shore, but to no purpose. The crew, being made aware of my almost destitute condition, very kindly contributed each one some article of clothing, so that I was now suddenly rendered comparatively comfortable. The Captain and officers, not to be behind the crew in liberality, each presented me with some very useful and necessary appurtenances, and contrary to the usual custom, I was given the freedom of the ship. Some of these generous hearted tars wept, as I related many of my adventures among the Cannibals, and they were never wearied with hearing them. I found the vessel to be the bark S— N—, of N— B—, Captain R. H—, and learned that she was bound on a cruise down the line, for sperm whales, and thence to the Sandwich Islands. The names of the ship, Captain, officers and crew, together with that of the vessel I left, will be made known on the publication of "The White Cannibal."

Our voyage was not very successful, and we arrived after a few weeks cruising, at Lahaina, Sandwich Islands. Here ends the sketches of Life among the Cannibals. The series will be continued, under the caption of "Sandwich Island Notes."

PETRIFIED ANTLERS.—A gentleman left at the *Sonora Democrat* office a portion of the antlers of an elk, which was found in digging a well, fifteen feet below the surface, and below two layers of sand rock, each one foot in thickness. The full pair of antlers were found, but could not be taken out whole.

SIR FRANCIS DRAKE.

BY J. H. S.

THE illustrated *London News* of the 9th of February, 1856, is furnished with engravings of two highly interesting mementos of this celebrated California Hero, of which the following account is given by a correspondent of that journal.

"At Nutwell Court, near the city of Exeter, are presented several mementos of the great circumnavigator Drake; and amongst them, unquestionably the most precious are the two jewels represented in the engravings, which as tradition says, were given to Drake by Queen Elizabeth, on his return from the voyage round the world.

"The smaller jewel, in form of a sun or star, has rubies set in the rays, and diamonds and opals in the border round the inner portion; engraved in this, in intaglio, is an orb, emblematical of sovereignty, and round the ruby are several very fine opals.

"The larger jewel is a most exquisite specimen of goldsmith's skill; it is richly enameled in red, yellow, blue and green, and has a few diamonds and rubies introduced in the border. The centre is composed of a very fine cameo, cut in onyx, believed to be by Valerio Vincentino—a most celebrated engraver of precious stones, and of whose works Felicien says, that if his designs were equal to his execution, he might be compared with the ancients. The subject of this Cameo is a representation of two heads—one of negro character, and the other a beautiful female face—typical doubtless of Europe and Africa. At the back of the jewel in the centre, is an exquisite miniature of Queen Elizabeth in all her glory of ruff and necklace, painted by Nicholas Hilliard, and bearing date anno Dom. 1575, Regni 20. Hillard was

limner, jeweler and goldsmith to Queen Elizabeth; his works were highly esteemed. On the inner side of the cover to the back of the jewel, is a phoenix in enamel."

There is some discrepancy in the above date of 1575, with those dates which are the received ones of history, as relating to the voyage of Drake to California and the American Pacific Coasts, and so around the world through the Oriental seas of the Moluccas back to Old England. Probably it is a typographical error.

In the account of this voyage of circumnavigation as printed in Hakluyt's work, 1589, and quoted in Greenhow's history of Oregon and California, 1847, it appears that Drake sailed from Plymouth on the 13th of December, 1577, with five vessels—the expedition was winked at by Elizabeth, and its intention to filibuster on the Spanish settlements in Peru and Mexico well understood by his crews as well as his friends in England. The expedition entered the Pacific by the straits of Magellan in September, 1575—the squadron were all destroyed in a storm thereaway, excepting a schooner of a hundred tons, and some sixty men, with which, nothing daunted, the old Filibuster Captain went on to plunder the rich coast towns of the Spaniards, from Talcahuano in Chile, to Guatulco in Mexico—the last is the present Huatulco in Oaxaca, about 100 miles north of the city of Tehuantepec—from all of which they carried off in booty of gold, silver and precious stones, some three million of *pesos duros*. Fearing the attacks of Spanish galleons and caravals, Drake steered 1400 leagues west and north-west, and after great difficulties, privations and dangers, he came to anchor at the California shores on the 17th day of June, 1579, as Hakluyt states, "where it pleased God to send him into a fair and good bay, within 38 degrees toward the line." Here they remained five weeks. At this place Drake received the homage

of the King of the Rancherias of Indians for his mistress Queen Bess, smoked native tobacco with the Californians, and took possession of the country, which he termed New Albion. This name it retained on most maps and charts, American and European (excepting Spanish), until those made after the 7th day of July, 1846.

After repairing his vessel, Drake sailed on the 22nd of July, 1579, from the bay of Punta de los Reyes, whose latitude, as stated by him, agrees with that more carefully ascertained by the officers of the United States Coast Survey since 1850.

Before his departure, Drake erected on the shores of the Bay which still retains his name, a pillar bearing an inscription commemorating the fact of this cession of sovereignty. He arrived in England by the way of the Cape of Good Hope on the 26th of September, 1580, after an absence of 1014 days, and was received by the Queen and Court of England with every demonstration of honor and respect. Elizabeth visited him on board of his California ship, the "Golden Hind," dubbed him Knight, and took him into great favor, which irritated the ambassador of Phillip, King of Spain, her brother-in-law to such a degree, as to be one of the moving causes of the fitting out of the celebrated Armada, a short time afterwards, which Drake by his skill and valor helped so materially to destroy and exterminate.

This California discovery ship, the Golden Hind, was afterwards broken up, and a chair made from its old timbers was presented to the University of Oxford, as stated by the Elizabethan chroniclers.

After the Armada, Drake continued to serve his country faithfully until the time of his death, which occurred about 1600, or thereabouts, on the Spanish main near Carthagená. His title, estates and hon-

ors were inherited by his nephew, whose descendants still represent in British aristocracy, the California Admiral of maritime antiquity.

Drake was cotemporary with the greatest men of the age, and as time has proved, even of the world. He lived in the epoch of William Shakespeare and Francis Bacon; of Edmund Spenser, and of Captain John Smith, that noble and chivalrous American Englishman who founded Virginia—also of the gallant Irishman and cordial-hearted cavalier, the ever to be lamented and remembered Sir Walter Raleigh—of the old sea chroniclers Hayklyt and Purchas, whose works are mints of curious lore and instruction; and of the California navigator, Sebastian Viscaïno. But the greatest of all these was he, who gained sway over the world by the simple magic of the pen, unfolding the hidden mysteries of man's heart, and the overflowing beauties of nature to the present and to the future generations of Earth's children. His fame was as fresh, as flowery, as verdant, as mellow and mature then in 1600, as it is now in 1860.

A very pleasant and recently written description of Sir Francis Drake's Bay may be found in the Annals of San Francisco, 1854. The Tamalenos tribe of Indians, a remnant of which still inhabit the Punta los Reyes country, are thought to be the same *indigena* who received Drake with such hospitality and good will in 1579. One of our old pioneer friends, who lived thereabouts from 1833 to 1838, informs us that their habits, dress and customs, assimilate very faithfully to the accounts of them given by the Admiral two hundred odd years ago. They still gather the wild tobacco, and smoke it after their wild Gipsy fashion. We have never heard of any account of the inscribed pillar built by Drake at the site of his California anchorage. Some remains of it may be found even yet in existence.

An English resident of California, who lived for many years in the city of Oxford, England, states to us, that Drake's chair, made from the Golden Hind, is still preserved in the public halls of the aforesaid Bodlean library, and that he has many times sat in it. Suspended over this California memorial, is some original Government paper relating to the decapitation of King Charles the First. The old library spoken of is one of the most extensive and valuable in the world.

The forementioned Journal of February and March, 1856, says, there is an old tumbledown house in the town of Saint Aubins, Jersey, in which the islanders maintain Sir Francis Drake was born and spent his childhood. The story goes on to say, that the great navigator's name was originally Francois Malliard, "the patois for Drake in Jersey," but that when he became a great man he converted it into Francis Drake. The said house is still inhabited by a family of Mailliards who pretend to be descended from a brother of Sir Francis. Can any reader inform me where he (Sir Francis Drake) was born, and consequently whether my native isle has the honor of having been the birth place of such a famed one in England's history? *Celia Young, Jersey.*"

Sir Francis Drake was born at Tavistock in Devonshire, a country which produced several Elizabethan heroes, among them Sir Francis, "worthy companion, both in life and death of Sir John Hawkins," Sir Walter Raleigh, Sir Humphrey Gilbert, and others of less note. Sir Francis died in 1596, off Nombre de Dios on the Isthmus of Panama; upon whose death one wrote thus:—

"The waves became his winding-sheet, the waters were his tomb;
But for his fame, the ocean sea was not sufficient room."

All these are in answer to queries of correspondents.

SIR FRANCIS DRAKE.—Devonshire has

the honor of giving birth to the great circumnavigator. He was born in a farm house in the parish of Musbury, about three miles from Axminster. This was originally the family seat, and there is not a question as to the fact I state. If proof however be required, I refer your correspondent to my friend the Rev. Geo. Tucker, Rector of Musbery, an accomplished scholar of great research, who will readily furnish conclusive evidence.

FRED. TOLFREY.

P. S.—The monuments of the Drakes are in the parish church of Musbury.

The same Journal in June 1856 contains the following on the Astrolabe of Sir Francis Drake in Greenwich Hospital, and on some other matters pertaining to the great Admiral of England and California. Among the many relics of England's naval heroes enshrined in that stately and appropriate repository, Greenwich Hospital, a noble building dedicated to a nobler purpose—few are more interesting, few attract more attention, than the Astrolabe or instrument for taking the altitude of the sun or stars, once belonging to the famous Drake.

This instrument, constructed for Sir Francis when Captain Drake, prior to his first expedition to the West Indies in 1570, and subsequently preserved in a cabinet of antiquities belonging to the Stanhope family, was presented in 1783 by the Rt. Hon. Philip, fifth Earl of Chesterfield, on his quitting England as ambassador to the Court of Spain, to the Rev. Francis Bigsby, A. M., of Stanton manor, Derbyshire, who had in the preceding year married the Hon. Francis Stanhope's widow, his Lordship's stepmother. In 1812, that gentleman having ruptured a large blood vessel, in anticipation of approaching death gave it as a token of affection to his younger brother Robert Bigsby, Esq., of Lion Hill house, Nottinghamshire, the father of whom had the honor of presenting it to King William

IV; by whom it was bestowed on the Royal Hospital of Greenwich.

SIR FRANCIS DRAKE.—A statue of Sir Francis Drake has been presented to the town of Offenburg, by Herr Andreas Friederich, an eminent sculptor of Strasburg. It is executed in fine-grained red sand-stone, nine feet high, and is erected on a handsome pedestal of sand-stone, fourteen feet high, in one of the best situations of the town. Drake is represented standing on his ship at Deptford, on the 4th of April, 1587, having just received knighthood at the hands of Queen Elizabeth. He holds in his right hand a map of America, and in his left a bundle of potato stalks, with the roots, leaves, flowers, and berries attached. His arm leans on an anchor, over which a mantle falls in ample folds. On each side of the pedestal are inscriptions, the first being, "Sir Francis Drake, the introducer of potatoes into Europe, in the year of our Lord 1586;" the second, "The thanks of the town of Offenburg to Andreas Frederich of Strasburg, the executor and founder of the statue;" the third, "The blessings of millions of men who cultivate the globe of the earth, is thy most imperishable glory;" and the fourth, "The precious gift of God, as the help of the poor against need, prevents want." The citizens of Offenburg have presented the artist with a silver goblet, on the lid of which stands a model, in the same metal, of the statue of Drake.

National Magazine, 1858.

It seems, from the following newspaper articles of 1858, that the hereditary estates of Drake are in want of an heir:

Rev. Caswell Drake, of this State, has gone to England to establish his claim as a descendant and heir of the famous Sir Francis Drake, the great admiral and navigator, who was appointed and knighted by Queen Elizabeth.

North Carolina paper.

Mrs. Anna Cooper, of Cincinnati, formerly of New Jersey, claims to be a lineal descendant of Sir Francis Drake, who died in England in 1622, or thereabout, and left an immense estate, worth some \$80,000,000; which, after passing through several generations, has at last been unable to find one of the family upon whom to bestow itself.—*Eastern paper.*

These scattered scraps are well worth preserving in a California magazine, and will no doubt be found of great interest to our readers.

An excellent portrait may be found in a rare old English copy of Fletcher's account of Drake's Voyage, published in 1653, under the following quaint title, *verbatim et literatim* :

"Sir Francis Drake revived. Who is or may be a Pattern to stir up all Heroicke and active SPIRITS of these Times, to benefit their country and eternise their names by like Noble ATTEMPTS. Being a summary and True Relation of foure Several voyages made by the said Sir Francis Drake to the West Indies—viz—His dangerous adventuring for Gold and Silver with the gaining thereof. And the surprising of Nombre de Dios by himself and two and Fifty men. His Encompassing the World. His voyage made with Christopher Carliel, Martin Frobisher, Francis Knollis and others. Their taking the townes of Saint Jago, Sancto Domingo, Carthagena and Saint Augustine. His last Voyage (in which he dyed) being accompanied with Sir John Hawkins, Sir Thomas Baskerfield, Sir Nicholas Clifford, with others. His manner of Buriall.

"Collected out of the Notes of the said Sir Francis Drake, Master Philip Nichols, Master Francis Fletcher, Preachers; and the Notes of divers other Gentlemen (who went in the said Voyages) carefully compared together.

"Printed at London for Nicholas

Bourne, dwelling at the south entrance of the Royal Exchange, 1653."

This is something of a title, in these days of condensed entitulations. In 1653 things in the literary line went on in a charmingly slow, easy, old-fashioned way. It is a great pity the manner of 1860, with all its briefness, were not as good.

A NEW ROUTE TO THE PACIFIC.

A correspondent of the *N. Y. Courier des Etats Unis*, writing from Monagua, in Nicaragua, gives information of the discovery of a new route to the Pacific Ocean. The Atlantic terminus is about midway the Mosquito coast, on a stream marked on the map 'Rio Grande.' This is described as large enough to admit our ocean steamers, although it has been wholly overlooked thus far. The water of the river is deep, eighty miles inland, from which point it is but one hundred and twenty-three miles to the Pacific, over a level plain. All conditions favorable to the enterprise are declared by the writer to be supplied by this route. Not only is the level of the uniformity indicated, but the climate is less torrid than that of Louisiana, the region being singularly healthful; while the timber necessary to engineering labors is convenient and abundant.

A CALIFORNIA ANTEDILUVIAN

RELIC.—We are informed by the *Stanislaus Index*, published at Knight's Ferry, on the Stanislaus river, that a mammoth bone was taken out of a mining claim in a gulch a mile or two south of Lagrange, by some French miners. The bone was a good deal broken by the pick in taking it out, but the knee-joint is almost perfect. The circumference at the knee is nearly three feet. The length could not have been short of ten feet, but the lower end was too much broken to ascertain its exact size.

Our Social Chair.

THIS would be a happy world, gentle reader, if each of us felt that the happiness of every one with whom we had either social or business converse was in our own personal keeping. That in proportion as we made our relationships pleasant, would be the pleasure communicated to others. Happiness is the great end that we all have in view, and did we understand the true philosophy of obtaining it, our methods of pursuit would differ very much from those adopted.

If we would allow a gentle but faithful voice within to speak words of admonishment or blame to us, we should often hear it say, "That sentence was too harsh and uncalled for, and gave severe pain, which might as well been avoided." "This thought, or speech, was one-sided, and unfair, and, consequently, unjust, and if known by the person of whom it was thought, or spoken, would not only grieve him or her, but be very apt to create a spirit of angry resentment, that would not only subtract from your comfort and happiness, but add materially to his discomfort and unhappiness; so that whenever you think of or meet the injured one, you will feel a pang shoot through you—and all of this could have been avoided."

We might go on *ad infinitum* with examples, but if the reader will only pause, feeling that his neighbor's happiness is in his keeping, he will always study to avoid giving pain, and strive, in every possible manner, to give pleasure. This will be the true philosophy of obtaining the most happiness on the best and safest principles, always remembering that to bless and be blessed, he must *eschew selfishness* in all its different phases. To this let us add, if as a rule you cannot speak a good word for a person—keep silent,

IMPROMPTU.

I.

WHEN first I saw thee, Flora, 'twas on a summer's day:
The sun above was shining, all nature blithe and gay;
The pretty birds were warbling their sweet and joyous song,
And joy supreme pervaded that gay and bustling throng.

II.

When next I saw thee, Flora, 'twas at the county ball;
Of all those pretty maidens, the fairest of them all:
The hours glided swiftly like summer's waves in flight—
Thou wert the reigning goddess upon that blissful night.

III.

When last I saw thee, Flora, 'twas as a blushing bride,
And HE, the happy bridegroom, was standing by thy side—
Angels above smiled sweetly upon the happy pair;
Celestial music floated and sounded through the air.
J. P. C.

—

OLD Ben Simmons, of Missouri, used to tell the following story:—

I have had many a narrow escape in my day, escapes from the naked, yelling, bloody Indians; escapes from the catamounts, panthers and grizzly bears; but the most wonderful of all was when I was chased, one night, on horseback, on full tilt, by Parson Grimke's old log meeting-house.

You see I had been to a husking frolic at farmer Starkley's, who lived away up in the back part of the settlement, and I had danced with all the pretty girls, and sung songs and drank new cider, till my head felt about the size of a bushel basket; and my eyes felt, for all the world, like two balls of fire, ready to start out of it. It was hooped up so tight. Well, I was riding along towards home, after the frolic; it was about twelve o'clock, and the night was misty and kind of cloudy like; and as I passed Parson Grimke's old log meeting-house I thought it looked kind of gloomy, standing all alone there in the dark, and I looked at it for a long time; when suddenly it seemed to me to have changed its place, and to be much nearer to me than it did a few moments before. I rubbed my

eyes; I could not believe the evidence of my own senses; still it was so. I whipped up my nag and rode a few paces, and then made a stop and looked behind—and there was the meeting-house! It had whipped up and come along with me, and only stopped when I stopped. By this time I was pretty thoroughly scared. I put spurs to my horse, and rode like one possessed; but ride as fast as I would, the meeting-house kept close up, and was always at the same distance. It seemed only about twenty feet from the horse's tail. Then off I darted like a streak of lightning, spurring up my nag and puffing and blowing like a porpoise, over the hill, through the swamp, over the log bridge, and then away into the clearing among the stumps, when the wonder was I did not break my neck; still there was the meeting-house in full chase close behind me. "Good God! I thought, if ever I reached home and got into the barn safe and sound, will the meeting-house follow me there? Yes, it may—it is evidently bewitched, and can go through a barn door as easily as I can."

So I bolted on, spurring at the sides of my poor beast till she was all of a foam, and the sweat was pouring from her neck and sides; at last I reached the fence that surrounded my haystacks and barn. I did not wait for the lowest place, over I went; my horse plunging one way, towards the haystacks, and I thrown sprawling on my hands and knees, towards the barn, and my hat in the mud puddle between. I scrambled up in an instant, for I expected the meeting-house would be upon me and crush me to a jelly. I gazed all around me, but the meeting-house was not there; it had vanished.

"Have I been drunk," thought I, "or bewitched, or both together?"

I picked up my hat and put it on my head—then the mystery was explained.

A piece of the tattered lining hung below the rim, and to my heated vision it had assumed the appearance of Parson Grimke's old log meeting-house, as it hung there dangling before my eyes, following me, whether I walked or ran—and, of course, was "always the same distance off!"

THE following ingenious composition appeared in a Philadelphia newspaper, many years ago. Its peculiarity consists in the manner in which it may be read, viz.: First, Let the whole be read in the order in which it is written. Second, Then the lines downward on the *left* of each comma, in every line. Third, In the same manner on the *right* of each comma. By the first reading, you will observe that the Revolutionary cause is deprecated,—and lauded by others:—

Hark! hark! the trumpet sounds, the din of war's alarms
 O'er seas and solid grounds, doth call us all to arms;
 Who for King George doth stand, their honors soon will shine
 Their ruin is at hand, who with the Congress join:
 The Acts of Parliament, in them I much delight,
 I hate their cursed intent, who for the Congress fight,
 The Tories of the day, they are my daily toast,
 They soon will sneak away, who Independence boast;
 Who non resistance hold, they have my hand and heart.
 May they for slaves be sold, who act a whiggish part;
 On Mansfield, North and Bute, may daily blessings pour,
 Confusion and dispute, on Congress evermore;
 To North, that British Lord, may honors still be done,
 I wish a block or cord, to General WASHINGTON.

A LADY once pressed us very urgently to write something in her Album. Yet, such is our aversion to such an act, that we very ungallantly replied—"Ask us to hang, poison, or drown ourselves, and to oblige you we will do it; but, to write in an Album is asking altogether too much."

Recently one of these souvenirs came into our hands, belonging to our esteemed friend and correspondent "Alice," and although we could not conquer the old feeling against writing in it, we found the following very truthful and well-written lines, addressed to her from a sincere admirer,

that no great effort was made to resist the temptation to steal something from it, however much we may be blamed in the matter:—

TO ALICE.

Thine eye is not a starry light,
Chasing the gloom of sorrow's night,
Thy brow no snow discloses;
No marble lends its hue to deck
The dazzling whiteness of thy neck,
Nor are thy lips twin roses.

Thy form is not some poet's dream,
Shadow'd at eve by crystal stream,
By his fantastic fancies;
They, who are formed of dreams and
flowers,
Ne'er walk in this cold world of ours,
But glitter in romances.

But thou to me art dearer far
Than rose, or dream, or brightest star
Through Heaven's clear azure steal-
For, Alice! in that heart of thine (ing
Three gentle powers have fixed their
Love, Purity, and Feeling. [shrine,
ALLEN.

THE following amusing anecdote was related to us by a friend who loves children, and who derives a large portion of her pleasures from watching their bright eyes, or listening to their shrewd sayings:

Little Freddy, who has passed his fourth summer, possesses a great partiality for cats, and an equal amount of aversion for dogs. Now, as we all know, great enmity has always existed between the canine and feline races, and that many encounters arise from this natural animosity to one another. "Towser," who is not only the larger and stronger, although not always the successful animal, has the faculty of inducing other dogs in the neighborhood to follow suit in all predatory forays after cats, so much so that "Tabby" usually has a very hard time of it. These unequal scrambles and fights toward his favorite, had often troubled Freddy's mind, whose sympathies, of course, were all on Tabby's side. One day, as his mother sat busily sewing, she was surprised to see master Freddy rush into the room, his face beaming with pleasure, and to hear him exclaim, "Oh, mother! I know why the Bible says 'for without are dogs and sorcerers.'" "Ah, Fredy," his mother replied, "why is

it?" "Don't *you* know? Why the dogs are put outside so that they cannot worry the cats!"

The following good story, from the San Francisco *Morning Call*, must be received with some grains of allowance; for although it savours somewhat of party, (and everybody knows that this social chair has nothing to do with party,) it will do very well to have a quiet, good-natured smile over:

AN INTELLIGENT SOVEREIGN.—One of the Republican canvassers tells a hard story of an incident which came under his notice during the campaign just closed. He proposed to speak in a strong Democratic precinct in the mountains. Arriving at the place, he found two men engaged in active and violent discussion. One man was offering to bet \$10 that St. Louis is the capital of the United States! Another gave vent to his opinion as follows: "The people of the north dissolve this glorious Union! Why they can't begin to do it! Just let them try it once, and the people of the south would close the port of New Orleans in a jiffy! That would at once put a stop to all the trade and commerce of the north! The northerners couldn't get out, no way!" The Republican concluded that the schoolmaster was too far away from home for him to do any good there.

THERE was once an itinerant preacher in "West Tennessee," who, possessing considerable natural eloquence, had gradually become possessed of the idea that he was also an extraordinary Biblical scholar. Under this delusion, he would very frequently, at the close of his sermons, ask any member of his congregation who might have a "knotty text" to unravel, to announce it, and he would explain it at once, however much it might have troubled "less distinguished divines." On one occasion, in a large audience, he was particularly pressing for some one to propound a text, but no one presuming to do so, he was about to sit down without any opportunity of "showing his learning," when a chap "back by the door" announced that he had a Biblical matter of great "consarn" which he desired to be enlightened upon. The preacher, quite animatedly, professed his willingness and ability, and the congregation was in great excitement. "What I want to know," said the outsider, "is whether Job's turkey was a hen or a gobbler?" The "expounder" looked confused, and the congregation tittered, as the questioner capped the climax by exclaiming in a loud voice, "I fotedched him down on the

first question!" From that time forward the practice of asking for difficult passages was abandoned.

College life in the last century was very different from what it is now, not only in the mother country, but in our own. At that time the students were obliged to go to the kitchen doors with their bowls or pitchers for their supper, where they received their milk or chocolate in a vessel held in on hand, and their piece of bread in the other, and went straight to their rooms to devour it.

"There were suspicions at times," says a writer of that period, "that the milk was diluted with water, which led a sagacious Yankee student to put the matter to the test. So one day he said to the carrier boy,

'Why don't your mother mix the milk with warm water instead of cold?'

'She does,' replied the boy; 'she always puts in warm water.'

Not unlike the reply of a little country girl, on a visit to her aunt in the city, who had waited long for the promised milkman to arrive, and who, when he *did* come, brought the usual "fluid."

The little girl had her bowl of milk crumbled with bread, and, after eating a mouthful or two, said,

"Aunty, I don't like *milkman's* milk as well as I do *cow's* milk. 'Tisn't *near* so good."

How much, in the way of a maxim or apothegm, there is sometimes in a single line from a simple-minded, honest thinker! Here is one which should not be lost upon the thousands who are thinking how they look, how they appear in the eyes of others at a party, or how, in the minds of their guests, their great dinner, which has cost them a world of trouble, fuss and feathers, is passing off: "*The happiest moment of your life is when you don't know it.*"

The Fashions.

The promise in our last that we would speak of "bridal dress" is with pleasure redeemed, as never was a prettier than the one we have to give, which is a white rep silk, with three skirts; the first trail in the back a hands breadth, and slope gradual so that in the front it swings free of the instep; the second is to slope the same, and to extend within a quarter of a yard of the first; the third is but half a yard in depth, and slopes the same; each is finished with a white satin cord, large sized; on the up-

per skirt is a flounce of deep blonde lace, filled slightly under the cord. This flounce is looped up on each side with jessamine and orange flowers, among which are mingled bows of cloud lace, with long, floating barbs. The waist is high in the throat, with long point, back and front, flowing sleeves, very wide, undersleeves and veil of point lace. The hair combed off the forehead and braided and curled on the back of the head. The wreath of jessamine and orange buds is small, except on the right side is a somewhat large tuft of eglantine and wild roses, where the veil is thrown to the left side. We have seen this dress, and was compelled to wonder at the style and harmony so happily commingled, and although in colors it would be also pretty for a ball room, it is peculiarly adapted to the bridal. If the ceremony is to take place in church, a white cashmere circular, lined with pale blue silk, quilted, finished all around with a cord of blue and gold.

Boys' walking dress of fawn-colored poplin. Open jacket, trimmed with braid-work; coat sleeves, with collar and undersleeves of white linen, cut square. No change in the pants since our last description.

Girls' toilet, plaid poplin skirt, cut bias, and moderately long, plain waist and small flowing sleeves, trimmed in velvet, with velvet bretelles, open at the shoulder, and fastened at the waist in the back by a cord and tassels; cambric sleeves with cuffs and collar of plain linen; shirred black velvet flat, trimmed with cock's plumes.

Monthly Record of Current Events.

THE steamship *Washington*, which had been kept in reserve at Panama, arrived here on October 24th with the mails and passengers of the *John L. Stephens*.

The news of the sudden death of F. P. Tracy, one of the most eloquent and forcible speakers on the Pacific coast, and a Republican delegate to the Chicago nominating convention, was received here Oct. 24th. He died at Lowville, N. Y. on the 1st.

New silver mines were discovered on the head waters of the Clackamas river, Oregon.

The contract for the construction of the San Francisco & San Jose railroad was let to Chas. McLaughlin and A. H. Houston of this city, October 24th, for the sum of \$2,000,000, \$500,000 in cash, and the balance in the stock of the company. To be completed Oct. 1st. 1862.

The *Moses Taylor*, of the so called "People's line" of steamships, was to commence running on the 19th ult., but as a "black mail," or some other "arrangement" had been made, she was withdrawn. The Pacific railroad will be the only reliable cure for this disease among "honorable" steamship owners.

The *Uncle Sam* arrived Oct. 27th with 500 passengers. She was 15 days making the passage between here and Panama.

The *Mendocino Herald*, E. H. Budd, proprietor, was issued at Ukiah city on the 9th ult.

Thanksgiving-day was kept with the usual slaughter of turkeys, and family assemblages, on the 29th ult.

About 8 o'clock, on the evening of Oct. 31st, eight men with masked faces entered Pearson & Co's store at Peru, 4 miles from Coloma, and demanding the keys of the safe, rifled it. Pearson made an attempt to leave the room, when two shots were fired at him, one of which took effect on the right eye. He is not expected to live. Six men were sitting around the stove, but being unarmed they offered no resistance.

An artesian well was sunk near Pacheco, in Contra Costa county. At the depth of 120 feet water was forced three feet above the surface. While boring a well there, some time since, gas rushed out with a roaring noise, which burned on application of a candle.

The *Uncle Sam* sailed on the 1st ult., with 164 passengers, and \$1,188,071.

A native Californian named Ramon Pico, of San Jose, agreed to ride 150 miles on the San Jose race-course in 6½ hours, for a wager of \$2,500, using as many horses (of his own) as he pleased. He won the match in 6 hours 16 minutes and 15 seconds. Thirty one horses were used.

The *Sonora* arrived on the 4th ult. with 456 passengers.

The Republicans had the largest torch-light procession ever known on this coast on the night of the 5th ult. the eve of the election.

Digger Indians are said to be making \$3 per day at Knights Ferry. This is more than many a hard working white man is making in most camps.

The rapid increase in the production of wheat in this State may be inferred from the following: From July 1 to Nov. 6th, 1858, there were received at this port 280,401 sacks of domestic wheat; from July 1 to Nov. 5, 1859, the amount received was 534,147 sacks; and from July 1 to Nov. 3 of the present year, 1,191,783 sacks were received. The receipts of barley have fallen off in about the same proportion that the receipts of wheat have increased.

The value of exports from this port, other than treasure, for the month of October, was \$901,008,98. We are becoming a little more sensible at last.

Messrs. Smith & Searles are putting up works for the manufacture of salt, in South Cottonwood, Tehama county, about twenty-eight miles southwest of Red Bluff. They say the water is excellent and abundant, some of it so strongly impregnated, that it will yield three pounds of salt to the gallon.

The new Catholic cemetery near "Lone Mountain," was consecrated on the 8th ult., and the old cemetery at the Mission Dolores closed.

The *Sonora* sailed on the 11th ult. with 304 passengers and \$923,419.

During the month of October there arrived at this port from abroad 22 vessels (exclusive of steamers) of 16,329 tons capacity, and the freight value of their cargoes was \$309,057,25.

The *Golden Age* arrived on the 15th ult. with passengers.

The general election, which took place on the 6th ult. for President of the United States, resulted as follows in this State:

Lincoln.....	(Republican).....	39,025
Douglas.....	(Democrat).....	38,394
Breckenridge...	(Democrat).....	34,203
Bell.....	(Union).....	8,916

Lincoln over Douglas, 631; over Breckenridge, 4,822; Douglas over Breckenridge, 4,191. The entire vote of the State thus far—which is not quite complete, is 120,538.

On the 15th and 16th ult. a severe gale from the north blew down aqueducts and flumes, and trees, and caused considerable damage in our harbor.

The Pony Express arrived at Fort Churchill, on the 14th, with the Eastern election news of the 8th inst., which was immediately telegraphed to this city, bringing dates from St. Joseph, Missouri, in six days.

Two-thirds of the town at Don Pedro's Bar, Tuolumne county, was destroyed by fire on the 10th ult.

Two schooners were sunk in the San Joaquin river, by the steamboat *Helen Hensley*, plying between Stockton and San Francisco. One is a total loss, with all her cargo. Her Captain cannot be considered as among the most careful at least, that is our opinion.

James Capen Adams, the old, quaint-looking mountaineer and hunter of this State, died from an old wound, at Neponset, Mass. Poor Adams could stand the cold and exposure of our mountains, but was obliged to succumb to the oppressively hot days and nights of the Eastern States. The hot weather there is generally more fatal to the Californians than the cold.

Editor's Table.

WITH heartfelt sadness it becomes our melancholy task to make known to our readers the sudden death of one of the earliest contributors to this Magazine, Mr. William Henry Deitz; to whom, under the signature of "W. H. D.," we have been indebted for so many graceful and feeling pieces, both in prose and verse, with which to elevate and brighten these pages. But, alas! the fire of his poetic genius is forever quenched, at least, to us, for he has been called to join the great brotherhood of poets in the spirit-land of the blessed. He "still liveth," not only in these and other pages, and in the hearts of his friends, but to our mind, in a wider sphere of usefulness. We hope to feel that his pure spirit and friendly heart will be often near, to prompt and guide us. We do not believe—cannot believe—that disembodied spirits soar away to some unknown destiny beyond the stars; but, that they are always present, upon the earth, hovering among the scenes with which they were most familiar, and lingering in happy companionship with dear friends to whom they were most indebted, or with whom they enjoyed the brightest and noblest pleasures,—perhaps, as our guardian spirits, dear reader. Oh! that we, in the hours of temptation and need, may always feel that such an one is very near to us.

Mr. D. was born, 1816, in the city of New York, where he resided until 1856, and was connected with the prosperous and well-known house of Deitz Bros. & Co., lamp manufacturers, in all its branches, and the

inventors of the world-renowned coal oil lamps.

In 1842 he was married, and leaves three children, two girls and one boy, to mourn his loss.

In the fall of the year above mentioned, (1856,) he came to California to benefit his health, at which time the editor of this Magazine became acquainted with him; first through some affectionately written poetic pieces, and afterward, by personal interview; at which time a friendly acquaintance commenced, that ripened into a strong and warm hearted, brotherly friendship, which continued to the hour of his death. In 1858 he paid a visit to Fraser river, and was on board the Cortes, when making her pioneer trip. He returned to this State in January last, on his way to his native city; at which time he appeared very athletic and healthy, having increased in weight from one hundred and thirty-six pounds to one hundred and seventy-eight.

But the climate of New York, in summer—not the winter, which many so much dread—was too much for him, (as it has been by far too often with others,) for on the 3d of October last, he sickened with typhoid fever, and on the 16th—Sabbath morning—at the peaceful hour of midnight, he fell asleep like a child, and entered on that Sabbath which is to have no ending.

He retained his senses to the last. A short time before his death, feeling a little better, he sat up in his bed, and while his attentive attendant was temporarily absent,

he wrote a note of heartfelt thanks to her for her kind and never tiring care. How strikingly suggestive was this little act, of his thoughtful regard, manifested in every event of his life. He was one of ten children, and owing to his devoted amiability and truthfulness, was the favorite of them all. His high-minded nobility and gentleness of character were strikingly apparent in his writings; and equally so in his every day dealings with business men, as well as in all his social relationships. We deeply sympathise with his relatives and friends in their sad bereavement, and feel, also, that we have lost, not only a writer, but a brother and a friend.

Our readers will readily bring to remembrance the celebrated correspondence between Dr. Johnson and his publisher: when the latter received the "copy" for the former's dictionary, after a very long and annoying delay, who replied rather pettishly, 'The last manuscript for your dictionary is received, and, thank God, I have done with you.' To which he replied, "Johnson presents his compliments to Mr. —, and is happy to find that he has sufficient grace to thank God for anything." (We quote only from memory.) Now, although we do not wish in the least possible manner to give countenance to undue levity, or profanity, we must gratefully use a similar sentiment in reference to the recent election, for, from the bottom of our heart, we are glad that it is over. Most of our ever welcome and spirit-stirring exchanges have been too exclusively devoted to politics—party politics—until we have become entirely indifferent to their contents. Now, the battle is over, the smoke has cleared away, and the victors with the vanquished are revealed. If purity should furnish the motive, and honor—high-minded and ennobling honor—should nerve the heart to its duty, then the future of our glorious Republic will be "bright as the morning, and terrible as an army with banners." But should there be no higher motto, or more exalted principle to govern; than that "to the victors belong the spoils," then "woe, woe unto us," for our misfortunes are certain, and our degradation sure.

Literary Notices.

THE LIFE OF GEORGE WASHINGTON. By EDWARD EVERETT. Published by A. Roman, San Francisco. Sheldon & Co., New York.

To say aught in praise of Mr. Everett as an author, would be a work of supererogation. His well-earned fame, as one of the most elegant and finished writers in the United States, or the world, is a sufficient guarantee that no line will leave his pen that would be unworthy of his genius. The volume before us was written for the "Encyclopædia Britannica," at the suggestion of Lord Macaulay, the historian, and its requirements naturally suggested brevity and comprehensiveness. In style it is terse and elegant, and presents in beautiful language a cheering picture of the ever to be revered Washington.

HENRY LYLE, OR LIFE AND EXISTENCE. By EMILIA MARRYAT, author of "Temper," &c. Published by Garrett, Dick & Fitzgerald, New York. Allen & Spier, San Francisco.

The fair writer of this novel is a daughter of the late Capt. Marryat, the eminent author of "Peter Simple," "The King's Own," &c., &c. We cannot see, judging from this work, (the only one of Miss Marryat's we have read) that the daughter inherits in any remarkable degree the talents of the father. "Henry Lyle" belongs, in our estimation, to the class of insipid story books that have but little influence, either for good or evil. As soon as read—if read at all—the impression, if any, would be superficial and very evanescent; and on no account repays the time consumed in reading it.

STORIES OF INVENTORS AND DISCOVERERS IN SCIENCE AND THE USEFUL ARTS. By JOHN TIMES, F. S. A. Harper & Brothers, publishers, New York. A. Roman, San Francisco.

This volume contains much valuable information on the most prominent discoveries and inventions in all ages and coun-

tries of the known world, from the screw of Archimedes to the latest improvements in the electric telegraph; and being written in a pleasing and popular style, is well adapted for the long winter evenings, and would make an excellent present for the Christmas and New Year holidays.

THE WHITE HILLS; THEIR LEGENDS, LANDSCAPES, AND POETRY. By THOS. STARR KING. Published by Crosby, Nichols & Co., Boston. A. Roman, San Francisco.

Mr. King's fame as a brilliant lecturer and forcible writer, will at once bespeak for this fine volume more than ordinary attention. Lovers of the beautiful in nature—those who delight in holding deep and impassioned communion with her glories and mysteries—will find a kindred spirit in the author of this elegant and finished work. It is not a mere centre-table ornament, whose only recommendation to notice is its ornamental binding—yet, it possesses this quality, also—but is a sublime delineation of God's works among the most remarkable of New England scenes, the White Mountains. We know of no Christmas and New Year's present more suitable than this. It is a book that will be a credit to the taste of the donor, as it will be a compliment to the refinement of the receiver. Mr. Roman has this work in five different styles of binding, (at Boston prices,) so that all classes may be gratified.

In looking over the large supply of beautifully bound books, just received by Mr. R.—for Christmas gifts—we notice many entirely new. This will be a feature of importance for the coming season. We wanted to have an interest in one corner of Cræsus' purse, that we might make an investment in some of them. But——

THE HOUSEHOLD PHYSICIAN, for all the Diseases of Men, Women and Children. By IRA WARREN, A. M., M. D. Published by Bradley, Dayton & Co., Boston. Daniel Hunt, Agent, San Francisco.

This is a handsome volume of over 700 pages, written in plain yet comprehensive language, and not only embraces almost every disease known, but presents every

phase of it, with the proper method of treatment, and the kind of medicine required. In order to make it the more useful, it is illustrated with between two and three hundred engravings, besides a number of well lithographed and beautifully colored plates. It seems to us that the possession of a work like this, from the pen of so eminent a physician as Dr. Warren of Boston, would prevent many diseases, and obviate the necessity of calling in medical advice, except in the most difficult cases. It embraces the allopathic, homœopathic, and hydropathic systems.

MEMOIR OF THE DUCHESS OF ORLEANS. By the MARQUIS DE H——. Published by Charles Scribner, New York. Allen & Spier, San Francisco.

This is a well written memoir of a somewhat remarkable woman, whose amiable temper and gentle spirit seemed to wake the kindly feelings of all who knew her, in many scenes of trial. The womanly firmness and courage manifested at the time of the French revolution of 1848, when several loaded carbines were pointed at her, and at her sons the Duke de Nemours and Count De Paris, heirs to the throne of France, when in the Chamber of Deputies, is thrillingly portrayed. Her numerous letters reveal many secrets not patent to the world. Altogether it is an instructive and interesting volume.

NEMESIS. By MARIAN HARLAND. Derby & Jackson, publishers, New York. Allen & Spier, San Francisco.

This last production from the gifted author of "Alone," "The Hidden Path," "Moss Side," &c., will, we are sure, be welcomed with great heartiness. The principal events in the story of Nemesis, are represented as taking place in Virginia, about the beginning of the nineteenth century, and much light is pleasantly reflected on country life and manners of that time, and State. The characters are well drawn, many of the scenes are very impressive, and the story itself is such, we think, that it can hardly fail thrillingly to interest and benefit the reader.

HUTCHINGS'
CALIFORNIA MAGAZINE.

Vol. 5.

JANUARY, 1861.

No. 7.

THE CALIFORNIA WOODPECKER.



HALF LIFE SIZE.

THE CARPINTERO.

Melanerpes formicivorus. (Sw.)

IN many parts of the valley and lower mountain regions of California, a prominent and very peculiar feature attracts the attention, and often excites the wonder, of the traveler. He sees, perhaps, looking down upon the lonely trail which he is following through the hills, a stately pine, whose trunk, from the height of fifty feet almost to the surface of the ground, appears as though a legion of carpenters, with brace and bit, had been doing their best to show how many holes could be bored in the bark, without any one hole encroaching on the limits of its neighbor. A little further, a wide-spreading oak shows itself, thickly dotted in the same manner. On approaching it, he finds that a peg has been driven into almost every hole, filling it with great exactness, and a still closer examination reveals the curious fact that each peg is an acorn. Very naturally he thinks that he will take out one of the acorns, to learn, like the apple in the dumpling, "how it got in." He tries it with his fingers, but it does not "come." He picks with his knife, and though at length he does succeed in extracting the nut, it is not till he has become well convinced that the carpenter who put it there was a good workman.

A woodpecker, whose coat is brilliant with red, white, and black, is glancing here and there; and presently observation or inquiry makes it evident that this beautiful bird, known in the books as the California Woodpecker, is the carpenter who has pegged the trees with such an extravagant waste of labor. He is, in truth, what the Spanish inhabitants of the country call him, *El Carpintero*.

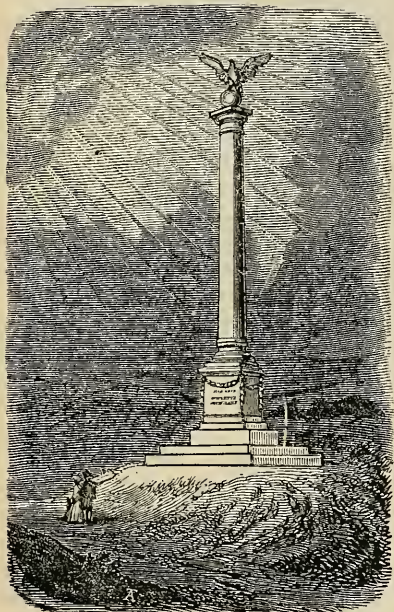
This habit of stowing away the acorns is very singular, and apparently without an object; for by far the largest portion of them remain in their living tomb till

they are consumed by decay or insects, while many of the others furnish food for jays, squirrels, etc. It has been supposed by many that the Carpintero affords an instance of remarkable prudence and foresight in laying in his winter's provisions, and many wise inferences have been drawn thence, as to the useful lessons to be learned from the study of nature. But to degrade in such a manner a study so full of instruction as well as interest, is absurd; for it is foolish to learn lessons which are incorrect, or to base moral instruction on that which has no foundation in truth.

In the first place, it is not the habit of birds to provide food for future occasions; in the second place, it is not the habit of Woodpeckers to eat acorns, when their own proper food can be obtained; in the third place, in most parts of California where this practice of the Carpintero prevails, snow never falls, and the acorns are rendered no more available for the use of the bird, by having been deposited in the holes; and in the fourth place, observation shows that the stores are commonly never touched by the birds which deposited them, or by any of their family. This curious habit of the Carpintero appears, therefore, somewhat analogous to the beetle-impaling practice of the Shrike. What object the bird has in such a hoarding operation, remains to us yet a mystery.

The same habit, though not carried to the same extent, has been reported to me as displayed by a species in Texas. That species is probably the Redheaded Woodpecker, (*Melanerpes erythrocephalus*—Linn.), a bird very closely allied to the Carpintero, and extending its range from the Atlantic to the Rocky Mountains. It has, however, no such habit during its residence in the States further east and north. The Carpintero, in its motions and general deportment, calls to mind this, its eastern representative, most viv-

idly. It is found throughout the whole length of California, and from the coast to the Sierra Nevada, as far up as an elevation of about four or five thousand feet. We do not see it in the vicinity of San Francisco, but the cause is probably the absence of trees. It extends its range southward into Mexico, and eastward nearly to the Gulf and to the Rio Grande.



PROPOSED MONUMENT TO SOLDIERS
OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

IN a former article published in this Magazine, Mr. C. B. McDonald originated a proposition to build a "Monument to those who fell, fighting the battles of the Revolution," in the following language;—

"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 stat-

ue and commemorative structure, were not forgetful of the humbler soldier, whose blood was the first baptism of the new Republic."

Following the unworthy examples of other nations, this has hitherto been neglected. By taking the first initiatory step for its correction, we rise superior to example; and by doing simple justice to the private soldier, we confer a greater honor upon ourselves. We have erected numerous and well-deserved statues to the brave officers who fell; let us complete the work by building a magnificent column to *the many* who nobly bought our liberty with their blood.

Those noble, self-sacrificing men went not to the battle-field in search of earthly fame or glory. They well knew that, when they fell, their only monument would be the green sods and a nameless grave. What though they left the prints of their naked feet in the snows, all stained with blood, as at Valley Forge? or fell fainting in their ranks, with their tongues parched and swollen from the dreadful thirst and heat, as at Monmouth? or that they "slipped in great puddles of blood, and could not see each others faces for the thick smoke of the battle," as at Princeton? or that they fought in full sight of their burning homes, as at Bunker Hill? They well knew that no trumpet voice of fame would sound their names back across the ages, commemorating the day that

"Rose to them in blood, and set in glory."

But, by the joy with which we tread the ground that has been made holy by their blood; by the blessing that smiles on all which they died to purchase; by the wealth that clothes the land which they were sent to redeem; while we give them a place in our hearts, let us also rear to them a monument and a name worthy of the heritage they left us.

"Twine, Gratitude, a wreath for them,
More deathless than the diadem;
Who to life's noblest end
Gave up life's noblest powers,
And bade the legacy descend
Down, down to us and ours!"

OUR CHOWDER PARTY.



READER, if you feel morose, or ill-natured: if you believe that life is one vast workshop, and "every man and woman merely workers," whose duties to themselves and to the world they live in, consist in any number of hours faithfully devoted to their daily tasks, we respectfully invite you to pass on—you don't belong to us; and cannot, on any pretence whatever, form part of, or accompany, our party—our chowder party—not even in imagination. If you are such, again we say, "pass on."

Our little company, though earnest workers in such daily avocations as circumstances or duty indicates, are also believers in that pleasing truth—written by every ray of glorious sun-light on each flower-covered hill, and sung in every breath by bird or breeze—that everything created is, or should be ministers of good to man to make him happier; and that only they whose hearts are shut against the gladdening lessons these should teach, are its untruthful readers.

You could see in every face that Care (always an unpleasant and uninvited guest on such occasions) was absent from the company—perhaps had lost his way, or fell, like many of his victims, through the chinks or trap-holes of the wharves. The light in every eye, the smile on every lip, gives answer before you question, "Thank you, I am jolly! How are you?" We venture to say that could the good-natured reader have seen our happy group stowed away so cosily in the cabin of the "Restless," among plethoric baskets of inner-man comforts, a huge black pot, fish-lines and general stores, he would have wished to have formed a part of that group.

Presently the anchor was weighed, the sails set, and our trim and taut little craft,

in command of Capt. Moody, was gliding over—it scarcely seemed to be running through—the waters of the bay. First we must visit the wreck of the steamship "Granada," lying in Fatality Bay, just below Fort Point. Here could be found plenty of fish for "the chowder," but the swell having raised a stomachic objection to a thorough enjoyment of the Waltonic amusement on the part of some of the ladies, the wreck was hurriedly inspected, and the yacht "put about."

From Fort Point we darted across the channel to Raccoon Straits, at great speed, and anchored in a small bay near Saucelito. Here, to our discomfiture, we found that the finny tribes seemed to have been notified of our intent, for they manifested their disfavor at the part we intentionally had assigned them in the "chowder party" by becoming *non est inventus*.

It is true we enjoyed the trip, the pleasant company, the good-humored jokes, the good things (luckily) provided; but for that "chowder" upon which our imaginations (not our appetites) had feasted, where was it? "Who ever knew a chowder party to catch fish enough for any single person—and here were eighteen?" "Did any one know why this should be an exception?" "We ought to have bought fish enough before sailing." These and other pertinent queries were received with hearty laughter. It was true that we had caught no fish; it was equally true that a chowder could not very well be made without them; but how were we to help ourselves? "Aye, that was the question!"

At this juncture a small boy, with a large head and a long slice of bread-and-butter, cleared his mouth and his throat by gulping down the bread-and-butter amalgamation to make way for the remark, "Plenty—fish—down—down—by the—big—dock—yonder." Fine boy, that; excellent boy; hoped he personally



MAKING THE CHOWDER.

would be as great a comfort to his mother as his remark was to us. Should his prophecy be fulfilled, why, there were other prognostications that had previously been indulged in that would not be; if we could obtain a chowder, after all, who would not exult in our good luck?

A little before sunset fish after fish were taken in, (in a double sense) and an abundance for a large chowder bucketed, when the question arose, shall we go ashore and make an evening of it, or take them home? The moon already gave assurance that she would light us homeward, and decided our unanimous vote in favor of chowder.

To tell the care and safety with which we were all landed, by our excellent captain; the delight manifest in our success; the speed with which the wood was gathered, and the fire lighted; the readiness with which men cleaned the fish, pared the potatoes, or peeled the onions; and

how the ladies—God bless them—resolved themselves into a chowder-and-tea manufacturing committee: or, to relate how young lassies ran races on the beach with young and elderly gentlemen, and beat them; and how this one measured his length on the beach, and the others—didn't; or how — made love to —, &c., lie beyond the province of this narrative to confess, as we remember the *maestro's* maxim, that "good boys and girls never tell tales out of school." Suffice it to say that there never was such a chowder; that Boston, Nantucket, and other celebrated concoctions of this kind, could not be brought into favorable comparison with our "California chowder"; that our appetites, although capacious, (and it is with no ordinary satisfaction that we write the fact,) found the contents of the large black pot fully equal thereto. If the reader will be kind enough to take a full look at the engrav-

ing, (from a sketch by our first officer,) he or she will see at a glance how beautifully picturesque was our situation.

But the voyage home was a fitting close to the pleasures of the day. The bright moon without a cloud; the fresh breeze; the graceful, bird-like buoyancy and swiftness of the yacht; the songs sung, as our little craft sped onward, homeward; the kindly feelings and sentiments exchanged; and, although last, not least, the grateful hearts we each possessed towards Captain Moody, our first officer, to whom we were so much indebted for the day's enjoyment, and who, besides being a pleasant gentleman, knew his duty as a seaman, and did it well.

LIBRARY OF THE WHAT CHEER HOUSE, SAN FRANCISCO.

A LIBRARY in a public hotel has presented itself to us as such a novelty, that we have sent our memory on an expedition of exploration among all the hotels with which we are familiar, both north and south, east and west, and over parts of Europe, and the report on its return is, "Nothing of the kind to be found."

It would seem that the physical wants and comforts of the public have been the only ones deemed worthy of consideration. The enterprising proprietor of the What Cheer House, Mr. R. B. Woodward, has inaugurated a new era in his hotel department, by including the intellectual, and has thus set an example we hope to see followed in all parts of the world.

It was a happy thought. Hotels are mainly for the accommodation and entertainment of the traveling public, who are not supposed to be able to carry but a very limited number of books with them. There is often much leisure, especially on wet or unpleasant days, which intelligent strangers wish to employ to advantage.

If they have to traverse the streets in search of intellectual occupation, especially when weary, it becomes an unpleasant task. Besides, to walk upon the highways of a strange city, and feel that every face looked into is that of a stranger, often creates a loneliness in social minds that is very oppressive. Indeed, we know of no solitude as unpleasant as that upon the crowded paths of life, where the living tide is perpetually drifting past, leaving you unknown and uncared for in some little eddy, alone. To have some quiet corner, into which to retire and commune with yourself, or with some favorite author, is a great relief. This is provided for in the library of the What Cheer House; and, we repeat, it was a happy idea. There can be no greater proof of this, than the fact that the Library Room, although large, is the best patronized and the most crowded of any in this extensive establishment.

The sketch from which our engraving was made, was taken early in the morning, and yet it will be seen that already the room was well filled with attentive readers. On either side are files of newspapers from all parts of California, and the principal ones of the Eastern States and Europe. On the south side and western end is the library, which contains between two and three thousand volumes, on almost every variety of subject. There are about one hundred volumes on farming, bee-raising, gardening, vine-growing, stock-raising, horticulture, etc., etc.; and some one hundred and fifty works on biography, including those of the most remarkable men and women of the present and past ages. The classics are not forgotten, as there are translations of the principal scholarly productions of the ancients. There are nearly four hundred volumes of the best fictitious works, including several from Dickens, Irving, Scott, Cooper, Miss Bremer, Marryat, Thackeray, Hawthorne, and



THE LIBRARY AT THE WHAT CHEER HOUSE.

others; and about one hundred and fifty fine historical works. Then there are many excellent selections from poetical and dramatic authors; a large collection of books on voyages and travels, besides a large and choice variety of practical, miscellaneous, religious, and other works.

We think that the good taste of the purchaser is apparent in almost every volume; for we do not often find a better selection in libraries of much greater

pretensions. This, moreover, is free to all the patrons of the house, as is also the museum, of which we gave an account in a former number.

It is with no ordinary pleasure that we record the above interesting facts; and we feel proud that such a public convenience has been established. Whenever others shall follow so excellent an example, we assure them we shall take great pleasure in "making a note of it."

SUSPENSION FLUME ACROSS THE STANISLAUS RIVER.

WATER is an indispensable agent in gold mining. Without it, the seven hundred millions of dollars that have already been sent out of this State, and the accumulating taxable property of one hundred and thirty millions more, besides the large sums of money hoarded up, and other numerous and large sums in circulation—amounting altogether, at

a low estimate, to the goodly sum of one thousand millions of dollars—would not have reached one-tenth of that amount.

When we thus speak, we allude to water that has been taken from its natural course, and by artificial means been conducted to mining localities, that, in their development by these means, have proved rich in the precious metal; but which, without the facilities thus afforded, would have been a sealed vault, the key to which was the aqueous element. We often fear

that merchants, tradesmen, real estate owners, money-lenders, and many others in large cities, overlook this great truth. Still, it is the secret spring to their prosperity, and one of the greatest foundation stones of our commercial superstructure.

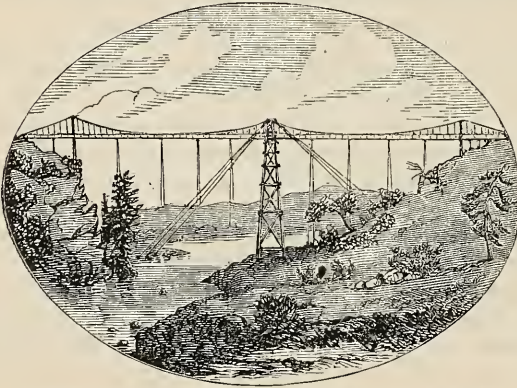
Indeed, water is only second in importance to gold itself. Yet it is somewhat remarkable that nearly the whole of the canals and ditches—some 6,000 miles in their aggregate length, and built at a cost exceeding \$16,000,000—were constructed, mainly, by the working classes.

Unfortunately, however, the cost of the larger of these important works was under-estimated, so that after eight-tenths of the entire length had been completed by the stock of men whose main investment was their labor and a few hundred

dollars, a loan of the balance was procured from some large capitalists, who obtained a mortgage on the whole as security, and by some kind of financial hocus pocus came into entire and full possession of the work.

A large and costly canal, as an investment, has not paid as good an interest directly as others; but as the relative value of all other classes of property was mainly dependent upon gold mining being made profitable, and as water was (and is) the great desideratum, it would not have been unreasonable to expect that the mercantile and monied interests of the State would have been enlisted in this behalf.

Small canals have generally paid well, and these have stimulated men to attempt



SUSPENSION FLUME ACROSS THE STANISLAUS RIVER.

larger works of this character, in the hope and expectation that the profit would have been proportionately commensurate with the undertaking. Here was the mistake; although it is matter of congratulation, on behalf of the interests of the State generally, that such mistakes were made, however unfortunate it may have been for that class of investors. These men, therefore, have been public benefactors; and the main regret is, that their investments have not been as prof-

itable to themselves and families, as to the State's progress and prosperity.

Three industrious and enterprising miners, named Furlong, Murphy and Cunningham, residing at Burns' Ferry on the Stanislaus River, conceived the project of introducing water to that mining district, by means of a canal twenty miles in length, by their own unaided endeavors and carefully saved resources.

The company was no sooner organized, than a survey was made, and the work

commenced. Month by month its serpentine course could be traced around the gulches and on the hill-sides, gradually extending, until it reached the spot indicated in our engraving. Here a suspension flume was constructed across the main Stanislaus River, in order to afford a supply of water to an extensive district on the opposite side of the stream. This is three hundred and thirty-five feet in length, and one hundred and ten feet in height above the river.

Through the instrumentality of this canal, mining districts were opened up, and rich placers discovered, where, had any one hazarded the opinion, four years ago, that water could be taken, he would have been laughed at as a simpleton. We delight in recording the unconquerable perseverance of such men; and we assure them that they have our best wishes that the water thus introduced may be as profitable to them, as it is advantageous to the miners who use it.

JOEL GRUM'S CHRISTMAS.

BY GEO. F. NOURSE.

CHAPTER I.

THE Widow Ashley was resident of a shire-town of one of our most flourishing mountain counties, and, save that her name was Ashley, none knew aught of her. She came there a stranger, and obtaining permission to occupy a rude cabin, she and her family moved into it taking with them their little of this world's goods. A few days after, a sign appeared upon the front of the cabin, which said, in rather crooked capitals, "WASHING and IRONING done here."—The sign was supposed to have been executed by her son, a lad of fourteen years, assisted by his sisters, aged, respectively, twelve and eight, and it was certainly a very good job, that sign, for it had not hung there many days before Mrs. Ash-

ley and family were doing an extensive Laundry business; master Albert going for and returning clothes, and the girls assisting to wash and "do up."—It was a busy household, that, after the first week; and so it continued for four years, when another sign informed the patrons that no more washing would be done, and, when a few days more had passed, the Ashleys had moved into a fine house nicely furnished. Some people said the laundry business had made them rich—perhaps it had; others, that they had become proud, but they who said so didn't know the Ashleys. It is very true that the Widow Ashley had made money and that she had saved a nice "plum," but to master Albert was she indebted for her change of residence and manner of life. That young gentleman was inclined to be of a speculative turn, and although he closely attended to his department of the laundry business, yet he was often looking around for stray chances of improving the family funds outside, and one day, as he was trudging along over the hills with a bundle of clothes, he happened to notice the croppings of a quartz lode which upon examination he found to be quite rich with gold. Now master Albert was quite smart for one of his years, and sitting down with the bundle in his lap, he thought of a great many things, one being, that, as he was under age he couldn't hold a claim and some one might jump it away from him, after some little time spent in cogitation, his mind appeared to be made up and taking out a pencil he wrote upon the back of a washing receipt the following

Notice.

We the undersigned claim this Quartz mine.

Maria Ashley.

By Albert Ashley, Agent.

It so happened that some speculators from San Francisco afflicted with the Quartz fever were looking around in those parts, and the Agent had scarce

been gone half an hour, when they discovered his "notice" pegged to a tree near by the lode, and having examined the rock determined to purchase the mine and enjoy perfect health, consequently they sought the aforesaid Agent and had little difficulty in closing a bargain at \$8,000 for the entire interest of himself and principal. Whether the speculators ever made anything or not is none of our business; we know the agent did, and we know that on the following day he held a very long and private conversation with his mother on the propriety of giving up the laundry business, and inhabiting some house better adapted to their wants and circumstances, and that he told her how badly he had felt to see her working so, and how often he had wished to be a man that he might earn a living for them all; and that he said the \$8,000 added to the \$7,000 which she told him she had saved, made \$15,000; with a portion of that they could get a house and furniture; the interest of the remainder would support her handsomely and give the girls a good education; as for himself, he had been offered a situation in a store which would, besides supporting him, help them, and that he would not consent to her washing another shirt besides his own. We know that Mrs. Ashley felt prouder of her boy than ever, that she consented, and told him she would long time have given up, but that while business was so good she thought best to make the most of it, so that when she did cease it would be with a sufficiency to support the family comfortably, and no danger of her being obliged to resort to hard work again. "And now my son," said she, "see what kind of taste and judgment you can exercise in the selection of a new home for us."

"I have already made it, mother."

"Indeed! where is it?"

"Prospect Place."

"Why Albert, are you insane? You must remember that all we require is a place for comfort and convenience, a respectable place, but one that will conform to our means—the more money we have left after the purchase of such a home, the better it will be for us—so abandon all ideas of Prospect Place and look for something that will be plain, neat and quiet."

"I am not as thoughtless as you suppose," said Albert with something like offended dignity; Prospect Place is to be sold to-day, and down town I heard folks say that it will not bring more than three or four thousand dollars, because no one here wants such a place. The fruit crop every year is worth two thousand dollars, and I have concluded it is just the thing for us, besides, the furniture all goes with it."

"I have heard, said Mrs. Ashley, that the place, as it is, cost more than \$30,000 and I have no idea that it will be sold for any such sum as you have heard."

"Well, mother, 'twill do no harm to attend the sale, and providing I can buy it so cheaply, don't you think you'd like it?"

"Why—yes, I think I would, but something less extensive would do as well, if not better; however, I will leave it all to you."

"Thank you, mother," said Albert as he gave her an affectionate kiss, "you'll see 'twill be all right," and putting on his hat he left the cabin feeling very like a man.

Amid all the duties of her laborious life, Mrs. Ashley found time to give her children a good home education; they were apt scholars and as far advanced in the common branches as any who attended the public schools. Albert she knew to be quick, generous and impulsive, sharp in trade, and had made so good a manager of the household affairs that he possessed her confidence to an unbound-

ed extent, yet after he was gone she felt not a little uneasy, and more than half regretted having given her consent.

Prospect Place had been founded and built by a county official; he had spared no pains or expense to make it unequalled in the State as a residence. Every means to make it tasteful, luxuriant and convenient had been resorted to; extensive orchards were set out, embracing every variety of fruit tree and shrub; gardens and lawns surrounded the house, and shade trees lined each side of the pebbled walks and arenas. Even the stables and out-houses surpassed the dwellings of most people. Its location was fifteen minutes walk from town, and upon a gentle eminence from every side a magnificent view. To the north the scene was bold and striking; to the south one could look upon the valley, and the crystal stream which meandered through it; and further on to the belt of hills covered with ever nodding pines; to the west the view was much the same, and from the windows in the east the town was in full sight spread out like a living map. The builder occupied it long enough to see his fruit trees bend beneath their heavy loads, his thrifty shade trees grew to afford shelter from the summer sun, long enough to be envied by many a jealous soul, but one day he turned up missing. Rumor said that he and his family had left at night, taking with them all that could be crammed into the carriage, and gave to no one a social good bye, which was considered very unkind.

Some little time passed, and as no tidings came from him, some officious persons thought proper to examine his accounts with the County, and lo! would you believe it, the books refused to balance by a great many thousand dollars. The bird had flown, and his cage, which was all he had left, besides his debts, was seized upon, and after due process of law was advertised to be sold under the ham-

mer, and the day of the sale as we have seen, had come. The attendance was rather small and the bidding far from spirited, as Albert had heard there were few who could afford so luxurious a home. Those who could, were mostly provided for, and had no use for a second establishment. The first bid was \$2,000, from whom there it ran by hundreds up to \$3100. "3100—3100—3100, do I hear no more? going for \$3100." "\$3500," said a small and timid voice. The Auctioneer looked from whence it came, and seemed in doubt as to its reality as a bid; the eyes of the crowd followed his, and there, mounted upon a barrel, stood the Agent, his face crimson with blushes; a small laugh followed the discovery, and the said Agent was evidently embarrassed, but the Auctioneer, after a moments conversation with a gentleman near by, took the bid and endeavored to obtain more, but not another did he get, and the place with all its grounds and contents was knocked down to the agent for \$3500; and at Prospect Place we find the Ashley family on Christmas eve, the year—no matter.

The evening is cool but pleasant; we enter the house to find the parlor elegantly furnished, cheerily lighted, and pleasantly warmed; and here we are presented to the agent, his mother, and younger sister. The former says, "I must go to the store; and, mother, please tell Sue that I will come for her at half past eight, we will have a glorious time; Lucy you must amuse mother to-night, and to-morrow you know what's promised." "Oh yes," said Lucy, "we can get along without you and Sue; we know something, don't we mother?" Mrs. Ashley looked over-wise as she good humoredly said, "I don't think we shall miss them much." Albert laughed as he went out, and Lucy running to the door called out, "Albert! you'll find my stocking on the door." A merry laugh answered her,

and Lucy with a skip and a hop returned to the parlor. Albert had been gone but a short time when Susan came into the room and enquired for him. Learning that he had left she said, "I'm so sorry, I wanted him to get my fan; I was careless enough to leave it at May Hamiltons; when he comes back will be too late, and I want it very much to-night."

"I can go and get it," said Lucy.

"Oh no," said her mother, "it's very dark; Susan you will learn something to be without it to-night."

"But mother," said Lucy again, "I would as soon go as not, I'm not afraid of the dark, and Sue will miss it so much."

"You will get lost," replied Mrs. Ashley, "'tis all I can do to find their house in the day time."

"But Lucy goes there every day," put in Susan, "and knows the way better than you who scarcely ever go out; I do wish you'd allow her."

"After raising a few more objections Mrs. Ashley consented, and robing Lucy in her cloak and tying on her bonnet, gave her a kiss, and admonishing her to be careful, gave her another, and Lucy took her departure. She was to have returned immediately; and when a half hour had passed without her coming, Mrs. Ashley became uneasy. Another half hour and yet she came not; and now another half hour had passed and yet she had not come. Albert had been home, over to the Hamilton's and home again; she had not been there. Mrs. Ashley is almost frantic, and Susan, arrayed in full party costume, is crying as though her heart would break. Albert has now gone to alarm the neighbors. Two hours and yet no Lucy—where can she be? has she fallen into some treacherous shaft, some unguarded mine, or do her little feet wander she knows not whither?

CHAPTER II.

At the end of a long, damp and dreary

tunnel, working away with gad and sledge, stood Joel Grum; a candle was burning dimly upon the rough rock beside him. Time had dealt roughly with Joel Grum; for, although he appeared to be more than fifty, yet scarce forty years had passed over his head. He paused to rest, and leaning upon the handle of his sledge, while the perspiration was rolling freely over his face, muttered, "'Twill take a blast to move that;" then glancing at the candle, he growled at the flight of time. "Most night," he said, "I must get some other kind of a light, candles are such tell-tales that half an hour can't pass without one's knowing it. Night comes too soon, these days." "I hope," he continued, as a rumbling sound fell upon his ear, "that Bob has brought in the other candle." Having got his breath and eased his mind, Joel Grum inserted another gad into the crevice, and after tapping it lightly once or twice, to make it "take a holt," commenced to drive it in with vigorous blows.

Bob, with the car, soon after arrived, and, without opening his lips to speak, loaded it with the fragments of the broken ledge, and then leaning with his back upon it, supplied his mouth with a fresh quid of tobacco, and said, "Jo'l!"

"Well," said the person addressed, still hammering away.

"I think we'd better make it night."

"Night!" exclaimed Joel Grum, as he leaned upon his sledge again, "why, it must be nearly an hour to quitting time."

"That's so," said Bob, "but be'ns its Christmas Eve I thought I'd sort o' fix up and go round a little—maybe you'd like to go too, Jo'l."

Joel Grum laughed; the idea of Bob Gruffum's taking a Christmas was truly amusing. I have said he laughed, but 'twas the first time in many years, and the sound startled both. Everybody about the town either knew or had heard

of Joel Grum; his reputation was that of a cold gloomy, crabbed man; he was never known to smile, he meddled with no one's business, made no acquaintances and scarce gave a civil answer to questions asked. He lived with Bob Gruffum in their cabin in the cañon, and never went to town unless compelled to go for provisions, and then remained there only long enough to give his orders. Bob Gruffum just suited him for a partner and companion. They were well mated in wants, habits and dispositions; both were morose, and one would sometimes think them tongue-tied, for often weeks would pass and not a word be exchanged, either at home or at work, unless it was a question relating to the latter, which would be short and direct; the answer a monosyllable. Nearly three years they had worked together in the tunnel, and from the face of the cut to the inner end was now about six hundred feet; they had most of the way been obliged to blast, and consequently their progress had been slow. Not steadily had they worked there, for there were times when the larder was empty, when candles were few, the powder burnt, and no money in their oyster can, then they were obliged to work out for "a raise," and having made it, would resume their labors in the tunnel. Hope, that watchword of the miner, had cheered them on, and now six hundred feet in, Hope was stronger than ever; the rock had of late become easier to work, water came dropping through the seams of the ledge, and they expected soon to break into the "basin" and reap their reward, and that was why Joel Grum growled about the candles and time; his whole soul was in the work before him, and he thought he could stand it if the days were twice as long. Bob Gruffum felt the same interest; he had worked just as hard, and just as long, and was just as anxious to break through the rim; but somehow a strange

freak had come over him, so strange that it made Joel Grum laugh—'twas not by any means a jovial or pleasant laugh—'twas one of those which occur when anything supremely absurd comes suddenly upon us—but Joel laughed, and the echo of it from those under ground walls was really hideous, and after it a death-like stillness prevailed for some seconds, which was broken by Joel's saying, "I'll take my Christmas here," and spitting upon his hands, he took a firm hold on his sledge handle and battered away upon his gad again.

Robert Gruffum, in rather a melancholy frame of mind, rolled out the car and repaired to the cabin to fix up and do the best he could to keep Christmas Eve alone.

Indifferent as Joel Grum appeared, yet the few words of Bob Gruffum created a complete revolution in his mind; as he could no longer control his thoughts, in spite of all his attempts to the contrary they would run back over a score or more of years, and dwell upon times and things as they were with him; finally he gave up all endeavors to smother recollections, and suffering them to run at large, his features assumed a rather softened and pleasing expression; he worried no more about the flight of time, or noticed the consuming candle, his blows upon the splitting gad rang lighter and lighter, and ceased, as buried amid remembrances of olden times, he sat, or rather let himself gently down upon a projection of the tunnel wall, lost to all but memory. The weary limbs of Joel Grum were grateful for the rest afforded; his aching eyes made weak by the effects of powder smoke, damp air and candle light, taking advantage of the respite given, closed, and half-reclining, Joel Grum slept. Sweet dreams must have been those of his, smile after smile wreathed about his lips and played upon his features. Dream on, Joel Grum,

dream on, while we write down your dreams—visions of ten, twenty and thirty years back have passed before him. Happy times were those, a glimpse of which in dream land brings a smile to such stern and hardened features. But see! the face grows sad, and now what agony is there depicted—something terrible must Joel Grum have found in Nod—and now he starts and seems surprised—he has broken through the rim and into a country mortals never heard of; more brilliant is the light than that of our own world's sun, inhabited by beings as beautiful as only dreams can conjure up—they are not mortals, they are Fairies, and flit about from place to place while enchanting strains of music crowd the air, perfume from fragrant spice trees, mingled with the odors of myriads of every colored flower, is wafted to him—diamonds, pearls and golden nuggets bestrew the ground. But the Fairies have seen him and are angry; with firm gestures they motion him to go, and then commence an assault upon his person with diamonds, pearls and golden nuggets which they take up and hurl amid the most infernal noises that ever greeted the ears of Joel Grum; but he is very bold, he cares not for the furious gestures nor the horrid sounds, he is busy gathering the missiles they throw; he is going to be paid for his labor in that tunnel; he will be rich; so he catches and gathers all they throw, and hopes they'll keep on; but, unfortunately, a large nugget, thrown with tremendous force, has struck upon his head and he is wounded. With a cry of pain he starts from his rocky couch, he has awakened, but where! All is total darkness, the candle long since burnt out. Not fully conscious, Joel Grum feels a chill of terror crawl over him; is he still dreaming? Is he in the land of mortals, or have the Fairies shut him in some other world to die alone? He raises a hand to his aching head and

lays it upon something warm and wet—he stretches out his arms, one hand comes in contact with the cold, hard wall, the other with a gad. He now remembers all; and, with an oath, proceeds to strike a match and light his other candle. His hat he finds lying upon his late bed, and beneath a large slice of rock which had fallen from above while he slept, cutting his head and awakening him. Alas for Joel Grum! His limbs are stiffened and his bones ache; the blood from his wounded head trickles down over his face and coagulates upon his beard. Ah me, Joel Grum! In no very pleasant state of mind, and uttering words not very complimentary to Mr. Gruffum, he gropes his way out of the tunnel and follows the trail to his cabin. When more than half way there, something in his path startles him, he stops, raises his foot to kick it, when a voice from it says,

“Please, sir, I'm lost.”

“So am I,” growls Joel Grum, “lost to everything but bad luck and misery.”

“But I've lost my way,” said the little voice.

“What's your name?”

“Lucy—”

“How came you here?” said Joel Grum, without giving her time to answer his previous question.

“I was going of an errand for sister, and somehow I turned off the lane and got down among the mines, and was lost; 'twas very dark, but I kept walking on till just now, when I stopped to rest—won't you show me the way home, to Prospect Place? It's just back of the town—the house with the garden and trees about it.”

“I spose I must,” said Joel Grum, gruffly, “why couldn't you have got lost somewhere else?” and passing her, he took the lead upon the narrow, crooked path, and with Lucy following, he went on to the cabin. Taking the key from the shelf over the door, he unlocked it,

and both entered. A few embers still glowed upon the hearth; Joel Grum lighted a candle, poked the coals together, threw on a billet of wood, and drawing a stool upon the hearth, sat down and buried his face in his hands; he felt sick, chills ran over him, his teeth would chatter, and his knees strike one against the other.

Lucy at first took a survey of the premises; a horrid place to live, she thought; *their* old cabin was comfortable, it had a board floor, a tight roof, and was lined; but the walls of *this* were rough and dirty; through the roof she could see the stars, and the damp ground floor felt colder to her feet than the earth outside. Upon a rude table there was a broken bowl which held sugar, a tin box with butter in it, and in what appeared to be its cover, there was a mixture of salt and pepper, and there was a little bottle with syrup all over the outside, and which she thought might contain the same article; a dirty plate and cup and saucer were upon one end and opposite a clean duplicate of each; between the plates there was a frying pan, containing what appeared to be a beef-steak. Having noticed all these things very quickly, she approached the fire and ventured to scrutinize the person of Joel Grum. One look, and she was by his side, saying—

“You are hurt, sir; there is blood all over you.”

“I know it,” was the subdued reply.

The camp kettle was hanging over the fire; without a word, Lucy prospected for and found a basin and towel; into the former she poured warm water, and setting it upon a stool near the sufferer, wet one end of the towel, and laying a little hand upon the head of Joel Grum, said: “Let me bathe your wound.”

How funny it felt to the old man having the little fingers running over his head, in and among his hair, down over

his face—how much better he felt; how quickly he began to gather warmth; how strange it seemed—was he still dreaming? No! the pain of his wound was too acute to admit of that illusion—’twas all real, but what a strange night it had been!

“How do you feel now?” asked his little nurse as she wiped away the last traces of the blood.

“Better, much better, thank you; as soon as I get a cup of tea I will go home with you.”

“Haven’t you been to supper?”

“No, I was just coming from where I work when I found you.”

“Well, now don’t you move,” said Lucy, “just sit still and rest while I fix up your supper.”

A pot of tea was soon under way, the steak was warming up, the dirty dishes were removed, the crumbs brushed away and the table wiped clean and dry. But the bread, she saw nothing but a fragment of something hard and heavy, so she said:

“I’ll make some biscuit for you; ’twon’t take but a few moments.”

Joel Grum was in a paroxysm of bliss; he had forgiven Bob Gruffum; and, oh, if Bob Gruffum could only see the cabin now! He began to feel very boyish; the stiffening had left his joints, and he was unable to sit inactive longer; so he jumped from his seat, got Lucy the bread pan, flour and all the “fixins,” then he threw more wood upon the fire, which kindled and blazed, throwing a cheerful, happy glow out into the room, he raked out coals to heat the bake-oven in readiness to receive the biscuit, and put another plate, cup and saucer opposite those already on the table; and, although Lucy said she had been to supper and couldn’t eat more, yet he insisted upon her making an effort. When everything was on the table down they both sat; Joel Grum didn’t think he was very hungry, but he

swallowed biscuit after biscuit, they were so nice he couldn't help it, and he drank cup after cup of tea, just to have Lucy pour it out; she sipped and ate a little herself; and when Joel Grum had finished his meal, he sat bolt upright to feast his eyes on Lucy. But, goodness, how he stares; what a wicked scowl is gathering upon his brow, and Lucy says,

"Please, sir, don't look at me so."

But his face grows darker, and more terrible the expression. Poor Lucy, with great tears in her eyes, whimpers out—

"What have I done, sir?"

"Done!" shouts Joel Grum, rising from his seat and striking the table heavily with his fist, "nothing; get your bonnet!" And putting on his hat he throws open the door, and shouts, "come along!"

Lucy trembles with fear and hesitates, when Joel Grum, stamping his foot upon the threshold, roars—

"Come on! come on! I say!"

Lucy thinks he is mad; she thinks it would be better to humor him, and if he attempts to injure her she will run away; so, with as much coolness as the excited condition of her nerves would permit, she put on her bonnet, blew out the light and joined Joel Grum on the door step, when that strange man slammed the door behind him, and locking it, put the key in his pocket, then seizing Lucy's hand, with rapid strides he rather dragged than led her up over hill, down gulches, along the mountain side, and through dense patches of chapparel; and the poor girl, though filled with forebodings, and expecting some dark tragedy would end her adventures of that Christmas Eve, was compelled to go, for he held her hand as tightly as a vice would. At length they came upon a well-traveled road; they were going through a valley, and there was a light before them, shining from a house in the distance. Lucy's heart beat lighter, and since coming

upon the highway the strides of Joel Grum had become shorter, and his speed lessened so that Lucy could walk by his side without difficulty. And, as she went along, she recognized several objects which appeared familiar, and on nearer approach to the light, she exclaimed with joy—

"That's our house! that's our house! let's hurry!"

But Joel Grum didn't hurry one particle; he appeared to be in meditation, and, if anything, walked slower and in silence until, reaching a gate which opened upon an avenue leading to the light spoken of, he said with much kindness in his voice:

"Is this the place?"

"Yes, sir, this is it," was the reply; "come in."

"No, no," said Joel Grum, and bending down so as to bring his head on a level with Lucy's, continued, "you must forgive me for my roughness when we left the cabin; I wouldn't have been so for anything, but I couldn't help it; I think the wound upon my head must have affected my brain."

"Yes, sir," said Lucy, "that's what I thought, and at first I was afraid, but afterward I wasn't much, for I didn't believe any man would harm a little girl like me."

"If any would," said Joel Grum, warmly, "hanging would be too good for him. I am very much obliged to you for coming in my way, to-night. I am getting to be an old man; for years my life has been but a darkened, gloomy path, with not a single flower to catch the eye and gladden it; but this evening I found upon my way a little bud and took it home and there it blossomed out and sunshine filled my cabin; my heart was full of joy, and Joel Grum was happy."

[We regret the necessity of postponing the conclusion of this very interesting California story until next month.—Ed.]

THE GEYSERS.*

BY REV. T. STARR KING.

THE Geysers are situated in a ravine called, not inappropriately, "The Devil's Cañon," which is a vast trench, a quarter of a mile long, cut out of another large ravine nearly fifteen hundred feet deep. After resting in the rude but comfortable hotel, we made an exploration of the neighboring wonders, late in the afternoon, and another more careful examination the next morning.

Instead of following up the little stream that flows through the smaller ravine, we started for the upper portion of the cañon, in order to follow down the rivulet that enters the frightful trench a pure, cold mountain rill, and issues from it a quarter of a mile below, hot and saturated with nearly all the acids of a medical laboratory. Just before reaching the point for the descent, we came upon the "Boiling Cauldrons" as they are called. These were openings in the ground, partly protected by a back setting of volcanic looking rocks, where pools of water were boiling or simmering. In one of them we could watch the swash, a slaty-hued ditch water, as it seemed, which exhaled the stench of dock mud. It appeared to be a vent for some boiling sewer of the pit. Three feet off, cleaner water was bubbling, with a gentle cooking sound; and at another short remove, steam was issuing from a score of vents in steady whiffs, depositing around each little opening beautiful feathery crystals of sulphur. The ground was very hot, and soon suggested to the feet the necessity of quick observations. Yet the scene was not entirely devoid of life. A bob-tailed lizard, a genuine salamander, was running over the baked and burning soil as though he enjoyed the temperature. And twenty feet distant, charming wild

flowers were growing with a touch of blight from the neighboring heat or steam.

The "Devil's Cañon," which we now enter at the upper end, after leaving these cauldrons, is from two to three hundred feet deep, and as dreary a piece of desolation as one will be likely to find on the surface of this globe, and this side of the moon. It slopes on either hand to so narrow a bottom that the little Pluton creek has just room to thread its way through. A few very sickly looking trees straggle along the upper edges, but the sides are fatal to any vegetable life. Half-way down, the earth is reddish; then various dismal colors are laid in—the signs of a rich variety of chemical experiments by nature, on a large scale. There are the white knolls bulging out from the lower slopes, reddish, iron-rust patches, ashy patches, slaty and greenish stains, and every other hue that suggests blight and deadliness. Out of it all, too, steam is hissing in larger and smaller columns, from two or three hundred blow-holes, a fit accompaniment to the aspect of desolation. Standing on a jutting point over the upper end of the ravine, that commands a view on both sides, and also of the exquisite freshness and beauty of the larger ravine-walls, within which the "Devil's Cañon" is enclosed, the contrast of the organizing and the decomposing forces which nature wields with equal ease, is very striking and impressive.

The Pluton creek is cool when it first enters the smaller ravine out of the larger one, but it is even then strongly impregnated with sulphur, and though beneficial, is anything but pleasant to take—like most beneficial appliances in nature. As we began to follow it down between the hissing walls, we were saluted with a stench which our chemical companion described as pure sulphide of hydrogen—better known to some philanthropists,

* First published in the Boston Transcript.

on unpopular platforms, as the gas set free from venerable eggs, when suddenly ruptured. There must have been a frightfully large subterranean nest of them not many rods under our feet.

We hurried by many of the lesser wonders in order to reach the great Steamboat spring, on the right hand wall of the cañon. This is the spout whose loud wheezing we heard, nearly a mile off, while descending into the larger ravine on horseback. Around it is a huge pile of slags and frightful clinkers, over which rises the continual roar of escaping steam from an orifice two feet in diameter, and in pulsations precisely like those of a huge engine hard at work. Each beat sends the vapor up visibly fifty to a hundred feet; but in the early morning, when the air was cool, I saw a column five hundred feet high, and widened to a cloud above, belched from the strange boiler that relieves its wrath through the mountain side. Often, a little after sunrise, too, a rainbow can be seen on the steam-cloud, spanning the whole length of the awful trench, with hues as clear as if they were refracted in pure water-drops, and not in sulphurous vapors fresh from Hades.

To describe all the strange substances and gases that lie along the floor, or issue from the crevices of the cañon, would overload your columns and repel your readers. How a chemist would revel in the noxious and mephitic vapors that puff or whistle out of the leached, hot walls! Here he would turn up a patch of brown, crumbly soil, and find a clay that looks like blue vitrol; nearly under a shelving ledge is a brisk, bubbling pool, overhung with verdigris encrustings; a few feet off, spirts a beaded jet of hot water, which sheds a dismal brown casting over the surrounding earth; a little way further still, is a spring that looks like pure hot ink; then we discover a rock of alum that weighs two or three

hundred pounds; then a small fountain of Epsom salts; not far off, again, a basin apparently of boiling soap-suds; then iron springs, soda springs, white, red, and black sulphur springs; and soon a foul Stygian sluice, close to the wall, from which a steam exhales that covers the overhanging earth with a slimy deposit which eats your clothes if you touch it, as ravenously as aqua fortis. Whether the origin of the heats and vapors is volcanic, or simply chemical, is not decided yet, I believe, by the scientific gentlemen who have visited the ravine. If it is volcanic, satan's medicine-shop must be not very far below the line of Pluton creek. Perhaps, if I had attended carefully to the wise talk of our young chemical friend, I might tell you the composition of each spring and gush of vapor. But my memory could not hold his classifications and analysis. Suppose you print here a lot of words, such as sulphate, carbonate, potash, nitrate, hydrochloric, &c., &c., on the principle of Lord Timothy Dexter's punctuation marks, and let your readers throw them in, according to their scientific tendencies, *ad libitum*.

But we must not hurry out of the cañon yet. After leaving the "Steamboat Spring," and clambering along the sides of a cliff, from which steam is flying through fifty fissures, we must stop a few minutes at the "Witches' Caldron." This is on the same side of the ravine with the Steamboat spring, and some fifty rods below. It is a pool six feet in diameter, without any visible outlet, where a liquid, thick and black, is continually boiling and swashing. The portion of the wall that stands immediately over it, is begrimed, like a chimney-back, for fifteen feet up, and then above, is crusted with charming vesicular sulphur crystals. Twenty feet opposite, on the left wall of the ravine, is a crevice called the "Devil's Grist Mill," from which

boiling water spirts clean, and the steam issues with precisely the sound of a grist mill in motion. The turbid, miry hue, and substance of the Witches' Caldron, is the more curious from its neighborhood to this clear and powerful hot spring. The proper time to visit the spot would be in some moonlight evening, when wild winds were up, heavy clouds were drifting across the sky. Then, in the intermitting shadows and gleams, one might feel the presence of spirits akin to the weird sisters around the reechy pool, and almost hear the chant,

Fillet of a fenny snake
In the caldron boil and bake; ?
Eye of newt, and toe of frog,
Wool of bat, and tongue of dog,
Adder's fork, and blind-worm's sting,
Lizard's leg, and owl's wing,
For a charm of powerful trouble,
Like a hell-broth boil and bubble.

in Scotland such a glen would be peopled with elves and bogles, and eucrusted with wild traditions. How Scott would have reveled in describing it, and in versifying the legends of the Der Frieschutz character, which would have steamed out of the popular imagination to enwrap it, like its own pungent vapors! But there are no traditions, no fringes of wild superstition connected with the cañon. The Indians have brought their sick once a year, during the last century, to Sulphur springs, not far below, but they report no legends that attach to the marvellous cañon.

After leaving the cañon, we tried to bathe in the Holam, which is conducted at blood heat to a bath house an eighth of a mile distant. It was refreshing, as a bath ought to be when the water is medicated with every kind of drug and vapor that separately is accounted serviceable to the human frame. One ablution, in such a tide, ought to save a man from the possibility of rheumatism for life. And more grateful than the bath, was the breathing of pure air, and the sight of healthful bloom after two hours rambling over the hot ashes and through the

Tartarian streams of the ravine. How delightful that so little of visible nature is a laboratory, in which we see her chemical processes raw. The more wonderful chemistry is that which is sheathed in beauty. There is more violent appeal to the senses in the column of steam that roars through the crevice of clinkers, and mounts a hundred feet to melt away; but there is greater power and a more cunning handling of the chemical forces in the driving of water two hundred feet high through the tree-veins to be arrested in the substance of leaf and twig, and in the sorcery that converts its drops into the hard column of the tree trunk, that will stand five hundred years.

In the "Devil's Cañon" we see nature analytic and critical; her work is mostly death. In the flowers and groves, and hillsides lined with beauty, just outside the sulphurous gorge, and in the blue air and noiseless light, we see nature, synthetic and creative, wrapping her acids in sweetness, veiling her noisome vapors in perfume, transforming her fires into bloom, harnessing her deadly gases to the work of adorning the earth and serving man. And we will ride away from the Geysers, grateful that we have seen its marvels and terrors, and the more grateful that the Creator hides from us, by so much ever-renewing loveliness on the bosom of the world, the awful fact which the "Professor" has so concisely stated, that we live on a globe which has a "crust of fossils and a heart of fire."
K.

CREEDS.

THERE is that taught in creeds which
chills the blood, [ful mood;
And turns youth's trusting faith to doubt-
Which fills the hearts by innocence most
blest,
With bitter doubts and feverish unrest;
Which darkens all our first, best, purest love
Of Him who reigns in the bright world
above;
Which canonizes Superstition's age,
And stamps the lie on *Nature's* title page!
M.

HISTORICAL OF CALIFORNIA.

EDMUND RANDOLPH'S ORATION BEFORE THE SOCIETY OF CALIFORNIA PIONEERS, SEPTEMBER, 1860.

(Continued from page 270.)

AT first California formed a part of the Kingdom of New Spain, and was governed directly by the Viceroy at Mexico. In 1776 it was attached to the Commandancia General of the Internal Provinces, which included, also, Sonora, New Mexico, Chihuahua, Coahuila, and Texas. Afterwards it was a part of the Commandancia General of the Internal Provinces of the West, when Coahuila and Texas, New Leon and the Colony of New Santander had been erected into another jurisdiction, under the title of the Internal Provinces of the East.

This arrangement did not last many years, and California reverted to the Viceroy again. Laws came from the King, in his council of the Indies, at Madrid, as orders are issued by the commander-in-chief of an army; to the second in command, to wit., the Viceroy at Mexico, from him to his next in rank, we will say the Commandante General at Arispe or Chihuahua, from him to the Governor of California at Monterey, and from him to the Captain or Lieutenant in command of a Presidio. They took effect only as they were published, spreading as the courier advanced, and from place to place in succession, like a wave, from center to circumference. They came slowly, but in time every order of a general nature would find its way into the archives of every Province, Presidio or Pueblo in North and South America, and of every island of the ocean, which owned the dominion of the King of Spain. The archives of this State contain a great many, and their counterparts are to be looked for in every public office from Havana to Manila, and from Chihuahua to

Valparaiso. When wars, or the accidents of navigation, or the urgency of the case, interrupted or rendered impossible communication with Madrid, each Viceregent of the King in his department exercised the royal authority. Therefore, in the nature of things, the powers of every Governor in his Province were practically despotic. And not only the laws, but every other expression of the wishes of the wishes of the King were transmitted in the same way, traveled through the same circuitous channels, and were received and published and executed with the same dignity and formality. Here is an example from the archives:

The King heard that the neighborhood of the Presidio of San Francisco abounded with deer of a very superior quality, and desiring to have some for his park, issued an order to the Viceroy of Mexico, who in his turn ordered the Commandante General of the Internal Provinces of the West, who despatched an order to the Governor of the Province of California, who ordered the Captain of the Presidio of San Francisco, who finally ordered a soldier to go out and catch the deer, two years after the order was given by the King at Madrid. Allowing a reasonable time for the hunt, and for sending the animals to Spain, it will be seen that the King had to wait sometime for the gratification of his royal wishes.

The Couriers, who were the Overland Mail of that day, on leaving, for instance Monterey, received a certificate from the Commandante of the Presidio, that he started at a certain hour; on his arrival at the next stopping place he presented his certificate to the officer in command of the place, who noted the hour of his

arrival and departure, and so on at all the stopping places between Monterey and La Paz in Lower California; so that if the mail carrier loitered on the way his way-bill would show it. Such way-bills from Monterey to La Paz with all these memoranda on them, may be found in the Archives. It was the unfortunate mail rider, and not the Government, that people were in the habit of blaming in those days. These way-bills show that he made the distance from San Francisco to San Diego in five days. Quiet old days! But little of a public sort was doing then in California.

There was a dispute that amounted to something like a law suit between the Mission of Santa Clara and the Pueblo of San Jose. It commenced from the very day of the establishment of the latter. Father Junipero objected to the Pueblo being so near the Mission, the boundary as at first established running about half way between the two places. The Governor was obstinate, and Father Junipero desired that his protest might be entered in the proceedings of the foundation, which the Governor refused. The controversy by no means died out; the head of the College of San Fernando at Mexico, to which all the Franciscans of California belonged, brought it before the Viceroy, praying him not to allow the Indians and Missionaries to be molested by the Pueblo. The Governor of California was therefore ordered to investigate the matter, and seems to have settled it by making the river Guadalupe the boundary from that time forward.

For a complete view of the internal constitution of California at that day, two facts, which are exceptional to this ecclesiastical domination, require to be noted.

In 1791, Pedro Nava, commandante of the Internal Provinces of the West, in a decree dated at Chihuahua, gives to the Captains commanding Presidios, or recognizes as already existing in them, au-

thority to grant building lots to the soldiers and other residents, within the space of four square leagues. I do not know, but presume, that this power was exercised at San Diego, Santa Barbara, and Monterey, and hence the origin of the towns bearing those names, which at a later period come into view as such. At San Francisco however there is nothing, in the Archives or elsewhere yet discovered, to show that such a grant was ever made by the Captain of the Presidio. And in 1795 a commissioner was appointed under the orders of the Viceroy to select a place and establish another town, who reported that "the worst place or situation in California, is that of San Francisco for the formation of a Villa as proposed." And therefore the Villa of Branciforte, so called in honor of the Viceroy, the Marquis of Branciforte, was by great preference established near the Mission of Santa Cruz. It never attained any consequence and some adobe ruins may now attest its former existence.

Suspicion and exclusion were the rule towards foreigners. On the 23d of October 1776, the Viceroy writes to the Governor of California:—"That the King having received intelligence that two armed vessels had sailed from London under the command of Captain Cook, bound on a voyage of discovery to the southern ocean, *and the northern coast of California*, commands that orders be given to the Governor of California to be on the watch for Captain Cook, and not permit him to enter the ports of California." At a later day a better spirit prevailed towards Vancouver, who spent some time in 1793 in the port of Monterey. Instructions had been previously received by the Governor to treat Vancouver well. We see in this amiability between old enemies that the great French revolution was making itself felt on this remote coast. And in some of the letters of the

Fathers of a little later period we find Napoleon spoken of as the great "Luzbel" (lucifer)—for such he appeared to their imagination in their Missions.

The first mention of an American ship occurs in the following letter from the Governor of California to the Captain of the Presidio of San Francisco :

"Whenever there may arrive at the port of San Francisco a ship named the Columbia, said to belong to General Washington, of the American States, commanded by John Kendrick, which sailed from Boston in September, 1787, bound on a voyage of discovery to the Russian establishments on the northern coast of this peninsula, you will cause the said vessel to be examined with caution and delicacy, using for this purpose a small boat, which you have in your possession, and taking the same measures with every other suspicious foreign vessel, giving me prompt notice of the same.

May God preserve your life many years.

Pedro Fages.

Santa Barbara, May 13th, 1789.

To Josef Arguello.

Twenty years before, this same Fages had sailed on the San Carlos to re-discover and people California. The San Carlos and the Columbia, and Fages the connecting link! The United States of America and California joined for the first time in a thought! It is impossible by any commentary to heighten the interest with which we read this document. Its very errors, even to the Governor's ignorance of the geography of his own country, are profoundly suggestive.

The Columbia did not enter the ports of California, but made land further to the north, and discovered the Columbia river.

Fourteen years later, it would appear, that American ships were more frequent on this coast.

On the 26th of August, 1803, Jose Arguello, Commandante of the Presidio of

San Francisco, writes to Gov. Jose Joaquin de Arrillaga :

"That on the first of the present month, at the hour of evening prayers, two American vessels anchored in the port (San Francisco,) one named the *Alexander*, under the command of Capt. John Brown, and the other named the *Aser*, under the command of Thomas Raben; that as soon as they anchored, the captain came ashore to ask permission to get supplies of wood and water."

The guardians of this port do not note now the arrival of foreign ships by the hour of evening prayers. There was a contrast of national habits then, between the shore and the Yankee ships; and the same contrast exists undiminished between the California of 1803 and 1860. From time to time other American vessels, traders to the northwest coast and whalers, are said to have occasionally entered these waters, but as it was a Spanish colony there could be no American commerce; and it was after the independence, therefore, that the hide trade sprung up.

With the beginning of the century, earthquakes make their appearance for the first time of record in the archives, and with startling effect. I prefer, on this subject, to give the words of the contemporaneous documents.

Account of earthquake at San Juan Bautista, as given in letter of Captain of Presidio of Monterey, to Gov. Arrillaga, on the 31st of Oct., 1800 :

"I have to inform your Excellency that the Mission of San Juan Bautista, since the 11th inst., has been visited by severe earthquakes; that Pedro Adriano Martinez, one of the Fathers of said Mission, has informed me that, during one day, there were six severe shocks; that there is not a single habitation, although built with double walls, that has not been injured from roof to foundation, and that all are threatened with ruin; and that the Fathers are compelled to sleep in the wagons to avoid danger, since the houses

are not habitable. At the place where the rancheria is situated, some small openings have been observed in the earth, and also in the neighborhood of the river Pajaro there is another deep opening, all resulting from the earthquakes. These phenomena have filled the Fathers and inhabitants of that Mission with consternation.

The Lieutenant Don Raymundo Carillo has assured me the same, for on the 18th he stopped for night at this Mission (San Juan,) on his journey from San José and being at supper with one of the Fathers, a shock was felt, so powerful, and attended with such a loud noise as to deafen them, when they fled to the court without finishing their supper, and that about 11 o'clock at night the shock was repeated with almost equal strength.

The Fathers of the Mission say that the Indians assure them that there have always been earthquakes at that place, and that there are certain cavities caused by the earthquakes, and that salt water has flowed from the same.

All of which I communicate to you for your information.

May our Lord preserve your life many years. HERMENEGILDO SAL—.

Monterey, Oct. 31st, 1800."

San Juan Bautista is the Mission between Monterey and San Jose, about twenty miles from the former and forty from the latter. The next mention comes nearer home.

Account of earthquake at Presidio of San Francisco, given by Luis Arguello, Capt. of Presidio, to Gov. Arrillaga, on the 17th of July, 1808 :

"I have to report to your Excellency that since the 21st of June last to the present date, twenty-one shocks of earthquakes have been felt in this Presidio, some of which have been so severe that all the walls of my house have been cracked, owing to the bad construction of the same, one of the ante-chambers being destroyed; and if up to this time no greater damage has been done, it has been for the want of materials to destroy, there being no other habitations. The barracks of the Fort of San Joaquin, (the name of the fort at the Presidio,) have been threatened with entire ruin, and I fear if these shocks continue, some unfor-

tunate accident will happen to the troops at the Presidio.

"God preserve the life of your Excellency many years.

"LUIS ARGUELLO.

"San Francisco, July 17th, 1808."

It could not be said now, if such shocks as these were to come again, that the damage was limited by the "*want of material to destroy.*" I acknowledge a preference for *one story* houses, and *built of wood.*

About this time the Russians were first seen in California. "Von Resanoff, Chamberlain of the Emperor of Russia, returning from his embassy to Japan, after having inspected by order of the Court of St. Petersburg, the ports, establishments, and trading houses that the Imperial Russian-American Fur Company possessed, as well on the side of Asia, at Kamschatka and in the Aleutian Islands, as on the Continent and Islands of the north-west coast of America, anchored at the port of San Francisco, in the month of May, 1807." So says the French traveller De Mofras, who visited "California in the years 1841 and '42." An English traveler, Sir George Simson, Governor in Chief of the Hudson Bay Company's Territories, was here in the same year with De Mofras.

The Russians, in 1812, came down from the North and established themselves at the port of Bodega, with one hundred Russians and one hundred Kodiak Indians. It is said that they asked permission of the Spanish authorities before doing so. The archives are full, however, of documents from 1812 up, showing the jealousy and fear with which they were regarded by Spain, and afterwards by Mexico. They occupied a strip along the coast from Bodega northwards, and only a few leagues in depth, but without any precisely fixed limits.

In 1841, this establishment was at its best, consisting of 800 Russians or Russo-Asiatics, with a great number of native

Indian tribes around them working for wages. It was to circumscribe these intruders that the priests crossed over and founded the Mission of San Rafael, in 1819, and of San Francisco Solano, at Sonoma, in 1823, and commenced another at Santa Rosa, in 1827. The Russians raised some grain and cattle, and trapped enormously. De Mofras, whom I follow, says that the Kodiaks, in their seal-skin boots, made bloody warfare upon the seals, beavers, and especially the otters, that they hunted all the coasts, the adjacent islands, and even the marshes, and innumerable inlets of the Bay of San Francisco; and that there were weeks when this bay alone produced seven or eight hundred otter skins; which may be true, but seems to me to be a very large number. In 1842, the Russians all left of their own accord, after having held their possessions, in the character of a Russian Colony, for thirty years as completely as they now hold Sitka, and without apparently paying the slightest attention to the priests or soldiers who crossed over to look at them. At their fort of Ross, situated amid a forest of gigantic pines, a Greek Chapel reared its cross and belfries, with a most pleasing effect. The nearest Catholic Mission was but a little way off. Rome and Constantinople here met upon this coast, after a course of so many centuries, in opposite directions around the globe.

While Europe was convulsed, and America shaken, the profoundest quiet prevailed in California. After a long time they would hear of a great battle, or of the rise or fall of an empire, to perturb the souls of priests and other men. But the Government had other duties to perform, patriarchal and simple. On the 11th of February, 1797, Felipe de Goycochea, *Captain of the Presidio of Santa Barbara*, writes to Governor Borica as follows:

"I transmit to you a statement in re-

lation to the schools of the Presidio, together with six copy books of the children, who are learning to write, for your superior information. May our Lord preserve your life many years.

Sauta Barbara, Feb. 11, 1797.

Felipe Goycochea."

These copy books are now in the archives for inspection. As they are the property of the State, I will give samples, which being translated, read: "The Ishmaelites having arrived"—"Jacob sent to see his brother"—"Abimelech took her from Abraham." Good pious texts, and written in an old-fashioned round hand. Such was the employment of Governors and Captains in that stormy time; and so it continued through all the period of the mighty conflicts of Napoleon. Even the more protracted commotions of Mexico herself wrought no disturbance here.

The dominion of Spain came to an end in California after fifty-two years of such peacefulness, without a struggle. Mexico having established her independence, California gave in her adherence in the following declaration:

DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE IN CALIFORNIA.

In the Presidio of Monterey, on the 9th day of the month of April, 1822: The Senor Military and Political Governor of this Province, Colonel Don Pablo Vicente de Sola, the Senors Captains Commandantes of the Presidios of Santa Barbara and San Francisco, Don Jose Antonio de la Guerra y Noriega, and Don Luis Antonio de Arguello, the Captains of the militia companies of the battalion of Tepic and Mazatlan, Don Jose Antonio Navarrete, and Don Pablo de la Portilla, the Lieutenant Don Jose Maria Estudillo for the Presidial company of San Diego, the Lieutenant Don Jose Mariano Estrada for the Prresidial-company of Monterey, the Lieutenant of Artillery, Don Manuel Gomez, and the Reverend Fathers, Friar Mariano Payeras, and Friar Vicente Francisco de Sarria, the first as Prelate of these Missions, and the second as substitute of the Reverend Father President Vicario Foraneo, Friar Jose Senan; Having assembled in obedience to

previous citations (convocatorias) in the Hall of the Government House, and being informed of the establishment of the Kingdom of the Empire, and the installation of the Sovereign Provisional Gubernative Junta in the capitol of Mexico, by the official communication, and other documents, which the said Governor caused to be read in full assembly, said: that, for themselves, and in behalf of their subordinates, they were decided to render obedience to the orders intimated by the new supreme Government, recognizing, from this time, the Province as a dependent alone of the Government of the Empire of Mexico, and independent of the dominion of Spain, as well as of any other foreign power. In consideration of which, the proper oaths will be taken, in the manner prescribed by the Provisional Regency, to which end the Superior Military and Political Chief will give the necessary orders, and the respective Commandantes of Presidios, and the Ministers of the Missions, will cause the fulfilment of the same to appear by means of certificates, which will be transmitted, with a copy of this Act, to the Most Excellent Minister, to whom it corresponds, and they signed,

- Pablo Vicente de Sola,
- Jose de la Guerra y Noriega,
- Luis Antonio Arguello,
- Jose M. Estudillo,
- Manuel Gomez,
- Pablo de la Portilla,
- Jose Mariano Estrada,
- Fr. Mariano Payeras,
- Fr. Vicente Francisco de Sarria,
- Jose M. Estudillo.

One of the signers of this instrument, Pablo Vicente de Sola, was at that time Governor under Spain, and held over for a year as Governor still under the Kingdom of the Empire, as expressed in the Declaration, and two others are the chiefs of the Ecclesiastical authorities, viz; the Prelate of the Missions, and the substitute of the Rev. Father President of the Missions. The style does not much resemble our immortal instrument; and, as another difference, we observe that all the parties to it are either Priests or soldiers.

The Spanish Governors were in all ten.

Their names and the time they were respectively in office, as follows:

Gaspar de Portala.....	1767 to 1771
Felipe de Barri.....	1771 to 1774
Felipe de Neve.....	1774 to 1782
Pedro Fages.....	1782 to 1790
Jose Antonio Romeu.....	1790 to 1792
Jose J. de Arrillaga.....	1792 to 1794
Diego de Borica.....	1794 to 1800
Jose J. de Arrillaga.....	1800 to 1814
Jose Arguello, (<i>ad int.</i>).....	1814 to 1815
Pablo V. de Sola	1815 to 1822 and '23

Under Mexico the list continues:

Luis Arguello.....	1823 to 1826
Jose Ma. de Echandia.....	1826 to 1831
Manuel Victoria.....	1831 to 1832
Pio Pico, (<i>ad interim</i>).....	1832
Jose Figueroa.....	1832 to 1835
Jose Castro, (<i>ad interim</i>).....	1835 to 1836
Nicholas Gutierrez.....	1836
Mariano Chico.....	1836
Nicholas Gutierrez, (again).....	1836
Juan B. Alvarado.....	1836 to 1842
Manuel Micheltoarena.....	1842 to 1845
Pio Pico.....	1845 to 1846

California, as a matter of course, accepted the Republic as readily as the Empire. But it was difficult to throw off old habits, and the following document discloses a temper towards strangers, not creditable to a liberal Government. It is of greatly more value, however, as the recorded evidence of the arrival of the first American who ever came to California by land. Let him tell his own story.

Letter from Capt. Jedediah S. Smith to Father Duran.

Reverend Father:—I understand, through the medium of one of your Christian Indians, that you are anxious to know who we are, as some of the Indians have been at the Mission and informed you that there were certain white people in the country. We are Americans, on our journey to the river Columbia; we were in at the Mission San Gabriel in January last; I went to San Diego and saw the General, and got a passport from him to pass on to that place. I have made several efforts to cross the mountains, but the snows being so deep I could not succeed in getting over. I returned to this place (it being the only

point to kill meat) to wait a few weeks until the snow melts so that I can go on; the Indians here also being friendly, I consider it the most safe point for me to remain, until such time as I can cross the mountains with my horses, having lost a great many in attempting to cross ten or fifteen days since. I am a long ways from home, and am anxious to get there as soon as the nature of the case will admit. Our situation is quite unpleasant, being destitute of clothing, and most of the necessaries of life, wild meat being our principal subsistence. I am, Reverend Father, your strange, but real friend and Christian brother,
J. S. Smith.
May 19th, 1827.

His encampment must have been somewhere near the Mission of San Josè, as it was there that Father Duran resided. Who is there that does not sympathise with Jedediah Smith? "*I am a long ways from home, and am anxious to get there as soon as the nature of the case will admit. Our situation is quite unpleasant, being destitute of clothing and most of the necessaries of life, wild meat being our principal subsistence. I am, Reverend Father, your strange, but real friend and Christian brother.*"

Thus we came to this country the Browns and the Smiths first, and in but an unhappy plight.

(To be Continued.)

AN EVENING PRAYER IN THE MOUNTAINS.

I.

FATHER, before Thy throne I bow
And ask of Thee in earnest prayer,
That Thou wilt calm my wearied brow,
And set Thy seal—forgiveness—there!
O grant to me that trusting love
Which seeks and finds its rest in Thee;
That faith which draws the soul above
The things of earthly destiny!

II.

Father, around, above, below,
What way I turn I read of Thee;
I hear Thee in the rivulet's flow,
murmurings soft of leaf and tree.

The sunset clouds, the shadows where
The distant hill-tops meet the sky,
The starry hosts of heaven declare
Thy name—Thy great immensity!

III.

Creator! Father! Friend! to Thee
All glory and all praise arise!
Thou sovereign Lord of earth and sea,
And worlds beyond the starry skies!
O grant that this calm, evening hour
Bear not upon its wings away
One unforgiven sin! The power
Is Thine to save—is Thine to slay!

IV.

Father, I thank Thee for this boon
Of life, however dark it be;
And for this trusting faith that soon
Must lose and find itself in Thee!
And more than all things, Lord, beside,
That fortune, friends or life can give,
I thank Thee that the Saviour died,
That sinners, such as I, may live!

M.

A RELIGIOUS FETE IN ITALY.

WE translate for our readers the following interesting account of an Italian local festival, which possesses an interest like that which invests some newly exhumed relic of the golden days of Greece or Rome.

"Upon the borders of the lake Como, in a charming country of gardens and hillsides clad with vines, is situated a little village called *Lenno*, of which the antiquarians derive the name from the Greek "*Lemnos*."

The patron of this modest place is St. Crescenzo, and its *fete* is known under the name of the *festa dei canestri*, fete of the flower baskets. The word *canestra* which derives its origin from the Greek, is evidently a historical relic of the Greek and Roman mythology, for in those two languages it signifies a basket made of reeds which served in the temples of the pagan gods to receive the offerings of fruits, flowers, birds and other things

that piety poured in abundance at the feet of its idols on their festal days.

The virgins who bore these *canestres* upon their heads were designated by the name of *conophores*, and the ancients in their studies of mouldings, frequently availed themselves of their graceful forms to decorate their architectural constructions. This Christian feast of to-day, is therefore a continuation of a pagan fete, without the faithful of Lenno having the least idea of perpetuating a usage created by idolatry.

Upon a broad open space between the antique *Battistero* and the church of Lenno, where at the same time is held a little fair, a crowd of people in holiday costume assembled themselves around a man mounted upon a table, selling *a la crier*.

He held in his hand a large branch of laurel from which depended a dozen birds all of them ornamented with floating ribbons, rosettes, and other ornaments, in the style of a Christmas tree. This curious object was adjudged to a young man who had made several bids. Afterwards came a flat cake of great diameter, with a bottle of liquor, ornamented with lozenges and festoons of gilded papers.

The auctioneer was one of the notabilities of the place, who filled this solely through pure zeal for the rights of St. Crescencio. After vaunting his nice *gallette* and nectar, he finished by tendering it to him who bid last and offered most, a stout young fellow with features all aglow with pride, and eyes sparkling with pleasure beneath his long ebon locks; he had given a price that exceeded the value of the delicacies, although they were not to be disdained.

This is how and why these public sales are founded, at which all the big bonnets of the commune succeed each other in the office of auctioneer.

The sum accumulated is destined to replenish the revenues of the church. The

clergy, who are much more numerous than seems necessary in so circumscribed a community, cause to be revived, each year, this antique usage of selling at auction the offerings brought to the fete of St Crescenzio, and which are displayed in the *Battistero*, from whence they pass to the auctioneer, who disposes of them at a few steps from there, whilst at the same time, at a table within the *Battistero*, the priests keep the register of the sale and the coffer.

The young girls rival each other in preparing the most beautiful and largest array of presents, which they arrange in their artistically woven and tastefully garnished baskets. They consist of the rarest and most agreeable fruits and flowers, all sorts of pastry and edibles, butter, eggs, chickens, geese, bunches of grapes intermingled with foliage and surrounded with batons like the *thysses* of the ancients, flagons of wines and liquors, fruit comfits, jellies, cakes covered with flowers, spiced breads of various forms, and whatever else they can make or best procure.

The young men, to obtain possession of the products of those for whom they entertain a preference, frequently allow themselves to be led to give extravagant prices, in order to flatter their lady-loves; so that love, vanity, *amour propre*, and rivalry all conjoin to favor the speculation of these people of the church.

Everywhere one sees the most exuberant manifestations of gaiety. Finely formed young men clad in velvet vests and wearing hats ornamented with flowers; picturesque groups of young girls and women decked in their best Sunday attire, glide like graceful sylphs through the assemblage, or repose upon the turf-like tufts of brilliant flowers sown upon a green carpet. The children play at noisy games. The priests of the villages in their long black robes slowly promenade among the animated groups of rus-

tics. Instruments of music resounded upon all sides; and above this happy scene bent the pure azure arch of an Italian sky, while beyond reposed the silvery lake set in its frame of densely wooded mountains, its sparkling surface dotted by a hundred skiffs approaching laden with new participants in this charming spectacle.

As daylight departs, an ingenious and primitive mode of illumination is adopted to defead themselves against the curtaining gloom of night. The children are charged with this complement to the fete, for which they have eagerly striven to provide themselves with the materials.

At the dawn of day, before the houses are deserted by their occupants, a large company of urchins armed with vases, go from door to door in quest of oil. Upon the walls that arise by the shore of the lake, upon little mounds made of damp sand, like mole hills, every place where in the space an elevation of any kind presented a surface, they had placed little lamps composed of wicks saturated in oil and placed in small shells. As soon as it becomes dark, the little operators lighted their hundreds of flames which glittered in the darkness like a single mass of light. If the result was not brilliant it was at least valuable in the absence of a better mode of illumination.

The *finale* of the rejoicings consisted of the firing of guns far and near, and bonfires lighted by the mountaineers and shepherds upon the tops of the mountains encircling the lake.

THE OLD FAMILIAR FACES.

THE old familiar faces!
The blessed ones of home!
How, through the misty night of years,
Beaming, like stars, they come!
And looks of love, and eyes of light
Gleam o'er the troubled sea;
And deep heart-voices ring again
With wondrous melody.

The old familiar faces!
Their smiles are with us still!
We see them as we wander on,
Still journeying down the hill.
They are with us in the midnight deep
And in the noonday broad;
In every song and every prayer
That rises up to God.

The old familiar faces!
We see them now no more;
But we shall meet them o'er the flood,
On the eternal shore.
There heart meets heart, and loved ones
Each dear familiar face. [greet
In God's own Eden we shall find
A glorious resting place. G. T. S.

MMUSIC AND FLOWERS.—Two sister spirits came down from heaven, and walked the earth. Their names were Beauty and Harmony. In their train walked two of Earth's fairest daughters—Music and Flowers. Wherever they went came joy and gladness, and every thing looked brighter and happier for their sweet voice and sunny smile.

They wandered where a group of children were playing, and Music sung to them, while the Flowers looked up into their faces and smiled; and the children laughed outright, and their young hearts leaped for joy, as though they had heard the voice, and seen the face of an angel.

They entered the chamber of sickness, and the poor pale invalid arose, and sung loudly and joyously, for he said, "I have had with me, in company, two angels to-day! I am no longer sick! They sung to me of health—fresh, joyous health!"

They went into a hut where one was solitary and very old, and they sung to him and looked into his face and smiled, and he grew young again, while they spoke to him of eternal youth.

They went into the quiet room of the dead, and their words were full of prophecy, and round the dead man's brow Flowers wove an amaranthine crown, while Music sang, "Though I die, yet shall I live again, and come forth as the flowers, in an eternal Spring!"

THE HEROINE OF THE RHINE.

[Concluded from page 263.]

"I have a thousand spirits in one breast," SHAK.

WITH a happy heart, Betti Ambos sprang into her carriage, and drove back again to the Countess. There needed not words to tell her joy; it beamed from her dark hazel eyes. The good Countess met her on the grand staircase, and said, "I knew you would be prospered, Betti Ambos; angels whispered it to my heart; they have been talking with me all this blessed day."

Who shall say that good deeds like hers are not blessed to the doer?

"Rejoice with me, sweet friend," exclaimed Betti. "The Emperor has accepted my petition; my brother is saved. Oh! it has seemed to me, this last hour as though my heart had been in heaven! I only long to make you, and my mother and brother, and every one as happy as I was myself. Oh! I will always love you next to my God!"

The good Countess wept, and they two sat down together in each other's arms, happy and blessed, for in their hearts sat and sang, Love's sweet angel.

Five days after this came a package from the Emperor, with his seal and signet, containing the full, free pardon of Henri Ambos. Then indeed Betti's joy was full!

The next day she started on her long, toilsome journey to Siberia, with the Emperor's precious document carefully sewed up in her traveling dress. "None but myself shall deliver it," she said; "none but myself shall take off the fetters that have bound my brother, and have left their image seared as by fire, on my soul."

Oh! that long weary journey, traveling night and day over waste-wide, solitary plains, with scarce a human habitation, save where they stopped at night! "Sometimes," said she, "my head seem-

ed to turn;—I could not believe that it was a waking reality; I could not believe that it was myself, alone, in a strange land, so many hundred leagues from my own home, and driven along as if through the air, (for the roads were good, and the horses fleet,) with a rapidity so different from anything I had been used to, that it almost took away my breath." Twice wicked men insulted her; but she turned upon them such a look of stern, heroic daring, that they shrunk away abashed. It was not the poor, defenceless German peasant girl whose eye they met; but that of a brave earnest soul, strong and invincible in the strength of a brother's love.

At last she arrived at her journey's end. She asked to see the Governor of the Fortress of Barenski, and was admitted into his presence.

"I have come," said she, holding out to him the parchment sealed with the Emperor's signet, "I have come, bringing with me, from the Emperor, the pardon of my brother, Henri Ambos. Oh! show him to me, that I may see his face once more, and tell him he is free."

The aged Governor took the paper and read it; his hand trembled; he turned away, and choked with emotion; then looking Betti tenderly in the face, he said, with eyes filled with tears, "Poor child! poor child! you are too late—your brother is not here—he is dead!"

Dead! and she had come all that long weary way, borne with all that suffering, that she might bring to him that message of great joy, and look upon his dear face once more, and he was—dead!

Poor child! she fell senseless to the earth, at the word.

Henri Ambos had died many months before. The chains that had so entered his sister's soul, had done their work on him. He died, praying for forgiveness on his murderess, and invoking blessings on the head of his mother and sister.

Betti Ambos arose from the earth where she had fallen, and staggered out to find her brother's grave. "And this," she said, "was all that was left me, of one whom I had loved so well; for whom I had suffered so much; whom I had come so far to see!" She flung herself upon it, weeping, and sobbing out, "Oh, brother! brother!"

Sad indeed it was to leave him there alone, beneath that far northern heaven, beneath the eternal snows.

She set a stone at his grave on which was inscribed one word—"Brother." It spoke whole volumes—all her heart's history of faithful, patient, long-enduring love.

Weary and broken hearted, Betti Ambos again set her face towards home. Not as she had come, full of hope; not with her brother at her side, as she had so fondly dreamed of, but alone. Oh! how long that journey seemed to her crushed, weary spirit!" "I know not how I lived through it all," she said; God's good angels went with me and supported me!"

She arrived home. Her father was no more, but her mother lived, and wept tears of sorrow and disappointment with her. And they two were left alone of all the happy family of Zweibrucken.

But the Jewish maiden, who had so shamefully treated her brother,—Betti Ambos met her years after at Riga. She was sitting in her carriage, with her attendants beside her, glittering with jewels,—for to those who have no other wealth God often gives gold to their heart's content. Betti saw her at the coach window, and the sight set her soul on fire. "I will speak to her," she said; "I will tell that bad woman all the misery that she has brought on me, and the one whom I loved better than myself. She shall hear it. I will ring it into her very soul!"

In one instant she stood before her.

"Do you know me?" she said, gazing with an eye of fire into the face of the terrified Jewish maiden. "I am the sister of Henri Ambos whom you murdered. Be still! I will not harm you; I have come to tell you the truth. He loved you; you murdered him; his blood is now on your soul; you cannot wash it out. He prayed for you in his chains, in the dungeon where they cast him, amid the snows of Siberia. I saw the fetters with which they bound him; the dungeon where he lay; his frozen ice-covered grave. I saw it, and I have come to tell you of it, that the thought of it may thrill you, as it does me! Now, go, and be happy if you can!"

Betti said no more—remembered no more. "I was like one mad," she said. "I have just a recollection of her ghastly, terrified look, and her eyes wide open, staring at me. I fell into fits, and they carried me into the house of my brother's friend, and laid me on a bed. When I recovered my senses, the carriage and all were gone."

After these events Betti returned again to her own country, where I believe she is still living in her own native village of Zweibrucken, in Bavaria, in Germany.

G. T. S.

N. B.—For the principal incidents of this story, see "Sketches of Art, Literature, and Character in Germany."

SKETCHES FROM THE LIFE OF PEG-LEG SMITH.

CHAPTER VIII.

AT the close of the last Chapter we left Smith entering Taos. Here after disposing of his bales of serapes and skins, our hero looked around him for an investment, and entered into a copartnership with Beard, Chambers and Stevens, in the erection of a distillery in a cañon a short distance from the village of Fernandez. Occupation was thus afforded him for the winter. In February follow-

ing, his friend Hopper with his little band from Green river arrived, accompanied by Antonio Rubedoux, John Roland and some twenty-five men of Provost's company. St. Vrain of St. Louis, merchant of Taos, and whose name is familiar in border annals, concluded at the close of February to aid Smith in an outfit for himself and nine men to trap the St. Juan, Dolores, St. Miguel and other tributaries of Grand river. On the head waters of Dolores, Smith and Hopper parted company with the others and proceeded to the upper portion of the Del Norte. Here with occasional meetings with the Indians and attempts to catch and break in the wild horses around them, they continued their trapping, until having been unmistakably warned by "fresh signs" of the vicinity of a hostile band of Arapajoes, the two adventurers returned to Taos with the spoils of the chase and hunt. Adventuring again into the wilderness on another trapping excursion, Smith met with many hair-breadth 'scapes and adventures, among which was the following one on Green river.

His little band was awaiting a requisition he had made for a fresh equipment, having lost everything from an attack by the Indians. At this time his camp was visited by some French trappers accompanied by six hundred Utahs who were on a buffalo hunt. Smith borrowed a blind horse from Soublette and concluded to join in the sport. Whilst thus engaged, an equal number of the Snake tribe encamped near the same hunting ground. As soon as intelligence of this was brought in, the Chief of the Utahs resolved to chastise them for their audacity, and having summoned his followers to arms, called upon his big friend "Tevvy-oats-at-an-tuggy-bone," alias, Smith, with a request that he would lead one wing of the braves against the insolent Snakes. Smith not wishing to en-

gage in their petty quarrels, more especially as an active partisan leader, excused himself by replying that he had no horse fit to go into battle, explaining that his horse was blind. This excuse was at once met by an order from the Chief that a fine powerful horse completely caparisoned should be brought to him. This left no alternative but a cheerful acceptance and the taking charge of the command. Coming in sight of the intruders, the war-whoop burst from every mouth, more terrific than the wail of the inhabitants of a certain locality said to lie in an extreme southern latitude. High above all the rest rang out the clarion yell of "Tevvy-oats-at-an-tuggy-bone!" His horse, holding in utter contempt the strong hand that strove to guide him to the right or left, kept his headlong course straight into the camp of the Snakes regardless of consequences, bearing his unwilling rider over every obstacle, and into the very midst of the astonished redskins; while following close in his wake, came his dusky allies the Utahs, determined not to be outdone by a pale-face. Making a virtue of necessity Smith shot down the Chief, and snatching a war-club from his saddle-bow, dealt blows thick and heavy around him. The Snakes, panic stricken at so furious and unparalleled an onset, one evidently without precedent in their historic annals, fled without striking a blow, leaving their camp in possession of the victorious Utahs. This stamped the name of Tevvy-oats-at-an-tuggy-bone as the bravest of the brave, but he modestly avers that this reputation may be set down to a hard-mouthed horse; thus bearing a counterpart to many a chapter of accidents emblazoning with glory many another hero.

We come now to the spring of 1826, when Smith, after a winter's sojourn at Taos, again pushed into the wilderness. An incident occurred on this hunt, which shows conspicuously that he possessed at

that early day the characteristics of a brave and undaunted pioneer. His party consisted of Mexicans and a few Europeans. One day, while engaged in the chase of buffalo, they were approached at full speed, as is their usual mode, by a numerous party of Comanches, making the welkin resound with their startling yells. In a moment all was dismay and confusion in the motley crowd, made still more so by the owners of cadaverous countenances flying hither and thither, without either plan or purpose except the clamor for a "*vamos*"—the worst scared set of men that was ever seen. Smith, however, brought partial order out of chaos, by representing to them the futility of flight, as the Indians were upon fleet horses, and armed with lances; and that, if they would rally around him, they could whip them, being equal in numbers, besides having the advantage of fire-arms. The Indians, finding a stand was being made, changed their tactics, halted at a respectful distance, made the usual sign of friendship, and sent a man to meet Smith half-way for a conference; when this was over, they departed as they came. Smith says, "If he knows himself, and he thinks he do, he'll never be caught in such another crowd."

We give the following as a fair specimen of border warfare at that early day, and the *lex talionis* dealt out to the Indians by the trappers.

The first of September following, found Smith again on his way with a company of fifteen men fitted out by Mr. Pratt to trap the Gila and its waters. Arriving over a broken and arduous route upon the head of Salt river, here almost wholly a chasm, they set their traps, when a party of two hundred Coyoters, one of the numerous tribes of the Apaches, made their appearance in about two hundred yards of camp, and by signs, requested some one to approach them.

Suspecting treachery, none ventured, till adding the sign of friendship, Smith advanced and was met by several Chiefs. They tapped him all over the head with *medicine bags* ejaculating "hang! hang!"—good, good, and some dozen accompanied him to camp. After a lengthy confab by signs and a few Spanish words, with an invitation to accompany them to their village, which was as courteously declined, they took their departure, and passing the animals picketed out upon the grass, one of them ran his spear into one. This was an unmistakable declaration of hostilities, and the subject was mooted by Smith and his companions, whether to depart at once and leave the traps, or lift them. The party concluded to decamp, and in passing the traps, Soubllette and Smith raised theirs; but an attempt being made to raise the others, further down in the cañon, a cloud of arrows fell around them from the rocks on either side. Without being able to catch even a glimpse of their assailants, they were compelled to abandon the traps, and hasten from the neighborhood of so numerous a foe. Having traveled some five miles in a north-easterly direction over the hills, they were again assailed by an augmented force, numbering probably five hundred; hovering upon their front, rear and flanks, during a steady march of ten miles. Although six pack mules were missing, not a man received a scratch, but the crack of every rifle, uttered a death knell to the treacherous foe. A man by the name of Stone killed two at one shot. The grass did not grow under their feet, till they arrived at the rancho of Señor Chaves on the Del Norte, where they remained a fortnight hospitably entertained, until the return of five of the company from Taos with an additional force of sixteen men under the command of Capt. Young, an ugly customer in more respects than one, of whom mention has been before made.

Smith told him if he and his men went with him, the understanding should be, that no treaty should be made with, or quarter shown those who had so treacherously attacked and robbed them, otherwise he would cut out some cottonwood dug-outs and trap down the Del Norte. With this express understanding, they passed over the same ground, to where the traps had been left, but, finding them gone, proceeded trapping down the river, where it could be approached. Suspecting they were watched and followed by the Coyotéros, they kept upon the alert, and in a few days, the Indians, finding themselves unmolested, and emboldened probably by their numbers, approached within a few hundred yards whilst upon the march. The trappers retiring into a dense growth of cedars, with their axes, in an incredible short time built a strong pen for their animals, and which would also serve as a protection from the arrows of the Indians in case of need. Smith and most of his party who had been the sufferers by these savages, favored an attack upon them; but was opposed by Young, not from fear, but a dogged purpose of thwarting any suggestion of young Smith, whose life he had once attempted. Smith acquiesced in an invitation given the Indians by Young to enter camp, but with the avowed intention of availing himself of the opportunity of avenging the attack and robbery of his party some five and twenty days before. By a preconcerted arrangement, whilst Young was dealing out double handful after double handful of flour in a blanket held out by a big double fisted Chief, clad in a broad-brim palmetto hat, a white cotton shirt with scarlet sleeves, and leggins the same, Smith opened the ball, by sending him to his fancied hunting ground, enveloping the astonished liberal dispenser of the staff of life in its white cloud, and causing him to look as rigid and erect as a colossal statue in a snow storm. At

the same time, at the whip-like crack of five other rifles, four more red-skins followed close upon the heels of scarlet legs, and a fifth of herculean proportions, slightly wounded from Branche's rifle, who was not a crack shot, bounded off like a frightened buck; young Smith dropping his rifle darted after him, and in about fifty yards as he came up, the Indian turned to send an arrow through him. With his left hand Smith dealt him a bewildering blow in the face, when they grappled. It was now Greek meeting Greek, *tug and tug*;—the Indian's nudity and expansive girth gave him a decided advantage in the grapple, but Smith's wiry nimbleness and activity made him his equal. Then commenced a struggle for his knife, which had worked around out of his reach in the scuffle, and which each was striving to clutch. Smith got hold of it, and just at this juncture as he struck the savage the first blow between the shoulders, Dick Campbell shot,—the ball passing so close that it burned Smith's lips. Our hero cried out "don't shoot here, mind your own business," and he buried his knife twice in the savage just below the shoulder blade on each side, and all was over. He hurriedly took his antagonist's "har"—tucked it in his belt—ran to his gun—reloaded and followed his companions in hot pursuit of the retreating Indians. In four hundred yards he brought another down, and in the act of reloading, saw an Indian on the brink of a precipice, over which they had retreated, endeavoring to force down a fine American horse which he had stolen the year before from Patty; a sharp report, and the Indian tumbled headlong down the precipice. So the Coyotéros were paid off in their own coin, which no doubt dwelt in their memories ever after.

[To be continued.]

COLD bathing every morning adds to health and long life.

THE BOTTLE AT SEA.

[From the French of Leon Gozlan.]

BY D.

CHAPTER I.

ALL those who have been at Antwerp know the rue de Meir, one of the most imposing streets in the world, and the hotel of the Golden Lion which is situated in it. The street reminds one of the Moncades, those great princes of the Spanish monarchy, once the governors of Antwerp;—and speaking of the hotel reminds me that the best salmon that were ever cooked have perfumed its grid-iron. One dines superbly at the Golden Lion. Upon the evening of which I tell you, I went there to my dinner very late; I had spent the day and a good part of the evening in a cabinet of pictures where there were no paintings but those of Hemling and Mieris to be seen from the door to the windows. I had turned Flamand before I came out. It was at least eight o'clock, and in October at Antwerp, that is to say without exaggeration, ten o'clock. To render the evening still more dismal the weather was frightful. It changed several times; the rain insulting the snow, and the snow mocking at the rain.

The old Escaut murmured hoarsely and sullenly among the docks constructed by Napoleon the Great.

A wind strong enough to blow the tails off the donkeys, shook the gables of the queer old mansions built by Charles Quint and the Duke d'Albe.

Van Ostade would have seized from such a time a scene of delicious grey tints; it was however a little too grey for me, who, a stranger in Antwerp, could hardly find my way back to the Golden Lion among all the deaf, dumb and blind angles of the city. I had the appearance of marching in a tableaux without perspective; but this was also Flemish, so I would not complain.

However, I arrived at the celebrated hotel and seated myself as near as possible to the monumental frying pan erected in the middle of the saloon. One table alone was still seriously occupied; the others becoming bare and deserted. Cigars began to appear here and there; This in Holland and in Belgium is clearly the limit at which dinner ends, and the no less happy moment when tobacco begins its reign. The entire Netherlands becomes then one grand smoking room. Among the Latins to those who arrive late, bones, among the Flemish to those who come late, smoke.

I was not seated precisely opposite the table that I have mentioned as still occupied, but a little below it, and the fragments of their conversation reached my ears better than the faces which surrounded it—and they were numerous—reached my sight. Besides, the pearl and grey tones of Van Ostade had by the aid of the tobacco fumes that tinged the atmosphere, penetrated the saloon. My soup was slightly flavored with Havana, and I could scarcely see, despite the jets of gas that flickered above my head.

From their conversation I judged without difficulty that my neighbors belonged to the city; they appeared anxious concerning the accidents, which must infallibly result from the storm, to the shipping in the docks; they talked of broken masts, of rigging destroyed, and of boats crushed against the quays.

Whilst lamenting these disasters, at each piece of news either true or false, they emptied a bottle of Bordeaux, or sacrificed a bottle of Champagne. It was plain to be seen that the storm did not spare the cellar; Bordeaux sympathized with the misfortunes Antwerp!

Towards ten o'clock, the door of the restaurant opened suddenly and as if it had yielded to a violent gust of wind. A sailor entered, and after shaking himself

as a wet dog might have done, closed the door promptly behind him.

"Ah, well, captain?" said one to him.

"I am blinded by the rain."

"Drink, then!"

"I drink."

"Ha! what a tempest!"

"Our cabin-boy has just fallen into the dock."

"Is he drowned?"

"Not altogether; I fished him up like a cat, at the end of a boat-hook. He escapes with a scratch upon his breast."

"It is impossible that you will sail to-morrow, captain?"

"How, impossible! I will sail, par-bleu! to-morrow, at day-break; at least, unless the Chamois should founder to-night! Encore!"

The captain of the Chamois strengthened his resolution with a large glass of wine, in which he had mingled a strong dose of brandy. "Encore!" repeated he, lighting his pipe, which augmented to such a degree the thickness of the atmosphere around the table, that I could no longer distinguish his features. I had remarked when he entered that he was prodigiously tall; and, at the moment when he and his neighbors disappeared in a cloud of tobacco-smoke, I preserved a certain impression of the fair masculine face of a young man seated at the side of the captain of the Chamois.

His clear forehead, his white cheeks, his sea-blue eyes, his straight moustaches of a golden red, his calm smile, and firm look—his head, in fact, sweet and serious as that of one of those stadtholders so well rendered by Terburg—had resisted for a much longer time than the other Antwerpian types, the obscurity of the vapor exhaled by the pipes and cigars. Nevertheless, my Terburg ended also, by vanishing in a total eclipse.

"What! you set sail, at the risk of perishing in the Escaut?"

"You see," replied the captain, "that

in life there are a thousand reasons for neglecting duty; but it does not therefore follow that one's duty must not be performed. Mine is to be at Bordeaux on the tenth of the next month, and I shall be there! Beside, the shipwrecks—the shipwrecks"—The captain shrugged his shoulders.

"Perhaps you are going to deny them?"

"No."

"I who speak to you," said a third interlocuter—

"Oh, you—you are a silk merchant," said a fourth of the party; "you could never have been shipwrecked, except at the Bourse of Antwerp."

"And you, who are an advocate, could only have foundered in the court of assizes."

"Well, and I," cried another—"I"—

"Come, good! here is a confectioner mixing in. You could only have drowned yourself in raspberry syrup. You!"

"Permit me, gentlemen"—

"But, no."

"But, yes!"

At this point of the conversation, the advocate, the silk merchant, the confectioner, and five or six other representatives of professions no less honorable, had so skillfully embroiled themselves in the dialogue, that when a voice said—"You were saying to us, captain, that you were on your way to Batavia in the ship Galathee," I saw that I had lost the beginning of a history commenced amid the noise. This remark vexed me: of what use is it to listen to half of a story? I would have gone away; but where could I go? The storm still raged; the splendid theater, or rather all the splendid theaters, were closed.

"Let us be Flemish to the end!" exclaimed I. "Gargon, a bottle of Bordeaux and a pipe!"

"Continue," said some one to the captain.

"I was bound for Batavia. It is impossible to depict to you the charms of that voyage in the Indian Ocean. After leaving Madagascar, our evenings were an endless series of enchantments. It is true that I was very young, and that I had young people for companions; that is to say, we agreed upon all points—tastes, opinions, sentiments.

"One alone among us formed an exception; he was an English lieutenant, who was on his way to resume his service in an Indian city, after having been cured in Europe of a liver complaint.

"Buxton was frankly the enemy of the ideal; of emotion, religious or poetic; and of reverie: in fact, an atheist—an atheist in all things to a degree that I have never seen surpassed. Sylvain Marechal, the Cure Meslier, Delisle de Sales, would have been profound believers compared with him. It was astonishing! He was an admirable performer upon the flute; he would play with a grace, a sweetness, in fact so feelingly, that he sometimes made our hearts palpitate, and inundated our eyes with tears. His flute believed for him. Instead of carrying his soul in his heart, he carried it at the end of his lips. It passed away with his breath.

"We were upon the line. Upon that evening, the Indian Sea reflected in its living waters the most beautiful things in the heavens: rose-colored clouds, belts of fire, and countless stars, fell upon it like shadows of flowers from an invisible basket.

"'Well, Buxton,' said one of us to him, 'do you perceive nothing?'

"'I perceive,' he responded, 'the odors of tar, and of the sea; and there is nothing very agreeable in either.'

"'But this splendid sun that is sinking to rest?'

"'I wish I could be in its place, so that I might sleep until to-morrow.'

"'But those stars which are rising?'

"'In the first place, the stars never rise; they are always at the same point in the heavens.'

"'But those beautiful clouds?'

"'Those beautiful clouds promise us bad weather to-night, that is all. That pretty pale yellow cloud is hail; that beautiful blue cloud is a water-spout; and that magnificent greenish cloud is a tempest, which will make us dance over the waves like a nut-shell.'

"'You are a wretch! Play us the flute.'

"Buxton bade his Lascar servant bring his flute; he then, in the midst of the silence and the night, improvised a morceau for us.

"Buxton knew us all; he knew that there were among us Irish officers, German naturalists, Dutch painters, Frenchmen, Italians, and Spaniards. Blending into a single air, by an incredible address, our national airs—those airs which are never effaced from the memory—he composed upon the spot a melody which overwhelmed us with joy and enthusiasm. At first we looked tenderly at each other; afterward, in that sweet sadness that oppressed our hearts, we took each other by the hand, and permitted our tears to flow. Two thousand leagues from home, in the midst of the Indian Ocean, we seemed suddenly to see our fields, our homes, our friends, our sisters, and those whom we loved better than we loved our sisters and our homes. With his flute he sang, he laughed, he spoke Spanish, Italian, he sighed, he wept, he danced, he was the past and the future; he was a Venetian gondolier, a Catalonian boatman, an Irish peasant, a German soldier; it was marvelous. He could have killed us, if he had wished.

"We made a single movement, and a single exclamation, when he had ceased to play. We approached him, and said to him:

"'Ah, well, Buxton, do you not now

believe in love, in your country, and in God?"

"'Let me be quiet,' responded Buxton, 'and give me a cigar.'

"'But, august *canaille*,' said I to him, 'it is God who enabled you to produce those sounds with which you have moved us to the bottom of our hearts.'

"'All of you! all of you! It was not God; it is this.'

"And Buxton disjoined his flute, and poured upon the deck the saliva that had collected within the ebony instrument. 'Believe in the saliva!'

"'Buxton! Buxton! God will punish you some day: you will be changed into an accordeon.'

"Just then the lieutenant of the Galathee approached, and said to us:

"'Gentlemen, the captain invites you to be present at the religious ceremony of the baptism of his son, who was recently born.'

"The happy father wished to consecrate the passage of the line, which we were crossing at that moment, by a baptism more serious than the customary one of mythological buffoonery, without sense, or reason, but not without drunkenness.

"The mother bore her naked babe upon her rounded arm, as if she would make him an offering to the double majesty of the sky and the ocean. The chaplain of the vessel followed, prayer-book in hand. The first-mate threw a silver bucket attached to a cord, over into the sea, to bring up the water the priest was going to bless, and with which he was about to perform the baptism.

"The flag was hoisted, a salute fired, and all heads uncovered.

"No surprise ever equaled that which we all felt when the mate drew up in the bucket of sea-water a bottle—a simple glass bottle. Doubtless, it is not extraordinary to find in the open sea sealed bottles, thrown overboard by sailors to give

information of some unknown danger which they have discovered upon their route, or to pray you to make known at the port which they have left that a misfortune has befallen them during their voyage; but it was extraordinary to draw up a bottle in this manner in a bucket of sea-water.

"The bottle was put aside, to be unsealed after the baptism, and the ceremony took place. I cannot deny that the pious sentiment of that solemn act was somewhat changed by the curiosity we felt to know what was contained in that bottle. However, everything was done with great propriety. But scarcely had the consecrated salt water touched the forehead and lips of the infant, before we presented the bottle to the captain.

"'Unseal it,' said the captain to me.

"I cut the thread, and quickly removed the cloth and the pitch fastened about the neck, drew the cork, and then, turning the bottle upside down, received in my hand a thin sheet of paper, rolled. I avow that my hand trembled as I unrolled this sheet, which was dated perhaps a century before, perhaps but yesterday, and upon which I already perceived some lines, written in a fine and trembling hand. Three times I unrolled it between my hands, before I was able to read its contents.

"The wife of the captain, the captain of the Galathee, and all the officers, surrounded me, and stretched their necks to listen; while the crew had climbed up the rigging of the mizzen-mast, in order that they might not lose a word, and the helmsman held the wheel with a slackened hand, as he listened like the rest, while I read as follows:

"'I, Margaret Floreff, am perishing in the open sea. I supplicate the person who by Divine permission finds this bottle, and takes cognizance of this billet which I place in it, to have said for me, by one of our ministers, a prayer for the repose of my soul. I was born, and am

dying, in the reformed religion. Adieu, my mother, adieu! adieu! ad.....'

"*Pauvre enfant!*" said the captain's wife.

"The crew took but little interest in the event; sailors are so frequently exposed to perish, that one death more or less becomes a matter of little moment to them. My young companions sympathized in my sadness; but almost all—all, I might say—had in India lady-loves who would await them upon the shore; whilst I.....

"You,' said Buxton to me, slapping me upon the shoulder, when he and I remained alone upon the deck—'you are a fool of the worst species; a melancholy fool. You are capable of putting on mourning for this Margaret Floreff, and of having those prayers said.....'

"Not the mourning; but surely, upon my arrival at Batavia.....'

"Hold your tongue, then!"

"I swear to you, Buxton.....'

"Listen to me,' said Buxton, with the utmost *sang froid*; 'here is a woman who was eaten eighty or a hundred years ago by the fishes, and you are going to trouble yourself about her. Toss that bottle into the water, and give me the paper to light my pipe!"

"I snatched the bottle and the letter from the infernal Buxton, who shook his head pityingly, and walked away, saying:

"The unhappy man! Not only does he believe in God, but he believes in women, and in dead women!"

"I remained alone upon the deck, and in spite of me, when I had no other witnesses than silence and space, I pressed the paper to my lips, murmuring, 'Margaret Floreff!' I was young, gentlemen," resumed the captain, "very young, as you will see. It is not to be believed, and nevertheless....."

Suddenly the gas was extinguished in the saloon of the Golden Lion, and we

were instantaneously plunged in the most complete obscurity. All those who were listening to the captain, burst into laughter; and, without disturbing themselves further, arose from their places and prepared to take their leave.

"Messieurs, it is" midnight, said the garçon. "Lucky voyage, captain, if we do not see you again."

"Thank you, gentlemen."

"Is it decided that you sail, captain?"

"In a few hours."

"Will you return to us soon, captain?"

But not one of them said, "Captain, the end, the end of your history, tell us the end!"

CHAPTER II.

Six o'clock sounded at the church of St. Jacques; I had already arisen. I attired myself quickly and hastened to the port; all the docks were in motion. It was not one vessel that was leaving, but a hundred that were setting sail, some for Stockholm, some for Copenhagen, some for Riga, others for Sumatra, for Rio de Janeiro, and New Orleans. Where should I find my Captain among so many Captains?

Happily I knew the name of his ship, the *Chamois*, and he had said while dining he was going to Bordeaux.

I addressed one of the green-habited custom-house officers who was promenading upon the dock. "Can you tell me?" I asked, "if the ships for Bordeaux have yet sailed?"

"They have gone."

"All?"

"All—Ah! however there is one which has not left its dock."

"Do you know the Captain?"

"My faith, no!"

"A very tall man."—

"Who wears a shaggy overcoat?"

"It is him!"

"No," said the officer, "he has not yet sailed."

I started immediately and ran towards the brig which he had pointed out to me at the extremity of the dock.

He called to me.

"Where are you going?"

"Where you have told me," responded I to the officer, scarcely turning my head towards him, in my haste to reach the object of my search.

"You will not find the Captain. He has just gone to the marine hospital for two of his sailors."

"Are you very sure?"

"I saw him pass just now, followed by his lieutenant and four of his crew who carried litters."

"I will go then to the hospital. Direct me, I pray you, to the marine hospital."

"Follow the brick wall to the tobacco merchant's, whose lantern you see yonder; pass under the gate of the city; take the street that lies before it; turn into the third at the right; and afterward inquire further."

Five minutes afterward, I rang at the door of the marine hospital. I was forced to wait nearly half an hour, before communicating with an employe of the establishment, who then informed me that the captain had left with his two convalescent sailors, nearly three-quarters of an hour before. "You must have met him," said he, "or he must have taken some other way."

"I will return quickly to his ship," I said.

"I fear you will be too late. I regret, Monsieur....."

"Ah! I have more to regret than you!"

I hastened from the hospital, hoping still to rejoin the captain of the Chamois. As I passed out of the gate of the city I perceived one of the faces of the evening before; that of the fair young man who was seated next to the captain while he recounted the history of which I was in pursuit. He remarked me also; we re-

garded each other with the floating interest of people unknown to one another, but of whom the fluids are not antipathetic. We bowed to each other, and he approached me. I owed him a second politeness, which I employed to my profit.

"Do you know the captain?"

"What captain?"

"Him who recounted to us, yesterday evening, at the Golden Lion, the interesting history of the floating bottle."

The stranger regarded me with an expression which I repented some minutes later, of not having comprehended the meaning; and said to me:

"I saw him, like you, for the first time."

"How unfortunate! was it not, Monsieur? that we were unable to follow to the *denouement* his interesting recital—how unfortunate!"

A modest smile passed over the features of the stranger. Ah! why could I not have read that smile.

"I am searching for him."

"The captain?"

"Ah! Monsieur, who can one find at Antwerp?"

"For commercial affairs, no doubt?"

"Good," said I to myself, with tremor, "I have again fallen in with a merchant. He speaks tome of commercial affairs, when "You will excuse me, Monsieur," I said to him, "if I leave you at once. I wish to speak to the captain before he leaves, and his departure has, perhaps, already taken place. Adieu, Monsieur, and *au revoir*."

I am sure that my new acquaintance must have imagined me to be insane, not exactly on account of the incoherence of my proposals, but because of the unequal vibrations of my voice, the mobility of my looks, and a kind of St. Guy's dance that is executed by nervous people when their brain is touched by the electric spark of a violent desire.

[Concluded next month.]

THE PILGRIMS ON THE ROCK AT
PLYMOUTH.

BY G. T. SPROAT.

“ WHO left their nation, and their age,
Man's spirit to unbind ?
Who boundless seas passed o'er,
And coldly met in every path,
Famine, and frost, and heathen wrath,
To dedicate a shore
To Liberty and God ! ” — [*Sprague*,

OLD rock ! old glorious rock ! thou tellest
A wondrous tale of rock !
And a mighty voice comes forth from thee,
As back the years are rolled !
Thou tellest of a pilgrim band,
Who came the waters o'er,
And sought, on thee, a resting place,
In the stormy days of yore.

Strong men were they, and high of heart,
Men, born amid the strife,
In the full glory of their youth,
And the high noon of life.
And there were men of silver hair,
In reverend wisdom gray—
These were the nation's guiding stars,
In that young, dawning day.

And there was woman, too, that day,
In that heroic band ;
Woman, whose heart was far away,
In the old father land.
Oh ! with what agony she prayed,
As on the rock she bowed !
And thought of home beyond the seas,
And wept, and sobbed aloud !

“ Home ! home ! where my old father lived,
And where my mother died !
Where are my darling children's graves,
In the churchyard, side by side,
Oh ! could I see thee once, *once* more ! ”
That weeping mother said ;
As on the cold, hard rock she knelt,
And, in her anguish, prayed.

Was it an angel, from on high,
That bowed and helped them there ?
Or was it He—the Mighty one,
Who hears the mourner's prayer ?
Hushed was each stormy heart, and calm,
Before His sovereign will,

Who saith unto the roaring sea,
“ Peace ! peace ! ye waves, be still ! ”

They rose—each man and woman rose ;
Courage was on each brow ;
And as they raise the lofty hymn,
The ancient forests bow.
They bow before the Almighty One,
Who stills the roaring flood—
Oh ! 'twas a grand old temple, where
Our fathers worshiped God !

The ocean heard the song, that day,
And sent it to the shore ;
The ancient rocks rung out the sound
From all their caverns hoar.
And the mighty winds flung back the strain
To the distant hills abroad ;
As loud the glorious song went up
To Liberty and God !

SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 22, 1860.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

BY X.



AT a period within the past ten years
Edward Lee led to the altar the
fair lady who is now his wife. The
sun of a May morning shone upon their
nuptials, and many honey-moons waned
without witnessing a diminution of their
bliss.

As years sped, they increased in all
worldly prosperity. Property accumulated,
beautiful babes came to gladden their
household, and no calamity befel them—
nevertheless, five years had not passed be-
fore a change, wrought by some subtle in-
fluence, crept over them, clouding the brows
and chilling the hearts of both husband
and wife.

Theirs was a pleasant home. The roses
and woodbine that shaded their porch
climbed sweetly together, and lilies and
violets bloomed in the garden below.

In those first years of their wedded life, it
was pleasant as a dream to see my young
neighbor, Mrs. Lee, engaged in her pretty
womanly occupations. She seemed so sat-
isfied and happy as she busied herself
among her flowers or at her household

tasks; so proud and pleased when she had won an approving word or smile from her husband. The picture was replete with all that is charming in early womanhood, as now and again I caught a glimpse of her rocking her babe, or bending lovingly over it while it slept, with her face turned half aside, and the shadow of the vine leaves flickering over her fair neck and golden hair. I could have half believed that some old-time tale of magic was re-enacted in my neighbors' cottage, and that its fair mistress became, at will, a statue or a breathing woman.

As the hour at which her husband came home drew near, she would flit gaily from room to room, assuring herself that every thing was in the order that pleased him best, then twining a bud or half-blown rose in her hair, would station herself beside the door to watch for his return.

Their house fronted toward the east. A hill sloped up behind it, that the sunset canopied, now with purple, now with gold. Many an evening, when the gorgeous hues had long since faded from the sky, she still lingered at the door, her young face radiant with smiles, gleaming in the obscurity, while she watched *his* approach, as the light of a fugitive sunbeam sometimes lingers upon a cloud at evening, watching until the stars appear.

When the gate turned upon its hinges she would hasten to meet him, and they would walk lightly up the path together; then closing their door, shut in their bliss.

But a time came when upon sunny days my friend walked sadly among her flowers—when she nursed her babe with scarce a smile, and took no note of her husband's coming, or met him with averted face.

I cannot tell how all this began; indeed, such things, like the clouds, gather their component vapors imperceptibly, and from a wide surface, and like them, too, as many deserted homes bear witness, burst in desolating storms, unless, fortunately, they are driven away before some favoring gale.

One holiday season found Mr. Lee fully awake to the fact that clouds had gathered

thick in his domestic horizon. He earnestly applied himself to find means to dispel them—seeking, as the alchemists of old sought the agent by which to transmute the baser metals into gold, for the element that would once more infuse the *couleur du rose* into the atmosphere of home. "What shall I do? How shall I begin?" were questions which he asked himself again and again.

"If," thought he, "I seek an explanation it may be the beginning of a series of scenes, and I shall bring upon us the very calamity I wish to avert. I will not commence by purchasing expensive gifts, that would seem to her as if I had undervalued her intelligence; happiness has no equivalent in money, nor in money's worth. Heaven save me, at this crisis, from blundering steps and rude precipitancy. Gently as the dawn precedes the day I must guide her back with me into the sunshine."

It was on the morning before Christmas that he began his task. The morning was dark and chilly, and he knew that Mrs. Lee would appear at breakfast gloomy and discontented.

"I shall lay half the blame to the weather," said he "and the other half?—well, as I am the head of the family I may as well consider that my own—at all events, I will treat it as if it were; it is common stock, at any rate, and it is not best to examine too minutely concerning the ownership of small shares. I wonder if there is a good fire in the dining-room—a good fire in weather like this is indispensable for dispelling vapors."

Proceeding to the dining-room, Mr. Lee placed fresh coal upon the fire, and taking the morning paper, awaited whatever opportunity might chance to present itself for a beginning.

In a few moments the children made their appearance, their little faces all awry from the discomfort of having been washed and dressed in a cold room. The coal in the grate sent out a ruddy glow, that with the light, whitened, as it were, by the snowy muslin curtains, seemed just the

thing to make any one insensible to the gloom outside.

"Comb pulled Franky's hair, papa," sobbed the younger of the children.

"I am so cold," said the eldest, a girl of four, as she approached, frowning and shrugging her little shoulders.

"Come here to papa, both of you. Just look up the chimney, now, while you warm your hands, and see if there is room enough for Santa Claus to come down. What do you think?"

Their childish woes were soon forgotten in their concern for the safe descent of the good St. Nicholas, and their little tongues ready to fill with pleasant prattle any disagreeable gaps that might occur in conversation during breakfast.

Mrs. Lee entered, breakfast was soon after served up, and the family seated at the table.

As her husband expected, Mrs. Lee was in an unhappy mood. But, having resolved to be, thenceforth, blind to all frowns and deaf to all querulousness, he wisely occupied himself with his children until their cheerfulness and the comfortable warmth of the room had time to exert their influence upon her.

For a considerable period previous to the time of which we write, they had fallen into the habit of spending much of their leisure time apart from each other, and an evening together alone was full of awkwardness and constraint to both.

"I must," thought Mr. Lee, "find some means to overcome this. I must devise for us pleasant employments in which we can both engage. Here is the Christmas Tree for the children—nothing would be better for a beginning. This thing of going our own separate ways is ruining our happiness."

"So, my little lady," he said, addressing little Anna. "So you expect Santa Claus will send you a Christmas Tree, to-night. What do you expect to find on it?"

"Oh! clothes for my little dolly, and—*everything*."

"Rather a comprehensive catalogue, you young Californian."

"Well, my child, as your mamma is a much better judge of 'clothes for your dolly and everything,' than I am, I guess she will consent to go and see Santa Claus to-day, and talk to him."

"What excellent coffee we have this morning," he remarked, handing his cup to Mrs. Lee, "you must have prepared it yourself. Fill my cup again, if you please. Why, I declare," he exclaimed, a moment afterward, "it is half past eight. I must be off."

Then bestowing a kiss upon each of the children, he left the room. He longed to go back and clasp his wife in his arms, for his heart had never yearned toward her as it did then; but she was moody and silent, and he thought it not wise to risk a repulse. While putting on his hat and overcoat in the hall, he called back to her—"Oh! Mary, I have forgotten my purse, please get it for me—no, never mind, I have some change in my pocket—all I shall need. You may have what is in it for the purchases you are going to make to-day. I'll be home early to help trim the Christmas Tree."

When he had left the house the children climbed in the chairs at one of the windows to see him go down the street, and remained to see whoever chanced to pass. Mrs. Lee sat down by the fire, and bowing her head upon her hand, pondered of the joys she believed to have fled forever—joys, the very memory of which, were bitter, because of the deceitful hopes they had awakened.

"Ah!" she said, sadly, "I had imagined that our lives should be so filled with poetry and beauty—but five years have passed, and my heart is already freezing with disappointment. If he only knew it; if I could explain to him without being misunderstood; but he would think that I intended to reproach him and we should become more estranged. Oh, that two hearts that have beaten harmoniously should make such discord—should be so

shut up from each other. Ah! I am so young, and life looks so wearisome to me; to me who have asked so little—only for answering smiles and loving words—how can he deny me these? How can I argue of things so evanescent? I caught a butterfly once; and, all elate with my prize, placed it safely beneath a bell-glass that I might admire its brilliant hues at my leisure. But its iris-tinted wings were bare and disfigured, and an ashen dust soiled my hands and was strewn over my dress. I cannot forget it. When I attempt to call back and imprison some joy that almost eludes my grasp, I succeed, perchance, but it is like my poor butterfly, dismantled of all that rendered it desirable, and ashes, instead of joy, descend upon my head and my heart."

In truth, the causes of her regrets were not illusions. Her husband had, in the beginning of their wedded life, been very profuse of all testimonials of affectionate appreciation, of kisses and kind words; and men who win their wives with these, and withhold them afterward, have clearly obtained them upon false pretences, and should not wonder that the cheat becomes a subject of chafing.

An impression at last fixed itself upon the mind of Mrs. Lee, that there had been, that morning, in her husband's words and actions, something of the old-time tone and manner, and a trembling hope arose that all would yet be restored to her. The day grew lighter; the clouds separated, and were drifted away by the wind. A sunbeam now and then gleamed in at the window and rested upon the bowed head at the fireside. Hope is nurtured by sunshine, and in these stray beams hers grew stronger.

The queries of the children, and their prattle of expected gifts, reminded her of the purchases it had been hinted she should make, and her attention for the rest of the day was absorbed in planning and preparing the pleasures of the morrow. The purse that had been "forgotten" contained more than double the sum Mrs. Lee cared to expend in her negotiations with Santa Claus, so, as on her way home, she saw her hus-

band approaching on the opposite side of the street, she crossed over to meet him and handed him the purse, remarking that she had no further use for it, having purchased everything that possibly could be needed. How he wished, as he glanced after her, when she had passed on, to go and expend its contents in the purchase of some tasteful gift for her, but he had already concluded that another course was wiser.

As lovers wait the trysting hour, they waited, that day, the time for him to return home. When evening drew near, Mrs. Lee flitted restlessly from room to room, attending to all those little details that contribute to make home wear a welcoming look. The occurrences of the morning and her communings with her own thoughts had insensibly borne her back toward their happier days, and without planning to do so, or reasoning why, she resumed their habit. After arranging her hair in the style he used to like best, and attiring herself in a dress that he admired, and adjusting all to a nicety, she took her place, as of old, at the window, to watch for him.

Presently the garden gate opened, the children exclaimed, "Papa is coming!" and, followed by their mother, hastened to meet him. The upturned faces of the little ones petitioned him for kisses, whilst that of his wife, turned timidly aside, plead, with what mute earnestness, that her share might not be forgotten. Delicately as a lover imprints the first kiss upon a maiden's forehead, he pressed his lips to hers, and, as hopefully, marked the blush that crimsoned her cheek.

That evening while they trimmed the Christmas Tree for their sleeping babes, invisible hands placed heavenly gifts for them among its branches; for, when they sat beneath it after their pleasant task was ended, kind words and kinder thoughts were given to each, and its laden boughs seemed to separate them from their past, and to hide from them all that ought never to have been.

The week that followed was a wet, dreary one, in the outside world, but under that roof the skies never seemed clearer, or the sun brighter. The golden chain was re-fastened, link by link, and day by day. The dead year was buried with all its mistakes and sorrows, that the record of its successor might be unstained by doubt and neglect. The shadow on the hearthstone vanished with the light of the New Year's morn.

Our Social Chair.

WE sit down in our Social Chair this month with more than ordinary pleasure. The associations of the gracious season of Christmas, and the advent of the New Year, seem to bring us closer to our readers in that pleasant communion which prompts the extending of the hand in a kindly grasp, even to a stranger.

This is eminently the month for a Social Chair in the midst of a circle of friends—the friends too of a Magazine, which, through its five years of life, has sought to present California scenery, and California art, and literature, to readers at home and abroad.

And now, while seating ourself in this magic circle, we see looking in upon us the youthful face, the hope-inspiring eyes of the world's new guest. Eighteen Hundred and Sixty-one pushes his way through the gathering mists of the last night of the old year, and bids each and all of us take a new lease of life, and make new resolves for the future.

There is a great deal of good achieved by these changes of dates called years. Much profit often arises from the awakening they produce; dormant faculties are called into action; new views are taken of passing events; there is a strengthening of mind and body; and stern resolves to fight on in the battle of life, and gain the victory. The new year marks out another starting point, and trusting, hopeful mortals prepare to run the race. And here, sitting in our Social Chair, we bid each God speed, hoping that the ending of the twelve-month we have just entered upon, may bring them to the wished-for goal. The angels heralded the first Christmas with the song of "Peace on earth, and good will to men." Its echoes still linger, and ever at the approach of the hallowed period awaken in

men's hearts thoughts of kindness towards their fellows. Stores of evil feeling and cold misconstructions dissolve and float away, cloud-like, in the light of the Christmas morn.

It is not always easy to judge of the motives of friends—not always easy to believe that their truth is undiminished; nor for them to find opportunity to prove that it is not; but holydays afford these, and opportunities are blessed gifts.

It sometimes occurs that in the year the paths of friends become separated, hedges, as it were, grow up between, concealing each from the other, and so they journey until the holidays afford them open ground, and their steps again converge, and their hands meet once more in a cordial clasp that affords assurance more expressive than additional words could give, that the greetings and good wishes they exchange are no unmeaning forms.

In the nearer relations of life, where the thorns that vex give pain in proportion to the strength of the binding ties, the holidays afford opportunities to soothe many a pang, mutely borne "for the sake of the giver;" to renew tender vows, and to prove by carefully selected gifts, or well planned pleasures, that the tastes and the happiness of loved ones have been studied and membered; for that, and not intrinsic worth, determines the value of gifts. Memory pays frequent and grateful tribute to things that cost little to the giver beside an expenditure of time and love, for, whatever else may perish, or be lost, memories of loving deeds and words are immortal.

We were seated one Christmas Day amid a group of fair girls who had for many years been orphans. One of them placing her hand in her sister's, said—"Do you remember how father—our own father—on that last Christmas Day, took us to walk

with him on Telegraph Hill, and told us Robinson Crusoe there?"

"Oh, we can never forget that!" replied the one addressed, and each young head sank low beneath the burden of unforgett-
 en grief.

Presently the youngest one inquired what presents he gave them on that day. Not one could answer her. But the *souvenir* of the pleasant walk over the green hill, and the story, with its apt illustration of the lonely island out in the bay, lives, inseparable from the memory of their father and their reminiscences of the season.

Our Treasury.

..... The person who does not obey, on all occasions, the dictates of common sense, and act with promptitude, need never expect to gain any one point.

.... Every man has his price, either in gold or flattery, or in love.

..... There is a wide difference between being the slave of jealousy and the victim of disappointed love.

..... One can give no greater proof of patience than to endure unasked advice.

..... Humanity has power over all that is human. Yes, but it's nuts to crack, sometimes, to find out how it is to be applied.

..... The best life-buoy—a light heart.

..... When Fortune frowns at thee, do thou laugh at her; it is like laughing at the threatenings of a bully—it makes her think less of her powers over thee.

..... Humanity is the only true politeness.

..... Time hath no more than one glass; and yet he contrives to see all his guests under the table.

..... The wrath, that on conviction, subsides into mildness, is the wrath of a generous mind.

..... A person is never so easy, or so little imposed upon, as among people of the best sense.

..... All faith is only the reminiscence of the good that once arose, and the omen of the good that may arise within us.

..... Love of flattery, in most men, proceeds from the modest opinion they hold of themselves.

..... An idle season lessens the weight of good ones before.

..... A proud man thinks the greatest honors below his merit, and, therefore, scorns to boast.

..... It is through our weaknesses that our vices are punished.

..... An excuse is a lie guarded.

..... Beware of judging harshly:
 "What's *done* we partly may compute,
 We know not what's resisted."

Gaitor's Table.

WE wish we could sketch with words a picture we often see:—the faces of a mother and child framed in a window opposite the room we sit in. It is a homely scene, perhaps, and yet we realize so much pleasure from the view, imbibing from across the way the joyousness of the adult face, the pure innocent laugh of the baby one, that we would like our readers also to gaze upon it. It might, for the nonce, make each forget the "skeleton in the

house," which, with one and all of us, too often shades the hours of life with its pall. There first appeared, some months since, a little pair of stockings hanging at that window. They were tiny specimens of the mottled red-and-white worsted, which have so eminently belonged to babyhood ever since we can remember. For days these appeared alone, and then some silken-bound flannels kept them company in the sunlight, gathering in the warm air and

treasuring up the sunbeams for baby's comfort. And following these we caught occasional glimpses of a wee face, held carefully toward the sky, as if invoking the love of Him who, when on earth, gathered these little ones around Him. And now that time has flown by on Californian wings, we see daily the large bright eyes of the child, and its dimpled cheeks, and almost catch the sound of its exultant crowing which proclaims its half-score months of life. What a frolicsome scene ensues when the picture is thus framed in the window. The mother is never tired of raining kisses on those miniature lips of coral; never weary of watching the same little face; ever going into ecstasies of love as the doll-like hand is raised to her face to catch the straggling curl. Now, from our standpoint of vision, through two plates of glass, and across thirty feet of street, we confess that the face of the mother, to an ordinary observer, would not seem a handsome one. And yet, with that infant in her arms, it is to us exceedingly beautiful. Some one says that we live our lives over again in our children; and, in this picture across the way, the truth of it can be seen. The child lifts the years from the parent as they hold high carnival together. The mother's brow is smoothed of every wrinkle; her face is radiant as that of girlhood; the roses come back to her cheek, and the love-light to her eye. The outside world, with its troubles, are nothing to her while her infant's laugh is sounding within the folds of the curtain. The treasures of countless mines could not buy that baby; operas and balls are as chaff to its half-lisped notes of joy. There, a dozen times in that one minute the mother's face has dived down into the snowy little pinafore and smothered its wearer with caresses! And so they sit, hour after hour, and day after day, while we positively feel the electric current which, spanning the thirty feet of street, as aforesaid, taps with its telegraphic signals at our heart, and makes each kiss a message of good to drive away the sadness that sometimes hovers over our

table as we write.....ONE year ago this present writing, we passed along Powell street "house hunting." A modest white cottage, in a state of uncomfortable newness, had established itself on a hillside so recently graded, that we fancied the odor of the powder which had been employed to blast the rock to make room for it, might still linger about the foundation. The sign "To Let," in bright, black letters, on a very white cloth, proclaimed that it was unoccupied, and the two vapor-covered windows, between which it was tacked, seemed tearfully to solicit an inmate. Its uninviting aspect forestalled all desire for further inspection; and, with a dubious shake of the head, we dismissed the idea of attempting to convert *that* house into a home. Yesterday, in again passing through that portion of the street, instead of the desolate looking cottage of yore, we noted with pleasant surprise that the ledge of rock beneath the parlor windows was covered with a bed of flowers, and that masses of verdant foliage drooped downward, draping the wall. Slender vines had crept upward along their leading strings, interlacing each other with their tendrils as they grew, and from among them a caged canary trilled its little song, in which no note bewailed its imprisonment. Hard by, more handsomely built houses stood in sunnier places; but, unlike this, their humble neighbor, bore upon their costly portals no insignia of hope, and love, and hearts at rest. How typical of life seemed this cottage. The rock had yielded to genial influences. Blossoms of pleasant thoughts came forth from what was once sterile and unyielding. The matin song of contentment and faith echoed amidst the clinging vines of affection; and that which was once cold and forbidding had been clothed with the verdure of life and love.LORD BYRON, after declaring himself "at perfect peace with the poetical fraternity," said: "or, at least, if I dislike any it is not poetically, but personally. Surely the field of thought is infinite; what does it signify who is before or behind in the

race where there is no goal?" Let carping critics bear this in mind when they seek to underrate the writings of contemporaries.....In this blessed country each fond papa believes that it is the manifest destiny of at least one of his boys to fill the Presidential chair. Lads of fifteen play at selecting their cabinets and settling the honors they shall dispense to their mates; or, if of more sanguinary turn, amuse themselves by burning powder and dreaming of battles in which they shall lead their fellows to frays from which all shall return covered with "blood and glory." Thirty years later, if a fortunate one in ten of these youthful dreamers has so far escaped obscurity as to be clad for the time with a constable's authority, or bear a captain's sword on training days, he will when

"The sun of life has passed mid day
And weary, casts a western ray,"

congratulate himself upon his success, and recount to his wondering posterity the tale of his triumphs. So much for ambition! So too often end the brightest dreams of the most "promising youth.".....THOSE persons of "uncertain age" who, for reasons best known to themselves, have quietly changed the record of their birth piously kept in the big ha' Bible, may not be aware that they have an illustrious predecessor in that practice in Napoleon. The Emperor was born in 1768, in Corsica, one year before that Island belonged to France, yet for the purpose of making himself a Frenchman by birth, he falsified the record, and made history vouch for his birth in 1769.

—
"Things may be well to seem that are not well to be,
And thus hath Fancy's dream been realized to me.
We deem the distant tide a blue and solid ground;
We seek the green hill side, and thorns are only
found."

Better one should hope for the veriest impossibilities than entertain that life-consuming guest, Despondency, or be the most arrant constructor of air-castles, than to plod through life's dull routine, prosaically and wearily performing its stern tasks.

The indulgence of hope and fancy awakens the springs of happiness, dormant within us, and lends a witching drapery to our lives, akin to the verdure and beauty with which the spring-time clothes the gnarled and leafless limbs of forest-trees, causing them to send forth melodies instead of moans, and transforming the weird and ghost-like into the picturesque and the beautiful.As sands sift from an hour glass, and their fellows fill and conceal the space from whence they fell, so people sink from among us into their graves, and our changing population soon obliterates all trace of their existence and their death from the dwellings they have occupied; occasionally, however, persons so stamp the impress of their presence upon their homes, that when they are carried out from the tenements in which they have dwelt, these ever afterward retain a degree of semblance to the soulless clay of the departed. A tasteful cottage, embowered among trees, and of which the neighbors' children speak in hushed and reverent tones as "the house where the lady died," stands upon a hill-side that slopes gently toward the bay. A lady, fair as a dream, once lived there, and glanced from its windows and glided among its flowers as gaily as a gleam of sunshine. She was one who seemed to hold life's joys with earnest clasp, and to live without a thought of death, enjoying, with poetic fervor, all that was beautiful in sea, or sky, or verdant earth. But she sank into the sleep that knows no waking, and those who had loved her assembled in the pretty parlor where she had so frequently and so cheerily greeted them, this time to bear away with them sad remembrances of a still, white face and a shrouded form. Months have flown since then; but the closed door and the darkened windows, and wild birds rearing their brood among the tangled growth of unkempt flowers, still sadly tell that it is "the house where the lady died."We commend to our readers the extremely interesting description of a religious feast in Italy, *Festa dei canestra*,

which we translate from the *Mineur*. We read it with an interest such as we would have felt in reading of some old heathen temple, with its gods intact, and with its throng of worshipers restored.

Library Notices.

One of the greatest luxuries of an editor is to enter the store of the most enterprising of our booksellers, on the arrival of every mail steamer, to look over the new books just received. Bringing him into fellowship with the great minds of other States, and of other lands, they kindle a fresh fire of devotedness to his arduous labor; and, although a plunge of the hand into the pocket to chase into a corner any stray coin that may have, by chance, found its way there, and not been discovered, results in a temporary disgust with such a proverbial poverty-stricken profession; he goes away thinking of those glorious minds that have renewed and reinvigorated his mental life, and he feels, intellectually, at least, as rich as Jacob Astor. Last month we alluded to the stores of valuable books for Christmas and New Year's presents for the adults of both sexes, to be found at Romans', 147 Montgomery street. This month we would invite all those who intend making presents to the young at this festive season—and we do not envy the man or woman who does not—be the present ever so small, to step into Allen & Spier's, on Clay street, below Montgomery, and there examine the large collection of books, illustrated with all kinds of pictures and in every style of binding. We have before us, for instance, one on birds, which contains engravings of over one hundred and fifty of the feathered tribe, and an interesting account of their habits, etc. Then there are others on all kinds of subjects, so that every taste may be gratified.

MRS. HALE'S RECEIPTS for the Million.
Published by T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia;
Allen & Spier, San Francisco.

It seems to us that almost everything that is useful or desirable to know, in the family, is here given. Four thousand five hundred

and forty five receipts, from cookery and courtship, to gardening and painting, inclusive of—well, thousands of facts worth knowing.

LIFE AND LETTERS of Mrs. Emily C. Judson. By A. C. Kendrick. Sheldon & Company, publishers, New York; Gould & Lincoln, Boston; A. Roman, San Francisco.

Mrs. J. is, perhaps, more generally remembered in the world of letters as the brilliant "Fanny Forrester." The author of the memoir before us, has, to our mind, done excellent justice to himself and to his subject. Her letters alone would render the work exceedingly valuable, especially, to writers. We commend the book to our readers with great satisfaction.

BRIEF BIOGRAPHIES. By Samuel Smiles. Ticknor & Fields, publishers, Boston; A. Roman, San Francisco.

Short memoirs of thirty-five remarkable writers of the present age are here given in a concise and very interesting manner. Although the biographies of such men as Hawthorne, Lord John Russell, Audubon, Carlyle, Leigh Hunt, and such women as Mrs. Browning, Miss Martineau and others, cannot fail of possessing interest, they are so pleasantly relieved by anecdote as to make them charming.

HANDBOOK OF UNIVERSAL LITERATURE. By Anna C. Lynch Botta. Published by Derby & Jackson, New York; A. Roman, San Francisco.

This is certainly a broad subject to grasp, especially as it requires a good knowledge of languages; a refined taste and a judgment matured; and, at least, a superficial acquaintance with all the great writers of the world, from Moses to Charles Dickens, to do it justice. The book before us is a brief history of literature, and is a striking evidence of the authoress' remarkable industry and untiring devotedness; is worthy of a place in every library, and would be an excellent work in the hands of the more advanced scholars of our high schools and colleges,

HUTCHINGS' CALIFORNIA MAGAZINE.

Vol. 5. FEBRUARY, 1861. No. 8.

THE CALIFORNIA DOG EXPRESS.



THE DOG EXPRESS IN A SNOW-STORM.



HE Dog Express, of which the foregoing wood-cut is a graphic illustration, has become a permanent "institution" in California. Prior to the year 1857, the region of Quincy, Plumas county, was almost cut off from communication with the rest of the world during several months of the winter season, in consequence of the deep snow which formed an impassable barrier to mule travel. The only means for transporting the United States mails and express matter was by "packing" it on the shoulders of men.

This service was often very hazardous. A man might, with the aid of snow-shoes, be tolerably certain of making the trip with safety, but with an incumbrance of thirty or forty pounds of mail matter the trip was not so easy of accomplishment; particularly as the expressman would frequently be overtaken by snow storms miles distant from any habitation, and compelled to traverse deep gulches, and pick his way along steep mountain sides. The distance from Buckeye ranch in Yuba county to Quincy, the county seat of Plumas, is thirty miles. It was over this portion of the route, that Whiting & Co., of the Feather river express, employed their winter "man pack train." In the winter of 1857, Mr. J. B. Whiting undertook the Dog Express enterprise, and the plan has worked very successfully during the last four seasons. The Express runs regularly, carrying from two hundred and fifty to five hundred pounds freight according to the snow; and in ordinary times one passenger in addition to the freight may find accommodation in the sledge. When the snow is compact, the trip is easily performed in ten hours. During the storm, men are sent out on snow shoes to keep the trail open, and we believe the Dog Express never once met with interrup-

tion. The Dogs, of which four are driven to a sledge, are harnessed "á tandem." These animals are of a cross between the Alpine spaniel, or "Bernardine," and the Newfoundland—the noblest fellows of their race. The peculiar characteristics of the Bernardine dog—its almost human sagacity and untiring patience in discovering and rescuing passengers from the snow drift—are familiar to the mind of every child who has read or heard of the convent on the top of Mount St. Bernard. The Newfoundland is no less entitled to our respect and confidence. His "deeds of heroism" are also recorded in history. In his native Island, the Newfoundland is employed almost exclusively as a beast of burthen. He hauls wood all winter and fish all summer. An association of such traits of character as are found in the Bernardine and Newfoundland must be just the combination suited to the Express business, and we only wonder that enterprises similar to that of Whiting and Company have not been adopted in other portions of the State, to meet the requirements for quick dispatch in the transmission of mail matter.

There are several varieties of the dog race that seem to have been intended for the Express business in winter time.

The "Esquimaux" dog, for instance, is a splendid traveler. He will go along easily with an hundred and twenty pounds over the snow, at the rate of seven or eight miles an hour; and an instance is recorded of three of them having performed one mile in six minutes, drawing a sled weighing one hundred pounds, together with the driver.

The dog of Labrador is another peculiarly adapted to snow travel. He is very large, broad-chested, strong, active. The dog, when properly trained and cared for, is always the friend of man.

"But the poor dog, in life the firmest friend,
The first to welcome, foremost to defend,
Whose honest heart is still his master's own,
Who labors, fights, lives, breathes for him alone,
Unhonored dies."

We do not altogether agree with Byron.

A REPLY TO "WHAT IS CHARITY?"

BY MRS. AURELIA GRIFFITH.

IN the December number of *Hutchings* was an article headed "What is Charity," and, I think, conveying an erroneous impression.

The writer says: "Edward Everett and the ladies of America have toiled for years, and raised thousands upon thousands of dollars, and for what? To enable them to buy the land and rear massive works of art on the spot where the ashes of the immortal Washington repose. What supreme absurdity!"

I would reply that it is no "pitiful superstition" which has caused a nation to honor the home and grave of its father—that in so doing the people have not been "aping the aborigines," but have given expression to one of the most common and beautiful feelings of the human heart—the reverend regard and religious care of the loved dead.

We do *not* believe that the "pecuniary sacrifices" made "over the mortal ashes of George Washington, are requisite to the happiness of the veteran spirit;" but only desire to express our great love for the illustrious dead. The poor woman, whom the disciples rebuked with indignation, exclaiming, "To what purpose is this waste? for this ointment might have been sold for much, and given to the poor," was actuated by the same spirit. Such acts are the spirit flowers of humanity, and we would as soon blame the Almighty for not making every rose a potato, as to chide the heart-blossoms yielding such sweet savor. But the Mount Vernon Association does not pre-

tend to be a charitable institution; its mission is as distinct as that of the beautiful, fragrant flower, from the nourishing, esculent root.

The author of "What is Charity" cries out against gifts given for "*the glory of public eclat.*" Very well; yet I have no patience with the exclamation, "Oh, what a perverted, degenerate age we live in." I would ask where in all the world's history we will find a more liberal age than this, or one more free from crime? The world has been steadily though gradually improving since the Christian Era, and, I believe, will continue so to advance until the Millennium.

But the writer asks "where are we to look for charity to-day, with a good prospect of finding it?" I will answer, true charity is ever modest, but if one will put aside the tares, and seek earnestly and with loving eyes for the wheat growing in every life-path, it will be found.

WHITE LIES. THE HABIT OF EXAGGERATION.

"Whose tongue soe'er speaks false, not truly speaks; who speaks not truly, lies."
—"Lord! Lord! how subject we old men are to this vice of lying!"—SHAKESPEARE.

IT is a saying among the Orientals, that the devil, when he came on earth, brought nine bags of lies. One he scattered in France, and then crossed over to Egypt; but, as soon as he had landed, the Arabs stole the other eight.

But we fear that habits of falsifying and exaggeration are not confined to the Arabs. When we look nearer home, we see the same disposition to falsify, which leads us to conclude that if the Arabs stole most of the bags of lies, they must have lost some of them, and others of the human family must have picked them up. 'Tis not only a Munchausen who can tell marvelous stories for his own aggrandizement. Many persons love, in this way, to glorify themselves, and to excite the wonder and admiration of others. In

so doing, they gratify a very foolish kind of vanity, and sooner or later it is at the expense of their own character. For it was not an idle saying of the old philosopher, who, when asked what a man gains by telling a falsehood, replied, "not to be credited when he speaks the truth." And lies, like chickens, are pretty sure to come home to roost.

It is often said of certain characters, that they are such liars that they *cannot* speak the truth. This may be, on the whole, true. The habit becomes second nature, and so strongly are they under its influence, that they cannot easily deviate from it. It is impossible for them to speak without this habit of exaggeration. For instance—if the day is passably warm, it is "blazing hot;" if it is moderately cool, it is "freezing cold." Things are always to them "sweet as honey," or "sour as vinegar," or "bitter as wormwood." A man is either so good that he is a perfect angel, or so bad that he is a downright devil. They know of no medium in any of their descriptions of persons or things, and all are painted in the same glowing colors.

You will perhaps say that this is merely a form of speech; that it means nothing. To the hearing of others it means all that it says, until our true character for falsity is known; and then, we grant that to all honest discerning minds, it does indeed mean but very little. To their eyes we carry with us a motto such as we sometimes see inscribed on the sides of a leaky ship, "not to be trusted."

But the evil does not stop here. Persons who can thus exaggerate on every trifling occasion, will also utter the foulest falsehoods whenever their feelings become embittered, or their love estranged, towards a human brother or sister. The wormwood and the gall mingle with all they have to say of such an one, and they blacken his character with the vilest falsehood. Their tongue is indeed

"a world set on fire of hell," full of venom and bitterness, like the poison of an asp.

Others seemed to be assisted by a kind of artful devil in their peculiar kind of slander. They will mix just enough of truth with what they have to say to make it pass, and then they will embitter the whole with the venom of falsehood. They are the more dangerous class, and should be avoided as pests among men, and a curse to the race.

Falsifiers not unfrequently meet with a just return, and have their sin visited on their own head.

It is said of one of the eastern princes, that he had a favorite page, who was addicted to habits of falsehood, and would often invent excuses, in order not to perform the service his master required of him. One day the prince requested him to carry alms to a beggar, whom he disliked, and he offered for an excuse that he was grievously afflicted with the toothache. The prince, who knew it to be a falsehood, sent for his physician and ordered him to pull out all the teeth from his head, regardless of his yelling and crying.

UNCLE JOHN.

THE CHINESE AT HOME AND ABROAD.

THE latest intelligence from the Flowery Kingdom tells us that the brother of the sun and moon has succumbed to the terrestrial followers of the eagle and the lion. Peking, the holy of holies of Chinadom, being in the possession of the outside barbarians, and the road thitherward strewed with pig-tails severed from the heads of their defunct owners, the august relative of old Sol and the silver eyed Luna, concluded to treat with the invaders. The war is, therefore, ended, and myriads of gongs sound the melodious note of peace to the ears of Celestials above and below the



A CHINESE MANDARIN AND HIS ATTENDANTS.

skies. What advantages have been wrested from the obstinate head of the obstinate Johns for the benefit of the civilized world, is yet to be seen. There is a hope that France and England will insist on free ports, free roads and free cities, so that the "wall of China," may be effectually demolished by the enterprising and energetic of all nations. Whatever privileges are insisted upon by the victors, and whatever exclusiveness is abandoned by the Chinese, California, by its proximity, must be benefited in a greater proportion than the more distant lands which furnished those irresistible arguments, the powder and the bayonet. The next arrival from China will give the particulars of the recent treaty; and, doubtless, make known the increased facilities accorded to commerce in that important quarter of the globe. While on this subject we propose to give our readers a brief sketch of life in China as depicted in recent works on that country, and conclude with a home sketch of John

"as he appears" on this side of the Pacific.

An author who resided some twelve years in the different cities of the Empire, says: "Almost every lieament of China and her inhabitants has been the object of a laugh or the subject of a pun. Travelers who have visited that country are expected to give an account of

Mandarins with yellow buttons, handing you conserves of snails;
 Smart young men about Can'on, in nankeen tights and peacock's tails.
 With many rare and dreadful dainties, kitten outlets, puppy pies,
 Birdsnest soup which (so convenient) every bush around supplies."

The impression generally entertained is that the Chinese are, on the whole, an uninteresting, grotesque and uncivilized, "pig-eyed" people, at once conceited, ignorant, and, almost, unimprovable. China is, nevertheless, in her institutions and literature, the most civilized Pagan nation in existence, her people having attained a higher position in general se-

curity of life and property, and in the arts of domestic life and comfort *among the mass*, and a greater degree of general literary intelligence, than any other heathen or Mohammedan nation that ever existed.

The Chinese are, however, backward in the departments of learned inquiry, for hard labor employs the time and energy of the ignorant, and emulation in the strife to reach official dignities, overcomes the talents of the learned.

The theory of the Chinese government is patriarchal; the emperor is the sire, his officers are the responsible elders of its provinces, departments and districts, as every father of a household is of its inmates. All officers of Government are supposed to be accessible at any time, and the door of justice to be open to all who claim a hearing; courts are held at all hours of the day and night, though the regular time is from sunrise to noon-day. Drums are placed at the different tribunals, which plaintiffs strike in order to make their presence known. At the gate of the governor's palace are placed six tablets, having appropriate inscriptions for those who have been wronged by wicked officers; for those who have suffered from thieves; for persons falsely accused; for those who have been swindled; for those who have been grieved by other parties; and, lastly, for those who have secret information to impart.

Magistrates are not allowed to go abroad in ordinary dress, and without their official retinue, which varies for the different grades of rank. The usual attendants of the district magistrates consist of lictors with whips and chains, significant of the punishment they inflict; "they are preceded by two gong-bearers, who every few moments strike a certain number of raps to intimate their master's rank, and by two *avant-couriers*, who howl out an order for all to make room for the great man. A clerk runs by the

side of his sedan, and his secretary and messengers, seated in more ordinary chairs, or following on foot, make up the cortegé. The highest officers are carried by eight bearers, others by four, and the lowest by two; this and every other particular being regulated by laws. Lanterns are used at night, and red tablets in the daytime, to show his rank. Officers of higher rank are attended by a few soldiers in addition. The number and attire of these various attendants are regulated by sumptuary laws. When in court the officer sits behind a desk with writing materials before him, his secretaries, clerks and interpreters being in waiting, and the lictors with their instruments of punishment and torture, standing around. Persons who are brought before him kneel in front of the tribunal. His official seal, and cups containing tallies which are thrown down to indicate the number of blows to be given to the culprits, stand upon the table, and behind his seat, a *kilin* or unicorn, is depicted on the wall. There are inscriptions hanging around the room, one of which exhorts him to be merciful. There is little pomp or show, either in the office or attendants, compared with our notions of what is usual in such matters among Asiatics. The former is a dirty, unswept, tawdry room, and the latter are beggarly and impertinent.

"No counsel is allowed to plead, but the written accusations, pleas or statements required, must be prepared by licensed notaries, who may also read them in court, and who, no doubt, take opportunity to explain circumstances in favor of their client. These notaries buy their situations, and repay themselves by a fee upon the documents; they are the only persons in Chinese courts analogous to lawyers in western countries, and most of them have the reputation of extorting largely for their services. Of

course there is no such thing as a jury, or the chief justice stating the case to his associate judges to learn their opinion; nor is anything like an oath required of the witnesses."

The Chinese are so prone to falsify, that it is difficult to ascertain the truth, yet it must not be inferred that every sentence is a lie; selfishness is a prime motive for their actions, yet charity, kindness, filial affection, and the unbought courtesies of life, still exist among them. Although there is an appalling amount of evil and crime in every shape, it is mixed with some redeeming traits; and in China, as elsewhere, good and bad are intermingled. With public opinion on its side, the government is a strong one, but no other is less able to execute its designs when it goes counter to that opinion, although those designs may be excellent and well intended. One must live in the country to see the antagonistic principles found in Chinese society act and re-act upon each other. Officers and people are bad almost beyond belief, to one conversant only with the courtesy, justice, purity and sincerity of Christian governments and society; and yet we have cause to think they are equal to the old Greeks and Romans, and have no more injustice or torture in their courts, nor impurity or mendacity in their lives. Neither the thoroughness of Chinese education, nor the accuracy and excellency of the literature, must be compared with that of modern Christian countries, for there is really no common measure between the two; they must be taken with other parts of Chinese character, and comparisons be drawn with nations possessing similar opportunities. The importance of generally instructing the people was acknowledged even before the time of Confucius, and practiced to a good degree when other nations had no such system; and although in his day feudal institutions prevailed, and offices

and rank were not attainable in the same manner as at present, yet magistrates and noblemen deemed it necessary to be well acquainted with their ancient writings.

The great stimulus to literary pursuits among the people is the hope of obtaining office and honor, and the only course of education followed is the classical and historical one prescribed by law. Their plan and purposes of education may be learned from the Book of Rites, which directs that: "When able to talk, lads must be taught to answer in a quick, bold tone, and girls in a slow and gentle one. At the age of seven they should be taught to count and name the cardinal points. At eight they must be taught to wait for their superiors, and prefer others to themselves. At ten, the boys must be sent abroad to private tutors, and there remain day and night, studying writing and arithmetic, wearing plain apparel, learning to demean themselves in a manner becoming their age, and acting with sincerity of purpose. At thirteen they must attend to music and poetry; at fifteen they must practice archery and charioteering. At the age of twenty they are to be admitted in due form to the rank of manhood and learn additional rules of propriety, be faithful in the performance of filial and fraternal duties, and though possessing extensive knowledge, must not affect to teach others. At thirty they may marry and commence the management of business. At forty they may enter the service of the State. At fifty they may be promoted to the rank of ministers; and at seventy they must retire from public life."

In their intercourse with their relatives children are taught to attend to the minutest points of good breeding, and are instructed in everything relating to their personal appearance, making their toilet, saluting their parents, eating, visiting, and other acts of life.

For all grades of scholars there is but

one mode of study; and the imitative, unprogressive nature of Chinese mind is strikingly apparent in the few attempts on the part of teachers to improve upon the stereotyped practice of their predecessors, although persons of as original minds as the country affords are constantly engaged in education.

Literary attainments are considered creditable to a woman, and the names of authoresses mentioned in Chinese annals would make a long list. *Yuen Yuen*, the Governor-General of Canton, in 1820, while in office, published a volume of his deceased daughter's poetical effusions; and literary men are usually desirous of having their daughters accomplished in music and poetry, as well as in composition and classical lore. Such an education is considered befitting their station, and reflecting credit on the family.

The books of the Chinese are the transcripts of their national taste. Their *Shi King*, or *Book of Odes*, is one of the most ancient collection of poems extant. The odes are arranged under four heads, viz: National Airs, the Lesser and Greater Eulogies, and Songs of Praises, used at the imperial sacrifices. This acknowledged antiquity is perhaps the most interesting circumstance connected with them.

In the following canticle, found in the *National Airs*, there seems to be a refrain as if intended to be sung by two voices.

"The bland south wind breathes upon and cherishes the heartwood of these plants, hence the grove flourishes and seems renovated. But our mother is environed with cares and distressed with labors.

"The bland south wind cherishes, by its breath, the wood of this grove. Our mother excels in prudence and understanding, but we are men of no estimation.

"The cool fountain welling forth, waters the lower part of the region Tsun. We are seven sons, whose mother is burdened with various cares and labors.

"Sweetly, tunelessly, and with unbroken voice, sings the saffron colored

phoenix. We seven sons are no solace to our parent."

In the *Lesser Eulogies* is a complaint of severed friendship, similar in its construction.

"The soft and balmy wind brings with it the rain. I and thou were sharers in labors and privations, when, in truth, our minds were closely united; but after you became prosperous and happy, you changed your mind and deserted me.

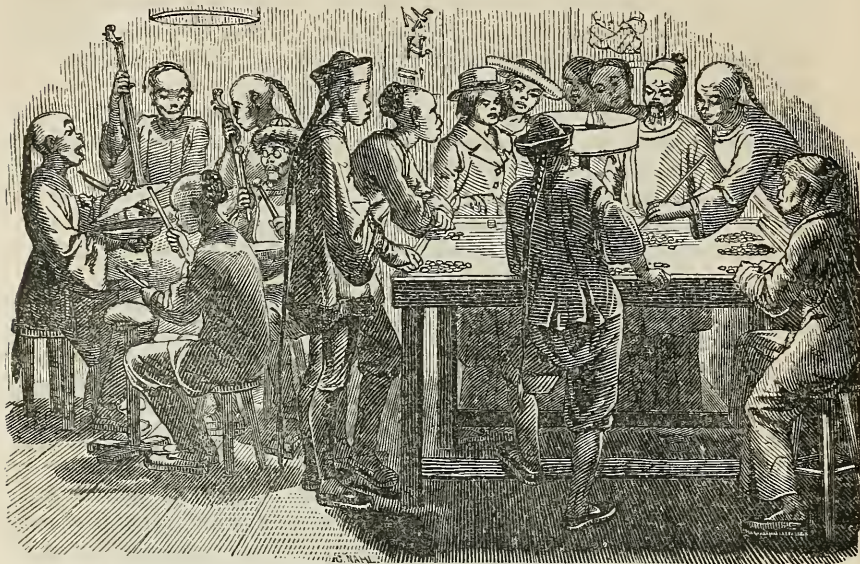
"The soft and balmy wind as it rises in the whirlwind gradually becomes more vehement. When we shared our labors and poverty, you cherished me in your bosom; now, having become happy, you have left me and I am lost to you.

"The wind is soft and balmy, but when it blows over the mountain tops, no plant but withers, no tree but crackles. But you forget my acknowledged virtues, and remember my petty complaints."

Many marriage songs are found in the collection, one of which describes a king's daughter, with somewhat different metaphors than would occur in a Grecian epithalamium.

"Our high dame is of lofty stature, and wears splendid robes beneath others of a darker color.....Her hands are like a budding and tender plant; the skin of her face resembles hardened lard. Her neck is comparable to the white larvæ of the sphinx; her teeth can be equalled to the seeds of the gourd. The temples of her head are like the cicada, her eyebrows to the winged silk-moth. She smiles most sweetly, and her laugh is agreeable. The pupil of her eye is black, and how well are the black and white distinguished."

In our own State, with the exception of the leading Chinese merchants, who preserve the dignity and integrity obligatory upon those of their caste, we have had opportunity to observe only most unfavorable specimens of this race. Amongst the throngs of coolies and degraded women transported to our shores are displayed the most revolting features of Chinese life. We do not wonder at the prejudice felt against them by our citizens, when we consider that such are their habits that in whatever locality they



CHINESE GAMBLING-HOUSE.

establish themselves, public opinion renders it imperative that the neighborhood be abandoned to them.

Until a recent period scenes like that represented by the engraving above were re-enacted here daily and nightly without an attempt at concealment. However, their gambling establishments are compelled to confine themselves to secluded localities, where, from a wholesome fear of the police their unlawful transactions are performed in secrecy.

The coolie system, one of most revolting slavery, is flooding our State with a population inimical to the interests of its citizens, and causing a clamor that cannot long be disregarded, for enactments to rid us of its increasing evils. Each year adds largely to this class of our population, and by every vessel from Hongkong the streets of San Francisco are filled with long files of these Celestial (?) visitors, whose deafening *hi yahs* proclaim that "still they come." The attention of the Legislature is being prominently directed

to this subject, and at the present session it will doubtless prove an exciting topic for discussion. The same feeling would be directed against a like class of population sent forth from any other country. The coolies are the dregs of Chinadom, transported here for the benefit of their masters at home, and offering but shadowy advantages in exchange for their locust-like depredations. Already their introduction into California has exercised a depressing influence on free labor, and when we remember the inexhaustible horde from whence fresh supplies can be forwarded, our Legislature may well pause in their other duties to examine closely this momentous question and the consequences entailed.

The policy which would govern our intercourse with other nations cannot be applied in this instance. The state of affairs existing is anomalous, and the evil pertains to China alone. Arguments against the proscriptive policy of native Americanism do not here apply. China,

with her teeming millions, can send to us a swarm of people, unfitted by our laws for citizenship, yet who must in time become competitors with us in all the different channels of labor. In their habits they remain unchanged. The coolies are not the class that advance in civilization or progress in knowledge. They glean the land diligently for their employers, and the living and the dead are returned back to the place from whence they came.

CALIFORNIA BIRDS.

THE YELLOW BREASTED CHAT.

Icteria Viridis.



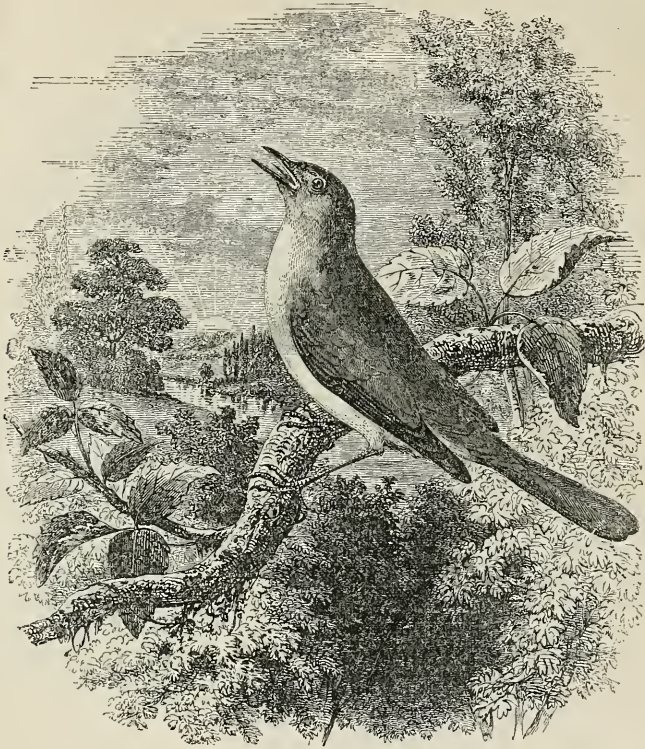
HIS, says Wilson in his *American Ornithology*, is a very singular bird. In its voice and manners, and the habit it has of keeping concealed, while vociferating around you, it differs from most other birds with which we are acquainted, and has considerable claims to originality of character.

The yellow-breasted Chat is seven inches long, and nine inches in extent; the whole upper parts are of a rich and deep olive green, except the tips of the wings and interior vanes of the wing and tail-feathers, which are dusty brown; the whole throat and breast is of a most brilliant yellow, which also lines the inside of the wings, and spreads on the sides immediately below; the belly and vent are white; the front, slate colored, or dull cinereous; lores, black; from the nostril, a line of white extends to the upper part of the eye, which it nearly encircles; another spot of white is placed at the base of the lower mandible; the bill is strong, slightly curved, sharply ridged on the top, compressed, overhanging a little at the tip, not notched, pointed, and altogether black; the tongue is tapering, more fleshy than those of the *Muscicapa* tribe, and a little lacerated at the tip; the nostril is oval, and half cov-

ered with an arching membrane; legs and feet light blue, hind claw rather the strongest, the two exterior toes united to the second joint.

The female may be distinguished from the male by the black and white adjoining the eye being less intense or pure than in the male, and in having the inside of the mouth of a dirty flesh color, which, in the male, is black; in other respects, their plumage is nearly alike.

When he has once taken up his residence in a favorite situation, which is almost always in close thickets of hazel, brambles, vines, and thick underwood, he becomes very jealous of his possessions, and seems offended at the least intrusion; scolding every passenger as soon as they come within view, in a great variety of odd and uncouth monosyllables which it is difficult to describe, but which may be readily imitated, so as to deceive the bird himself, and draw him after you for half a quarter of a mile at a time, as we have sometimes amused ourselves in doing, and frequently without once seeing him. On these occasions, his responses are constant and rapid, strongly expressive of anger and anxiety; and while the bird itself remains unseen, the voice shifts from place to place, among the bushes, as if it proceeded from a spirit. First is heard a repetition of short notes, resembling the whistling of the wings of a Duck or Teal, beginning loud and rapid, and falling lower and lower, until they end in detached notes; then a succession of others, something like the barking of young puppies, is followed by a variety of hollow, guttural sounds, each eight or ten times repeated, more like those proceeding from the throat of a quadruped than that of a bird; which are succeeded by others not unlike the mewling of a cat, but considerably hoarser. All these are uttered with great vehemence, in such different keys, and with such peculiar modulations of voice, as



THE YELLOWBREASTED CHAT.

sometimes to seem at a considerable distance, and instantly as if just beside you; now on this hand, now on that; so that, from these manœuvres of ventriloquism, you are utterly at a loss to ascertain from what particular spot or quarter they proceed. If the weather be mild and serene, with clear moonlight, he continues gabbling in the same strange dialect, with very little intermission, during the whole night, as if disputing with his own echoes; but probably with a design of inviting the passing females to his retreat; for, when the season is further advanced, they are seldom heard during the night.

About the middle of May they begin to build. Their nest is usually fixed in the upper part of a bramble bush, in an

almost impenetrable thicket; sometimes in a thick vine or small cedar; seldom more than four or five feet from the ground. It is composed outwardly of dry leaves; within these are laid thin strips of the bark of grape-vines, and the inside is lined with fibrous roots of plants and fine, dry grass. The female lays four eggs, slightly flesh colored, and speckled all over with spots of brown or dull red. The young are hatched in twelve days, and make their first excursion from the nest about the second week in June. A friend of mine, an amateur in Canary birds, placed one of the Chat's eggs under a hen Canary, who brought it out; but it died on the second day, though she was so solicitous to preserve

it, that her own eggs, which required two days more sitting, were lost through her attention to this.

While the female of the Chat is sitting, the cries of the male are still more loud and incessant. When once that you have seen him, he is less solicitous to conceal himself, and will sometimes mount up into the air, almost perpendicularly, to the height of thirty or forty feet, with his legs hanging, descending as he rose, by repeated jerks, as if highly irritated, or, as is vulgarly said, dancing mad. All this noise and gesticulation we must attribute to his extreme affection for his mate and young; and when we consider the few young produced at a time, and that seldom more than once in a season, we can see the wisdom of Providence very manifest in the ardency of his passions.

Mr. Catesby seems to have just *figured* the yellow-breasted Chat; and the singularity of its manners has not escaped him. After repeated attempts to shoot one of them, he found himself completely baffled, and was obliged, as he himself says, to employ an Indian for that purpose, who did not succeed without exercising all his ingenuity. Catesby also observed its dancing manœuvres, and supposed that it always flew with its legs extended; but it is only in these paroxysms of rage and anxiety that this is done, as we have particularly observed.

The food of these birds consists chiefly of large black beetles, and other coleopterous insects; we have also found whortleberries frequently in their stomach in great quantities, as well as several other sorts of berries. They are generally found on the borders of rivulets, and other watery situations, in hedges, thickets, &c., but are seldom seen in the forest, even where there is underwood. Catesby indeed asserts, that they are only found on the banks of large rivers, two or three hundred miles from the sea; but

we have met with these birds within two hour's walk of the sea, and in some places within less than a mile of the shore.

European naturalists have differed in classing this bird. That the judicious Mr. Pennant Gmelin, and even Dr. Latham, however, should have arranged it with the Flycatchers, is certainly very extraordinary; as neither in the particular structure of its bill, tongue, feet, nor in its food or manners, has it any affinity whatever to that genus. Some other ornithologists have removed it to the Tanagers; but the bill of the Chat, when compared with that of the Summer Red-Bird, bespeaks it at once to be of a different tribe. Besides, the Tanagers seldom lay more than two or three eggs; the Chat usually four. The former build on trees, the latter in low thickets. In short, though this bird will not exactly correspond with any known genus, yet the form of its bill, its food, and many of its habits, would almost justify us in classing it with the genus *Pipra* (Manakin,) to which family it seems most nearly related.

THE GREAT HORNED OWL.

(*Stuix Virginiana.*)



HIS noted and formidable Owl, of which we give an illustration above, is found in almost every portion of the United States. From Wilson's Ornithology we learn that his favorite residence is in the dark solitudes of deep swamps, covered with a growth of gigantic timber; and here as soon as evening comes on, and man retires to rest, he comes forth and utters such sounds as seem scarcely to belong to this world, startling the solitary hunter as he slumbers by his campfire, and literally making night hideous. The head is large, with erectile and prominent ear-tufts. Eyes very large; and



THE GREAT HORNED OWL.

the facial disc incomplete above the eyes and bill. Legs feet and claws usually very strong. Wings rather long—it is very variable in plumage from nearly white to dark brown—upper parts dark, under parts white, or nearly so; the bill and claws are of a blueish black color. These birds are known to pair early in February. The curious evolutions of the male in the air, or his motions when he has alighted near his beloved, it is impossible to enumerate. His bowings, and the snappings of his bill, are indescribable; no sooner is the female assured that the attentions paid her by the *beau* are the result of a *sincere affection*, than she seems to reciprocate his feelings, joins most heartily in the motions of her

future mate, and the scene becomes extremely ludicrous.

The nest, which is very bulky, is usually fixed on a large horizontal branch, not far from the trunk of the tree. It is composed externally of crooked sticks, and is lined inside with coarse grasses and some feathers. The whole measures nearly three feet in diameter. The eggs, which are from three to six, are almost globular in form, and of a dull white color. The male assists the female in sitting on the eggs. Only one brood is raised in a season. The young remain in the nest until fully fledged, and afterwards follow the parents for a considerable time, uttering a mournful sound, to induce them to supply them with food.

They acquire the full plumage of the old birds in the first Spring, and until then are considerably lighter, with more dull buff in their tints. This bird lives retired, and it is seldom found in the neighborhood of a farm, after the breeding season; but as almost every detached farm is visited by one of these dangerous and powerful marauders, it may be said to be abundant. The havoc which it makes is very great. We have known a plantation to be almost stripped of the whole of the poultry raised upon it during Spring, by one of these daring foes of the feathered race, in the course of the ensuing winter.

SKETCHES FROM THE LIFE OF PEG-LEG SMITH.

CHAPTER IX.

In our last number we concluded chapter VIII. with a thrilling account of the mode in which the trappers dealt out the *lex talionis* to their treacherous foes—the *Coyoteros*.

To illustrate the privations of a trapper's life at that early day, we now take up the narrative of Smith a few weeks later, and find him with Young and his party, trapping on the Rio Colorado, again, two miles above the mouth of the Virgin. Here Dutch George, as he was called, exhibited a handful of nuggets of yellow metal, which he stated that he found in the bed of a brook, and which he called gold. He was laughed at for his credulity—but since the discovery of the precious metal in California, Smith and Young entertain no doubt of its being the genuine stuff. Smith had long since made up his mind to separate his party from that of Young, and had communicated his intention to several of the men most in confidence.

Another quarrel occurring, he told his old enemy they would here part, and put an end to their difficulties for the future.

Smith counted upon the men who had promised to accompany him, but he was doomed to disappointment, for only three, Stone, Branch and Dutch George, besides two Mexicans, who were in his employ, remained to share his perils.

Building a raft, they crossed the Colorado, while the remainder of the party returned to Santa Fe. Finding the Colorado enclosed in an almost impenetrable cañon, they trapped the Virgin up some hundred miles with but indifferent success. They encountered many parties of the Pi Ute Indians, but so shy that speech could not be had with them. At length, seeing a party at a distance, Smith approached them alone, his companions secreting themselves, and by making signs—speaking a few words in their own tongue, which he had learned—throwing to them beads, buttons, etc., they, at a respectful distance, in answer to his inquiries, informed him they were entirely destitute of provisions, that they had heard the beaver striking the water with their tails, on the big river, pointing to the east, at the same time ordering him to leave, and thus ended the conference. Arriving in the evening at the river, they set their traps, but in the morning found but one beaver caught, which not being sufficient to satisfy their hunger, our adventurers were compelled to dig roots, cook their raw-hide ropes, and the raw-hide covering to their beaver packs. The third day they were compelled to kill one of their mules, an equal division of which was made.

The party traveled a northern course, though continually interrupted by almost fathomless chasms, for the crossing of which they had to make lengthy detours, sometimes for days, over a mountainous barren country, a few roots affording the only sustenance for man and beast.

Thus passed forty or fifty days of wretchedness and almost starvation, when Stone and Smith thought they recognized

a peak in the distance, but were so weak they almost despaired of reaching it. A day or two confirmed them in their surmise, and Smith was so elated with the prospect that he consented at last that his faithful dog *Blank Calio*, might be killed to afford them strength to reach the promised land. He turned away, that he might not witness what he looked upon as a foul murder; but "necessity has no law." After three more days of hard travel—somewhat invigorated by this substantial food, they suddenly came upon deer track. Immediately encamping, they placed upon the fire a kettle containing the head and neck—the remains of poor *Blank Calio*—and sallied forth in different directions in search of game. But all returned unsuccessful. Early in the morning Smith preceded the company, and in about two miles discovered a herd of forty or fifty deer, quietly feeding, at a short distance off. Throwing up a handful of dust, he found he had the wind of them. Creeping cautiously onward to the bank, he caught sight of two ears moving backward and forward, and gently raising himself a little higher, he looked through his sights. To his surprise, he felt his hand tremble, an unusual thing with him. He rested and fortified himself against it, reflecting that his own as well as the lives of his companions depended upon a sure shot—with more deliberation he fired. The deer remained lying whilst the others sprang up, but seeing nothing, they stood while he quickly re-loaded and brought another down, and another; at the fourth fire the best ones of the herd scampered off. By this time his companions came up with the packs, and anxiously inquired the result. He could not find it in his heart to trifle with the hopes of his starving companions, as he had, only for a moment, intended to do, but answered truthfully. The packs were immediately thrown off—two men with the pack-animals

dispatched up the mountain for snow—a fire built—the butchering proceeded with, and to their gratification, twelve instead of four deer were found dead, each doe bearing two fawns. This was the first full meal the party had enjoyed for more than two months.

CHAPTER X.

The preceding chapter furnishes a brief sketch of many straits of the same kind encountered by Smith and his companions in their perilous trip. After sundry encounters with grizzlies and Indians, the hunters turned their faces toward the settlements in New Mexico, all eager once more, after an absence of nine months, to revel in the bewitching smiles of the dark-eyed and soft-spoken señoritas—to trip "the light fantastis toe," and spin the dizzy waltz to the inspiring music of the violin, harp and bandolin, and spending their hard-earned gains in treating to any amount of bad whisky.

After several days' journey they came to the rancho of Trujillo, twelve miles above Albuquerque. Here they learned that a law had been passed making all furs contraband; that Young and his party had deposited their beaver with old Vaca, in the Rio Abajo—information of which being lodged with the authorities, the entire lot had been confiscated, and old Vaca killed in defending it, and that unless they avoided the settlements or journeyed entirely by night, their beaver would share the same fate. Setting out late in the evening, and thinking they had passed all the habitations, they encamped about two o'clock. Making an early start in the morning, they had scarcely proceeded half a mile when to their mortification they discovered a house a short distance ahead, which, from the topography of the country, they were compelled to pass. Just as they came in front of the house the door opened, and they were greeted with "hoiga, Señores

que llevan"—confronted by the Alcalde himself. Looking around, Smith discovered one of the packs uncovered, and finding he was in for it, promptly answered "beaver." The Alcalde drew a paper from his pocket, with "I have here an order from the Governor to seize all furs as contraband; I am sorry for you, Señor Don Thomas, but cannot help it." Although Smith had made up his mind not to surrender the beaver, yet he pleaded in vain that the law was not in existence when he left, that he had risked his life, toiled hard, and endured almost unheard-of privations to discharge a debt he had contracted with an honest man for his outfit—that he would give him an order for thirty dollars, and no one should know it. At this juncture the old lady came to his assistance, to whom he had eighteen months before made a present of a silk shawl, who argued the case so adroitly in his favor, that the old man accepted the order, with the addition of some powder, lead, and a few butcher-knives. Pushing on to the Riitos, they stopped just above for breakfast, hiding their packs in the bushes. They were in a short time surrounded by men, women, and children, with tortillas, tamales, eggs and chickens in abundance. Some of the women and children going into the bushes to pick berries, discovered the packs, but telling them they were put there to keep the sun from injuring them, nothing more was said. Still Smith felt uneasy, as a son of the Alcalde was present, but the young man soon relieved his anxiety by whispering to him that he would assist him in getting off. As soon as the coast was clear they packed up and pushed on to the Rio del Norte. After nightfall they secreted their packs of beaver in a cave in the rocky bluff opposite the Sieniga, which Smith had previously discovered in his rambles, crossed the river, passed through the village, were hailed but answered not, and arrived the following day

at Taos. Smith, upon old crazy Jaue, entered the Plaza in a lope; raising the Indian yell, he was instantly recognized and welcomed by his warm-hearted patron, Mr. Pratt, one of nature's gentlemen, to whose house he was conducted amid the congratulations of his numerous friends for his safe return, and that of his companions.

In a few days the beaver was smuggled in, "all right side up," and *such* a fandango came off as was never witnessed in those parts before, preceded by a scalp dance around the town. A long-haired scalp, taken by Smith, was carried upon a pole, followed by the entire population, singing, dancing and yelling. Alas! for civilization in those halcyon days of the trapper, she could but "spread her wings and fly weeping away."

WHEN THE SOLEMN MIDNIGHT LONELY.

BY EDWARD POLLOCK.*

When the solemn midnight lonely
Sleeps around me deep and still
And the gentle night-breeze only
Murmurs music on the bill;
When the seal of noiseless slumber
Closes every eye but mine,
And illusions without number
Visions for the dreamer twine;
Then, sweet maiden, still beside me
I thy gentle image see,
As though lingering to guide me
From my wandering to thee.

When the ruddy morn leaps shining
From the oriental wave,
And the laughing hours are twining
Flowers to deck each other's grave,
When the fragrant blossoms lure me
O'er the green and dewy lawn,
And her purple banners o'er me
Waves the rosy-handed dawn;
Still, sweet maiden, still beside me,
I thy gentle image see,
As though lingering to guide me
From my wandering to thee.

O that future hours some token
To my spirit would supply!
That the spell should ne'er be broken,
That thy charm should never die.
Gladly would I hail the morrow
That should bid me rove no more;
Seeking still through life to borrow
Sweets from time's illusive store;
Then, sweet maiden, still beside me,
Thy dear image would I see,
Sighing, seeking still to guide me
Back from wandering to thee.

* These lines, written by the lamented Pollock, have never before appeared in print with his name attached.—Ed.

JOEL GRUM'S CHRISTMAS.

BY GEO. F. NOURSE.

CHAPTER II.—(CONCLUDED.)

“AND then—but no matter—you'll not forget old Grum. Think of him kindly; come and see the old man some Sunday, and he'll walk with you over the hills; will you come and make his heart feel glad again?”

“Yes, sir, I'd like to, if mother is willing; but you must come in and see her, and tell her how you found me; she'll be sorry if you don't let her thank you.”

“I don't want to be thanked, I'd rather thank you; I thought one time to-night, that Heaven had sent you in my way to turn the current of my life; perhaps 'tis so; and for what you've done, I thank you a thousand times, but I can't go in.”

“Hello, Lucy! is that you?” said the voice of some one coming up behind, “we've hunted everywhere, and the whole town is out after you.”

“Yes, 'tis me, Albert; I was lost, and this gentleman found me; but he won't go in and see mother.”

“Oh, you must, sir, she'll be so glad; come, no refusal,” and, opening the gate, Albert led the way; and Lucy, taking Joel Grum's hand, almost pulled him in and up the avenue.

Joel Grum didn't want to go; he would have given anything, everything he owned in the world not to have gone; but there was no help for him, for besides Lucy tugging away at his arm, there is some unaccountable influence urging him, and reluctantly he permits himself to be forced on. They enter the parlor to find it unoccupied; Albert has now ran up stairs with the news, and Joel Grum glances at the elegant furniture and then at his attire; he won't sit down, he thinks, for he would spoil the chair, he won't move about, for if he does the nails in his boots will tear the carpet: so he

stands—'tis but a moment, however, before he hears a rustle; there is a race down stairs; the widow Ashley comes in ahead, and catching Lucy in her arms, covers her with endearments. Susan is close behind, arrayed in her party dress; she is looking more than beautiful to-night, she is always handsome, but now the joy that lights up every feature, the eye sparkling with such unwonted lustre makes her almost heavenly; traces of recent tears yet linger upon her long, dark lashes, but only add to the intoxicating beauty of her face; her form is unsurpassed among women, and dressed in the rare taste which pleases, not offends, the eye. As she enters, Joel Grum starts in amazement. Why, what ails the man? how wild he looks! his wound must trouble him again. He turns his head and looks upon the widow Ashley, who, having sufficiently caressed Lucy, has risen to greet him. But what's the matter with the widow Ashley? Catch her! quick! she's fainting. No, she has waved them away, advances one step toward Joel Grum, drops to her knees, and with arms extended, falls forward upon her face. And Joel Grum, he stands there looking more like a devil fresh from hell than like a christian being; both fists he holds tightly clenched above his head; his wound again is bleeding, and as the blood trickles down over and lodges upon his distorted features, his appearance is truly villainous; with one stride he reaches the parlor door, another and he has opened the outer hall door, and gone forth into the darkness.

There is no party for the Ashleys now. Albert has been with excuses. His mother, with the assistance of her daughter, has retired to bed; and there she lies, whiter than the bed she lies in; she has forbidden the calling of a physician—she says that all she requires is rest, tomorrow she will be well; she has told

the children that what they have seen they must never speak of, not even among themselves. And those were all the words she spoke, but lay there all night and never closed her eyes in sleep. Such rest! Alack! alack!

CHAPTER III.

Robert Gruffum was an unhappy individual; he went up town to hunt amusement, but felt all the while as though he had lost something. A peep into saloons, where egg-nog was being dealt out with liberal hand, where cards were played, and turkeys being raffled for, presented nothing very attractive to him. Couple after couple he encountered, gaily dressed, on their way to pleasure, but little heed took he of them. The bulletin-board of the theatre seemed to claim more of his attention than anything else; he spelled through it from top to bottom, and then heaving a long, heavy sigh, to himself said, "If Jo'l had only come along." The fact was that Mr. Gruffum had made out a bill for the evening's entertainment, never thinking that his partner might refuse to participate. They were to go to the theatre, drink an egg-nog or two, raffle for a turkey, and if fortunate enough to win, would have a Christmas dinner on the morrow. They were to do several other little things, very likely drink another egg-nog. Mr. Gruffum had all that day looked forward to the evening with immense satisfaction, anticipating much pleasure, and a night of it, but now he was miserable, he wished a thousand times that he had remained with Joel Grum, and finally concluded to go home anyway, and thitherward, about ten o'clock, he turned his feet.

On reaching the cabin, to his great surprise he found the door locked and the key gone. "Curus," he muttered, after knocking loudly and receiving no answer. Walking on tip-toe, as though afraid of disturbing some one, he went to the back

of the cabin, and up to the window, a slide sash: finding it unfastened, he carefully pushed it aside and halloed, "Jo'l! it's me." There was no reply, and Mr. Gruffum crawled in. In a moment he stands by the table with a lighted candle in his hand, and in conversation with some imaginary person, he says, "Two plates—one on 'em pretty nigh clean—that aint mine—there's mine yonder—and biscuit, Jo'l never made them ar." He steps back from the table to contemplate, when his eye is attracted by something on the floor, he picks it up, and holding it at arm's length, gives a prolonged whistle and exclaims, "Ribbin! suthin's up—plates, biscuit, ribbin, key gone—suthin's up—Jo'l's a rat." Mr. Gruffum indulges in a kind of inward chuckle, as he says, "May be I wouldn't have liked to come home sooner, perhaps there be suthin else 'round here," and so he prospects, but has hardly taken three steps before he comes to a dead halt; a basin and towel are before him on a stool: "B-l-o-o-d," he gasps;—the candle, which he holds about a foot above his head, shakes violently; on the floor at his feet there are several spots, and one quite large. Again he whispers "*blood*, and a good deal on it." The mind of Mr. Gruffum, not at any time very quick in its apprehensions, is now completely dumbfounded, and he mutters, "Key gone; two plates, one on 'em nigh clean; ribbin; biscuit, and blood! Suthin's wrong, sure." Poking the coals together, he planted himself upon a stool near by and with his legs stretched out, he proceeded to draw comfort and consolation from a little black pipe, and endeavored to solve the mystery.

Not long did he sit there, before the heavy tread of some one coming fell upon his ear. He heard the lock spring back and foot-steps enter, but he did not move, he knew whose they were; the door closed with a slam, and he who entered paced the cabin floor with quick, nervous strides.

"Suthin's wrong, sure," said Robert Gruffum to himself, but he neither moves nor speaks; he knows that if Joel Grum has anything to say, he'll say it. Presently Joel Grum, for he it is, comes to a full stop in front of Mr. Gruffum. He does not look so wild as when he last saw him, but his face is well besmeared with blood, and his hands bear evidence of frequent visits to his head. "Bob"—he speaks as one whose mind is made up—"find some one to work my part of the claim, sell it, give it away, or keep it yourself; to-night I leave here." Joel Grum's voice is tremulous as he adds "We must part, Bob."

Robert Gruffum draws in his legs, and rising, lays one hand on Grum's shoulder and says, "Suthin's wrong, Jo'l, with ye, but I aint curus to know what it is; whatever it is, I knows you're in the right, and where you goes I goes."

"Impossible!" said Joel Grum; "don't think of it; I am going out without a habitation or a home, going out to wander, to forget the past, myself, the world."

"Would ye forget Bob? would ye go and leave him? Jo'l, I love ye; yez ben the only friend to me I ever had. I couldn't live without ye, Jo'l, I'd be lost," and Bob Gruffum drew his sleeve across his eyes with an audible snuffle accompaniment.

Joel was not altogether unmoved by this avowal of affection on the part of his friend, and for a moment neither spoke. At the expiration of that time Mr. Gruffum having succeeded in mopping out his eyes, and having gathered courage from the silence, repeated, "Where you goes, I goes!" and as a settler to all argument brought the palm of his right hand down upon the palm of his left in a most convincing manner—and Joel Grum, taking both of those hands within his own, shook them warmly, and with few, but earnest words, thanked him for his affection and pledged eternal friendship.

Locking their tools within the tunnel, as they had often done before, and rolling a few provisions in their blankets, they shouldered them, and with their trusty rifles went out into the night.

During the next ten months their wandering feet trod the hills and vales of distant mountains. Seldom were they any length of time in one place. Hunting was their principal occupation, and by selling game at the neighboring camps and towns they were enabled to keep themselves well supplied with the necessaries of life, and so they wandered on. But as the fall months began to number, a desire which had long been growing in the heart of each, became too strong to be longer smothered, and one night, when sitting by a pile of burning logs, Joel Grum said to Bob—"Do you think we could go back to the old place and put the tunnel in without it's being generally known?"

"Only say the word, Jo'l, and we'll try it," replied Mr. Gruffum.

"Well, we *will* try it," said Joel, and the next morning their steps were upon the homeward track.

CHAPTER IV.

'Tis Christmas eve again, a year has passed. There have been births and deaths, engagements and weddings, divorces and funerals. Joys have crept in over the thresholds of some, sorrows have entered and taken up their abode with others. This is not such a night as was the last Christmas eve; then it was pleasant, now a fierce storm rages; the snow commenced to fall three days ago, and has continued almost without cessation ever since, and to-night the winds are sporting with it; they shake it from the tree tops, whirl it about and bank it up; drive sheets of sleet against the window-panes, making the sash rattle as it receives the blast, and one to almost shiver by the fire-side. The streets of

mountain towns are deserted save by those who are compelled to brave the storm; all amusements are postponed until the "first fair day." Saloons are dispensing but little if any egg-nog. A few loafers sit about the merchant's store; he brooks them with an unwonted grace tonight, and there they sit and spin yarns, and talk about the storm, and wonder if any of their friends were caught in it; "most likely there be some out," they say, and while pitying them, they bless their stars that they are by the merchant's fire. And there are some out. Two men are doing their best to reach some place of shelter. Slow work they make of it, taking turns to go ahead and break the way. They have been out in all the storm: they dropped their blankets and provisions on the first day, retaining only their rifles. They have not dared to stop, for that they think would be to die, so they have urged their weary limbs ahead, ever hoping soon to find a shelter. Slowly and wearily are they plodding on when the foremost came to a halt, joyfully exclaiming, "Jo'l, here's a fence, my hand is on the top rail."

"Thank God," says the deep, hoarse voice of Joel Grum, "thank God! there is now some hope of shelter, if not a house, at least a barn—perhaps some hay."

With the Ashley family the past year has been one of but little pleasure; the widow Ashley has been weak and feeble, the children have only had such amusements as they were enabled to find among themselves, or in an occasional visit to or from a neighbor. The Agent has almost now become the Principal; he has left the store and has commenced to study law. A perfect pattern of a son and brother is he: every evening finds him in the home circle, and to-night he is there as usual, he and Sue are poring over a game of chess, Lucy sits upon a

stool at her mother's feet reading aloud, while the latter is either listening attentively or lost in meditation. They are occupying to-night, as has been their wont of late, the back sitting-room, where an old-fashioned fire-place throws out its genial warmth in a kind and homily way.

In one of those lulls which frequently occur during a storm, when Boreas has stopped to gather breath, and the snow falls so noiselessly that a perfect silence reigns, they were startled from their occupations by a heavy rapping upon the back door. "It is surely some one knocking," said Mrs. Ashley, "go, Albert, and see who it can be that comes in such a night as this."

The features and person may be easily disguised so as to lose all traces of former appearance, but the voice never; it may change, but there are notes and chords which He who tunes must touch, and to any one with whom they have been familiar, the sound will furnish a key to the entire tune.

When Albert returned, he was followed by two men, whose personal appearance defied all recognition, the mass of matted and tangled hair which covered their heads and faces left nothing to view except the nose, forehead, and eyes, the mouth and ears were lost; their wet buck-skin coats hung about them as a shirt is said to hang upon a pole; their hats, which they pulled off when entering, were paragons of poverty; two wretched looking men were they. They must have been guilty of some great crime, or were very diffident, or coming from the intense darkness without into the glare of a bright light affected their eyes, for they kept them fixed upon the carpet until the hearth was reached, and then the tallest of the two ventured to raise his head and survey the premises. Timidly his eyes wandered until they rested on the widow Ashley, and then with a shiver he drew his person to its utmost

height, rather more than erect, and exclaimed, "So, we have met again!"

The widow Ashley recognized the tone in every word, and in turn she stared, but immediately recovering her composure, she calmly replied, "Yes, I have been expecting you."

A loud, wild laugh answered her; it sounded terribly in that quiet sitting-room, and he who laughed seized his comrade by the arm exclaiming, "Bob, did I ever tell you that I once had a wife and family?" and then that scornful, devilish laugh rang through the room again.

"Not as I remembers on, Jo'l," said the other.

"No," continued Joel Grum, with more of his natural voice, and with a tinge of sadness in it, "I never did. I once was proud to say it, but for years the thought has been killed with curses. Look! here they are, and there she is. I saw her last year; and, but that I fled, I would have killed her. Had I not have thought that I was mistaken when I saw her in the features of that little girl, I never would have brought her home. But thanks to the storm that brought us here, to-night I shall relieve my thoughts and mind of a burden which has weighed them down and almost made me mad. I feel better now for having spoken. I left her, Bob, and came to this State in early days. I worked as I never dreamed I could; I suffered more privations than was the usual lot of man, even in those days; I risked everything, even life itself, and all for her; I worked and suffered that I might return with a fortune to exceed even that of her father, who had cast her off for marrying me. I received no letters from her; I expected none, for I was in the mountains where no mails came, but I wrote to her and sent her money, and when three years had passed, with bags of gold I started home. I reached there, and went to the house where I had left her. Almost bursting

with the pent up joys of more than three years' anticipations, I rapped at the door. A stranger came and told me this; *she was divorced from her husband, and had gone away with another man.*" Had he have told me she was dead I could have wept; but his story aroused all the furies within me, I called him a liar, and with my clenched fist I knocked him down. He raised the cry of murder, and that night I passed in the cell of the city prison, my companions thieves, vagrants, and street walkers—it almost killed me, and the remembrance of it is but little better."

Joel Grum paused a moment and then continuing said, "I never could speak of these things before, the bare thought always made me furious. I went from the prison walls to learn from her own friends the details of her fickleness and crime. She sued for a divorce, and remaining long enough to learn that the court had decided in her favor, awarding her the children, she waited not for the papers, and scorning all future marriage rites, she, with her lover, left under cover of the night and fled to parts unknown. For more than a year I traveled, and having partially recovered from the shock of that fatal night, I came again to California, and went to my old camping ground to be asked by every friend I saw, "Where is your wife?" I sought a place where I was never known or heard of, and in speculations I lost my money. Broken hearted and in poverty I thought of what I was, of what I had been, and of what I might have been, and I cursed her as woman never before was cursed. I schooled my imagination to shape her in my thoughts as something hideous and revolting. I grew morose, crabbed, and cynical; people called me grum, and by the name of Joel Grum I yet am known. I have sometimes thought that she might be in this country, and I have feared to meet her, lest I should take vengeance; but that is now past, and I shall go from

her presence feeling happier than I have for years.—Come, Bob, the winds may be rough, and the snows wet and cold, still they may be merciful, and I would rather risk my life with them, than be sure of safety here; come, let us go.”

Mrs. Ashley, when Joel commenced his narrative, sank into an arm chair near by, and covering her face with her hands remained there almost motionless; an occasional sob being all that broke the silence, until he was about to leave, and then, rising, with not a particle of color in her face and holding with one hand to the chair for support, she imploringly stretched out the other saying, “Stay, Joel, hear me, do not go.” Her words were unheeded, the two men had thrown their weather-beaten hats upon their heads, when, with a power she hardly seemed capable of, she sprang before him exclaiming, “You *must* hear me! I feel a strength to which I have long been a stranger, and while it is on let me speak; in the presence of your friend and these children I make my confession. If you will not forgive me, I have but little time to live, and ask this favor: while I live let me keep the children, and when I die—take them, they are yours.” “If you must speak,” said Joel Ashley, as we now shall call him, “go on, but be short, for the evening is late, and we are tired, wet and hungry.”

“I will be very brief. First, I never received a letter from you, nor one cent of money; you left me almost in poverty promising to remit from your earnings; you knew that there was no one to whom I could apply for assistance. For two years and a half I battled against fearful odds; sickness, destitution and the continual entreaties of my parents to sue for a separation from you, and the promise of a maintainance and home the moment I should assent to their wishes, and threats to see me starve unless I did. I indignantly refused their offers and scorn-

ed their threats. I worked and suffered, heaven only knows how much. At length I could work no more; my strength was gone; I could not earn enough to pay the rent; the furniture, piece by piece I had sold, until not enough remained to longer call it such; my jewelry, with the exception of this ring, which you placed upon that finger long since, had gone; there was nothing in the house to eat, nothing to buy it with, and no credit; the children and myself were almost naked. All this time I had hoped and prayed for your return, or at least a letter, but none came. I was actually compelled to let my parents do as they wished in order to save the lives of these children. I was but a machine that answered questions, and wrote my name; how far the suit progressed I know not; I took no interest in it. With me it was only the means of prolonging life until your return, which I felt would come to pass some day, and I had mentally resolved that then I would tell you all, and be yours again. So far relates to the divorce; I must now speak of leaving home. Do you remember old parson Wright? he was very fond of you, and loved us both so well. He sympathized with me in all my troubles, but could do no more, for he was almost as poor as I, until his son came home from California, rich; he came to take his father and mother back there with him. Just before leaving San Francisco, he met some one who had known you in the mines, and often heard you speak of the children and of me. The parson and his son both came, and told me the joyful news, and said that if I still had faith in you, and courage to undertake the journey, I was welcome to a passage with them and they would provide for me here until you were found. I eagerly embraced their offer, for I knew it came from the heart, and I was sanguine of soon joining you. We were obliged to keep everything secret,

for, had my parents known of my intention, they surely would have stopped me. The old parson and his family started upon their journey; and when three days out James left them, returning with a carriage for me, and in the night with the children and a scanty wardrobe, I left, and no one knew it save ourselves; and with the Wrights I journeyed across the plains. Every endeavor was made to find you, but without success; we could not find a soul who ever knew you. I remained with my friends some months, and then disliking to be so dependant, and being in full health, strong and vigorous, I came here to the village, and obtaining permission to occupy a log cabin, I made my home there, and took in washing; and these arms over the wash tub and ironing board, assisted by the children, together with Albert's good fortune, bought this house with all its luxuries, and made us independent of the world. I never for a moment gave you up; the children have been taught to love, honor and respect the name of their father, but have been led to believe you dead, I thought it best in case you never came. Just one year ago to-night you came here, and when I saw you, first joy choked my utterance; and then you appeared so terrible that I was alarmed and fainted. When I recovered you had gone. I have not been well since, but I have always felt that you would come again, and prayed that I might live until then to tell you all."

"And so have I," said the tremulous voice of a new comer, as the door opened and shut behind an old gentleman of rather small stature, whose form was enveloped in the ample folds of a cloak, and who carried in his hand a dilapidated beaver.—"So have I," he repeated; "and Joel Ashley, give me your hand, let me welcome you to your family and home; you have been long sought for, and eventually the mysterious hand of Provi-

dence has led you to us. I have been a listener, and have heard both stories. Maria, this eve I received a letter in answer to the one I wrote, and with it a package containing six letters directed to you from California; they have all been opened, and my letter says each contains a draft. Your father is dead. He died in full repentance of his sins, and confessing his wrongs to you, commanding that those letters, which through the agency of some one connected with the Post Office he had intercepted, should be sent to you whenever your whereabouts was ascertained; he died deeply regretting his course, and mourning that you were not by to hear his confession, and that he might learn his forgiveness from your own lips. Altho' years of your life have been embittered by his actions, yet he was your father; and let us hope that in his last moments he received full atonement and forgiveness from Him to whose presence his spirit was ushered. Here are the letters.—Joel Ashley, are you satisfied?" The brawny arms of Joel opened, and when they closed embraced the form of a deeply injured but true and loving wife.

Mr. Gruffum had been bewildered in amazement, yet fully sympathizing with his friend, he felt it his duty to embrace somebody, and with that view, advanced a step or two toward Susan; then suddenly changing his mind, he turned, and throwing his arms around the old parson, hugged that gentleman so affectionately that he cried with very pain. Need we say that the children were greeted; that Robert Gruffum was introduced as a tried and valued friend; or, that Joel and Marian Ashley joined hands, and the old parson said: "By the grace of God and the authority in me vested, I again pronounce you man and wife," and that, kneeling, he sent up to heaven a prayer full of eloquence and sincerity. Need we say that the logs blazed high and late

that night, or that the little party who sat about the hearth were happy. Need we speak of the storm's clearing up, of a dinner party next day, or of stockings which the following night loaded to the tops? No, no need. We will only say that the old parson was among the happiest, and in answer to Joel's inquiry of how he came to venture out on such a night, he said :

"I couldn't help it; for, as I sat dozing before the fire after supper, there was a something kept saying, 'go to Prospect Place;' I couldn't keep it off my mind, so I told the old lady 'I would go;' she tried to laugh me out of the notion, but I said 'I will go,' and then she said I would certainly perish on the way, but I said 'I shall go;' and, when I was preparing, the expressman brought the

package, and I said 'now I *must* go;' and trusting to the will of God and the sagacity of old Dobbin, I came safely here, and into where I saw the light, when I heard a *terrible* laugh, and I knew I did right in coming. So I came in over the porch to the hall, and then I stopped and soon knew for what I was sent here. And, by the way, Albert, old Dobbin is out there yet, in all the storm; I declare, it is too bad."

We have no more to say, excepting that the old claim was worked; and if Joel Grum's vision was false as regards the diamonds and pearls, the *nuggets* were surely there; and Ashley and Gruffum are now distinguished for their wealth and philanthropy. Robert Gruffum has a home at Prospect Place, and Joel Ashley no more is *Grum*.

HISTORICAL OF CALIFORNIA.

EDMUND RANDOLPH'S ORATION BEFORE THE SOCIETY OF CALIFORNIA PIONEERS, SEPTEMBER, 1860.

[Concluded from page 314.]

IN extenuation, however, it may be said that Anglo Americans had long been viewed with uneasiness in this quarter. It was prophesied, as early as 1805, that they would become troublesome to California. So wrote a Governor in an official letter now in the archives.

In a recent number of a magazine (Harper's for June, 1860), Sylvester Pattie, his son and six others, are said to have been the first who accomplished the journey overland from the United States to California. The dates mentioned in that account show that they could not have reached Lower California, where they first arrived, sooner than 1829 or 1830, as it is said they left the Missouri river in 1824 and remained more than five years in New Mexico. The Patties

therefore cannot dispute this honor with Jedediah Smith.

After the adoption of the Federal Constitution of 1824, by which was established The Mexican United States, the Governor of California was called the Political Chief of the Territory, and was aided by a council known as the Territorial Deputation. The Government of the Territory continued subject to the Sovereign Congress at the city of Mexico, as formerly that of the province had been to the Viceroy. Thus much will be a sufficient introduction for the next paper. It is to be regretted that it was not known to the gentlemen who designed the coat of arms adopted for this State.

"In session of the 13th of July, 1827, of the Territorial deputation, a proposi-

tion was made to change the name of the Territory to *Moctesuma*, the arms of the same to be an Indian with his bow and quiver, in the act of crossing a strait, placed in an oval, with an olive and live oak on either side; the same being symbolical of the arrival of the first inhabitant to America, which, according to the generally received opinion, was by way of the Straits of Anian."

The Russians and the American trappers, estrays dropping in from the mountains, seemed to have taught the Californians the value of furs. The Government of the Territory very naturally made this new business a source of revenue. They sold licenses to trap. To obtain this privilege was rather a formal matter.

Internal disturbances seem to have commenced in California about the year 1830. The liberal Spanish Cortez of 1813, in carrying out the Constitution which they adopted for the Spanish monarchy the year before, decreed the secularization of all the Missions in the Spanish dominions.

The decrees of the Cortez, not incompatible with the republican form of Government, continued after the establishment of her independence to be the laws of Mexico, but very few, if any of them, had been put into operation in California. With the rest, that of *secularization* remained a dead letter. Echandia, the Political Chief, (as the Governor was then entitled,) in 1830, very hurriedly, and without consulting the Supreme Government, published, as the custom of the Government was, a set of regulations for carrying this old law into effect. At that moment he was superceded by Victoria, who suppressed the regulations, and put a peremptory stop to the secularization of the Missions. Victoria's conduct was approved by the Supreme Government, but there was a party here warmly in favor of the secularization, and disturbances which were considered seri-

ous and threatening ensued, although I do not know that they resulted in bloodshed. The chief promoter of the scheme was sent out of the country by Victoria; and thus, I think, civil strife commenced in California.

In the secularization of the Missions, Figueroa advanced so far as to put administrators in possession in place of the Fathers, at which stage his proceedings were arrested by a decree of the Mexican President. Ruin was inevitable; it was as rapid as spoliation could make it, and it was soon complete. Governor after Governor adopted regulations upon regulations, to secure a faithful administration of the property of the Missions, *i. e.*, of the Christian Indians, who inhabited them, and by whose labor all had been built and accumulated. It was to no purpose; and of as little avail was the partial restoration of the Missions to the charge of the Fathers, by Micheltona in 1843. The Indian was by nature a very little above the brute; the Fathers were not able to elevate him in spite of nature; the administrators stripped him without compunction; and when the United States conquered the country, he was already exterminated, his destruction complete in ten years. When emancipation began, Figueroa says there were twenty thousand Christian Indians in the Missions of California.

Colonization was another idea introduced by the Spanish Cortez in 1813. It was embodied in the Mexican Law of Colonization, of 1824. The scheme was to reduce all the public lands of the State to private property. The Spanish rule before 1813, had been to make such grants the exception, and to retain all lands generally speaking, as the domain of the King. Other Mexican Governors may have made informal grants of which nothing appears, but Figueroa was the first to inaugurate the system of which we find the records in the Archives. He

established a course of proceeding in exact accordance with the law and the regulations, and adhered to it strictly, and executed it conscientiously and with great intelligence. From the lands subject to be granted are excepted such as belong to Pueblos and Missions. Of Pueblos, *i. e.*, villages, there were but two, San José and Los Angeles, or three including the unprosperous Villa de Branciforte. Whatever lands these owned were, at their foundation, surveyed, marked out, and set apart to them, and then recorded. The same course was followed with such of the Presidios as were converted into Pueblos, as at Monterey, and would have been pursued with the Missions when converted into Pueblos, if that change had not been arrested. In these cases there could have been no uncertainty as to what lands the Governor could grant. That no injustice might be done them, every petition was referred to the Priests, and afterwards to the Administrators of the Missions. They were asked whether the grant could be made without prejudice to the Indians. As they replied so were the grants given or withheld. So it was at least in Figueroa's day, and that, no matter how far the land petitioned for was from the nearest Mission. Other Governors were neither so exact nor so conscientious as Figueroa. And as in the hands of the Administrators to whom they were delivered over, the Missions went rapidly down to complete ruin, it is evident that the lands required for the Indians would become continually less—such would be, and was, the answer of their new guardians to the inquiries of the Governor—and finally all was granted, and in some cases, it is alleged, even the Missions themselves. Their cattle, without the aid of a grant from the Governor, took the same course. It is not too much to say, that when the United States in 1846 took possession of the

country, they found it passing through a conquest still raw and incomplete. It was the conquest of the Missions and the Christian Indians, by the settlers of the Presidios and the Pueblos, who at first had been introduced into the country mainly for their benefit; to aid the King and the Church in carrying out their pious and humane intentions towards them. Yet it was well that it was so. Who that looks upon the native Digger Indian, could wish that a superior race should be sacrificed or postponed for his benefit? We contemplate a miserable result of the work begun with so much zeal and heroism in 1769. But because they failed, we none the less respect the motives and the laborers, whether of Church or State.

The unworthiness of the Californian Indian did not altogether deprive him of sympathy. Every government expressed some feeling at seeing him hasten so rapidly to his wretched end; and the just and kind-hearted Figueroa battled for him manfully. In the midst of the complex labors of his administration, he was almost crushed by the arrival of three hundred persons, for whom he had to make provision without resources, and who came under the charge of a Director of Colonization, instructed by the Supreme Government, at that time radically democratic, to begin operations by taking possession of the property of the Missions, and admit the new colonists to a division of it with the Indians. During the winter of 1834-5, Figueroa and the Director carried on an animated discussion, in writing, on the last of these propositions. Figueroa maintained that the Missions were the private property of the Indians, and protected from invasion, by the Constitution. The Director insisted upon the letter of the order of the Supreme Government. Figueroa said it was improvident, and refused to obey it until he could make a representation to the Supreme Government on the subject. The

end was, that some of the partizans of the Director attempted an insurrection at Los Angeles, in the spring of 1835, which was easily suppressed, but furnished Figueroa the opportunity to send the Director and the heads of his faction back to Mexico. Of these, the principal was the same man who had been sent out of California by Victoria, for the same cause, a desire to have part in the secularization of the Missions. The colony, however, remained; and, though numbering but three hundred, was a great addition to the population of California in those days. Among them we find the names of several persons who afterwards became conspicuous in the country: amongst them, Jose Abrego, Jose Ma. Covarrubias, Augustin Olvera, and Francisco Guerrero.

Figueroa died at Monterey on the 29th of September, 1835; his death being probably hastened by the effect of the anxiety and vexation of this controversy upon a constitution already broken. At that time his manifesto to the Mexican Republic, in which he gives a clear and forcible statement of the whole affair, and an able vindication of his conduct, was going through the press at Monterey. His death seems to have been very greatly deplored at that time, and he is still recognized as the ablest and most upright of the Mexican Governors. His work of the political organization of California lasted but a little while; it fell with the overthrow of the Federal Constitution of 1824, by Santa Anna, in 1836. California then became a Department; Political Chief was changed into Governor, and Territorial Deputation into Departmental Assembly.

These changes, however, were not fully completed in California until 1839. The Department of the Californias was then divided into three districts; the first extending from the frontier of Sonoma to San Luis Obispo, its principal point or seat of administration being the old Mis-

sion of San Juan, on the Pajaro river; the second district included the rest of Upper California, the seat of its administration being the city of Los Angeles, which had been promoted to that rank from the original condition of a pueblo, in the year 1835; and the third comprised Lower California, which, after a separation, was now re-united with Upper California. These districts were divided each into two Partidos, of which, consequently, there were four in Upper California. Ayuntamientos were abolished, and a Justice of the Peace substituted in each Partido. For the whole district there was a prefect, who resided at the seat of the administration of one of the partidos, and a sub-Prefect, who resided at that or the other Partido. In 1843, Micheltorena, acting under extraordinary powers, made some changes in this system; but it was substantially restored by Pio Pico, in 1845, when again Lower California was thrown off.

With Figueroa everything like stability, and indeed order, passed away. The next year after Figueroa's death, the Californians drove away the Governor; and Don Juan B. Alvarado, being at that time President of the Territorial Deputation, was declared Governor. After this was done, the Deputation went one step further, and on the seventh of November, 1836, passed these resolutions:

1. "California is declared independent of Mexico until the re-establishment of the Constitution of 1824."

2. "California is erected into a free and sovereign State, establishing a Congress," &c., &c.

Public documents for a while were headed "Free and Sovereign State of California." This anomalous state of things lasted until 1838. The demands of the Free and Sovereign State were not complied with; nor, on the other hand, was the Central Government disposed, or perhaps able, to push the controversy to

extremes. In 1838, Alvarado was appointed Governor ad interim; and Constitutional Governor in 1839, when we have seen that the innovations of Santa Anna took effect. Whilst California was in rebellion, the President of Mexico commissioned Carlos Antonio Carillo as Governor. Alvarado refused to recognize him, and accepted the aid of a party of Americans, who, since the time of Jedediah Smith, seem to have found their way into the country. Alvarado prevailed over Carillo; and his appointment as Governor ad interim compromised the difficulties of those times. Here is a document relating to this contest, which will serve to illustrate California warfare. It is the report of Gen. Jose Castro to Governor Alvarado, dated the 28th of March, 1838:

"I have the honor to announce to your Excellency, that after *two days* continual firing without having lost *but one man*, the enemy took to flight under cover of night, numbering one hundred and ten men; and I have determined to dispatch one company of mounted infantry, under the command of Captain Villa, and another of cavalry lancers, under the command of Captain Cota, in their pursuit; remaining myself, with the rest of the division, and the artillery, to guard this point," &c., &c.

It now appears that the Americans who sided with Alvarado had fallen under suspicion and into disfavor at about the time that their chief made up his differences with the Central Government, and received his commission as Governor ad interim. They were all arrested, some fifteen or twenty, perhaps, and sent to Mexico. Amongst them was Mr. Isaac Graham, of Santa Cruz. When the vessel reached San Blas, the Mexican authorities took a different view of the matter. They put General Castro in prison, and Graham and his companions in the best hotel in the place, (he says a palace,) and entertained them handsomely until they could send them back to California,

which they did at the expense of the Government.

In 1839, Capt. John A. Sutter, a man who had seen many vicissitudes and adventures in Europe and the wilds of America, arrived in California from the Sandwich Islands. By permission of Governor Alvarado, he established himself in the valley of the Sacramento, then the extreme northern frontier. He engaged to protect the Mexican settlements extending in that direction under the Colonization Law, (the only vital thing left of Mexican rule for many years,) from the incursions of the Indians, and he kept his word.

In 1841 he obtained a grant of land himself, and built a fort, which soon became the refuge and rallying point for Americans and Europeans coming into the country. Over all these, Sutter, by virtue of an appointment as justice of the peace, exercised whatever government there was beyond the law of the rifle. Practically, his powers were as indefinite as the territorial limits of his jurisdiction. Amongst those who early gathered around Sutter, we find the names of John Bidwell, who came in 1841, and Pearson B. Reading and Samuel J. Hensley, who came in 1843, and many others, well known at the present day.

The Pioneers of that day all bear testimony to the generosity of Captain Sutter at a time when his fort was the capital, and he the government, for the American colony in the valley of the Sacramento. In 1844, the numbers of this population had come to be so considerable as to be a power in the State. In the revolution which then occurred, Sutter took the side of Governor Micheltorena. But before he marched, he took the reasonable precaution, so obviously required by justice to his men, to obtain from Micheltorena a grant of the land for which they had respectively petitioned. Micheltorena then issued the document known as the

General Title. In this document he declares, that every petition upon which Sutter, in his capacity of Justice of the Peace, had reported favorably, should be taken as granted; and that a copy of this document, given to each petitioner, should serve in lieu of the usual formal grant. This done, he marched to the south, but was unfortunate, for he was taken prisoner, and Micheltorena expelled from the country. This is the last of the civil wars of California.

In the spring of 1846, General Castro in the North, and Pio Pico, the Governor in the South, were waxing hot against each other, and preparing for new conflicts, when the apparition of Captain Fremont with his small surveying party of old mountaineers, and the hardy and indomitable Pioneers of the Sacramento Valley, and the Bear flag, put an end to their dissensions. Castro had himself prepared the way for this aggression, by driving Fremont and his surveying party out of the Mexican settlements, a few months before. The colony on the Sacramento necessarily sympathized with Fremont; and rumors, more or less well founded, began to run through the valley of hostile intentions towards all American settlers. But resentment, and anticipations of evil, were not the sole cause of this movement. There can not now be a doubt that it was prompted, as it was approved, by the Government of the United States; and that Captain Fremont obeyed his orders no less than his own feelings.

Fremont was still on the northern side of the Bay of San Francisco when the American flag was hoisted at Monterey, on the ever-memorable seventh day of July, 1846.

Before the war, the Government of the United States had fully determined, so far as that matter rested with the executive, upon the conquest and permanent retention of California, as soon as the

outbreak of war should offer the opportunity. Orders, in anticipation of war, were issued to that effect, and it was under these orders that California was actually taken. The danger of that day was, that England would step in before us. Her ships were watching our ships on the coast of Mexico. The British pretext, it is said, was to have been to secure an equivalent for the Mexican debt due to British subjects; and it is understood that there was a party here who favored this design.

Because Commodore Sloat did not rush to the execution of the orders issued in anticipation of war, on the very first report of a collision between the United States and Mexico, the anxious Secretary of the Navy, dreading to lose the prize, hotly censured him in a letter which reached him after the event had broken the sting of its reproaches, and served only to assure him how well he had fulfilled the wishes of his Government. The flag of the United States was no sooner flying, than the Collingwood entered the bay of Monterey. There had been a race between the Collingwood and the Savannah. What a moment was that for us, and for the world! What if the Collingwood had been the swifter sailer, and Sloat had found the English flag flying on the shore! What if we had been born on another planet! The cast was for England or the United States, and when the die turned for us, the interest was at an end.

As a feat of arms, the conquest of California was nothing for a power like ours. Even more feeble, and as much distracted as the rest of Mexico, and with but a nominal dependence upon the central Government, but a very little force was sufficient to detach California forever from all her Spanish-American connections. Whatever of military credit there was, is due to the Pioneers who, under the Bear flag, had, before they heard of

the beginning of the war, with an admirable instinct for their own rights, and the interests of their country, rebelled against any further Mexican misrule, or a sale to the British. The loyalty of their sentiments was beautifully illustrated by the alacrity with which they relinquished the complete independence which appeared to be within their grasp, and turned over their conquests, and the further service of their rifles, to the country which they remembered with so much affection, and a government from which they would suffer themselves to look for nothing but wisdom and strength, and a tender consideration for the rights and interests of the Pioneer.

For three years and a half, when there was no war, and for nearly two years after there was a declared peace, California was governed, and for a great part of the time heavily taxed, by the executive branch of the government of the United States, acting through military officers. This I note as an anomaly in the experience of the citizens of this Republic.

California, separated from Mexico, a new people began to come in, from the United States and Europe. But California was remote, and yet but little understood. Mr. Webster himself spoke of her as almost worthless, except for the Bay of San Francisco, and as though the soil was as barren and thorny as the rocks of Lower California. Emigrants came, but not many—amongst the most remarkable arrivals being the ship Brooklyn, freighted with Mormons. The soldiers themselves were nothing more than armed colonists. And everything was peaceful and dull, until suddenly, when no man expected, there came a change of transcendent magnitude.

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Gold was discovered at Coloma. This was an event that stirred the heart of the whole world. The motives which

pervade and most control the lives of men were touched. All the impulses that spring from necessity and hope were quickened; and a movement was visible among mankind. To get to California, some crossed over from Buenos Ayres to Valparaiso, scaling the Andes. The Isthmus of Darien became a common thoroughfare. Peaceful invaders entered Mexico at every point, and on every route startled the drowsy muleteer as they passed over to the Pacific where the coast was nearest, or pushed on directly for California. Constant caravans issued from our own borders, traversed every intervening prairie, and explored every pass and gap of opposing mountains. As the long train descended to the valley, perhaps the foremost wagon is driven by an old man, who when he was a boy moved out in this way from Virginia to Kentucky; and passing still from one new State to another, now when he is grown gray, halts his team at last upon the shores of the Pacific. Ships sailed from every port on the globe. The man at the wheel, in every sea, steered by the star that led to San Francisco. So came the emigrants of 1849. The occupation of California was now complete, and she became a part of the world.

The sighs, the prayers, the toiling and watching of our o'er-wearied countrymen on these long painful journeys, are still demanding a railroad to the Pacific.

Eleven years are passed, and have they no voice? We looked out upon a wide expanse—unfenced, untilled—and though nature was lovely, our hearts sunk within us. Neither the priest nor the rancho had prepared this country for our habitation. We asked who shall subdue all this to our uses? We look again; and now, upon a landscape chequered with smiling farms and dotted cities and towns, busy and humming like the hive. What magic is it that has wrought this change? On every hand

with one acclaim, comes back the answer. Labor, it is Labor. Of our eleven years, here is the lesson. Man's opinions and his passions were but insolence and vanity. Boasting and praise made but the greatness of the passing day. And Labor, only Labor, has survived. However silent, however humble and unseen, or on what bestowed, it is Labor which has created California, and which rules us at this hour. With our own eyes this we have seen, and of our knowledge we know the lesson to be as true as it is old.

California in full possession of the white man, and embraced within the mighty area of his civilization! We feel the sympathies of our race attract us. We see in our great movement hitherward in 1849 a likeness to the times when our ancestors, their wives and little ones, and all their stuff in wagons, and with attendant herds, poured forth by nations and in never-ending columns from the German forests, and went to seek new pastures and to found new kingdoms in the ruined provinces of the Roman Empire: or when swayed by another inspiration they cast their masses upon the Saracens, and sought to rescue the Sepulchre of Christ from the infidels.

We recognize that we are but the foremost rank of that multitude which for centuries has held its unwavering course out of Europe upon America, in numbers still increasing; a vast, unsummoned host, self-marshaled, leaderless, and innumerable, moving onward and onward forever, to possess and people another continent. Separated but in space—divided but by the accidents of manners, of language, and of laws—from Scandinavia to California, one blood and one people. Man of our race has crowned the earth with its glory! Knowledge is but the conservation of his thoughts, art but the embodiment of his conceptions, letters the record of his deeds. And still

in the series of his works you have founded a state. May it be great and powerful whilst the ocean shall thunder against these shores. You have planted a people; may they be prosperous and happy whilst summers shall return to bless these fields with plenty. And may the name of the Pioneer be spoken in California forever.

Since the foregoing address was delivered, the following letter has been received by Mr. Randolph from Mr. Sprague, a gentleman well known in this city, and interesting as showing the discovery of gold in California *thirty-five* years ago:

EDMUND RANDOLPH, Esq.,

San Francisco.

GENOA, Carson Valley, }
Sept. 18, 1860. }

Friend Randolph:—I have just been reading your address before the Society of Pioneers. I have known of the J. S. Smith you mention, by reputation, for many years. He was the first white man that ever went Overland from the Atlantic States to California. He was a Chief Trader in the employ of the American Fur Company. At the rendezvous of the Company on Green river, near the South Pass, in 1825, Smith was directed to take charge of a party of some forty men, (trappers) and penetrate the country west of Salt Lake. He discovered what is now called Humboldt River. He called it Mary's river, from his Indian wife Mary. It has always been known as Mary's river by mountain men since—a name which it should retain, for many reasons.

Smith pushed on down Mary's river, and being of an adventurous nature, when he found his road closed by high mountains, determined to see what kind of country there was on the other side. It is not known exactly where he crossed the Sierra Nevada, but it is supposed that it must have been not far from where the old emigrant road crossed near the head of the Truckee. He made his way southerly after entering the Valley of Sacramento, passed through San Jose and down as low as San Diego. After recruiting his party and purchasing a

large number of horses, he crossed the mountains near what is known as Walker's pass, skirted the eastern slope of the mountains till near what is now known as Mono Lake, when he steered an east-by-north course for Salt Lake. On this portion of his route he found placer gold in quantities, and brought much of it with him to the encampment on Green river.

The gold he brought with him, together with his description of the country he had passed through, and the large amount of furs, pleased the agent of the American Fur Company so well, that he directed Smith again to make the same trip, with special instructions to take the gold fields on his return, and thoroughly prospect them. It was on this trip that he wrote the letter to Father Duran. The trip was successful, until they arrived in the vicinity of the gold mines, east of the mountains, when in a battle with the Indians, Smith and nearly all his men were killed. A few of the party escaped, and reached the encampment on Green River. This defeat damped the ardor of the company so much, that they never looked any more for the gold mines.

There are one or more men now living who can testify to the truth of the above statement, and who can give a fuller statement of the detail of his two journeys than I can.

The man Smith was a man of far more than average ability, and had a better education than falls to the lot of mountain men. Few or none of them were his equals in any respect.

THOMAS SPRAGUE.

THE BOTTLE AT SEA.

[From the French of Leon Gozlan.]

BY D.

[Concluded from page 327.]

I arrived upon the quay, and searched for my brig. Gone! It was no longer there—I still looked, and finally perceived it! It had passed down the river, and its sails were already unfurled along its masts. My story had fallen into the water from whence it came. In the summer twenty little trout-nosed oar-boats would have been ready to take me on board the Chamois; but it was winter,

and they were rolling in the docks, or buried in the sand. What was to be done? Nothing! All was said; the brig was gone—was vanishing. But what had happened? The Chamois was lying to—a boat was lowered and approached Antwerp, and I recognized among those who were in it, my gigantic captain! Yes! Yes! It was him! Antony awaiting Cleopatra upon the borders of the Cydnus, was not more impatient. Finally my ivory vessel, with its purple sails, touched the quay.

"Captain," said I to the captain of the Chamois, as I tendered my hand to aid him in disembarking, "captain, has any accident happened to you?"

"A serious accident; our hydrographer has forgotten to send our marine instruments on board, so that we would presently have found ourselves in the open sea without compass or quadrant."

"Ah, yes, that is serious."

This phrase, insignificant in my mouth, I repeated to satiety, while waiting for an opportunity to enter upon a subject far more interesting to me. I walked beside the captain as he went toward the house of his hydrographer.

"To be without marine instruments is, without doubt, very unfortunate; but to be lost on a long voyage, on a voyage, for example, like that which you made in other days to India, would be a much more serious misfortune."

"To India!" said the captain, "to India!"

"Yes, captain, I said to India."

"But I never went to India."

"Is not Batavia in India?"

"Yes; but what does that prove?"

"If you have been in Batavia, must you not have been in India!"

"But who told you that I had been at Batavia?"

"You, captain."

"I? come now!" and the captain of the Chamois looked at me with a curiosity

which might have been less benevolent.

"Permit me, captain," I said, and excuse the liberty of my questions"—

"Speak," replied the captain, "what is it you wish to know?"

"You, certainly, were yesterday evening at the Golden Lion?"

"Yes."

"And you recounted to several of your friends an episode of your voyages to the Indies——"

"The Indies again! have you returned there, then? But I swear to you——"

"Ah, well be it so! you never went to the Indies; but it was surely you who found, one night, in the open sea, a sealed bottle?—"

"I?"

"In which was a paper, in a woman's handwriting?—"

"I! I!"

"This woman called herself Margaret Floreff. You have a friend, an atheist, who played upon the flute, and the child of your captain was baptized upon that night. See, have I dreamed all this? am I insane?"

"You are not insane, and you have not dreamed," replied the captain of the Chamois, profoundly astonished at the interest that I showed in a thing so far away from hydrography, when we had almost reached the shop of the hydrographer. "It was not me who gave you this recital?"

"It was not you?"

"I affirm it to you upon my honor; and the proof is that it would be impossible for me to add a single word to the anecdote so brutally interrupted, last night, by the sudden extinction of the gas."

"It was not you! who, then, was it who recounted it?"

"It was a Dutch captain, formerly of the Indian garrison at Batavia."

"A man with blonde complexion, long, golden moustaches and blue eyes?"

"Precisely."

"Oh, deception! I just now encountered him yonder beneath that gate, while I was hurrying to the hospital in search of you."

"It is a very fine hospital,——"

"Ah! Monsieur, never mind the hospital, we will speak of that another time—it was him!"

"It was him," repeated the captain in a slightly mocking tone.

"Yes, I comprehend, now," I continued, "the same cloud of smoke enveloped you and him, and all the others at the table where you supped last evening. You are a captain; some one called him captain since he is a captain, also; I supposed he was a sea captain, and have placed to your account the history of the bottle and of Marguerite Floreff—fatal confusion!"

"Oh, there is no harm done," murmured the captain, "no harm. But I have arrived at the house of my hydrographer; my boatmen are waiting; my vessel is lying to—if you have any commissions for Bordeaux——"

"A word more, captain——"

"Be brief, if you please."

"Do you know this Dutch captain?"

"No; but one of my friends, a silk merchant, whose house is upon the *Place Verte*, knows him without doubt, as he presented him to us, and invited him to dine with us."

"The name of this silk merchant, if you please, captain—his name?"

"Here is his name and address," said the captain, giving me a card; then, after pressing my hand, he entered the house of his hydrographer.

I hastened to the silk merchant's. Here the introduction was less difficult. I presented myself to purchase a cravat. Fifteen hundred were shown me.

"Do I speak to the head of the firm?"

"Yes, Monsieur. All silk, and what silk! See, Monsieur!"

"You dined, last night, at the Golden Lion?"

"Yes, Monsieur—Lyons fashions, very superior!"

"You have a friend, a Dutchman, who dined with you?"

"Yes, his father was a friend of mine; he is a Van Ostal—a silk merchant, also."

"I will take six cravats!—Tell me of the son."

"Well, he is called Van Ostal, like his father."

"Does he live here at Antwerp?"

"He lives at Rotterdam, and has just gone to embark upon the steamboat which leaves each morning for that place."

Gone! My shudder was prophetic. Rotterdam!—I was desperate—Rotterdam!

"Will you take these six cravats?"

"I will take a dozen—but tell me!"—

"We keep also English flannels, Monsieur; do you wish to look at our flannels?"

"Without doubt you listened last night with the same interest that I did to the recital of M. Van Ostal?"

"What recital?"

"The bottle opened by him at sea, upon the equinoctial line;—the letter enclosed in the bottle—that lady, Margaret Floreff, who died so sadly in a shipwreck—you surely know—"

"Pardon, monsieur, but we do not keep the article," said the silk merchant of the Place Verte; "but if you wish to see our flannels?"

Flannels again!—and the statue of Rubens is upon the Place Verte!

I had expended a hundred francs for cravats, but I knew that my brave Dutch officer was named Van Ostal, and that he was at Rotterdam.

The next morning, at half past seven o'clock, I embarked upon the Prince of Orange, a superb steamer which plies between Antwerp and Rotterdam.

CHAPTER III.

I HAD no sooner pronounced the name of Van Ostal, when I had arrived at Rotterdam, than twenty persons designated his house, situated at the angle of two canals and in the midst of one of those gardens, such as the Hollanders alone, those brave and honest people, know how to plant. Unfortunately, it was autumn—almost winter in Holland—and I had not the pleasure, in traversing these grounds, to salute their master, or of seeing them arrayed in all their vegetable glory. M. Van Ostal, when I entered his salon, was indicating the degree of warmth he wished to have given to the delightful conservatory of which this salon was the central pavilion. To the right and left along two great galleries sheltered by glass, and upon which climbed vines of red and white roses, I discovered palm trees, jacquies, of which the fruit is so heavy that it requires three men to carry it, banians, Maldivian cocoa trees, mango trees, cassia trees, and the finest Polynesian shrubs, a marvelous bazaar in which flowers bloomed, as large as umbrellas, where crept and dangled serpentine plants that seemed endowed with animal life; all unfolding their leaves without seeming to be aware of having been transplanted from the most burning climate in the world, to bloom beneath the most humid sky in Europe.

M. Van Ostal, with the natural frankness of his noble nation, and with its characteristic cordiality, hastened towards me as soon as I appeared, and inquired after my well-being.

"If," said he, "I had known your intention to visit Holland, I would not have failed to have offered to you the hospitality which you have yourself sought."

I very quickly reduced these terms of hospitality to a more modest value by informing him that I had come not upon

a simple visit of politeness, but of interested politeness.

"Will you permit it to be one for me also," said he making a sign to me to seat myself at a table woven of shreds of bamboo and filaments of the cocoa tree, a vegetable Mosaic transported from New Holland; "breakfast with me and my family."

I accepted the invitation, and M. Van Ostal, as if to seal it, poured out for me, in a long glass, a colonial liqueur, that gleamed through its sides like drops of molten gold, which it is, perhaps, the general usage to drink before breakfast in the houses of his affectionate compatriots. As I never consult my tastes when traveling, I allowed him to fill my glass to the brim; neither did I inquire the name, more or less singular, of the island, peninsula, or continent from whence came the gigantic black cigars that he presented to me. I limited myself to reflecting, like Don Cæsar de Bazan: "*This cannot be the tobacco of a dishonest man.*"

"I am at your service," said M. Van Ostal to me, when our cigars were lighted.

After having arranged all my preparatory phrases in lines of battle, after having weighed all the incidents, I leaped at a single bound over phrases, incidents and transitions. "You remained alone upon the deck," said I, "and, when you had no other witness than space and silence, you pressed the paper to your lips, murmuring, 'Marguerite Floreff!'"

"Yes, monsieur," responded M. Van Ostal, as if he had waited in Holland, and in his house in Rotterdam to hear this question asked. "Until the hour when I was left alone upon the deck of the Galathee, no notable accident had occurred to disturb the calmness of the night. The prow cut through the hissing water like scissors of steel through satin. I prolonged the pleasure of my ecstasy, by forcing myself

to imagine the features, the age, and the character of this graceful and charming Marguerite Floreff. I willed that she should be charming, graceful. She was known to me. From that time I loved her. What course remained to be taken? None. Afterward, by the light of the lantern suspended along the side, I examined the writing of the billet. A hand young and delicate could alone have traced these lines, these elegant characters, half formed, fine as threads of silk. This writing, I said to myself, still clinging to my chimera, is not of the last century, it is of my own time, of yesterday; and this paper, manufactured in Europe, is too soft beneath my fingers to prove to the contrary. She was a daughter of England or of France, who placed her hand there. I remounted immediately upon my ray of poesie, and traversed anew the sweet sabbath of imagination.

"Marguerite! O! Marguerite! if you are not dead, how I love you!" And I bent over the ship's side, searching to discover beneath the waters silvered by the moonlight, the corpse of Marguerite Floreff.

"It was in looking thus into the sea, that I saw it suddenly swell, as if a volcano was making an effort to rise and rush toward the sky. The heavens before long were in an unheard of state of agitation. The moon was veiled, or rather marked by a black spot such as is seen in eclipses. After having yielded a brief and bloody light, the stars paled and disappeared.

"The waters became black, and the sky ashen gray; the slackened sails beat the masts; the wind had fallen so quickly that it seemed suddenly to have missed us. The heat of the air almost stifled me. A Malay seaman who passed rapidly near me in going to the captain's cabin, said to me, or rather to himself, 'Terrible! terrible! it is the monsoon!'

"A second had scarcely passed, when a

whirlwind, as of a dozen winds together, assailed the Galathee. Everybody came upon deck. The first blast of the tempest carried away half of our hoisted sails, the other half no human effort could reef. Ten men of the crew disappeared and were seen no more; no one ever heard their cries. The remaining sailors grasped the ropes, that were breaking one after another like the strings of a violin, and, with their eyes fixed upon the captain, waited his orders.

"'Cut the foremast!' cried the captain; 'quick; the saw, and the hatchet; cut! cut!'

"If you are a mariner, I need not tell you that these heroic means are employed only in desperate cases, and particularly when a vessel finds itself as did ours, half engulfed in the waves.

"This brave act was useless; the vessel did not right itself.

"To the pumps!' commanded the captain, 'to the pumps! and cut the mainmast!'

"The pumps played, and the mainmast fell; but this last operation, instead of contributing to the safety of the ship, rendered her situation still more critical. Retained by the thousand ropes of which it was the pivot, the mainmast rolled and flew like an arrow upon the waves, where it became transformed into a battering ram, which the wind drove incessantly against the side of the ship. As to the pumps, they rendered no service; for one bucket of water that they discharged, twenty entered the hold.

Suddenly, by one of those terrible fantasies of the monsoon, the black cloud that hid the moon like a mask of pitch, revealed the half of her disc; it was horrible, from its singularity. One would have said that the heavens squinted. At the same instant the clouds burst, and a hail, white as alabaster, descended diagonally upon us; mowing down and overwhelming us. The vessel was sinking,

sinking constantly. All were compelled to take refuge upon the quarter deck, the only portion of the ship not yet submerged. It is here commences those scenes of anguish and despair which mark this spot fatal in shipwrecks. The wife of the captain, bearing her infant in her arms, and but half clad, ran to put herself under the protection of her husband, who was no longer able, alas! to protect any one. He took her hand, and made her sit down at his feet, that the wind might have less power over her; then gave anew, all his attention to his vessel and to the great family of the crew, of which he was also the protector and the father.

"'Cut the mizenmast!' he cried in a stifled voice, 'throw into the sea everything that you can throw! and prepare the *chaloupe* and the long-boat!'

"'We are lost,' I said to myself, 'lost—lost without resource!'

"The water was already entering the port holes; the Chaplain, kneeling, murmured prayers for the dying.

"At this moment of agony, I had but one thought; happily I had the power to execute it. Despite the frightfully progressive invasion of the waters, I precipitated myself into my cabin, two berths of which were submerged, and taking a sheet of paper, wrote a few words with a pencil, and, rolling it around that upon which Marguerite Floreff had so touchingly traced her last wish, I slipped them both with a thousand pounds sterling in bank bills into the glass bottle, which I afterwards corked, and sealed with as much care as the disorder of the moment permitted."

"And upon this sheet you had written—?"

"These words!

"'I, Louis Van Ostal, perishing a hundred leagues from the Island of Ceylon, I give the thousand pounds sterling enclosed in this bottle to any one who, after

having found it, will have prayers said for me and for my well-beloved unknown, Marguerite Floreff, and who will cause to be erected, a single tomb for us both.'

"I hastened upon deck to throw my bottle into the sea; the vessel scarcely afforded me time to do this, before it disappeared beneath my feet, and sank right down like a stone, exhaling a sinister gurgling sound, and I found myself suddenly enveloped by the drunken waves, tossing about among the thousand fragments of our wreck. Before me, the chaloupe, filled with people, struggled with vain efforts against being engulfed, and the long boat, in which I discovered the captain and his wife, capsized a few arm's length further on, amidst the most frightful cries I ever heard. Arms, heads, hats, dogs, trunks, were in an instant scattered upon the waves, and in a moment afterwards nothing was to be seen except foam. Submerged in the water, suffocating, weighed down by my wet clothes, I found myself, I do not know how, thrown upon a large piece of wood that floated near me, I grasped it, I slipped, then grasped it again; again I slipped; I should infallibly have been drowned: an energetic hand seized me by my clothing and drew me upon the plank. I looked; it was Buxton.

"The day dawned, and with its first rays vanished the last vestige of the storm. It is almost always so. The more violent the tempest, the briefer its duration, but the greater its disasters, I might say its crimes; for these horrible tempests seem to premeditate their acts.

"They wait until they have made their blow, engulfed vessels and people, then give place immediately to calm and the most perfect serenity.

"The sun rose superbly, pouring its ardent beams upon the Indian Ocean, lighting Buxton and myself, both seated upon the broad plank, on which we had so miraculously found safety. It must

have been twenty feet long by four wide; not an ordinary proportion, but this is explained by the use to which it had been destined. At the first port at which she should stop for water, it was intended to replace a damaged portion of the keel of the Galathee.

"'Ah, well,' said Buxton to me, crossing his legs in the oriental manner, and wagging his head like a Chinese chicken, 'ah, well, your poetry?'

"'What do you wish to say?'

"'What do we conclude from this; this is what I wish to say. Here is a radiant sun, it will burn our skins in a few hours; here is a sea finer and calmer than any we have seen during our entire voyage; it is probable that it will serve us for a tomb before long, for we have neither water nor food with which to resist hunger and thirst. Therefore I maintain that your poetry is weakness of mind; an imbecility of the first water; like believing in God, and other nonsense.'

"'Buxton! Buxton!' I cried, 'you may dare to speak thus of poetry, that is not sin; but to express yourself in that fashion of the Sovereign Master of the world, whose pity we have never had so much reason to invoke!'

"'Invoke, my friend, invoke! and await his response by the courier. Weigh his injustice, if he exists: a child just born, has been baptized; an hour afterwards is killed, and he permits me to live, why?—me, an atheist, a perfect wretch in his eyes!'

"'Without doubt He has His secret designs.'

"'By a like manner of reasoning, one may justify everything: plague, famine, and shipwreck.'

"'Wait, my friend, wait, and do not blaspheme!'

"'For what do you wish me to wait? You do not believe that the land will bring itself nearer to us? that He will

permit roast beef, beer and rum to descend to us from heaven? Look around you as far as your sight can penetrate; what do you see? Solitude, dreary solitude. This evening, we will be dying of hunger; to-morrow of hunger; day-after-to-morrow, or in four days at the latest, you will strangle me, or I will you, to devour you?’

“‘In the name of heaven, Buxton, be silent! be silent!’

“When night came, we were very near the same place where we were in the morning, for we had not floated far. On the following day a light breeze passed over the waters, but no sail appeared in the horizon.

“‘A propos,’ said Buxton to me towards noon, when hunger and thirst were devouring me, ‘what did you do with your bottle, and your pretty romance of Marguerite Floreff?’

“I innocently recounted to Buxton, that at the moment of the shipwreck I had thrown into the sea the bottle, after having placed in it twenty-five thousand francs in English bank bills, and the written request to have prayers said for Marguerite Floreff and for me, and to erect a tomb for us.

“Despite of the thirst that had burned him until he was livid, Buxton commenced laughing, a cruel kind of laughter, on learning what I had done.

“‘Ah, well,’ said he, ‘a shark will swallow the bottle and become your executor. However, a whale may swallow the shark, you have that chance: you have even a finer one; the whale may founder on the coast of Holland; he may be dissected—he may be opened.’

“‘Buxton! Buxton!’ I cried, ‘you can no more take away love, and the ideal from my heart, than you can wrest from it the sacred belief in God. Floreff will be the last word that I shall pronounce before dying, and I feel that the moment is not distant.’

“‘See,’ said Buxton clasping me fraternally in his arms, for he had an excellent heart, and was the best and most devoted of friends, ‘see, I do not wish to give you pain, believe everything that you wish, I will not oppose you; I will even take your advice if you urge it! He took my hand, and the next day he still held it.

“Towards five o’clock in the evening of the next day I felt myself to be dying; my eyes had closed—my heart grew pale, so to speak:—What enchantment suddenly awakened me! Was I already dead? was I still living! Harmonious sounds descended into my soul and seemed to have come to conduct me to heaven. I opened my expiring eyes, and perceived Buxton, who, but little further from death than I, played this sweet flute of which I have already told you. I was so touched by this sentiment of goodness for me, that I pardoned his good heart his blasphemies, for it was for me that he drew from his delicious instrument its last notes, its last sighs. And as if sinking to sleep, I felt myself passing from this world to the other.

“‘Friend,’ he said to me, suddenly lifting me to a sitting posture and sustaining my head, ‘friend, look! look before thee!’

“‘Ship!’ I cried.

“‘Ship!’ he responded.

“‘Ship!—But, oh my God! added I, is she not on fire?’

“‘I fear it,’ replied Buxton—but see with what rapidity, with what fury the wind is driving her towards us. Good courage! good hope! Strange and mysterious vessel; it has no sails!—not one.’

“‘It is, perhaps,’ said I, ‘a steamer.’

“‘I believed so for an instant.’

“‘But no—‘Oh! that she would arrive quickly,’ I exclaimed, ‘or I shall not have time!’—

“‘It is here! Come, now an effort! Cling to your life!’ cried Buxton.

"I do not know how the time passed between the last words of Buxton and the moment when I recovered from the unconsciousness into which I sank, but, when I re-opened my eyes, I beheld a barque such as I had seen on my preceding voyages to the Maldives, along which we had coasted eight days before.

"The vessel was not on fire as we had thought, but, in the center upon a species of altar, burned slowly, and as if some one had fed the fire, a pyramid of aloes and sandal wood. This barque was high enough, but at the middle she sloped downward almost to the level of the water; Buxton easily stepped on board and retained our plank some minutes at its side to enable me to enter, for I was so feeble!

"This barque I afterwards recognized from her form and the material of which she was constructed, without sail and without crew, as one of those which are set adrift upon the waves by the half Musselman, half Indian inhabitants of the Maldives, when they wish to appease the God of the tempests. After having laden them with perfumes and aromatic woods, which they set on fire, and placed on board a store of provisions for the priests of the invisible but powerful god, they abandon them to the terrible wings of the monsoon. The tempest that had shipwrecked us was without doubt the cause of this sacrifice of the Moldivians, who, very likely, received less benefit from it than ourselves. The sacred barque was filled with fresh water, vases of cocoa-nut milk, and fruits and meats dried in the sun.

"Life was restored to us, restored by a miracle.

"When we had recovered our strength, we seized upon the oars with which the barque was furnished, and directed our course before the wind. Were we far from or near to the island of Ceylon? The question was difficult to resolve, de-

prived as we were of all marine instruments. In any case we could wait a response so long as neither food nor water failed.

"'Ah, well,' said I to Buxton, 'if there had not been people who believed in God, would we have had to-day this barque and these fruits? would we have been saved?'

"'Do not talk to me of that,' responded Buxton, 'let us go to sleep.'

[*To be continued.*]

OVER THE SEAS.

OVER the seas they are thinking of me,
In the home of my childhood there;
Linked with all their thoughts I dwell—

Morning song, and evening prayer.

There my name is a holy thing;

Childhood chants it with tones of glee;
Gently 'tis breathed from the lips of age;

Over the seas they are thinking of me.

Over the seas they are looking for me;

There the loved ones at the gate,
Peering through the deepening gloom.

At the hour of twilight wait.

And the evening board is spread,

And the kettle sings for tea,
And they have drawn the old arm chair;

Over the seas they are looking for me.

Over the seas they are waiting for me,

Loved ones who have gone before;
Safely landed o'er the flood,

Waiting on the other shore.

Resting on the hills of God,

Where the heavenly mansions be;
Oh! how sweet, e'en now to think,

Over the seas they are waiting for me!

G. T. S.

K A T E.

KATE! an endearing name, and by my life
 I love it, though it slightly breathes of strife;—
 The little whiffs and tiffs that sometimes fly
 O'er the else cloudless matrimonial sky :
 It has a most provoking piquant sound,
 Sharp and yet sweet—no bitter in it found—
 Yet 'tis amenable to reason too,
 To prove it, read the "Taming of the shrew ;"
 With merry wilfullness the sound is rife
 Refer, I pray, to Harry Percy's wife :
 ('Tis my opinion and own estimation
 A name is valued from association.)
 It tells of purpose—feminine command,
 While in the stately Katherine, 'tis grand.
 And yet the thought will take my foolish pate
 'Tis more enticing, sharp, and sweet—as Kate :
 We're apt to fancy a small spice of devil
 In its possessor ; not the Fiend of Evil,
 But "Little Mischief," who, with great propriety
 Is ever found in very best society
 Raising small squalls, occasional tongue battle,
 And, the dear pleasure, confidential tattle,
 That frequently gives start to scrapes and storms
 That raise the fair creation up in arms,
 And each dear creature's gentle temper warms.
 But who would wish to be for e'er at ease,
 And who would sail fore'er on summer seas !
 A constant calm with no fresh canvas set
 Will make the idlest sailor fume and fret ;
 A little tartness with the sweet combines
 To flavor those rich fruits, the golden pines.

T.

Our Social Chair.

CAN a "Chair" be "social" without hoping, thereby, to provoke others to make society? and in society are we not public the many good things that have, hitherto, been confined to the privacy of the individually bound to contribute erto, been confined to the privacy of the our mites toward the common entertainment? Therefore, I draw near the camp and cabin fire.

The exciting topic of the day is secession; but I, for one, hope the storm will pass by,

leaving a clearer sky and more genial atmosphere. While the family quarrels between the sister States are to be deplored, there is a petty jealousy for the honor of their native States manifested by some who reside in California, that is truly amusing.

During one of the sessions of our Assembly, at Sacramento, there was a small social gathering at one of the pleasant homes beautifying that city. The party was not large enough to prevent a general interchange of thought, and there was a delightful want of ceremony, and an overflow of genuine good nature that was deliciously refreshing. Among the gentlemen were two or three representatives, who contributed not a little merry-making by their good-natured disputes regarding their respective constituents. From this to their native States was a natural transition. Then the conversation became very general and animated, and but a short time passed until all except one had named the loved "home" State, and laughingly boasted of its superiority, while they disparaged those praised by their companions. The one who had remained silent was a young lady, remarkably retired and modest in manner. At last some one asked her for the information she had not seen fit to volunteer, and the young lady blushing refused to give it. This only stimulated curiosity, and presently they all joined in urging her to tell whether she was a Buckeye, Wolverine, Hoosier, or— "I am a Border Ruffian, if you must know!" she hurriedly interrupted, with evident embarrassment, and tripped away from the room.

.....DEAR Social Chair, will you not entertain a plea for the children? Many pleasant things are denied them, not because their parents undervalue their happiness, but that having forgotton their own infantile pleasures, they do not sympathize with those of their little ones. How the children love the beautiful things around us—the hillsides and the bay—the long stretch of blue water and the white sails dotting it over in the sunlight. What perfect little knights and heroes they are, too, in their devotion to the objects of their love. Countless rebukes are dared and

endured for a few stolen hours spent in strolling along the beach or over the hills. Cruel and arbitrary indeed are those interdictions that deprive children of pleasures of "out of doors," for they are wants actual, real, as the want of food and drink. The rain and sunshine have again clothed the fields with their annual robe of verdure, and you who have children whose eyes you love to see glow brightly with health and happiness, try and spare an hour now and then on sunny days, to accompany them and join in their sports, whether on the turf or on the beach. Let them skip pebbles after the retreating waves till their little hands grow weary. Our word for it, the relaxation will be as refreshing to adults as to the juveniles. For once a week, at least, let the hills shut out the sight of bricks and mortar and bar the way for your thoughts to regain the bustling channels of trade and money making. Give mind a little rest and go back with the youngsters to the halcyon days when you too were a child.

.....If Californians would always realize the grief and trouble they give the loving hearts that watch around the hearthstones in the land from whence they came, by neglecting to write home, they could at least, as often as they remove, give exact information of their whereabouts, that, in any emergency, intelligence might reach them without delay. This negligence, together with the custom formerly so prevalent, of passing by assumed names, has occasioned untold sorrows in distant homes, and remorse and unavailing regrets here. A touching recital, which we here translate, is given in a recent number of the *Mineur*, of grief, anxiety and death resulting from a neglect of this kind, even less culpable than ordinary. "In 1850, Octave, the son of the Count Descotieres, an impoverished nobleman, hoping that his courage and determination as a miner would enable him to gain an humble independence for himself and his father, sailed from France, after having simply written to the Count, his father, to announce his

departure, without saying where he intended to go, but promised soon to send him satisfactory news. As soon as he had arrived in this land of adventure and of gold, he hastened to the mines, and at the expiration of two months was so happy as to be able to send his father a sum sufficient to protect him against want for a year or two. Shortly afterward he was taken with a fever, of which he remained ill for nine months. In the constant hope of recovering, he deferred, for the entire period, the duty of writing to his parent. The Count Descotieres, cruelly disturbed by this silence, vainly addressed the Minister of Foreign Affairs, to discover the address his son had failed to give him, and finally fell sick from chagrin. Meanwhile Octave recovered, after a long convalescence, and returned to the mines, where his first care was to inform his father of the cause of his silence; his letter, however, did not find him in France. The Count Descotieres had, by the death of a marquis, his near relative, become the heir of more than his former wealth. After having taken possession of his heritage, his happy position having but multiplied his torments in regard to the fate of his son, he resolved to come himself to California in search of him who had expatriated himself in order to obtain the means to render his existence less painful. Lymphatic and gouty, with an obesity that encumbered his movements, a long sea voyage was a project strongly opposed by his physician; but not even the danger of death could shake his determination, and he directed preparations to be made for his voyage, saying, 'I do not hold life dearer than my affection for this dear child, the only being in the world who, in my misfortunes, remained faithful and devoted to me; and who perhaps, is dying, to snatch me from the indigence which I have already escaped.' He sailed with his steward and two valets de chambre, and reached California the 27th of December, 1852. Having been ill during the greater part of the voyage, he had almost lost the use of his limbs. His first care after dis-

embarking, was to send to M. Dillon, then the French Consul at San Francisco, a letter of recommendation from the Minister of Foreign Affairs at Paris. This officer hastened to visit the sick stranger, and though he scarcely knew how it would be possible to discover Octave, who had, without doubt, changed his name, and whose address they did not know, he encouraged and re-assured the unhappy father. After having examined several plans of search, they adopted that of employing two intelligent men to go to the mining districts to explore them by passing in review all the French miners, at the same time that a third agent visited all the localities *within* and *without walls*, to find where Octave had spent his time during his sickness, for in the last letter received by his father, he was staying in the city of San Francisco. Six weeks passed and no information was received except that a young man corresponding to the description given, had lain sick in a house which had been burned down, and of which the proprietors, two French restaurant keepers, had left the city without letting any one know where they were going. The Count Descotieres, who had not left his room since his arrival, felt each day his hope diminish of seeing his son, and the idea that he had unfortunately perished in some obscure manner, seized upon his mind, and gradually augmented his physical suffering. While the father, in his despair, was wasting as if by a consuming fire, in the midst of the favors of his new fortune, Octave, known by the name of Andre, was watching in an isolated cabin in Nevada county, by the bedside of a mining companion who had been wounded by the falling of a scaffold in their claim. The future seemed far from smiling in that obscure cabin, when toward the end of January, 1853, Jules Morand, one of those who were sent to discover him, presented himself at its threshold, saying, 'I am in search of a miner, whose real name is Octave Descotieres.' 'It is mine,' responded Andre. 'Your father is at San Francisco, and wishes you to come

to him as soon as possible, for he is very sick. I have money to place at your disposal.' 'I will follow you,' said Octave, 'as soon as I have transferred my wounded friend to the care of another.' That same evening Octave began his journey, and on the next day arrived at the consulate, where they met the chancellor, who had just returned from making the will which had been dictated to him by M. Descotieres. M. Dillon accompanied the young man to the house of his father, which he entered alone to prepare him for the joy that awaited him. 'Oh, that he would hasten,' cried the old man, 'that I may embrace him and die. I am already past suffering. My pulse beats as if it would burst its tissues—Octave! Octave!' The son, fearing that a crisis would deprive him of life before there was time to make himself known, threw himself upon the bed of the dying, and pressed his father's hand and his face against his own. 'It is him, it is my dear Octave! Octave!' His voice grew feebler; he repeated his son's name a third time, in a lower voice, and died in an agony of joy."

..... We welcome to our Social Chair the wholesome little homily below, by G. T. S., heartily concurring in its recommendation to

HOLD ON.

"My resolution and my hands I'll trust—
What man dares, I dare." SHAKESPEARE.

"The tightest place I ever was in," says a witty writer, "was when I was dragged through a corn field, holding a mad bull by the tail. The question was, whether to let go or hold on. If I let go, I was sure he would turn and gore me to death; if I held on, he might break my neck, dragging me over rocks and stumps with which the corn field abounded. At last, I concluded it was best to hold on. I did so; and the bull landed me safely on one side of a fence, while he was on the other, pawing the ground and roaring, and butting against the fence with his horns, in his vain efforts to hit me."

This story may serve to teach us all,

who are not too wise to learn, a lesson.

If troubles and difficulties beset you, and you are dragged by them into rough places, as by a mad bull, do not throw yourself supinely on your back to be gored to death by them, but "hold on," and a "fence" will soon rise between you and them, against which they may butt and rage, but they cannot harm you.

If the vehicle in which you have entrusted all your worldly goods is run away with, by the ruthless steeds of disaster and defeat, and you see before you only ruin and wrecked hopes, "hold on;" do not let go the reins, or throw yourself off; by so doing you may be dashed to pieces; while, by holding on, you may yet escape being turned over, and save yourself and your fortune.

If others judge you wrongfully and maliciously, and call "your good, evil," and regard even your virtues as if they were weaknesses, do not "be weary in well doing," but, "hold on;" the time will soon come when they will better understand you, and give you credit, at least, for much that they now do not believe you possess.

If after climbing, many years, up the steep sides of the mountain that leads to honor and fame, you find yourself suddenly falling, do not let go; "hold on;" by clinging, and struggling, and climbing, you may yet reach the top in safety.

You remember the story of the youth who attempted to ascend the natural bridge of Virginia, and write his name on the top-most stone? The cliff crumbled beneath his feet; to turn or look back, was death; he could only climb higher up the sides of the cliff, that rose so fearfully above him, with the steep, jutting rocks just ready to topple upon him over head; he pressed and struggled onward, clinging to roots and shrubs that grew from the crevices, and planting his feet in the tufts of moss that sprung from the sides, he "held on," and finally reached the top in safety.

"Adhesiveness," says Emerson, "is a large element of success; it has glue on its feet, and will take hold and stick even to a

marble slab. Out of a pine log, a yankee will whittle a Judgeship; a seat in Congress; a mission to England."

"I remember," said Gideon Lee, "when I was a lad, living with my uncle, it was my business to feed and water the cows.—I was often started off before day-light in the morning, in the snow and cold, without shoes, to my work; and used to think it a luxury to warm my frozen feet on the spot where the animals had just before been lying. It taught me to reflect and to consider possibilities, and I remember asking myself, "Is it not possible for me to better my condition?"

He reflected to some purpose. From a poor boy, he became one of the wealthiest men in New York, and Mayor of the city.

.....How these California months glide by! They seem like winged weeks sent across the Sierras to make one forget the lapse of time since the last farewell was whispered at the old homestead. A decade of years have already marked the history of our State, and yet to many it is as yesterday that the "gold fever" first hurried them hitherward to pick up the glittering *oro* that was to be the stepping stones on landing. There is so much excitement in the vocation of money-getting that Father Time flies on apace with us all, and we do not feel that his wings are in motion until a new date bids us heed that the calendar is changed. '61 more than hints to '49ers it would be well to pause for a moment and consider the sundry wrinkles and innumerable grey hairs which have taken the place of smooth brows and raven locks. A dozen twelvemonths have really slipped away, and the pioneer who made a journey to the land of gold in the opening years of manhood, now finds himself classed among the "middle aged" and perhaps the gilded goal far distant. We care not to glance back at the past with its daily hopes and fears. It is a sad retrospect to many, and we have no wish to hold mournful converse with our readers. The general result, at least, has been a great triumph of the labor of man over the everlasting hills and ster-

ile desert. The one is encompassed with the mighty works of his hands giving the glittering treasure to the world of trade, and the other bears plantations, towns and cities, where once was the silence of desolation. The solid basis of a giant State has been laid—each day adds to the superstructure. And the present year opens with still brighter prospects. The rains are enabling the miner to secure the proceeds of his summer's toil; new discoveries open out other fields of enterprise; agriculture is prominently taking a place in the statistics of the State; the adaptability of our soil and varied climate to kinds of produce hitherto untried is being known and acknowledged; and receiving from all these different sources the elements of prosperity, we note our cities extending their limits, and hamlets springing into importance. There is everything to hope for in California, and its depressions are after all but mole hills, over which a few may stumble but still the masses pass onward and the way is smoothed.

Our Treasury.

....The choicest pleasures of life lie within the ring of moderation.

....People often rail at others, for doing things which they are only angry at because they cannot do the same themselves.

....The main point in the art of pleasing is to be rich.

....A series of good fortune supposes a prudent management in the person whom it befalls.

....Everything is a matter of consequence that has the least tendency towards keeping up or abating the affection between husband and wife.

....As a known credit is ready cash to a trader, so is acknowledged merit immediate distinction, and serves in place of equipage to a gentleman.

....As the mind must govern the hands, so in every society the men of intelligence must direct the men of labor.

....Every day is a little life, and our whole life but a day repeated.

....A man has no more right to say a rude thing to another than to knock him down.

....Politeness has its true source in benevolence.

....The fewer our wants the nearer we resemble the gods.

....Murmur at nothing; if our ills are reparable it is ungrateful; if remediless it is vain.

....Trifles make perfection, and perfection is no trifle.

....Good manners are the blossoms of good sense.

....It is barbarous to rally people for natural defects.

....We open the hearts of others when we open our own.

....Kind words are a cheaper currency but go farther than golden coins.

....In the ferment of great events the dregs rise.

....Knowledge without justice is cunning, not wisdom.

Editor's Table.

DEAR reader, particularly dear lady reader, was it ever your fortune to be domiciliated with a person who possessed the faculty of absorbing your individuality or power of self-assertion? Such people do exist, and by we know not what combination of conceit and selfishness create an oppressive atmosphere about them most unfavorable to the development of all intellects in their vicinity. Charles Lamb terms these people persons of "superior capacity," as if he had somehow caught a glimpse of the fact that there is a legitimate analogy between gastronomical and intellectual greed. He says: "I would not be domesticated all my days with a person of very superior capacity to my own—not if I know myself at all, from any considerations of jealousy or self-comparison, for the occasional communion with such minds has constituted the fortune and felicity of my life—but the habit of too constant intercourse with spirits above you, instead of raising you, keeps you down. Too frequent doses of original thinking from others restrain what lesser portion of that faculty you may possess of your own. You get entangled in another man's mind, even as you lose yourself in another man's grounds. You are walking with a tall varlet, whose strides outpace yours to lassitude. The constant operation of such potent agency *would reduce me, I am convinced, to imbecility.*" And we

agree with Charles Lamb; for it is our opinion that many tales of witchery and enchantment detailing accounts of people having been changed into stupid birds or animals, are figurative records of personal experience made by those who have escaped while they had sufficient sense left to rally, and after they had had time to digest their unfortunate experiences. For our own part, we could furnish instances of whole circles of persons being betrayed into donkey-like stupidity by the too near and long-continued vicinage of individuals lacking their amiability, but of superior capacity to their own simply for performing small acts of selfishness gracefully, of assuming to themselves an array of petty privileges, that escape dispute from their individual insignificance, at the same time that they refuse to accord these things as the rights of others. Let it be remembered, however, that the superiority in qualities that distinguish the animal to which we are indebted for "Billings' sugar cured," is not that which should give pre-eminence to members of the genus *homo*, and that gentleness and civility are inseparable from true excellence.

.....It seems to be the plan of providence to reserve unalloyed bliss until mortals enter upon their inheritance in the Better Land, for however nearly they attain to the state they most ardently desire, whether it con-

sist in fame, wealth, or love, it is sure to be given with some condition that depreciates its value. How it startles us to hear of suicides or other terrible disruptions, when they occur where, maybe, the semblance of happiness has almost awakened our envy. There is not in our city a home bearing greater external evidence of all that should fill a man's heart with content, than one from which a husband and father rushed, not long ago, unbidden to the presence of his Maker. None may ever know what Dead Sea apple so embittered his banquet! It is a touching story, that of L. E. L., the poetess, the yearnings of whose passionate heart seemed ever to turn, as it were, for sympathy or soothing, to the ocean, sighing now and again in her songs for a home by its shore. At last she became the mistress of a home, the very realization of her wishes and her dreams; a castle by the sea. There in her last letter she writes: "I like the perpetual dash upon the rocks; one wave comes up after another and is forever dashed in pieces like human hopes that only swell to be disappointed. We advance—up springs the shining froth of love or hope, a moment white and gone forever!"

The words were scarcely written, before some haunting spectre hunted her from her place, and she was gone forever!

..... The pique held by the married toward maids and bachelors, is surely universal—witness the splenetic fashion in which it displays itself in a recent enactment of the *Legislature des Etat de Protectorat*, by which it is provided that such of the native population of Tahiti as cling to the privilege of single blessedness are to be thus mulcted for the same, *vide* the *Message de Tahiti*. "A tax has been levied for the maintenance of schools. Widowers and widows having children are exempt; married men and women, having children, must each pay fifty centimes (half a franc) a month; bachelors past the age of twenty-one years, and maidens past the age of eighteen, must pay *two francs* per month each!" Felicitate yourselves anew, ye unyoked, as you compute the premium of your "State stocks.".....The foibles of

great men *do* exhibit themselves on the most *mal a propos* occasions. We are told that "Fontenelle, the celebrated French author, was particularly fond of asparagus dressed with oil, but he was intimately acquainted with an abbot who preferred this delicious vegetable served with butter. One day the abbot dropped in, rather unexpectedly, to dinner, and Fontenelle, who had ordered his favorite, with great kindness directed that one-half should be dressed with oil and the rest with butter. The value of this sacrifice is proved by the sequel of the story. The abbot falling down dead in a fit, Fontenelle, without a moment's delay, darted to the head of the stairs, and exclaimed to the cook: "Dress the *whole* with oil, the *whole* with oil, as I told you before."

... D. W. M., one of our readers in the interior, favors us with a letter recording a touching episode of his travels among the Sierras. "Last summer," he writes, "while making an excursion among the mountains, I stopped at Eureka. Walking at evening among the pines, I came upon the narrow resting-places of two departed miners—two lonely graves beneath the 'monumental pines.' Their fellows had chosen their burial place in a secluded spot, aside from their daily haunts. 'Not too near us,' they seemed to have said; 'sad sights steal from us the strength we need for our toil, and our hearts are wearied enough already.' I could call up the whole scene. Each generously vied with his neighbor in assisting at the rites that every one must at last claim from whoever is at hand to render them; then tenderly bore to their narrow beds, those whose feet had wandered a world's width from their loved ones, and left them to their dreamless sleep. That night the stars looked calmly down upon the lonely spot, and the silence was unbroken, save by the moaning of the pines, as their branches swayed in the night wind. The snow now drapes their graves, and solemn and deep is the dirge of the trees in the winter blasts—a wail of pity for the watchers who wait at cottage doors for them who sleep at the mountain's foot forever.

.....In these days of progress, when Young America issues his edicts from the nursery and the policy of even ten years ago is considered "old foggism," the human mind is becoming more and more enlightened by the mist-dispelling power of each succeeding sunrise. We were much edified lately with an onslaught on cradles, and the practice of adding the brains of infants by the rocking process. Not content with holding the custom up to condemnation by illustrations of the positive injury inflicted on babyhood, the writer carries the war into Africa and says: "But there is still a higher and more national view to take of this matter. Many of our great men—I mean by great men, those troublesome, mischievous, quarrelsome, vulgar, profane and worthless ones, we dare not keep about us, and for peace sake send to the legislature and to Congress—many of these great men have sprung from very honorable parentage, and, no doubt, some of them had mothers who owned a self-rocking cradle, and who were in the habit of winding up the baby in the morning and spending the day, or a part of it, at the meetings of the *Philo-Zaneans*, I believe that is the name. Now I beg you think of these things, and think of our political troubles at the present moment, which no doubt are all the offspring of this silly mania for rocking, and put away the cradle as the most dangerous of our *Institutions*."

.....How amusingly impetuous artists sometimes are in the defense of the creations of their genius. This is well illustrated in an anecdote of Handel, which we find in our drawer. A poet, who sometimes wrote the words of the oratorios of the great composer, once took the liberty to suggest to him that the words were contrary to the passage. Instead of taking the hint patiently, he exclaimed, "Vat, you teach me music? De music is good music. Hang your vorts! Here," said he executing the disputed passage on a harpsichord—"here are mine ideas, go and make vorts to dem."

.....It is proven by statistics, that the length of life in France previous to the revolution of 1793, was twenty eight years; at the present it is thirty seven years. A

savant of that country assures us that if we would but live reasonably, we should attain to an average of from one hundred and fifty, to two hundred years! The life of warm blooded mammiferæ, he declares to be subject to an invariable law, which appoints to them a period of existence equaling ten times the period of their growth. "It is thus," he says, "with the elephant, the ox, the cat, the dog, and the quadramana. Two mammiferæ are the only exceptions—the horse and the man. And why? It is because they are slaves, the one of the dire condition of work, and the other of his passions and the necessities of his social condition."

.....C. F. Hall, writing to a New York paper, and dating his communication from some point near the mouth of Hudson's Bay in mentioning a discovery he has made in the anatomy of the whale, says:

"Scoresby, you know, is a capital writer on the Arctic regions, or Northern Whale Fishery. But I have found one important error that he has made. Volume I, page 456, he says: 'The whale has no external ear, nor can any orifice for the admission of sound be discovered until the skin is removed.' It is true that the whale has no external ear; (I speak of the *Balanea Mysteretis*, and so does Scoresby;) within a few inches of the eye is an orifice, leading from the external part of the whale to his ear drum, which is situated about twelve inches below the black skin. This orifice is of the size of a knitting needle, and as expansive as though of India rubber."

.....How universally and impudently curious young people are concerning the age of unmarried ladies who have ceased numbering their birthdays, particularly if the beauty of these victims of malice remains unimpaired. At Paris, recently, Mlle. Cico, the piquant actress of the Palais Royale, was to be a witness in favor of some cosmetic used by ladies, and as French courts invariably ask the age of witnesses, all the youngest actresses of Paris were there and all expectant of mer-

riment at witnessing the confusion of Mlle. Cico when she should be compelled to disclose her years. She was called to the stand, sworn, gave her name and profession, when the judge said, "How old are you?" She left the stand and approaching the bench, stood on tip-toe, and whispered in the judge's ear the malicious fact! The judge smiled, and (much to his credit) kept his secret.

.....In a description given in the *London Times* of one of the great mantua-making establishments of that city, the following facts are stated: Work commences every morning at seven o'clock, and continues till eleven at night, a period of sixteen hours, the only intervals allowed being about ten minutes for each meal; the total amount of time allowed for eating their food I was going to say, but surely "bolting" is the more appropriate phrase, being forty minutes a day; thus leaving fifteen hours and twenty minutes as the period devoted to work. And this be it remembered is not merely during the busy season, but for all the year round from January to December. The only leisure day which the girls of this establishment have is Sunday. From Monday morning to Saturday night they are as complete prisoners as any in Newgate. They are not allowed to cross the threshold to purchase a pair of shoes, or a new gown for themselves, and must employ their friends outside to do this for them.

The work room in which ten or twelve of them are employed, is only about twelve feet square, and is entirely devoid of any arrangement for ventilation, which is the more to be deplored, as, during the evening they have to encounter the heat and foul air of three flaming gas burners right over their heads, every door and window being shut by which a breath of pure air could possibly enter. The bedrooms are equally uncomfortable, no fewer than six persons being huddled into one, and four into another."

These are free women who have perfect liberty to chose whether to earn their sub-

sistence thus, or to starve. An English author in a recent publication, and with a note of exclamation at the fact, informs the people of Great Britain, that the negroes in Cuba are required during the season of the sugar crop to work sixteen hours a day, adding that they are allowed two hours for their meals and six for sleep; while during the remainder of the year their working hours average twelve a day. Poor seamstresses! shut in that stifling room, how they must envy any creature unforbidden to breathe its fill of fresh air.

.....At a theatre in New Orleans, an eminent actor made his first appearance in the character of Macbeth. One of his favorite points was knocked into a cocked hat on this wise. He had struggled like a fish out of water through to the passage, "We will proceed no farther in this business," when a tall lank countryman arose in the parquette and bawled out, "I am glad on't; for sich bad actin I never yet did see!"

. "Do you see this stick, sir," said a very stupid acquaintance to Sidney Smith, "this stick has been all round the world, sir."

"Indeed," said the remorseless Sydney, "and yet it is only a stick."

All the sticks that go round the world now-a-days, provided they take the Golden State in their route, are sure to turn "bricks."

.....Dialogues like the following occurring occasionally, must have formed refreshing variations in the services of the Scottish Kirk. Old Lord Elphinstone was asleep at Church while the minister, a very prosy preacher was holding forth; at length the parson stopped and cried:

"Waukin, my Lord Elphinstone."

The drowsy Lord replied with a grunt, "I'm no sleepin, minister."

"But ye are sleepin. I wager ye dinna ken what I said last."

"Ye said, waukin, my Lord Elphinstone."

"Aye, aye, but I wager ye dinna ken what I said last afore that."

"I wager ye dinna ken yoursel."

HUTCHINGS' CALIFORNIA MAGAZINE.

Vol. 5.

MARCH, 1861.

No. 9.

BEE RAISING IN CALIFORNIA.



A SWARM OF BEES.

BEE RAISING IN CALIFORNIA.

BY J. S. HARBISON.*

BEE raising is becoming an important and profitable branch of industrial pursuit in California; and the study of its habits an interesting employment. Now almost every inmate of a comfortable home seems desirous of adding this valuable worker, either for ornament or use, to his group of home-like associations and realities. A brief description, therefore, will be cordially welcomed by our numerous readers.

Each family of bees is composed, during a portion of the year, of three classes—viz: queen, drones and workers. During the remainder there are only two—the queen and workers, or developed and undeveloped females.

The queen, or *mother*, is the only perfectly developed female in the hive. Her form is symmetrical and graceful; her color, on the back and sides, is usually of a dark brown, but occasionally of a slightly yellow or variegated appearance; while the belly and legs are of a bright copper color. Strictly speaking, the queen is a working mother, rather than a ruling sovereign. Her main office is to deposit eggs in the cells; which is proved by the fact that a queenless colony continue labor with nearly the same alacrity as though they possessed one, till finally terminated by the death of the generation.

Bees, if left to themselves to swarm in the natural way, only breed queens at a

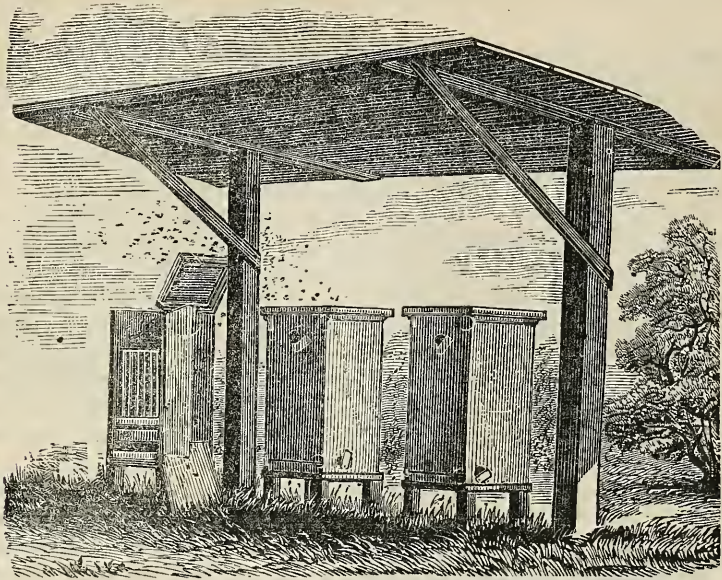
period preparatory to swarming, or to supply the place of old ones about to die. When a hive is sufficiently full, and pasture abundant at the season when instinct prompts them to swarm, from five to eight days prior to the first one leaving, they form a number of queen cells, usually from three to eight, in which the queen deposits eggs. This is done at intervals up to the time when the first swarm departs, at which time one or more of the cells are sealed; the remaining ones are sealed afterward, in the order of their respective ages, all being finished by the sixth day after the swarm has left, (the old queen invariably accompanying the first swarm,) at which time, or within twenty-four hours thereafter, (being seven days from the departure of the first swarm,) the first sealed queen emerges, and usually in three days from her birth she accompanies the second swarm.

The second queen accompanies a third swarm, on the second or third day from the second; a fourth, and even a fifth swarm sometimes follows, at intervals of every other day. All the swarms from the same hive must depart within nineteen days from the time the first one left; after which time no one can depart for a period of from forty to sixty days: instances of a hive swarming at a second period during the same season are very rare. Bees also rear queens from worker larvæ, when deprived of their queen. It is on this fact that artificial division or formation of colonies is founded.

When a number of queen cells remain in a hive that does not intend to swarm any more, the first queen out destroys all her embryo sister queens, by gnawing into the cells, and either biting or stinging them. The workers then carry out the dead and demolish the mutilated cells; this is usually done the first day of the existence of the queen.

If it is intended that other swarms

* The following very interesting article has been prepared for us by Mr. Harbison, from the opening chapters of his new and valuable work on bees. This important treatise will soon issue from the press of Towne & Bacon, of this city, and should be ordered by every one interested in the subject. The work will contain several hundred pages, illustrated throughout, with numerous cuts and engravings, and with practical explanations of everything appertaining to successful bee culture. We have examined carefully the advance sheets of this valuable work, and cordially commend it to the notice of agriculturalists of the State.



HIVES OF BEES.

shall issue, the royal cells are not destroyed. But after the swarms have all departed, the remaining royal pupa is destroyed.

Second and third swarms may contain several queens; frequently two, three and four, or even six have been found in swarms of this character.

About the first of June, 1860, I hived an after-swarm which had seven queens with them. I removed all but one, and supplied them to artificial colonies. I examined the hive from whence the swarm had issued within an hour thereafter, and found two more queens, which had probably emerged after the departure of the swarm.

The loss of the queen creates much disturbance during the first day, after which the bees continue their labors as usual. As soon as their loss is discovered, numbers of them may be seen running out of the hive and roaming about in an inquiring manner, evidently search-

ing for their lost *mother*. Though other causes frequently produce similar excitement, the agitation will be brief; whereas, the loss of the queen will cause its continuance after the labors of the day close; and, not unfrequently, late at night.

The bees of a colony that is queenless, but rearing young ones, or having one not yet fertile, are very sensitive, and will attack and sting their keeper or other persons disturbing them, more readily than those having a prolific queen.

As a matter of animal economy, or to save the expense of useless boarders, the workers destroy the drones at irregular periods during the spring, summer, and fall. The immediate moving cause is the scarcity of honey and pollen secreted in the flowers. They seldom kill all at these periods in the spring or summer, but when flowers fail at autumn, and no more honey can be gathered, they are all

killed or driven forth to perish from hunger and cold.

When this killing occurs about the time that swarms should be expected, it is a sure indication that this intention is abandoned or deferred. When a hive retains its drones after all others have killed them, it indicates that such a hive is queenless.

In the summer of 1856, I discovered in one of my hives a number of drones, with heads nearly white, some of which continued through the season up to the usual time of killing drones.

The same phenomena has re-appeared in the same hive each year ever since that time, and during the past year they have been more numerous than in any of the preceding. I have counted as many

as thirty-six of these in sight at once, by looking through the glass in the rear of the hive. In the spring of 1859 a young queen superseded the old one in this hive; still the drones reared afterward were the same, there being about one-half thus marked. I have examined a large number of stocks in the middle and western States; and have made inquiries of various bee-keepers, but have failed to learn of another instance of like character.

The workers are undeveloped females, in size much less than either the queen or drones; in numbers, comprising the great majority, and being practically the sovereigns of the hive. All as members of the same family, work together in the greatest harmony.

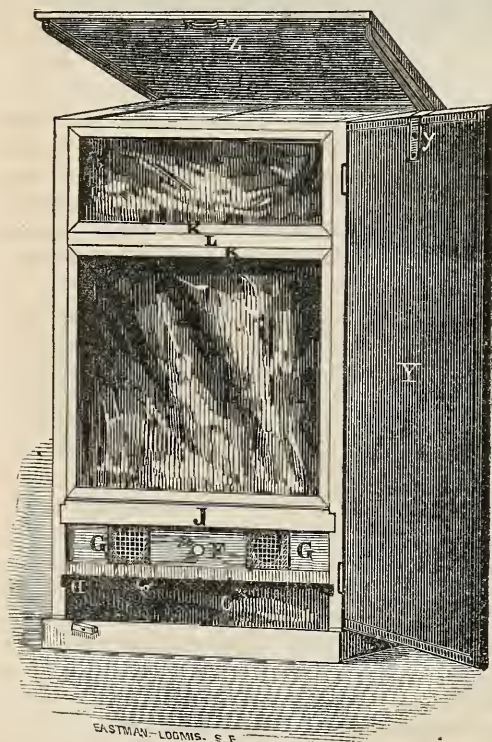
Nature has provided all animals, birds and insects with means to protect and guard themselves, so as to insure their proper increase; hence we find the honey bee *armed* and equipped in accordance with the above laws.

No less formidable weapon, or less courage than that which they possess, would suffice to guard their young and their treasures, affording, as they do, temptations to so many hungry creatures.

Their means of defence consists of a sting to pierce, and poison to inject into the wound by means of the sting. As a means of protection, nature provides them with a habitation inaccessible to the most of their enemies.

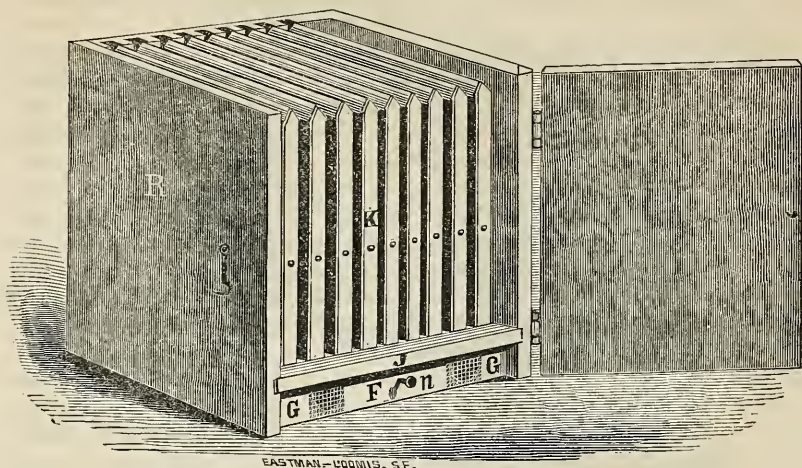
When a bee stings another, it does not usually lose its sting, as in the case of stinging other objects.

They are natural mechanics, and appear to do their work as perfectly the first



EASTMAN-LOOMIS. S.F.

CALIFORNIA HIVE.



STORYFYING HIVE.

day of their labors as the old artisans that have plied their trade for nearly a life time.

Their sight and smell are very keen, enabling them to discover objects and detect the presence of honey when at a considerable distance; hence, to select the choicest pasturage and make the most rapid accumulations possible. Their peculiar formation—combining strength and activity—with their baskets for carrying bread or pollen on their thighs, and an internal sac (separate from their main stomachs) for receiving and carrying honey—eminently fits them for their laborious and provident habits.

Each department of labor has its special workmen, such as field laborers, wax producers, builders and nurses, the latter being also the guards.

The field laborers collect honey and pollen, and store it in the combs, and also collect propolis with which to coat the interior surface of their habitation. It is probable that the field laborers are the principal comb builders.

The wax of which the comb is composed, is an animal secretion, emitted

from the folds of the abdomen in a manner similar to the emission of silk from the silk worm.

The wax producers remain in the hive inactive, while elaborating the wax. This consumes several days from the time they commence feeding for the purpose. Their food during this time is mostly honey; pollen as food is not essential to the elaboration of wax.

The wax appears in two rows of scales of four each, in sacklets on the under side of the abdomen. These are taken away by the builders and converted into combs.

When about to lay the foundations of a new comb, the bees cluster in ranks, formed into festoons, so that the builders can pass freely at their work; this arrangement seems designed to create and maintain a sufficiently warm and uniform temperature to enable them to mould the wax into a perfect structure, which, when first built, is white, semi-transparent and fragile; it afterward changes to a darker color, and becomes stronger. These effects are produced by the thickening of the partition walls of the cells, and also

by the cocoons left by each emerging young bee.

The bees that remain inactive, forming these clusters, are mainly wax producers, and are thus constantly at hand with a supply of *mortar* ready for the use of the builders, who, by means of relays, continue their labors day and night during the time of their harvests. But when this is ended, and no further accumulation of stores can be expected, no more *garners* are built.

It is probable that the wax producers continue their emissions for some time, and then die. Or it may be that they produce wax at different periods; yet they are certainly short-lived. (This subject will be further investigated at some future time.) This class of bees are non-resistant, and never volunteer an attack.

The nurses attend to the wants of the young from the egg, until they emerge from the comb, protecting the brood with great constancy. They are also the water carriers and guards.

Their care and attention to the wants of the queen are of the most devoted kind. Sometimes when swarming she falls to the ground near the hive, when she is soon surrounded with her faithful attendants, who remain till death parts them.

Their ability to determine the course and locality of their hives, after passing from flower to flower, in all directions, and for a long time, is truly wonderful. On the approach of a storm, they take the alarm and seek their homes for safety. If overtaken and blown down, they usually crawl under leaves and other places of shelter, where they remain in safety until the storm has passed over. Yet numbers are frequently caught out and perish from cold and wet.

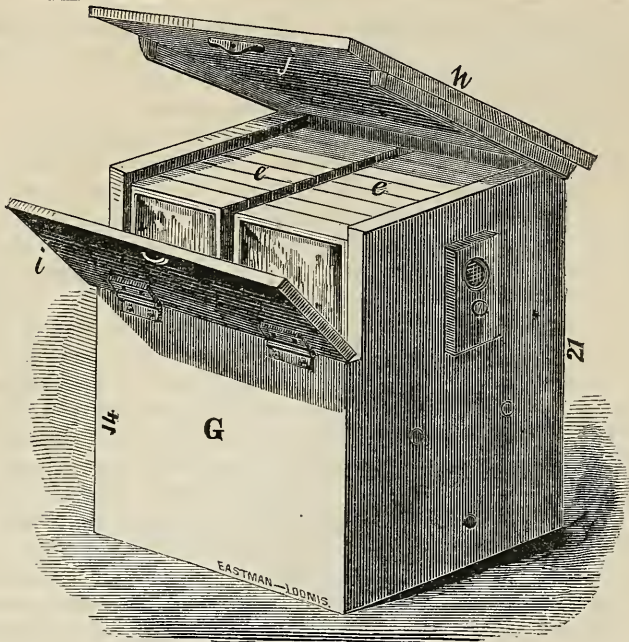
Their disposition is mild and peaceful, while rapidly acquiring riches; but as soon as pasturage fails they become irri-

table, and will not permit intrusion without resisting it *sharply*.

The following quotations from *Bevan*, give a very full and correct description of the manner in which the egg is laid, and the appearance and treatment of the insect in all stages to full development:

"It is the office of the queen bee to multiply the species by laying eggs, which she deposits in cells constructed for their reception by the working bees. These cells vary from one another in size (and in the instances of the royal cells, they also vary in form and direction) according as they are intended to be the depositories of eggs that are to become drones, or of those that are to become workers. When the queen bee is about to lay, she puts her head into a cell and remains in that position for a second or two, probably to ascertain its fitness for the deposit she is about to make. She then withdraws her head, and curving her body downwards, inserts her tail into the cell; in a few seconds she turns half round upon herself and withdraws, leaving an egg behind her. When she lays a considerable number, she does it equally on each side of the comb, those on the one side being as exactly opposite to those on the other as the relative position of the cells will admit. The effect of this is to produce a concentration and economy of heat for developing the various changes of the brood.

"The eggs of bees are of a lengthened oval shape, with a slight curvature, and of a bluish white color; are composed of a thin membrane filled with a whitish liquor, and being besmeared at the time of laying with a glutinous substance, they adhere to the basis of the cell and remain unchanged in figure or situation for four days; then they are hatched, the bottom of each cell presenting to view a small white worm or maggot, with several ventral rings. On its growing so as to touch the opposite angle of the cell, it



IMPROVED CHAMBER HIVE.

coils itself up in the shape of a semicircle; to use the language of Swarmnerdam, 'it coils itself up like a dog when it is going to sleep;' and floats in a whitish transparent fluid which is deposited in the cells by the nursing bees, and by which it is probably nourished; it becomes gradually enlarged in its dimensions till the two extremities touch one another and form a ring. In this state it obtains indifferently the name of *worm*, *larva*, *maggot*, or *grub*, and is fed with farina or bee-bread. The slightest movement on the part of the nursing bees suffices to attract it to its food, to receive the welcome morsels of which it eagerly opens its two lateral pincers, and a most liberal supply is afforded to it, though by no means trenching on the bounds of prodigality.

"So nicely do the bees calculate the quantity which will be required, that none remains in the cell when the larva

is transformed to a nymph. It was the opinion of Reaumur, and is still that of many eminent naturalists, that farina does not constitute the whole food of the bee-larva, but that it consists of a mixture of farina with a certain portion of honey and water, partly digested in the stomachs of the *nursing bees*, the relative proportions of honey and farina varying according to the age of the young. The compound at first is nearly insipid, but gradually receives an accession of sweetness and acescency, which increase as the insects approach maturity.

"The larva having derived support in the manner above described, for four, or six days, according to the season, continues to increase during that period, till it occupies the whole breadth and nearly the whole length of the cell. The nursing bees now seal up the cell, with a light brown cover, externally, more or less convex, (the cap of a drone cell is more

convex than of a worker) and thus differing from that of a honey cell, which is *paler* and somewhat *concave*. The larva is no sooner perfectly enclosed than it begins to labor, alternately extending and shortening its body, whilst it lines the cell by spinning round itself, after the manner of the silk worm, a whitish silky fibre, or *cocoon*, by which it is encased, as it were, in a pod or pellicle. 'The silken thread employed in forming this covering proceeds from the middle part of the under lip, and is, in fact, composed of threads gummed together as they issue from the orifices of the spinner.' When it has undergone this change, it has usually borne the name of *nymph*, or *pupa*.

[Concluded next month.]

NICOLAS BONNOT IN SEARCH OF LIBERTY AND GOLD.

OUR English cousins once solely monopolized the privilege of satirizing our people and their institutions, but not long since a young French woman, Madame De Grandforte, essayed a book of travels in that line, which, though piquantly written, out trolloped Trollope in many of its incidents by flood and field. It is so natural to be curious as to the opinions of foreigners regarding our manners and customs, that a certain quantum of abuse and exaggeration of Brother Jonathan, his wooden clocks and his Colt's revolvers, guaranties a ready sale of the work on this side of the Atlantic, and Madame De Grandforte of course reaped a golden harvest from her French glance at American society. We have writers, too, in California, who introduce into their correspondence and sketches a little more of the spice of detraction than the plain paragraphs of truth. Many of these satirical hits are amusing for their humor, and

often slightly instructive in their home-thrusts. The following, we translate for our readers from the pen of one of our Gallic neighbors.

Nicolas Bonnot, a Frenchman who sailed for his native land about three months ago, after having spent ten years in our State, left a curious history of his sojourn and adventures at the disposal of the *Minneur*, for the enlightenment of his compatriots.

"Weary," he writes, "of waiting in his own country for the establishment of the liberty that he thought he saw at the end of his nose in 1848, he sailed, at the first news of gold, for California, with the double purpose of becoming rich and free. He disembarked in this land of promise in 1850, proceeded immediately to the placers, and at the end of six months had made seven thousand dollars, of which he expended, without extravagance, three thousand for his living, and employed four thousand in purchasing the side of a sand bank in San Francisco.

The notary before whom the purchase of this property was ratified, who was at the same time advocate and judge, had for the convenience of his clients installed himself in a drinking saloon, of which the bar served for his study, and the counter for his office; his official transactions, issuing from among the glasses and bottles, were certainly invested with but little pomp, but attributing this to the "liberty of the country," Nicolas permitted it to pass unquestioned.

These first earnings securely disposed of, he returned to the mountains, and at the end of nine months returned again with five thousand dollars in gold dust. His first care was to visit his property, which he found enriched with two wooden houses, and a board fence five feet high. Surprised at this miraculous growth, he went in search of his notary, Judge Skimmer, whom he was unable to find, that worthy having returned to his

home on the Atlantic, forgetting to leave the titles of his clients behind him, or to record the same.

Bonnot, who by this time had acquired sufficient English to attempt an explanation with the occupants of his sand-bank, returned to the spot, furnished with such evidences of his purchase as were still at his command. Two men, one with a black beard, the other with a red one, both carrying big pistols in a Mexican belt, demanded his reasons for knocking at their doors.

"But," said Nicolas, "this land is mine," and at the same time unfolding his receipt for money paid, in proof of his assertion. He of the red beard, who was as like as one drop of water to another to the proprietor who had sold him the lot, turned quickly away, and bending down was busying himself planting cabbages, while the other signified to Nicolas that if he did not vacate the premises he would make him acquainted with the mouths of his "shooting irons." Although armed with the right, our hero did not wish to expose himself to an act of violence, and so set off with the intention of finding justice.

His first step was to disembarass himself of his gold-dust, which he placed in the hands of a banker, taking a receipt in due form. He next demanded of passers-by where he should find justice. No one could tell him, until a good natured man responded "this is a free country in which justice is not to be obtained." Not knowing whom to address, he concluded to abandon his case for the present, and prepare to return to the mines.

The landlord to whom he had given his valise in charge, could find nothing of it. Nicolas, who had not yet lost the notions of his country, where people are not free to do everything, talked loudly of arrests, police, and robbery, only to have people laugh in his face for ideas

so totally out of place in a republic.

The next day at an early hour Nicolas once more took his departure for the mines, where he had left a valuable claim. This he found occupied by three gay fellows, having, in accordance with their "liberty," three rifles at their door. An attempt to reclaim his rights under these conditions was not prudent, so he became convinced that he must strike his pick elsewhere.

His new diggings on the next day began to show the "color." An individual who had watched him on the preceding evening, and had been sitting smoking his pipe all day on the bank above the hole where he was at work, now approached and warned him to leave that place, because it was comprised in the claim of his company. Resistance to an entire company was incompatible with the pacific disposition of Nicolas, he therefore went prospecting in another spot, under the protection of the liberty of the State. At the end of eight days he perceived symptoms of remuneration, and marking the place with his name, recognized himself as the proprietor of a new claim. He was consoling the inner man with *eau de vie*, when a band of miners operating above him, made an opening in the bank surrounding a body of water, in order to obtain a fall for washing. The surplus flowed down the slope inundating Nicolas and his claim, and from which he made his exit dripping like a water rat.

The judge of the district, who was the friend of the miners above, and whom they treated that evening at the tavern, mocked at the complaint of Nicolas, who wished, he said, to interfere with the liberty of these laborers. He sought redress, and was not long in finding out that the judge could give a decision at variance with the law. The neighborhood of the defendant was no longer tenable, now that five against one rendered

their right superior to that of Nicolas Bonnot.

Our hero removed to Tuolomne county, where he made the acquaintance of a fellow countryman, Pierre Merlin. They encouraged each other, and in less than three months had accumulated several hundreds of dollars apiece, when one day a dozen Milesians, occupying a claim a few thousands of feet above them, turned aside and monopolized the stream of water, rendering worthless the diggings of the two Frenchmen.

Disgusted with the business, Nicolas and his companion now formed the project of coming to San Francisco and establishing a restaurant. Their success for two months was marvelous, then came a fire that swept the city and left them penniless. Here, said Nicolas, was an accumulation of miseries, but after all we were free to go without passports wherever it seemed good to us. The two associates now equipped themselves and returned to their old place in the mines. The collector of taxes demanded an arrearage, which they swore upon the Bible they were unable to pay, and the magistrate seized the goods and tools of the miners. Nicolas was known thereabouts for an honest and industrious laborer; a trader in the neighborhood therefore credited him with an outfit for himself and companion, and with undaunted courage they began their labors anew.

The fortunes of Nicolas began to improve. He had been told of Indians coming in the night to rob sluices in his district, he therefore purchased for himself and Pierre, two muskets and ammunition. One evening, between daylight and dark, a troop of Indians came to pay him a visit; their loaded guns, leaning against the outside of their hut, were in the power of the intruders before our miners had time to escape from the holes where they were at work. The poor redskins paid no attention to the loaded

arms, but piteously begged for food. Nicolas brought out all of his provisions, and divided them among eleven famished mouths. The savages were scarcely out of sight, before five representatives of civilization appeared and demanded something to drink, saying that they were in chase of the *bucks*, (a name given through contempt to the Indians, to justify their destruction and assimilate them to beasts.)

Nicolas offered water to them.

"It is brandy that we want."

"We have none."

"Then we will take your guns till we return," was the answer; and, without giving the proprietors time to respond they seized upon the arms, together with their store of powder and balls; then in the face of the two miners, these brigands, for they were none other, emptied their little sluice and carried away all the gold that was in it. Pierre, the Parisian, more inexperienced than his companion, would have resisted this movement, but Nicolas prevented him.

"Are you crazy?" he said, "Do you wish to have them take the liberty of assassinating us before they go? you surely know that they are free to do so in this country, where every one does what he pleases. After all our guns are not necessary against the heathen, who are good people, and useless against the Christians." After this reasoning, our heroes went supperless to their beds.

Three weeks after this double visit, whilst they were sharing their dinner one day with a beggar who had stopped at that point, two Indian squaws of the families they had succored, came, bringing to them a number of specimens of ore which they very respectfully demanded to exchange for blankets and provisions. Nicolas gave them everything that the cabin contained of these kinds; but from an old world scruple, estimating the gold at some hundreds of dollars, he bade the woman return in three day

to receive many other additional objects. The poor squaws informed them that they lived beyond the hills towards the north, more than twenty miles away, that there were no whites in the valley where they were encamped, and where they had digged this gold, and that they would bring them more another time.

The pretended beggar went away at the same time that the women left, and Nicolas buried the specimens under the ashes in the fire-place of their cabin with the gold dust saved as the result of the labor of many months.

The next day he went to the nearest settlement to purchase provisions, returning in about six hours. During his absence, Nicolas received a visit from the under sheriff, accompanied by two men armed with pistols and knives, and guided by the beggar of the previous day.

"The sluices," said the sheriff, "a few miles from here, were robbed one night about a month ago. The robbers could have been no others than those Indians; and," added this protector of the public property, pointing to the beggar, "here is a witness who saw their squaws bring here to you the fruit of their larcenies. Give me then, immediately, the purse of specimens, if you do not wish to be treated as a receiver.

Nicolas repeated what the women had said concerning the place where they obtained the gold, and remarked that they did not seem to have had it in their possession for an entire month.

"We know these colors," responded the agent of public power, "I did not come to listen to your stories; give me the gold this instant, or I will take you with me, with your arms tied behind your back, like a criminal as you are."

Poor Nicolas was obliged to obey. He went therefore and disinterred the specimens; the singular *commissaire de police* seizing also the little bag of gold dust of our miners.

"Return that dust to me," said Nicolas, "it is the result of four months painful labor of my companion and myself. The beggar, who is your witness, can attest to the fact that the squaws brought me no dust."

"Silence, if you value your skin," replied the sheriff.

During this time, the beggar had turned the moments to his own profit by robbing the sluice without.

"It must all be endured," said Bonnot to himself, regarding his treasury despoiled by authority. "Here are four citizens who have made the most of their liberty, and, as there is no other remedy against force, one must use philosophy."

The thread of his reflections was cut by a braying salutation at his door; it was the shopkeeper's donkey that Pierre had brought to carry his purchases. The Parisian had come back gay as a sparrow at harvest time, humming a merry song.

"There is my beast, my comrade," said he to Nicolas, "make him turn around any way that it suits you;—but what is it that has happened here?"

Nicolas told him of the wet sheet that had descended on their prosperity.

"How unlucky," cried Pierre, "for me, when I was just intending to write to my cousin Louise so encouragingly of our approaching marriage. It is unfortunate, but we must resume our work with hope and ardor."

When they had finished their repast, the night had come, and they shut the animal in the cabin, "for I fear," said he, "that the bears in our neighborhood are as fond of the flesh of donkeys, as the Bolognians are of sausages."

"Hold," said Pierre, "I have been thinking of a new plan; we are too near to civilization, not to be distressed anew by these republicans; come, let us go live over yonder, among the Indians who sent us the gold."

"As you wish. We know what meas-

ure we will get among the educated ; let us go try it among the savages."

The next day they loaded their own backs and that of the donkey, and set off upon their singular expedition.

Nicolas was not too sure of the route by which to reach the camp of the Indians, but they went forth under the protection of God, like the Apostles of peace, unarmed with the exception of Pierre, who carried a cutlass, like his namesake who cut off the ear of Malchus.

They traveled with their faces toward the rock at the north which the squaws had pointed out to them, and towards night descended the other side of the mountains in the direction of several columns of smoke, that arose from a group of fir trees at their right. If the donkey had not betrayed them with his braying, our adventurers would have arrived unperceived in the midst of the savages. At the resounding of this trumpet, the entire tribe rushed towards them, discharging their fire arms and arrows.

"Wait here with the baggage," said Nicolas, "I wish to go and make their acquaintance all alone, with these two blankets, which will serve as an offering as well as a shield until I am able to speak to them."

The Indians, mollified by this inoffensive diplomacy, permitted him to enter without hindrance within the circle of their wigwams. He was soon recognized and conducted to the chief, to whom several men and women, all speaking at the same time, seemed to be giving information concerning the visitor. The chief, by means of an Indian who spoke English, inquired of Nicolas how many they were, what arms they had, to what nation they belonged, and what were their intentions.

"There are but two of us," he replied, "we have neither guns nor pistols ; we are from the country of France, and we come to work here if you will permit."

These responses, together with the previous good conduct of the Frenchmen, were satisfactory to the chief. An order was given to place a tent at the disposal of these subjects of the great *Kapolio*, (he intended to say Napoleon) and one of the squaws went in search of Pierre and the donkey. The ass was unladen by the light of their torches. Nicolas gave a red blanket to the chief, and white ones to the three women who composed his family.

"Have you other red blankets?" inquired the chief.

"No."

"So much the better ; I, the chief, alone can have one."

After having given the things they promised to the two women who had brought them the specimens, they distributed to the women and children of the tribe all that remained, except two blankets which they retained for themselves, and their tobacco which they shared with the men.

The chief took Nicolas and Pierre under his special protection, and *Kapolio* became to these political apprentices of 1848 a generic name more profitable than that of republicans which they had found to be so poetized in this classic land.

After having explored the locality, our miners discovered its richness less fabulous than they had supposed ; but as they brought strong arms and good will to their labor, their day's works promised to be lucrative enough.

They spent eighteen months in this quarter. Pierre, accompanied by his donkey, went every three months to purchase goods at the shop of the Irishman, his purveyor. These journeys were performed very cautiously, for fear of being followed at his return by the adventurers who everywhere infested this free country, where people are permitted to circulate without proofs of identity or morality.

At the end of eighteen months, they estimated the treasure they had accumulated, and which they kept in four little sacks, to be worth nearly thirty thousand dollars. The privation of the numerous comforts of civilization, and frequent indispositions resulting from a diet almost exclusively of animal food, made them decide to separate from their savage companions, re-enter the civilized world, and return to France as soon as possible.

Both were radically cured of their passion for republicanism, and their native land with its imperfect liberty, seemed to them smiling as an Eden, compared to this model republic whose citizens have the right to do anything. The Parisian was beside himself with anticipations of an existence free from care, with his cousin Louise, and frequently expressed himself with warmth in favor of the good *gendarmes* who prevented rascals from taking openly and by force the goods of their neighbors.

It was agreed between the two associates not to make known to their friends, the savages, their project of departure, for fear of hindrance of some kind; and that Pierre should take the donkey on a certain day and transport one of the sacks of treasure for safe keeping to the house of the trader, without however making that individual the custodian. In order to accomplish this, Pierre slept beside the animal in the stable, and during the night buried the gold under an old bin filled with oats. A fortnight afterwards he transported a second sack, and buried it beside the first which he found intact.

The wife of the trader, as true a daughter of Eve as ever had a tongue, having imprudently made remarks about the great number of purchases made by the French miner, some pillars of the drinking saloon, (for the trader also sold liquors,) formed the project of following

Pierre at his return in order to discover the mine which appeared to be so remunerative to him. Pierre had accomplished about half of his homeward journey, when he discovered himself to be followed. According to his custom he traveled in a roundabout way, and in order to mislead the wretches who were pursuing him, he deviated still more from the direct way to his domicile; this caused a delay that detained him until after dark, and forced him to stop where night overtook him, until the next day. His enemies, who did not expect to halt in the woods without lodgings or provisions, soon joined him and unmasked their designs, declaring their intention to accompany him to his home as soon as it was daylight, and that until that time he must share with them his coverings for the night, and whatever he had to eat. Resistance was out of the question, poor Pierre therefore obeyed. By the light of a fire that the bandits kindled, he recognized his beggar of former times; he now had no doubt of the misfortune that menaced his retreat. He determined to fly during the sleep of his sinister companions, and succeeded in arriving in time to warn Nicolas.

After vanquishing unheard-of difficulties, he reached the little valley and was informed that there were not within its limits ten men capable of offering resistance. The chief and most of the men were absent on a hunting excursion in the interior. The men from whom they expected an attack were seven in number, and armed with guns and revolvers; the Indians and the two Frenchmen had not a single fire-arm amongst them all. They held a council and decided to raise the camp, and take refuge in the wooded mountains. While the Indians prepared for flight, Nicolas and Pierre buried every thing of value that they possessed, and concealed the holes where they had digged their gold with dead branches.

Pierre still hoped that the direction in which he had led the false prospectors was so at variance from the path that led to this place, that they might still for some days escape the search of these villains; but an old Indian had observed that the ass possesses an intelligence similar to the horse, concerning a route he has traveled, and assured them if the animal was allowed its liberty it would in a few hours guide the enemies to the spot they desired to discover.

They therefore resolved upon immediate departure, and accordingly their camp was deserted within three hours after the return of Pierre. A solitary Indian, mounted upon a horse, remained watching the approaches to their late encampment, in order to keep the fugitives informed of whatever transpired.

A young Indian was sent to expedite the return of the chief and the men of the tribe, who were fifty or sixty miles distant. The caravan under the charge of Nicolas, removed eight miles from the valley of their encampment to an impassable gorge, the perpendicular walls of which could not be scaled to disturb those who had taken refuge within; its entrance was but a few feet in width and admitted of an easy defense. They had spread their tents and were preparing supper, when the spy whom they had left came to announce that the robbers, preceded by the traitorous donkey, were descending the side of the mountain towards the deserted camping ground of the Indians. It was resolved, that after the repast, of which every one was in need, Nicolas should take the necessary measures to guard against a surprise, and that Pierre should profit by the general pre-occupation to find a hiding place for the two little sacks of gold that still remained in the possession of our miners.

To accomplish this important object, Pierre advanced far into the defile out of sight of the Indians, who were occupied

in rolling fragments of rock to the entrance to stop the mouth of their entrenchment. The night soon assembled this nomadic horde around a blazing fire, and Pierre deferred until the following day to point out to Nicolas the spot where he had concealed the treasure.

A wise old Indian predicted, that if the ass was maltreated by those who had stolen him, that he would follow the tracks of his old master and end by bringing misfortune upon them; urging that their security rendered it necessary to kill the animal, and that a young Indian lad should go during the night and despatch the dangerous friend; accordingly the lad set off in the darkness, armed with the hunting knife of Pierre.

He had promised to return at dawn, but when the sun had run half its course he had not yet come into camp. They awaited him in vain, until the moment when the fatal sound of those whose coming he had hastened was heard; at the first uncertain cry, a squaw placed her ear against the ground, and after listening for a moment, said: "Several white people are approaching and are near us." Pierre followed by a few Indians armed with bows and arrows, placed themselves in ambuscade behind the rocks at the entrance of the gorge. The darkness aided in equalizing the advantage of the different arms. Nicolas, as a rear guard, was busy extinguishing the fires and preparing for the defence. Already several shots had responded to the arrows of the advance, when an Indian war-whoop, electrifying the companions in misfortune of the two miners, arose behind the aggressors. The chief had returned with his braves. Pierre had already beaten down with a piece of wood the foremost of these wretches, now flying before the Indians, and seized upon his gun, with which he fired upon those who followed. The flash that accompanied the discharge of his gun, drew upon him several shots

from revolvers, one of their balls taking fatal effect in his temple. Nicolas now came running up with a torch to light the steps of their liberators. Six out of seven of the robbers were writhing in the dust; among these Nicolas recognized the beggar. Not a single Indian had perished; Pierre was the sole victim on their side. Upon one of the men was found the hunting knife with which Pierre had armed the young Indian.

Nicolas, bowed down with grief at the loss of Pierre, resolved to leave the poor Indians, as soon as he had buried the remains of his friend, and go at once to France.

It was several days after the interment of Pierre, before it occurred to Nicolas that his death hid forever the knowledge of the place where half of their fortune was concealed, but regret for his affectionate companion rendered him so indifferent upon this subject, that he had not even a thought of searching for the lost treasure. After distributing among the Indians everything that had belonged to Pierre and himself, he bade them adieu, and during the following night reached the house of the Irish trader, who informed him of the return of one of the gang, who had escaped the fate of his confreres, counseling Nicolas to leave the country at once, if he did not wish to be hanged by the friends of the defunct. Nicolas certainly wished to carry with him his wealth, hidden under the box in the stable, but the idea of being suspended at the end of a rope, disposed him to obey the advice of Patrick O' Dilly, and to decide at another time how to regain possession of the two little sacks.

Mrs. Patrick O' Dilly, not having any one at hand at the moment to whom to confide the critical position of the French miner, repeated the story at an early hour the next morning to her faithful friend Mrs. Helligan, wife of the constable

of that district, who carried the report all warm to her husband. The latter, for confirmation of the news, came to the trader, without whose devotion Nicolas would have been lost. By means of a pint of whiskey, O' Dilly contrived to make the officer slack his haste to pursue the fugitive. Nicolas arrived at Stockton, and took lodgings for the night at the house of a friend of O' Dilly's, Father Heller, a good German, and whose daughter, a pretty girl with rosy cheeks and voluptuous figure, made a decided impression upon the famished heart of the miner. To the project of setting off immediately for France, love substituted the plan of espousing Minna Heller. The first thing to be done, however, was to disinter the gold hidden in the stable of the trader. Nicolas proposed to Heller, to take his daughter with him in a carriage, and go in search of the treasure.

Under the pretext of a journey for pleasure, they stopped at the house of O' Dilly, where Heller purchased a sack of oats to feed his horse, which had, he said, a journey of some days to make in the mountains; during the night the two sacks took the place of a part of the oats, and two days afterwards the future father-in-law faithfully delivered to Nicolas his fortune, intact. The marriage took place on the next day, and the wedded pair came to San Francisco. The amount of the gold proved to be \$21,700, which Nicolas divided, and sent half to his own disposal in France, without yielding to the temptation of making the transaction known to his wife, who, not having accompanied him to the house of the assayer, was ignorant of the amount of her husband's fortune.

Minna had a penchant, long suppressed for want of aliment, for luxurious dress and ornaments. Nicolas, in the fervor of the first week of the honeymoon, had expended sixteen hundred dollars

upon the caprices of his bride. He allowed himself to become so entangled, that, at the end of the next two weeks of shopping, theatre, and hotel, there remained but \$7,000 with which to open a store in Stockton. A first cloud now burst upon the happy pair. The taste of Madame Nicolas was for objects of fashion, whilst that Monsieur pronounced in favor of printed cloths and calico. The matrimonial horizon was seriously overcast, when Nicolas placed his veto upon the extravagances of his wife.

"I believe you are ten times richer than you pretend; you have deceived me."

Things had come to this point, when a jeweler arrived, bringing a gold watch and chain that Madame had ordered. Nicolas refused to pay for these objects, and was obliged to take them out of the hands of his wife, to return them to the merchant. Minna would not release the things. Nicolas employed a little gentle force, and, in the struggle Madame slipped upon an apple peeling, fell upon the floor, and accused her husband of striking her. The merchant, angered at not receiving his pay, served as a witness for Madame Bonnot, who on the next day sued for a divorce, claiming \$4,000 which Nicolas had in due form settled upon her before marriage. The judge, convinced by the testimony of the jeweler and a waiter of the hotel, who swore that he had heard the husband maltreat his wife, pronounced the dissolution of the marriage, with costs to the monster of a husband.

When all expenses were deducted, there remained in the possession of our hero but \$1,400. Disembarrassed of the superfluities which put the rich so ill at ease, emancipated from his conjugal bonds which he had found so truly distressing, and beside being uncontrolled master of his time, he was seized with a curiosity to see the city and to visit his

former property. His sand bank was transformed into a line of good houses on the south side of Powell street. He thought that he recognized the name of his notary upon the door plate of the best of these dwellings, and impelled by the devil he rang at the door. In a moment he found himself face to face with his man, whom he perfectly recognized.

"Is it truly to M. Skimmer that I have the honor of speaking?"

"Yes."

"Notary?"

"Judge."

"Have you no recollection of me?"

"Not the least in the world."

"Nicolas Bonnot, who, by your official ministration, purchased, ten years ago, the ground upon which this row of houses is built."

"I do not know you."

"You had your office in a saloon upon the wharf."

"You insult me."

"*Pardon, monsieur*, you are too smart for me," replied our Frenchman; and fearing an action for defamation in a country so punctilious concerning honor, sailed for France by the steamer of the twenty first of October last.

At the end of the notes which served to compose the recital of his adventures in California, he added in pencil:

"Whereas, in consequence of our association, the profits and losses should be equally divided between the heirs of Pierre and myself; and whereas, the said Pierre was a foundling, and had no legitimate heirs; and whereas, Louise, the intended of Pierre, is frustrated of her rights by his death, I promise, at my return to France, to espouse the said Louise, to acquit my conscience, and to fill the office that death interdicted to my good friend Pierre, if to all this there is no objection on her part."

Signed: NICOLAS BONNOT.

Formerly Notary's Clerk.

THE BOTTLE AT SEA.

[From the French of Leon Gozlan.]

BY D.

[Concluded from page 323.]

CHAPTER IV.

THE next morning, at dawn, when we awoke, a thousand boats,—I do not exaggerate the number—surrounded ours, which they recognized as sacred.

“We were before Colombo, the capitol of the Island of Ceylon. We were towed in triumph when they were informed how we encountered the expiatory barge. The God of the tempests had visibly protected us, and those whom the gods protect!”—

M. Louis Van Ostal was about to finish this phrase, when a young woman entered, but paused suddenly upon the threshold.

“Ah! pardon,” she exclaimed—“I did not know that Monsieur”—

“Monsieur is our guest, and consequently, our friend,” said M. Van Ostal, presenting me to his wife.

“It is the breakfast that my wife came to announce,” continued M. Van Ostal: “come to breakfast. Come to breakfast,” said he, pulling me gently by the arm, and smiling at my indecision.

I remained in my place looking at Madam Van Ostal with a curiosity, an attention and interest that I could not repress.

“Come to breakfast!”

“Our sojourn at Colombo was short,” resumed M. Van Ostal while we were breakfasting. “We only remained the length of time indispensable for Buxton and myself to recover from the frightful shock we had experienced from our shipwreck. By selling a magnificent diamond ring that he wore at the moment of our disaster, Buxton realized, without delay, the sum necessary to convey us to Madras. Once in this capital of English India, it was easy for me to inform my

friends, and my companions in arms, whom I was on my way to rejoin at Batavia, of my fate. While awaiting their response, I traversed each day this rich metropolis of the British sovereignty, the seat of the old dominion of the Hindoo Kings.

“During six months I had studied its curious manners and its monuments, so unlike anything in ancient Europe, when chance, that god of idlers and travelers, conducted me one day to the cemetery, where repose the English and the thousands of foreigners who so quickly pay their tribute to death beneath this sky so deadly but so fair. High and powerful lords and charming ladies reposed beneath those gorgeous marbles, covered with inscriptions regretting their virtues, and ornaments not always regretted by the artist! I did not fail to experience a certain serious satisfaction of my tastes, such as one feels in walking among the dead for whom one has no real grief. This idea had scarcely occurred to me, when, as I lifted the limb of a catalpa, of which the branches swept the ground and obstructed my path, I perceived the marble of a tomb. Although I had already read so many epitaphs, still I paused to read this, of which the golden characters seemed to seek my eyes. I read!—my astonishment—my fright—my grief!—The branch of catalpa escaped from me, and I sank down upon the stone I had just read! A thousand birds, frightened by the shock of the catalpa branch, flew noisily away. I remained alone in the green and silent enclosure, with my gaze riveted upon these lines:

“*Here reposes forever*

IN THE ARMS OF THE LORD,

MARGUERITE FLOREFF.

AUGUST 27, 1836.

Weep!”

“So she is there,” said I to myself; “she is there—beneath this tree which

veils her tomb,—this tomb that hides her from my eyes. Was it therefore written in the black book of sympathetic sorrow that we must meet thus?—The ideal is not then a deception, a dream, if it is always a misfortune!

“This sweet name of Marguerite Floreff had revealed love to me, a love impossible, and I had again found this name! I had there found her! I clasped the marble, and gazed at it as if I could have seen through it. I loved to place it between my throbbing heart and this which had ceased to beat ten years before; my lips murmured,—‘Marguerite! Marguerite!’”

“Ah! monsieur,” exclaimed Van Ostal, as if to excuse the emotion with which he trembled in my presence, “I had not had the joy of pronouncing this name in the bliss of a love returned, in the sacred and blessed intoxication of love consecrated by marriage in the plenitude of life; it was surely permissible to me to proffer it in the bitterness of despair? All others poured out their youthful exaltation to the hearts of women whom they saw, to whom they listened, who had smiled upon them; mine was wasted upon the ashes of one who could not listen to me, and who had never smiled upon me.”

Here, M. Van Ostal, stifled with emotion, silently extended his hand across the table to Madame Van Ostal, who abandoned to him her own, looking at her with a divine tenderness that seemed to demand forgiveness for a passion, a sincere recital of which he did not fear to have heard. At least, I so interpreted the movement and intention of my host. My admiration was divided between the courageous frankness of the confession, and the noble indulgence of the pardon.

Van Ostal resumed: This madness would have killed me if I had prolonged the devouring ecstacy. I arose, and go-

ing to a little stream that flowed near there, filled with water two of the large, rounded, and shell-shaped leaves of the tulip tree, and returning, watered the little orange-colored campanulas that grew near the tomb of Marguerite Floreff. Will you believe, that from time to time, I returned to see if she was not hidden behind the trunk of some tree, and viewing my work of piety with indescribable tenderness! When one leaves a circle, narrow as possible, is it not an aberration that the heart, this world of which one never makes the tour, produces? See these dreams! I loved one who was dead—I was jealous!—Yes, jealous—jealous to the extent of examining if near this tomb, some other tomb did not enclose the remains of some young lord. I saw nothing except the gorgeous sepulchres of old nabobs who had been dead since the time of Tippoo Saib. I was reassured. Night alone could drive me from the cemetery of Madras. Before going, I lifted the branch of the catalpa to see by the last rays of daylight, these letters, this name; Marguerite Floreff!

“Returning sadly to the city, I thought of this succession of events, of the chain of circumstances, which had conducted, wave by wave, from the bottom of the sea, the corpse of the poor young girl. Nothing could be more natural: the monsoon had agitated the sea, and impelled by the currents, Marguerite had been thrown upon the shore; her name had been found upon her; English piety, although it is not more exquisite at that place than elsewhere, is nevertheless always present; it had buried Marguerite Floreff; some noble and poetical soul had erected the tomb; God had done the rest. So, whilst the bottle still demanded from those who traversed the ocean a prayer for the shipwrecked, she had slept for ten years in the cemetery of Madras. She no longer solicited the prayers of any one.

I alone would pray for her, as I alone loved her.

“‘It is this that shall decide my life,’ murmured I, as I re-entered the city of Madras: ‘I could not marry her, and I will not leave Madras—will not separate myself from this tomb!’

“‘We will leave to-morrow,’ said Buxton to me, when I entered the hotel at which we lodged together.

“‘Never!’ I responded.

“‘I tell you that we will sail to-morrow. This coffer full of gold has just been sent from Batavia to pay our expenses here, and, as you did not return, I have taken passage for us both on the steamer Coromandel, which will take us directly to Batavia.’

“‘You will go alone to Batavia.’

“‘See—we can exchange these pleasures whilst packing our trunks—our time is precious.’

“‘But, *sacre bleu!* I cannot go with you to Batavia. You must go for both of us.’

“‘I know that the sun, here, occasions diseases of the brain and liver, but I did not know that it ever made people so crazy as this. Come! why will you not go to Batavia, where your regiment is, where your friends are, and your reason perhaps!—Where have you been? You are pale, fatigued—you alarm me.’

“‘I have found her.’

“‘Whom have you found?’

“‘Her.’

“‘Her?’

“‘Marguerite Floreff.’

“‘Ah! my God!—my fears increase—you have found the drowned?’

“‘Yes.’

“‘Where then?’

“‘Where one finds the dead, in the cemetery of Madras.’

“‘Ah! that, at least, is possible!—Ah well, what do you intend to do?’

“‘What will I do! I will remain

where she reposes, and await the day when, in my turn—’

“‘Surely you are mad!’ cried Buxton striding up and down the room; ‘ordinarily everything ends with death; with you it is the contrary, everything commences. What!—we must remain at Madras—we must not go to Batavia—because what?—Be reasonable. Pray, weep! sigh! if it pleases you; but, afterwards, go!’

“‘Never!’

“‘Carry there with you then, your dead, but go!’

“‘You have given me an idea! a terrible idea, but one upon which I shall act. Yes, I will carry Marguerite Floreff with us, as you have said!’

“‘Of what are you thinking? As if I could think of such a thing.’

“‘Buried there in that burning soil,’ I urged, ‘she has long been a skeleton.’

“‘But the English laws?—the government?—*diable!*’

“‘No person need know of this profanation. Are you afraid, Buxton?’

“‘I afraid!—but we have not time—we sail this night—’

“‘Disinter her then to-night!’

“‘*Diable!* it is not easy.’

“‘Buxton, my friend!’

“‘Do you intend to speak to me again of this woman?—Cursed bottle!’

“‘I will say no more to you.’

“‘This then must be the only service that you demand of me,’ said Buxton glancing about him: ‘Take this silk sack, which I bought for another use. I will hide this old sabre under this tunic. All India is asleep:—Come!’

“‘Buxton made me pause at the door of the apartment.

“‘Will you swear to me upon your honor,’ said he, ‘that when this sad freak is once accomplished, you will no longer hesitate to embark with me for Batavia?’

“‘I swear to you!’

“Buxton rang. A yellow domestic appeared.

“‘Here is our bill,’ said Buxton to him. ‘Have our trunks placed on board the Coromandel.’

“‘Yes, milord.’

“‘And you need not wait for us at the hotel; we will not return here again. Ask the captain of the Coromandel to send his boat to the landing, and to direct the sailors to wait for us until dawn if necessary. Here is a guinea for you.’

“The yellow servant bowed, and closed the door behind us.

“‘March!’ said my devoted comrade to me afterwards.

CHAPTER V.

“THE ‘deed without a name,’ which we were about to perform, kept both Buxton and myself silent until we reached the cemetery. The wall was low, and we easily climbed over it; but, if it had been forty feet high we should not have thought of retreating.

“‘Conduct me,’ said Buxton, disengaging from his belt the large blade that he had taken for our nocturnal equipment.—‘Do not let me make a mistake,’ he continued, as he separated the curtain of vines, and large leaved parasites, ‘and take up some old governor who died of indigestion fifty years ago. We ought to have had a lantern—the night, it is true, is so clear—’

“‘It is here!’ I exclaimed.

“‘Lower! Speak lower,’ said Buxton.

“We paused, and aided by Buxton, I drew aside the large branch of the catalpa, and we glided into the little verdant enclosure, in the centre of which was the tombstone that covered Marguerite Floreff.

“‘I have just seen two eyes,’ said I to Buxton, in a stifled voice and below my breath.

“‘Two eyes! where?’

“‘Hold, there—look! They are horrible!’ I cried.

“‘Horrible,’ repeated Buxton. ‘Is this to punish us for the profanation we are about to commit?’

“‘Let us leave then!’

“I had retreated—afterwards I advanced resolutely, Buxton preceding me. His sabre descended between the two eyes and they stared at us no longer. A heavy body fell from branch to branch, disturbing the foliage of the catalpa, and alighted against the tomb. There it fluttered an instant, then its velvet wings stiffened and it was dead.

“It was a gigantic *chauve souris*, two feet and a half high, and five between the tips of its wings.

“‘Place!’ said Buxton, seizing the *chauve souris* by the wings, and throwing it far over his head. Then thrusting his enormous sabre between the marble of the tomb and the earth, he raised the cover. We laid the slab carefully aside, and commenced to dig, he with his sabre and I with my hands. At the end of half an hour we were not very far advanced.

“‘Ah, there!’ said Buxton, fatigued by the exercise. ‘They bury people very deep in this country. Is it to prevent them from coming up again?’

“‘Something!’—I cried, ‘I feel something!’

“‘See,’ said Buxton, planting his sabre in the place I had indicated. ‘Wait, it is not wood, it is metal. In what kind of a case do they bury one here?’

“The effort that Buxton made to raise the object beneath which he had introduced his blade, was so disproportioned to the resistance that it offered, that he was thrown violently upon his back, and lay stunned by the fall.

“I went to him and took up the tin box he had just removed from the bottom of the tomb.

“‘Decidedly,’ said Buxton, rubbing

the back of his head, 'these adventures in the cemetery always turn out badly. However, I believe in neither God nor the devil. What is that you have there?'

"A tin box—this is what you threw out."

"What do you think? Could they have burned the corpse? It was formerly a custom in India, and it may be that these are the ashes."

"Pleasantries at a moment like this!"

"Give me that box then. Do you wish to see what is enclosed in it, before saying anything more?"

"The sabre of Buxton served also for this operation. With the point we raised the edges on three sides, and the box was opened; we found within it a paper."

"What is written upon it? demanded Buxton."

"Stepping out into the moonlight, I read these words traced in large characters:

"After having been interred in this grave, and remaining here fifteen months the body of Marguerite Floreff has been transported to Amsterdam, her native city, where she had asked to be buried. Her wish is accomplished: may it be the will of God!"

"Buxton and I looked at each other, with a surprise that you can scarcely comprehend. There was nothing in the tomb we had opened; Marguerite Floreff was in Holland, whence I had come, and where, after a few years, I should return."

"What made it seem so singular, was to find a letter instead of a skeleton, in a tomb. We would have been infinitely less astonished, if we had lived in India since our infancy. We should then have known, as everybody does, that rich Europeans are jealous of being separated from their country, even after they are dead; and that tombs are erected, which they occupy until the time when a vessel will take their remains to their native land."

"We have nothing more to do here," said Buxton, assisting me to replace the cover of the tomb.

"No!"

"The boat of the Coromandel awaits us at the landing. Let us hasten! Sailors are not always very patient, you know."

"But you are patient towards me," said I to Buxton, as I carried the box in which I had discovered the letter; taking also some flowers, white moss, catalpa leaves, and three little shells I had found in the earth of the sepulchre. She was no longer in this tomb, it is true, but she had slept there. Was that not enough?"

"It was daylight when we arrived at the landing; it was time! The captain had just ordered, by a signal, the two sailors to return to the steamer without us."

"The voyage from Madras to Batavia was long and disagreeable, but no event of any note marked its course."

"*Mon ami*," interrupted Madame Van Ostal, "it will perhaps be agreeable to Monsieur to take tea in the conservatory where you received him?"

"So be it then," replied M. Van Ostal rising and directing us to the conservatory by a botanical gallery through which we had not passed in going to the dining hall, and that consequently I had not yet seen."

I offered my arm to Madame Van Ostal. M. Van Ostal did not follow us immediately.

"Whenever it happens," said Madame Van Ostal, "that my husband recalls these somewhat adventurous years of his youth, he experiences a melancholy that continues several days."

"I regret," I replied, "that he becomes so; if I had known that by the indiscretion of my visit, and above all of my questions"—

"Why?—He is not less happy, believe

it, and, for my part, I would be unwilling that he should refuse to inform you of these romantic circumstances."

"Which proves madame, the elevation of his spirit, and" I added a little lower, "the clemency of yours."

A smile, which did not enable me to divine all the thoughts of Madame Van Ostal, interrupted our dialogue and the efforts of my imagination, as an unexpected ray of light in the studio sometimes suspends the pencil of the painter. What did this mysterious smile signify!

"Do you see nothing at the foot of the tree that the Indians call the tree of the traveler?" inquired Madame Van Ostal, suddenly changing the current of the conversation. She then called:

"James! Colombo!"

Two fair and rosy children who were playing at the foot of the tree ran and threw themselves into her arms.

"These are my sons," she said to me; "in winter, it is here, in this gallery more moderately warmed than the others, that they come to take their recreations. My husband," continued madame Van Ostal, "wished to name the eldest Colombo, in memory of the city where he landed after his shipwreck, and the second James, which is the name of Mr. Buxton, the companion whose history is so intimately connected with his own. But here is M. Van Ostal with his good cigars."

"Will you permit me to remain?" demanded Madame Van Ostal of her husband and of me, after having poured out my tea in a Japanese cup. "I am anxious to hear the end of the history of Marguerite Floreff."

We seated ourselves all three of us before the eternal English tea-pot and mountain of toasted bread, and M. Van Ostal continued:

"Three months afterward I resumed my post in the military service of Batavia, and the garrison life so dissipated and so luxurious in the colonies. Few

exercises, few reviews, no studies, plenty of dinners, plenty of balls, plenty of fetes, and for the most of the officers an eternal intoxication of wine, rum, and tobacco.

"One day my turn came to assist at the religious service celebrated each Sunday in the finest temple in Java, and consequently in Batavia. I with my comrades, all clad in full dress, took our places near the desk of the clergyman. The service ended, according to custom in the most profound silence; the orator had edified us by an eloquent sermon prepared especially for us. We had arisen finally to meditate without upon the grave lessons of religious information he had given us, when he requested us to seat ourselves again. I must not omit to state that Buxton was present.

"My brethren, and you my sisters," said the preacher, 'a French captain remitted to me this morning the sum of a thousand pounds sterling as alms for prayers to be said, and to erect a tomb over two persons whose names I will presently announce. Divine Providence has charged itself with this mission, of which it has acquitted itself towards me, and of which I in my turn acquit myself towards you. Here is what it has done in all its sapient simplicity. In the open sea was found a bottle, in the interior of which was a thousand pounds sterling in bank bills, which have been remitted to me with this paper'—(exhibiting the paper)—'upon which I have read that to which you are about to listen;

"I, Louis Van Ostal, about to perish a hundred leagues from Ceylon, I give the thousand pounds sterling enclosed in this bottle to him or to her who, after having found it, will cause prayers to be said for me and for my well-beloved unknown Marguerite Floreff, and will cause to be erected for us one and the same tomb!"

"Pray therefore my brethren, and you my sisters, for Louis Van Ostal—'

“‘Hold!’ I cried, rushing towards the desk. ‘I am the Louis Van Ostal who wrote those lines, and, surely, I am not dead!’

“To depict to you the trouble and disorder caused by this event, in that temple filled with noble Dutch lords and highly aristocratic Batavian ladies is impossible.—But what I can tell you is, that the infernal laugh of Buxton made itself heard above every other sound, when, having arrived in front of the pulpit to give some explanations, I encountered face to face a woman who had cried out at the same time that I had done:

“‘I am Marguerite Floreff!’”

“What! whom?” I exclaimed, in my turn,—I who had listened with all my power of attention to M. Van Ostal. “It was her!—but how? This tomb of Marguerite Floreff erected at Madras?—the corpse of Marguerite Floreff transported to Europe?”

“It was, and it was not her,” responded M. Van Ostal.

“And this woman, was she young and pretty, as you had dreamed she would be?”

“Frightful!” replied M. Van Ostal. “Frightful! and that was the cause of the diabolical hilarity of that satan Buxton. My ideal was a monster.

“‘It is certainly proper,’ said Buxton to me afterwards, ‘that those who like you pursue the eagle of the ideal, should finish by capturing the egg of the mystification. You have had deplorable success. After having pursued across seas, and beyond death, an imaginary woman you have discovered whom? An old woman, toothless, yellow, and who, to complete the horror, is not dead!’

“I made no reply.

“‘You see,’ continued Buxton, ‘these are your stupid religious beliefs that have conducted you from folly to folly; that is to say, to see things as they are not in

reality; to see sentiments where there are only wants, sympathies where there are only appetites; to see angels where there are only women subject to the same infirmities as other creatures; to see heaven where there are only clouds; and God where there is nothing at all. Believe me, espouse some rich creole, who will bring you plenty of pepper, plenty of cinnamon, plenty of tea, later plenty of children, and let your brain, which is only a soft substance, and your heart which is only a muscle, rest.’

“This time I responded:

“‘I am going to see this woman’—

“‘What! are you not convinced?’

“‘No. There is something in it very improbable’—

“‘But since she has said—’

“‘It is not too much to ask her to explain herself a second time; besides, I have not interrogated her personally.’

“‘But this public avowal?’

“‘No matter!’

“‘Why should she have made it?’

“‘I do not know, but I have a presentiment—’

“‘You are incurable with your presentiments; I am sure that you believe firmly that you have had an adventure with a fairy; which you expect to prove *a la* the fairy Citron; and that if you fall at her feet, despite her villainous feet, and take her hands despite her hideous hands, she will transform herself suddenly into a young and superb princess, happy to recompense your constancy by a love worthy of your own. My friend, nurses themselves do not believe such blue stories, and babies refuse to be put to sleep with such nonsense as this.’

“‘Come with me to the house of this woman, I say to you.’

“‘Come! Do you know where she lives?’

“‘Yes—I have informed myself.’

“‘I am at your service.’

CHAPTER VI.

"We went together to the house of the woman, or rather of the sorceress, who had played that ridiculous scene with me on the preceding Sunday. Her lodgings were more than modest; it needed much discretion not to call them miserable.

"Madame,' I said to her, 'I am M. Louis Van Ostal, whose name was found mixed with yours, the other day at the church, where we both had the honor of being present. It must have appeared to you singularly strange that, in a day of calamity, I should have taken the very inexcusable liberty of requesting that prayers should be said for you and for me, and that a single tomb should be erected for both of us.'

"In fact, monsieur,' stammered she of whom I have spoken.

"But,' I resumed, 'if my action is extraordinary, avow, madame, that your position is not less so. Concerning the shipwreck—for you were shipwrecked!'

"Yes, monsieur, in the Indian sea, two hundred leagues north of Madagascar.'

"The precision of her response staggered me, I avow. If she had not been shipwrecked, she could not have had this topographic certitude.

"You were shipwrecked,' I said, 'and at the moment of perishing, you wrote upon a sheet of paper, that you carefully enclosed in a bottle, your last desire. To this, I afterwards added my own in absolutely similar circumstances; what happened after that?'

"I awaited her response.

"It happened,' she replied, 'that the bottle in which you had placed the sheet of paper written by you, and that written by me was encountered by a French captain—'

"Oh! pardon, madame, something else occurred previous to this.'

"And what was it that occurred, monsieur?'

"Your corpse was thrown upon the beach.'

"Madame having been dead,' interposed Buxton, 'she cannot ignore that circumstance—'

"Neither can she ignore,' said I more and more convinced that we were having an affair with an adventuress, 'that she has been interred.'

Buxton burst into a roar of laughter. The woman terminated my phrase:

"Yes, interred at Madras.'

"We laughed no more, neither Buxton nor I.

"Ah! you know, madame, that you have been interred at Madras, then you know also,' continued Buxton, 'where your skeleton is now—I do not speak of that which we have the honor of conversing with at this moment—but the original.'

"The woman looked at each of us with the most perfect assurance, then responded—'I repose in the cemetery of Amsterdam.'

Buxton, the atheist, shivered to the last hair of his moustache.

"See, madame,' I said, 'no one is more disposed to the marvelous than I; but if you are dead—'

"My God! I should not have pretended to have been so,' she replied, 'but you put me so forcibly in this funereal way that I could not do otherwise than follow you. The Marguerite Floreff of whom I speak never perished in the Indian Ocean. Daughter of a Dutch merchant, she died at Madras, very tranquilly in her bed. Her father, whom she loved very much, having been buried in the cemetery at Amsterdam, she wished also to repose there.'

"But who are you then, you who bear the same name?'

"I am her god-daughter and her niece.'

"How everything is lighted up!' exclaimed Buxton. 'We have incontesti-

bly before us Marguerite Floreff, my poor friend!

“Her niece and her god-daughter, I ought to bear her name, and in good justice I ought also to possess the thousand pounds sterling enclosed in the bottle.”

“‘Aye!’ said Buxton, ‘aye.’

“My gesture could not silence him.

“‘Yes,’ he went on, ‘you have the right to the thousand pounds sterling, but upon one condition—it is that some one shuts you up in the tomb that those thousand pounds sterling were destined to build.’

“‘To inter me!’

“‘Hold,’ said I, ‘my friend jests—Have pen and paper brought, and write a receipt for the thousand pounds sterling; I have the sum with me.’

“‘The woman wrote. At the second line I interrupted her—

“‘Is that truly your writing?’

“‘Yes, monsieur.’

“‘Then this’—I drew the paper that I had found and replaced in the bottle—‘is not yours!’

“I examined both handwritings. The deception was discovered, its cause still remained to be revealed.

“The eyes of the unfortunate woman filled with great tears; she bowed her head without saying a word except, ‘Misery! Her name was surely Floreff, but she was a distant relative, and not the god-daughter of her whose tomb bears the name of Marguerite Floreff. When the preacher said that the thousand pounds sterling were destined to erect a monument to her who had perished, she said to herself with the quick instinct of the poor:

“‘If one will give such a very large sum for a dead Floreff, one will surely give the half of this sum for a Floreff living. I escaped the peril of the shipwreck’—She did not observe that the name of another person that had escaped her had nearly demented me—

“‘Take the thousand pounds,’ I said, ‘but tell me, upon the sacred name of God, and the salvation of your soul, if there exists a Marguerite Floreff; if her hand traced these lines, borne to me upon the sea, has she ever lived—for now—’

“‘She has existed,’

“‘And did she die in the open sea?’

“‘I do not know that any accident has happened to her at sea. On her arrival at Batavia, where she did not remain very long, she did not inform me of any misfortune that had occurred during her voyage—’

“‘But then we may not speak of the same person—for in fact—’

“‘I know nothing more in truth, monsieur. Ah!’ she exclaimed, ‘I have some of Marguerite’s letters, and her portrait. You can compare the letters with the lines written by her that you have there; and if the two handwritings—’

“‘Give me the letters! Give me the portrait!—give them! give them!’

“The handwritings were compared, and were at once proven to be identical.

“‘The portrait,’ I cried, ‘the portrait!’

“‘The portrait was given to me.

“‘It is hers!’ was the cry that went up from my heart.

“‘You know her then? Have you seen her?’

“‘Never!’

“Buxton bent over the portrait. ‘Here is that,’ he said, ‘which would make me believe in God; if he had not created and placed in the world so many who are deformed, and so many gluttons of whom he is pleased, in his admirable justice, to perpetuate the species; yes, these tresses of such an angelic blonde, these eyes of heaven’s own blue, these divine hands—(Buxton, like Byron and Voltaire, adored beautiful hands)—all this would make me believe in God—’

“‘I clasped Buxton in my arms. The woman whose impudence I had unveiled, performed an act of kindness that went

to my heart; on receiving the thousand pounds that I had given her, she gave me the portrait of Marguerite Floreff.

“Do you know madame,” I asked, ‘where mademoiselle Marguerite Floreff went from Batavia?’

“Yes, monsieur.”

“Who was with her? who accompanied her?”

“Her father, the inspector general of the colonial custom-houses.”

“And how long since they left Batavia?”

“Nearly eighteen months.”

“Eighteen months! But then, that shipwreck of which you are ignorant must have taken place on her return! it has taken place!—the found again! the lost! And where has she gone? to Europe?”

“No, monsieur, to America—to Surinam.”

“Your romance ends there,” said Buxton taking me by the arm and leading me out of the house; ‘you have pursued it far enough. You have made me believe in the prophets—they performed miracles I see, solely because they wished so strongly for what they wished.’

“Sad miracle, this that I have produced!”

“Do you hope that the fish of the ocean, which have eaten her, will return her to you, living, young, and beautiful as her portrait? And *a propos* of your pretended good God, who has so well arranged his world, that it can only exist upon the rigorous condition of ceaseless devouring. Your God, if he existed, would be the God of butchers and tripevenders.”

“Atheism, my dear Buxton.”

“To-day, atheism is going to render you a service.”

“Do with me whatever you wish.”

“Buxton conducted me to one of the finest quarters of Batavia, the palace of the Navy, where the vessels that arrive

at Batavia deposit their patents, and where their days of departure are appointed.

“Buxton addressed a friend, of whom he had sometimes spoken to me.

“Can you tell me,” said he, ‘if a ship left here eighteen months ago for Surinam, and if any disaster occurred during her voyage?’

“The friend of Buxton searched the Atlantic registers.

“‘Surinam!’ cried he, ‘Surinam!’ ‘Here it is!—a cross on the folio. Yes, she was lost!’

“Buxton pressed my hand closely, and I saw tears fall from his eyes.

“How was she lost?” demanded he afterwards.”

“Impossible to tell, if any were saved.”

“But no, monsieur, it is not impossible,” said the secretary general, who had overheard us behind the grating which separated his cabinet from the hall where we were occupied with our researches. ‘Turn to the colonial correspondence,’ said he, ‘see if any ship that has arrived in Batavia within eighteen months has been witness of an accident that has befallen a vessel going to Surinam.’

“The Albatross, captain Boxwell, nothing, no report. The Arrow, captain Verhagen, nothing; not even a remark. The Dorado, captain Ixel, nothing—nothing.”

“There, monsieur, there!” I exclaimed. ‘The Sumatra, captain Snyers; read, or rather permit me to read:

“*Report.*—Yesterday at sunset, while traversing the archipelago of the Maldives, we perceived, near the sixth of the group of the Seven Brothers, an immense light which announced, unfortunately beyond a doubt, a great conflagration. Although the wind would have carried us far from the burning vessel, we managed with so much skill and promptitude that we reached her in two hours. We attempted at first to save her; it was a

useless task, a perilous devotion. We then exerted ourselves to save the crew and passengers. They were all embarked on board the Sumatra. The unfortunate vessel, which was called the Nicobas, captain Van Kessel, bound to Surinam, we left her burning. The passengers and crew disembarked at the Gama Isles, where a vessel of the company was engaged to transport them to Surinam. Two persons only perished, these were the first mate, and a young passenger who fell into the sea in descending into the boats.'

"'If this young person was—'

"'Is my patent for Parimaribo prepared?' said a Dutch captain interrupting my reflection.

"'Here it is,' replied the commissioner, handing him his patent.

"'Parimaribo is not far from Surinam is it?' I enquired of the captain.

"'Very near,' he replied, 'only, it is a long distance from here to Surinam.'

"'Do you take passengers?'

"'If there are many, no.'

"'Two; monsieur and me.'

"'I sail in two hours.'

"'We can be on board in two hours.'

"Half an hour afterwards I sent my resignation to the general of the colonial troops, and embarked with Buxton for Dutch Guiana, where we arrived in four months after our departure from Batavia. I hastened to Surinam. It was my wish to go there alone. Buxton awaited me at Parimaribo. Alone I went to the country-house where the father of Marguerite Floreff, who had obtained his retreat, lived, as one said, retired. The old negro who gave me this information knew nothing more. I arrived at a village that seemed in every way like those of our dear Holland; his property was pointed out to me. I entered an alley of citron trees. Oh! how my heart throbbled!—those perfumes, the flowers, the air so sweet! I had a portrait in my

hand—at the end of the alley a young girl awaited me—it was—"

M. and Madame Van Ostal left the table and threw themselves into each other's arms.

I had before my eyes Marguerite Floreff!

"AND THEN."

A YOUTH told proudly his hopes and plans,
With his own strong hand all his future drew,
To the calm old man, earth-tired, heaven-bound,
Who answered, from all his great heart knew,
Only these words, "And then?"

With a steady foot and a willing hand
I will climb to Earth's treasure-hold,
And claim my share of the wealth she hoards,
For her favored—the brave and the bold;
"And then?"

And then, with his wand in my happy hand,
I'll gather her gems at will;
I'll summon each draught of her pleasure-fount,
Till it fall, or my goblet I fill;
"And then?"

O then I'll try fame, and I'll coax till I win
From the noble old laurel a wreath;
This I'll cherish and keep, 'tis old Earth's choicest gift,
And its life dew her balmiest breath;
"And then?"

I'll be kindly, and share of my wealth and my joy,
So I'll bind many souls to my own;
For I'd sooner be Prince of a dozen warm hearts,
Than be Monarch of many a throne!
"And Then?"

Why then I'll be getting to staid middle age,
And the world will be Eden no more;
But I'll choose me an Eve, and build me a home,
And be found at my own open door;
"And Then?"

Then I will grow of a quiet old age,
In the midst of my pleasure and peace,
So muffled in treasure and comfort and love,

That to my ear Earth's discord shall cease;
 "And Then?"

I'll grow older, and older, and then, I suppose,
 Life and I will grow weary—and—why,
 As my fathers have done, as my children
 must do,
 So I in my ripeness shall—die,
 "And Then?"

A HOME SKETCH.

BY X.

HOW many separations might be prevented and families restored to peace, if there could be just at hand, in season, some aged and experienced friend of the parties whose years and relationship would give the right to be heard. Alas, that in our State there are so few old friends.

A wife sat weeping in her home, angered, she felt, past reconciliation, with her husband. The home was a very humble one, for its inmates had not been prosperous. The young wife's happiness was sadly marred by the toil to which in earlier years she had been unused. The husband had done some forbidden thing, and she thought her truth and love, and patient waiting, were all forgotten.

"I will never forgive him," she said between her sobs, to an elderly acquaintance who had chanced to call. "I have followed him here, where I have not a single friend but him, and earned my own bread and the children's. He ought to respect me enough at least not to have done what he has. I never wish to see him again and I have told him so."

"What! you have separated from him with words like these?"

"Yes."

"When will he return?"

"In a fortnight."

"His heart will be harder than steel when he comes if these words are left unsaid until then. Now tell me just how you think he feels about his conduct that

has caused your anger towards him?"

"I know that he would give the world if it were his, to undo it."

"Do you know what I would do if I were in your place, then?"

"Call upon a lawyer, I guess; I have been advised to do so."

"You have had a bad adviser then. Do that and all is lost—all your years of truth, and love, and toil—all lost together. Trust to his own heart to remind him of these, let no reproachful word of yours do so, or there will at once arise in his mind, a list of his forbearances and efforts to counterbalance these, and he will feel acquitted of all, and the chance is, that in his weariness he will feel thankful, rather than otherwise when the strife is ended and he is released by your act from obligations that misfortune has prevented him from fulfilling."

"Well, in my place what would you do?"

"Send him as kind a letter as it is possible to write."

"And let him think me a craven?"

"You mistake; women too often continue the vengefulness commenced in anger through fear. Be nobler; write conciliatory words; let him feel that this angry storm in which you separated is past. Win your husband; who can tell what store of happiness the future may hold for you, if you still cleave lovingly to each other. You will see wretchedness enough, I promise you if you do not."

The kind counsel prevailed. A brief but affectionate letter was written bidding the absent husband forget the unpleasant words spoken at their parting, and the unfortunate circumstance that had occasioned them. Nothing was written of faults or blame. The missive ended with words like these:

"We will be courageous, and patient, and I believe the time will soon come when success will crown your endeavors,

and you will be able to build us a fair home in which we may rest and rear our babes."

The harsh words spoken at parting had filled the husband's heart with forebodings of harsh measures, for he knew the fault was justly his. After a sleepless night and a day spent in discouraging meditations, he arrived at his destination. Bad beginnings, these, for the business he had come to undertake, but the letter came and all was changed.

His labors were performed with a cheerful heart and willing hands, and better days soon dawned.

A few years have passed; the domestic strife so wisely quelled in that household, has never been renewed. The wife's reward is, that her husband's heart is retained, the pleasant home is builded, and her babes, instead of being the homeless children of a separated pair, are growing up in the happiness of a peaceful home.

FAITH.

BY E. AMANDA SIMONTON.

IF, swift as wingéd flame,
A visible angel to the portal came,
Bearing as lavish dower
Fame, honor, wealth and power,
Which Earth's poor plaudits win,—
Should we not haste to bid him enter in?

Each soul hath thus a door
At which an angel knocks forevermore;
Against the sealed portal,
We hear the wings immortal
Fluttering in wild unrest—
Shall we not open to the heavenly guest?

For Faith, blest angel, brings
A wealth unfound 'mid guarded stores of
The hovel seems a palace, [kings.
And from the meanest chalice
Flows forth God's royal wine,
Where enters in this messenger divine.

Then moments in their flight,
Are turned to gems of everlasting light,
Which seraph hands upgather,—
Until the loving Father
Whisper: Henceforth be blest—
Up where thy treasure is, come, child, and
rest!

SAN FRANCISCO, Feb., 1861.

AN EVERY DAY STORY.

BY D.

IN diving into the depths of our portfolio to procure "copy" for this number of "Hutchings," we came across the following sketch, "an ower true tale," a portion of which we once ushered into print, but in rather a crude shape. We now relate it more in detail, and from its pages much may be gleaned by those who care to profit by the lesson.

We were sitting together one evening, my dear friend Mary, Aunt Esther and I. Mary had just told us of having called during the day upon an invalid acquaintance whose end was evidently very near, when the church bell, after a few warning strokes, paused, and began solemnly to number the years of the dead, pausing at every ten. We looked silently in each other's faces till the last year was numbered.

"Thirty one," said Mary, "she did not seem so old; poor Emily! Your heart would have ached if you had seen her turn the dark earnest eyes of hers from one to another of those at her bedside. Some one whom she wished to see must have been absent, or, maybe she wished to make some parting request that she feared would be denied her."

"Of what did she die?" I asked.

"Consumption," Mary replied.

"She was murdered," said aunt Esther, "and none the less so that she has suffered many years since she was victimized."

"Yes," continued Aunt Esther, as we

looked in her face, mute with astonishment, "the time was when she was merry and light hearted as any girl in the village, yet I do not believe that either of you can remember seeing her laugh. Nevertheless, her sweet smiles and kind words were ever ready for those about her, which made me pity her the more, because I realized that she was striving to make others happy, when her own joys were embittered at their very spring.

"She, as you know, was one of several sisters, some older, some younger than herself; the eldest of these was married, and the mother of an interesting little family, a weak, nervous creature, whose cares were multiplied by her inexperience; in temper and disposition the opposite of Emily, who was then a gay young girl, about whom were just gathering the associations that were to determine her future position and measure of happiness. Few had fairer prospects—poor girl!—blight and mildew has been upon every green thing in her pathway since.

"There is a rose-tree here in the garden, whose fate has seemed to me very much like hers. Something has grown up beside it and overshadowed it, and season after season it has put forth its delicate, beautiful buds, then they have mouldered and fallen to the ground, and I have never seen one of its blossoms come to maturity.

"A cankering shadow fell upon the girlhood of that poor lady, and every bud of hope and promise withered beneath its spectral shade.

"With this elder sister of whom I have spoken, Emily was residing, the life of her sister's household, a gay, thoughtless, perhaps not always a prudent girl; but all her previous, all her subsequent life, forbids the supposition that she ever made any grave departure from propriety.

"Linked with these families by some

intermarriage, is a certain woman, very religious in her way, but whose duty toward any one is never done until she has privately lamented over all their faults, of which, take her authority, every one has plenty except herself; always, by way of showing her penetration, prognosticating some evil, then watching the subjects of her prophecies as if her reputation was at stake if her predictions should not come to pass.

"Of the death of her whose years you have just heard numbered, I believe this person—this gnome—this ghoul—to be guilty.

"She was a frequent visitor in the family, and it was not long before her intimations, and vaguely expressed fears, had awakened suspicion both in the breast of the sister and elsewhere.

"Repulsed with frowns by her sister, and grave looks by her friends, deserted by her lover, for she had one, Emily's situation was fast becoming unendurable; drooping in health and spirits, she returned to her home; her physician recommended change of air and scenery, knowing well that a *draught of Lethe* was the only balm for malady like hers.

"Accordingly, attended by her mother and brother, she journeyed to the far south; where, won by the soothing influence of a genial clime, and the attention of friends who made her happiness and recovery their constant care, her health and cheerfulness gradually returned; scarcely her former self, still so much improved from her late languid nerveless state, that it was deemed prudent to return with her.

"At home again where she was really beloved and where but few had been permanently prejudiced against her, she was greeted with every kindness and attention, and all traces of unpleasantness seemed for the time to be obliterated.

"There was but one who had the heartlessness to renew any scandal; mov-

ing in the same circle, she had access to nearly every valued friend, scarce one of whom could ever in her presence speak a kind word of Emily without eliciting some vague hint, or half withheld expression of acquiescence, or sympathy bestowed in such a manner as to lead one to suppose that its object was tenderly regarded notwithstanding some unparadonable act of impropriety.

“These things never failed of their blighting effect upon new acquaintances. One gentleman was poisoned against her in this way. Having spoken of meeting Emily, and of the pleasing impression, Mrs. L—— replied hesitatingly :

“‘Yes—a very pleasant young lady—I always liked her very much, and never did believe anything against her, though circumstances did look suspiciously, I confess. No one really knows anything against her, she has changed very much though in the past two years. I should blame Edward B—— very much, if I felt sure that his engagement with her was broken off without cause. She looks melancholy, I am sure I pity her.’

“I was within hearing of this conversation, and chanced to be present the next time Emily and this young friend met. They had parted but the day before rather more than friends; now, he was constrained—cold—at a loss for means to disguise his changed sentiments.

“She, with the sad instinct that comes of acquaintance with some pursuing shade, seemed to comprehend it all without the slightest explanation. Another friend was lost to her.

“He sat, after exchanging salutations, uneasily drawing on and putting off his glove, and making common-place remarks with the air of one who speaks from necessity.

“I saw her steal one glance at his face unperceived by him, and as her eyelids drooped, I fancied they were heavy with unshed tears. When he had gone, she

slipped away unperceived to her room; a week afterward she re-appeared, wan and pale; more gentle and saint-like than ever, and striving to conceal her grief with smiles that were sadder than tears. The circumstance that I have related gave me a clue to the manner in which several other friendships were terminated.

“Perhaps it was six years later than this occurrence, when one evening I was at a sewing circle, a meeting held semi-monthly by pious ladies, generally for the purpose of interchanging information in regard to the private affairs of their neighbors and providing winter clothing for children in Africa. Of course Mrs. S——, of whom I have been telling you, was there, the very person to be the leading spirit of that institution.

“‘Really,’ said a quiet lady at my elbow, ‘I do not see how our sewing circle could exist without Mrs. S——; for one I am sure I could never fill her place; just the individual for first directress.’

“The heroine of this admiration, was busily engaged in unpacking from the society’s big basket various pieces of unfinished work, and distributing them about the room, accompanying the articles with inquiries after the absent, and volunteering little items of information about their affairs, not always strictly complimentary, in that case generally closing her remarks with ‘tis a pity, but then ’tis true or I would not mention it.’

“In the course of half an hour she had completed her tour of the rooms, and settled herself with the complaisance of one who is conscious of having rendered the country a service; after a momentary survey of the busy scene, she and the lady next her began sewing the opposite sleeves of a red flannel shirt and employing their tongues with poor Emily’s affairs.

“‘Where is Emily to-night?’ queried

one of these patterns of benevolence.

"I do not know," replied Mrs. S——, 'she will be here soon, I think; she is generally regular in her attendance, but does not seem to take a deep interest in the business of the society, in fact is not an efficient member of it.'

"I think," said the other, 'that she has some interesting affairs of her own that quite occupy her attention for the present. I suppose you have noticed how pointed Mervine, our new lawyer, has grown in his addresses of late. He is amiable, talented, and will be wealthy—will be a very suitable match.'

"I agree with you, and trust it may prove to be so, for really, she is fast becoming an old maid; it is singular, too, for she has had a host of admirers, first and last. I suppose she would have been married long ago, if it had not been for that unlucky scandal that got afloat some years ago, when, if you will remember, she absented herself from home for some months, which, you know, tended to confirm people's suspicions. For my part, though, I never believed anything against her and always pitied her I am sure, and have often thought that some one who had heard nothing about it would come along yet and marry her.'

"Heavenly Father, thought I, when will this relentless pitying end.

"Just on the other side of an open door within three feet of where they sat, stood the young gentleman, Mervine, examining some plates that lay upon a small table; I noticed that he looked at but one during the conversation, and that was upside down.

"Six months after he married,—her cousin. Since then, as you know, she has in winter resided with an aunt in Georgia, who has sometimes in summer accompanied her to her northern home. At midsummer of last year, a *distingue* looking stranger appeared in town as the guest of Emily's father; his stay was a

brief one, and he departed without extending his circle of acquaintance beyond the family of his host. In autumn, before the frosts grew keen, or the birds flitted to sunnier climes, the stranger came again, there was a quick wedding, and Emily went away with him to his fair southern home.

"I remarked a startled look upon the face of the bride as her husband assured her friends that he intended to come with Emily to spend the next summer with them.

"She returned here this year earlier in the season than usual. Her aunt, who came with her, told me one day that Emily's husband had, because of her alarming debility, urged her departure at a much earlier period than that upon which he had originally fixed as the date of their visit, he was therefore unable to accompany her, although he expected to rejoin her soon. Almost the first letter she received from him after her arrival here, conveyed the intelligence that a complicated lawsuit in which he was engaged would, he feared, prevent him from doing more than pay her a flying visit late in the summer. 'Do not,' he wrote, 'let this disappointment rob you of the invigorating effect of your bracing climate. Assure yourself that I do not abandon without regret the pleasures I proposed to share with you—the pleasant drives along the margin of those mirror-like lakes, the visits to the waterfalls, that I think must have been your first loves, you are so constant to their memory, and have so often described them to me. If they were human I would be jealous; as it is, I shall have them all photographed so you can bring their likenesses back with you as a specific against home-sickness. I shall be very weary when I arrive, and shall be able to stay but a short time, so do not expect to introduce me to many of your friends this year; the little while that I can remain

with you, I wish to devote wholly to yourself.'

"In a few weeks Emily had recovered from the fatigue of her journey, and rapidly regained her health and spirits, and participated more heartily than ever she had done for many years, in the simple pleasures planned for her amusement. A delicate bloom adorned her cheeks; and her eyes, instead of sending forth those searching and apprehensive glances you have mentioned, beamed with the soft light of contentment and love.

"Unexpectedly her husband came. An epidemic had made its appearance in the city of his residence, and by common consent business was suspended, and all who were able took refuge beyond the reach of infection. It was scarcely midsummer, and he intended to remain three months at least.

"From the day of his arrival, she seemed to me to be constantly haunted by a sense of insecurity which consumed her like a fever, as if a fear had taken possession of her that something would occur to wrest from her her husband's love. If he was absent and did not return at the moment she expected him, she appeared like one completely overwhelmed with forebodings of evil, until he came, and she had stolen a searching glance at him, and read that her dominion over his heart remained undisturbed; then her eyes brightened and her cheeks flushed, and she became animated and brilliant in manners and conversation. So she alternated between this sickening depression and feverish excitement, until her health, which was never firm, was completely undermined. Her husband had been here perhaps a month, when she took a slight cold, not sufficient of itself to have confined her to her room for a day—from which she never recovered.

For,

'The lamp when once wasted,
Oh, how can it burn.'

"She is dead, and to-morrow you will

see at her funeral the person whose breath has so poisoned her atmosphere, loud in her lamentations at her untimely end, and the last individual to take to herself a thought of blame for having hastened it."

The next day we went with the throng that followed her to the grave. There was bitter mourning as they bore her there, by many beside her own household; for each, now that she was gone, could remember her unvarying gentleness; the poor and the orphan wept, for she had been their friend, and no sting marred the memory of kindnesses she had done them.

Mrs. S— stood with the mourners, making liberal use of her pocket handkerchief, and as they turned to leave the grave, she concluded some remark to some one near, with "I pitied her."

"Aye, to death," said Aunt Esther bitterly, "to death!"

A SONG FOR THE NEW YEAR.

BY MRS. L. I. VINING.

BRING Amaranths, bring Amaranths,
To crown the Dying Year,
And break his trance with stirring chants,
That may exalt and cheer.
In solemn state the Ages wait,
And count the throbs sublime,
While yet the gate shall separate
Eternity and Time.

Bring Asphodels, bring Asphodels
To crown the Infant Year,
And peal the bells above the knells
Still tolling on the ear.
Pure from the hand that all things planne
Unwritten yet his scroll,—
Take noble stand, Earth's soul-lit band,
And worthy deeds enroll.

Bear on the bier, bear on the bier!
One moment, hearts be bowed,
And drop a tear to by-gones dear
Within the Old Year's shroud.

Then bury deep, as he shall sleep,
 All envy, wrong and strife,
 And learn to reap such joys as keep
 A harvest-time for life.

The glad New Year! the glad New Year!
 He calls to festive mirth!
 Let songs of cheer, and hearts sincere,
 Give kindly impulse birth.

Thus be LIFE's knells, made joyful swells,
 Its cares as calm laid down,
 When passing bells change Asphodels
 To Amaranthine crown.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., January, 1861.

THE GRAVE OF AMELIA WELBY.

BY MRS. E. A. WELTY.

TH being my pleasant fortune to be detained in Louisville, Ky., for a day and a night, until the early Monday morning's train should convey me on my journey, I had an opportunity of gratifying a long cherished desire to stand beside the grave of one of the sweetest and most gifted daughters of song America has produced. It was a lovely spot, in one of the most beautiful "cities of the dead" I have ever visited. In point of scenery and beautiful diversity of surface it will hardly compare with Greenwood or Mount Auburn—where nature has left nothing undone—but art has accomplished much to make "Cave Hill" a fitting place of burial for just such beings as "Amelia," whose poet-souls might love to linger amid the almost unearthly beauties of their silent home. Though contrary to the prescribed cemetery regulation, that prohibits carriages from entering the enclosure on Sundays, the officer in waiting, when made acquainted with the object of our visit, permitted ours to pass in, and kindly pointed out the avenue leading to the sacred spot. How great would have been my disappointment, had I found, instead of the fresh green mound, and

bright flowers growing in beautiful luxuriance over and around it, a cold and ponderous, though costly vault, with barred door and forbidding aspect. Pleasanter by far to me was the green earth, with its fringe of dewy leaves; and the bright flowers which the hand of affection had planted there, how beautiful and life-like they seemed in the midst of the dark green leaves where they were embedded; and how genial the setting sunlight as it streamed in through the ever-green foliage, studding with stars of gold the grassy quilt, that lay so lightly on her breast. Not even a paling forbade our stepping within the sacred enclosure, which had long since become a hallowed shrine, where I had hoarded away some of the most pleasing and sacred thoughts my heart has ever known. The lot is enclosed by a wall of beautifully cut stone, about twenty inches in height, and twelve in width, but there is no paling on it, and but very few in the whole cemetery. I noticed this pleasing feature of Cave Hill, as our own contrasts so strangely with it, and other eastern cemeteries. Here it has become a custom to fence in the lots, laying them off into little paths, and flower patches, with the grave levelled down even with the surface, and flowers inappropriate to the place, and exhibiting a want of taste in those who placed them there, growing in great profusion. I have seen fox-glove, marigolds, and snap-dragon, where should only bloom flowers of rare beauty and fragrance. In this land of almost perpetual bloom and beauty, where the summer angel leaves her "bonnie shoon" in the track of February, and where roses and geraniums only ask a footing on our soil, to "seize upon maturity," and exhale their undying sweetness, it would seem as though our cemeteries ought to be unrivaled in tasteful decorations, as are our gardens in floral beauty and utility. Mrs. Welby's monument is one of

the most beautiful I have ever seen, in any cemetery. The superscription I copied, but for the rest I have to rely upon my memory alone. Its base is a block of marble three feet square; second, block of marble two feet square, third, smaller block of marble. The die, or shaft, is of pure white marble, round, and about eight feet high. The cornice or capital, a wreath of flowers of most exquisite pattern and finish. The apex a harp, with a wreath of flowers hanging over it. Fronting to the west and immediately over her grave is sculptured her likeness, encircled by a wreath of oak leaves and acorns; a glance sufficed to reveal their true and holy significance. The likeness is a good one, judging from those I have seen in her "Poems;" but the warm, enthusiastic poet-soul, to give expression to the finely wrought features, was not there. The eye is large and full, but the spirit-light of love, of genius and inspiration, lives only in the memory of those who knew and loved her.

On the opposite side of the shaft is a wreath of flowers, and two doves, one on the wing. Under the likeness is this verse from "The Summer Birds:—"

"In the stillness of the starry hours,
When I am with the dead,
O! may they flutter mid the flowers,
That blossom o'er my head.
And pour their songs of gladness forth
In one melodious strain,
O'er lips, whose broken melody,
Shall never sing again."

The superscription is as follows:

To the memory of
AMELIA

This monument is erected by her bereaved husband, GEORGE B. WELBY, as a faint tribute of affection.

Born on the 3d of February, 1819,
she departed this life for a happier sphere
on the 3d day of May, 1852.

Thy faults were slight and few
As human faults could be,
Thy virtues were as many, too,
As gems beneath the sea.

Thy thoughts did heavenward roam,
Until, like links of gold,
They drew thee up to thy blue home
Within the Savior's fold.

There was one little rose-bush that bent so closely and lovingly over the little green hillock, as to mingle its bright buds and blossoms with the silver green covering of her lowly bed. I could not refrain from gathering a few of the coveted treasures; they seemed so like an offering from the hands of the departed to one, who could in return say, "Thy songs have enchained a thousand hearts, but they have made one better, and happier, whenever it has sought, in poesy, to find the true, the beautiful, and the immortal." My master thought was not within the solemn cloister, where remained all that is left of the perishing dust of Amelia Welby, but with a young and beautiful form clothed with angelic sweetness, whose pure taste, and chaste conceptions of the beautiful, made the loveliness of home doubly attractive, by her many graceful and womanly qualities. I know not, I have never heard, whether the scene of her early authorship was a fairy-like boudoir, where her poet-soul might revel in the beauties of the material world, without a shade to cloud her sweet young face, or, whether, like many another of the gifted sisterhood, grief, disappointment and the cares of life weighed down the fluttering pinions of a spirit that struggled with existence. I only know that with the poems of Amelia are associated my earliest poetical readings, or rather, my love for "the beautiful and enduring in poetry."

I well remember with what intense emotion I first read "The Rainbow." I found it in our little village newspaper, copied from the *Louisville Journal*, and to this day, whenever I see the bright "bow of promise" spanning the glorious heavens, those melodious words with their unrivalled beauty and power fall

upon my heart like the dew upon the drooping plant, enabling me to forget the poor experience of this life, and cherish nobler thoughts of a brighter and better one to come. So with "Pulpit Eloquence," and "The Sisters;" what refined delicacy of thought and warm womanly feelings they express. I love them all, and the vibrations of her sweet lyre will echo in my heart until I, too, shall have trod the unknown shores of the silent land. Sleep on! sleep sweetly precious dust! and morning's dewy kiss, and evening's whispering breath, and moonlight's mellow ray, and song of blithest bird, alike will fall upon the holy spot—thy resting place; and loving hands will strew it o'er with Flora's richest gifts, and loving hearts will make it ever green.

SKETCHES FROM THE LIFE OF PEG-LEG SMITH.

HOW HE LOST HIS LEG.

We have given, from time to time, sketches or brief chapters from the stirring life of our old friend, Peg Leg Smith, and in this number propose to narrate the mode in which he obtained the sobriquet by which he is so widely known.

It was in the year 1827, while trapping for beaver on the head waters of the Platte, that the sad tidings was brought to Smith of his companion, Pratt's lamentable death, in a paroxysm of hydrophobia, having been bitten upon the hand some several months previous, by a lap-dog, to which no attention was paid, as there was no indication of the dog's being rabid. By force of circumstances a savage in war, yet Smith possessed the kindest feelings of our nature, and a heart as soft as a woman's; he turned away and shed tears to the memory of his noble friend, to whom he was warmly attached.

It is a trite saying that "misfortunes never come singly." Ten days after, he was standing conversing with his friend St. Vran, who was endeavoring to persuade Smith not to expose himself so much alone, with a hand resting upon his shoulder; the words had barely escaped his lips, when he was shot by an Indian, in the leg, a few inches above the ankle, shattering both bones; he attempted to step for his rifle, leaning against a tree hard by; the bones stuck in the ground, and he sat down, calling upon his friends to cut it off! No one had the hardihood to undertake the operation; in fact, they were perfectly ignorant of what should be done. He then called upon Basil, the cook, for his butcher knife, who reluctantly, with tears in his eyes, handed him the knife, with which he severed the muscles at the fracture with his own hand; when Milton Soublette, compassionating his condition, took the knife from his hand and completed the operation by severing the tendon achilles, and bound it up with an old dirty shirt. Still bleeding profusely, it was proposed to sear it with a hot iron, but Smith objecting, he was left, as was supposed, to bleed to death, with the consoling assurance that they would not leave him till his death. But, contrary to all expectation, the hemorrhage ceased at the expiration of four and twenty hours, leaving him almost bloodless. They remained another day, and finding him as tenacious of life as a grizzly, they carried him by hand for two days in a litter, and after between two horses tandem fashion. Two men were detailed to wait upon him. Every attention and comfort was bestowed which his friend St. Vran possessed at his command, who now assumed the entire control of the expedition.

Observing a southwest course, they passed the mountains, striking upon Little Snake, a tributary of Green River, which they found narrow, with precipi-

tous, rocky borders, occasionally narrow strips of bottom land, covered with the bitter cottonwood, and affording little or no beaver.

One rainy day, passing up on the border of a small lake, one of the horses slipped and fell down the bank, dragging with him the other horse, litter and all. In the tumble poor Smith was tossed out heels-over-head, and precipitated, in a sitting position, up to his chin in water. The cry was, that Smith was killed; but on going to his assistance, and finding him entirely unhurt, a burst of merriment resounded from all hands, who had witnessed his compulsory acrobatic performance. Encased in a long red flannel wrapper, a sugar-loaf cap of the same material, and minus a foot, nothing could be more perfectly ridiculous; and none enjoyed the laugh more than Smith himself.

A few days after, the horses were stolen by a small party of wandering Crow Indians, who had paid them several short visits previously.

About this time, Smith discovered that one of the bones of his injured leg, which protruded nearly two inches beyond the stump, was moveable, and with a pair of bullet molds for pincers, was pulled out by Soubllette. In a few days the operation was repeated, on the other bone.

Here leaving the stream about fifty miles above its mouth, they crossed westwardly on to Green River, and entered into winter quarters the last of November, 1827. A few days after, they were joined by forty lodges of the Utah Indians, who, when they found Tevvy-oats-at-an-tuggy-bone, (the big friend,) had lost his leg, such crying, wailing, chanting, incantations, chewing of roots, and spitting on the stump by old and young women and children, was affecting to see, which was kept up for several days, while the stump gradually healed under the treatment. The first of March a

rough wooden leg was fashioned for him by the most mechanical genius in the company, and he was dubbed Peg Leg Smith by his white friends, and Wa-he-to-co, by his red friends, which title has adhered to him ever since.

TO E.....

BY EDWARD POLLOCK.

SWEET be the dreams that visit thee
to-night,
And calm thy slumbers as a moon-lit
sea;
Should some white radiance charm thy
darken'd sight,
Think, dearest, it is me.

Ours is the mingling of the holy rays
From stars remote, that on the green
earth meet,
Though the red envious sun distract our
Yet still our nights are sweet, [days,
One sinless realm, the sacred realm of
sleep,
To us is open in our pure repose;
Our hearts and glances concord only keep,
When our tired eyelids close.

GLEANINGS.

.....The curse which fell upon man, that he should eat his bread in the sweat of his brow, was a sentence of punishment pronounced after a grievous offence; from which it may be logically concluded, that idleness is naturally the supreme pleasure of our species.

.....It would prevent many quarrels, if people would first examine whether that on which they differ is worth contending about, and whether their dispute is not rather about terms than things.

.....Applause must be received thankfully, and as a boon; for if we appear to expect it as a debt, a desire to withhold it is engendered.

.....To be honest with success requires far more talent than to be a rogue.

Our Social Chair.



MONG the potent and benevolent influences to which this sublunary sphere and its inhabitants are indebted for bliss and beauty, is that of moonshine. You have looked about you, dear reader, on moonlit nights, and seen the bare red walls and barren sand-hills, ugly features not yet outgrown by our city, clad in tints of pearl and grey, and their harsh outlines relieved by draperies of shadows. You have remarked assemblages of buildings that, by favor of the moonshine, would seem palatial, had not the envious daylight already revealed their graceless shabbiness, and want of unity; nevertheless their seeming was pleasant, and you were pleased, and went forth to enjoy your favorite scenes, thankful that the loving moonshine revealed no unsightliness that environed them. We therefore pronounce moonshine to be a most amiable principle, and deprecate the habit, so common, of remarking invidiously, this, or that, is all moonshine. Suppose the observation to be correct, would any one be better off if there were none? Believe it, many harsh surfaces and sharp angles would conflict with our mental complacency were all those with whom we come in contact to divest themselves of their pretty pretences, and charitable insincerities—in short, of their moonshine.

..... The anniversary of the birth of Washington has been the occasion for loyal demonstrations throughout California. In this city it was celebrated as a Union *fete* day, the people testifying with one accord their love for the flag for which their fathers fought, and under which the nation has so signally prospered. Here on the western confines of the American continent, divided by thousands of miles of weary travel from the old homestead, each heart cherishes the patriotic lessons of boyhood, and beats with exultant pulsations at the sound of our national anthems. We are

distant from sectional strife, far away from scenes of anarchy and ruin, and thinking of the Union in but one spirit and with but one hope, we cannot realize the danger which threatens it, or understand the maddened endeavors of those who would blot it out from among the nations of the earth. The earnest prayer of California is, "God save the Republic!"

... We have before us an "old newspaper," the *New England Palladium*, bearing date February 11th, 1817, and hailing from Boston. The prominent article is one republished from the *North Carolina Minerva*, entitled "Massachusetts and Virginia." It introduces itself as follows:

"I have been led to couple together the names of these two States, by an article from the *Baltimore Patriot* of the 16th, and by the disclosure of Mr. Randolph respecting the original purpose of the Richmond Armory. The paragraph of the *Patriot* is in the shape of a letter from Washington City, and informs us that there is little likelihood that the mission of Mr. Lloyd, for Massachusetts militia claims, will prove successful."

Then follows a dog-in-the-manger quotation from the *Baltimore Patriot*, opposing the reimbursement to Massachusetts of moneys paid the militia, called out by the Governor in the war of 1812. The quotation is long and abusive, and ends—

"Let *Boston Stamp Federalism* repent its past misconduct, ask forgiveness, and solemnly promise future good-behavior in its relations with the Union, [saving the Union in those days?] then it will be time enough for government to reimburse their militia expenses."

To this the *Minerva* replies in terms conciliatory and courteous to the people of Massachusetts, but giving severe thrusts at the heads of the Old Dominion. He says:

"When the foregoing was penned, the author probably forgot, not only the history and character of the people of Massachusetts, but even that he was writing and publishing under a free government. Whatever may have been his intention, he has adopted the phraseology befitting only the meridian of despotism. Indeed, I know of no quarter of the globe in which the chief authority would dare to ask the degrading concessions which are here tauntingly flung in the face of a brave people."

Times change in forty years. We wonder if North Carolina would come as gallantly to the rescue of Massachusetts now-a-days.

..... It is best in all calculations concerning extensive expectations, to leave a margin for contingencies, for there is nothing so certain as uncertainty, and no principle so likely to make a man overrate himself as selfishness. There lived in a city near the Mediterranean, a man named Pantouillet, who, at the age of twenty-five years, finding himself in the possession of a considerable fortune, sat stingily down to consider by what means he might enjoy all his wealth himself, and leave nothing behind him for any one. As the term of human life rarely exceeds seventy years, he considered it improbable that he should live beyond that age, and making his calculations in accordance with that conclusion, he converted all his property into money, and dividing the sum into as many equal parts as he had decided he had got years to live, he hid them all away to be expended as he had planned. His divisions were so exact, that when his seventieth year had expired, he had nothing remaining to him except old age and beggary, so for many years he held out his hands for charity, abridging his history in his petition, thus :

“Have pity, gentlemen, for poor Pantouillet,
Whose life is longer, alas ! than he expected.”

.....ALTHOUGH the proverb, “There is a skeleton in every house,” is familiar to all, comparatively few may be aware of its origin. There is an old Italian legend of the widow of a noble cavalier and her son who lived at Naples. The youth was the mother's idol and only care, and to fit him for future greatness, she sent him to Bologna to complete his education. After some years, when he had become eminent, and was on the eve of his return to his native city, he became ill, past all hopes of recovery. His regrets were now for his mother more than for himself, for he felt she would surely die of excessive grief; he therefore wrote to her the following words : “My dearest mother, I do entreat that you would be kind enough to get me a shirt made by the most beautiful and the happiest lady you can find in Naples—she who

is the most free from the cares or sorrows of the world.” The mother undertook to comply with this request, and inquired among all her acquaintances where she might meet such a lady as her son described. At last she found one who appeared so cheerful, so beautiful, so happy, and so unconcerned, that she seemed incapable of feeling a single unpleasant thought. The mother went to the house of this lady, was kindly received, and stating her reasons, proffered her request. “You consider me,” said the lady, “the happiest woman in Naples. I will prove to you the reverse, and that there never was born, perhaps, a more unfortunate woman than myself, or one who has more sorrows or heavy afflictions, and that you may be convinced of this, come with me ;” then rising, she took the hand of her visitor and led her into an inner chamber, when drawing aside a curtain she pointed to a skeleton suspended from a beam. “This,” said the lady, mournfully, “was a most worthy youth who loved me, for which my husband caused him to be hung as you see ; and to increase my agonies, he compels me to come and look at my unfortunate lover every night and morning ; think what must be my anguish at being obliged to see him thus, daily ; yet, if you wish it, I will do that which you desire ; but as to being the most cheerful, unconcerned and happy person, I am, on the contrary, the most wretched woman that was ever on the earth.” The mother then saw that none were free from troubles, and calamities ; and, that those who appear happiest are often the most wretched. She, therefore, took leave of the lady, and returning to her home, wrote to her son and told him that he must excuse her if she found herself unable to fulfill his request, for she could not find a single individual who was free from troubles and sorrows. In a few days news came that her son was dead ; but, as she had seen that none were free from tribulation, she was submissive to the decree of Heaven, and lived the mere happily for her resignation.

.....Since the commencement of the New Year, death has been busy in San Francisco. Many names well known and esteemed have been stricken from the lists of the living, and Lone Mountain now sentinels their resting-places. Familiar faces of old and young, of man in his prime, and woman in her beauty, are missed in our daily walks abroad, and will never more be met on earth. They have followed each other in rapid succession, and the pen trembles in writing a record which but a few weeks since would have been decked with flowers, and yet is so soon draped with the cypress.

.....This number ushers in the Spring—the season to which so many are hopefully turning for the realization of their golden and silvery dreams. Washoe and Esmeralda are looming up in giant-like proportions, and eyes weary with watching for the promised good are again scanning the horizon of a new land. There is much to encourage the industrious and the enterprising in the prospect, and this year of grace '61 will doubtless be marked on the calendar as one of unexampled prosperity on the Pacific slope.

.....French anecdotes are generally piquant. The following is a fair sample:—Two monks, one a Dominican, the other a Franciscan, in traveling together, found themselves arrested by a river. The Dominican said to the Franciscan, that, as he marched barefooted, he was obliged by the rules of his order to carry him across, and that if he refused he would commit a great sin. The Franciscan made no reply to this observation, but took the Dominican upon his shoulders. When they had reached the middle of the stream, the Franciscan demanded of the other if he had any money with him? "Yes," he replied, "I have two rials." "I beg your pardon very sincerely, my father," said the disciple of St. Francis, "but my order forbids me to carry money." With these words he threw his man into the river.

.....The following *jeu d'esprit* is a real live

communication received by us from a subscriber in the mountains. He desired a single No. of the Magazine, and enclosed the twenty-five cents necessary to accomplish that desirable literary object. Wells Fargo & Co., charged seventy-five cents, in addition to the cost of the Express envelope, as the bearer of the important missive, and thereupon a "correspondence ensued" from which we publish this happy rejoinder:—

DOWNIEVILLE, Jan. 18th, 1861.

Messrs. H. & R. : Gents,—Yours of the 12th inst. is before me, stating that mine with "funds enclosed" came safe to hand. I am glad to hear it, but sorry to learn that I had been the cause of so much trouble and expense to you. In order to satisfy you of my good faith in this matter, I will submit to you a part of the difficulties I had to encounter in raising the amount required, and getting it in such a shape that I could send it by express without incurring the "extra charge." In the first place, as you directed, I rushed furiously to the post-office, with fifty cents in one hand and twenty-five cents in the other, and was told by the postmaster that he had "nary stamp." He said he had just received a letter from the Postmaster General at Washington, stating that the people of California would have to "make out" for the present with the *stamps* from the ends of "Brooks' Patent Spool Thread"; that the "immortal Washington," through his spiritual agent, had withdrawn his *countenance* from the department, and for the future the likenesses of Seward and Yancey were to appear instead, on all ten cent stamps—those bearing the likeness of the former being intended for northern circulation exclusively, while the latter are not to be used north of "Mason & Dixon's Line"; that the "old lot," now in the hands of the department, were to be used by the government in sticking South Carolina to the Union; which, in connection with the blessings already apparent from the "day of fasting and prayer," was supposed to be equal to the present emergen-

cy, and it was fondly hoped that before the fourth of March all discord will have ceased, and Uncle Sam's wide domains will remain indissoluble, prosperous and happy, for ages to come.

I left the post office, feeling disappointed yet satisfied with the valuable information I had obtained. I began to feel uneasy for fear you would think I was not sound on the "six-bit" question; I thought of every thing valuable that had ever been sent, by mail or express, in letters; I thought of sending you a "bunch of blue ribbon," but had no means of knowing that you were married, and if you were *not*, I knew it would do *you* no good, so I concluded *that* wouldn't *do*. I then thought of sending you my likeness; but then I had no means of knowing that you were *not* married, and if you were, I did not wish to create a disturbance in your family by causing comparisons unfavorable to yourself, so I concluded *that* also would not do. Finally, I succeeded in obtaining a "temporary loan" from a friend, of a gold dollar—behold it!

You will see when you receive this that your "cash account overruns" just "two bits." That amount you are at liberty to appropriate, and use for your own individual benefit. I would advise, not wishing to dictate, however, that you take it *straight* with a little *ice*, and not over half full.

Truly yours M. C.

P. S.—"M. C." in this instance does not mean "Member of Congress,"—no, no, I am not so far gone as that, but simply "Mountain Correspondent."

..... "Help yourself, and others will help you," is an old and good adage. A monk having one time, while praying, bidden the soldiers of Arnauld du Fort to remember that valor was of no avail, for that God alone could give victories, Arnauld sent for him instantly, and said to him: "You have misinformed my men. You must say to them, that God is always on the side of those who strike the hardest."

A Boston correspondent writes thus:—*Dear Social Chair*: Camp stool is half buried in snow, and hears the continuous

jingling of sleigh bells, as he sits down to write his old friend Social Chair a happy new year. There is another sound, too, which now and again drowns the music of the bells. Great guns are banging away on the Common, for Old Hickory, Maj. Anderson, and the Union!

Your kind letter assures me that California still exists. Do you know that there are times when I look back upon our beautiful State, more as an enchanting dream than a reality. You have no idea how clannish Californians are, here. When a steamer arrives, we hurry to the different hotels, to see who has come. Here is somebody's name on the register; "John Smith, CALIFORNIA." There's love of country in that signature; see how modestly John writes his own name in small characters—but California is his home; he loves her, and is proud of her, and he don't care who knows it, so he dashes off her name in the biggest letters which the limited space in the book will allow.

Well, we say, "we never heard of a man named Smith before," but that don't matter, he's from California and we must find him. So we bundle up to his room and surprise him standing among a lot of trunks, hat-boxes and the like, encasing himself in his last carefully saved piece of clean linen. We add astonishment and delight to his surprise by announcing that we are Californians, too, and down we sit for a chat. How is old Frisco? Does the wind still blow there and the dust fly? Do those same old fogs still roll in over the hills? and does the sky still take fire as the sun goes down as it used to when we were there?—Do you know, good Mr. Social Chair (by way of parenthesis) that I have looked all down the western coast of America, round Cape Horn, and all the way up the eastern coast, for a sunset that would equal ours in California, and I couldn't find one.—How are they doing at Corral Hill? Has Jones got through that *blasted* rock yet? How is Simpkins doing in that "Incline?" Has he "struck it" yet? No? Oh well he will if he perse-

veres. So Pemberton is taking it big, is he? You bet! Good! Well, when are you going back?—(Ninety-nine hundredths of the returned Californians are going back again, friend Social Chair.)

So the Lyceum has been burned—and poor Barbier died “doing duty”—and Gen. Haven has fought his last battle and gone to report at the “General Head Quarters.”—And then we fall into a serious mood, and talk of our old friend whom we laid beneath the towering sugar pines, above Downieville; and by the time Smith has put on his coat and got through swearing at the wrinkles in it, we are old friends all.

What a witchery there is about California, that thousands of miles from her confines converts, *in a few minutes*, utter strangers into warm friends, merely from the fact that they are Californians.

Then we go and take a drink, and sit down for a smoke, while we talk of times that are past—of friends living and dead—of the old cabin in the valley, and the cheerful camp-fire in the mountains. Boston, the snow, and the sleigh-bells are forgotten. Even the guns have no sound for us, as we roam again in fancy among the pines and the firs of California's glorious forests. Strangers gather round to hear us talk, they catch the enthusiasm, and with sparkling eyes they inquire, “What is the fare to California now?”

Yours, CAMP STOOL.

We guess “Camp Stool” had visited Tirrel's unrivalled panorama, now on exhibition in the vicinity of the “Hub of the Universe,” and became homesick for the land he left behind him while he gazed at that vivid portrayal of its glorious scenes. By the bye, we have a letter in our drawer from our friend Mr. Tirrell, from which we shall take the liberty to quote an item or two of equal interest to our readers and ourselves. His panorama is a work of which every Californian may justly be proud as the most truthful representative of the Golden State that has ever left her shores.

“We have,” he writes, “received most enthusiastic notices from all the papers here—and there are a great many of them—and all unite in pronouncing it the best of the kind which has ever been exhibited here. The returned Californians are in ecstasy over it. They come every night, and all are made homesick by it. You have no idea how they shout, as well remembered scenes come into view, nor how some of them shed tears—yes, repeatedly I have seen tears fall from the eyes of strong men, as some pictured scene brought to their minds recollections of the olden time.

“The Panorama is doing, and will continue to do, more for California than all the Senators and Representatives in Congress. The great mass of the people are now, for the first time, able to see for themselves what a country California is, and I assure you it sets them thinking. You have no idea how astonished people here are to see those great ditches, and hydraulic banks. They had no idea that there were such works in California.”

.....Our brethren of the corps editorial who dined with the Celestials at their late festival, will read the following communication from one of their number with a relish:—

Dear Social Chair: We took it into our head to go to the festival at the Asylum of See Yup, on the ninth of February, the anniversary of the Chinese New Year. For want of some one to introduce us we announced ourself, then, as the celestial feast was spread for all, followed suit to the first individual who was kind enough to lead the way. The long table was loaded with a profusion of Chinese dainties, prepared, as we were informed by one of the tailed commissaries, from the rarest materials and in the most approved Mongolian style, and in our obscure barbarity we could penetrate no deeper than our almond eyed informant was pleased to enlighten us. We had the honor of being seated opposite Joss, who presided at the head of the banquet, between two officers

of the feast, whose duty it was to serve him first, with a ceremonial, before which would have paled the service of all the Kings of the Orient. After the divinity was supposed to be satiated, the plates were passed to the mortals, and, for our part, we participated without pretence or prudery, to the great satisfaction of our entertainers, who regaled us at intervals with speeches in their vernacular in the tone, and with the gesticulation of their dramas with which they astonished the city not long ago. We, in wishing each other a happy new year, circumscribe our benediction to the twelve months to come; the Chinese lavished blessings upon each other for ten years to come. There were a dozen of us editors there for whom the realization of these good wishes was a manna in good demand. In the name of the corps we demanded of our hosts to include the press in their petitions to Joss. The request was perhaps extraordinary or profane, for they hesitated and debated among themselves with many a loud Oh! ho! and Ah! ha! but concluded by granting our request.

Among this favored company, and held in especial reverence by the worshippers of Joss, was one with Hyperion curls. "He know—ah much," whispered a Chinaman at our elbow. Near him sat Mc——, who seemed to relish everything. Beyond were two others who arrived together, one of whom seemed overflowing with wit like artesian wells with water; the other dived into the dishes right and left, declaring the repast to be excellent, but that it was all Dutch to him. Behind these two, and particularly attentive to them, was a perfect congress of Sacramento street magnates all hi-i-ing with exemplary unanimity. Most of them seemed to be acquainted with their guests, and, in the midst of the group we recognized Ho-kee-Po-kee-Wy-kee-fum go-Hang, a big washee-man established for some years past in Sacramento street, who figured not long ago as actor-in-chief to His Imperial Majesty of the Flowery kingdom, and principal performer of the

Chinese dramatic company, that favored our citizens with a limited number of representations while detained here, awaiting the departure of the next steamer for the east, upon which they were to proceed, by command of their Emperor, and to appear before the President of the western barbarians! Near these two, and next to ourselves, was one of our sage seniors in journalism, a dignified Gaul; intent like the rest of us upon extracting fun and information from the occasion, and also, we suspect, upon slyly paying off a few old grudges held for Yankee jokes about horse-beef, frog's legs, and other French dishes not appreciated at this distance from the dominions of "mon oncle's" nephew.

"This soup, messieurs," said he pointing to a tureen containing a greenish compound, "is one of the most extravagant luxuries upon the table. I have just been assured that the quantity requisite for this feast was prepared at an expense of a thousand dollars, a dainty never equalled in costliness save by Nero's famous dish of humming bird's livers."

Several of us tasted the soup, and, as for ourselves, we thought it very nice, with the exception that it needed a little more salt.

"And here, messieurs," he said handing us a plate filled with what seemed to be lark's legs, "is a delicious fricassee highly esteemed by our friends the Chinese."

The fricassee circulated among the editors; how many of them partook of it is more than we can tell, but *we did*, and precious sick its memory has made us; but we anticipate.

"How nicely these sweetmeats are prepared," continued our French neighbor, discussing a plate of chow-chow. "Have you tasted this ragout of birds' eyes yet?" and with a roguish twinkle in his eye he pointed to the identical dish of greenish soup of which we had been green enough to partake.

"Ragout, of what!" I asked with an emphasis.

"Of birds' eyes, monsieur; the eyes of the *ti hi* a rare Chinese bird."

Suppressing our emotions and an expletive that we felt disposed to apply equally to the eyes of our Gallic neighbor and those of the *rara avis* he had succeeded in smug-gling down our throat, we turned to leave the table, and seeing Hi Chah, our laundry man, in the crowd behind us, with a gesture summoned him to our side.

"What is this made of, John?" we asked, pointing to the fricassee.

"Lat. Sabe? Welly good lat, keep um in cage five six days—feed um muchee rice."

"Lat—lat? *Rats*, you mean!"

"Yah, yah, *rats*, sabe?"

"I sabe," we replied, and clenching our teeth, elbowed our way through the crowd and proceeded at a pace rarely equalled by pedestrians, to our apartments, where we have since remained.

Bishop Hatto's hair could not have stood more stiffly on end, at sight of his legion of pursuing rats, than has ours at the remembrance of our dinner with the Chinese, which may we be choked if we ever repeat. We are recovering. The period of our convalescence we have spent in profound meditation, which has resulted in our complete purgation from all incipient Coolie proclivities, and in reversing our sentiments of toleration toward Mongolian emigrants in general.

To our French neighbor we acknowledge the corn, renounce our past prejudices, confess the odor of garlic to be charming, horse-beef delicious, frog's legs divine, and Paris Paradise. D.

Our Treasury.

... Employment is one of the best remedies for the disappointments of life.

... To criminate and re-criminate never yet was the road to reconciliation.

... Happiness, like liberty, is often overlooked in the search after it.

... He is a rich man who lives upon what he has, owes nothing, and is contented.

... People who find nothing visible to love around them, are the last to whom we should listen when praising what is invisible above them.

... We can only guess what may be, by recollecting what has been.

... When a man is hideously ugly, his only safety is in glorying in it. Let him boldly claim it as a distinction.

... Reason is the test of ridicule, not ridicule the test of truth.

... Among the greatest of misfortunes is to doubt that which we love to think true.

... Safety is the usual compensation for insignificance.

... It is idle to bury animosity if you set a stone up over its grave.

... A hundred hours of vexation will not pay a farthing of debt.

The Fashions.

WE shall say but little on the subject of fashion just now, there being no change from that of December styles of promenade and home toilet, and none of course to be expected before April.

We hold ourselves in readiness to give a description of everything new and pretty, and particularly of those styles most approved here. It is thought by our best milliners that bonnets will be larger, with less flaring fronts, and the crowns slightly upraised; this may come to pass.

We have a few general remarks to make on this month's fashions for the benefit of our new subscribers, begging their pardon for not having done so last month. And to our old ones we would say, forgive our remissness; you were as much honored in the breach as in the observance.

"'Twas but repetition o'er
Of things that you had heard before."

There are a thousand-and-one pretty shades and patterns of silk dress goods, but the most approved is purple moire antique. Green is gaining favor; black "gros de naples," for plain silk dress, black and fancy colored brocades with gay flowers set far apart; for dinner dress, the


waist is plain and high, buttoned down the corsage, with tassel buttons; skirts of all the brocades look best plain. *Moire* may be trimmed up the front with gimpure lace, graduated width, put on ladder fashion; sleeves are of the Pagoda style slit up in the back, and trimmed to match the skirt.

Evening dress of white *moire*, high in the neck, plain waist, long point back and

front, flowing sleeve with blonde under-sleeve, bows of black lace trimming down the front of the skirt, in each of which is set pink roses without foliage; a corresponding wreath for the hair should be chosen; white gloves, pearl bracelets and necklace.

In bonnets, black leghorns trimmed with white or scarlet feathers. Chantilly, is still the lace to use.

Editor's Table.

N interesting recital of the adventures of a young French officer, and of his subsequent good fortune, was recently communicated to one of his compatriots, a distinguished ex-diplomatist resident in our city.

"Achille Gourmont," writes his informant, "a corporal in the sixth regiment of the artillery, having been punished unjustly by his lieutenant before Sebastopol, was condemned to five years in irons, for having provoked that officer to a duel in the presence of his companions in arms.

"The next day after his condemnation, during the tumult of an alarm caused by a sortie of the enemy, the vivandiere of the regiment facilitated the escape of Gourmont, who, instead of taking refuge among the Russians, went to the camp of the Turks, our allies, where a colonel, who had been attached to the Ottoman embassy at Paris received him hospitably, dressed him in the costume of his soldiers, and furnished him with a recommendation to a high functionary at Constantinople. To the capital he traveled as an attendant in charge of the wounded. His new patron offered him service in a corps stationed upon the Russian frontier.

Admitted at first as a lieutenant, his intelligence and military capacity soon attracted the attention of his general, who

promoted him to the ^{er.} ^{anxiety} ^{of the} ^{rest} and of a fortified tower with the ^{er.} ^{anxiety} ^{of the} ^{rest} of captain. He profited by the opportunity afforded by this species of a garrison, to teach to the soldiers under his command the service of the artillery, in which they made such progress, that after six month's instruction, at the first inspection that occurred, he was elevated to the rank of major, and was afterwards sent to be placed at the disposal of the minister of war; here he found his first protector, who had become a general. He was now able to express himself with facility in the language of his new country, and was charged with the command of a little expedition against a revolted province. He succeeded in a short time in re-establishing order in that portion of the country; afterward in making his report, he managed to render apparent ameliorating circumstances that saved the head of the pacha against whom he was sent to fight, and whom he had taken prisoner. The pacha was pardoned, and his first act of gratitude was to give his only daughter, in marriage to Gourmont, with a princely portion.

At his return to Constantinople, he was presented to the Sultan, who appointed him general of a brigade with the title of pacha; he is now known under the name of Achil Pacha, which the Turks pronounce Akil

Pacha, and was made a member of the grand council of defense. Having sought last year, for tidings of Mariette Brughet, the vivandiere, to whom he was indebted for the means of the flight by which he escaped the disgrace of irons, he learned that her husband had been killed at Solferino, and that she subsisted upon a little pension of four hundred francs, with her poor mother, in the environs of Brest. At this news, Gourmont Achil Pacha secured to his *liberatrice* a pension of eight hundred francs a year, and it was in consequence of the correspondence opened to this effect that the secret of Achil Pacha was betrayed. The journal of Finistère which published these interesting details, adds, that in consequence of a ^{way} petition presented to Napoleon by the ^{a pace} commander of artillery, the lieutenant of ^{apar} ^{ant} in the Crimea, the Emperor has promised to reverse the judgment of the council of war, annul the condemnation, and re-establish the pardoned in his quality of Frenchman, by authorizing him to continue his service in the army of the Grand Seigneur.

.....A contributor, writing to us from the Sandwich Islands, indites the following sharp letter, which we of course give as his own views. He says:

"Hawaii being the next neighbor of California, the destiny of this group must not be an indifferent subject to your readers; whose notions on these islands, malicious people say, are chiefly derived from the pens of our missionaries, who, it is also suggested, take care in their reports to show things in the light most likely to answer their own purpose; a smart line of conduct which they have followed ever since their arrival here, and which has helped them to attain the main object of their mission, that of all getting comparatively rich.

"The Kanaka has not been prosperous in the same ratio, and does not find that the white men's visit has otherwise altered his former condition, than in filling his land with the vices and the diseases of a refined civilization, and teaching him to

read the Bible, for which he cares but little except Solomon's song. In every other respect, baptized or not, he is a pagan at heart, and will die as such—an event which is fast approaching, if we notice the decrease of the population proclaimed by the periodical census, since the time that the Sandwich Islands have been administered by foreign politicians, who have blessed the people with a broad constitution of which they do not understand the meaning, and which has benefited but the white leeches.

"A few years ago the Commissioner of the United States tried with all his might to induce the late king, Kamehameha III., to sell his archipelago to the American republic. The attempt, if successful, would have been expensive nonsense, since the same object will be attained by the natural course of things. Why pelt the apple tree with stones, when the fruit will fall into your hands as soon as ripe? The immigration of foreigners being chiefly composed of Americans, will they not be the natural tenants of the premises, as soon as the indigenous stock has been extinguished by the multifarious elements of annihilation imported by their professors from abroad? Generous and brave people! possessing all the mental elements for occupying a conspicuous rank among civilized nations when first discovered, and doomed, before a century has elapsed from the date of their discovery, to be all silenced in death, like their numerous volcanic furnaces, of which a single one is alive to-day."

.....At a dinner given some years ago in New York, Gen. Scott, who was one of the guests, had been toasted and was called upon for a story. He related an incident of the Florida campaign that decidedly entitles him to the palm for his coolness in estimating the chances of war.

The General and his staff were quartered in a rough building, the floor of which was considerably elevated above the ground, but open at various places. They had just completed their preparations for the night:

when a well known sound from below warned them that a battalion of rattle-snakes had their bivouac on the ground beneath the floor.

"I went outside, and measured with my eye," said Gen. Scott, "the height of the floor from the ground, and saw at once I was beyond reach, by about two inches, of the tallest rattle-snake ever known. I knew as a boy, from experiments, that rattle-snakes never jumped or darted. I returned, and told the officers that I intended nevertheless, to sleep on the floor, and pronounced it safe. But they left me in my glory, with my martial cloak around me—a temporary Sir John Moore—while they camped outside. Indeed, I rather enjoyed the discomfiture of the snakes, as they rattled me to sleep, and vainly tried to reach the hole in the floor."

.....While passing down Washington street one day, we overheard an art criticism extraordinary. A lady walked before us leading a little boy of perhaps four years of age; when they reached the florist's window opposite the Plaza, the child espied the statuette of Venus, in the fountain, and pulling at his mother's hand exclaimed:

"Mamma! mamma! see the poor little angel, how it humps itself. Isn't it a shame, mamma, to give it a shower bath in such *dreadful* cold water!"

"It is a woman, my son," replied the mother, "not an angel.—Come!"

But the little fellow lingered and looked as unwilling to go, as any older "son of his mother" could have done.

.....One of wisdom's waifs is just now going the rounds of the press, repeating that "It is little troubles that wear the heart out. It is easier to throw a bomb-shell a mile than a feather—even with artillery." Every one has experienced this difficulty in disposing of feathery trifles, and the class of vexations they represent. When one attempts to throw them away, instead of descending outside of one's sphere as more tangible things would do, they flutter for a moment above our heads,

then sink into places more vexatiously near than those from which they were rejected. Beneath the pressure of great troubles the power to resist is increased, and the heart is nerved anew for endurance; but how many noble hearts are worn out by "minor cares," and their pulsations stilled in the grave before their life-tasks are half accomplished.

.....More foolish than the immortalized three blind mice, are those persons who, in their pursuit of the blind goddess never pause to allow themselves breathing spells. Scarcely a week passes without cases of insanity or of sudden death from diseases of the heart upon its records; very many of them directly referable to over exertion and unremitting anxiety. It can never be known how many of these, had they been relieved by timely rest and diversion, might still stand sane and well in their places. Food is not more requisite than occasional recreations of a character to emancipate people from the bewildering calculations, upon the basis of which, by the familiar alchemy of business, they seek to transmute the baser things to gold. Every one ought to believe in the good time coming, and, at the same time, to keep an eye open to see that no good times go by unenjoyed;

for

"This changeable world
To our joys is unjust
All pleasure 's uncertain,
So down with your dust.

In pleasure dispose
Your pounds, shillings, and pence,
For we all shall be nothing
A hundred years hence."

.....The *German Gazette* at Charleston, a paper that has been prominent in the advocacy of secession, recently published the following amusing letter from a deeply disgusted soldier belonging to a regiment of German volunteers, the Green Yagers. We translate it for our readers. A wet blanket has surely descended upon the patriotism of the Green Yagers, and as it was amply decided in a recent debate of the sapient legislators of the Palmettonians, that green is a color that washes bad-

ly, these last cannot be astonished at the speedy fading of the verdant enthusiasm of their new lieges. Poor Hans! hear him.

"An old German proverb says: when an ass feels too well, he will go dance upon the ice; it is this which has happened to me for having shouted so loudly, Hurrah for South Carolina! I was sent along with other patriots of my country to toot my clarionet in the paradise of Morris Island, where nobody has attempted to commit any other sin than that of damning secession. A company of blowers that could have been scared away with fly-traps, received us upon the shore with thundering applause, but not one of them made a movement towards following us to the post of honor.

"We disembarked in a pelting rain at our destination, but we were in fine spirits, expecting to find a good supper to refresh the patriotism of those who had just entered the campaign.

"Our first strategic operation was to draw wheelbarrows for two hours. At the expiration of this time each of us received two sea biscuits, upon which we were expected to go to bed. The next day it was announced to us that the State had voted us *six cents* worth of rations per man; for our enthusiastic volunteers this ought certainly to suffice. Happily the enemy, Anderson, is not an evil disposed individual and does not disturb our sleep at night,"

Literary Notices.

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF PHILIP SCHUYLER. By BENSON J. LOSSING. Published by Mason Bros., New York: A. Roman San Francisco.

Mr. Lossing established his reputation as a historian in his magnificent "Field Book of the Revolution." This new volume from his pen, therefore, will only need mentioning to insure it a hearty welcome and a wide circulation. Every library of merit, whether private or public, would be incomplete without this thrillingly interesting and valuable volume.

MISS GILBERT'S CAREER: An American Story. By J. G. HOLLAND. Published by Samson Low, Son, & Co., London: Charles Scribner, New York: Allen & Spier, San Francisco.

The works of this author are beginning to command the interest they deserve. In some respects this volume might be called "a religious novel" without the dullness that so often accompanies such books. One of the principal morals of the story is to create a high devotedness and intellectual fitness in those who aspire to the Christian ministry; and the other to show the folly of "cramming" young people with "learning" at a premature age in order to make them prodigies. Apart from these, this volume is as interesting, the plot as well laid, and the details as perfect as any of Miss Muloch's; and to our mind with a nobler tone to its pictures of human nature. We commend it with much cordiality.

HOPES AND FEARS: Or Scenes from the Life of a Spinster. By the Author of the "Heir of Redcliffe etc." Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York: A. Roman, San Francisco.

This new candidate for public favor, is written with great power, and with sustained interest throughout. Its principal aim is directed against idolatrous love. In hands less able this would be a dangerous theme.

THE HEROES OF EUROPE: A Biographical Outline of European History. By HENRY G. HEWLITT. Published by Ticknor & Fields, Boston: A. Roman, San Francisco.

The author has given a series of graphic and pleasing biographies of eminent characters who became notable in European History from the eighth to the eighteenth century. Those of England are omitted, on account of the intention of making this a companion to J. G. Edgar's "Heroes of England," while giving a wider scope to the term "Hero," than is contained in that author's works. This would make a very good historical outline for scholars.

HUTCHINGS' CALIFORNIA MAGAZINE.

Vol. 5.

APRIL, 1861.

No. 10.



THOMAS ARMSTRONG.

THOMAS ARMSTRONG.



THOMAS ARMSTRONG, the gifted engraver of a large proportion of the beautiful illustrations that have for several years embellished this magazine, has gone to the angels. At eleven o'clock, on the morning of the 21st of December last, he was at work; at half-past five, on the evening of the same day, the gravers he had so skillfully used lay untouched by his work; the hand that once grasped them was pulseless and cold with the ice of death. He died of congestion of the lungs.

Mr. Armstrong was born in the county of Northumberland, England, February, 1818, and was consequently in the 43d year of his age when he died. In early life he left his native place to seek his fortune in the great city of London, where he served his apprenticeship as an engraver. On the completion of his engagement, his services were secured in some illustrated works, then in progress; and when the Illustrated London News was first published, he executed many of its engravings. Seeing his aptitude and devotedness to business, the publishers of several standard works, such as Thos. Rymer Jones' "Natural History," "The Illustrated British Ballads," and numerous other literary productions of the first class, obtained his services.

At the age of twenty-two he was married to his first wife, by whom he had two daughters, both of whom were married and settled in California.

In 1848 he removed from London to Paris, and was an eye-witness of the stirring scenes of the French revolution of that year. In the autumn of 1848, not liking the manners and customs of the French, he left Paris with his family for Australia, where he had the misfortune to lose his amiable and excellent wife.

Hearing of the discovery of gold in California, he sailed for San Francisco, where he arrived early in 1849.

Immediately after his arrival, instead of following the eager tide of gold seekers, he devoted himself to his favorite employment, and on the 13th of October, 1849, he issued the first view ever published of the city and harbor of San Francisco. This was a large copper-plate engraving.

On the 4th of September, 1850, in company with another gentleman, Mr. Armstrong commenced the publication of the first pictorial paper of the Pacific coast, entitled "The Illustrated California News." To this he devoted himself both day and night, seldom giving himself more than from two to three hours' sleep. Owing to the all-absorbing pursuits of money-making, with the population of the new El Dorado, their enterprise was not sufficiently remunerative to warrant its continuance after the first seven numbers.

In 1855 he married his second wife, an excellent and devoted woman, by whom he had one daughter.

The earlier California resident will readily call to mind the graphic illustrations of the "Placer Times and Transcript," the "Sacramento Union," the "Golden Era," and "Wide West," with their richly embellished pictorial editions; with those of the "Miner's Progress," "Chips of the Old Block," "The Idle and Industrious Miner," and numerous other spirited engravings, nearly the whole of which were executed by the subject of this sketch. This brief outline brings us to Mr. Armstrong's connection with this magazine; and, considering its sudden and melancholy termination, the most painful part of our sad task.

The first engraving executed by him for this work was a "View from the Big Rookery" at the Farrallone Islands, page

56 of the first volume; and the last was the "Library of the What Cheer House," page 295 of the fifth volume. The latter he had just finished, when, on rising from his chair, he said, "I don't feel very well this morning; I think I will go and take a bath." Alas! we little thought he had then occupied that seat for the last time. It was the brightest day of our magazine's existence when he came to work for it, and the darkest when he was called from it by the hollow and irresistible voice of death.

The many hundreds of engravings executed for us, during a period of between four and five years, as well as for others preceding us, unanswerably attest his remarkable industry and skill—and there is not an engraver on this coast that would not cheerfully accord to him the well deserved credit of being at the head of the art in California.

Besides his peculiar talent, he was always gentlemanly, prompt, reliable, and not only honest, but honorable, in all his dealings. In his accounts we never discovered an error. An unpleasant word, or thought that we know of, never passed between us. He understood and carried out the divine rule of "As ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so unto them." This made all business transactions with him of the pleasantest character. We would that there were more such men.

His devotedness to the fine arts caused him to do his utmost to foster, preserve and perpetuate them. This made him the life of pictorial engravings on the Pacific; and, but for him, and the gifted brothers Nahl (happily still living among us), most of those spirited scenes of California that have been given to the world, would have been slumbering in obscurity and comparatively unknown.

Possessing an inexhaustible fund of information, coupled with brilliancy in wit and good-humored repartee, he was

remarkably good company. When in London, his evenings were frequently spent with such men as Douglas Jerrold and others of his class. His cheerful disposition, his excellent conversational and musical talents, and his warm-hearted friendship, secured to him a large and devoted circle of friends, and none more than the writer.

His bereaved family, to whom he was attached by ties of more than ordinary affection, while they mourn his sudden departure, will, we trust, feel that he is ever present among them to cheer and to bless them; and that, as their ministering spirit, he is ever watching over them with that tenderness he always cultivated on earth, to be perfected in heaven.

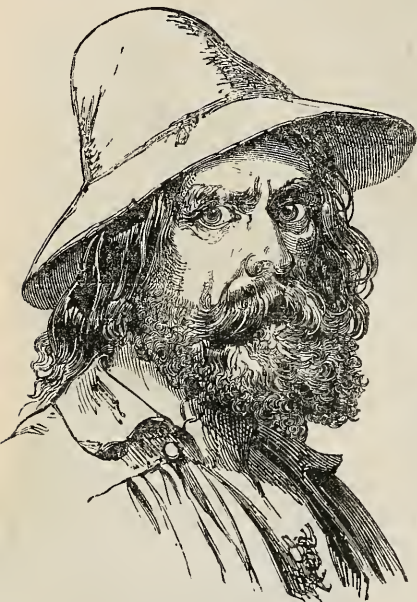
OUR FIRST FAMILIES.



A MEMBER OF THE FORMER F. F.'S.

LEST aspiring young Californians should, hereafter, when visiting in sister States, through the vanity natural to tender years, be tempted to boast of being allied to the first families of the Golden State, and so arouse ridicule where they wish to awaken envy, we

present for their contemplation the head of a real and most respectable F. F. C., who would no doubt affectionately reciprocate claims of relationship, or dignify with the title of "Knight of the Scarlet Blanket" any one who would, in consideration, bestow on her one of those much prized and brilliant envelopes.



A MEMBER OF THE PRESENT F. F.'S.

As a contrast to the above, we place before you a likeness, the type of the nobility of our State. A representation of a hardy miner's phiz. Mark the expression of the eye and nostril. A volume of hardy experiences, of sagacity, of early reliant and lion-like prowess reveals itself in his stern glance, and in the deeply graven lines of his face. One feels like at once conceding that he is capable of that directness of aim and insight which inspires faith in a leader under difficulties, and gives assurance that he will reach the desired end by the shortest means, whether that end must

be attained by tunnelling to the centre of one of the Sierras, or cutting through a mountain of interested legislation straight to the pure gold of justice it conceals. For, submit his flowing locks and beard to a skillful barber and his garb to the tailor, and lo! our miner would emerge in an hour equipped to grace any seat in the halls of State, which the choice of his confreres may confer; and to defend their rights, or right their wrongs, unbiased by the influences that frequently bear sway in legislative halls.

The severe discipline inculcated by the exigencies of life in the mines, has developed a race of sturdy lords of the soil unrivalled by any other body of men in existence. Well may California be proud of her adopted sons, the heroes of her future bards and romancers, and who shall live to see themselves renowned as the founders of a band of States whose wealth and importance can now be but half imagined.

CALIFORNIA BIRDS.

WATER THRUSH OR AMERICAN DIPPER.

Cinclus Americanus.

THIS California bird is remarkable for its partiality to brooks, rivers, shores, ponds and streams of water; wading in the shallows in search of aquatic insects, wagging the tail almost continually, chattering as it flies; and in short, possess many strong traits of the Water Wagtail. It is also exceedingly shy, darting away on the least attempt to approach it, and uttering a sharp chip repeatedly, as if greatly alarmed. It breeds in the higher mountainous districts, as do many of our spring visitants that regularly pass a week or two with us in the lower parts, and then retire to the mountains and inland forests to breed.

The voice of this little bird appears so exquisitely sweet and expressive, that



THE CALIFORNIA WATER THRUSH.

one is never tired of listening to it.

The Water Thrush is six inches long and nine and a half in extent, the whole upper parts are of a uniform and very dark olive, the lower parts are white, tinged with yellow ochre; the whole breast and sides are marked with pointed spots, or streaks of black or deep brown; bill, dusky brown; legs, flesh colored; tail, nearly even; formed almost like the golden-crowned thrush, except in frequenting the water, much resembling it in manners.

Male and female nearly alike.

BLACK-BILLED CUCKOO.

Circulus Erythroptalma.

This species of cuckoo is nearly as nu-

merous as others, but has hitherto escaped the notice of European naturalists, or from its general resemblance has been confounded with the yellow cuckoo. Its particular markings, however, and some of its habits, sufficiently characterize it as a distinct species. The general color is nearly that of the yellow cuckoo; it is almost an inch less in length; the tail is of a uniform, dark, silky drab, except at the tip, where a great many feathers are marked with a spot of white, bordered above with a slight touch of dull black; the bill is wholly black, and much smaller than that of the yellow, and it wants the bright cinnamon on the wings. But what constitutes its most distinguishing trait is, a bare, unwrinkled skin, of a



THE CALIFORNIA CUCKOO.

deep red color, that surrounds the eye. The female differs little in external appearance from the male. The black-billed cuckoo is particularly fond of the sides of creeks, feeding on small shell-fish, snails, etc., etc. There are also found broken pieces of oyster-shells in its gizzard. The eggs of this cuckoo are smaller than that of others, usually four or five in number, and of a rather deeper greenish blue.

Wilson deserves the credit of distinguishing their species. It is closely allied to, but differs widely, both in its habits and feeling, from its congeners and the true cuckoos. In addition to shells and water insects, Audubon mentions having

found in their stomachs a small black frog, which appears after a rain.

THE FIRST OF APRIL.

To the Editor's Table of Hutchings' :

The first of April is this year a triple fete day, as, in addition to being specially and fixedly set apart as a day to be celebrated by all who have occasion to rejoice that they are not burdened with more wisdom than has fallen to the lot of their neighbors; it is Easter Monday, and also the day on which you spread your monthly literary treat. It is therefore with the greatest propriety that I address myself to your table, since a

feast is invariably supposed to be based upon that article of furniture, and all that belongs to one of right, entitled to a place upon it. The various influences that in a heterogenous population tend to obliterate the landmarks of ancient faith, have scarcely left us a trace of Easter Monday, as observed in the days of our great-grand-parents. Mary Howitt, in one of her beautiful ballads, thus touchingly lamented the disuse into which the observance of this gracious anniversary has fallen :

“Oh, happy Easter Sunday now!
Of old they blessed the day;
And gifts, in memory of that time,
In love they gave away.

The rich gave gifts abundantly,
The poor gave gifts also;
For every heart at Easter then,
With love did overflow.

But those old times are past and gone,
None hasten now to bring
The happy resurrection news.
And hymns of Easter sing.

Yet here and there, among the hills,
In places far and lone,
Some memory of the time yet lives,
Some Easter love is shown.

And kindly country-women yet
Their Pasch-eggs ready make,
Of divers colors beautiful,
To give for Jesus' sake.

And little country children go
Far o'er the hills away,
From door to door with cheerful hymns,
To celebrate the day.

Oh, happy Easter Monday!
It shineth clear and bright;
And they shall go a dozen miles
Among the hills ere night.

O'er the deep fells and down the dells,
That lie so warm and low,
To the cottage and the gray farm-house,
Shall the neighbors' children go.

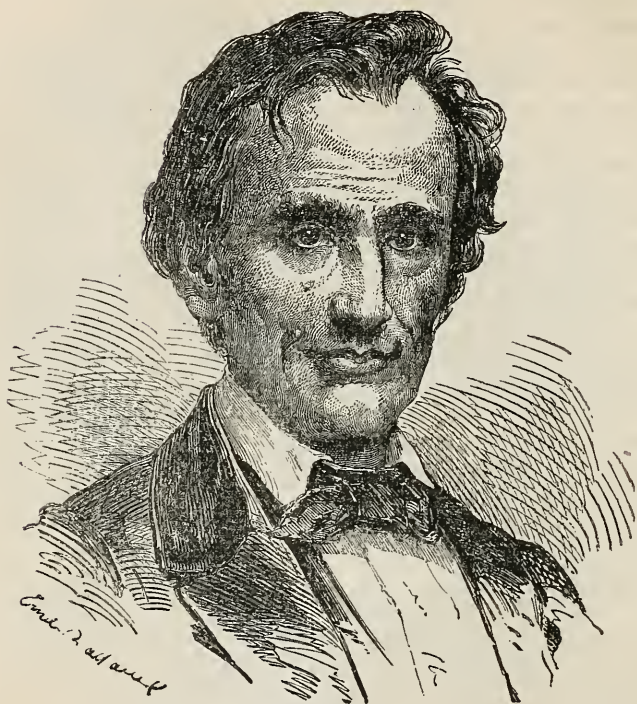
Each hand in hand, a loving band,
They go with joy along;
And tune their voices sweet and low,
To a lovely Easter song.

And far along the sunny hills,
Were heard their voices clear :

“Be glad, for our Lord Jesus rose,
At this time of the year!”

Among the German residents of our city, Easter Monday is a fete especially insisted upon and observed by the children. For ten days past the little flax-haired Hans, and Hanchens, and Marguerites have been counting their store of eggs, and exacting promises of their mammas to color them in brilliant hues, and to hide them in “rabbit's nests” for their little friends to find on Easter Monday.

Paäs eggs, in Teutonic tradition, are laid by rabbits, a popular superstition instituted into the minds of German children, after the manner of the almost universally received fiction of Santa Claus filling the stockings on Christmas Eve. The fraus have given truce to the spankings they are rather too apt to bestow upon their offspring, and are smilingly busying themselves in arranging nests of many colored eggs in all sorts of out-of-the-way nooks in their gardens, where they have them—in their houses where they have not. When the time has arrived and all is arranged, the little lads and lasses, clad in their brightest smiles and garments, sally forth to begin a series of calls, very much as gentlemen begin to pay calls on New Years, setting out singly, or the children of a family together, but quite apt to gather into groups as they proceed. All day long they go bobbing their little heads in at every door, with the salutation, “*Hat ter paas gelegt?*”—“Has the rabbit laid?”—and are welcomed with invitations “to search and see.” Whereupon there is a general scramble for the expected prize: the *haas* nests are discovered, the eggs transferred to little hats and aprons, and the merry visitors scamper away, dancing and singing, and tossing their “rabbit's eggs” up in the air, as they gleefully proclaim their number. At every house each child, whether friend or stranger,



THE IN-COMING PRESIDENT.

receives at least one egg, and a little favorite, or a god-son or god-daughter, is apt to find a *paas* nest, filled with eggs, as a proof of affectionate regard, and to gladden the heart of the little recipient.

c.

LOVE.

BY G. T. SPROAT.

Love! love!—it is the word by which
The worlds were made; for when the
Mighty One
Planted the earth, and laid its glittering
beams
In the rejoicing waters, angels sang
The song of Love.

The winds, those mighty trumpeters, proclaimed it

To the bright morning stars, which sang together.

The ocean caught the sound, and spread it wide

O'er all the listening earth. The forests bowed;

The mountains echoed it; the little hills leaped up, like lambs, and in the golden vales,

The fir trees sang, and clapped their hands for joy.

It is the golden chain
That links us to the Infinite—the ring
Circling the Eternal Throne, embracing
all

The universe of God.



THE OUT-GOING PRESIDENT.

THE NECROMANCER'S NOVITIATE.

JACOBUS Aldrovandus was an alchemist of the fifteenth century, who spent his days, and part of his nights, over the furnace, with a degree of ardor that no disappointments were able to

quench. Being subject to many annoyances from the bad temper of his wife, he sought in his laboratory that enjoyment which was denied him everywhere else. It was, indeed, an unfortunate circumstance for his peace, that his wife had brought him a considerable dowry,

which had ere long been devoured by the crucible. She, finding that remonstrances were entirely thrown away upon her infatuated husband, betook herself to devotional habits, and was closeted for a long time every day with a pious confessor.

One day while examining a collection of old books in his library, Jacobus discovered a book of magic. The mysteries of its pages had an irresistible charm for his imagination. Presently he arose and shut the door, for his wife's confessor was descending from a morning visit, and the rustling of the good father's robe reminded our alchemist that there was such a thing as a bundle of faggots reserved for those who dealt in forbidden lore. After this precaution he returned to the volume, and soon became so deeply interested in its contents, that he resolved to become an adept. Magic and alchemy seemed to throw a reciprocal light on each other. Jacobus thought that if he could but become as thoroughly familiar with the different classes of devils, as he was with the different bottles of his laboratory, he would have no spare time left on his hands, and would have acquired such an accession of new powers, as might enable him to set his wife and her confessor at defiance.

When twilight came on, therefore, he would frequently retire to a solitary walk among some old trees, at the back of his house, and endeavor to prepare for a trial of his art, by inuring himself to recite the most profane and horrible incantations. In the meantime, the leaves would whisper above him in a mysterious manner, and the bats come flapping about his ears like so many imps of darkness.

Jacobus was aware how much courage it requires to retain one's faculties in the presence of a bad angel. Firmness is indispensable in such interviews, and the want of it has sometimes been attended

by very disastrous consequences, as will appear from the sequel of this narrative.

Near the town where Jacobus lived, there was a deserted building, which had once been the residence of a noted sorcerer who had been burned in the public market place. As the fiends who had served him were still supposed to lurk about his former dwelling, no person would approach it, even in daylight; and the magistrates of the burgh had repeatedly spoken of having it razed to the ground. Jacobus thought that in this building he would at least be sure of privacy, and on that account resolved to make it the scene of his first experiment.

So, one tempestuous evening, having wrapped himself in his cloak, he appeared before his wife and said to her; "My dear, I have just received a message, stating that a certain friend of mine has received extreme unction, and wishes to let me into a valuable secret before he dies. Do not be alarmed, therefore, although some time should elapse before I return. It will probably be morning before you see me again."

"Truly, husband, that will be no loss," replied his wife. "Begone, and hunt after your worthless secrets; but beware of coming back in the middle of the night to arouse my servants. I will not allow them to be disturbed with impunity."

Jacobus Aldrovandus departed without attempting to make any reply. The merchants were closing the doors of their shops, and only an occasional gleam of light fell here and there across the wet pavement.

In accordance with the customs of the time, an official drummer was performing his evening rounds, while many a fat burgher hastened home to a comfortable fireside, enjoying the mental pleasure of computing the profits of the day—a joy to which Jacobus or any other alchemist could never pretend. He therefore has-

tened forward until he had passed the gates of the city, and had arrived near the necromancer's house.

This building, as one might imagine, was tall, frightful, and unornamented. A single tree grew before the door, and from one of its branches was suspended the withered carcass of a dog which had been hanged there at the same time that its master was burned in the market place. A certain magistrate conceived that the dog must have seen so many improper sights as to unfit him for holding any longer a place in the social system; and so gave orders that the magician's own accursed elm tree should be employed in putting an end to the animal's existence. It was now currently believed that young imps were in the habit of procuring themselves a swing, by taking hold of his legs on a windy night.

Aldrovandus hurried past without letting the carcass touch him. Finding the door open, he struck a light and ascended the staircase. No spectre delayed his progress, no arm started from the wall; but he could not help feeling appalled at the silence of the place, while he recollected that the last sounds which had been uttered there were the groans of the old wizard, as he was dragged away to his trial.

Jacobus arrived at a large unfurnished apartment. One or two pictures hung on the walls, but their coloring was not so very sombre that their subjects could not be conjectured. In the middle of the floor he saw the fragments of a wand, and at one end of the room was placed a death's head, wearing the cap of the departed magician.

With the tremulous caution of a novice, Jacobus unfolded and arranged the different implements he had brought with him, and endeavored to collect his scattered thoughts, in order that no fiend, however quick-sighted, might be able to discover the least flaw in so delicate a

process. When these things were accomplished, he read, recited, and paused for a reply. Finding, however, that some words of importance had been omitted, he was obliged to wipe his forehead and begin a second time.

Presently a low creaking spread through the room—the glass vials rang and quivered in their places, and a smoke began to ascend from the magical circle. The hair of Jacobus Aldrovandus stood on end, but he continued to read out his Latin with sufficient distinctness, although his senses had almost left him. In the meantime the supernatural symptoms increased, and the experiment advanced nearer and nearer to a crisis.

At length there was a crash. A monstrous devil started from the floor and demanded why he was summoned. Jacobus had lost the power of articulation, and could not utter a syllable. The demon, having again and again repeated his inquiry, without receiving any answer, became terribly importunate and stretched forward with such perseverance that his nose came nearly in contact with that of our unhappy magician. Jacobus drew back precipitately, and in so doing stepped out of his own circle.

The demon followed up his advantage. Jacobus turned and ran, but he was pursued with a frightful degree of agility. Three times he made the circuit of his chamber, with this horrible fiend careering at his back. On the fourth round Jacobus bolted through the door, ran down stairs, and left the house. The chase continued over a fine level country. Jacobus, after several doublings and windings, took the road to the city; and his pursuer, who was never far behind, emitted such a glare of light, that both parties were able to choose their way with as much precision as if it had been a summer's forenoon. They entered the city. Jacobus turned a corner and stumbled upon a watchman, who attempted

to stop him. Presently the fiend came up, and made a clear somerset over their heads. The watchman rolled into his kennel and broke his lanthorn, whilst Jacobus rushed on to his house, and burst open its door with a noise that brought his wife and the whole family to the head of the staircase.

They came only to gaze and tremble. No one would venture down to assist him. Jacobus, pale, breathless, and covered with perspiration, mounted the steps and joined his family, still pursued by the demon, who took possession of the landing-place, which was part of an extensive gallery, surrounded by doors of different apartments.

A solemn pause ensued. The demon stopped, and with his red-hot finger drew a circle round himself that occupied the whole breadth of the floor, rendering it impossible for any one to pass without stepping into it. "Now," said the fiend, "whoever comes here is mine. I am determined not to vanish until I have received something for my trouble."

The servants sobbed bitterly beside their master and mistress, and began to consider who should be the victim. The cook endeavored to shove in the butler, and the butler, on the other hand, gave a sly push to the chamber-maid.

"My dear wife," said Jacobus, "is there no dog or cat about the house that might be given him for a bribe? What has become of the black pointer that used to sleep every night in your boudoir?"

So saying, he ran to open the door of his wife's apartments, but the good woman endeavored to retard his entrance. Jacobus would not be hindered, and pushed in. A scuffle ensued, and, instead of the black pointer, out rushed Father Joseph, the confessor, with his cowl drawn over his face to conceal his features. In his confusion he durst not look around to see who was present, but

hastened toward the staircase, and in so doing approached the circle drawn by the demon. The domestics uttered loud cries. Jacobus's wife ran after him and seized his robe; but the friar—imagining himself to be detained by her husband—gave a violent spring which carried them both into the circle, and the fiend immediately vanished with his prey.

Such was the lucky hit by which our worthy necromancer got rid of a disagreeable wife. After cautioning his servants to beware of circulating idle tales, which might attract the notice of the Inquisition, Jacobus Aldrovandus gave out that Friar Joseph had eloped with his wife to some foreign country.

CONFESSIONS OF A GHOST-SEER.

[That inexorable cry for "copy" often induces us to dive into the inmost recesses of our editorial drawer, and to search in almost forgotten places for the literary pabulum necessary for the well-being of "Hutchings." We give the following from the pen of a much esteemed State official, as the result of our last search for the April number.—ED.]

It is of no use a man's saying he is not superstitious. He says it, because all the world laughs at one who is afraid of ghosts. But one may be superstitious without fearing the encounter of ghostly visitants. Among the thousand attempts to define "Man"—that he is a laughing animal, a reasoning animal, a star-gazing animal—none has been discovered so distinctive, so applicable to him and to no other creature, as that which describes him as a superstitious animal.

The child never lived that had not a secret dread of spirits, however much his pride enabled him to conceal it, and that inborn dread is often cruelly intensified into absolute terror by the frightful stories of ignorant and superstitious nurses. From their influence, even reason cannot always free him when he has reached the years of manhood.

I was once intimate with a gentleman, the spirit of chivalry, who knew not fear of mortal man or visible danger—whose courage had been tested in more than one deadly encounter—who shrunk with horror at the idea of passing a graveyard at night, and for years had not slept, would not sleep, alone. It mattered not how helpless his companion might be—even a child would content him. He suffered to the day of his death—some can tell, perhaps, how acutely—from the horrible impressions infixed into his infant mind by a ghost-seeing nurse. Although conscious of his weakness, he was singularly sensitive upon the subject, and would call his associates to an instant accountability, who ventured to banter him upon it. Fortunately for mankind, there are few like him. In after life, experience, reason, the judgment and the exercise of a determined will, suffice to strangle the superstitious terrors of childhood, and curb their spring—a distempered imagination.

In early days I was the victim of a nurse whose ingenuity in discovering ghosts in every dark corner, and horrors everywhere, was astonishing. She had a perfect armory of frightful stories to alarm me into silence, whenever I exhibited a disposition to be unruly, or to disturb her rest. She would tell me of horrible goblins with two heads, many heads, no heads at all, that were always prowling about; of sheeted ghosts with fleshless faces and burning eye-balls, that were ever stretching their bony fingers in the dark, for little boys who wouldn't go to sleep.

I found, in after years, the horrors of "The Three Spaniards," "The Mysteries of Udolpho," and "The Castle of Utranto," were tame and unexciting, compared with the creations of her imagination. The most curious part of the whole affair is, that, although I am now satisfied she made up one-half of her goblin stories,

she was almost as much frightened at them as myself. It never entered my mind to doubt the existence of spirits, and such spirits as she could conjure up, mortal man never read of.

Some of the beasts described by St. John in his vision—and they are by no means the kind one would like to encounter of a dark night—would be models of attractiveness beside some of her creations. Of course I drank in with frightful avidity all she told me—not a word, not a look, escaped me—not a word or a movement was forgotten. Sometimes, after she had scared both herself and myself into paralysis, the rustle of a curtain, or the gleam of a white light in a dark corner, would make her seize me in her arms, and rush like a greyhound for the light. The sensation her start and movement would occasion me is indescribable. Every fibre tingled with a separate terror, and my skin would have cut up into an invoice of nutmeg graters.

It was many years before I could eradicate the impressions she produced, and this was only accomplished by the most determined efforts of the will, and my passion for the experimental sciences, and more than ordinary devotion to the study of philosophy. Had I grown up an unlettered man, I should have been a ghost-seer to the end of my days.

At the age of twelve years I entered a college, situated about four miles from my father's house. I returned home on foot every night, sometimes at a very late hour. My shortest path lay through a suburban grave-yard, peopled with the dead, and embellished with numerous monuments. My earliest efforts at self-control were on those lonely midnight walks on my way home. I could have easily made a circuit around the cemetery, but, although tingling to the ears, and with every faculty on a painful stretch, I would not, by avoiding it, acknowledge even to myself that I was afraid.

Pride sustained me, and in time I gathered resolution. But before familiarity and impunity established confidence, I had many a shivering fright. At first I would hurry, pretending to myself all the while that I was only sauntering along the path that wound among the grave-stones and monuments, looking, like Alexander Smith's Sphinx, "straight, right on, with calm, eternal eyes." It was not a part of my self-imposed martyrdom that I should look to the right or left, and I did not do it—I am afraid, I must confess, that I occasionally walked much of the way with my eyes shut, reconciling my cowardice to myself under the plea that it was the best way to meditate.

As time gave me confidence, I would cast furtive glances from side to side, and gradually came to peer keenly into the receding shades, with a lively solicitude as to the whereabouts of the ghosts. I was like the old lady that looked under the bed for forty years in expectation of seeing a robber's boots, and at last saw them. I saw a ghost at last, it was near midnight, "when church-yards yawn and graves give up their dead." It would have been moonlight, had it not been cloudy—the dim, deceptive light of such a night we have all perhaps frequently noticed. About midway through the cemetery, I happened to cast my eyes down one of the glades, when, with a sensation as if a dozen extra souls, each with a separate acuteness of perception had suddenly rushed into mine, I saw a ghastly white object—its outlines shaded into the darkness, so that I could gather no idea of its shape or size. It seemed to me, however, of huge proportions, and a nondescript in form. I watched it with the unwinking gaze of a glass eye, and the intensified powers of a telescope, and I realized that it was slowly moving, and horror on horror, towards me! I stood powerless for a moment. The

first impulse of consciousness was to fly, but by an effort that fairly strained my being, I mastered, not my fears, but, if you can mark the distinction, my cowardice.

I had a thousand times conceived such a situation as this, and as often determined how I would conduct myself. With an effort, that only a thoroughly superstitious mind can appreciate, I deliberately walked toward the creeping horror. It was a greater act of heroism than if I had advanced to the mouth of a death-laden cannon. I approached nearer and nearer, my agonies increasing in a geometrical ratio, with each inch of progress. The ghost seemed to loom up, as it neared me, to an awful size. It appeared to overtop a ten-foot obelisk near at hand, and my racked imagination supplied it with eyes like comets.

At last human nature could stand it no longer. I had a heavy stick in my hand. In a perfect paroxysm of terror, I leaped it appeared to me full forty feet, and with the nervous force that only such a state of mind can supply, I struck the ghost over the head. The stick shattered in my hand—the ghost gave a wild snort, made a movement that seemed to shake the earth, and bounded off; it was an old white horse! I sank down on a tombstone, overpowered by the revulsion of feeling.

For a minute the nervous accumulation generated by the highly wrought state of my mind, tingled off from each pore of my body, producing a distinct sensation of cooling, as an air-tight stove cools off with a ticking sound, when the drawing-valve is closed. When I gathered my faculties, the absorbing feeling was one of overwhelming shame—I absolutely cried with vexation. I continued my way, deeply pondering—a changed boy. The incident, although humiliating, was of infinite benefit to me, it revolutionized my character, and thoroughly cured me

of superstitious fears. After that, I would not have believed in ghosts though one descended from Heaven to convince me. The incident begot a habit of investigation into mysterious, and what under other circumstances would have been terrifying appearances, that served me well on more than one occasion afterwards.

I remember reading a story not long after, that fixed me in my scepticism and disposition to investigate. It was of a gentleman residing in a village not a great way from London. He was married to a lady of cultivated mind, but of a very nervous temperament. She was a firm believer in spirits, he a pitiless scoffer. He rallied her so constantly and so unmercifully upon the subject, that it pained her deeply, without shaking her belief. He was like the incredulous little boy, who hooted an old man in the streets of Boston, and, when reminded of the fate of the bad boys who made sport of Elijah, cried out, "Go up, bald head! go up, bald head! now where's your bars?" He was forever calling on his wife to fetch out her ghosts. She told him at last that his mockeries pained and grieved her, and begged him to cease, solemnly promising at the same time, if she should die before him, and if it were permitted the spirits of the dead to revisit the earth, she would appear to him within a month after her death. She took it so much to heart that he ceased his bantering. Not a great while after, she sickened and died. He was inconsolable, and shut himself up in the solitude of his chamber, where he grieved and brooded for weeks over his loss. He would see no one. His servants could scarce prevail upon him to eat sufficient to sustain life.

About three weeks after his wife's death, he left his room near dusk, to visit the churchyard, a few miles down the vale, where lay the remains of all he

loved. He repeated his visit every evening, extending his solitary walk, at times, far into the night, still brooding upon his sorrows, his mind feeding upon itself, his body wasted by abstinence. One night returning by the churchyard, he looked towards the ruins of the old church, embowered in funereal trees near the centre, and started back with a cry of horror.

Through a gap in the walls of the church he plainly saw the apparition of his wife, robed in shining white, with face as pale as marble, and arms extended imploringly towards him. He looked for a moment, remembered it was exactly one month since his wife's death, and the promise she had solemnly made to reappear to him, and fainted away. When he recovered, he looked again, but the vision had disappeared.

He returned home in a shattered state of mind. He secluded himself more than ever—allowed no intrusion to divert his thoughts—ate so little, that it was evident to his servants he was fast wasting away.

About a month after he had seen his wife's apparition, he again visited the old church at night, and again was horrified at sight of her spirit. Shortly afterwards he wrote to an old friend in London—a gentleman of strong mind and scientific attainments—detailing his sorrows, and the dreadful visitation that haunted him, and begging him to come down and receive his last wishes, as he had not long to live. His friend, much affected by the tone of his letter, started at once for the village, and was shocked at the change that had taken place in his old companion. He did his utmost to rouse him from his despondency, and induce him to shake off his superstitious fears. He reminded him of his former opinions on such matters, and endeavored to convince him the vision he had seen was the creation of his own heated im-

agination. His mind, he impressed upon him, was enfeebled by sorrow and seclusion; his body, wasted by want of food and exercise, reacted upon it, and still farther predisposed it to unhealthy fancies. His friend only replied, with a melancholy shake of the head, and told him reason was lost on him. He had seen the apparition of his wife, when in the possession of his full faculties, as distinctly as he saw his friend before him. He had not been looking for it, for the remembrance of his wife's promise did not occur to him until after he had seen her.

As a last resort, his friend proposed to wait until the night when the vision was to reappear, and then pay a visit in company to the churchyard, for it would seem it never made its appearance, except at exact intervals of a month.

At the appointed time they started out, passed the graveyard, it was not yet time for the apparition to be seen, continued their walk down the vale, and about ten o'clock returned. As they crossed the enclosure of the cemetery, the husband suddenly seized the arm of his friend with a vice-like clutch, and pointing to the gap in the ruined walls of the old church, exclaimed in a voice quivering with excitement, "Look there! there! Do you not see her!" The Professor was startled beyond expression, for, as he looked in the direction indicated, he distinctly saw a white figure in flowing drapery, with marble-like face, and arms extended towards him. The moon was shining brilliantly at the time through the vistas in the cypresses and willows, and there was no mistake about it. With some difficulty he sustained the sinking form of his friend, and resolutely advanced to a closer inspection.

As they came near the church, his friend besought him to return, but the spirit of investigation overpowered all other feelings, and he continued his course.

As he got up to the gap, and gazed for a moment within the dark recesses of the church, the explanation of the phenomenon burst upon him.

The apparition was a statue of one of the female saints, so placed in a niche that the full flood of the moon's light poured upon it, and made it look, in the distance, as if clothed in vestments of shining white. It was only visible once a month, because the moon was only then in such a position as to cast its full rays upon it through the gap in the wall.

The terrified husband was convinced, returned home a new man, and rapidly recovered his spirits and health.

Other such stories I read, all strengthening my scepticism, and my determination not to trust to appearances, however mysterious and inexplicable.

I have already extended my confessions beyond bounds. At another time I will tell you of some ghostly adventures I myself met with, and how fortunately my investigating spirit served me.

If I have made one superstitious sufferer distrust appearances, or have shaken, even partially, his belief in ghosts, the narrative of my early experience has not been without profit.

THERE are certain interests which the world supposes every man to have, and which therefore are properly enough termed worldly: but the world is apt to make an erroneous estimate: ignorant of the dispositions which constitute our happiness or misery, they bring to an undistinguished scale the means of the one, as connected with power, wealth, or grandeur, and of the other, with their contraries. Philosophers and poets have often protested against this decision; but their arguments have been despised as declamatory, or ridiculed as romantic.

Mackenzie's Man of Feeling.

SOUTHERN RIGHTS.

THE Rights of States, and Southern Rights!—

What! yield all that our fathers won?
Not while a ray of Freedom lights

The fields they shed their blood upon!
Not while one life-spring drop remains
Of those who rent the tyrant's chains!

What! give the Constitution up!
That glorious compact of the free,
And drain Oppression's bitterest cup,
And weep above lost Liberty?
No!—palsied be the recreant slave
Who cowardly, basely would submit!
A traitor's death, a traitor's grave,
Be his!—his epitaph be writ
By Shame upon Hate's withering page,
To blacken on from age to age!

Abandon basely that which breathed
The very nation into life,
And with eternal laurels wreathed
The brows of those who brav'd the strife?
Which made the Union's pillars stand,
Upheld alone by Sovereign States
Bound in one league, sublime and grand,
Which no decree can break but Fate's;
While equal rights and equal laws
Proclaimed it Freedom's holiest cause!

No! by the ashes of the dead!
No! by the memory of the brave!
No! by the blood of patriots, shed
O'er Freedom's birth, Oppression's grave!
By mighty deeds on Southern plains,
That rise like pyramids, which Time
Will spare while Glory's light remains,
As monuments pure and sublime;
Where Southern men have brav'd the shock
Of War's red storm on Eutaw's plain,
And where Savannah's walls did rock
Beneath a storm of iron rain;
Where wild King's Mountain, hallowed
height,
Looked down with Glory smiling o'er it,
As Freedom's falchion, flashing bright,
Made Britain's lion cower before it!
On that Palmetto Isle where burst
The thunders of a navy's pride,

In vain hot broadsides flamed their worst—
The South rolled back War's ruthless
tide!—

On Guilford's plain, on Camden's field,
On Cowpens' glorious scene of blood,
And where red battle's thunders pealed
At Ninety-Six, and Pedee Wood,
Where Marion's men, the true and brave,
Marked the proud South's own fields of
glory,

Shed a bright halo o'er their grave,
And made their bold deeds live in story!
And last, on Yorktown's plains, where fell
The pride of Britain, and arose
Our country's glory, as the knell
Of tyranny pealed o'er our foes,
And Freedom's flag swept forth, unfurled
To wave o'er a regenerate world!

And stirring memories beam forth,
Whene'er the spirit tracks the past,
Of high and holy deeds of worth,
Of energy and knowledge vast!—
And later battle-fields, which tell,
Of Southern valor's fiery tide,
And make the patriot bosom swell,
With laudable and holy pride:
On Chalmette's sanguine plain they rolled
The tide of fell invasion back;
And where their chief, as Bayard bold,
Fell glorious in Glory's track,
On Churubusco's hard-fought day!
And when through Buena Vista's fight,
Or flaming streets of Monterey,
Their path was marked with Glory's light!

Land of the South! The patriot land!
Thy battle-fields are holy ground—
Thy monuments—and these will stand
Till echoes the last trumpet's sound!
And thou hast world-wide names, which
speak

From out the tomb with living power,
And bid thy sons to never break
The faith they pledged in that great hour,
When they from chaos formed and gave
A Constitution free and just,
And bade us shed our blood to save,
Or glorious with it sink to dust!
Preserve the boon our fathers won—
The Union and our rights are one!

What! we abandon, glorious South,
 The sacred rights to us bequeathed?
 Dumb be fore'er the dastard mouth
 That such unworthy sentence breathed!
 No—no! Our patriot sires are here,
 Their spirit-voices speaking near!
 Sons of the South! they speak to ye,
 In patriotism's holy feeling—
 The oracles of liberty!
 Oh! hear their high and just appealing!

Awake, Sons of the South, and gird
 The armor of your fathers on!
 The deep tones of alarm are heard—
 The Union and your rights are one!
 Your weapons reason, truth, and right—
 What can prevail against their might?

“Onward! Your cause is great and just!
 A nation's hope—a nation's life!
 Preserve undimmed your glorious trust,
 Tho' tempest-like should rage the strife!
 Freedom's light shall guide ye on—
 The Union and your rights are one!

“Spurn all oppression, and roll back
 The blackening tide of Northern wrong,

Till on its desolating track
 The patriot's boon may flow along—
 The Union and a nation saved,
 The South protected, not enslaved!

“Stand to the breach! The foe is there!
 The battle-axe already rings!
 Hurl, hurl him back, or ye shall hear
 The knell of rights, the tramp of kings;
 The Constitution crushed—and far
 The deafening shouts of civil war!

“Then who shall rule or guide the storm?
 Who stay red Murder's ruthless hand?
 As Havoc's vulture king, yet warm
 With life-drops from a ravaged land,
 Crushes each relic of the past,
 As bleeding Freedom breathes her last!

“Awake, Sons of the South! Why pause?
 Hark to Oppression's thundering tread,
 O'er trampled rights and broken laws,
 O'er all for which our fathers bled!
 Gird on your armor! Charge right on!
 The Union and your rights are one!

ARIZONA.

MILVIA;

OR, THE HEROINE OF CATALONIA.

A HISTORICAL NOVELETTE,
Founded upon Events of the War in Spain in 1823.

BY D. FRICK, LL.D.

CHAPTER I.

IN a grove of weeping willows, seven leagues from Madrid, near the little town of Aranjues, stood the modest dwelling of a Catalan, Rodrigue Martinez. When still very young he had enlisted under the victorious banner of the indefatigable Mina, whose name was justly immortalized in the bloody struggle for Spanish independence. His valor had merited for him the command of a corps of those daring guerillas, who obeyed the orders of the great partisan;

and, faithful to the sacred cause which had armed Spain, he never laid down his sword until the last enemy of his country had passed beyond the Pyrenees.

In one of the secret and dangerous missions confided to him by his general, he went to Madrid during the occupation of that city by the French troops, and there became acquainted with Donna Milvia Garceres, whom he married in 1813. His natural tastes led him to resign the profession he had honored by his courage; he was proud of the laurels that encircled his brow, but seeing no enemies to combat, he did not seek the favor of wearing his sword in the parades of a standing army. Like another Cincinnati, he suspended his glorious arms in the isolated retreat inherited by his wife,

and far from the cabals and intrigues created by ambition in the restored court, he tasted in the bosom of his family the repose of the soldier citizen. It was in vain that his companions in arms attempted to withdraw him from his rustic occupations, to solicit the honors and distinctions contended for by the men of all parties who had succeeded since 1808. The proud Catalan invariably refused to take any step which would tend to diminish in his eyes the merit of what he termed simple duty, and responded to those who reproached his inertia: "The country, purged of its enemies, has no need of richly paid chiefs to exhaust her resources, and if her safety again demands my arms, the soldiers of the Sierra Morena will remember that I have been their captain."

So, adorned by the antique virtue which made Sparta and Athens bloom, and gave to Rome the sceptre of the world, Rodriguez escaped the outrages experienced by the majority of his companions in arms, from a government that opposed the spirit of independence to which it nevertheless owed its reëstablishment. He saw with grief the most honorable services overlooked, and the highest employments abandoned to be pillaged by the same men who had plunged the country in mourning for a disastrous war. These deplorable circumstances confirmed him more than ever in his resolution to remain unknown, beyond the limits of his humble estate.

Donna Milvia, daughter of a distinguished magistrate, was fourteen years of age when the French army entered Madrid, in the month of October, 1808; she lived alone with her father and two domestics in an isolated quarter of the capital. A tedious illness had just removed her beloved mother, who, in her tender care, had never been willing to confide her early education to the surveillance of a stranger; educated at

Paris, where her father was attached to the Spanish legation, she had acquired a knowledge more extensive than was at that period considered necessary for the instruction of a woman, but her modesty rarely permitted her to display the treasures with which her mind was stored.

She loved France, her second cradle, and spoke of it always with an extreme tenderness that was attributed to an unfortunate passion that had poisoned her youth. This event had given to her character a tinge of melancholy that was never obliterated, and which left its traces in the disposition of her daughter Milvia. Don Fernando Garceres, her husband, was a native of Saragossa, the extraordinary defence of which in the war of independence has rendered its name immortal in history; his talents and his uprightness, by which he had arisen to the magistracy, were equally motives for a disgrace, to avoid the consequences of which, he abandoned his position, and retired to the bosom of a family that constituted all his happiness.

Arragonian in his hatred and in his affection, he was a warm partizan of public liberties, and, as a Catalan, an enemy of France, to which his country owed the despotism of Philip V.

The recent loss of an adored companion, joined to secret regret for the ingratitude of a government which had forgotten all his numerous services, had much increased the natural gloominess and severity of his character; his mind, however, grew calmer as he became more occupied with the education of his daughter, whose natural talents unfolded with surprising rapidity.

Milvia, although possessing all the moral delicacy of her sex, was pleased to accustom herself to gymnastic exercises, mounted her horse with facility, and of all diversions preferred the chase. Disdaining to occupy herself with the employments to which nature seemed to

have condemned her sex, she applied herself with ardor to the study of history, of geography, and of foreign languages, under the supervision of her learned father, who, having for years deplored that he was deprived of a son, was enchanted to find in his daughter tastes and inclinations ordinarily to be met with only in men.

Don Garceres had not intended to participate in the violent events which gave to Ferdinand VII the crown of Charles IV, his father; but when he saw Napoleon making use of this pretext to place his brother upon the throne of those kings, he forgot the resentment that the injustice of the government had implanted in his heart, and recalled his patriotism and the national hatred that this enterprise of France awakened with new strength.

His advanced age depriving him of the glory of sharing in the perils of combat, he made his house the rendezvous of a secret council, of which he was constituted the president. This council, occupied solely in devising the most efficacious means for the destruction of the French army, was in indirect communication with all the principal chiefs of the national corps, regular or irregular. The place of these meetings escaped as by a miracle the universal police of Napoleon, and it was in one of these nocturnal reunions that the brave Rodrigue saw for the first time the daughter of Garceres.

Milvia had now attained her sixteenth year; the comparative solitude in which she resided with her father, apart from the usual companions of her age and sex, had fortified all her early tastes, and her heart, nourishing those masculine and generous sentiments from which arise love of country, received each day a new lesson in the school of stoicism, from a father who rarely hid from her his most secret projects.

Thrilling with joy at the news of some

success achieved by the patriots of her country, enemies might have discovered upon his lips a forewarning of their fate in the bitter smile of indignation and vengeance.

A thousand times in moments of bitterness she cursed the law which suppressed her courage, and a thousand times she would have despised its shameful obligation if the old age of her father had not claimed her support and consolation. Thus our heroine already presaged, fifteen years before the invasion of the French, under Louis XVIII, the high destiny reserved for her in the war of 1823. Thus the daughter of Garceres was admitted nightly within the circle where were discussed and determined the most important interests of the country, whilst the greater part of the ladies of Madrid spent the same nights at fetes and balls given upon the ruins of this same country, in the midst of the bloody *Te Deum*, which proclaimed the enslavement of Spain and the massacre of her defenders.

Great strength of mind had not excluded from her heart that gentleness which gives to woman an empire so powerful over all who surround her; her disposition, cut off from the natural enjoyments of her sex, was, however, facile and clinging, and she frequently displayed a sensibility that one would have believed foreign to a character so extraordinary.

The renown of the exploits of Rodrigue had preceded the young hero to the retreat of the worthy Garceres. Milvia, full of admiration for all the warriors who had rendered themselves illustrious in that memorable campaign, learned with secret joy the concealed and unexpected arrival of one of the most valiant officers of Mina. Garceres received his guest with the distinction due to his valor, and presented him immediately to his curious and impatient daughter.

He recited his deeds of arms with the

modesty inseparable from true merit; the enthusiasm of his speech, his martial bearing, his heroic appearance, his eyes flashing with bellicose ardor, made upon the mind of the young Milvia an impression that her innocent heart had not yet taught her to explain, although its power was greater than that of the most vivid imagination.

The questions suggested by curiosity died upon her burning lips, and an unusual blush flitted over her graceful features, and fearing at the same time to remain and to retire, she discovered to her father, by her embarrassed attitude, a sentiment of which she was herself ignorant. Rodrigue, struck with the beauty of the young Castilian, felt prouder than ever of his glorious exploits, on learning from the lips of the old man the lively interest taken by his daughter in the success of the arms of his country, and of the rare abilities of which she gave promise.

His mission terminated, he demanded permission to salute a second time the lady who had fired anew his ardor; and believing himself rendered invincible, by the single glance with which Milvia accompanied the wishes that she made for his safety, he departed in the middle of the night, filled with an emotion that it would be difficult to depict. Garceres remarked with intense satisfaction the awakening of a sentiment that his penetration found truly participated in by both, and in his conversation with his daughter it was his pleasure to foster this inclination by merited eulogies that he constantly bestowed upon Rodrigue.

Victory, frequently faithless to the standards of liberty, never abandoned the lover of Milvia, whose exploits were heard of more than once beyond the frontiers of France, who, seeing the children of Spain enslaved, occupied herself in riveting their chains. The dangers attending his visits to the venerable Gar-

ceres were slight in comparison to the happiness of seeing Milvia. Occasionally, during the three years of warfare which ensued, he received a precious token of her faith from her father himself; to this he responded with his heart, and obtained her hand in 1813, after the soil of his country was freed from the presence of its enemies.

Garceres, fatigued by the vigils and dangers to which he was exposed by the duties prescribed by his patriotism, tormented by the opposing authorities which had succeeded in the capital during several years, seemed only to await, before descending into the tomb, the liberation of his country, and the union of the object of all his affections with a Spaniard worthy of becoming his son-in-law. Happy if he could have closed his eyes to that sad day which soon lighted to martyrdom or banishment the first liberators of his country.

Seven years had not flown since these young people first saw the flame of Hymen's torch. This home was blessed with two children—a son and a daughter; and they, in spending this peaceful life far from the tumult of cities, had taken the true way to felicity.

The evils which weighed upon the unfortunate country, however, frequently afflicted the heart of Rodrigue, even in the midst of his quiet domestic joys; he saw each day a new stroke added to the sacred debt Spain paid to liberty, and his country less independent under the sceptre of her own kings than under the empire of her foreign master, seeming to have been bathed in her purest blood only to reproduce the tortures of the Inquisition. Finally, the seventh of March, 1820, gave to Spain the Constitution of the Cortes, that Ferdinand VII sanctioned in order to dignify the majesty of his throne; and from the Pyrenees to the columns of Hercules, the kingdoms of the heroic peninsula resounded with

shouts of liberty. Rodrigue partook deeply of the intoxication of a people who had just recovered those precious fruits for which they paid five years of calamities. Milvia, worthy in all things to be the wife of the proud Catalan, mingled her joy with that of her husband; and their hearts, united by the same generous sentiments, enjoyed already in anticipation the happy future that opened for their country.

The frightful discord of a victory that the homicidal torches had not stained vibrated to the general joy that intoxicated all Spain; the sagacity of a revolution unexampled in the annals of the universe, seemed the banner for all liberated countries, and her bloody sceptre to be broken against the shield of Moderation, which watched at the foot of the throne. The tolerance of the sovereigns of Europe seemed to approve this revolution, and the new ministers chosen by Ferdinand VII were received at all the courts.

Spain, tottering beneath the shock of her new politics, busied herself with ardor in concocting laws in harmony with her constitution, the powerful influence of the clergy and of the majorat were soon aggrieved by the advantages that the revolution accorded to the people, but the attitude of the Cortes suppressed their pretensions, and the disposition of mind prevailing at the time, promised them no success in an attempt to regain the rights abolished by the national representation. Ignoring the true interests of the king, whom they professed to serve, fanatics placed themselves at the head of such vagabonds as belong without distinction to the party that will pay them, and influenced by fear the honest and peaceable inhabitants of the places through which they passed.

Bribed by the monastic power, orders were published as emanating from the throne and sanctified by the altar; these

wretches presented themselves in multitudes to favor the raising of armed companies, which left their countries open to murder and pillage. So it was that the government repressed a movement that was formed in Biscay, where they surrounded 1,500 insurgents, shut up in Salvatierra; afterward another in Old Castile, where the cure Mesino exasperated the minds of the people to the point of struggling a long time against the troops of the line; and finally a third, that commanded by Zaldives, in Andalusia.

Rodrigue was faithful to his resolution remaining unidentified with the events of tending to create a new phase of government, believing that his honor still less obliged him to take an active part in the pacification of the troubles that had arisen and which he regarded as the last efforts of a faction too feeble to destroy the new institutions that his king had freely accepted.

Besides, he would not so impugn the dignity of his sovereign as to suppose that he would have sealed his royal promise to a sacred pact that he did not intend religiously to observe; and, certain that the king did not approve of the stray Spaniards who had armed themselves in his name, he deplored the necessity of employing Spaniards to fight against Spaniards, and he would have feared to profane his sword in serving against his own countrymen.

These partially stifled movements caused the government to feel the need of taking measures, that the irritation of the parties rendered more or less arbitrary, and this it was that produced a part of the griefs approaching the degeneration of the French revolution.

Never had such shameful excess soiled the steps of the throne, and if the authors of the troubles that signalized these unhappy times had forced the government to use harsh means against them

and their adherents, the king would always have found a powerful safeguard in those whom these falsely zealous servitors proclaimed as the tyrants of their sovereign.

It is, therefore, to these men, armed against the liberty and happiness of their country, that must be attributed all the evils which befel Spain, and the outrages to which her king was exposed. An impartial posterity cannot refuse to the government of the Cortes the credit of the wise moderation that shone in all its proceedings towards a king, whom the culpable attempts of his pretended adherents tended constantly to represent as the greatest enemy of his country.

CHAPTER II.

However, new troubles soon succeeded to the first; the army revolted against the legitimate authorities, found powerful auxiliaries to resist the constitutional forces, and the new measures that the ministry believed it their duty to oppose to the urgency of the events, provoked wrongs by which the enemies of the constitution skilfully profited.

The mass of the Spanish people, bewildered by the cries of a liberty that their degree of civilization had as yet scarcely enabled them to conceive, had abandoned themselves with transport to the general enthusiasm that reigned about them; but enjoying by anticipation a treasure for which they were indebted to the enlightenment of a few generous men, they were unable sufficiently to appreciate the happiness that smiled upon them. Not knowing how to separate the benefits of liberty from the names of its creators, they yielded too easily to the instigations that tended to blacken the intentions of these last, and frequently sacrificed liberty to the vengeance inspired against their chief defenders. This disposition of mind did not escape the champions of the old regime, all the

strength of which was exhausted in the riches of the religious communities; they were prompt in turning to advantage all that seemed to their purpose, and strong was the support of this mass of miserable *Manolas* and *Lavapiés*. They created new auxiliaries among the inhabitants of the country, whose prodigalities furnished new arms against the existing order of things. Knowing, for instance, that the Spanish people had a secret horror of the free-masons, whom they called atheists, possessed of the devil, they turned all their eyes upon the power of this bugbear, which they employed with so much the more success, that it was known then that the germs of the revolution had, in part, been nourished in the masonic lodges, and that the most important plans had there been prepared. Liberty, seeing these men plunged in the most ignorant superstition, armed by the demons, saw the most imminent danger that she would find herself obliged to combat in religious fanaticism, her most redoubtable enemy.

The sedition of the *garde royale* at Madrid had just been suppressed; the *carabiniers royaux* had also succumbed in their rebellion in Andalusia; but Catalonia became the theatre of a new civil war, which assumed, little by little, a more menacing and serious character.

Unknown hordes, under the denomination of Soldiers of the Faith, appeared as if by enchantment from among their mountains, and besieged successively Cervera, Mequinenza, and other important points.

Urgel became the seat of a reunion of revolted individuals, who sported the title of the Regency, and remained for a long time the centre of the military operations and arsenal of the insurgents.

The news of these political massacres overcame with grief the soul of the excellent Rodrigue. Seeing his nation so great by her immortal resistance against the French invasion, tarnishing the glory

of her patriotism by the inglorious consequences of internal warfare, was to his heart a distracting spectacle. The gravity of the circumstances, however, overcame his repugnance to combat against his fellow-citizens, and persuaded that the safety of his country required his arm to assist in closing the abyss of evils that afflicted her, he communicated to his wife his design of taking his place in the ranks of the army of Independence. Milvia applauded the resolution of her husband, and although painful as was the idea of a separation so cruel, she concealed her grief that she might not increase the sadness of Rodrigue's departure.

The simple countryman, as the modest warrior seemed in his retreat, he was soon transformed into the intrepid warrior, who appeared never to have left his sword. Nine years of repose and of domestic happiness had completely re-established his health, which had been impaired by his campaigns; his wounds had left nothing but honorable scars, and his age, more mature, relieved the imposing carriage that victory gives to the favorites of Mars.

Little Richard, his son, had just then attained his eighth year, and his sister, Annadia, was two years younger. These children, the happy hope of an age less embellished with illusions, surrounded in silent surprise their father clad with his arms and military costume. Rodrigue could not suppress the natural emotion of a father about to separate himself for a long time perhaps from a beloved family, and avoiding the questions they in their infantine curiosity addressed to him, he clasped them with their tender mother to his breast, committed to her affectionate care their education, and precipitately snatched himself from their arms to obey the voice of his country.

The arrival of Rodrigue at the camp of liberty was a fete day for all the braves

who had in former times been the companions of his valor. His name flew quickly from mouth to mouth, and was borne with enthusiasm from the ear of the chief to that of the last soldier.

The old warriors who had fought at his side recounted to the young soldiers the glorious traits which had signalized his bravery, and upon all sides quitted the fires of their bivouac to salute their old captain. The more the heart of Rodrigue was flattered by these demonstrations of joy, the more he felt the task increase that he had come to perform, and, turning to the crowd of soldiers who pressed upon his steps, he said: "Defenders of Spanish independence! Your welcome is the sweetest recompense for a chief who loves you; it is to your courage I owe my glory, and I come to confide it to you anew."

At these words several veterans rushed forward from among his warriors to name themselves to their former captain, and to swear for themselves and for their companions in arms the obedience and fidelity by which victory is ensured. Among them might have been seen Basques, from the province of Saint Sebastian and from Bilboa, recognizable from their address and their agility; the rest were all Soumatenès and Miquellets of Catalonia, whose flashing eyes told of the independent genius that rendered them the most indefatigable partisans of Spain.

Mina, the intrepid general whose name alone had in other times arrested phalanxes of enemies, came to meet the worthy rival of his glory, impatient to clasp in his arms one of the proudest supporters of the honor of his nation. Rodrigue, invited to choose the rank he wished to occupy in the army, decided, like a disinterested patriot as he was, upon the most perilous and least brilliant post, and asked the command of a recently formed troop of guerillas. He

set off on the same day at the head of two hundred men to attack the insurgents between Ripoll and Camperdon, drove their bands in disorder beyond the frontiers of France, and returned for the benediction of his flag, burning upon the altar of the country a banner taken from the enemy.

The Congress of Verona had declared war against Spain. France was designated to fill this mission, and her sanitary cordon took the denomination of the *armee d'observation*, until prepared by reënforcements and definite organization to take the attitude of an offensive army.

The approach of the dangers that prepared the way for the invasion of the French constitutionals redoubled, however, the courage of the Spanish constitutionals; they soon forced the remaining vagabonds of the Faith to fly to France from the gorges where they had taken refuge, and the *Seu d'Urgel*, delivered from the authors of its absurd celebrity, placed upon its chateau the standard of liberty, thus announcing the extinction of civil war.

Spanish Cerdagne became nevertheless the theatre of new excesses. The fury of those bands of the Faith who had taken refuge under the cannons of the French army, had not been dispelled by their expulsion from the peninsula. The defiles of Finestrelle and of Nonsondes on the other side of the northern mountains; those of Espinaville, of Pregond; and Anteza, frequently offered difficult footpaths, formed by the torrents of the Ter, and the sources of the Segre, presenting a seducing bait to the further incursions of the men of the Faith, who carried their devastating ravages as far as the plain of Urgel. To arrest this devastating stream, Rodrigue established detachments of his little troop in the upper valley of the Segre, near Livia, Puycerda, and Belver, and overlooking the valley of Andorra.

By these wise precautions he was master of most of the passes of the Pyrenees in Cerdagne, and flattered himself that he would soon be able to put an end to the cruel reprisals that were ruining that beautiful country.

Each day his posts, attacked by the insurgents, were called to new combats.

The ravines, the crevasses, the most dangerous routes across torrents and precipices, were so many paths by which the men of the Faith descended into the plains of Spain.

Rodrigue, brought up, so to speak, among the gorges of these mountains, was so familiar with their least sinuosities, whether created by art or nature, that it was difficult to elude his vigilance.

Watching day and night with constant activity, he appeared always at the most menacing points, in order to inspire his soldiers with that intrepid confidence which insures success.

The assailants, discouraged by the pertinacious resistance opposed to them by the soldiers of the constitution, came less frequently to attack the advance posts, and an apparent calm had succeeded to the struggles of the combatants, when an attack directed against Livia obliged Rodrigue to concentrate his scanty and scattered forces to repel it.

The French garrison of Mont-Louis had taken arms, but remained a tranquil spectator of the fierce combat taking place beneath the walls of Livia. Complete defeat of the enemy's party crowned the efforts of the constitutionals, who were greatly their inferiors in numbers; but the songs of victory were changed to cries of grief by the soldiers of Rodrigue, who had just seen their chief fall evidently mortally wounded by a ball in the head.

The Lieutenant, Corradal immediately took command of the troops, whom he conducted in mournful silence to Puycerda, the soldiers bearing their chief with

them upon a litter made of branches of oak. Recalled to consciousness upon the field by the attentions showered upon him by the companions of his glory, Rodrigue called to his side his subaltern officers, Faremo and Wallez, and said to them that he felt much better, then charged them to go immediately to reassure the soldiers, and bid them to hope that he would soon be able to resume his place at their head.

His first care in coming to himself was for his country; knowing how his troops were attached to him, he apprehended that his absence would abate their ardor, and hastened to prevent the disastrous impression his situation must make upon his soldiers.

After the first dressing of his wound, he thought that he read an unfavorable decree in the eyes of his surgeon; the acute pains that he experienced confirmed his fears, and he submitted with the patience and courage of a hero to the operation of the trepan, which he endured with features almost unchanged. The next day he found himself still more feeble and suffering, and fearing that he had but a few more days to live, he dictated a letter to his wife, and sent it to her by a courier extraordinary. Milvia received the sad message at the same time that the details of his first military achievement, which her husband had sent by the ordinary method of correspondence, arrived. Instead of abandoning herself to the despair that would have seized upon a mind less strong than hers, she immediately left her house to the care of a faithful servant, confided her two children to the care of an aunt who resided in Madrid, and traveling day and night on horseback, without taking the slightest repose, although in the most rigorous season, she arrived at Puyceda almost as soon as one would have thought she had received the dispatch. Her eagerness to see her husband

made her neglect the precaution of announcing her arrival to him; her sudden appearance caused a relapse from which they despaired of his recovering. After four hours of mortal anguish, in which she saw him struggling in the most terrible agony, he recognized Milvia, whose caresses had recalled his frozen senses, and his recovery from the shock which had so nearly cost him his life, melted those who surrounded him into tears of hope that he might be saved.

The presence of his beloved wife, who never quitted his bedside for a moment, contributed much to make his illness take a less serious character; but a painful convalescence consequent upon his great loss of blood suppressed, however, for a long time his impatient ardor. Yielding to the solicitations of a friend of his youth and companion in his studies, he went with his wife to recover his exhausted strength at Lerida, where he awaited the opening of the campaign preparing in France.

An admirer of the high deeds of all great captains, his warrior spirit enjoyed with enthusiasm the famous souvenirs that recalled to him the fields of Lerida; the triumphs of Scipio and of Cæsar transported his imagination to the times of those immortal heroes, and the recent victory of the Marshal Suchet appeared to him so much the more brilliant, that the General was honored with the esteem and affection of the people whom he came to conquer.

His sojourn upon the shore of this same Segre, that six weeks before he had seen springing from its sources in the midst of his outposts, seemed to put him in more direct communication with his brethren in arms, and each day he was tempted to cross the magnificent plains of the central region of the province, to go and defend the soil of his country at the foot of the Pyrenees Aquiténiques.

Suddenly the news spread of the pas-

sage of Bidassoa by the French army. The cry of the country arrested the convalescence of Rodrigue, who set off immediately for Vich, where Mina had just established his head-quarters. Milvia, foreseeing that her husband still needed attentions, obtained, not without difficulty, permission to accompany him to the frontiers and remain with him until signs of an approaching combat should warn her to depart.

Rodrigue found his general surrounded by the chief politicians of Girone, Barcelona, Tarragone and Lerida, who had come to receive their final orders before the commencement of hostilities.

When Mina saw him enter, he ran to embrace him, and presenting him to his chiefs said: "Here is one of my most valiant officers; he will often come to visit your residences, by ways unknown either to yourselves or to me." Afterwards, turning toward the brave Milans, the veteran of military glory in Spain, he added: "General, you will proceed to intercept communications to Junquera. Rodrigue will command your advance-guard; he is a soldier worthy to be your leader."

Rodrigue, impatient to respond to the honorable confidence of his general, proceeded to establish his posts under the walls of Junquera, and addressing the inhabitants of the place, succeeded in communicating the fire of his enthusiasm to their souls, and led all the men capable of bearing arms to entrenchments of the bridge of Molins.

Milans had just established his artillery upon the Black Mountain, and had occupied the defile by a corps of Miquellets, formed, for the most part, of the inhabitants of Puycerda; where a French regiment had just entered, and all the communes of the frontiers were threatened to be overrun by the enemy.

Rodrigue, naturally active and ingenious, was a successor so much the more

invaluable to General Milans, as being the only officer thoroughly conversant with the country about to become the theatre of their operations. Seeing the moment of conflict approaching, he con-
jured Milvia to retire while time still remained to do so. Everything was prepared for her journey, when she received a letter from Madrid, informing her that her aunt had retired, taking the two children with her, to Alicante; as she was unwilling to remain in the capital which the enemy might at any day penetrate. The only motive for her journey, that of protecting her children, removed by their departure for a fortified city, she declared to Rodrigue her determination not to leave him.

(Continued in the next number)

GONE TO SLEEP!

Gone to sleep! mortals worn and weary
With the toilsome labors of the day.
Gone to sleep! in the hovel dreary,
And the chambers of the great and gay.
Gone to sleep! the strong and joyous
hearted,
The babe reposing on its mother's breast;
All have now to the dream-land departed,
Gone to slumber in the arms of Rest.

Gone to sleep! birds, by the silent fountain,
Insects, fluttering in the breeze at morn;
Beasts, that graze upon the grassy moun-
tain,
Sleeping now beneath some aged thorn.
Gone to sleep! the sailor on the billows,
Dreaming of his childhood's home again;
The sufferer, tossing on his restless pillow,
Oh! how sweet to him, that rest from
pain!

Gone to sleep! the sleep that knows no
waking,
They who've passed to the eternal shore;
But for them a glorious morn is breaking,
Gone the night,—the shadows come no
more!
Gone to sleep! each in his narrow dwelling,
But for them a better rest shall come,
Where the anthems of the blest are swell-
ing,
Where the weary find a welcome home.

G. T. S.

LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT.

AN OWRE TRUE TALE OF BLOCKTON.

BY JAMES P. CARLTON.

IN a luxuriously furnished apartment of one of the coziest looking dwellings in the City of Windmills, two gentlemen were lazily lounging on settees. The elder of the two might have numbered thirty-two summers. Doctor Spokem was a native of Georgia, over six feet in height, and stout in proportion, and although his head was cast in the Websterian mould—in fact he was the possessor of a cranium that would have thrown a disciple of Spurzheim into ecstasies—still the most ordinary observer of human nature could easily have detected, after a few moments' conversation, that our Esculapius was but a mere surface thinker of other men's thoughts, for in reality his stock of knowledge could have been condensed into a very small compass. In addition to this he was a professed male flirt, toying and dallying with every giddy girl that crossed his path.

His companion, Melville Vernon, was also a southerner, a native of New Orleans, and although in reality some four or five years younger than Dr. Spokem, the stern lines of thought which furrowed his manly brow, indicated thirty-eight, rather than twenty-eight summers. Vernon was the youngest son of a sugar planter, who, dying when our hero was only six years old, left him under the charge of an over-indulgent mother, and he probably would have led the comfortable, though comparatively indolent life of a southern planter, had not his maternal uncle, old Doctor Randolph, of Washington city, interested that eccentric chief magistrate, John Tyler, in young Vernon's behalf, and probably one of the special acts of veto John was the appointing Melville Vernon to a vacancy

in the naval school. Here he graduated with high honors, and served as a reefer on board the old "Jack Adams" during the Mexican war. But the restless and impatient spirit of young Vernon could not content itself with the tardy promotion of the naval service. He accordingly in the winter of '48-'9 resigned his commission in the navy, and accepted a position as second mate of the clipper ship "Flying Dutchman," bound from New York to San Francisco. While in the latitude of Valparaiso, and when within only two days' sail from that port, the chief mate, Mr. Ross, died suddenly of disease of the heart, and Vernon was of course appointed to fill his place. Vernon made one more voyage in the "Dutchman," and so pleased even the owners with the seamanship and scientific knowledge of navigation that he displayed, while in command of the ship during the illness of Captain Barker, that on his arrival in San Francisco, early in '51, Messrs. Drosby and Cribblee gave him the command of their largest ship, the "Ocean Despot," which he had safely and gallantly commanded till the fall of '59, when an accident occurred which crippled him for life, and compelled him, although unwillingly, to become a landsman.

He had cleared from San Francisco with a large cargo of dead and live Chinamen for Canton, and on the seventh day out, while standing on the top-gallant cross-trees, his foot unfortunately slipped, and although the rigging broke his fall, which would otherwise have killed him, the injuries that he received produced a certain lameness, which totally incapacitated him for the active duties of a seaman. With the few thousand dollars that he had saved, he accordingly returned to California, and purchased a small ranch about ten miles from Stockton. At the latter place he usually resided, having chosen *faute*

mieux as his room-mate, the aforesaid Dr. Spokem.

Having lit their cigars, Spokem opened the discourse by saying, "Vernon, don't you intend going to the Bermucca ball on Tuesday next? Mr. Bungallon is going to take the last new arrival, Miss Dora Blackford, there. She's a lovely creature. I am sure you will fall in love with her. "It seems that you have done that dreadful deed already, Doc, by the way your tongue rattles; pray what will Miss Lampbell, the pretty Virginia brunette, think of that? besides, have you already forgotten your beautiful blonde, Miss Mockem? The Doctor winced under this latter retort, for it was currently reported in the good little gossiping city that Spokem had fallen in love with his Mockem's \$50,000, and that he would be willing to marry her *malgre se cinquante huit ans*. Be that as it may, the poor Doctor immediely to use a California expression, "dried up," and pretending to have a few professional calls to make, strutted up Center street. Vernon, having carefully performed ed his toilet, wended his way to Lincoln square, in order to engage a partner for the approaching ball. Miss Margaret Silly was at home, and but too happy to get such a partner as Melville Vernon.

In every small community a ball is an eventful affair; but the Bermucca ball would certainly eclipse anything that had ever taken place in Blockton. There were to be present delegations from the S. F. Muttonheads, the Marysville Beefsteak Club, and last, though not least, the whole of the "Last Chance" F. D.

The ball was given in a huge shed, which by courtesy was styled a pavilion, and in due course of time Melville Vernon with Miss Maggie Silly, and Doctor Spokem with Miss Lampbell, became *vis à vis* in a quadrille. After the dance, Vernon led his partner to a seat, and started off on a cruise, as he styled it.

After nodding and bowing to about a score of pretty maidens, with whom he was more or less acquainted, he suddenly paused to contemplate a lady who was evidently a stranger. He immediately, from seeing her engaged in close conversation with Mr. Bungallon, conceived her to be no other than the *beaute du bois dormante* mentioned by Spokem, and notwithstanding the most assiduous efforts on his part, was unable to procure an introduction.

About a week after the ball, Vernon took it into his head to call on a married lady acquaintance of his, who resided about three-quarters of a mile out of town. The sun shone beautifully overhead, it seemed to be nature's own holiday, and taking a short cut across the fields, our hero soon reached the picturesque cottage of Mrs. Radd. "My dear Mr. Vernon, I am delighted to see you; you are such a confirmed old bachelor, that I actually believe you never will get married. Oh! by-the-bye there is a young lady stopping with me now. I really must introduce you to one another. I know you will like her. Dora, my love, come into the parlor," and in a few moments the aforesaid Dora made her appearance, and took a seat on the sofa, opposite Mr. Vernon.

Vernon gazed long and ardently on the countenance of the beautiful maiden who sat opposite him. In stature she was rather below the medium standard of women, but her form was beautifully and exquisitely moulded. She wore a low-necked dress, which exposed a throat and shoulders of dazzling whiteness, and to crown all, she had a bewitching little head, profusely adorned with long black curls.

Vernon had never seen such an enchanting creature, and he could have continued gazing on her divine features for hours, but that politeness compelled him to break the ice of the conversation

by that stereotyped phrase, "Fine morning, Miss." "Lovely morning," was her rejoinder. "I'll soon discover if she is not as spirituelle as she undoubtedly is beautiful and virtuous. The casket cannot be prettier than the jewel within." Seeing a copy of Tom Moore lying on the table near which Miss Dora was sitting, he drew his chair near to hers, and instinctively they pored over the volume together—at times her sweet breath fanned him, and her rebellious curls would occasionally touch his cheek, and thus hours floated away, and the shades of darkness had set in before Vernon left the house. For some time he remained in a deep reverie. At last his thoughts assumed the shape of words, and by the time he had reached the Court House, he solemnly determined to woo and win her.

Blockton is celebrated for its windmills, sloughs, and gossiping; and two weeks had scarce elapsed from the date of our hero's first interview with Dora, before everybody in Blockton was retailing the news with some important addenda. Billy Reilly had told it confidentially to Miss Crush, who in her turn had made a confidant of Mrs. Hittenden, who of course made no secret of the matter, and she in her turn must tell Mr. Bardenall, who told everybody that he knew from Norman Slough to Gunter street.

"Time and tide wait for no man," said the Rotherhithe boatman, and therefore No. 7's ball came off punctually on the 25th of October at the Weaver House, kept by that prince of caterers, Mr. Boreham.

It would require the talented and prolific pen of Mrs. Blotts to describe the belles of that eventful night, and faithful chronicler that I am, I certainly must shrink from the task. Vernon had engaged Miss Dora as his partner, very much to the mortification of Mr. Bungallon, who was compelled to put up with

Miss Knucker, a pert young Bostonian, who imagined John Brown, Sen., to be the apotheosis of liberty, and who had no other idea of southern life and manners than what was portrayed in that very *truthful* romance yept "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

During the opening promenade, Vernon and Dora were jealously watched by a very beautiful lady of elephantine proportions, who rejoiced in the cognomen of Silkins. Report said that Mrs. Silkins wanted Vernon to marry her sister, Miss Annette, who wrote poetry, and was continually embroidering diminutive Cupids and Psyches on her tambour frame. But Vernon detested "blues" of every description, and always voted Miss Annette a bore, when he was compelled to be in her company. Mrs. Silkins determined to be revenged on Vernon, and watching her opportunity, she suddenly left the ball room, accompanied by her shadow and tool, Mr. Wiley. They walked in the direction of Weaver Avenue, where they met the object of their search, one Joseph Bawdsley, one of those tolerated ruffians, whom the indulgence of society permits to vegetate upon this planet of ours, for the sole purpose of doing what is technically and truly called "dirty work."

There was no crime too heinous, nor deed too desperate, that Bawdsley would not have undertaken, provided, to use his own phraseology, "the spondulics were forthcoming and sartin sure."

For full fifteen minutes Mrs. Silkins and Bawdsley were engaged in deep and earnest conversation, at the expiration of which period, she beckoned to Wiley, who had dropped behind to a respectful distance, to approach, and, convulsively seizing him by the arm, they quickly and silently wended their way back to the ball room.

On entering, she perceived Bungallon and his toady Blockhead conversing

apart in one of the corners of the room near the orchestra. She immediately approached them, and after whispering a few words into Bungallon's ear, retired to a seat to meditate upon her *good* deeds.

About a half an hour after these occurrences, a man entered the ball room in breathless haste, and inquired if Mr. Vernon was there. Upon confronting him and asking him a few questions, Vernon was informed that his presence was required in a distant part of the town, to wait upon a dying man who had something important to reveal to him.

Nothing doubting, Vernon immediately seizing his hat and gloves, followed his unknown guide to what he supposed was a dying man's residence.

When within a few rods of the Catholic Church, his guide suddenly left him, and in his place three villainous looking Mexican cut-throats confronted him.

Divining their purpose, he immediately drew a six-shooter which he fortunately carried in a side pocket, and shot down two of the assassins; not, however, before receiving several severe stabs from the third desperado, whom he also wounded. The ever faithful guardians of our sovereign lord, the people, hearing the pistol shots, rushed frantically to the spot, and conveyed the four wounded men to the station house. Vernon's wounds were dangerous, and for a long period he lay in Mrs. Radd's house, his life trembling in the balance. At times he seemed to be conscious of a fairy form with long black curls that flitted in and out of his room. In a month's time he had so far recovered to be able to sit up in the drawing room, and here for the first time he met Mrs. Radd. "My dear madam, how can I ever repay you for your kindness in preserving my life, but, really, madam, I must not stay any longer in your house. Please order a carriage and have me conveyed to my apartment."

"Not until Dr. Breed gives me orders

to that effect. Remember," said she in a playful manner, "that you are at present my guest, but do not force me to be your jailor. The doctor says that you must not stir from the house for a month at least, lest your wounds should break out afresh; and don't thank me too much for my kindness, for your life would not have been worth an hour's purchase were it not for the untiring watchfulness of one who—but hush! here she comes."

Beautiful as a rose in the balmy May, the lovely young girl glided into the room.

"How glad I am to see you beginning to look yourself once more. At one time we all thought, when that dreadful fever attacked you, that you would never get over it; but, God be praised, the danger is past; but, Sir Knight, remember you are only a prisoner on parole, and must not leave this castle until ordered to do so." Mrs. Radd then left the room, and Vernon, seizing one of her diminutive hands within his own, entreated her to tell him what had transpired since the night of the ball, "for really," said he, fixing upon her the ardent gaze of his eagle eye, "if it were not for the occasional pains that I suffer from my wounds, it appears to me that for the last few weeks I have been leading an enchanted life."

"Well, then, if you think you are able to endure the recital, I will tell you all that I know about the subject. It seems, from some reason or other, that our neighbor, Mrs. Silkins, did not approve of the attentions you were paying me, and that she, in conjunction with Mr. Bungallon, concocted a conspiracy against you, which seems to have had a different denouement to what they contemplated. It appears that on the night of the ball, Mrs. Silkins slipped out unobserved, and hired the ruffian Bawdsley to entice you to an unoccupied house in the Mexican quarter of the town, and keep you safely under lock and key until morning. That hav-

ing thus secured you, Mr. Bungallon was, by false representations, to injure you in my estimation, and renew his own suit. But, providentially, Bawdsley's heart failed him, and I must do the conspirators the justice to state, that the attack upon you by the three Mexican desperadoes, was certainly 'not upon the bill.' Their mortification and vexation at the failure of their enterprise has so preyed upon their peace of mind, and anticipating the vengeance of the law, they have fled to parts unknown. As for the would-be murderers, they will be tried as soon as you are able to testify against them, for they have entirely recovered from their wounds. And now, my dear sir, I must leave you, for you certainly need repose," and suiting the action to the word, the sylph-like and angelic girl left the room.

Two months after this conversation, Mr. Vernon had so far recovered from his wounds that he was pronounced well by the Doctor, and there being no further excuse for delay, especially as the Court of Sessions was holding at the time, the trial of the Mexicans came off. We do not intend to recapitulate the masterly opening speech of the District Attorney, Blenkins, nor the withering and scathing rejoinders of the defendants' counsel, Col. Dooker, and last though not least, the erudite charge of the learned Judge Rafer. Suffice it to say, that the prisoners were convicted, and in due course of time sent to vegetate for ten years at San Quentin.

Two weeks after the trial, Vernon and Dora were seated side by side in the parlor of Mrs. Radd's house. His arm was round her waist and her head was leaning on his manly shoulder. "And you will be mine, my darling," said Vernon. A scarcely audible "yes," was the only reply, and their eyes for a moment met. I said only for a moment, for during the next he fondly pressed her to his bosom,

and imprinted a burning kiss on her ruby lips. * * * *

"And so Melville Vernon and Dora Blackford are really to be married to-night, in Mr. Sanderson's church; why, who'd have thought it?" said Miss Crush to Miss Maggie Darnes. "A little pug-nose wretch, who fancies herself pretty, because she has black curls," said Maggie.

And despite all the concentrated opposition that could be brought to bear, Melville Vernon and Dora were married, and what is far better, they lived happily together, and whilst I am writing this true record of an episode in their lifetime, their oldest cherub is looking over my shoulder, wondering what I am about.

It would probably be well to state that Miss Crush has at length married the celebrated artist, Mr. Block; Miss Lamp-hire has married a merchant in Last Chance; and Bungallon, like his illustrious predecessor, George Gordon, has become a noted Hebrew Rabbi.

IN MEMORIAM.

BY J. C. DUNCAN.

The sunlight rests upon the mound,
And flowers weave a chaplet there;
Tread lightly, it is holy ground,
She died so young and fair.

The happy past is with me now,
And trooping thoughts come at my call;
The orange wreath is on her brow—
The lily on her pall!

I dimly gaze upon the turf,
And sadly bid my heart be brave,
But echoing to the moaning surf,
It beats above her grave.

Ah! gentle was that ebbing life,
Which, flowing through a fragile frame
Went out, without a trace of strife,
To Him from whom it came.

THE BELLE'S STRATAGEM.

FROM THE FRENCH.

BY D.

Madame R—— was Spanish; an orphan brought up in a family at Toulouse among fine young girls, upon whom the opulence of an old counsellor of State lavished masters of every sort.

One had a passion for dancing, another for singing, another for painting, and the fourth performing upon the piano. In short, each of these young persons, while rendering herself very strong in the speciality she had chosen among the agreeable arts, completely neglected the others that did not correspond to her decided taste. M'lle Ines, our heroine, endowed, as one might say, with encyclopediacal aptitudes, pursued each of these arts to the extreme limit of information the professors of Toulouse were able to afford her, and when they, in vulgar parlance, found themselves at the end of their role, she perfected herself alone by the aid of a vivid intelligence, added to the gifts of a fairy. So when she came to Paris, she danced like a Muse, sang like a linnet, drew as by a charm, and played the piano like a Hercules! A more precise opinion of her talents might surely be given by comparisons less vague than these, but it will nevertheless be understood that M'lle Ines cultivated her talents as far as it was possible for a woman of talents to do, and this is sufficient for the remainder of my recital, after adding that, from a sort of pride, she concealed all her attainments, judging herself pretty enough and sufficiently rich to be *recherche*, all agreeable arts put aside. So these were kept in reserve, as a reinforcement to the *corps d'armee*, in case some grand victory demanded a skillful return to the attack.

Once at Paris, it was not long before

occasion offered more or less need of recourse to all or part of the arsenal. A young member of the Council of State, worldly as possible, ardent at all first representations, gliding behind the scenes of all the theatres, where he sometimes knelt at feet not at all disposed to fly from him, encountered her several times at the balls of the high bourgeoisie. Our rover was deeply smitten with the marked and singularly beautiful Spanish face of our heroine. Perhaps it was because he was somewhat weary of all the Aspasia's whom he saw each evening, that he became enamored of this warm brown carnation nature, of this proud and agile form, and of all the foreign piquancy which formed the envelope of an amiable spirit; and as he was a fine-looking person, holding a good position in society, where freaks like his are many times ignored, it was not long before this enmity had offered himself, and their marriage had been agreed upon. Ines was, upon the whole, rather the more disposed to accept the hand of Mr. Adolph N——, because, as she said to herself: "I have pleased him by what he has seen, by what he knows of me—has my language then sufficed? Very well, I will keep the rest for evil days, for the reaction, if it should ever occur. It will be then as if a new possessor should present herself to lead him back and to keep him!"

They were married. Their honeymoon remained at its full for nearly eighteen months.

"What, two years without touching a piano or pencils, two years without singing!" said Ines to herself one evening, when her husband was compelled to go to an official ball, at which her presence was dispensed with. And as she wished to keep her talents in exercise, she went every day to the house of a friend, where she practiced upon an Erard, and sang at full voice. This lasted six months.

Now comes [a series of new events. It

was the winter of last year. In consequence of certain domestic acts, Ines was constrained to admit that Adolphe was no longer fascinated by her. He had allowed several first representations pass without moving heaven and earth to secure her favorite box for her, declaring that, for the excessive demand, he was unable to secure for himself anything but a simple stall—for *him*, the traitor! He arranged things in such a fashion that his wife did not receive until the next day after the date fixed, and he allowed her to go alone or with a friend to the sales of elegant objects and expositions of art, those worldly appeals to which husbands of a year, true to their allegiance, never fail to respond. In brief, Adolphe began to declare that he had business, his agent, his notary, and all those pretexes that Balzac so amusingly resumes in the famous *Affaire Char-montel*. The truth is, Mme. Ines was not credulous—she observed and said nothing. She was not long in discovering that Adolphe frequented the green-room of the theatre of the Varieties, at the time of the last review, when it so abounded in young and brilliant actresses, and that finally he was endeavoring to form an intimacy with M. Alphonse Boyer, in the hope of introducing himself behind the scenes of the Grand Opera. But, unfortunately, she discovered divers other facts, not within the limits of simple tendencies.

Thus in a single day she ascertained how he had spent an entire week in playing the truant. On Monday Adolphe had supped with the Spanish *danseuses*, who were about making their debut at the Gaité. Tuesday he spent two hours at the faubourg Saint-Antoine, selecting furniture—which did not go to the house of his wife. On Wednesday, the suspected Adolphe had mounted a horse, and, unattended by a domestic, was seen towards the hour for dinner, approaching

a chalet in the Bois de Boulogne. Some one swore to the presence of a blue crape hat suspended from a lilac branch, in a house in one of the most retired thickets. On Thursday monsieur had gone to the Bouffes Parisiennes, and gained admittance behind the scenes, upon pretext of wishing to speak with the Maestro Offenbach, whom he knew to be at dinner at the house of Grossetete, with his friend Hector Cremieux, doubtless combining a pendant to the famous *Orphee aux Enfers*. On Friday, the traitor, under pretext of a provincial trip, went to Versailles to a dinner at the Hotel des Reservoirs, where he found a company of six gentlemen and seven ladies awaiting without prejudice the guest who should save them from being thirteen. Finally, on Saturday the gentleman returned at two o'clock in the morning, professing that he had been detained at a meeting of stockholders. And on Sunday she found upon his chimney piece a letter which in his bewilderment he had forgotten there, which proved that he gave sittings to a young German *artiste*, recently arrived from Dusseldorf, who painted no portraits except those of men, because, as she said, their colors were more vigorous. But how did madame, aside from the disclosures of the letter, know all the acts and movements of monsieur for an entire week? He who makes this naïve interrogation reveals the fact that he is absolutely ignorant that there exists at Paris in the Rue de Bac an intelligence office, where for the consideration of twenty francs a day the jealous can obtain information. But to return to Ines.

The poor woman loved her husband, and what she saw, learned and imagined, gave her frightful pain.

"Come," said she to herself, "here is the hour already in which to display all that I am, and all that I know." And she began in a most melancholy manner to prepare her little *mise en scene*.

It was an evening that two societies about to be dispersed by the new season, gave a farewell soiree together, a mingled entertainment, a little dancing, passable music, and plenty of tea. Adolphe went so much the more voluntarily, as he had made a pretext of an interview with his notary at nine o'clock, for on this evening he must take leave of a brilliant Polish actress who was about quitting Paris for the summer—but who promised to return! Adolphe wished to know to what thermal waters the lady was going to recruit her health, gather freshness; and neglected his notary for that! However, Ines went alone, and her husband did not rejoin her at the house of Madame de V—— until near ten o'clock. As he entered the saloon, a young Russian had just invited Madame to waltz; she accepted, to the great astonishment of her husband, who had always seen her refuse with a sort of disdain this pleasure of the salon so execrated by husbands. Here she was, waltzing like a whirlwind; but with what lightness, what grace?

"What—Ines waltz—and waltz like this!" said he to himself, scarcely believing his eyes.

Did she waltz? She danced four waltzers, solid products of all the Russias, out of breath, and when the orchestra was wearied out, she seemed in good condition to have waltzed all the way to Poland.

The tea circulated. Afterward he seated himself at a whist table in a neighboring salon. In less than half an hour he had won sixty-four francs, when a masterly and furious prelude resounded from the piano.

"Diable! diable!" said his partner, "are we going to be disturbed by this racket?"

Presently, to the great surprise of Adolphe, arose a little air of Breton, simple and very artless, that Adolphe was in the habit of singing sometimes in the morn-

ing, while wandering from room to room, and of which Meyerbeer had said one day something might be made. He lost voluntarily, in order to disengage himself the more quickly, and resigning his place to a bald-headed gentleman, who was examining an album of photographs, he hastened to enter the salon to see who it might be who knew this little air arranged by Quimperle, and which he did not believe was yet public property. The air served already as the theme of the most unexpected and bewildering variations, that did not leave a key of the instrument in repose in the rapidity of her ardent and impassioned improvisation. And who did Adolphe see seated at the piano amidst this delirium of notes? Ines!

Stunned, stifled, stupefied, he fell into a *fauteuil*, and listened with his head in his hands, and perhaps with his heart in his head. It was a talent of the first order that had been revealed by the danseuse of an hour before. The morceau finished, no sooner was it ended than applause burst from every side.

When this sensation was appeased, the ices circulated; afterward, Adolphe, too much troubled to go and speak to his wife, saw that she was surrounded by a very animated group. She seemed to consent to something that some one demanded. It was to perform a Spanish dance, the *Manola*, for which a circle was eagerly prepared, in which Ines was soon dancing in a most bewitching manner—in a style to ravish all hearts.

An hour after the manola, Adolphe, who had not yet dared to approach his wife, and who, though feeling somewhat mystified by her, nevertheless awaited her very tenderly in an obscure corner, scarcely able to refrain from shedding tears as he contemplated his wife so long misunderstood, or, rather, unknown. They returned home, and Adolphe fell at the feet of Ines, whom, in his injustice

and ingratitude, he had neglected; whilst he pursued all sorts of demi-talents, and demi-beauties, that were united in his wife in such charming perfection.

BEE-RAISING IN CALIFORNIA.

BY J. S. HARBISON.

[Concluded from page 392.]

“THE *working bee-nymph* spins its cocoon in 36 hours. After passing about three days in this state of preparation for a new existence, it gradually undergoes so great a change as not to wear a vestige of its previous form, but becomes armed with a firmer mail and with scales of a dark brown hue fringed with light hairs. On its belly six rings become distinguishable, which, by slipping one over another, enable the bee to shorten its body whenever it has occasion to do so; its breast becomes entirely covered with gray feather-like hairs, which, as the insect advances in age, assume a reddish hue.

“When it has reached the twenty-first day of its existence, counting from the moment the egg is laid, it quits the exuvæ of the pupa state, comes forth a perfect winged insect, and is termed an *imago*. The cocoon or pellicle is left behind, and forms a closely attached and exact lining to the cell in which it was spun; by this means the breeding cells become smaller and their partitions stronger the oftener they change their tenants; and when they have become so much diminished in size by this succession of pellicles or linings as not to admit of the perfect development of full sized bees, they are converted into receptacles for honey.

“Such are the respective stages of the working bee; those of the royal bee are as follows. She passes three days in the egg and is five a worm; the workers then close her cell, and she immediately begins spinning the cocoon, which occu-

pies her twenty four hours. On the tenth and eleventh days, as if exhausted by her labor, she remains in complete repose, and even sixteen hours of the twelfth. Then she passes four days and one third as a nymph. It is on the sixteenth day, therefore, that the perfect state of queen is attained.

“The male passes three days in the egg, six and a half as a worm, and metamorphoses into a fly on the twenty-fourth or twenty-fifth day after the egg is laid. The great epoch of laying the eggs of males may be accelerated or retarded by the state of the atmosphere, promoting or impeding the collection of the bees. The *development of each* species likewise proceeds more slowly when the colonies are weak and the air cool, and when the weather is very cold it is entirely suspended. Mr. Hunter has observed that the eggs, maggots and nymphs all require a heat above 70° of Fahrenheit for their evolution. The influence of temperature in the development of embryo insects is very strongly illustrated in the case of the *Papilio Machaon*. According to Messrs. Kirby and Spence, ‘if the caterpillar of the *Papilio Machaon* becomes a pupa in July, the butterfly will appear in thirteen days; if it do not become a pupa until September, the butterfly will not make its appearance until the following June.’ And this is the case, say they, with a vast number of other insects. Reaumur proved the influence of temperature by effecting the regular change in a hothouse during the month of January. He also proved it conversely by having recourse to an ice-house in summer which enabled him to retard the development for a whole year.

“The larvæ of bees, though without feet, are not always without motion. They advance from their first station at the bottom of the cell in a spiral direction; this movement for the first three days is so slow as to be scarcely percept-

ible, but after that it is more easily discerned. The animal now makes two entire revolutions in about an hour and three-quarters, and when the period of its metamorphosis arrives, it is scarcely more than two lines from the mouth of the cell. Its attitude, which is always the same, is a strong curve. This occasions the inhabitant of a horizontal cell to be always perpendicular to the horizon, and that of a vertical one to be parallel with it."

"It may appear somewhat extraordinary, that a creature which takes its food so voraciously prior to its assuming the pupa state should live so long without food after that assumption; but a little consideration will perhaps abate our wonder; for when the insect has attained the state of pupa, it has arrived at its full growth, and probably the nutriment taken so greedily is to serve as a store for developing the perfect insect.

"The bee when in its pupa state has been denominated, but improperly, chrysalis and aurelia; for these, as the words import, are of a golden yellow color, and they are crustaceous, whilst the bee nymphs are of a pale dull color, and readily yield to the touch. The golden splendor to which the above names owe their origin is peculiar to a certain species only of the papillo or butterfly tribe. The term pupa, which is employed by the higher class of entomologists, after the example of Linnæus, signifies that the insect is enveloped in swaddling clothes like an infant; a very apt comparison. Kirby and Spence have remarked that it exhibits no unapt representation of an Egyptian mummy. When in this state, it presents no appearance of external members, and retains no very marked indications of life; but within this outward case its organs are gradually and fully developed, its integuments hardened and consolidated, and as soon as it is qualified it bursts its fetters, and

is introduced to a new career of existence; from having been a mere worm, it becomes a sportive inhabitant of the air and enters upon new scenes and new enjoyments."

The young bees break their envelopes from the inside; they immediately come forth and commence cleansing themselves. They seldom leave the hive till four or five days old, and probably commence their labors soon after this event.

Playing is a peculiarity in the habits of the bee not generally understood, and as it sometimes causes perplexity to new beginners, I deem it worthy of notice.

On the first warm day that succeeds cold or gloomy weather, the bees hold a jubilee; not usually all at once, but a separate hive or a limited number at a time, usually in regular succession. This is for the purpose of purification and exercise. As soon as the day has become warm enough to excite them to go forth, large numbers will be seen to suddenly issue from the hive and mount on the wing with songs of rejoicing, circle round, play a short time, and then return. Others are sallying out and returning in like manner. Then may be heard the *bee-hive's happy hum*. The excitement occasioned by the departure and arrival of the bees is kept up for about thirty minutes, more or less, according to the number of bees composing the swarm, and the temperature of the atmosphere. This playing occurs at intervals during the whole season.

During the active breeding season, the young bees flying for the first time constitute the great body of players; the drones also go forth in considerable numbers. At this period it bears so close a resemblance to that of a swarm commencing to depart, that it requires a practiced eye to detect the difference. Hence, young apiarians not unfrequently mistake the amusement for the process of

swarming, and so prepare to hive them.

By observing closely, however, numbers will be seen returning, as well as departing, which is not the case in swarming. This playing indicates a healthy and prosperous condition, and frequently precedes the issuance of a swarm.

Our author sets forth a really humanish catalogue of diseases to which his industrious little subjects are liable; dysentery, chills, and the like, closing the list with an incurable epidemic termed *foul brood*, relative to which he says:

"No cure has as yet been discovered for this disease, although it has existed for so long a period; neither is it likely that there will be, other than by a constant watching for and destruction of every vestige of every hive, together with all their contents, whenever found to contain the disease. This plan has been found to be the only safe one, as every delay and every effort made to cure it by driving the bees, is liable to result in communicating it to healthy stocks."

THE LAW OF KINDNESS.

"The sandal tree imparts its fragrance even to the axe that hews it."—*Hindoo Proverb*.

Who, that has read Sterne's *Tristram Shandy*, has not felt a fresh glow of pleasure at his heart, when he came to the story of *Uncle Toby and the Fly*.

"Go," says he one day at dinner, to an overgrown one which had buzzed about his nose, and tormented him cruelly all dinner time, and which, after infinite attempts, he had caught at last, as it flew by him. "I'll not hurt thee," says my uncle Toby, rising from his chair, and going across the room, with the fly in his hand, "I'll not hurt a hair of thy head. Go," says he, lifting up the sash and opening his hand as he spoke, to let it escape; "go, poor devil;

get thee gone; why should I hurt thee? This world, surely, is big enough to hold both thee and me."

"I was but ten years old," says *Tristram*, "when this happened; but I never forgot it, and the beautiful lesson it inculcated has been always before me, and I think, under God, I owe half my philanthropy through life to this little incident." So great is the good that may arise from one little lesson of pure, heart-felt kindness.

"Treat men kindly," says a writer in the *Badger State*, "and they will do your bidding cheerfully; but, thunder away at them, and they will do it by halves, or not at all." The very best way to make men vicious is to treat them as if you thought them so.

"John, what makes you such a scoundrel?" said an angry father to his son, who, notwithstanding his reproofs, had continued to plunge deeper and deeper into the whirlpool of dissipation.

"Because you have always treated me like one," said the young hopeful. "You have always told me that I was a rascal, and I do not mean to disappoint you."

Kindness will conquer a brute. *Joe* traded horses one day, and the horse he traded for wouldn't go before his dray. He commenced beating and pounding her, but she only set her feet the firmer in the earth, and champed her bit in derision and rage.

Said *Joe*, "If ever there was a devil, he has entered into this mare!"

Presently her former owner stepped up and said, "let me try her." He patted her and spoke kindly to her, and off she sprang with the dray, load and all, as much as to say, "I understand that. You treat me right; but as for that savage yonder, I would sooner be skinned than budge an inch for him!"

The disciples of *Pythagoras* used to tell a beautiful story of their master, illustrative of the effects of this law of

kindness on the entire brute creation.

A wild boar had infested the neighborhood of Attica, committing great depredations, and defeating all the arts of the hunters to entrap him. At last Pythagoras went in search of him, found out his haunts, and expostulated with him so earnestly and with such a spirit of kindness on the unreasonableness of his conduct, that the boar hung down his head ashamed, and never afterwards committed any depredations.

Similar in character is the imaginary anecdote which the Ettrick shepherd invents concerning himself and his dog Hector. He and Hector lived together on such terms of intimacy, that every look and gesture was understood between them. At last, he says, they began to look so much alike that Hector was sometimes taken for him, and he in his turn for Hector. One day he sent Hector to church, as his representative; and the next day, when the minister called, he complimented the shepherd on account of his exceedingly grave and exemplary deportment at church, the day before. "Whereupon," says the shepherd, "Hector and I gave one another *such* a look!" He represents the dog as obliged to escape from the room, and scamper over a wall, where he could laugh without being disrespectful to the minister.

Mrs. Dennison, in one of her beautiful lessons on life, puts the following language into the lips of an old man, illustrating the effect of the law of kindness on the heart that practices it.

"Believe an old man when he says there is great pleasure in living for others. The heart of the selfish man is like a city full of crooked lanes. If a generous thought from some glorious temple strays in there, wo to it!—it is lost. But he who is constantly giving pleasure is constantly receiving it. The little river gives to the great ocean, and the more it gives the faster it runs. Stop its flowing

and the hot sun would dry it up, till it would be but filthy mud, sending forth bad odors and corrupting the fresh air of Heaven. Keep your heart constantly travelling on errands of mercy; it has feet that never tire, hands that cannot be overburdened, eyes that never sleep; freight its hands with blessings, direct its eyes—no matter how narrow your sphere—to the nearest object of suffering, and relieve it.

"I say, my dear young friend, take the word of an old man who has tried every known panacea, and found all to fail except this golden rule:—

"Forget self and keep the heart busy for others."

A Quaker, in Philadelphia, a few years since, was disturbed one night by a noise proceeding from an outhouse in his garden, beneath which was a cellar. He softly opened the door that led to it, and perceived a thief stationed outside the cellar window, and receiving pieces of pork from his comrade, who was lifting it from a barrel within. As the Quaker approached, the thief outside fled, and the Quaker took his place by the window.

"Shall we take it all?" whispered the thief within.

"Yes, all," replied the Quaker, changing his voice like that of the thief outside.

The thief within handed up all, and then came up himself; when, what was his astonishment, instead of his comrade, he stood in the presence of the plain, honest old Quaker, who instantly recognized him as one of his nearest neighbors.

"Nay, tremble not; I will not harm thee; thou hast wronged thyself more than me," said the Quaker. "I forgive thee and pity thee."

The man, silent and overawed, turned to go away, when the Quaker called after him, "nay, come back; half of the pork is thine. Hadst thou come and asked me

for it I would have given thee all, for I know thee to be very poor; as it is, take half—it is thine.”

Silent and ashamed, the thief was compelled to take half, although, as he afterwards said, “it was like taking coals of

fire on his back.” He went home, became an honest man, and labored several years afterward faithfully, in the employ of the same good Quaker from whom he had stolen the pork.

G. T. S.

Our Social Chair.



LL cities have their bull dogs. Not the faithful sentinel that bays at, and frightens people from behind the bars of butcher's stalls, whenever his master is absent; but the human prototypes of that justly degraded animal. Men who let themselves to be set on to do canine services when their master chooses to be absent. Bulldog is usually somebiped with the look and characteristics attached to the name; a thick necked, malicious, leering individual, whose attempts at good nature are more disagreeable than his characteristic brutality. A person who serves his betters by performing on his own responsibility, for hire, the meanness that they are ashamed to be known to do—worries their debtors—professes to purchase claims that the original holders would be restrained by motives of honor from prosecuting—commits impertinences at second-hand, and receives pay from those who instigate them to keep silent, when it is necessary to repudiate their annoyances, and to charge the offensive conduct to the “nature of the beast.” The Knickerbocker is publishing an interesting series of papers entitled, “Revelations of Wall Street,” in which one John Bulldog, at the instance of Goulding, threatens to wrong grievously a “Mr. Parkinson,” who is a merchant needlessly forced into insolvency by a few merciless, uncompromising creditors. A portrait of one of those who employ bulldogs is thus given: “When I stopped to reflect on Goulding's course,” says the hero in the story, “I confess I

was astounded. It really was not for his interest to sacrifice me. Evidently, however, he acted on the principle of making sure of every dollar. His doctrine was, ‘A bird in the hand,’ etc.; ‘Never risk what is certain for what is uncertain.’ He was confident of being able to compel payment or security for the four or five thousand dollars we owed him. If he gave up twenty-five cents on the dollar, beside granting time for the balance, he *might* lose even that balance. This was the narrow reasoning of a sordid, narrow-minded man. Yet this course had carried him successfully through many disastrous seasons, and made him rich. In every situation and by all classes Goulding was considered a safe man. Not content with standing high in financial circles, Goulding took stock in enterprises which he believed would entitle him to admission into the kingdom of heaven. He subscribed largely to charities. He was an elder in the church, and generally present at the Thursday evening prayer-meeting. For several years he had been the active superintendent of the Sunday-school. The clergyman sought his advice; and in any matter under discussion his counsel was apt to prevail. His family assumed a good deal of fashionable display. His carriage was an expensive one, his horse thorough-bred, his coachman in livery. He used to say how much his heart was foreign to such things, but the women were to be considered, and if it gave his wife pleasure, why, after all, it was harmless enough. This was the man

who could employ such a creature as Bulldog to harass and distress me.'

.....The following is welcome :

Dear Social Chair:—A recent perusal of Bryant's discourse on the "Life, Character and Genius of Irving," recalled to my memory a characteristic anecdote appropos of his love of wandering in the picturesque localities amid which his early years were spent, and where he stored his mind with the data from which he afterwards wove such an endless variety of amusing caricatures of our dear Dutch ancestry. The incident is of the childhood of Irving, and was related by my grandmother, who served, I dare say, as the original of one or another of his whimsical portraitures. My father brought home, one day, a lithograph likeness of Irving. Grandmother, after inspecting the features minutely, remarked: "It may look like him now, but there is one thing in which it is not correct. He had a cast in one of his eyes, and that is not represented here."

"Were you acquainted with Mr. Irving, grandmother?" I enquired.

"Yes," she replied. "Your father and he were schoolmates, and once in summer, when they were little boys, Washington Irving spent a vacation with us at our home in Johnstown. One morning your father, his little guest, and Pete, a negro boy of ours, (New Yorkers held slaves in those days,) stole away without leave, and were gone all day, rambling and fishing along a branch of the Mohawk, with a big bad boy whose company I had forbidden them to keep. They came home safe at night, but I was so angry at them for their disobedience and the anxiety they had given me, that I switched your father smartly. As for Master Irving, it was lucky for him that he had wit enough to keep out of my way, until my vexation was past, or I might have flavored his supper with essence of birch, too." E. B.

....The following from a well-known contributor tells its own story, and a good one it is :

Dear Social Chair:—I am not a Benedict with an extravagant wife, nor a house-

holder enslaved to the necessity of keeping up appearances to the status warranted by an income from which I have fallen; but, you and I and your readers know men enough of both their classes. Well, one evening not long ago, I had been reading of a law, once, for a short time, enforced in England, restricting people, whose incomes fell short of a certain yearly sum, to dressing in cloths of a prescribed cost and quality, upon penalty of confiscation of the offending garments. On that very day I had witnessed the vexation and annoyance of certain men whose paper had fallen due, and the perplexity of others who were forced to meet exorbitant rates of interest upon loans secured with heavy collateral, privately deposited at their "Uncle's." Meanwhile, the wives of some of these who were shinning it thus desperately, were airing most extravagant toilets along those streets where Israelitish merchants were seducing weak-minded women into making insane purchases of useless articles, sold cheap because it was steamer day. "Now," thought I to myself, "if our legislators should just provide a similar law for us, we would be able to tell who is who, with people's backs to us and many poor fellows would be released from the onerous burden of providing the means for themselves and their families to appear what they are not."

With this sage reflection I fell asleep, and in a dream, read, among the official reports of the Legislature, that of a law curtailing costumes to the tax-roll, and appointing modes and materials of dress for those whose names did not appear there. Ornaments, jewelry, feathers, silks, velvets, hoops and high-heeled gaiters, were prohibited except to those whose right to wear them was based upon solid considerations. All violations of the edict were to be punished by seizure and confiscation of the unlawful articles. The provisions of the statute were extremely whimsical. One, I recollect, was thus: "No woman may wear hoops except her husband be the possessor of landed estate

having a frontage equal to five times the diameter of her size.'

With a precipitation of events quite natural in a dream, the law took immediate effect.

It was a gala day, and the women, bent upon resistance, came out clad in their best. Their husbands, who, as a measure of domestic policy, had recommended defiance, were busy in instigating arrests—holding brief conferences with policemen around corners, just off the thoroughfares, ending by slipping coins into the hands of the officers, and taking themselves out of the way. Presently, there came a train of officers and their satellites laden with contraband dry-goods, and followed by the indignant matrons from whom they had been captured. The scene was eminently farcical, and a decent show of gravity on my part became impossible. I was conscious that, despite my efforts to the contrary, a broad grin of satisfaction had overspread my countenance. The atmosphere grew hot about me under the angry looks of the despoiled dames. One of them, aware of my obnoxious sentiments, and malicious satisfaction, was approaching. I felt myself actually scorching beneath the ireful glances she flashed upon me, and awoke to find that I had bobbed my head against the candle and singed my hair, as I deserved, I admit, for having laughed even in a dream at a lady's discomfiture. But, really, dear lady readers, there was something to dream about, for there are far too many of the most amiable of your sex who cannot summon resolution to make their expenditures conform to their means, thereby causing financial distresses to their husbands, that would make your tender hearts ache could you but be aware of a small proportion of theirs. X.

In a recent number of an English periodical we find an interesting account of the enactment referred to by our correspondent, from which we quote as follows;

"The victorious though unprofitable termination of the war with France stimulated the English nation to a pitch of exultation

and joy which our impoverished condition was little able to support. The reckless extravagance into which all classes rushed, especially the humbler, resulted in general dissatisfaction. The Commons took a decided step to remedy the error. They petitioned for a statute to restrict each class to a certain limit in dress, and, those who were most likely to exceed in respect of food, to an allowance; namely, the servant-class, which does not trouble itself about the price of food or clothing, for which it does not pay. A statute was accordingly passed, the provisions of which is an astonishing example of the wisdom of our ancestors.

"The lowest classes of all, which included agricultural labourers and villeins, having goods under the value of forty shillings, were not to dress in any but the coarsest cloth, called blanket and russet, sold at one shilling the ell; their girdles and linen to correspond in quality. Servants, whether of lords, traders, or artificers, were confined to meat or fish once a day; the rest of their food was to consist of milk, cheese, butter, and other victuals suitable to their estate. Their dress was to be of cloth not exceeding two marks the whole piece, and destitute of gold, silver, embroidery, or silk. Their wives and daughters were to be clad in a similar manner, and were especially forbidden to wear veils or kerchiefs exceeding one shilling each. The dress of traders, artificers, and yeomen was restricted to cloth under forty shillings the whole piece, without any ornament. Their ladies were forbidden silken veils, and all furs save the skins of lamb, rabbit, cat, and fox. Esquires and all gentlemen below the estate of knight-hood having lands to the value of one hundred pounds a year, and merchants, artificers, and traders, having goods worth five hundred pounds, were permitted to wear cloth at four marks and a half the whole piece, without any ornament. Their ladies were forbidden any kind of embroidery or lining, together with certain other curiously named decorations, the properties whereof are a mystery known only to the female mind. Esquires having lands to the value of two hundred pounds yearly, and merchants with goods worth one thousand pounds, might wear cloth sold at five marks the piece, and reasonably garnished with silk and silver. Their ladies were allowed lining of miniver fur, but not of ermine, or the rich grey fur we call letice, and no jewels except upon the head. Knights having lands worth two hundred marks might wear cloth of six marks the piece, but no furred, embroid-

ered or jeweled garments. Their ladies were under the same restrictions as those of the preceding class. All knights with lands over the value of four hundred marks and under one thousand pounds a year, and their ladies, were restricted in nothing, save the use of ermine, lettice, and jewels not being ornaments for the head. Clerks were to be dressed in the same manner as knights of one of the two classes above named, unless obliged to wear furs on ecclesiastical vestments. All sumptuary restraints were removed in the case of persons whose income exceeded one thousand pounds yearly.*

"To ensure obedience to these ordinances without any special machinery for enforcing it, a provision was annexed enjoining the manufacturers to make no cloths of any other prices than those hereinbefore limited. The penalty of disobedience was the forfeiture of the garment. After the statute, however, had been in operation less than a year, it was found to be so oppressive to the people, and so injurious to trade, that the Commons prayed for and obtained its repeal."

.... An esteemed and well known contributor sends us this very excellent article with the caption:

EVERY MAN'S TRIALS THE GREATEST.—An old minister of Connecticut used to tell the following story with great zest: "Old Mrs. ———, of my parish, was a great scold; and I seldom ever saw her but she was fretting and fuming about something that did not go right. One day, on entering her house, I found her in hot water, as usual. The pigs had got in the kitchen and tipped over the soap barrel, and there it lay, soap and all, streaming on the floor. But, as if this was not trouble enough, one of the boys in attempting to drive the pigs out, had slipped in the nasty mess, and fallen and cut a large gash on the side of his head, and with his bawling made all the house ring. "Such pigs, such children, and such luck were never before heard of!"

"But you must have patience, my good woman," I said soothingly. "Don't fret! Remember the patience of Job!"

"Job!" she cried in a fury, and doubling

up her fist and bringing it down with a blow, as if to clinch the argument, "Job! out upon him! he never had such a barrel of soap in his life!"

And so we most of us feel; our own trials are the heaviest and hardest to be borne. Job himself had no such trials as ours. This view of the case partly arises from our ignorance of what the trials of others are; since troubles must be personally felt before they can be fully realized. "It is an easy thing to bury other men's children," said the facetious Adams. So it is, until we come to bury our own, then we feel how great is the grief. "Every one," says the bard of Avon, "can master a grief but he who has it."

We are apt to think, that of all trials, the present ones are the hardest to be borne. "Take any shape but that," says Hamlet to the ghost, and so we say to affliction, "come in any other form, and we could bear it; but this is a little too much." Sir Walter Scott used to tell an amusing anecdote to this effect. An old Scotch house wife expressed her troubles to him in the following way:

"First, the bairn died, and then the gude man died, and then," with a fresh burst of grief—as if all her calamities were summed up in this—she sobbed out, "at last the coo died too, poor hizzey!" but, as if to comfort herself in this dire catastrophe, she said, "I sold the hide, and that brought me fifteen shillings."

Thus every man has his troubles, and to himself they are hardest to be borne.

"I was, one day," says a traveler, "riding among the Downs, when I came across a shepherd tending his flock, and as he sat by the roadside, in a quiet nook among the green hillocks eating his dinner, I approached him and said, "Well, my friend, you seem to be a happy man, with but few of this world's cares to trouble you, and enough of its gifts to satisfy you; your flocks feeding around you, you at least are what I should call a happy man."

"Why, yes," said he, lifting his hat and scratching his head, "I am pretty well sat-

* Multiplication by fifteen will afford a rough estimate of the foregoing amounts in modern values.

ished and happy, but there is one thing, master, that troubles me. You see that black ewe yonder? the largest sheep in the flock. Well, that black ewe won't give me a minute's peace. The moment I sit down to rest or eat my dinner, off she jumps, as if possessed with a thousand imps blacker than herself, the whole flock after her; and I am often out of breath with running to head them, and all for that black ewe. She is the plague of my life, and I should be quite contented were it not for that vicious beast."

"There she is—off again—look! as if the evil one was after her, and gave her legs, too!"

With that he started in full tilt, trying to overtake her, with the whole flock following her over the Downs.

Verily, thought I, every man has a black ewe in his flock!

UNCLE JOHN.

The Fashions.

APRIL.

But few patterns that are new, or have any pretense to this spring's fashions, have come to hand from New York. Paris has sent its scum of "spring" styles (from the dregs of winter); but this won't do. Californians are not so easily imposed upon; we will not say to you "now is the time to buy your spring bonnets," because some of our wholesale houses have just received a large lot of French bonnets "direct from Paris," for the spring trade. Consider for yourselves how long they have been on the way "per clipper."

This much is all we know or all that can be known until after the next steamer from New York. That the manufacturers of straw bonnets have gotten out their patterns, and agreed upon the large size flaring front. The fashionable milliners have gotten up their patterns for "opening day," and silks and fancy bonnets have mostly shirred fronts, and cap

crowns; the evening bonnets are very open in front, and bent down pointedly over the forehead, after the "Marie Stewart" pattern. Black silk dresses, with skirt cut goring, and trimmed down each gore and around the bottom with wide fluted ribbon. This is the prettiest way to trim a gored dress that ever has been thought of; perhaps a bias ruffle of the silk would look as well; gored skirts are only pretty when trimmed in all the seams, and this is the extent of our information for this time. But we advise you not to purchase spring goods for a fortnight at the least. Next time we will give full descriptions of what we know to be reliable.

Our Treasury.

.....If the facility of accommodating one's self to the reverses of life, and of extracting honey out of the bitter things of this world be not true philosophy, it is something almost as efficacious.

.....The constant interchange of those thousand little courtesies which imperceptibly sweeten life, have a happy effect upon the features, and spread a mellow evening charm over the wrinkles of old age.

.....In knowledge, every height gained but reveals a wider region to be traversed.

.....No man is so methodical as a complete idler, and none so scrupulous in measuring and portioning out his time as he whose time is worth nothing,

.....Extensive and accurate knowledge is the slow acquisition of a studious lifetime; so that a young man, however piquant in his wit, and prompt his talent, can have mastered but the rudiments of learning, and, in a manner, attained the implements of study.

.....Genius, unless it acts upon system, is very apt to be a useless quality to society; sometimes an injurious, and certainly a very uncomfortable one to its possessor.

.....Original thought is the ore of the mind; language is but the accidental stamp and coinage, by which it is put into circulation.

.....No subject is frivolous that has the power to awaken strong feelings.

.....If there be anything in this weary world worthy of Heaven, it is the pure bliss of a mutual affection.

.....The imagination is alternately a

cheat and a dupe; nay, more, it is the most subtle of cheats, for it cheats itself and becomes the dupe of its own delusions.

.....If a man has but ordinary capacity, and will set to work with heart and soul and stick to it, he can do almost anything.

.....It is cowards only who dare not wield the sword, that revenge themselves with the dagger.

Editor's Table.

THE cause of England's poor finds but semi-occasionally an advocate whose perception of the realities of their misery leads him to attempt to awaken for them their proper relative proportion of sympathy, as compared with the hundred and one Bhoo-ro-boola-gha bug-bears of Exeter Hall, the chief of which is the distresses of the negroes of the southern part of the United States. How those same sleek, well-fed and indolent darkies would shiver at the idea of such freedom to freeze; or, at any chance, that would transfer their selfish piccaninnies from the sunny scenes amid which they 'grow,' to the desolate homes delineated in the article quoted; and the premature toil to which mere infants are in that land of "merrie England," too often doomed. Pity, indeed, is most unfortunately apt to "travel south," instead of beginning with its charity at home. This English writer says:

"Alas! however, for the poor during these hard times! Would that any word of ours could carry such weight with our readers as should induce them to give a little more thought than usual to the sufferings of their countrymen and countrywomen; who are just now enduring very terrible privations. The pity should not be so much for those who are driven to take refuge in the unions and workhouses. For them, at least, there is food—such as it

is—and warmth, and shelter. The helping hand should be for such as are just struggling to keep clear of the House, and who are parting, day after day, with one little article of furniture and clothing after another, in the hope that the frost may break up, and the work, as they say, 'come back.' Day after day they struggle on, and nothing but the instant apprehension of death—not always that!—will induce them to retire from their bare walls, and dissolve the fellowship of suffering which stands to them in place of the happiness of a family. The one consideration which appears to keep them out of the workhouse, more than bolt or bar, is the stern rule which enjoins separation during their sojourn within the walls of the Union between husband and wife, parent and child. It is probable that, as their means of procuring daily food of the roughest kind decrease, and the vital powers are lowered, the suffering has so become a habit that they look upon the realities of their situation with duller apprehension. They are content to starve to-day, as they starved yesterday. To-day they are alive—why should they not be alive to-morrow? The problem is solved one way or another, and, on the first of May, most of them will be alive; but at what expense of human suffering—at what expenditure of vital power and energy which might have been profitably employed in taming the sea, and drawing nourishment from the earth, it would be hard to say. We are apt to think 'they are alive—all is well.' There are worse things than death. To live on with abated energy, and forces sadly unequal to the daily task; to bring into the world an offspring of stunted power and growth; in the day

to wish it were night, and at night to say, 'would to God it were morning!'—all this is worse than the long rest, and the realization of the eternal hope which is in man's nature. Is it not strange that there should be too many Englishmen and English women in this world? Is it not stranger still that we should have so much pity and sympathy for starving and distressed persons in other lands, whilst our own people—those of our own flesh and blood—are undergoing equal privations of food and of the necessaries of life, in addition to the miseries caused not merely by a rigorous climate, but by a climate whose rigor comes by fits and starts, and is therefore all the more distressing? Our pity always travels south. No one subscribes for the *Esquimaux*, and yet as long as the skies are bright, and the sun is warm above, human suffering is shorn of half its bitterness."

....How easily people may be deceived by appearances. An instance has been related to us that occurred not long ago, in which a most amiable family were much scandalized and misrepresented, with no other cause than, that at a little dinner given by the gentleman to three or four of his male friends, the guests, unrestrained by the presence of ladies, rather forgot the limits imposed by hospitality, and filling the social glass too frequently, became extremely merry. Two of them declared themselves very positively upon opposite sides of a subject under discussion, and on leaving the house after the entertainment was over, renewed the argument very vigorously in the street, opposite to the door of their hosts; and demands were then and there made for retraction, under penalty of "*the consequences.*" Scandal possessed itself of this slight material and wove its own evil romance. Each gossip in the neighborhood gave a separate version, that widened immensely as it traveled from its starting point. Mrs. Price, the barber's wife, declared that she was looking that way when the gentlemen came out of the house, and that she opened the window at once to hear what they were saying. "One, and she was sure it was Mr. B. himself, told the other 'he must take the consequences,' and of course Mr. B. had sad

reasons for speaking in that style." And so the gossips extended their mouths as they enlarged the story, until the good name of an entire family was compromised amidst a grave shaking of heads of every old woman, male and female, in the vicinity. This recalls an old and ludicrous story of deceptive appearances. The clergyman of a country church was seen, one night, by a lad, the son of a near neighbor, whose attention was attracted by a bright light in one of the upper rooms of the parson's house, armed with a huge fire-shovel, and pursuing his wife, who was heard to scream as she fled before him. Although judiciously warned by his mother to "say nothing about it to any one," the boy, on the next day, confided the story of what he had seen to a schoolmate. In less than a week it was known to half the village, and had, of course, created a sensation. The scandal reached the ears of the deacons, who, as in duty bound, proceeded to investigate. Arrived at the minister's house, they, with many apologies, made known their errand; and, to their surprise, were saluted with a merry laugh by the reverend offender, who admitted the correctness of the appearances against him, and stated that on the night in question, a big rat he had found in the meal-chest, and was endeavoring to capture, took refuge in the folds of the dress of his wife, who ran screaming until he managed to dislodge it.

....In our antiquarian researches among the archives of California literature, we met with the following graphic description of a people fast departing to the land of shadows, before the influence of human institutions, which have within the last decade encroached so largely upon their hunting grounds and their habits. Alas! poor red-skins, the haltings in this march towards extinction, are brief and far asunder.

"We met some Digger Indians this P. M.—a race of beings one-fourth human and three-fourths animal. The squaws always carry the burdens, and the lazy

Indian follows with a bow and bunch of arrows. Some of the party we met to-day were rather scantily provided with a wardrobe; particularly the men, who dressed in real *Edenian* style—or the style that is supposed to have prevailed there, before the country was settled, when the only material for clothing was procured from the tree that bears a delicious fruit, that usually comes to us in small packages denominated “drums.” One of these fellows wore a short, dirty, red shirt; a pan was swung upon his back, a bow and arrows were in his hand; his head was decorated with feathers, and his ears pierced with something that looked very like clothespins. Another had on a coat, whose original color was blue, but which the rays of the sun had rendered invisible. One skirt of it was a part of a gray blanket, the other, part of a red one. He also wore a shirt, which was once white, but the white had all been worn off it; these were the only articles of dress upon him, and with a string of oyster shells about his neck, bow and arrows in one hand and a black bottle in the other, he bore himself as proudly as a militia captain at a general training; he had the *gait* of a proud Earl, and *swung* upon it as if it belonged to him.

“The women of this party wore skirts, *not* as long as the extreme of fashion induces some in your city to wear them—and scolloped at the sides probably by the friction against the ragged parts of rocks, over which they sometimes climb; perhaps fringed by the nails in the fences, that they sometimes clear at a leap. One of them carried a pappoose on her back and a bag of flour on her head. Another carried on her head a quarter of beef, whilst a little child, not more than ten years old, carried another pappoose.

“These creatures gather acorns during their season, in great quantities, dry them and pound them to about the consistency of corn-meal. They also catch grasshoppers for a winter's supply of food; the small ones they fricassee—the large ones, bake or pickle in old pork brine, and get as fat as donkeys do on old clothes. They are a miserable, degraded class, and in eating and sleeping are only on an equality with the brutes, whilst in drinking and stealing they are very little behind the white man.”

....Federal officers are evidently busy now-a-days; more especially in the Indian Department in this city is the fact discernible, by the display of two flaring notices upon the door, the first reading as follows:

CAPTAIN CHARLES SPRAGE IS
OUT OF
TOWN ON
BUSINESS FOR THE
GOVERNMENT.—*March 12th.*

This official bulletin has the signature of the porter of the Department, done up in astounding capitals, and with his station in the Bureau appended in a like enviable chirography. After this comes a second notice emanating from the same hand, and informing the public that

COL A D RIGHTMIRE
IS. OUT OF TOWN
WILL BE GOIN TWO WEEK
ON DUTY. OF. HIS DEPARTMENT,

The fact that the gallant Colonel is “goin,” evidently proves, that he is not “two week” for duty, and as the burden of his office is doubtless a load grievous to bear, we submit that our friend the “Porter” is just the man to relieve him for the nonce.

....We were a few days since in the saleroom of a very popular and genial gentleman of this city, who owns a ring-tailed monkey, and one, too, somewhat celebrated in story. The principal and clerk were for the moment absent, and “Jocko” sat upon the top-rail of the counting room in dignified inactivity. At this auspicious time, a spindle-shanked African, whose thin face was surrounded by a long moustache and a tufted beard, came up to the desk with a message. He at once addressed Master Jocko in the usual familiar way and extended his hand. The monkey strained himself, opened his large round eyes, and looked Sambo “squarely in the face.” There was a moment, as the novelist has it, “of intense silence,” and then the African suddenly wilted, turned on his heel, and made a hasty exit. The likeness had just struck him!

.....We were much amused lately in the perusal of a French article entitled, “Souvenirs of the Aristocracy before the Deluge,” and as it may prove interesting to those who are disposed to shadow forth an

American Monarchy, from the present disruption of the Union, we translate it for the entertainment of our readers. The three most worm-eaten houses of the ancient nobility are those of Montmorency in France, De Vere of the Anglo-Romans, and that of Fitzgerald in Ireland. Among the high prerogatives enjoyed by the Fitzgeralds was their right to sit in the presence of the King. The Montmorency took the title of the first baron of Christianity, and the De Veres of the first Christians of Clovis. However, members of the household of Levis and of Croy are still more illustrious from the antiquity of their races, since the first is said to have descended from a royal family of Israel, and preserves among its ancestral relics a very old painting, in which one of its superb counts presents himself bare-headed before the Madonna, who says to him, "Cover you, cousin Levis!"

The house of Croy possesses evidence of still greater antiquity, in the shape of another old picture, representing Noah with one foot in the Ark, crying to some member of his family, "Save the archives of the house of Croy!"

This recalls a legend in the life of the Crusaders, of the house of Clermont Tonnerre—*Clermont Thunder Without Vizard*, surnamed thus because in an encounter with the Saracens he fought with uncovered face. One day upon the plains of Palestine, on the eve of a battle, he confessed to the Father Latrude, who did not fear to reprove him, nor to depict to him the portion awaiting great sinners in Gehenna.

The proud Clermont Tonnerre suddenly raised his head, hitherto lowered in contrition, and said: "My good father, the Lord would look twice before sending a Clermont Tonnerre to the devil!"

The Welsh lords of Mostyn, whose name indicates Britannic origin, claim to be descended from the kings of the Britons, whom the Romans overthrew in the mountains at the west of England. They exhibit in the hall of their manor a genealogical tree seventy feet in length. Less am-

bitious than the princes of Croy, they do not date beyond Noah, although their blood traverses several royal lines, mingling at last with that of Edward the First. Among the number of high and powerful English barons who forced King John to sign the Magna Charta, was De Courcy, an independent Norman, who appeared before his sovereign with his hat upon his head. The poor king was so frightened at this audacity that, not daring to punish it, he established it as a right, conferring upon the De Courcy forever the privilege of remaining covered in the presence of the King of England, a custom that greatly vexed William III when Almeric, twenty-third Baron De Courcy, appeared before his sovereign with his hat upon his head. "What does this mean?" exclaimed the enraged monarch.

"That the Baron De Courcy uses his imprescriptible right," responded the chamberlain.

"He may retain his hat in my presence," answered the King, "but he will not dare to do so in the presence of my queen."

This princely boorishness of keeping the head covered is still practiced in Spain by *grandees* of the first class; and as this privilege is a heritage dependant upon the possession of certain titles, it sometimes happens that an accumulation of distinctions multiplies the right of a noble to retain his hat in the hall of the throne of Spain; of such an one it is said: Such a prince possesses such a number of hats, in the presence of the King. At present, the Duc d' Ossuna monopolizes so many titles of this kind, that the inscription of the dedication of a book which he condescended to authorize, occupies alone four pages in 8vo.

.... The stirring poem on "Southern Rights" comes to us from the wilds of Arizona. A gentleman whose intellectual and social attainments grace the good town of Tucson forwards the lines for publication, and we venture to say that better verse cannot be produced even 'here or hereabouts.'

HUTCHINGS' CALIFORNIA MAGAZINE.

Vol. 5.

MAY, 1861.

No. 11.



THE EMPEROR HIEN FOUNG.

HIEN FOUNG.

THE Emperor of China, and the Soul of the Universe, the absolute monarch who is forbidden by law to go beyond the limits of his own palace walls, through fear of a grand upsetting of mundane things, consequent upon the removal of the centre of gravity, to-day graces our first page with his imperial phiz. His forlorn and drooping attitude may be

accounted for by the burden of responsibility his royal shoulders are compelled to sustain, and the fact that his official duties commence every morning before day-break. At a very early hour in the morning, the chief of the eunuchs appears with a clepsydra in his hand to awaken the Emperor. The monarch dresses himself, drinks a cup of tea, and before half-past four o'clock enters his cabinet. The eunuch then brings him the memorials remitted by the superior authorities



of Peking to the mandarins of service, and the correspondence sent from provinces by the governors and the generals. The Emperor reads all these papers. His decision upon those of lesser importance is marked at once either by a fold in the corner of the document, or a crease made by the imperial finger-nails beneath the clause receiving approval. These signs manual of monarchical complaisance, serve to guide the members of the cabinet, who afterwards write with red ink, and in the name of the Emperor, the resolutions suggested. When the reading of dispatches, memorials, etc., is finished, he has those persons called with whom he desires to confer concerning any governmental matters.

At sunrise he enters the hall of the throne to give audience to the mandarins who have been newly appointed, and those who have been dismissed. The persons to be presented are found kneeling, with their faces turned toward the throne, and remain in this attitude until the Emperor is seated, when, at a signal given by the master of ceremonies, they

three times repeat the three customary prostrations. Each one afterwards reads a brief autobiography, of himself, the Chinese in their language, the Manchous and Mongolians in Mandchou. This audience terminates at seven o'clock in the morning; at that time the Emperor, leaving the hall of the throne, enters the apartments in its rear, which are for his exclusive use, where he ordinarily remains. It is there that his dinner is served. His table is covered with dishes prescribed by law, and according to the season; of these the Emperor selects what he chooses for himself, and sends the remainder to the mandarins of service. After this repast, he takes his siesta, or occupies himself with his domestic affairs until sunset, when he generally retires to sleep, like other mortals, if anxiety on account of the weather will admit of his doing so.

A contributor sends us a sketch of a scene in Peking, after the capture of the city by allies. It well represents the richness of the warehouses of that far-famed city.



ALEXANDRE DUMAS, FILS.

Alexandre Dumas, fils, was born at Paris, July 29th, 1824. He was placed in the institution of Goubaux, and succeeded creditably in his studies at the Bourbon college. Introduced early in life into the society of authors and artists he became celebrated for the precocity and vivacity of his mind. He left college at the age of sixteen, and at seventeen published a collection of poems under the title of *Peches de Jeunesse*, Sins of Youth, a work of but slight literary importance. After having accompanied his father on his journey through Spain and in Africa he wrote the "Adventures of

four women and a parroquet," which commenced in so fantastic a style, that despite the evident inexperience of the author, it obtained, under favor of its name, a partial success.

M. Alexandre Dumas, fils, has the good sense to understand that he is not a poet, and beside, that he is not gifted with the brilliant imagination of which his name awakens the idea. Avoiding, therefore, the imitation of the paternal style, he seeks success in the truthfulness of observation and exactness of delineation. He studies the world more closely, above all the equivocal world, where brilliant vice frequently hides so much misery.

Among the romances to which he owes

the begining of his reputation, and which afterward carried it so very high, were the *Dame aux Camelias*; the *Roman d'une femme*; *Diane de Lys*; the *Dame aux perles*; and the *Vie à Vingtans*. Frequently reprinted and translated into foreign languages, they recommend themselves by a style simple and natural, their dramatic scenes, and the delineations of characters beyond the pale of morality, but marked by moral intentions.

The author, following the common custom, conceived the idea of transporting the subjects of his romances to the theatre, where the excellencies and the defects of his style became more evident. The *Dame aux Camelias*, after having been interdicted by M. Léon Faucher, was his trial stroke and his triumph.

It succeeded through its pathos rather than by the paradoxical thesis of the reformation of a courtesan. Fallen women were also the heroines of *Diane de Lys*, called at first the *Dame aux perles*, and of the *demi-monde*, but with a greater sobriety of effects and morality of tone. The "Question d'Argent" was also dramatised. These four pieces, which contain excellent scenes of comedy, manners, and well delineated characters, marvelously interpreted by the troupe of the *Gymnase*, and mounted with a finish of detail carried to the most servile imitation, had the good fortune to be welcomed by an enthusiastic public as so many literary events. The last, and least meritorious, has had more than a hundred consecutive representations. A fifth dramatic study of the same kind, the *Fils' Naturel*, seems destined also to a long success.

M. Dumas, fils, who, still young, has gained glory and fortune from his dramatic writings, nevertheless does not confine himself exclusively to works of that description, but has given to the world of letters an extensive list of romances and volumes of light literature.

AN INCIDENT.

BY A.

MADAME BOSIO, the eminent cantatrice, whose sudden and premature death raised such an excitement in the high society of St. Petersburg, sang one evening in a little company at the house of the Prince ———, who was passionately fond of music, and a most distinguished musician himself. The celebrated artist saw lying in a corner, under a canopy richly draped with silk, a little Havana lap-dog, fat and white as a *meringue à la crème*.

"Oh, what a pretty little animal!" exclaimed Madame Bosio, approaching the canopy; "this is not a dog here, it is a Cupid—see, he has the intelligent air of one."

The cantatrice took the little animal in her arms, caressed it, gave it bon-bons and replaced it in its corner, where it nestled again among the silken cushions.

Afterward, at the request of the Prince, the great artist sang an air of Glinka, the Mozart of Russia, the author of the beautiful opera, *Death for the Czar!* The effect of her song was overwhelming.

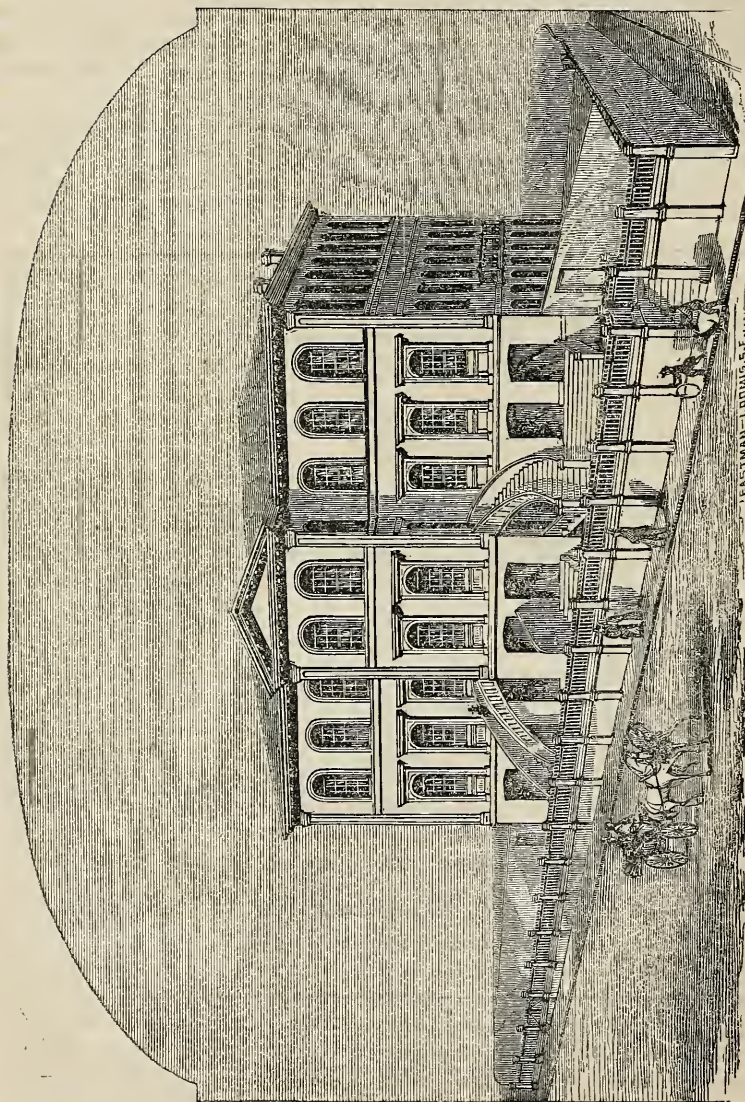
"What can I do, madame," said the Prince, addressing the cantatrice, "as a token of gratitude for the pleasure you have given us in singing this beautiful production of our national composer?"

"Give me your little dog, Prince," responded Madame Bosio immediately.

"To-morrow, madame, he shall be at your house."

The next day, in fact, a lackey carried to the artiste the animal she had so much coveted. As it was very cold, the Prince had enveloped his gift in an Indian cashmere worth fifteen thousand francs, and begged that Madame Bosio would accept the dog with his covering.

No device could have been more ingenious or magnificent.



GRAMMAR SCHOOL BUILDING, POWELL STREET, SAN FRANCISCO.

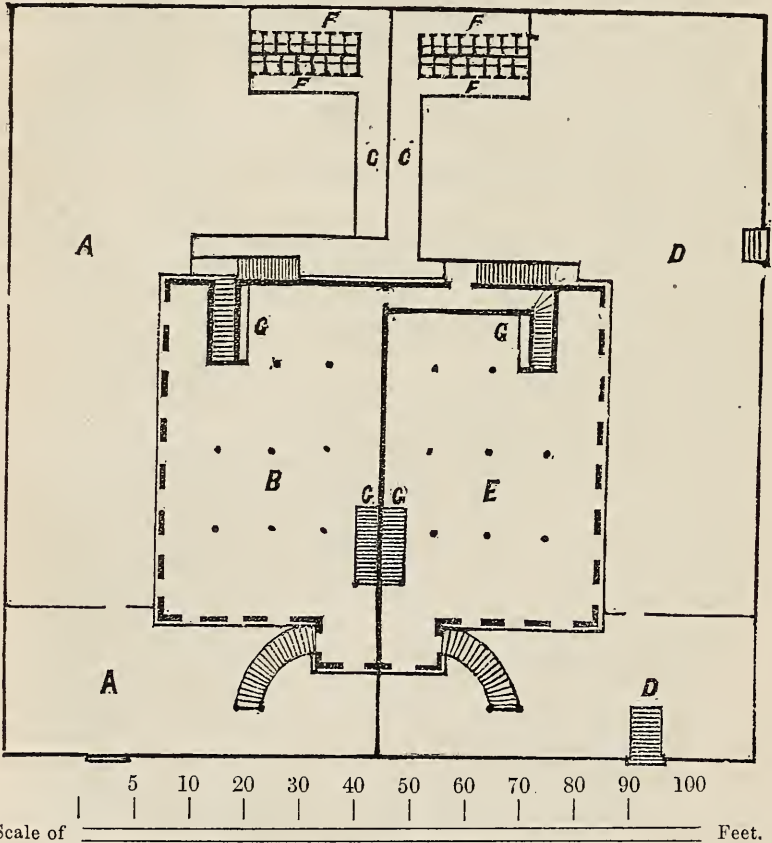
EASTMAN - LOOMIS, S.F.

PUBLIC GRAMMAR SCHOOL BUILDING IN SAN FRANCISCO.

FROM the report of the Superintendent of Common Schools we glean the following. The edifice, an engraving of which may be seen on page 485 of this magazine, is located on Powell near Clay street. The contract for its erection was awarded to Mr. H. L. King, in September, 1859, but for want of funds, its completion was

delayed until the seventeenth of last December—when it was dedicated with appropriate and imposing ceremonies. The halls were crowded with many of the old pioneers in the cause of education, to celebrate the completion of this edifice, as the crowning success of our system of public instruction.

The exercises were instructive and interesting, and will long be remembered by those present, with many pleasing associations. The address of the Rev. T.



PLAN OF BASEMENT AND GROUNDS.

A A, Girls Yards.
 D D, Boys Yards.
 E, Boys Basement.
 B, Girls Basement.

CC, Covered passages to Water Closets.
 F F F F, Water Closets.
 G G G G, Lavatories.

Starr King was a brilliant effort, which was received with the highest approbation.

The building is a neat, two story edifice, designed by Victor Hoffman, Architect. The main portion is 32 by 88 feet, with two wings, $17\frac{1}{2}$ by $32\frac{3}{4}$ feet, making the whole front on Powell street $69\frac{3}{8}$. The wings and front are constructed of brick, covered with mastic, in imitation of red freestone.

On the first floor there are two recitation rooms in the wings, 17 by 32 feet, one of which is occupied by the Teacher of Modern Languages, and the other, when required, will be used by the Second Assistant. The main building is divided into two separate halls for calisthenic and gymnastic exercises for the boys and girls. The wings of the second story form two recitation rooms of the same size as those on the first floor, for the Teacher of Natural Sciences, and the First Assistant. The principal building is divided into two large halls of entrance, and a general session room, 30 by 64 feet, which is surrounded with an open corridor, overlooking the city, presenting an extended and beautiful view of the surrounding country. There is, also, a teacher's room in the attic, which, by means of folding doors, communicates with, and overlooks the session room. The rooms are neatly furnished with the most approved modern style of furniture, arranged according to Woodcock's diagonal system. The building, as at present arranged, will accommodate 120 scholars; but if required, there could be another session room fitted up on the first floor, which would, also, seat the same number of pupils.

As the plan of this building was remodeled from Dr. Boring's church, it is not, therefore, claimed as a perfect pattern of modern school architecture. It is constructed of brick and wood, and in its general design and arrangement, it is

convenient, tasty and well adapted to the present wants of the school. The contract price for the building and furniture was \$14,772. The lot, grading and bulkhead walls cost \$12,575, which will swell the whole amount to \$27,347.

BANCROFT'S HAND-BOOK OF MINING

FOR THE PACIFIC STATES.

THE above is the title of a new and highly interesting work by John S. Hittell, a book that must prove itself invaluable to those unacquainted with mining, and who are about to undertake that business.

Much valuable time is lost by people for want of the information needful to enable them intelligently to direct their labors, a lack that this book is better calculated, perhaps, than any other known work, to obviate, to the miners of this coast—as it is written with especial reference to these latitudes. We predict that the practical utility and general interest of the work will secure for it a general success.

TIME is like a ship which never anchors; while I am on board, I had better do those things that may profit me at my landing than practice such as shall cause my commitment when I come ashore. Whatsoever I do, I would think what will become of it when it is done. If good, I will go on to finish it; if bad, I will either leave off where I am, or not undertake it at all. Vice, like an unthrift, sells away the inheritance, while it is but in reversion; but virtue, husbanding all things well, is a purchaser.

To be humble to superiors, is duty, to equals, is courtesy; to inferiors, is nobleness; and to all, safety; it being a virtue that, for all her lowliness, commandeth those souls it stoops to.

SHIPWRECK OF THE DIRTY "DOLDRUMS."

FROM AN UNPUBLISHED POEM.

BY FRANK SOULE.

Good Lord! so rank and foul a ship as she—

The "Doldrums"—rank as if a squid begot her,
Ne'er left the land before, nor roamed the sea,

Within a bucket-rope's length of water;
Aloft, on deck, on weather side and lee,

From rail to keel, from figure-head to quarter,
Unscraped, unswept, unwashed, and rank with slime,
As if a graveyard in some sickly clime.

Manned with but half a crew, and they half fed,

They had enough to do to reef and steer;
A starving and unhappy life they led,

At helm and pump, and splicing running gear
Old as themselves, and rotten every shred;

Like uncombed hair about a sloven's ear
Her cordage hung in strings, hemp and manilla,
By block and cleets, belaying pins and tiller.

Because her captain was the meanest wretch

That ever trod a deck and followed blubber,
A miser with a conscience would outstretch

Faith, gutta-percha, lies, and India rubber,
And valued human life as would Jack Ketch,

As free to risk poor Jack Tar or "land lubber,"
For so much gain amid a howling gale,
To serve a rope-yarn, or to lance a whale.

And yet he prayed each night—God knows to whom—

Knelt 'mid the ship's deep dirt and deeper lurches,
And whined his cant amid that ocean tomb,

As if his cabin's altar were the church's,
And he a saint redeemed from carnal gloom,

And spotless in the sight of him who searches
All human hearts; St. Paul was never wrapt in
More wordy worship than our model captain.

But prayers, though very potent, and avail

At proper seasons, and in proper places,
Can scarcely reef a topsail in a gale,

Haul taut a sheet, or gather in the braces,
And when the anchors drag, or cables fail,

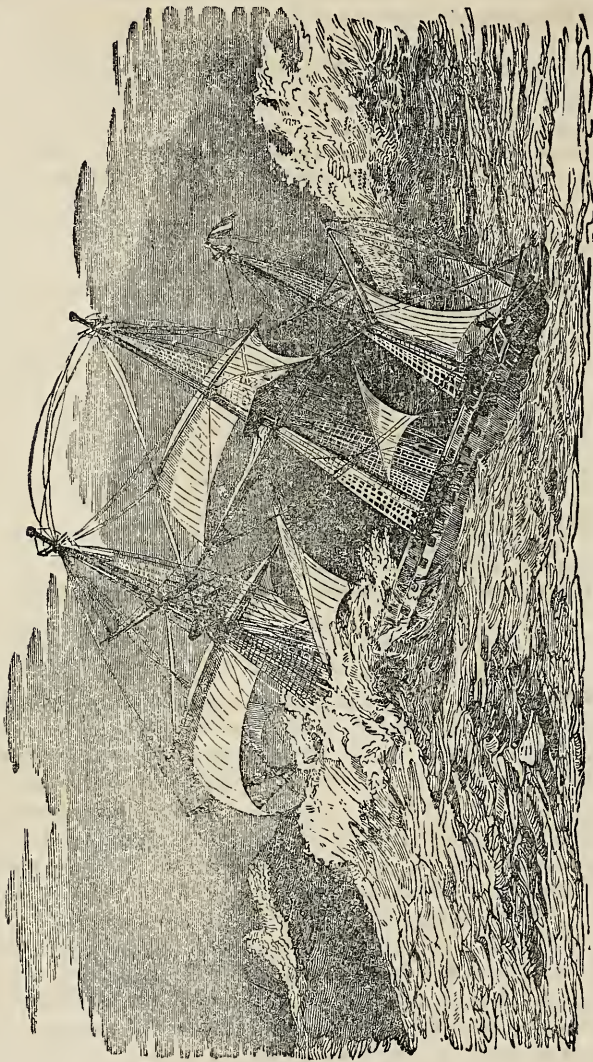
The knowing sailor, though of Christian graces,
Puts more reliance in his fearless men,
Than all the prayers that he could utter then.

So did our captain, when the mighty strain

Of heaving billows swept us towards the land,
And tautened up and twanged our iron chain,

As if a harp-string struck by ocean's hand,
Until its massive links were snapped in twain;

Then as broadside we drifted towards the strand,



THE "DOLDRUMS" IN A GALE.

He seemed half frantic as for death preparing,
But all his prayers seemed very much like swearing.

But, prayers or oaths, they all availed him not,
For though his men did all which he commanded,
Got out kedge anchors, and I know not what
Beside, and everything that seamen can, did;
Up like a rocket on the waves she shot,
And dashing on the snarling shore, lay stranded,
Like some poor traveler, gored, and tramped, and slain,
By maddened bisons on their native plain.

All sought the surf to flee the falling spars,
 Some struggled bravely for the foaming shore,
 Some crushed by fragments, sunk beneath their scars,
 And some were saved by clinging to an oar,
 Or floating plank, a shipwreck's first class cars;
 Our pious captain sank to rise no more!
 There was no life's salvation there for him—
 So clogged with prayers and dirt he could not swim.

Half drowned, at length I tumbled on the beach,
 And gaspingly resumed my breath in pain,
 But pleased that destiny had helped me reach
 Safe quarters from the gullet of the main,
 Sucked in like Jonah when he would not preach,
 And like him spewed upon the earth again;
 As glad to leave the "Doldrums" in a gale,
 As he the bowels of his retching whale.

Yet as I dripping stood upon the shore,
 I moralized upon the frightful scene,
 And gathered comfort all unknown before;
 At length the filthy ship was washed and clean,
 And though our captain's fate bound to deplore,
 E'en from his destiny I learned to glean
 A hope that through the trials of that day,
 His sins were with his dirt all washed away.

THE DEAD RECALLED TO LIFE.

A TRUE STORY.

BY D.

At a period within the last century, there was formed between M. de Garran and the family of La Faille, of Toulouse, in France, an intimacy sufficiently close to warrant the supposition that it would lead to an alliance between them. M. de Garran, Captain of Artillery, Regiment —, was a young man of fine presence, bore his epaulette equally well during an action, on parade, or at a ball; conversed well, and never of himself, was a man of mind, and above all, reported an excellent nobleman in a city where one is still a parvenue after two hundred years of nobility. M. de la Faille was a grave and upright magistrate. Born with a timid mind and conscientious soul, he would have been unwilling to

permit a syllable of the crooked code he had been taught to be changed, or to have heard it called in question by any one. Aside from this, he was a man of perfect manners, never spoke in society of the affairs of the palace, and never spoke in the palace of the affairs of society. He was a widower, and had a daughter named Clemence.

M'lle de la Faille was one of those persons of so perfect a figure that she would have been called a beautiful woman even if she had been ugly, but this was far from the case. Clemence had a face of such pure and graceful beauty, that it would make one forget her form, and think that all had been said on her account when one had spoken of her angelic countenance.

All exterior circumstances pointed toward a marriage between M. de Garran and M'lle de la Faille; they were equal in point of birth and fortune, and their

ages perfectly suitable. At the epoch of which we speak, Clemence was fifteen, and Georges, the baptismal name of M. de Garran, twenty-five.

M. de Garran had already addressed himself to M. de la Faille, and had obtained his assent. Georges had also all the privileges of a future husband. Each Sunday after having listened to the mass at the church of Daurade, he left his company in charge of his lieutenant, and went to salute in their pew M. de la Faille and Clemence, who took his arm and they went together as a family to promenade in the Cours. Sure of the approval of M. de la Faille, certain of the love of Clemence, Georges was about to apply for the consent of his mother, who lived at Paris, when an incident—the most miserable of those which frequently prove fatal to the happiness of a man—occurred. An order from the Minister, sending the regiment in which he was captain to the Indies, overthrew all his hopes and destroyed this union so blissful.

One morning, long before the hour at which he was accustomed to present himself, M. de Garran arrived at the house of M. de la Faille, who was with Clemence, and announced to them the overwhelming news. The grief of Georges was desperate, that of Clemence cruel and profound. M. de la Faille himself seemed thunderstruck.

Georges spoke of hastening the marriage, and demanded leave to take Clemence with him if she would consent to follow him. M. de la Faille would not listen to the idea of being separated so suddenly from his daughter, and of sending her, so young, a thousand leagues from her native land, into a climate so fatal, where she would be exposed to death, or to be left by the death of her husband with neither asylum nor protection. Georges wished then to resign, and renounce his commission, a proposal which M. de la Faille treated as madness

in the young man, and declared that he should believe himself responsible toward the family of M. de Garran for such a resolution. Finally, Georges endeavored, as the last hope, to persuade the rigorous magistrate to give him the hand of his daughter, and to keep her at home until his return, which was expected to take place in two years. But M. de la Faille would not hear of this arrangement, for at the first words of the intelligence M. de Garran had brought, he had taken an unchangeable determination.

When he had succeeded in restoring Clemence and Georges to a degree of reason, after the despair into which they were plunged, he represented to them that they were very young, that two years counted but little in a life-time, that this absence would serve to test their affection, and finally, that it was his inexorable will. He must be obeyed. To Georges this was an alarming resolution. Clemence submitted with an exalted sadness, as if she had found some consolation in struggling against unhappiness to vanquish it, as if she had hoped that her love would be more precious and heroic in the eyes of Georges, after the two years of waiting and separation.

M. de la Faille acted the man of sense in taking the resolution that he imposed upon his two children; but he missed it with both mind and heart when, after being assured of their obedience, he did not leave them for a moment by themselves. He did not comprehend that they needed to have opportunity together for tears and promises, that he ought neither to have seen nor heard. To pronounce an oath perhaps, with eyes fixed on eyes, and hands clasped in hands, perhaps but to say, "Will you love me, Clemence?" "I will love you, Georges!" But at this moment of indescribable grief, no moment was given for the exchange of parting vows. So, when it was necessary to separate, Georges, suffocating with all he

had to say, forgot his respect for the sacred duties of honor, and whispered at once as a command and a prayer, these words to Clemence: "This evening, a minute in the garden."

She looked at him with a pale and startled glance, and replied in the same tone, "I will come."

The evening came, and Clemence—need we say?—descended to the garden, too happy to feel any remorse. At first they sat trembling, and for a moment had nothing to say. Finally they spoke of their cruel separation, and of the solitude in which each would live. Then they occupied themselves a long time in talking of the manner in which they should employ themselves during these two years, so to speak, day by day. They agreed upon the hours of night they should devote to thinking of each other, forgetting that at the distance they should be apart, the days of the one would be the nights of the other. Afterward, they exchanged the tender vows which had been the true object of their rendezvous.

It was a calm, sweet night, the air laden with perfume, and the moon rose while they sat talking beneath a tree covered with honeysuckles in bloom.

Insensibly they became silent, the hour had come when they must separate. Clemence sat immovable, with her head bowed, and weeping. Georges felt her shudder as he clasped her to his palpitating breast; the moonlight shone upon the pallid countenance of his beautiful betrothed; he gazed in her face for a moment, then falling upon his knees before her, exclaimed:

"Do you love me?"

"God is my witness," she responded sweetly, "that I love you more than my life."

"Ah, well! adieu! adieu!"

"Already?" cried Clemence.

"I must go," replied Georges, clasping her in his arms, and imprinting his first

and only kiss upon her lips. "Do not detain me; adieu! adieu!"

It was perhaps this last named circumstance that inspired her to speak these singular words:

"Oh, Georges! if I was dead, your kisses would recal me to life!"

With these words they separated.

Four years had passed since this epoch, when Georges disembarked at Brest, and after a few days taking the route to Paris, arrived at the house of his mother on the 5th of June, 17—. He had taken the precaution of informing her, through some friends, of his return; lest seeing him suddenly, she should be overcome with astonishment and joy, for he had been wounded, taken prisoner, and was supposed to be dead. The happiness of Georges was truly very great, nevertheless, after the first moments given to the tumultuous sentiments of such a reunion, Mme. de Garran remarked a singular sadness in her son, a profound pre-occupation in his responses; she interrogated him, and he excused himself from replying; she insisted, and Georges, to calm her, thus avowed to her the cause of his strange melancholy.

"It is childishness, mother; a folly unworthy of a man; but since you think my sadness is from grave causes, I must reassure you, although it should make me seem ridiculous. Fancy to yourself that in passing before the church St. Germain-des prés, that I saw it draped in black, and ornamented for some rich interment. This surely is a very common thing, and should not have called the attention of a child. Ah, well! this sight has made me sick; I do not know why, but it seemed to warn me of some fatal misfortune. You smile, and you have reason! but three years of captivity and of horrible sufferings have rendered it easy to disturb me, and I am afraid of everything now, since I am happy."

"It is a sentiment which proves that you prize this happiness, since you fear to lose it. As to this interment, it must be that of the beautiful Mme. de Servins, the wife of the President of the Chambers of Excise, who died yesterday after an illness of only three days."

"The beautiful Mme. Servins," said Georges, "Were there many, then, who designated her thus?"

"Without doubt," replied Mme. de Garran, "and she was so singularly beautiful, that she was everywhere renowned, even at Toulouse people said, in speaking of her, 'the beautiful M'lle de la Faille.'"

This revelation, so simple and so sudden, of a terrible misfortune, did not at once enter lucidly and violently into the mind of Georges. He looked at his mother with an air more of surprise than of terror, and made her repeat the phrase to which he had just listened. Mme. de Garrau remembered then that he had lived at Toulouse, and supposing that he had known Clemence, was more cautious in her response; but when she repeated the name of M'lle de la Faille, Georges fell at her feet like a man struck to the heart by an unexpected and mortal blow; his eyes rolled like those of a person in convulsions, a livid pallor overspread his features, his breathing was suspended, and without doubt he would have died at that moment if his despair had not found relief in terrible cries and furious sobs.

It needed a mother's ingenious love to understand how to calm this transport of grief. She talked much to him of Clemence before she succeeded in making him listen, and, strangely, it was for her treason, rather than her death, that it was necessary to console the poor Georges. Mme. de Garrau explained to him the report of his captivity and his death had been circulated in France, and the unfortunate M'lle de la Faille had been apprised of it. She made him compre-

hend how, perhaps after many tears and much resistance, Clemence had, without doubt, obeyed the orders of her father. All this was so natural that he readily believed the history, imagined by Mme. Garran, to be the truth. Finally, as a salutary balm to his soul, she added that it was perhaps of grief for her trespass against Georges in this forced union that the young and beautiful Mme. de Servins had died. Thus, by admirable feminine tact, Georges was flattered into the supposition that her death was perhaps through grief for him, and his sufferings were deprived of their greatest bitterness.

However, after listening for a long time to his mother, and weeping in her arms, Georges became silent; not as a man who had resigned himself to his grief, but with the agitation of mind of one who had conceived a project and was discussing the method of its execution. Mme. de Garran treated with anxiety the emotions of her son's mind as they depicted themselves upon his features. Perhaps if he had raised his eyes to hers once with a look of despair, she would have been terrified with the idea that he was about to commit suicide; but she divined that he had not in his troubles once thought of such a thing. Georges was too calm for such a design. She was therefore not afraid to allow him to satisfy his grief by whatever means he had imagined.

Toward evening she saw him take considerable gold, more than was necessary to purchase arms, enough perhaps for a journey. She remained silent, however, knowing well that interference would increase his despair.

At nightfall Georges went out of the Hotel de Garran, and proceeding to the Church of St. Germain-des-Pres, learned from the beadle the place where Mme. de Servins had been buried. He went to the cemetery designated and awakened

the keeper. It was not without surprise that the latter saw before him a man, whose appearance announced that he belonged to an elevated class, making to him a proposition to commit a crime—a sacrilege. Georges demanded that he should remove the earth that covered Clemence and deliver to him her coffin, permit him to open it, and allow him to see the corpse of her whom he had so much loved. There was a long and cruel discussion, for the handful of gold offered to him by Georges was not sufficient to overcome the fears or the scruples of the poor grave-digger. That was for the unfortunate young man a moment of horrible despair, when the venality on which he had counted failed to accomplish his design; it was through his despair, however, that he found the means of success. He fell upon his knees before the keeper of the cemetery and implored him with agonizing sobs, bathing his hands with bitter tears; became insensible, furious, menacing and suppliant by turns, until this man, inured to scenes of grief, wept with him, and he received from his pity a consolation which he could not have purchased at any price.

When everything was agreed upon between them they entered the cemetery, the keeper armed with a spade and pinners, and Georges carrying a lantern. A calm and resplendent moon lighted this horrid ceremony, and not a word was pronounced between Georges and his accomplice until the coffin was lifted from the grave and placed by its side.

One single and frightful circumstance terrified Georges: this was the first blow of the hammer struck upon the coffin, by the keeper, to break it open. It seemed to him as if he was permitting a brutality and at this sound several dogs were awakened and began to howl in the distance, he demanded of the grave-digger, in a trembling voice, to separate the

boards of the coffin without noise. He was obeyed, and presently the corpse of Clemence rested upon the turff, clad solely in its winding sheet. The keeper silently seated himself upon the ground, his legs hanging in the grave, gazing at Georges, who remained petrified by the side of this icy corpse; and seeing him thus motionless could not hinder himself from saying: "It is her! See!"

But Georges seemed to have forgotten why he had come. He did not hear, his eyes wandered, and his mind comprehended nothing. The grave-digger, frightened in his turn, after having spoken several times to him without obtaining any response, feared even to touch him, as if he would have tottered and fallen at the least movement, hazarded to snatch Georges from his bewilderment by lifting the winding sheet from the face of Mme. de Servins, and displaying to him the features he had so longed to behold. The effect of a talisman could not have been more magical. The sight of this adored head, which death had spared in its perfection, broke the thralldom of his despair, and melted the unhappy lover to tears. He knelt beside the corpse, and amid tears and moans, talked to her of his love, accusing himself of her death, demanding her forgiveness, recounting their past days, and their lost hopes; and while speaking thus, he raised the body to a sitting posture and sustaining it in his arms contemplated it sadly. This delirium of Georges seemed not to have ended, when suddenly a thought entered his mind, a remembrance flashed across his storm of grief, and the last words those frozen lips had spoken rang suddenly in his ears. He cried out, and in the wild transport of a still wilder hope he clasped Clemence to his heart and placed upon her dead lips the kiss which she had said would recall her to life. To this kiss succeeded a terrible cry from Georges, then a convulsive trembling and

a frightful laugh. Afterwards he arose quickly, still holding the corpse in a close embrace, threw a frightened glance around him, and fled through the tombs, leaping over all obstacles, and making cries of joy or frantic grief. By supernatural rapidity and strength, he finally escaped the pursuit of the keeper, who saw him disappear like a tiger bearing away his prey. Then the poor grave-digger hastened to efface the traces of his sacrilege; he replaced the empty coffin in the grave, threw the earth again upon its cover, returned to his house, terrified at his crime, and awaited the day with anxiety.

Five entire years had passed since that fatal night, without anything happening to make the keeper of the cemetery suspect that the disappearance of the body of Mme. de Servins would be followed by any troublesome result, when the following event occurred.

It was the day of the anniversary of the death of Clemence, and M. de Servins, her husband, was upon his knees by the tomb of his wife. A little distance from him stood the keeper of the cemetery, reflecting with a sentiment of deep remorse, as if he reproached himself with a falsehood for permitting this mourner to weep over an empty coffin. Both were profoundly absorbed in their thoughts, when a slight noise made both of them raise their heads, and a woman appeared before them. She was Clemence, Mme. de Servins, the wife so much lamented, the exhumed corpse! M. de Servins rose up, giving a loud cry; the unfortunate keeper fell inanimate upon the earth.

The unknown looked also at the man who had appeared so suddenly before her, and in her turn cried out with fright and fled as if she had been insane.

M. de Servins pursued, without being able to overtake her, and at the entrance to the cemetery saw her rush into a rich

carriage, which disappeared with the utmost speed of two magnificent horses.

An hour after this rencontre, M. de Servins was still in the chamber of the miserable grave-digger, who expired in horrible convulsions, without being able to reply to any of the questions which were addressed to him. And, during the course of the day, the Lieutenant-General of Police made known to the magistrate that, in accordance with the indications which he had given to his agents, he had been assured that the carriage which had been seen, and the livery which had been designated, were those of M. de Garran.

The next day, upon the requisition of M. de Servins, an officer proceeded to visit the grave where Clemence had been buried, and found the coffin empty and broken. Meanwhile, Mme. Julie de Garran, a young and beautiful lady whom Georges had brought back with him from the Indies, where he had married her, reëntered her house in inexpressible disorder; she ascended pale and trembling to the apartments of her husband, and remained a long time closeted with him. However, she came out calm and completely reassured, and nothing was changed in the habits of M. and Mme. de Garran.

More than fifteen days had passed without any question being raised concerning this event, and during which M. de Servins had surrounded them with spies. He learned from the Minister of War the day of the arrival of Georges at Paris, and the date of his departure. He discovered the postilions who had taken him to Brest, accompanied by a veiled lady. He ascertained that he had embarked with her upon a vessel of which he found the journal, and armed with these terrible proofs, he instituted a process against M. de Garran, to annul the illegal marriage he had contracted with his pretended wife. The novelty of this

suit attracted universal attention. Pamphlets were exchanged in the faculty to prove that a lethargy could have been mistaken for death. Those who sustained this belief were treated as ignorant and imbecile by their confreres. One calculated the number of hours during which Mme. de Servins must have lived in this state, and found that no author reported an example of so long a lethargy.

M. de Garran parried the complaint of M. de Servins, and when he said that the resemblance of his wife to M^{lle} de la Faille had frightened even him, but not to the extent of rendering him insane, he spoke with such an accent of truthfulness that no one doubted but that M. de Servins had lost his reason, or that all this accusation was but a crazy trick.

The cause, however, came before the tribunals, and Mme. de Garran was obliged to appear and respond to the questions of the magistrates. She was confronted with M. de Servins, and seemed much astonished at all that he said. M. de la Faille came from Toulouse and wept at seeing this strange resemblance; he did not know how he ought to speak to this woman who seemed so like his daughter, and who denied it so coldly. The judges, astonished, looked at each other troubled, and in indecision. Mme. de Garrau recounted the history of her life.

"She was an orphan and had always lived in the Indies. Certificates produced attested that a demoiselle Julie de Nerval, born at Pondichery, had there been married to Colonel de Garran. The day of the solemn audience of the judgment arrived. All the pleaders had terminated and the members of the parliament who composed the tribunal seemed inclined to embarrass M. de Garran of the singular pursuit directed against him and his wife, when M. de Servins entered, leading a child by the hand. Mme. de Garran was at this moment seated by the side of

her advocate, M. Molzac; and as the audience was prodigious, she had leaned her head upon her hands to conceal her countenance from the eager glances of the multitude; so that she did not see M. de Servins when he came in; but suddenly she felt a little hand which drew aside her own, and heard a childish voice saying to her sadly: "Mamma, kiss me."

Immediately Mme. de Garran raised her head, saw this child before her, recognized it, and without saying a word, took it in her arms and covered it at the same time with kisses and with tears. The wife and the daughter had resisted; the mother betrayed herself.

From this moment the process took another form. The advocate of M. de Garran, in his turn demanded the legal dissolution of a marriage which death had broken. "I demand not," he cried in his eloquent plea, "I demand not of the tomb that which you have given to it; leave this living woman to him who has caused her to live; this existence belongs to him, and you have no right to anything except a corpse."

All was in vain. Clemence demanded to be allowed to retire to a convent; this was denied her, and a solemn decree condemned her to return to the home of her first husband.

Some days after this decree she went there, in fact; she was clad in white and pale with despair and resolution. On entering the *salon* where M. de Servins, surrounded by all his family, awaited her, she fell stiff and cold upon the floor. He hastened to her assistance, but was only in time to bear her speak these words:

"I bring you back that which you have lost!"

She and her husband had poisoned themselves before she left her own house. M. de Garran, succored by his mother, did not die until the next day.

GOOD MORNING!

Good morning! bright good morning!
Brothers, sisters, all;

Meeting from your chambers,
In the friendly hall.

Good morning! where the early sun
Presses in among the flowers,
Through the old open cottage door,
In the fresh morning hours.

Good morning! calm good morning!
To our parents old;

Many a pleasant morning
Hath above them rolled.

Good morning to the blessed ones!
And oh! may many more
Shine sweetly and serene on them,
Within our cottage door!

Good morning! first good morning!
To the babe upon the knee;

A welcome on this pleasant morn,
Sweet visitant, to thee!

Good morning to thee, blessed child!
Oh! many a glorious one

Shine on thy loved and beauteous head,
Before thy race is run!

Good morning! gay good morning!
To the young waiting bride!

'Tis the last that thou shalt pass with us,
Another's by thy side.

Thou leavest thy young childhood's nest
To seek another home;

Good morning! oh, good morning!
Where'er thy steps may roam.

Good morning! bright good morning!
To the wanderer just returned,

From journeying in the land of gold—
By all the household mourned,

Good morning! at the festive board!
Oh how our hearts run o'er,

To hear thy sweet "good morning" now,
Within our home once more!

Good morning! all, good morning!
Friends, comrades, whom we meet,
While sitting in our pleasant homes,
Or walking in the street.

Good morning! as the glorious sun
Doth from his chambers call,

Good morning to a gladsome world!

Good morning—unto all! G. T. 3

MILVIA;

OR, THE HEROINE OF CATALONIA.

A HISTORICAL NOVELETTE,

Founded upon Events of the War in Spain in 1823.

BY D. FRICK, LL. D.

CHAPTER III.

RODRIGUE was not surprised at the resolution declared by his wife; he knew the elevated sentiments of Milvia too well to attribute her decision to want of reflection, and he knew that fatigue and privation were powerless reasons against the step she was about to take.

Measuring with his experienced eye the abyss of perils that yawned beneath his feet, he supplicated her in the name of their love, and of their children, to renounce her design, and to go and join her family at Alicante. He represented all the horrors of positive conflict with the bands of the Faith, who had already filled the country with horror at their cruelties; he spoke of her children deprived by some event of the care of their aunt; he even went so far as to delineate the deplorable situation that awaited their unfortunate offspring if fate should deprive them of their father and mother at the same time; in fact, he forgot nothing that rendered more touching the picture he drew of the future of their babes.

Milvia, affected to tears, clasped her husband in her arms, unable to make any reply; maternal love for a moment asserted all its right—the final adieu was upon her lips, when, as if arousing herself with an effort from a painful dream, she exclaimed, in a changed tone, "No! no! Milvia will not separate herself from her husband!"

This touching scene vanquished the opposition of Rodrigue, and triumphant conjugal love bound still closer the ties that united them.

Milvia, overflowing with joy, hastened to exchange her light vestments for a military habit. A mountaineer's sandals replaced her elegant slippers; a wide-brimmed felt hat concealed her long tresses, and taking a gun and cartridge-box, she returned to embrace Rodrigue, who was preparing to visit his advance posts. Never had the wife of the brave Catalan appeared more beautiful and captivating. Her great black eyes shone with a new fire, and the natural grace that animated the least of her gestures, rendered her more charming to every one who saw her.

It was in vain that Rodrigue attempted to dissuade her from accompanying him to the advance posts. Milvia reminded him that in soliciting the favor of remaining near him, it was her expectation of remaining with him constantly, and that, besides, the greater the peril she shared with her husband, the more she counted herself worthy of being the wife of Rodrigue.

The division of Milans was ordered to march by the grand route to France near Olot, in the basin of the Fluvia. The enemy arrived at the same time by the post of Perthus, and by the defile of Costaja. Figueres was invested, and the hussars of the advance guard of the French were already beneath the walls of Besalu.

In the last days of the month of April, the Marshal Moncey, who commanded the first corps of the French army, deployed his forces to attack the position of the constitutional Spaniards between the Fluvia Tortella and Castel Sollit.

The enemy—the most eager to destroy the constitution of the country—marched at the head of the men of the Faith, who had been thrown in the Roussillon, spur-

red forward to vengeance, their features changed by blood and carnage, indignant at the moderation imposed by their French general, terror preceding them on the route, causing the entire population to fly at their approach, to return to their homes in perfect security at the arrival of the French.

Never was contrast of character between men destined to serve mutually as auxiliaries more striking. The French soldier, calm and moderate, followed his flag to perform his duty; faithful to the bravery hereditary in his nation, he was intrepid during action and generous after the combat.

The men of the Faith, exalted by religious fanaticism and irritated by the ill success of their evil projects, followed their banner to satiate their vengeance; transported by the same fervor which had in former times animated the ferocious leagues united under the same sacred standard against the first of the Bourbons; he combatted the rage of the heart, and if he had sheltered himself beneath the French shield, he would have carried the victory which he sullied each time when far from the protecting eye of France.

Among the chiefs of the people of the Faith were also found those who wished to have repressed the frenzied license of their bands, but these measures would have depressed and destroyed their forces, with whom the hope of pillage was the principal motive in their war of insurrection.

Those bands were composed of a mixture of priests and of monks, who, under the shield of the holy faith, battled against the constitution to re-establish their temporal affairs. With the cross in one hand and the sword in the other, they defended this same house of Bourbon, against which they had animated the people by the same means in the war of succession, when their arch-duke had

promised them advantages which they could not expect from Philip V. The mass was formed of nomadic individuals, smugglers, robbers, Bohemians, traders in mules, valets, beggars and vagrants, who received soup at the doors of convents and alms near the churches; a body numbering in all nearly five hundred thousand, who had been forced to the work, because those whose tools they were had lost the means of sustaining them. They were the same men who had made a business of deserting the guerillas and joining the troops of King Joseph, in order afterwards to sell their uniforms. They were the same men who, when the suppression of religious communities had expelled the monks from their convents, appropriated their revenues; and who, six months after having borne Riégo in triumph, came to insult his misfortune.

Beside this disgusting band of people, the cities had furnished other recruits to the bands of the Faith, whom the civil and military agents of the new government had displaced for their lukewarmness, or opposition to their opinions.

Several days of continual rain had arrested the rapid march of the French battalions, and given time to the constitutional troops to reunite their scattered corps. Numerous torrents had inundated the bivouacs, the damp arms refused to fire, the bridges, the roads, and the fords were impracticable.

Milvia, exposed during the entire day to an extraordinarily heavy rain, saw with an indifferent eye the ravages of the storm; always at the side of her husband, she seemed a protecting genius descended from the skies to strengthen the courage of the soldiers. The first to cross the ravines, to scale the rocks, she was often seen to halt and tender her hand to some soldier exhausted by fatigue, or to bestow her sympathizing attention upon the wounded. Her smile

alone soothed the woes, and her voice re-animating the spirits, of those whom suffering and privation had afflicted. No engagements of importance had occurred between the armies of the enemies. Mina, avoiding the French troops, ascended the Ter by Bessora; and Milans, having retired with Llobera near Hostalrich, gave to Rodrigue the command of the guerillas left in the environs of Olot.

Resuming the independent mode of warfare which best suited his activity, Rodrigue divided his troops into four detachments, so stationing them that they would be reunited at the least signal; and, finding himself, so to speak, isolated in the midst of the enemy's forces, he passed by the basin of the Fluvia to Campredon, on the upper portion of the river Ter, carrying his hardihood even to the extent of interrupting the communication between Pratz and Mollo, the latter an outpost of France, the route from which led to the centre of Catalonia.

The sudden appearance of a band of partizans upon the outposts of the French army, brought in all haste to Perpignan a number of priests and monks, who came to install themselves in Catalonia as allies of the French. A panic of terror had struck all the emigrants who had had the courage to hazard an entrance in the train of the baggage of the French troops, and their precipitate flight soon spread the alarm in the frontier communes of Spain. Bozot, leader of a party of the Faith, was ordered to search for and combat the guerillas of Rodrigue, far superior in numbers to the little troop of the valiant partizan, he had sworn his extermination, on receiving the order to attack him.

Rodrigue suddenly quitted, during the night, the defiles he had occupied, and went to await his foe by the side of the Baga, toward the upper valley of the Lobregat. Bozot, who regarded as a retreat this, which was a manœuvre to gain

a more advantageous position, attacked Rodrigue with the blind fierceness that neglects all the precautions commanded by prudence. He charged upon the enemy with his men united en masse, leaving his flanks exposed to the little wings which Rodrigue had deployed on either side, while their skillful leader conducted his centre against their enemy's front.

Milvia, with a hundred men, remained in a dry trench, formed in other days by the torrents, and leveled a gun upon the point of attack.

Rodrigue, in separating from his wife at the first shock, had not the intention of giving her a command which would have exposed her still more, but the confidence that this wonderful woman had inspired in the soldiers had become so great, that, with a unanimous voice, all the company placed in reserve, demanded of her to act as their leader.

Rodrigue heard this cry with all the pride of the husband of Milvia, but he wavered for a moment, when Milvia exclaimed; "I accept the honor of conducting you, and Rodrigue consents."

The blind impetuosity with which the people of the Faith threw themselves upon the feeble corps before them, shook the foremost ranks of Rodrigue, forcing all the centre to retreat some paces, but the two wings hidden by the hills on each side, descended suddenly upon the unprotected flanks of Bozot, overwhelming them almost without resistance.

This unexpected attack having thrown all the body upon the front of the Constitutionals, they were forced for a moment to retreat, when Milvia, yielding to the impatience of the soldiers, rushed from her ambuscade amidst shouts of *vive la Constitution!*—reëstablishing by her appearance alone, order in the centre commanded by Rodrigue.

The men of the Faith, in alarm, immediately yielded the ground. Believing in their confusion that double their number

was opposed to them, they abandoned the field of battle strewn with their dead and wounded, throwing their arms from them in order more quickly to escape the pursuit of the vanquishers.

Milvia visited indiscriminately all the unfortunates who had fallen during the action, bestowing upon all the attentions a tender mother would have paid to her children.

Rodrigue had to deplore the loss of many brave soldiers; he hastened to perform the last duties toward them, and, after some hours of repose, he reassembled his troops to conduct them to the other side of Ripoll, where he expected to find the division of Mina.

It was night when he took his position at the head of his soldiers. A messenger from the general having arrived with an order for him to proceed to the frontier, he began his march immediately, passing during the darkness several posts of enemies; at dawn he rejoined Mina in the environs of Urgel.

After Rodrigue had presented the banner he had taken from the army of the Faith, and given his report of the combat, Mina demanded an interview with Milvia, whose name and courage at once monopolized the enthusiasm of the entire division.

The interview between the two valiant warriors was of but short duration; important duties called Mina to the port of Urgel, and Rodrigue entered with his troops the gorges of the mountains, where he soon perceived a detachment of the Faith belonging to the men of Ronsosa. The position of this detachment would have assured its destruction, if the arrival of a French squadron had not occurred in time to save some of the debris.

The continued marches and counter-marches of Mina, obliged Rodrigue constantly to flank with his guerillas that general's division, serving to throw light upon, and to assure his perilous courses.

The repeated changes of the different conquerors of the localities traversed by the troops of Mina, had completely desolated the country. Constitutional French, Constitutional Spaniards, and people of the Faith, represented three distinct authorities and administrations entirely opposed to each other. The first declared themselves as peacemakers, proving everywhere by their moderation and the wisdom of their conduct, that if fate had had not armed them against the constitution of Spain, they would not have been enemies of the Spaniards. Promptly paid and provisioned, their passage was not marked by the cruel exactions that in the preceding wars had so frequently brought reproach upon French generals. A severe discipline placed a check upon the exaggerated pretensions of both officers and soldiers; their march resembled less an expedition in an enemy's country, than a change of garrison in France, and it is to this rigid discipline that the French army owe the finest laurels they carried home from the peninsula.

Rodrigue reached the summit of the mountains, on his way to Belver and Alp, where he speedily established himself. Mina marched two columns in the same direction; but, at the foot of the mountains halted at the bridge of Sauler, where he reviewed his troops.

The French garrisons on the frontiers made some movements to observe an enemy that seemed to them their superior in forces; but they could not prevent him from passing beyond the boundaries of the kingdom, and entering the village of Palau, and several others within the French territory.

Rodrigue ascended by the course of the torrent of Caral, crossed the Segre, and came by its heights to rejoin his general at Palau. The next day closed the march of the column through the defile of Antose; he was attacked by the

French voltigeurs, a scouting party from the garrison of Puycerda; the audacity with which this handful of soldiers deployed before the little column of Miquellets commanded by Rodrigue, obliged that chief to detach a part of his troops, to give the remainder time to go and occupy a defile at the foot of which Mina intended to halt.

The voltigeurs, reinforced by a party of skirmishers, rushed out of a chesnut grove, where they had been beating about, and soon compelled the Spaniards to reunite their forces; and, although very inferior in numbers to the troops of Rodrigue, their valor impelled them to attack the little column, which marched in file of three men deep, on account of the difficulty of the way.

Rodrigue, unable to deploy his forces, shut in as he was, between two walls of rock, presented still another advantage to the enemy, on account of the rapid slopes they were at that moment descending; he therefore sent a greater number of men against the French who intercepted his progress; but a band of the Faith arriving at this moment changed the skirmish to a decided battle. Rodrigue, esteeming the Franco-Spanish enemy equal in force to the troops, very soon saw that they were superior by position, but he did not hesitate to undertake with ardor the combat demanded at his hands.

The intrepid voltigeurs, commanded by a French officer, presented themselves in battle array. Milvia had placed herself in the midst of the Spanish patriots, whom she animated by voice and gesture. The people of the Faith vociferated a thousand imprecations against the Constitutionals, that were repeated by the triple echoes of the defile.

The fire of the enemy occurring upon advantageous ground, did, at first, much harm to the troops of Rodrigue; but the intrepid chief soon yielded to his impet-

osity, beat the charge, and attacked the enemy with the bayonet. The French received with *sang froid* the brave Spaniards, who had ceased to fire; they burned to make use of this national arm, which had always assured to them their finest triumphs; and the murderous clicking soon responded to all their desires.

The men of the Faith, strangers to this species of combat, seconded but badly the multiplied efforts of the French; the carnage had become frightful, and both parties seemed destined to perish at the same time. Rodrigue, always prepared for danger, was also armed with a bayonet. His courage, aided at the same time by coolness and skill, cleared the way before him among the thickest of the combatants. The voltiguers were like so many heroes among the people of the Faith, always in the front rank, they were quick as a flash to close the breaches left open by the unskillful men of the Faith. Their valor knew no obstacle, but soon their little number, exhausted by the supernatural labor they were compelled to perform, were no longer able to fill the spaces left by want of skill in the people of the Faith, and after performing acts of bravery which have immortalized them, they yielded the ground gloriously to the Constitutionals, who were astonished at their long continued resistance.

The retreat of the French made their auxiliaries fly horror-stricken. Rodrigue, carried forward by the heat of the battle, advanced far beyond his soldiers in pursuit of his victory. Milvia, who had remained aside from the fiercest of the action surrounded by a guard of her husband's soldiers, now rushed from their ranks and followed Rodrigue under a shower of the enemy's balls. Fate had decided in favor of the Spanish constitutionals, and the victory, purchased at so great a price, had remained theirs until

then. But at the moment of gathering the fruits of this memorable day, a more numerous body of French came to sustain their laurel-crowned brothers-in-arms. The inequalities of the ground concealed their approach. Rodrigue found himself and his little band of braves surrounded, at the moment they least expected.

Milvia was beside her husband, but in the unequal contest into which he was forced, he did not perceive the danger that threatened his wife, and not supposing her to be so near, nor dreaming that he should die for the sake of the cause he defended, he responded with the sword to the officers who called upon him to surrender. The Frenchmen who saw his heroic courage, struck aside the arms of the men of the Faith, which were aimed at his heart to immolate him; but the proud Spaniard, like other modern heroes, preferring death to slavery, refused the life offered him by his enemies, and forced them to throw from their hands the weapons with which they would have saved him.

His soldiers who surrounded him formed a rampart with their bodies, and gave time to the remainder of his troops to open a passage through their enemies to snatch their leader from certain death.

This unexpected succor renewed his courage to hope triumphant escape from the fate that awaited him; he opened a way before him like a furious lion, breaking the chain with which he was bound, and gaining with astonishing agility the rocks which overhung the route, he soon reached a thicket where the enemy vainly attempted to find him.

Milvia, less happy, had endeavored to follow the example of her husband; she had already reached the foot of the rocks Rodrigue had scaled, when the men of the Faith arrested her, and led her a prisoner together with several of her companions in misfortune, to the chief

who commanded a column of the enemy. This leader was the commander of the French battalion stationed upon the frontier.

Two crosses shone upon his breast, and his open and loyal bearing at first approach was relieved by the martial dignity that distinguished the *ancien militaire*. He immediately ordered away the men of the Faith, who insulted the prisoners in their misfortune, and appointed them a guard of the brave *voltigeurs* who had struggled so gloriously against them.

Rodrigue, escaping as by a miracle the sad fate with which he had been menaced, was no sooner beyond the reach of the enemy, than he commenced to scan the trouble into which he had been thrown by this rout. He looked anxiously about in search of Milvia, his beloved companion, whom, in the terrible fray, he had for a moment forgotten.

He at once retraced his steps, observing with care to take the same way, but it was night, and it was by superhuman efforts that he finally arrived at the place which had witnessed his victory, and his downfall. The earth still reeked with the blood of the dying, whom he encountered at each pace, and the sound of his footsteps alone echoed in the frightful silence that surrounded him.

After having wandered a long time among the numerous corpses that the approach of night had forced the conquerors to abandon unburied, he sat down overcome with fatigue and grief and fell asleep, as for several days he had never closed his eyes.

Far from calming his agitated senses, this involuntary stupor burned him like an ardent fever, paining his enfeebled mind with the blackest images. He dreamed that he discovered Milvia among the dead, and that she beckoned to him with her icy hand to come and share her tomb; this frightful dream drew from

him a cry of grief, the name of Milvia. A sepulchral echo slowly repeated the name to the ear of Rodrigue, Believing himself to be deceived, the warrior repeated in a loud voice the name of Milvia, and a few words stifled by the death-rattle responded to him. No longer doubting that the words came from the failing voice of a body lying near him, he approached trembling, and addressed at hazard questions concerning Milvia. The same voice stammered some broken and unintelligible words, articulating with a final effort the word "*prisoner*;" a sigh followed, and death seized his prey before the unhappy Rodrigue could learn more concerning Milvia, or concerning the soldier who had rendered him this last service.

CHAPTER IV.

Before Aurora had put aside the curtain of night, Rodrigue was far from these sad scenes. Towards the majestic summit of one of the highest mountains to the north of Puycerda, he found a dark and extensive grotto formed by nature in a granite mass at the extremity of one of the most beautiful parameras, or plateaux, of the eastern Pyrenees. This grotto, closed by a thicket of young oaks, had been designated as a rendezvous to the soldiers of Rodrigue, according to the custom of the Spanish partisans who were frequently surprised or dispersed in the mountains. To this place came the impatient Rodrigue. He found at the entrance of the grotto one of his soldiers, who remitted to him an order in the handwriting of Mina, who ordered him to proceed immediately to Spanish Cerdagne, to reorganize his guerillas. The same soldier informed him that the few of his men who had escaped the carnage of the night before, awaited him upon a neighboring terrace of the grotto, where sleep was refreshing their weary frames. His arrival made his soldiers forget their

woes, and from them he learned all the particulars they had been able to gather concerning the fate of Milvia. Then reassured, he began his march for Cerdagne, where he hoped that his general would aid him in obtaining the ransom of his wife.

The Franco-Spanish column which held Milvia prisoner, reëntered towards night its different encampments. The commanding officers had thus far treated Milvia with all the regard due to her rank as an officer, as denoted by her uniform and the respect shown her by the Spaniards, her companions in captivity, and to place her in complete security from the outrages of the people of the Faith, who murmured against his humanity, he offered to share his lodgings with her until the next day, after the example of Guise, who, after the battle of Dreux, shared his bed with Conde, his prisoner.

Milvia, who had until this moment, under favor of the darkness, and by avoiding conversation, concealed her sex, was then forced to avow herself to an enemy who had treated her with so much generosity. This avowal, made in accents of modesty mingled with a noble pride, gave to the French officer a surprise easy to imagine, but recovering himself immediately from the astonishment into which he had been thrown, he redoubled his attentions toward his prisoner, abandoned his room to her, and stationed a double guard outside for greater security.

Milvia, left alone in the midst of her enemies, found her sleep as undisturbed as if she had been surrounded by the soldiers of her husband. Reassured concerning the destiny of Rodrigue, she blessed heaven for having fallen in the power of an enemy so worthy of her esteem, and the purest peace reigned in her soul until the first rays of daylight warned her that it was time to quit her bed of repose.

The news of the taking of a female officer soon circulated in the neighboring places occupied by the French troops. The curiosity natural in the circumstances, reünited all the French officers around the generous chief who had taken so much care of his prisoner, and to satisfy their impatience, he invited Milvia to be present at a breakfast that he intended to give to his corps of officers. An invitation so unexpected caused the beautiful Castilian an embarrassment that she was unable to conceal; but the French officer hastened to reassure her, saying that his intention was not to oblige her to accord to him a favor to which she felt a repugnance, and that she was perfectly free to accept or refuse. Milvia, touched by the delicacy of this new proceeding, consented to accompany him who had so merited her confidence, and entered with him a hall where a great number of officers were assembled.

A sudden blush covered her *distingue* features, on seeing herself exposed to the curiosity, frequently malignant, of a large party of men: but the worthy chief who accompanied her calmed her agitation by the respect that his presence commanded, and far from feeling a regret at her *demarche*, she felicitated herself inwardly that she had been the continual object of respectful attentions from the entire company.

Expressing herself with facility in the language of the guests, she gave them, with noble modesty, a succinct recital of the events of her life, and when she demanded leave to retire, she left the entire assembly transported with admiration for her rare qualities.

(Concluded in the next number.)

THERE is nothing so great that I fear to do for my friend, nor nothing so small that I will disdain to do for him.—*Sir Philip Sydney.*

MY SOUL AND I.

Come hither, soul,
Come list to me;
Delay not now,
I'd question thee.

Canst tell me, soul,
Canst tell me why,
Thou tremblest so
When Death is by?

Dost fear the hand
That threatens me,
That breaks thy chains,
And sets thee free?

Dost love the bonds
That give to earth
Thy dearly bought
Immortal birth?

Wouldst rather dwell
In this poor clay,
Than plume thy wings
And soar away?

Beyond the bounds
Of time and space,
To seek and find
Thy resting place?

Have worldly joys
And worldly strife
Claimed all thy thoughts,
Immortal life?

Hast never known,
A moment yet.
When this poor earth
Thou couldst forget?

And turn to Him
Who gave to thee
That priceless boon,
Eternity?

Alas! poor soul!
To earth below,
With all its cares,
And all its woe.

Its false pretense,
Its hollow show,

Thou'st given thy love;
Now tell me where

Are all thy hopes,
Thy pleasures, where,
Since Death has claimed
His proper share?

Thou weepst now,
So let it be;
E'en Jesus wept,
My soul, for thee.

Perhaps those tears
Will soothe thy woe,
And calm thy grief—
Then let them flow.

Perhaps they'll wash
Sin stains away,
And give thee faith
In God to-day!

Perhaps they'll give
Thee joys below
Thou hast not known,
Then let them flow.

'Tis well, my soul,
No more thou'lt fear
The tyrant Death,
Or far, or near.

No more thou'lt give
Thy pride of birth
That fairest gem
Of priceless worth—
Immortal thought—
To things of earth!

M.

GUILTY OR NOT GUILTY?

BY GORDON GREENLAW.

GUILTY!! oh how the word rang in my ear as the name of each juror was called, and each separately asked if that was his verdict.

What had I to say why sentence should not be passed? On the same testimony I would have convicted any man. I bowed to the Judge and answered "nothing."

They have been very kind to me. *She* whom they say I have made a widow, even she comes to see me daily and believes me innocent. Who else believes me so on my simple assertion?—my mother! *Yes*, but none other. Good, kind, as all are, they look upon me as a murderer. I have discouraged efforts made upon my behalf to obtain a commutation of sentence. I would die in the knowledge of mine own innocence, rather than live with the brand of Cain always upon me. Yet would I leave behind me some remembrance of my fate, and I write this to be opened only when I am *at rest*.

I made no defence—perhaps I was foolish—I did not make a confidante of my counsel. Why should I? *Who would credit my statement—none*. Yet perhaps when all is over some may be found who will believe me guiltless.

My father died when I was yet young. My mother has since then lived at Windemere Lake, eking out her small income by letting lodgings in the summer season. Sir John Beach has been my constant friend and patron—for my father and he were brother officers for many years, and were warm fast friends—as, despite our poverty, we have been a happy family. Lucy, mother and I formed a little world of our own, a world of happiness, confidence and love, and *now, now* what is it? inscrutable are the ways of Thou, Most High!—who hast thus forsaken us. Yet shall I doubt thy goodness and mercy. Husband of the widow and father of the fatherless, let me drain the cup of bitterness to its dregs, and say *Thy will be done!*

Hubert Beach was Sir John's only son. Wayward from boyhood, he became vicious in manhood. Between us there existed no love, for his pride made him repulsive to me, and the different views we took of life prevented any sympathy of feeling. Apparently frank, with

handsome person, polished manners and great conversational powers, he was, however, a favorite with both my mother and sister, though we saw but little of him while I was at home. I had gone to college when I heard of his frequent visits to our cottage. Lucy hardly named him in her letters—my mother constantly. I took no note of this, or I might have surmised the feelings that occupied my sister's heart.

I had just taken my degree, and was looking for a title to orders, as Sir John Beach had promised me the gift of a rectory on the death of the present incumbent, a very aged man. It was just at this time I received the first blow to my hitherto constant happiness. My mother wrote to me; accident had revealed to her the full extent of our misery. Hubert Beach's visits had been rarer and rarer, and Lucy evidently suffered from some mortal affliction. Then my mother suspected that she loved, and was about to write to me to ask my advice, when she discovered—that Lucy was disgraced, disgraced, yet not guilty. They had been to Carlisle, where the foolish girl had met Hubert, and had agreed to a clandestine union across the Scottish border. It was accomplished, but it was illegal. The villain had deceived her, and they were united at a village on the English side by a creature of his own, who personated the famed Gretna Blacksmith.

I hastened home. The railroad left me within a mile of Sir John's house, and I determined to visit him before going to my mother. He was absent and would not return till late, the servant told me.

To our house by the road was about five miles, but by crossing a rugged hill, with a narrow gulch near its summit, which rendered it somewhat dangerous, the distance was more than half reduced. The evening was fine, and I took the

shorter route. A small brook runs down into Windemere Lake through the gulch which I have mentioned, at times almost dry, yet fierce when swollen by mountain torrents after rain. The gulch is crossed by a footbridge, built by Sir John at considerable expense, and being the work of a self-taught local mechanic, is one of the curiosities of the neighborhood. It is 124 feet long, and supported by iron rods secured to the hills, on one side there was a hand-rail, on the other none.

It was nine o'clock nearly as I approached this place. The young moon was near setting, throwing her fading light up the gulch, and partially illuminating the southern half of the bridge, from which side I was approaching. As I neared the centre of the bridge, I saw a figure coming towards me from the other side with a rapid stride. As he emerged from the shadowed portion and came close upon me, I recognized Hubert Beach. He did not seem to know me, but said, hoarsely, "make room if you please." "Not till I have spoken with you," I replied.

He seemed astonished at the rencontre, paused, and was silent.

What I said there I remember not, but it must have been fearfully violent, for he seemed as if he would spring upon me, and I prepared to act on the defensive. He suddenly checked himself and spoke:

"Lionel," said he, "I desire no altercation with you, and I am neither in the mood, nor is this the place to discuss what you have entered upon; let me pass, I say, I will not be bullied even by you."

"You pass not till you answer my question—*will you marry her*, and that at once."

"Fool!" cried he, and he struck me full in the chest as I stood in the centre of the causeway. I staggered against the one side-rail. He attempted to pass

me rapidly, but his foot slipped, and he fell towards the unguarded side of the narrow bridge; to save himself, he grasped at my coat, but it slipped from his hand. My one thought was to save him. I threw myself forward, grasped an iron which suspended the bridge with one hand, and seized the collar of his coat with the other. He hung suspended on my arm some minutes, how long I knew not, but it was soon over. I spoke to him gently; I directed him how to try and recover himself. God knows how I urged him! but he did not answer.

He made no further effort even to grasp the bridge, which he might have done by raising his hands above his head. He was evidently insensible, or paralyzed by fear. Slowly but surely my hand unclasped from its hold; I could feel the power of grip passing away from each finger; then I saw him go down, *down* that fearful depth of nearly two hundred feet.

I went round nearly two miles by the head of the gulch, and descended the stream till I reached the place where he lay. He was dead! his skull literally crushed in by a rock he had struck on. Then the fearful circumstances I stood in arrayed themselves before me, and with criminal weakness I resolved to bury the secret within my own bosom.

I hastened home. My mother attributed any coldness of manner she may have observed to the exciting family affliction which had recalled me home.

She entered into a detail of what had passed, in hopes of consoling me, but, alas! every word but added to my misery and remorse. Lucy was married to Hubert.

Previous to writing to me, she had visited Sir John Beach, and had explained everything to him. His reply was short. "Madam, I will reflect, and then act as seems to be best. I will see you shortly, and depend upon it, I will

do that which after consideration I consider right."

The next day my mother wrote to me. After dispatching the letter, she heard that Sir John Beach had suddenly left home, accompanied by Hubert, but two hours after seeing her.

The very evening I returned he came to her house with his son, and was met by the rector, whom he had notified to be there. Lucy was not present. He there addressed my mother thus :

"It appears to me that a union with my son and your daughter having been done in a loose and improper manner, it only remains to remedy the evil by a more orthodox method. In the *necessity* of doing this at once my son concurs.

"We need not enter upon a discussion of what has passed, as it would benefit no one, and would only tend to perhaps widen a breach it is my desire to heal. I have here a special license from the Bishop, which Hubert himself procured, and our worthy rector is ready to re-perform in a legal manner the ceremony of marriage, the previous contraction of which was irregular. Let this be at present kept a secret, and we will each return to our own homes. After a few weeks the marriage can be acknowledged. I do not wish to be present, nor do I wish any one but ourselves to know that it is done by my sanction, at least for the present. Immediately after the ceremony, Hubert," he added turning to his son, "I wish you to return home to conclude the other arrangements with our attorney."

My mother, by Sir John's desire, went and ascertained what indeed there could be but little doubt of, that Lucy was perfectly willing to accede to this plan, after which the old gentleman took his departure, and in half an hour Lucy was ready and married by the rector, in the presence of my mother's two old and faithful servants.

The conduct of Hubert throughout the whole of this scene was peculiar; he hardly lifted his eyes from the ground, but when the blessing was pronounced he kissed Lucy, and said in a whisper, "We are now legally husband and wife. I love you, always have loved you, but I have a horror of matrimony. I could not oppose my father's iron will, and so had to perpetrate it, and if I *must* be married, I do really prefer you to any one else. Let us hope," said he, turning to my mother, "that the ills that are past will be followed by better days. I made a bad return for all your kindness to me, and I trust that this marriage, when *openly* acknowledged and sanctioned by my father, may eventuate in happiness. We have yet to transact some legal business, as he said. I must return to the manor. To-morrow I will see you again." And after an impulsive embrace of Lucy, he held out his hand to my mother, who drew him one side and exchanged a few more words; he then departed, so ending the strange scene.

The next morning by six o'clock a messenger came from Grantly Manor House to summon Hubert home. His father had awaited his arrival the night before till nearly 12 o'clock, and then thought that he had remained at our house, despite his instructions. He had heard of my calling, and supposed I might have possibly detained Hubert too late. Search was made, the body was found, and a coroner's inquest held at the manor house, in the neighboring village, an open verdict was returned, but the prevailing opinion was that he had committed suicide.

Lucy was overwhelmed; she was taken to Grantly Manor to view the corpse of him she had so unfortunately loved, but no persuasion could induce me to accompany her.

That evening I strolled out into the lane in the rear of our house. When I

had proceeded a few hundred yards, I met a stout-built, heavy man, who accosted me with some trivial question; he forced his conversation upon me in a manner I was ill disposed to submit to. I could not, however, shake him off. The end of the lane terminated at a public house on the main road. He had retraced his steps and continued close to me. Hoping to get rid of him, I turned as if to return home.

"A moment, sir, if you please, I wish to be as polite as I can, but you must go with me to that tavern."

"Why?" said I.

"Because I wish to save your family the shock of seeing you apprehended at your own house."

"Apprehended?" said I.

"Yes; I have here a warrant to apprehend you for the murder of Hubert Beach; resistance is useless, you had better come quietly."

I did so.

I was immediately taken before two neighboring magistrates.

When Hubert's body was carried into the nearest house after it had been found, this man was passing; he assisted; he found in the right hand a button and a small piece of cloth tightly grasped. Unnoticed, he disengaged it and put it in his pocket. He was Waters, the London detective officer, who chanced to be down in the neighborhood on some other business.

The button was very peculiar in its pattern. He took it to the village tailor, and quietly asked him if he had ever seen a button like it.

"Yes, he had put such a button on to an overcoat for Mr. Lionel Bourne, about four months ago."

"What was the color of the coat?"

"A mixed brown."

The detective turned and went to the door; he had only shown the button concealing the cloth in his hand. He now

concealed the button, and returning again, showed the fragment of cloth it was attached to. "Was that like the color of the cloth?"

"Yes, exactly. What do you ask for?"

"Oh, only curiosity."

He came to our house with a pretended message from the tailor, and asked the servant to let him see the coat, to measure the depth of the collar. It hung in the passage; she showed it to him; he said nothing; he strolled down to the tavern, got a horse, went to the nearest magistrate, made his deposition, obtained the warrant on which he arrested me.

I was remanded till the next day. I was then brought up again. My footsteps had been tracked and measured with my boots, down the gulch and back to the main road, also, in several places between Sir John Beachly's house and the bridge.

I had denied seeing anything of Hubert to several persons. Who could doubt my guilt? The coat was produced, the fragment with the button on it fitted the rent, which I had not noticed. The servants at the manor swore to the coat I wore; and our own servant also that I took it off in the passage, on my arrival home. My mother has urged on me to explain what I can. I tell her the tale will seem too improbable for credence, but assure her I am innocent; and Lucy too—they both believe me. After all, had I acknowledged at first my meeting with Hubert—would the world at large have believed my tale? No, I should have lived if I had escaped—a marked man, suspected by most, condemned by some, and believed by but few, very few, and I prefer death to such an existence.

When I am dead and these pages are read, those who knew my general character, and those to have heard it, may believe me innocent. God and my own

conscience are the only witnesses of the truth of my tale. Farewell!

NOTE.—Mr. Lionel Bourne was hung within a few moments of his placing the above statement in the hands of the prison chaplain. His mother died within a week of his execution, and poor Lucy, unable to bear this rapid succession of terrible afflictions, is, or was in 1855, a hopeless lunatic. When the writer of this saw her, she thought he was Hubert. She grasped his arm, and looking piteously in his face, said:

“You are Hubert; he did not kill you. I knew Lionel did not do it—and baby knows it; he whispers it in my ear every night, and prays God to bless papa.”

And she lifted up her child of some fourteen months, and covered it with kisses.

Unable to bear the scene, he hurried from the room.

“She is very quiet and gentle,” said the physician, “if she shows the least symptom of violence, the sight of her child at once checks it.”

“And is there no hope,” was asked, “of her recovering her reason?”

“None that I or any other medical man can perceive.”

'Tis a sad tale, reader. But for the morbid feeling of Bourne, which in this case was selfishness, both Lucy and her mother might have lived and recovered their lost happiness. Had he confided in his lawyer, instead of merely making bare assertions of his innocence, he might possibly have been saved; and in sparing his mother and sister the shock of his disgraceful death, done much to lessen the severity of their sufferings.

THE sacred book of the ancient Persians says:

“If you wish to be a saint, instruct your children, because all the good they do will be imputed to you.”

TO OUR FARAWAY.

BY S. H. D.

“I thought of thee in the deep night,
When all around was still.”

The night is calm, the moonbeams rest
Upon the waters cool and still,
While far off in the shadowy west
The Eve-Star gilds the distant hill.

The world is hush'd, all nature sleeps,
Within the arms of soft repose;
When eyes are closed in stillness deep,
My watchful eyes refuse to close!

For O, my spirit fain would fly,
Upon thoughts' wing, untired, free,
Through these fair fields of other sky
To gaze with tenderness on thee!

I wonder if thy heart, like mine,
Is filled with raptures at this hour;
If all thy tender sympathies,
Are thrilling with its magic powers.

Perhaps amid ambrosial bowers,
Where crystal waters lucid play,
Thy thoughts are rev'ling with the flowers,
Of some bright dream-land far away.

Perhaps while in that fairy land,
Another hand is locked in thine,
And thoughts of holy tenderness
Thou'rt breathing to this heart of mine.

My lyre is all too sadly strung
To echo back upon my heart,
One thought or tone of sympathy,
Of which thou dost not bear a part.

But fare thee well! *I'll* to my dreams,
In fancy there *more free*;
I'll seek our home and see thy face,
In sweet reality.

MATCHES.

[That which follows is an extract from a long and interesting discussion on matches, which took place recently at the Academy of Medicine in Paris. It has been translated for our columns by Mr.

I. Ryan. We notice in our French exchanges, by the way, that M. Briquet (Tinder-box) was elected an active member of the Academy, at the close of the discussion, just referred to. We would respectfully inquire, is this an act of hostility against matches?—Eds.]

It is acknowledged that the matches ordinarily in use are not the finishing point of an enlightened civilization; for, besides the unfortunate workmen who are engaged in their manufacture, being often affected with a dangerous malady, described as *phosphoric necrosis*, matches are often the means of grave accidents in the hands of children and imprudent persons. The police, moreover, so careful in preventing the sale of poisons, appear not to doubt that the phosphorus which tips the end of matches, and which in this form circulates freely, is a formidable poison.

An improvement being therefore desirable, it is soon made. An honorable inventor has profited by the property which phosphorus possesses, of not being poisonous when it has undergone an *isomeric* transformation, by being subjected to a temperature of 280° , which, without the addition or contact of foreign substances, causes it to change from yellow to red. Phosphorus, in this state, preserves the property of becoming inflamed by friction. In order that the match may present, besides, desirable qualities, the red phosphorus is separated from the chlorate of potassa, leaving the latter on the end of the match, and spreading the red phosphorus in such a way that accidental inflammation is no longer possible. This is an important advance in domestic economy; but the force of habit is such that these matches are but slowly coming into use.

Other inventions, moreover, have been presented. One has the idea of applying red phosphorus to one end of the match, and the inflammable paste to the other,

so that to have fire, all that is necessary is to break the match in two and touch the extremities to each other. This is termed the *androgynous* match.

After him comes a third inventor, who, rejecting the use of phosphorus, prepared an inflammable paste, composed of chlorate of potassa, binoyd of lead, and sulphur of antimony. Incandescence is only obtained by quick and prolonged friction.

We have thus three sorts of matches, which are much superior to those at present in use. 1st. The red amorphous phosphoric matches, invented by M. Coignet; 2d. the androgynous matches, which are but a modification of the preceding; 3d. M. Canouille's matches prepared without phosphorus. If the public still continue to use matches made of white, *chemical* phosphorus; if one hundred or one hundred and fifty fires a year continue to blaze, thanks to these matches; if fifty or sixty accidental or voluntary cases of poisoning are annually heralded by the health officers; if the workmen engaged in the preparation of white phosphorous paste still allow themselves to waste away, by means of the poisoned action of this body, it will be the fault neither of science nor industry.

The Academy, moreover, expressed to the Minister their desire that the sale of common matches be prohibited: thus the public would be forced to become wise.

NATURE'S VOICE, AND SPECULATIONS THEREON.

The Discoverer of the Pacific, and the Truth of History.

BY W. WELLINGTON CARPENTER.

There is a mighty depth of purity and illumined history, perpetually emanating from all the motley throng of languages which Nature so eloquently masters.

That old oak tree has been occupied thousands of years in delivering a botanical lecture of such profound depth, and beatific eloquence, that the most polished and refined oratory that the rules of art have ever enabled man to reach, sink into oblivion when brought into contrast with its ancient tale. Ah! her protracted story is one uninterrupted current of scientific inspiration, flowing from one of nature's languages. That little pebble on the beach, is pouring forth to that man of science a glorious history of the primitive elements which surrounded it during its formative period centuries of years in the past. But of all the languages over which nature commands such regal sway, there are none that are so impressively awe-inspiring as the "Ocean's Voice." My home is within sight of her foaming billows, and within hearing of her restive waves, as they splash against their rocky barriers. Let the great deep be never so calm one mile from shore, her terrible waters are constantly lashing the rock with their merciless fury.

Look over beyond that *water mountain*, upon that calm unruffled surface, and you will observe there is not a quiver to be seen. Now lower the vision one degree, which will bring you a trifle nearer to the shore, there you see a slight ripple, so slight as to be scarcely perceptible. A little nearer, and it slowly assumes the form of a gradually undulating wave. Still it comes a little nearer and a little faster; with each onward bound it arises a little higher, and with reacting surge it recedes a little lower, ever and anon sparkling in the effulgent rays of the sun. See how rapidly it is nearing the shore; it is not more than two hundred yards distant. Onward, onward it bounds; forward, forward it comes! larger and larger it gets! Marvelous! stupendous! It seems to have attained the proportions of a mountain

in altitude. Over and over it comes, until its mad career is closed, and it has found its conqueror. It has made its last and fatal plunge against those perpendicular cliffs, foaming and writhing in the last expiring agonies of the battle-field. Such is nature; even the most fearful foe can find his conqueror.

The smoke clears up, but the reverberation sounds like the distant thunder for miles and miles from the scene of the action. O, thou mighty Pacific, what tales of woe and conquered pride, as well as joy and exultant hope, thou could'st unfold to mortal man. How man had fashioned ships to float on thy naked bosom, and with what vain pride he treads his deck when safety reigns. How, when the storm-king rises in all his mad fury, he strikes his flaunting colors and appeals to a Higher Power to steer his bark safely to a haven of rest. How many a gallant ship and brave crew have been heaved and tossed upon the angry billows, until the last glimmering star of hope had set in the dismal horizon, and with outstretched arms and uplifted eyes in final petition, they sank beneath thy gigantic waves to rise no more forever.

And finally, could we but comprehend thy language, who could compute the practical advantages that would arise therefrom. The immensely absorbing historical controversy of "who made the first discoveries on the North Pacific coast?" would be satisfactorily set at rest. Oh! give us the facts and figures, and relieve a troubled word!

Was Perez really the first Spanish navigator whose astonished vision first burst upon this golden shore, while buffeting your—then—unexplored dominions? Or did Cabrillo actually touch this coast nearly four hundred years ago? And tell me is the bay which to-day bears Sir Francis Drake's name positively the one which he entered? and if so (privately now, if you please), whisper in my

ear the important information of the precise whereabouts of that "*pillar, with a large plate on it,*" which he claimed to have set up, that I may go and extricate it from its present oblivion, and immortalize my humble name. Had I as much confidence in the veracity of Drake as some people have, I should search for that "*pillar with a large plate on it,*" as I reside but some two or three miles from where it is claimed that the great English navigator landed. But I have not. I do not believe that a man whose profession it was to capture Spanish ships, murder their crews, and rob them of their incomparable treasure, is to be relied upon. I care not if piracy was considered fashionable, and even honorable, in those days, the principle remains the same. Queen Elizabeth evidently had more respect for Drake, than I have for his memory.

But I am a stickler for the position that modern discoveries on this coast date much farther back than popular history recognizes. I believe the first discoveries on this coast to have been coeval with those of Columbus on the opposite side of the continent. It is said there has recently been found in an old private obscure library in Spain, a small book descriptive of a voyage which the author claimed to have made to this coast in 1483. From the description which he gave of his explorations, he sailed in at what is now known as Monterey, sailed up what is now known as the Monterey and San Jose valleys, and reached a point as far north as the present city of San Francisco. What is now known as the Golden Gate, was then one continuous chain of mountains, and the only outlet to the waters of the Sacramento Valley, San Francisco Bay, etc., was down through the San Jose and Monterey valleys, and out into the ocean at Monterey. The Golden Gate has no doubt been made since that period by volcanic

action, an earthquake having sank that part of the coast range. I am advised that that old work is now beginning to excite much interest, and is at the present time being translated into the English language. Perhaps that old book may rob some of those old navigators of a little of their immortality. We shall see what we shall.

But, dearest readers, for one moment drop the reality of established history, wrap yourselves up in the dreamy cloak of imagination; take my wing and let us sail down on the pinions of thought in the dark vista of buried ages. Farewell ye dazzling beauties of the nineteenth century! we desire, for a brief time, to become oblivious to thy excellencies. O how inexpressibly beautiful! how incomprehensibly sublime! Onward we move through the soft balmy elysian ether, with a velocity ten thousand times greater than frightened lightning itself. Hold! what is that gorgeous vision lying beyond those limpid waters? It is the shore of four thousand years ago! We have landed. What are all those queer looking old tubs? and what is that chumble rouble jargon? Why they are Japanese and Chinese junks, and that jargon is the commands of Asiatic captains, as they propel their crafts to and fro between Asia and the Pacific coast. Such is our dream of the past, and such is the most compatible method of accounting for the relics of a lost race, which are constantly being exhumed from beneath terra firma all over this coast. I have so far digressed in this article from the original subject, that it would only add "*sprawling blunder No. 2*" in attempting to return again, so I will make an effort to save my credit by drawing it to a close. Adios!

RIGHT and duty are like two palm-trees, which bear fruit only when growing side by side.

GOOD EVENING!

Good evening, all! good evening!

The hour of rest has come;

Good evening to the joyful group,
Within our happy home.

Good evening to the blessed ones,
That sit around the hearth,

By that old fireside that we love—
Home of our heart and birth!

Good evening to our aged sire!

Good evening, mother dear!

Calm in the evening of your life,
Your sun is setting clear.

The stars go down for you at night,
In the dim western skies,

For you a brighter day shall dawn
A glorious morning rise.

Good evening to the stranger lodged
Within our gates to-night;

Far from his cheerful cottage home,
And children's faces bright.

May dreams of that old fireside group
Be with him in his sleep,

And white-winged angels o'er his bed,
Their blessed vigils keep.

Good evening to the suffering one,
Upon the couch of pain;

The night is ebbing fast away,
The morning comes again.

Good evening! 'tis my last on earth,
An endless morn shall rise!

No evening dim its glorious light—
No cloud obscure its skies.

Good evening to a slumbering world—
For all have gone to rest;

The babe lies sweetly now in sleep
Upon its mother's breast.

The aged lay them down to die,
The weary wake no more;

Good evening to the friends who wait
Upon the Eternal Shore! G. T. S.

THE FATAL LADY. ●

FROM THE FRENCH.

BY X.

The first act of *Somnambula* was nearly finished, when those of the spectators

who were not exclusively absorbed by the melodies of Bellini saw suddenly appear in one of the boxes a woman with a countenance of the sparkling whiteness of marble. The new comer was beautiful; strangely, strikingly so—deadly beautiful, as a writer of the romantic *Pleiad* remarked. Above her eyes, which sparkled like two carbuncles, a double circle of brown marked brow and eyelashes; a disdainful fold extended backward from the corners of her haughty mouth; her nostrils palpitated as if from an internal fever, and a deep wrinkle appeared now and then upon her marble-like forehead.

“There is a marvelously beautiful woman,” murmured one of my neighbors, “but it seems to me that I would not wish to be husband or lover to her.”

I made no reply to the observation of my neighbor, but secretly adopted his opinion.

From the time of her entrance, my attention was concentrated upon the unknown lady, whose thoughts seemed to me evidently to be traveling far away from the *Theatre Italien*.

A little before the close of the performance, a lackey, with the form of a Hercules, threw upon the shoulders of his mistress a fur-trimmed mantle. She rose, as an automaton moved by a spring might have done, gathered up her kerchief and boquet, and sailed out of the box with all the majesty her floating robes would permit. I went out also, and followed her carriage at a respectful distance.

There was an outcry at the corner of the street. The tongue of the carriage had struck an old man and thrown him upon the pavement. Whether the coachman was not master of his horses, or whether through calculation he increased their disorderly speed, the coach of the unknown lady disappeared at the corner of the *Rue de la P ix*.

Some one lifted the old man, who was but slightly wounded, from the pavement, and found by his side a purse filled with gold, which a passer-by declared had been thrown there by the beautiful lady who had been the involuntary cause of the accident.

On the two succeeding days the image of the unknown constantly haunted my thoughts, and on the third evening I hastened to the Theatre Italien long before the hour at which the curtain rose, that I might be able to secure the same seat near the orchestra, which I had previously occupied. There I waited with impatience for the vision again to appear to my eyes. A secret voice whispered to me that I had met with a living enigma, and I resolved to unravel the mysteries that enveloped it. To my intense disappointment, and despite my frequent evocations, the box remained empty during the evening.

I left the theatre, and, while lighting a consolatory cigar at the hospitable lamp of the tobacco merchant of the passage Choisenal, I felt a hand placed on my shoulder, and a bantering voice pronounced in my ear :

“What has set your neck awry?”

I turned, and saw before me an acquaintance, who is not only a chronicler, but who is a chronicle incarnated—a demi-sorcerer, who is everywhere, who sees everything, who knows everything and divines what he does not know. Having waited rather long for a reply, he repeated his question.

“What do you mean by my neck being awry?”

“Parbleu! Did I not see you this evening at the Italien with your neck stretched to the left, watching for some one who did not deign to show herself?”

“You know her!” I exclaimed.

“You know very well that I know God and Devil.”

“True; but do you know her well enough to present me to her?”

“Yes.”

“And will you present me?”

“Heaven preserve you!”

“Why?”

“Because I do not wish a misfortune to fall upon you.”

“If I make her acquaintance is there, then, anything to make me repent of it?”

“Assuredly.”

“I do not understand you.”

“A little patience and you will comprehend.”

Having lighted his cigar by mine, he passed his arm within my own, and while we walked slowly along the Boulevard, he recounted to me the following history :

“The lady whom you lorgnetted beyond measure last Tuesday evening at the Theatre Italien, and for whom you watched in vain this evening, arrived eight days ago at Paris, where she has never before appeared. Those who know her superficially name her the Countess B——. Myself and a few others, who know her better, call her the ‘Fatal Lady.’

“She was born, and lived, until she was twenty-eight years of age, at Stockholm. Her mother died at her birth. This blow was the death of her father, who, leaving her an orphan at the age of four months, confided her to the care of an aged relative. She had three nurses, who all succumbed to excessively violent affections of the chest. At the age of six years she was placed at the best boarding-school in Stockholm. She remained there until she was fifteen. During those nine years the institution was five times on fire, and each time the destructive element had its victims.

“She was scarcely sixteen when she was sought in marriage by a young man of great family and corresponding fortune. Already the day of betrothal was fixed; already her affianced had received from

Paris the *corbeille*, containing, it was said, among other marvels, diamonds of considerable value, when one morning his valet de chambre found him assassinated in his bed. The robbers had stabbed him and escaped with the objects of value concealed in the apartment of the unfortunate man.

"The young lady piously wore mourning for her affianced, and during two years she remained deaf to the words of love that breathed along her pathway. However, her aged relative was very old, and it was necessary that she should establish for herself a home. A country neighbor presented himself, and was received at first coldly: afterward with pleasure. She had commenced by tolerating his visits; she ended by finding in them a great charm, and praying him to prolong them as much as possible by coming sooner and staying later, until the day previous to the one when he should remain to go away no more.

"On that day, in order to gain a quarter of an hour, the young man mounted a fleet and fiery horse. It was a stormy evening; the rain fell in torrents. A formidable thunder-clap, preceded by a vivid flash of lightning, terrified the horse to madness, and abandoning the route, he rushed across the fields directly toward a torrent, in which man and beast disappeared. Two days afterward their bodies were found a couple of leagues below.

"She who is so justly named the 'Fatal Lady' had reached her twentieth year when she was married to her first husband. He was a young lord, passionately fond of the chase, and she was not tardy in imbibing the tastes of her husband. In a little while she had become celebrated in the country for the correctness of her eye, the precision of her aim and her indefatigable ardor.

"They set off one morning for a hunting party, followed by some friends and

numerous valets. Never did a day begin more joyously—never did one end more sadly. At the moment, when, preceded by the Count, she leaped a hedge, the branch of a tree broke with a detonation like that of a gun, and the husband of the Fatal Lady—pierced in the side by its two prongs—fell, never to rise again.

"After this misfortune, my heroine realized her fortune, and exiled herself from a country which had for her none but bitter and grievous memories. She went to St. Petersburg, where she condemned herself to absolute seclusion. Little by little, however, the news of her beauty spread, and her doors were besieged by the *élite* of the Russian aristocracy. It was a brilliant captain of a regiment of the guard who first penetrated the citadel, and who had the honor to surrender arms to the garrison, if you will permit me to indulge in the luxury of military metaphors."

"And this captain of the guard?"

"Dead like the others. A cannon ball cut him in two at the siege of Sebastopol."

A shiver ran through my frame as I remarked interrogatively: "I trust she did not marry a third time?"

"No; but she had a lover, a Piedmontese officer."

"Ah! well?"

He died gloriously at Solferino. Upon his breast was found a little satchet containing a lock of a woman's hair. You can imagine from whose head it had been cut."

"Is that all?"

"Not yet. She went to London, where two gentlemen laid at her feet the small amount of brains with which nature had endowed them.

"'Milord,' said she, one evening, to one of her adorers, 'you know that you have a rival.'

"'I know,' he replied.

“ ‘A rival who wearies me.’

“ ‘I am convinced.’

“ ‘Are you a man to do me a service.’

“ ‘Speak, Madam.’

“ ‘Deliver me from the pursuit of this insupportable lover.’

“ ‘Count upon me.’

“ The gentleman went to his club, where he found his adversary at whist. He placed himself behind him and began to criticise his playing. The other, who seemed to wait for nothing but a pretext for offense, resented sharply, and in spite of the pacific intervention of friends, the gentlemen declared that they had resolved to fight.

“ ‘I have sworn to kill him, and I will kill him,’ said the opponent of the whist-player to the witnesses.

“ ‘And to whom have you made so amiable a promise?’ inquired one of those who accompanied them upon the ground.

“ ‘A lady who is weary of his attentions, and annoyed at his tenderness.’

“ They fought, and so savagely that the two physicians, whom they had taken the precaution to have present, having examined them as they lay prostrated by two terrible sword-blows, pronounced them both dead, and declared that they had ceased to live as suddenly as if they fallen victims to a thunder-stroke.”

While speaking, my companion had arrived before the house where he lived, and wishing me good night, disappeared, after having made me promise to warn the Parisians of the dangers that threatened them.

A DUTCH LEGEND.

ON the quay of the Emperor at Amsterdam stands a house dated 1622. It is three stories high and terminates in a gable surcharged with those lilliputian obelisks, which seem to have been at a certain epoch the favorite ornament of

Dutch architecture. In a frieze that separates the first story from the second, are six heads of men, some wreathed with laurels, the others crowned with helmets; the style is heavy and the sculpture mediocre, but the house has its legend.

It belonged in olden times to a negociant, who had accumulated all manner of riches. Seven robbers leagued together for the purpose of seizing his treasures, which he had the name of being able to increase at his pleasure. They waited until one Saturday evening, for on that day the negociant, with his family and servants, had gone to Broeck, leaving his dwelling in the sole charge of an aged serving woman. The robbers went silently to work in the night to excavate a subterranean passage, by which to gain an entrance through the floors of the kitchen. Once within, they could easily have pilaged the house, after having strangled the domestic.

On that night the servant sat watching near a lamp in the kitchen, and knitting. She heard, confusedly at first, more distinctly afterward, the sound made by the robbers at their work. She felt the vague fear that warns one of the approach of an unknown danger, but as she was a brave woman she did not allow herself to become frightened, but seizing a long knife which she found in the kitchen, sharpened it upon the stone sink, then, after lowering the wick of the lamp in such a manner as to leave the room very nearly dark, she stationed herself in a corner armed and prepared. Presently she saw one of the square flag-stones raise and fall over as if lifted by an invisible power, then another, and still another; then a head bristling, bearded and formidable, as the head of a brigand should always be, appeared through the opening. The servant resolutely grasped the head by the hair and severed it from the body with a single blow of the knife, before the robber had time to give even a sigh.

The woman then drew the body up through the aperture, and placed it promptly against the wall. The head of a second robber emerged presently, and was seized and cut off like the first.

Six times this enraged Judith repeated her bloody task, for the robbers came singly through the trench, and neither of them having heard either noise, or cry, or call, imagined that each had succeeded. The seventh, however, became frightened at the silence; he was an old thief, very shrewd and cautious, and in place of putting his head through the fatal entrance, he called to his comrades.

The servant was careful not to reply; he stopped there, drew a long breath, and smelling the warm and sickening odor of blood, he comprehended that something terrible and unexpected had happened above, and not having sufficient curiosity to lead him to make any further attempt to unravel the mystery, he turned and used his best speed in making his escape, and was never heard of afterwards. In commemoration of this terrible adventure, the proprietor of the house ornamented its exterior with six sculptured heads, and gave to the servant six thousand florins—a thousand for each robber.

A LEGEND OF THE PACIFIC COAST.

BY EDWARD POLLOCK.

Southward of our gates of gold
An hundred leagues, as the tale is told,
There lieth, a mile below the sea,
A city that was, and yet shall be:
Drowned for its sins, but yet to rise
As shriven souls ascend the skies.

I have been through that city in a dream,
Where its turrets through the blue waters gleam

I have stood, when the moon to the rippled wave

The ghastly ghost of sunlight gave;
Through the avenues long, accursed by crime,

In the shadows of the olden time,
In a vision I wandered, and walked amid
The streets where numberless things lie hid,

That nameless seemed, and strange to me,
In those sunless solitudes down in the sea.

The hand of Time, that spectre grim,
Has never reached down through the water dim;

But pillar and column are standing there,
Erect as they stood above in the air;
And, save that o'er all the slimy water

A cold and glittering film hath cast—
As northern winds un pitying scatter
Ice on the trees as they hurry past—
The mirror-like marbles untarnished shine,

As when first they went down in the sparkling brine.

The waving sea-weeds, rank and tall,
Like ivy, are clinging to tower and wall,
And the glittering dolphin and ravenous shark

Are gliding around in the chambers dark.
There the arms of the polypus are seen,
Like a spider's mesh in the water green,
And a thousand wonderful creatures sleep
Motionless, silently, down in the deep.

There sitteth a form on a marble throne,
The form of a maiden young and fair,
But the water hath turned the body to stone,

And hardened the curls of her raven hair;

Yet her full dark eyes are open, and seem
Forever to flash with a lambent beam;
But her rounded arms and bosom white
Have a deathly cast in that sadden'd light.

When the loving waves of a thousand years

Shall have washed from those walls of guilt the stain—

As sin is washed out by the penitent's tears,

That city will start from her slumbers again;

And surely 'twill be strange to mark
Each tower as it leaves its chambers dark—

Springing up into life, unbound and free,
From those sunless solitudes down in the sea.

Our Social Chair.



CROSS the way from the home of a friend of ours is a gloomy house with a north front and dark corridors. It is a quiet street, very narrow, and with the houses built close upon the side-walk, so that whatever sounds arise from the outside of the houses over the way are perfectly audible in his. For a day or two our ears were pained by a sound of struggling, as if some feeble creature was waging an unavailing strife against a cruel thralldom. The sound disturbed us like an appeal from the suffering. We had several times vainly scanned the opposite walls from our windows. Our scrutiny afforded us no solution of its cause, until we were passing one day in the street below, and glancing upward saw, close beneath the roof of the lower corridor, two white doves in separate cages. One sat in an abject and drooping posture upon its perch; the other, at intervals, beat frantically against the bars of its cage with worn and bleeding wings. We kept our front windows closed afterward, but fancy, or memory, continued to repeat the struggles of my cruel neighbors' caged doves to my ears, and to present images of other caged doves and their ineffectual strife against their pitiless thralldom. Alas, how frequently may the story of a woman's life be summed up as that of a dove which has wearied its existence out beating against the bars of its cage, then drooped its sullied wings and died.

There are men who, when they have so far secured their fortunes that they can afford themselves a holiday, occupy one in wife-hunting, in a spirit precisely similar to that with which they would spend a day in the pursuit of game, and, through a singular preference for characteristics unlike their own, select as victims gentle and

affectionate beings, whose beauty can only last while their abode is

"Where Love is an unerring light
And joy, its own security."

The wooing that these men do is as replete with delicate skill and wariness as a hunter's wiles for taking a bird alive, and their cherishing and keeping afterward the hard conditions of captivity. We all know women whom we see, as it were, through the bars of cages—gilded ones they may be. We have known them in their earlier years as creatures of joy and beauty; we see them changing and pining; the light departing from their eyes, their beauty vanishing, and the graceful impulses of freedom wanting to their movements; some drooping in hopeless silence; others beating their breasts and sullyng their pinions in despairing anger. If at last we see them with hands folded in quietude, and the freed spirit flown, we may hear the huntsman's moaning—not in remorse for the happiness he destroyed, but in angry grieving for his captive escaped. If, on the other hand, the captor falls, or his thralls are broken, seldom indeed is the victim restored to the joyfulness of her earlier freedom, but is doomed to live an anomaly to womanhood—a crushed and spiritless being, to whom fate has left neither the place of maid nor matron, and as destitute of the hallowed grievings that dignify widowhood as of the joys that should have been hers as a wife.

.....Now and then comes a breeze, as it were, through the mental atmosphere, and unveils for a moment the hidden things of human hearts that declare them all akin. We saw announced in a late number of an eastern paper, the death of the Hon. James N——, a ged sixty-eight years.

Some who knew him may fill the blank, when we add that he was a distinguished member of the bar, and a diplomatist who more than once represented our nation at foreign courts. He was a bachelor, stern in his bearing, and eagle-like in his glance as the Iron Duke himself. You would never have believed that there was a niche in his heart for sentimental recollections, but one revealed itself nevertheless.

A decade has scarcely passed since we were sitting, one evening, side by side at a party given in honor of one of his friends, in the city of his residence. At his other hand sat the daughter of our host, whose conversation he had for some time quite monopolized. Sets were forming for dancing.

"Excuse me," said the young lady, "I am engaged for this quadrille," and rising, she glided away among the dancers with the partner who had joined her at that moment.

She was a fair being, with a faultless form, and grave, sweet, intellectual face, over which played just the shadow of a smile. He looked after her abstractedly, and heaved an unmistakeable sigh.

"Ah, ha!" we said, rallying him, "another sigh like that would prepare one to hear that you were on the eve of inaugurating a new reign in that bachelordom of yours by taking our young hostess to share your realm."

He turned with an earnest glance and a sad smile upon his lips, then, bending forward, clasped our hand for an instant in his. A sacred chord was vibrating to an incautious touch, and we kept a reverent silence.

"If," he replied, "a score of my years could retire at my bidding, this might even be. She is the image of the only woman I ever wished to marry."

Looking cautiously about him to assure himself that we were his only listener, he continued:

"It was forty years ago that I wooed her, and felt her heart was mine. I was young then, and there was but little differ-

ence in our ages. I had, as yet, but a slender income, with its increase totally contingent upon my health and brains. She referred me to her father, from whom she had, evidently, received strict injunctions beforehand; saying with a trembling lip, that she must be guided implicitly by his decision. Her father, though dignified, was not a man who would, under ordinary circumstances, have overawed one; but I have, on occasions, found tongue to speak to kings more glibly since, than I could to him that day. To the suit I urged, his reply was, that to myself he had no objection, and, that there was not another to whom he would more willingly entrust his daughter's happiness. "But," said he, "you see the position to which I have reared my child. I live nearly up to my income and can afford her but a trifling dower. I rely upon your word of honor, which I trust you will not hesitate to give me, that you will suspend this suit until its favorable termination will entail no privations upon my daughter. Meanwhile, it is my wish that she shall not be bound by any promises. I gave the assurance required, and went away strong in self-reliance and in the belief that the faith we were forbidden to plight, would be kept by her as by me. What treachery was used between us, I cannot tell. I only know that on the eve of the time when I should have claimed her as my bride, she became the wife of another.

"Now," he added in a stifled voice, and looking fixedly at the opposite wall, "you know the secret sorrow of my life, the goad to all my ambition. Had I not cause to sigh?"

.....The following is from an esteemed contributor:—

Dear Social Chair:—I enclose a little poem that appeared in the *Alta* a few weeks ago. With your approbation, I desire to have it republished in *Hutchings' Magazine*, as it breathes a tone too sweet and loyal to be lost in the din of daily newspaperdom.

Poetry is the blossom of thought, yet

not every tongue is gifted with thoughts that *breathe* and words that burn. Therefore cherish the poet, preserve his testimony in favor of all that is noble and true reecho his patriotic strains, enshrine his tears, crystalised oftentimes into words more precious than a monarch's gems.

The heart of California responds to the "lament of Freedom," and to the voice of her hope, even though heard amid the sinister thunders of a threatening storm.

A READER.

WHY DOES FREEDOM WEEP?

BY R. C. HOPKINS.

Ah! why does sorrow sit enthroned
On freedom's lofty brow?
And why are tears upon her cheek?
Why is she weeping now?

Why are her snowy garments rent?
Why hangs her drooping head,
Like one who sorrows o'er a tomb,
And mourns the silent dead?

Why has she broke her glittering spear?
And cast aside her shield,
Which sheltered oft the hero's breast.
Upon the battle field?

Has she been humbled by a foe,
Of foreign blood and birth?
And do the tyrant's galling chains
Now crush her to the earth?

And has her flag of bannered stars
Which waves o'er many a land,
Been trampled on by foreign foot,
Or soiled by foreign hand?

No! never yet could foreign foe
Withstand her trenchant spear.
As, sheltered 'neath her glittering stars,
She bade the tyrant fear.

Why weeps she, then, such bitter tears?
Why hangs her drooping head,
Like one who sorrows o'er a tomb,
And mourns the silent dead?

She weeps, like Rachel o'er her sons,
She weeps the unholy strife,
That moves a brother's arm to strike
Against a brother's life!

She needs not now her glittering shield,
Nor needs her trenchant brand,
For ah! no shelter can they give
Against a filial hand!

She weeps because the tyrant laughs,
And mocks her bitter tears,
As, pointing at her starry flag,
He now no longer fears!

She weeps to think that reckless hands,
Have rent the shining zone,
That girded round her wide domain,
And made her children one!

Well may she weep those bitter tears!
Well may her children weep!
Columbia's sons—and those who dwell
Beyond the rolling deep!

For never yet so dark a day
Has dawned on Freedom's head,
Since heroes first in early times
Watched o'er her infant bed.

But she'll o'er-ride the gathering storm
That frowns so darkly now,
And wear her starry badge again
Upon her queenly brow.

Her silken banners still shall wave
O'er every land and sea,
The emblem of a UNION which
Shall still immortal be.

....."There is," says a popular author, "a charming country, a delightful spot, which one may cross seas and mountains in vain to find. In that country the flowers exhale, not only sweet perfume, but also intoxicating thoughts of love. Each tree, each plant, tells, in a language nobler than that of poesie, and sweeter than that of music, things of which the human tongue cannot even convey an idea. The paths are strewn with sands of gold and with precious stones; the air is filled with songs, compared to which those of nightingales and linnets seem like the croakings of frogs in their miry morasses. There man is good, great, noble and generous. Everything on earth, all objects of worth united, would be rejected with scorn if offered in exchange for a faded flower, or for an old glove, forgotten under one of its arbors of honeysuckles. In that country no one believes in the existence of perfidy, nor of inconstancy, nor old age, nor death, nor forgetfulness, which is the death of the heart. There man needs neither sleep nor food; beside, an old wooden bench is there

a thousand times more soft than eider down elsewhere, and there sleep is calmer and fuller of charming dreams. There life is sweeter than dreams dare to be in other countries. Alas! in reality, it is some miserable little garden, or some poor little room in a wretched quarter, where, at the age of eighteen, when one is loving, one goes, perhaps but for a moment, at sunset, to meet the beloved.

The Fashions.

M A Y.

We shall occupy all our space this month in describing bonnets. The bonnets are moderate-sized; fronts flaring and a gradual round; the crowns large. Silk bonnets have cap crowns almost exclusively; some are gathered on, but for the most part they are plaited. Pink silk shirred front is suitable and fashionable for a miss's bonnet. Ladies still cling to the mixture of black and white for full dress bonnets, and also head-dresses. One of the prettiest bonnets we have seen this spring was the front of white chip and the crown of white English crape. The cape is composed of white "tulle" and bound

with black silk; a simple band of black ribbon across the crown, and on the right side a bunch of marabout feathers; inside "tulle" cap and narrow lilac velvet ribbon looped in at the sides; across the top a wreath of button roses; pink strings. Another was: Crown of uncut velvet, with "tulle" transparent front, with white and black blond falling forward; cape to match the front; a wide band of green silk bound with white brought up from the sides and finished on the top with a bow and ends of the silk; a white ostrich feather connects with the bow and winds round the crown and over the cape to the right hand side; inside a tuft of violets and bows of white ribbon and black lace; strings white.

A favorite way of trimming straws is a band of ribbon brought round the crown and tied in a bow at the back, with black lace falling front and back. Gray silk, with pink trimmings, is popular also. Leghorn hats are trimmed with feathers altogether. Straws intended for second-best have ribbon capes and a rosette or ribbon, oblong in shape, placed high on the side of the crown, with a plain band leading to the side; no ends.

The hooded circular is the favorite cloak.

Editor's Table.

WID it ever occur to you, dear reader, after discovering in song or story some snatch of sentiment that touched an answering chord in your nature, or sank into your heart like an act of silent sympathy, like a loving word, or caress given to console some half suspected sorrow, to consider how it came that the words of a stranger should thus find their echo in your soul? We are indebted to the unhappy for many of the most touchingly beautiful delineations

of things natural and sentimental; for vivid recollections of joys that at some remote period stood out for a brief space solitary in their lives, then perished from them forever. The happy and contented, that is, those who have never experienced any real interference with the conditions of happiness and contentment, seldom have anything to write about. How can they have? Their wishes gratified, their sympathies undeveloped, of what should they think or for whom should they care but

themselves? Then why write? what have they to write? I am most apt to think, if I meet with a felicitous description of conjugal bliss in the work of an authoress, that the fair writer is very probably the wife of a perfect Turk, and that her delineation is of the Heaven she once hoped would be hers, or an angelic device to impress upon the mind of her wretch of a husband the condition their affairs ought to assume. Or, if through their productions breathes a tone of resignation or religious trust, mingled with fervid human sympathy, I remember one, of whom I will presently tell you, and wonder if, like hers, their wings of poesie have not been nurtured in suffering and seclusion, enquiring, as I read, "against what thorn has the nightingale bruised her breast that her song should be so sadly sweet?" There was a band of fair and happy sisters, upon the most sylph-like of whom descended an overwhelming calamity that destroyed her grace and beauty, and doomed her, for many weary months, to the severest sufferings and complete imprisonment in her sick room.

When she emerged, it was to go all her days a halting cripple. Ah! how her young heart ached when she saw her graceful sisters and their healthful, lively friends engaged in diversions in which she would never again be able to join. When in sunny days they went over the green hills together, and returned with their hands filled with wild flowers they had culled for her, it was not strange if tears blinded her eyes, and she could summon no smile to accompany her thanks; nor if when sometimes when she yielded to the solicitations of those who loved her, and became a spectator at some ball or festival that she watched the lithe figures through the mazes of the dance with contracted brow, and heart distracted with envy, or that afterwards she buried her face in her pillow and wept the night through, and wept again when she saw the day come with its glad, unsympathising glare. So passed her youth, all too long and joyless.

Then came womanhood with its passionate thirst for love, the more consuming that it was never to be gratified, and its hopes, wild and futile, that were only to be crushed and to crush the heart that had been unable to forbid their growth. It was long before any order could result from this morbid chaos; but at last, as some rare wine ceases from its fierce ferment and begins to ripen into a cheering nectar, so the turbulent strivings of heart and brain grew still, and as if a voice from on high had commanded peace, and whispered to her soul of a heavenly gift that should be henceforth hers. A loving and chastened light came into her eye; her repinings ceased, and her nature began to put forth new and kindly sympathies.

Now, as through an ordeal of fire, she had entered upon a new world—that of poesie—and from the sphere whence she had arisen, sad earnest eyes seemed to look to her with mute implorings, that, by all she had suffered, she would write their plea.

The appeal has not been neglected, and as she sits apart amid the creations of her fancy, she is often made happy by reflecting that the unfortunate, the neglected, and the sorrowing treasure her words as those of a friend whose soul is linked with theirs by ties of kindred suffering.

.....More than two years have elapsed since the mortal remains of Edward Pollock, the poet, were borne to Lone Mountain. His last resting-place is still unmarked with either enclosure or monumental stone. The author of the "Chandos Picture," "Adaline," "Olivia," "Itala," and other sterling and exquisite productions, which will outlive our day and generation, deserves some fitting memorial to designate the spot where, in the prime of manhood and in his opening fame, he was consigned to earth. The committee for the purpose of raising a fund for this object is Messrs. Frank Soulé, Frederick McCrellish and J. C. Duncan. The Treasurer, Mr. McCrellish, has a small amount on hand, received from the interior press, and

the committee now solicit further contributions. We trust that the appeal will not be in vain. The following poem was one of the last compositions of the gifted bard. It was addressed to the author of the lines succeeding them. What an appropriate epitaph is contained in the closing stanza.

EVENING.

BY EDWARD POLLOCK.

The air is chill and the day grows late,
And the clouds come in through the Golden Gate,

Phantom fleets, they seem to me,
From a shoreless and unsounded sea;
Their shadowy spars, and misty sails,
Unshattered, have weathered a thousand gales:

Slow wheeling, lol in squadrons gray,
They part, and hasten along the bay;
Each to its anchorage finding way.
Where the hills of Saucelito swell,
Many in gloom may shelter well;
And others—behold—unchallenged pass
By the silent guns of Alcatraz;
No greetings, of thunder and flame, exchange

The armed isle and the cruisers strange.
Their meteor flags, so widely blown
Were blazoned in a land unknown;
So, charmed from war, or wind, or tide,
Along the quiet wave they glide.

What bear these ships?—what news, what freight

Do they bring us through the Golden Gate?
Sad echoes to words in gladness spoken,
And withered hopes to the poor heart-broken;

Oh, how many a venture, we
Have rashly sent to the shoreless sea;
How many an hour have you and I,
Sweet friend, in sadness seen go by,
While our eager, longing thoughts were roving,

Over the waste, for something loving,
Something rich, and chaste, and kind,
To brighten and bless a lonely mind;
And only waited to behold
Ambition's gem, affection's gold,
Return, as "remorse," and "a broken vow,"
In such ships of mist as I see now.

The air is chill, and the day grows late,
And the clouds come in through the Golden Gate,

Freighted with sorrow, heavy with woe;—
But these shapes that cluster, dark and low,
To-morrow shall be all aglow!
In the blaze of the coming morn these mists,

Whose weight my heart in vain resists,
Will brighten and shine and soar to heaven,
In thin white robes, like souls forgiven;
For heaven is kind, and everything,
As well as a winter, has a spring.
So, praise to God! who brings the day,
That shines our regret and fears away;
For the blessed morn I can watch and wait,
While the clouds come in through the Golden Gate.

EDWARD POLLOCK.

BY J. C. DUNCAN.

The clouds come in through the Golden Gate;

The sunlight pales in the misty way;
Shadows were there on the dial of Fate,
That told of a poet's ended day.

The ended day of a poet's life—
A clouded noon, and yet no storm—
Oblivion of all worldly strife;
The laurel wreath and the shrouded form.

True friendship gave its all—a tear—
To fall upon the untimely tomb,
But Fame at the threshold met the bier,
And bathed in light the funeral plume!

The clouds come in on the wind and wave,
But the soul is free that once was bond;
They weave a pall o'er the poet's grave—
The spirit has passed to the blue beyond.

The ghostly fog: it is here alone;
"The air is chill and the day grows late;"
A golden harp by the great White Throne
Joins in the song at the Golden Gate.

.....Here is a briefly told episode, which we take from our drawer of 'lang syne' and give to the readers of "Hutchings." We may as well call it

THE BROOK.

"What a busy little brook you are, to be sure. Going on all day long just like that brook in the meadow. Now run away and play by it and talk together. You will understand each other better than I can either of you. Do you know that I think one of you about as useful as the other? Just about!"

So, half jested, half scolded a busy, over-tasked mother, as she tied the bonnet-strings of one of her children, a little, pale

girl, who had kept close by her side—too close for the many tasks she had to do—with talk to which the mother had no time to listen, and questions she had no time to answer.

The little girl bowed her head and tried to swallow the something that hurt her throat, and which her mother had told her was a piece of the apple that Eve ate, and that it always choked little girls when they were going to cry; then stole one timid glance at her mother, and walked silently away to sit by the brook in the meadow.

Many bitter thoughts busied her childish brain, and swelled her little heart, as she sat and recalled the words that had been said to her, believing them every one, and feeling herself intensely useless, meanwhile watching apprehensively a great gray goose that was dabbling in the brook but a little way off. "Yes," she said, half to herself, half to the stream, "one of us is of no more use than the other. I can't romp with the other children. I am always in mother's way, and big folks never know what I mean when I talk to them. I suppose if we were both away nobody would miss us, except that hateful goose; he would, I know, because he likes to roil the brook with his great red feet, and to hiss at me; but then no one is any better off for being remembered by geese."

Relieved by this soliloquy, the little girl busied herself, now with watching the changing shadows of a graceful elm that fell far across the stream, or with fancies that flitted and changed as lightly as the shadows of the boughs that swayed above her; and, again, with tossing flowers or blades of grass upon the brook, and watching them float away. And with them floated away painful thoughts and memories, except, that mother had said, "she and that brook were just alike." That lingered like a prophecy; returning oft in after years, sometimes as a reproachful shadow, sometimes with promise as bright as the sunshine that gilded the stream. There were times when she sought its companionship to soothe into forgetfulness

a heart wearied with loneliness—with regret that her wasted life flowed on like its current—laving weeds and murmuring to stones, that could give it no reply; hurrying ever aimlessly onward, seeing no destiny but to be engulfed, *it* in the ocean, *she* in the shoreless sea.

* * * * *

The west wind carried the clouds away, to water another land; the thirsty fields grew bare and brown beneath the scorching sun; the grass and sedges died in the meadow, almost to the edge of the stream, leaving but a narrow fringe of green marking its margin.

The leaves of the elm turned pale, and were ready to fall at midsummer. No rain came, but the elm grew green, for its roots crept to the little brook, and from it the tree drank and lived. As years went on, its fibres interlaced the stream as far as the shadows fell above its pebbly bed, and toward it the pensile boughs drooped low, ever answering the music of the brook with a quiet, thankful song. A sunny day came, on which our little girl, now grown a graceful woman, stood beneath its shade, supported by a manly arm; smiles, bright as the sunlight on the stream played over her happy face as she listened to its gentle murmurings, and gladly remembered that to him by her side she was just like what that brook had been to the elm!

"Just like me," she said, half aloud.

"What is like you?" queried her companion.

"This little brook," she replied, "babbling all day among the stones. It has given me many a grave puzzle, in days that are gone, to decide whose language had most meaning, and whose existence was of most use—it's or mine."

Drawing her closer, he said: "Do you wish me to tell you that to me every word of yours is music, and that with your coming has returned to me a spring-tide of hope and happiness, which I believed had receded from me forever; and that without you, my life would be all desolate and blank again!"

"No for I know it," was the demure reply.

"There, gipsy, I ought not to have told you that. I might have known it would spoil you," he said; but he knew the while, that, had he spoken to the little stream, his words would have changed its even flow as soon.

A VISIT TO THE SYNAGOGUE.

"How shall we sing the Lord's song in a strange land? If I forget thee, O, Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning. If I do not remember thee, let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth; if I prefer not Jerusalem above my chief joy."

So sang Israel's poet king, as he wept the captivity of his people: calling to remembrance the time when, by the river of Babylon, they sat down and wept, and hanged their harps on her willows.

Almost as sadly sing the remnants of their kingly race in our midst to-day, strangers alike in the land that once was theirs—and in every other—their hearts and hopes still gravitating towards the one great centre, Jerusalem; their constant prayer to be gathered again within her walls; the language of their worship and sacred writings, always the Hebrew; be their tongues never so diverse in the daily avocations of life, still they "sing the Lord's song" in the self-same cadences that arose from the Temple in the days of its glory.

There is much to move the heart of a stranger who may witness their ceremonials, though unable to understand the language in which they are uttered.

Spending a Sabbath with them not long since, a brief opportunity was afforded me of observing their surroundings and customs.

The Synagogue which I visited is in its general style, and many of its appointments not unlike most christian churches, differing, however, in some particulars. There is a profusion of gold and silver articles of use and ornament, peculiar to the service of the place; amongst these are pyramids of tiny gold and silver bells surmounting the sacred writings; pendent beneath are broad plates of the same precious metal

with tracery and inscriptions, and silver wands tipped with a closed hand and pointing finger, used to mark the place of reading; besides various articles of massive plate, relics of the princely taste which still clings to them, despite their shattered condition. A small satin-covered reading desk answers in situation and some other respects to the pulpit; behind this is the Holy of Holies—a little apartment where the sacred writings and ornaments are kept, divided from the audience-chamber by hangings of crimson velvet tastefully decorated with gold fringe and embroidery; above those, inscribed in gilt letters upon a black ground, are the two tables of the Decalogue. A rostrum occupies the centre of the audience-chamber, from which most of the services are chanted, the law read, and various ceremonies performed by the Rabbi and his assistants, with their heads covered and their faces toward the Holy of Holies, their backs toward the mass of the congregation. The Rabbi, except his cap, robed similarly to an Episcopal clergyman; the men all wear long, white silk scarfs, and retain their hats during worship, seeming to hold it an act of reverence to remain covered; the women sit entirely apart from the men, occupying the galleries. The ordinary services, which are quite lengthy and conducted entirely in the Hebrew tongue, are chanted by the Rabbi and responded to by the congregation; interspersed with these chaunts are songs, set to sad, sweet melodies, in which all join in a subdued, fervent manner, as if the question "How shall I sing the Lord's song in a strange land?" was rife in every bosom.

The grand ceremony of their service is the reading of the Scriptures. Nothing could look more unlike our modern books than do the singularly formed and decorated objects revealed when the curtains are drawn aside. To my unpracticed eye they seemed more like a row of statuettes in drapery, which they certainly resembled, skirted and crowned as they were with brocade, velvet and gold; nor was I able

to decide to the contrary, until I saw the coverings and ornaments removed, showing beneath ponderous scrolls of parchment rolled from either end toward the centre.

Nothing can exceed the touching reverence shown by the Jews for their sacred writings. When the curtains were drawn aside every one arose in token of respect, and as those scrolls were carried through the congregation to and from the rostrum, every man who could reach them touched them with his scarf (too sacred for the naked hand), and then with knightly courtesy kissed the spot. Ah! it was a model of devotion.

After the Law was read and returned to its place, the curtains were closed, and a very solemn part of the service performed, in which but few seemed to participate; these I was told had buried friends during the year and were praying in memory of the dead. When this was ended, the curtains were again withdrawn, the people arose and remained standing during a brief ceremony, after which the curtains were closed and they quietly dispersed.

And I walked away thinking of the age during which they had been condemned to be wanderers. And of all the truth and faithfulness they had shown by holding themselves distant from other people, by enduring scorn, privation, everything from the nations among whom they had been driven, of all their patient waiting for the time of their exile to expire, of the prayers of each succeeding generation that the joyful day might come in *their* time; and how they have all pillowed their heads in the silent resting places, with their faces toward the Holy City, that they may arise with their feet thitherward, lying down with their confidence unshaken in the sweet promise of restoration, when their chastening shall have ended.

Literary Notices.

In a country so far distant from the great book making emporium of New York,

Boston, Philadelphia, and other Atlantic cities, it is one of the oases of an editorial life to find the table occupied by some of the latest and best of works. This month ours has been more highly favored than for many previous ones. For instance:

THE CONDUCT OF LIFE. By R. W. EMERSON. Published by Ticknor & Fields, Boston: Sent us by A. Roman & Co., Montgomery street.

The contents embrace the following subjects: Fate; Power; Wealth; Culture; Behavior; Worship; Considerations by the Way; Beauty; Illusions. Each of these essays contains more well expressed thought than is commonly found in several columns.

All persons in any way familiar with Emerson's writings, know that their congeniality, terseness, vigor and adaptability, are unequalled in the present day. Emerson is the Carlisle of the New World, without his supercilious and pretentious rhodomontade. And we challenge any of our readers to find a living author as expressive as Emerson. Take the following, for example, from the essay in this work entitled "Behavior:—"

"Eyes are bold as lions, roving, running, leaping, here and there, far and near. They speak all languages. They wait for no introduction; They are no Englishmen; [by-the-bye he delights to give an intellectual bit or slur at 'Englishmen;'] this we consider a defect, as a true genius should be above it]; ask no leave of age or weak, they respect neither poverty nor riches, neither learning, nor power, nor virtue, nor sex, but intrude and come again, and go through and through you, in a moment of time. What inundation of life and thought is discharged from one soul into another through them! The glance is natural magic. The mysterious communication established across a house between two entire strangers, moves all the springs of wonder. The communication by the glance is in the greatest part not subject to the control of the will. It is the bodily symbol of identity of nature. We look into the eyes to know if this other form is another self, and the eyes will not lie, but make a faithful confession what inhabitant is there. The revelations are sometimes terrific. The confession of a low, usurping devil is there made, and the observer shall seem to feel

the stirring of owls and bats, and horned hoofs, where he evoked for innocence and simplicity. 'Tis remarkable too, that the spirit that appears at the windows of the house does at once invest himself in a new form of his own to the mind of the beholder. The eyes of men converse as much as their tongues, with the advantage that the ocular dialect needs no dictionary, but is understood all the world over. When the eyes say one thing, and the tongue another, a practised man relies on the language of the first."

In this way we might go on quoting, and, did we indulge our liking, we fear that the end of quoting would only be with the end of the book. It is many volumes in one. It can be read and re-read many times without dullness. We thank our friend Roman for adding this little work to our choice little library, and we would advise our readers to add it to theirs as soon as any can be bought.

As though to fulfill the long antiquated proverb, "Good or Ill always has company," in the footsteps of the former follows the new and singular novel of—

ELSIE VENNER: A Romance of Destiny.
By OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES. Author of "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table," etc. Published by Ticknor & Fields, Boston; Sent us by A. Roman & Co., San Francisco.

This is one of the most singular novels that we ever read. In addition to the raciness and vigor of the author's style, the main thread of the work seems to be to show the power of the mind as manifest in the eye. The heroine, whose mother was bitten by a rattlesnake before Elsie was born, and died from the bite shortly afterwards, is possessed of a snake-like fascination or charm. This mental peculiarity is shown in almost every act of her life, and when its power is lessened and destroyed, she sickens and dies.

The reader must not understand us as meaning that this is the only striking feature of the book, by no means. New England life is as well drawn as in any of Mrs. Stowe's works, and there is a princely nobility of character portrayed that makes one feel the nobler for its reading.

Next follows—

THE EBONY IDOL. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York, and kindly sent us by Allen & Spier, Clay street, San Francisco.

All enthusiastic abolitionists should read this, especially ministers of the gospel, who advocate political questions in the place of "Christ and him crucified." The spirit of the Christ-like life is beautifully portrayed; where, in grating contrast, is placed the "feeders of lusks that the swine do eat."

It is an elegantly written novel of about 280 pages.

REMINISCENCES OF AN OFFICER OF ZOUAVES. Translated from the French. Published by D. Appleton & Co. For sale by Allen & Spier.

The interest excited by these brave and singular soldiers in the Crimean war and on other occasions, has called out this complete history and description of every particular concerning them. The Zouaves are all French. They are selected from among the old campaigners for their fine physique and tried courage, and have certainly proved that they are what their appearance would indicate, the most reckless, self-valiant, and complete infantry that Europe can produce, and their history, as here related, one of the most entertaining that we have read.

The Superintendent of the Public Schools of San Francisco will please accept our thanks for his sensible, well-digested, condensed, yet comprehensive Report of the Public Schools of this city. We would respectfully suggest the adoption of many of its excellent recommendations.

In this connection we would call the attention of teachers, and friends of education, to the STATE TEACHERS' CONVENTION, to be held in this city, commencing on the 27th of May next.

Our thanks are due to the Hon. M. S. Latham, for the "Report on the Finances," and the "Report of the Military Academy," kindly sent us from Washington by the last Steamer.

HUTCHINGS' CALIFORNIA MAGAZINE.

Vol. 5.

JUNE, 1861.

No. 12.



SCENE ON THE CHAGRES RIVER IN THE OLDEN TIME.

HOW I BECAME A BENEDICT.

'Twas on a chill and dreary night,
 Twelve years come next December,
 That Jenny came—the laughing sprite—
 And said “Don't you remember
 You promised me a tale to tell—
 One which you hoped would please me well.

She laid her hand upon my arm,
 Her face so brightly beaming,
 It acted as a spell, a charm.
 Upon my gloomy dreaming.
 And banished from my mind the care,
 Of life which had been preying there.

For ‘trade was dull,’ and ‘times were hard,’
 Which is a tribulation
 To one who, like myself, your bard,
 Had brilliant expectation,
 From venture where he hoped to gain,
 But reaped for profits only pain.

But now a light broke on my mind
 Both pleasing and surprising;
 As sudden as, when from behind
 The eastern hills uprising,
 Old Sol sends forth a flood of light,
 And banishes the gloom of night.

And so, fair Jenny, that I will,
 A tale I hope beguiling;
 And one I never knew, until,
 Your face so sweetly smiling
 Has taught it me—the tale is old—
 Of love—but new each time 'tis told.

Her hands I gently clasped in mine;
 The blood came madly rushing,
 Unto her temples—fate's design—
 More lovely looked she blushing.
 'Tis said, in such an hour as this,
 Was Adam's fall from grace to bliss.

I said, before her smiling face
 I found life's cares to vanish.
 And would she deign my home to grace,
 Life's cares she thence would banish.
 Then wilt thou be my own?—I said,
 Upon my shoulder drooped her head.

Men search for happiness o'er earth,
 Or strive for gain with madness;

They fain would banish care with mirth,
 And yet are tinged with sadness.
 But one such hour of bliss to all,
 Consoles our race for Adam's fall.

Upon ourselves doth bliss depend,
 When joined in wedlock holy:
 Alike on all will it descend,
 The high-born and the lowly.
 Contentment with forgiveness blend,
 And happiness will be your friend.

A JOUST OF THE
MIDDLE AGE.

The Burgundians and the English united, went to besiege Melun; but that city, full of brave and pure French blood, offered them a rude resistance.

Pubazan, one of the most renowned knights of the time, was the commander. Under his orders were Pierre de Bourbon, the lord of Preaux, and a commoner named Bourgeois, who performed marvels during the siege. The King of England and the Duke of Burgundy seeing that it would be impossible to take the city by a *coup de main*, decided to surround it.

The former, with his two brothers and the Duke of Bavaria, took up his quarters beside the Gatinais; the latter, accompanied by the Count of Huntingdon and several other English officers, encamped beside the Brie. A bridge of boats was thrown across the river as a means of communication between the armies occupying its opposite shores; and the Duke of Burgundy and the king, in order to guard against being surprised, surrounded their respective camps by moats and walls, which could only be entered through strong barriers. Meanwhile the King of France and the two queens left Troy, and held their court in the city of Corbeil.

The siege continued four months and a half, without any marked advantage to the besieging army. Nevertheless the

Duke of Burgundy had captured a strong bulwark which the Dauphinois had constructed before the outside of their moat, and from the top of which their cannon did much harm to his army.

Then the King of England upon his side caused a mine to be pierced, which afforded an entrance into the interior of the city; this work gave opportunity for one of those scenes that we love to recount, in their least details, because they of themselves alone paint, and in a single feature, all the spirit of an epoch, with the coloring of an entire century.

At the moment when the mine approached the wall, Juvenal, of the Ursins, son of the advocate in parliament, entrusted to guard that portion of the rampart under which it passed, thought he heard some unusual sound. He ordered a drum and a glass of water to be brought to him. The drum gave a sullen echo, and the glass of water trembled; there was no longer any doubt. He called his workmen and instructed a counter-mine to be commenced in the direction of the English, he himself presiding at the work, a long-handed battle-ax in his hand, when by chance Barbazan his commander passed that way.

Juvenal recounted the thing and said to him that he waited there to fight in the subterranean passage.

The old chevalier, who loved Juvenal as if he had been his son, examined his battle-ax, and said to him:

“Brother, thou dost not yet know what it is to have a rencontre in a mine—it needs shorter weapons than this to come hand to hand.”

Then drawing his sword, he cut the handle of the ax to a suitable length.

When he had finished, “kneel,” said he to Juvenal.

The latter obeyed. He then conferred upon him the Order of Knighthood.

“And now,” said he, assisting him to rise, “be a good and loyal chevalier.”

After two hours labor, the workmen of the English and the French were separated but by the thickness of an ordinary wall. In an instant this barrier was levelled; on each side the workmen withdrew, and the men-at-arms who followed them commenced a rude charge in this dark and narrow passage, where they could scarcely march four abreast. It was then that Juvenal recognized the truth of the saying of Barbazan; the short-handed battle-ax performed such wonders that the English took flight. The new knight had won his spurs.

An hour afterward the English returned, reinforced, and bearing before them a strong oaken barrier, which they placed across the middle of the mine, to close the passage against the Dauphinois. In the midst of this work a reinforcement arrived for those of the city, and a grand contest with lances took place in the darkness.

This new method of combat presented this singularity, that one might be wounded, or even killed, but could not be taken prisoner; each assailant fought upon his own side of the barrier.

The next day an English herald-at-arms, preceded by a clarion, presented himself before the ramparts of the city. He was the bearer of a challenge in behalf of an English knight, who wished to remain unknown; he offered to any Dauphinois chevalier an encounter on horseback, in which each adversary should break two lances; afterward, if neither should be wounded, a combat on foot with either battle-ax or sword. The English knight chose for lists the subterranean passage, leaving to the Dauphinois chevalier who should accept the challenge the choice of the day and the hour. When the herald had made his proclamation, he proceeded to nail to the gate nearest to which he found himself to be, the glove of his master as a gage of combat and signal of defiance.

Barbazan, who, with a great multitude of people had mounted the wall, then threw his glove from the top of the rampart, in token that he accepted for himself the challenge of the English Knight, afterward, he commanded a squire to go and detach the one which the herald had nailed to the gate of the city.

Many people held that it was not the duty of the commander of a place to expose himself thus in a useless combat. But Barbazan recalled the famous joust of 1402, in which he, the sixth, had vanquished the like number of English knights; it was the same blood which boiled in his heart; and his arm, although old, had lost none of its strength; he therefore made no reply, but prepared himself for the combat of the next day.

During the night, the passage was smoothed and enlarged, in order that it might present no obstacle to the horses; niches were cut at each side of the barrier, in which to station the trumpeters who should give the signal; and torches were fastened along the sides to light the combat.

The next day at eight o'clock in the morning, the adversaries presented themselves at each extremity, having each a clarion in their suits, and on each side a great multitude came out of city and camp, and accompanied them.

The clarion of the English Knight sounded first, in token that it was his master who sent the challenge. The other responded to him, afterward; when he had finished, the four trumpets in the subterranean passage were heard to resound in their turn.

Scarcely had the last sound expired when the two knights placed their lances in rest.

To those who were watching them in the distance, they seemed like two shades in the passage of the infernal regions.

However, the heavy gallop of their horses, and the clattering of their armor,

proved, by making the arch reverberate with their echoes, that there was nothing unsubstantial about either the men or their coursers.

As the two combatants were unable to calculate the distances necessary to them in taking the field, it happened that Barbazan, whether that his horse was swifter, or that the distance was shorter on his side, arrived first at the barrier. He comprehended at once the disadvantage of his position, which forced him to receive, when motionless, the blow of his adversary, augmented by all the force of his horse.

The English Knight rushed upon him like a thunder-bolt; but Barbazan, bracing himself firmly in his saddle and upon his stirrups, placed his lance against his breast, sustaining it as against a wall of iron. This manœuvre changed the advantage to his side; his adversary received the shock instead of giving it. He saw, but too late, this skilful change, and impelled by his horse, he came with his breast full against the lance of Barbazan, which bent like a bow, then broke as if it had been a wand. The English Knight, whose lance leaned upon its rest, found his weapon too short, he did not even touch his adversary, while almost overthrown by the shock, he struck with its hilt the croup of his horse, which was thrown three paces backward upon its haunches. When the Unknown arose, he bore, planted in the middle of his iron breast-plate, the lance of his enemy. The iron had traversed the curiasse, and was arrested by encountering a coat of mail, fortunately worn by the English Knight beneath his armor. As to Barbazan, he had not budged, and seemed like a bronze statue upon a pedestal of marble.

The two knights turned their horses' heads, and regained the entrances of the mine. Barbazan took a new lance, stronger than the first; the trumpets

sounded a second time. Those of the barriers responded, and the chevaliers again entered the arch, followed this time by numbers of the French and English; for, as we have said, this passage was to be the last, and as the combat was to be continued with battle-axes, nothing now hindered the spectators from penetrating the mine.

The distances had, at this second charge, been so well calculated, that the combatants met in mid-career.

This time the lance of the unknown knight struck the left side of the curiasse of Barbazan, and glancing along its polished surface, cut its trace and raised like a scale the articulation of iron from the shoulder-piece, and penetrated the depth of an inch into the upper part of his arm.

That of Barbazan struck so stoutly against the centre of the shield of his adversary, that the violence of the shock broke his saddle-girth, and the cavalier, too solid to leap from his horse, rolled ten paces with the high saddle in which he was imprisoned, leaving his horse standing, disembarassed of his rider.

Barbazan had dismounted; the Unknown Knight at once arose. Each snatched a battle-ax from the hands of his squire, and the combat began with more violence than before.

However, each displayed in his mode of attack and defence, a prudence which proved the advantageous opinion he had conceived of his adversary. It was marvelous to see their heavy battle-axes wielded with lightning-like quickness, falling upon their shields like the blows upon anvils, and like them too sending forth showers of sparks. These men, striking turn in turn, seemed like woodmen at their work; each blow would have felled an oak, yet each had received twenty, and still remained upright.

Finally, Barbazan, wearied with the gigantic struggle, decided to end it at a blow. Throwing aside his shield, which

hindered him from using his left arm, already enfeebled by its wound, and bracing his foot against one of the timbers of the barrier, he whirled his ax between his hands, and it descended hissing through the air, upon the shield behind which his adversary thought to shelter himself, with such terrible force that it fell before him, and the blow was received upon the crest of the helmet of the Unknown, and glancing along its rounded side, encountered as a salient point the right side of his visor, breaking it as if it had been glass, and finally expended itself upon his shoulder.

Now that half of the visor had fallen, Barbazan, bewildered, recognized in the Unknown Knight whom he had come forth to combat, Henry of Lancaster, King of England.

The old chevalier respectfully retired two paces backward, lowered his battle-ax, removed his helmet, and avowed himself vanquished.

King Henry comprehended all the courtesy of this avowal, and withdrawing his gauntlet, extended his hand to his adversary, saying:

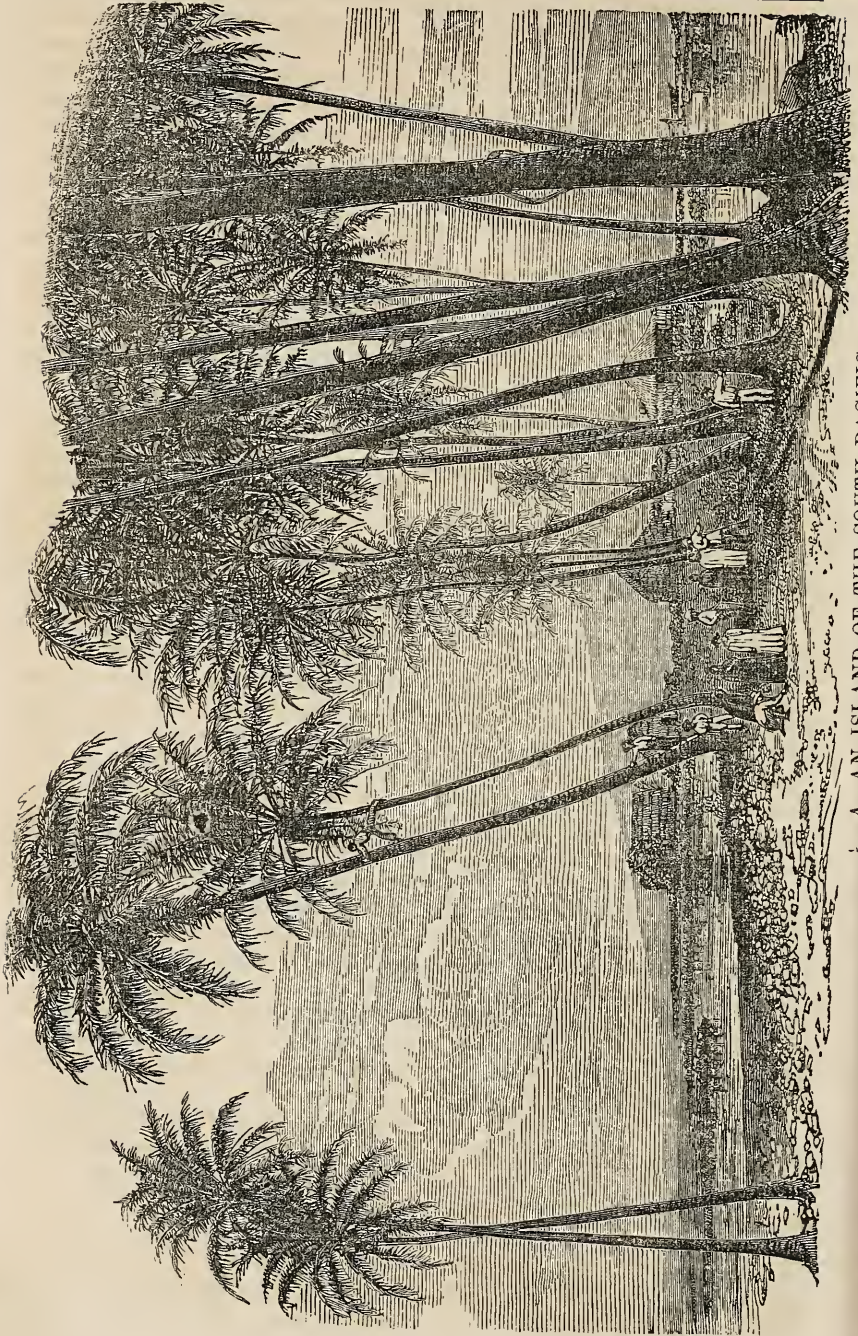
“From this day we are brothers-in-arms; remember it when you have occasion, Sir Guilhelm de Barbazan, for, as for myself, I shall never forget the vigor of the blows you have given me.”

This fraternity was too honorable for Barbazan to refuse; three months afterward he saved his life.

Thus ended between these two adversaries without marked advantage to either this singular subteranean combat, of which history does not, perhaps, afford a second example, and which, during eight days, was courteously continued by the knighted esquires of both armies.

Translated from ALEXANDRE DUMAS.

NATURE has sown in man seeds of knowledge, but then they must be cultivated to produce fruit.



† A, AN ISLAND OF THE SOUTH PACIFIC.

A SUNSET IDYL.—KNIGHT'S FERRY.

A SUNSET IDYL.

TO * * * *

We knocked at the portal of the sunset,
We two wandering alone ;
For that charming hour, with its pensive
power,
Had enwapt us as its own.
All the darling dreams that our hearts had
known,
Rose pure in those shining skies ;
Joys half-tasted, hopes lost and wasted,
Lived again in gorgeous dyes.

We gazed at the castles of the sunset,
Till the green earth grew grey and wan,
Adown the long hill, with clarion shrill,
The wind led the shadows on.
The enamored sea yearned to deck his breast
With the heavenly shades above ;
And our longing eyes claimed the paradise
As home of the Past and Love !

We roamed through the gold halls of the
sunset,
With fond ones earth names no more ;
Each lost smile and caress—each gemmed
tear and kiss,
Jeweled the magic walls o'er.
And we drank the elixir of sunlight,
As our dear dream died in the night ;
We pledged the secret hour, an exquisite
dower,
A memory tender and bright.

MINNA.

RORA-TONGA.

THE sketch we give above is of Rora-Tonga, one of those peaceful islands of the South Pacific, where nature lavishes all the delicious fruits and luxuriant vegetation of a tropical climate upon her indolent and effeminate children, sparing them the necessity of labor, and, by her protecting barriers of coral, defending the natives from the blessings of civilization, as ordinarily dispensed by our sea-faring population.

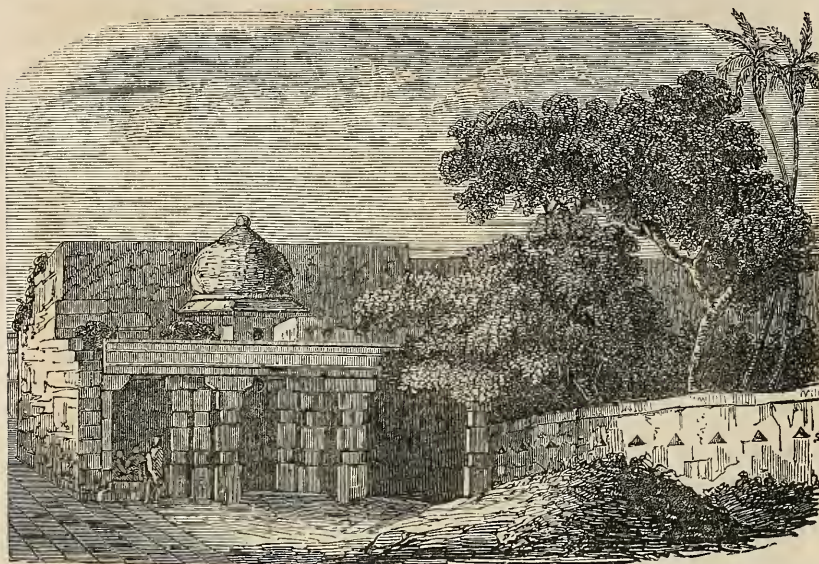
In approaching Rora-Tonga, the principal of the Harvey group,—which can only be done by boats, as there is no anchorage for ships, and all vessels are obliged to lie off and on during their brief and dangerous stay,—the brilliantly tinted and delicately formed branches of coral groves growing beneath the waves, crush before the advancing keels of the adventurous boatmen, as they plow through the transparent water in passing through a depression within the reef.

KNIGHT'S FERRY.

IT is difficult to foresee the changes which must needs occur in a town like Knight's Ferry, important both as the centre of a mining district and as the chief thoroughfare of trade to the southern mines. Not many years hence, this cut, we venture to predict, will be a souvenir of old times to the present inhabitants of that place, and a curiosity to new comers ; just as the cut of a scene on the Chagres River, to be found on the next page, recalls to the minds of forty-niners the high old times in which the voyage to California was a thing to write a book about ; when the crossing of the Isthmus was an affair replete with mules, monkeys, alligators and desperate adventures with desperate people.

ALEXANDRIA.

OUR engraving gives a fair idea of the appearance of a street in an Egyptian town at noonday, with its dreamy inhabitants enjoying their siesta within its half ruined houses. A subscriber of ours, a late resident of Alexandria, enters an emphatic disclaimer against the popular belief in the beauties of that region, as taught in romance and poetry.

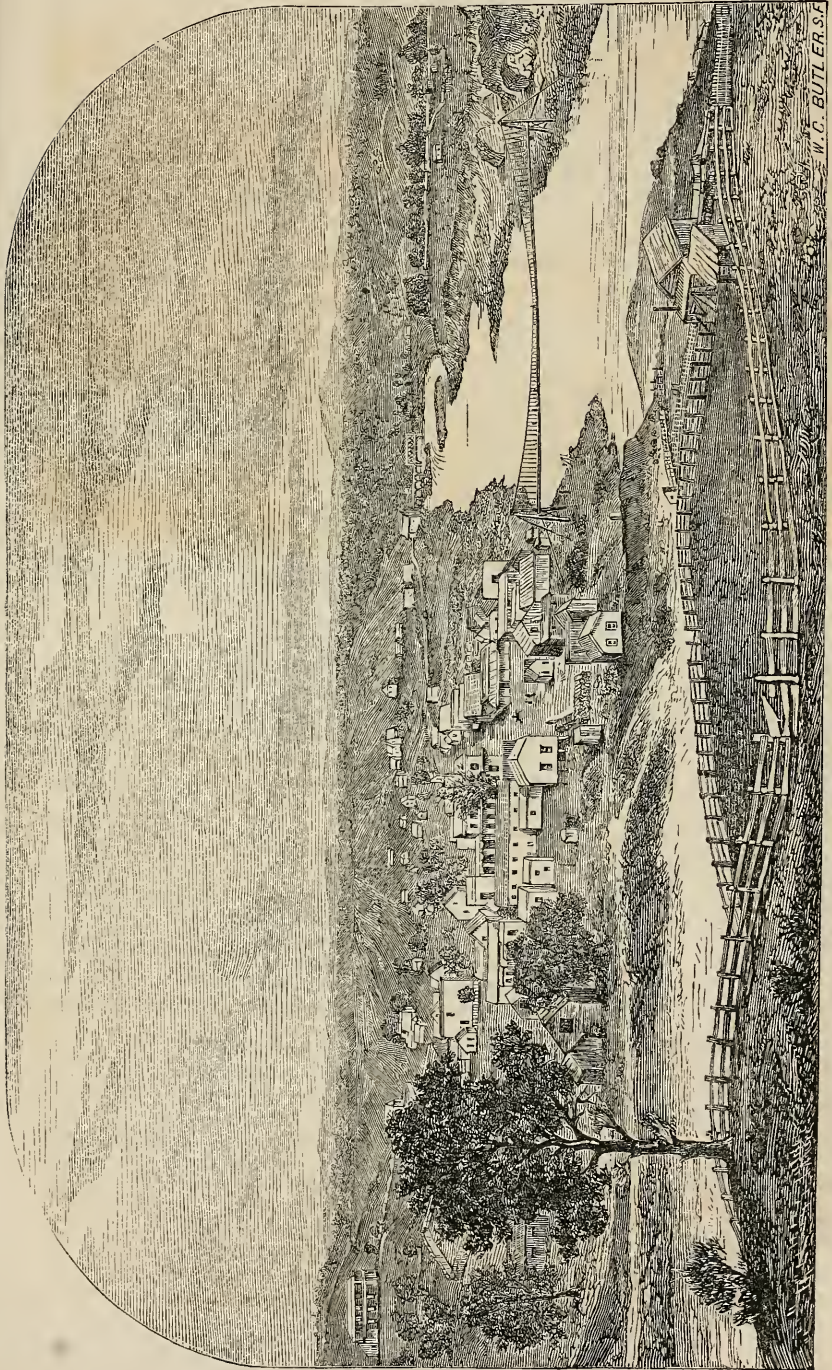


A DWELLING IN ALEXANDRIA.

L A B O R .

BY FRANK SOULE.

Despise not labor! God did not despise
 The handiwork which wrought this gorgeous globe;
 That crowned its glories with yon jeweled skies,
 And clad the earth in nature's queenly robe.
 He dug the first canal—the river's bed—
 Built the first fountain in the gushing spring,
 Wove the first carpet for man's haughty tread,
 The warp and woof of his first covering.
 He made the picture painters imitate,
 The statuary's first grand model made,
 Taught human intellect to recreate,
 And human ingenuity its trade.
 Ere great Daguerre had harnessed up the Sun,
 Apprenticeship at his new art to serve,
 A greater Artist greater things had done,
 The wondrous pictures of the optic nerve.
 There is no deed of honest labor born,
 That is not godlike in the toiling limb,
 Howe'er the lazy scoff, the brainless scorn;
 God labored first, toil likens us to him.
 Ashamed of work! mechanic with thy tools?
 The tree thy ax cut from its native sod,
 And turns to useful things—go tell to fools—
 Was fashioned in the factory of God.
 Go build your ships, go raise your lofty dome,
 Your granite temple that through time endures,



KNIGHT'S FERRY.

W. C. BUTLER S.F.

Your humble cot, or that proud pile of Rome—
 His arm has toiled there in advance of yours.
 He made the flowers your learned florists scan,
 And crystalized the atoms of each gem,
 Ennobled labor in great Nature's plan,
 And made it virtue's brightest diadem.
 Whatever thing is worthy to be had,
 Is worthy of the toil by which 'tis won,
 Just as the grain with which the fields are clad,
 Pays back the warming labor of the sun.
 'Tis not profession that ennobles men,
 'Tis not the calling that can e'er degrade,
 The trowel is as worthy as the pen,
 The pen is mightier than the hero's blade.
 The merchant with his ledger and his wares,
 The lawyer with his cases and his books,
 The toiling farmer 'mid his wheat, or tares,
 The poet by his shady streams and nooks,
 The MAN, whate'er his work, wherever done,
 If intellect and honor guide his hand,
 Is peer to him who greatest state hath won,
 And rich as any Rothschild of the land.
 All mere distinctions based upon pretence,
 Are merely laughing themes for manly hearts,
 The miner's cradle claims from men of sense,
 More honor than the youngling Bonaparte's.
 Let fops and fools the sons of toil deride,
 On false pretensions brainless dunces live,
 Let carpet heroes strut with parlor pride,
 Supreme in all which indolence can give—
 But be thou not like them, and envy not
 These fancy tomtit burlesques of mankind,
 The witless snobs in idleness who rot,
 Hermaphrodites 'twixt vanity and mind.
 Oh, Son of Toil, be proud, look up, arise,
 And disregard Opinion's hollow test.
 A false society's decrees despise—
 He is most worthy who hath labored best.
 The sceptre is less royal than the hoe,
 The sword, beneath whose rule whole nations writhe,
 And curse the wearer while they fear the blow—
 Is far less noble than the plow and scythe.
 There's more true honor on one tan-browed hand
 Rough with the honest work of busy men,
 Than all the soft-skinned punies of the land,
 The nice white kiddery of "upper ten."
 Blow bright the forge, the sturdy anvil ring,
 It sings the anthem of King Labor's courts,
 And sweeter sounds the clattering hammers bring.
 Than half a thousand thumped pianofortes.
 Fair are the ribbons from the rabbit plane,
 As those which grace my lady's hat and cape,
 Nor does the joiner's honor blush or wane,
 Beside the lawyer with his brief and tape.
 Pride thee, mechanic, on thy honest trade,
 'Tis nobler than the snob's much vaunted pelf,
 Man's soulless pride his test of worth has made,
 But thine is based on that of God himself.

WOMEN.

Madame Emile Girardin, a popular French authoress, discourses in the following racy style concerning the women of the present day, and of the latitude in which she resides:—

“Women, veritable women, no longer exist. There are still mothers, better ones, even, than lived in former days. There are sisters, there are mistresses, there are devoted friends, there are associates, there are treasures, there are managers, there always will be shrews; but there are no more women—not in the civilized world!

In fact, what is a true woman? It is a being, feeble, ignorant, timid and idle, that could not live by herself, that would pale at a word, blush at a look, be afraid of everything, and know nothing; but who should be enlightened by a sublime instinct, should act by inspiration—which ought to be a more unerring guide than experience—a mysterious being that should be adorned by the most charming contrasts; possessed of violent passions and few ideas; of insatiable vanity and inexhaustible generosity—for a true woman is at the same time good as a saint, and a very goddess of deceit—full of caprice and unreasonableness; who weeps from joy, and laughs from anger; who lies badly, and who deceives well; that is rendered wise by misfortune; that contrarities exalt to the verge of madness; whose simplicity is equal to her perfidy; whose timidity equals her audacity; a being inexhaustible, in fact, having great talents by chance, and in great events when it is necessary to have them; but knowing how constantly to exhibit amiable defects, treasures of fear and of hope, which attract, attach, disquiet, and which no one can resist.

“Ah! now, where will you find many women who resemble this portraiture? Alas! it is no longer permitted to these

poor women to have all these charming defects; they have been compelled to renounce them, despite their inclinations, since the day when the men themselves usurped them.

“Artless ignorance, amicable want of foresight, adorable languor, childlike coquetishness, ye are no longer the graces of women; ye form the strength of manhood to-day. Courage, reason, patience, intelligent activity, ye are no longer the virtues of men, ye are the defects of women to-day.

“Twenty years of peace have borne their fruits. Courage has gone out of fashion. Young men of the present day know neither how to suffer, nor to work; they know how to endure nothing, neither grief, nor poverty, nor weariness, nor honorable humiliation, nor heat, nor cold, nor fatigue, nor privation, nor—except it be by accident—do they know how to endure anything.

“This is why the women have been compelled to metamorphose themselves; they have acquired supernatural virtues, and which, certainly, are not of their own choosing. They have become courageous—they, to whom puerile timidity lent so much grace; they have become reasonable—they, to whom inconsistency lent so many attractions; they have renounced beauty through economy, and vanity through devotion; they have comprehended by the pure instinct, which is their strength, that in the human economy it is necessary that one of the two companions must work that the offspring may be fed. Man has folded his arms, and woman has undertaken the work; and this is why the woman no longer exists.

“Study the manners of the people. See the wife of this laborer; she occupies herself with her shop and with her household—she has not, during the entire day, a moment of repose. What

does her husband do? where is he?—at the tavern!

“Look at this young girl; she is a seamstress. She is pale, her eyes are red—she is eighteen, and no longer pretty. She never goes out, she works night and day—and her father? He is in the neighboring house of entertainment reading the newspapers!

“Follow this beautiful woman. How rapidly she walks. She looks anxiously at her watch; she is late. She has already given since morning four lessons in singing, she has three yet to give. It is a fatiguing business. And her husband? what does he do then? She comes in contact with him, he is promenading upon the boulevard, in company with one of the actresses from one of the lesser theatres.

“Look again at this poor woman. What an air of weariness she has. She is a literary victim, who tasks herself to gain a subsistence by writing. Her mediocre works sell well enough, and suffice to clothe herself and her little daughter.—And her husband? where is he? In the coffee-house yonder, playing billiards and jesting about authoresses.

“See still this little woman talking, filled with hurry and agitation. She is rich; she does not need to work; but her husband is a nobody, who depends for everything upon her. She wishes to secure for him a nomination for a certain place, and she is petitioning for him whilst he is playing whist at some club.

“Ah! think you that it is for their own pleasure that women have rendered themselves thus active and courageous? Believe you that they would not a thousand times prefer their state of nonchalance and insignificance, and that it would not be infinitely more agreeable to them to pass their time extended upon luxurious divans, in the attitudes of odalisques, surrounded with flowers, clad in rich stuffs, and have nothing to do but

amuse themselves and be beautiful? In changing their natures they have made a very great sacrifice, believe it! Well, far from blaming them, they ought to be admired for their abnegation. A young woman reasonable! a beautiful woman economical! a woman who deprives herself of articles of embellishment! But it is a prodigy of virtue! a model of heroism!

“Ah! you do not know how much courage a woman requires to enable her to devote herself to being always humbly clad; you do not know what innumerable and irresistible temptations she is compelled every moment to resist!

To be wise in a matter of dress is to be sublime! To pass before an attractive shop and see suspended behind the glass a delicious sky-blue or lilac ribbon, a provoking ribbon that excites her to admire—to devour it with her eyes—to build all manner of air-castles about it—to trim herself in imagination with its coquetish knots, and to say to herself, “I will put two rosettes in my hair; the wide ribbon will be for my ceinture, the narrower one for the pelisse and sleeves.” And afterward to snatch herself from these culpable reveries, reproach herself as for a crime, and fly, courageous and desolate, far from the tempting ribbon, without even wishing to inquire its price. This alone requires more strength of mind than the most terrible of battles.

“Yes, women have lost in attractiveness all that they have gained in talents; strangely, the more useful they are, the less power they possess—because their power lies not in the activity they employ, but in the influence they exercise. Women were not made to act, they were made to command, that is to say, to inspire, to counsel, to prevent, to demand, to obtain! that is their rolé! action, to them, is abdication.

“There are two categories of women to love: angelic women, and demoniacal

women; veiled virgins crowned with lilies, and Bacchantes, crowned with vine leaves; those who sing gently accompanying themselves upon the lyre, and those who dance wildly guiding their movements by the thyrse and tambour; those whom one loves with enthusiasm, and those whom one idolizes with intoxication; the one class fascinates for good, the other for evil; but both are alike ideals, alike enveloped in mysteries, alike enshrined, alike superior, alike all-powerful, the one class by the respect they impose, the other by the terror they inspire. For, you know, that fear is one of the charms of love, and these two natures of women are the cause of delightful fears. One trembles in presence of the first, a word might alarm their excessive delicacy, an imprudence might make them fly forever, the thought of displeasing them causes a charming fright. One trembles in the presence of the other, afraid of everything; afraid of one's self and afraid of them. These women, of unrestrained passions, jealous pride, and savage in anger, have for the heart they enslave all the fascination of great dangers.

"We do not know whether there still exists female ideals of evil, but we believe that female ideals of good are no longer in existence. We have, however, and this is better for the world, honest women, reasonable women, laborious women, good women, excellent little women, with whom one may talk without ceremony, whom one meets with great pleasure, whose preference one accepts with pride, but who neither address themselves to the imagination nor inspire love. You men have so frequently said: 'Woman is the companion of man,' that the poor women have taken you at your word, they have become your companions; they are willing to share your existence, your occupations, your vexations. Oh! insane idea, culpable error. The

woman was not made to share the troubles of the man! (His sufferings are all those of self-love, and reverse of fortune.) Unhappy the woman who permits the man whom she loves to confide his distresses to her! From that moment she loses the faculty of entertaining him, and he leaves her to go and forget his troubles in the presence of some one who is ignorant of them.

"A companion? Is one who loves you a companion? Reply in good faith and agree, that woman is not the companion of the man. She ought to be his idol, always, in all the phases of his life, and under the most fascinating images. A treasure of candor in childhood, a queen of beauty as a maiden, and a divinity in her riper years."

MOUNT BALLEY.

—
BY PROF. G. K. GODFREY.
—

WHOEVER has passed under the shadow of Old Balley, which stands near the forks of the road leading from Shasta to Yreka and Weaverville, will remember the magic influence which electrified his mind as he gazed on the aerial height of this towering mountain.

Mount Balley is one of the prominent landmarks of California, and can be seen from the Sacramento Valley towering up far in the distance, crowned with its snowy helmet and glancing in the sunlight like a giant spectre, gloomy and grand, on which nature shows off the splendor of her aerial wardrobe.

Many a traveler of days past, before the stage-coach supplanted the passenger mule-train, will remember how the rough trails in the long journey over the hills and mountains of Trinity River, were made plain by the beauty of the ever-changing landscape, oblivious of the toil of the way, the thumps and jolts in the ill-graded ravines, and the weary ascent

to the far off mountain tops—and the charming snatches of dell and rock and waterfall, in the wide reaching panorama which continually accompanied it, repaid the involuntary ups and downs along the stream of Clear Creek.

But along this ever memorable mining stream, there is one object whose barrenness and desolation forms an unpleasant and striking contrast to the scene. An object whose once hidden treasures has proved its ruin, and whose rugged inequalities of bed rock, partly covered with boulders and unsightly heaps of earth and cobble stone, tell us what man has done in search of the precious treasures.

Before sunrise, I started from Tower House a few mornings since, to make the ascent of Old Balley. My excursion was so replete with visions of surpassing loveliness, that I cannot refrain from mentioning it, that others who love the beautiful, may feast their eyes upon the same entrancing panorama. My path led through Tower's Garden, a portion of it lying along the banks of Clear Creek, that comes sweeping down around Trinity Mountains. This is a beautiful place for epicurians to luxuriate in spring time, or in autumn, as she arrays herself in golden costume, and spreads her table with prodigal liberality.

At the lower end of the garden, Sawmill Creek comes rushing down from the side of Mount Balley.

Passing through the lumber yard, I observed piles of lumber staked up for mining purposes, which the miners use for long spanning flumes of the mining canals to convey water to dry ravines and hill diggings.

Bounding joyously up this creek, I passed over rocks piled on rocks in wild confusion, while far above me dizzy precipices frowned in craggy columns wild with grandeur. Detached quartz rocks and long angular fragments of gray granite are strewn along in the bed of the

stream, over which the mountain torrents roar and tumble down, plunging into romantic chasms, with ceaseless turmoil seething, from which the silver mists arise and calmly float towards Heaven, as with the proud consciousness of having freed themselves from the demon that was forever dragging them down, and whose crags beetling and bare with weird and fantastic forms, have a wild grandeur all their own. My walk up the stream was necessarily slow, but not too slow to see sermons in stones, books in running brooks, and good in everything.

Who would not go out amid such wilds as these mountains afford, and leaving the busy world behind them, study nothing save what nature teaches, and love nothing but the things that nature gives them to worship.

Leaving this stream to the right, my course led up a dividing ridge to a broad flank which was formed from a spur sweeping down around from the summit. The hillsides were decked with hues resplendent and charming, tender blades of green grass newly springing forth, formed a beautiful contrast with the variegated colors of spring flowers; the shrubs and trees of different description were clad in bright green foliage, and from each bush and tree the merry songsters were warbling their sweetest lays to their Creator.

Having gained this eminence, which was rather hard to climb, I paused for a moment's rest, being weary by toil, from the abruptness of the ascent.

Seating myself upon a moss-covered rock, I involuntarily glanced my eyes down upon the scenery which lay at my feet.

Below me Mill stream glittered like molten silver in the sunbeams. From where I stood, it appeared about a yard in width, and gleamed white as snow as it fell through the dark green pines that grew below, and the distant murmur of

that falling cascade was sweet to me as the low breathings of a sweet-toned harp.

Here can be seen for a long way up and down this little valley of Clear Creek, long spanning flumes for mining purposes, gardens and miners' humble cabins. The most of all which attracted my attention was Clear Creek, winding its way through this valley like a serpentine mirror, and on its banks the busy delving miners in pursuit of the glittering treasure. On the opposite side of Clear Creek, tall bare mountains rise in bold relief against the clear heavens.

On either side of me stood dense forests of cedar, from which sprung thick pinnacles of pine, like green spires from greener temples of nature, the living houses of nature's choristers.

The towering forests rested their green heads at my feet, and I entertained the fanciful thought that they were the solemn old poets of nature, crowned with evergreens by the fair hand of spring in her revivification.

Perhaps I am partial, but to me the lines, "The groves were God's first temples," have a beautiful and truthful expression.

The huge mountains lay silently around, buried in their slumbers, and frowning down on silvery waters, whose bosom was painted with another world of lovely scenes, the pictured dreams of her slumbering hours. Transcendent glory seemed to array earth like Edens of Paradise, and the landscape lay before me more glorious than our dreams, where waves of perfect melody are ever floating onward and upward, made up of sweet choraling of joyous birds, the hum of the insect world, the murmurings of leafy boughs, and the liquid music of hidden brooks. Mountains, far stretching forests, huge rocks, living brooks, and the humbler but chaster beauty of flowers, illuminated by the clear meridian sun, formed a confused medley of landscape

from the mild and lovely to the rough and sublime. Nothing that I ever saw in point of beauty, so delighted me as the ascent of this mountain.

What food for endless thought and reflection. The contemplative mind seems to expand with the expansion of the view which nature inspires, and the soul, swelling in harmony with the magnitude of the surrounding objects, would proudly and gladly claim kindred with the enthroned grandeur of nature in the mountains.

Charming as the scenery around me was, a lonely feeling came over me, and from my present attitude I felt morally, mentally, and physically elevated in the scale of creation, and profoundly impressed with the wisdom of the Creator.

Ascending higher and higher still among the old monarchs of the forest, and with nothing to cheer me but the soft moaning winds, which seemed like the requiem of departed summer, after five hours' toil I reached the summit, and exclaimed *Excelsior!*

My position commanded a wide sweep of the surrounding country. Blended in one magnificent view, there lay stretched out before me, in all its serene loveliness, so wondrous a panorama of mountains and valleys, and woodlands, and sunny slopes, that we were at a loss to know in what measure to utter forth our admiration.

Behold these mountain peaks that point toward Heaven, and crowned with mists of which the sunlight makes a glorious halo. Their sun-touched summits gleaming with purple splendor, their aerial heights crowned with eternal snows, stand out in bold relief from the deep azure of the heavens, brilliant in dazzling whiteness.

On the north, stretching in the direction of Mount Shasta, are mountains interlocking mountains, with deep gorges, wild precipices that scoffed the heavens

with their faded and broken summits, piled up in eternal confusion. Beyond these awful crags and savage gorges, Mount Shasta springs up into Heaven, cold and silent, white and grand, while clouds hang down around its base. It seemed at this time as if the Deity had thrown the robe of his glory over this gigantic form on purpose to see how it became its gorgeous appareling. Towards the south, as far as the vision can extend, the Coast Range Mountains leaned along the solemn sky, in waving outlines, and glittered like a silver chain in the light of the sun, and as the range approaches nearer you, this magic chain is drawn in bolder outlines against the clear heavens, still looking down on the winding streams and rivers, and the great valley of the Sacramento.

Behind me, sloping toward the Pacific Ocean, Trinity, Salmon and Klamath River Mountains showed faintly their undulating outlines, while the nearer mountains around Weaverville arose like giant sentinels, as if keeping ward and watch over the peaceful scenes below.

Here for ages the flow of the Trinity River has washed their bases, while far above

"As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
Swell from the vale and midway leaves the storm,"

towards the east, the snowy capped Sierras rise dim and blue from the misty hazes, flanking the heavens as one tier rises above another, each ridge crowned with fortresses, and receding away to the southward, till a sea of summits flowed along the distant heaven until lost in the cloud-like distance.

The Coast Range Mountains and the Sierra Nevadas unite at the base of Mount Shasta, and in an unbroken chain comes sweeping around to the northwest to my feet, forming a grand panorama three hundred miles in circumference; while the fertile valley of the Sacramento

and its tributary streams glanced and gleamed in the amber light of a clouded day.

Stretching to the southward, between me and those distant mountains, you beheld the long broad valley of the Sacramento, spread out like a misty lake, while here and there groves of timber spring up, giving it the appearance of islands.

While all around me, scattered on the mountain tops, are symmetrical and spire-like pine trees, standing like sentinels of the Creator to direct our thoughts above.

The heavens bright and blue smiling on these luxurious forests with its sheen of light, and stretching its azure roof far on every side, and resting on the granite columns of the mountains, the air pure and invigorating, all inspired feelings within me of the most profound adoration.

It is a spectacle which paralyzes the beholder;—from fear to terror, and from astonishment to admiration, carries the thoughts of mortal man up to the Creator. Who could ask more? We turned from the enchanting vision, but never to forget it.

It will live forever in memory, and if fate or inclination should lead us to other climes, it will be always a bright remembrance.

SHASTA, May, 1861.

BEWARE of misapplying Scripture. It is a thing easily done, but not so easily answered. I know not any one gap that hath let in more and more dangerous errors into the Church, than this,—that men take the word of the sacred text, fitted to particular occasions, and to the condition of the times wherein they were written, and then apply them to themselves and others, as they find them, without due respect had to the differences that may be between those times and cases and the present.

ALONE.

[LINES WRITTEN IN DEJECTION AT MIDNIGHT.]

I cannot sleep, though darkly now
The gloom of night is on my brow,
And silence o'er the sleeping world
Has long her starry robes unfurled;
The night winds, passing with a moan,
Remind me I am all alone.

Through the dark vista of the past
My vision now is backward cast,
And, oh! what ghosts of sunny hours,
When life was, spring-like, robed in flowers,
Come flitting, faded, one by one,
To tell me I am all alone.

To feel that we are growing old,
With scarce one-half our summers told—
To see no star whose ray can bless
The wreck of our lost happiness—
To weep o'er life's young vision flown—
This, this it is to be alone.

I seem a mourner by the tomb
Of my heart's seared and withered bloom—
A sad sojourner in a wild,
Where sorrow marks me as her child;
My joys, like autumn leaves, are strewn—
A branchless tree, I stand alone.

For me no flow'ring fancy blows,
Or bird-like hope its music pours;
I meet no more the blest reply
That love sends warm to beauty's eye—
I hear no sweet affection's tone
To soothe me when I'm all alone.

I loved, but mine is now the pain
Of those who feel they loved in vain—
I fondly sought this head to rest,
Upon one pure, confiding breast,
And such a one was all my own,
When cold hearts bade us be alone.

And now, upon life's stormy sea,
The dark, cold waves are bearing me—
I seek in vain some sunny isle,
To rest my weary frame awhile;
Upon the rocks my bark is thrown,
Where I lie bleeding and alone.

I would in vain my feelings fly,
But thoughts there are that cannot die;
I call for Lethe's fabled stream
To wash away this troubled dream,
But mem'ry, with her solemn tone,
Reminds me I am still alone.

Some wild bird cheers the darkest wood,
And sunlight gilds the blackest flood;
The ivy o'er the ruin grows,
Like hope amid a world of woes,
But light or hope for me is none—
I wander cheerless and alone.

But cease, my song, this tale of woe—
A stranger to the rude world go—
And if to meet, should be thy fate,
A heart—like mine—all desolate,
Then whisper to that stricken one,
In grief, at least, 'tis not alone.

But should the cold world scoff at thee,
And thou can'st find no sympathy—
Should thy sad music flow in vain,
Return, my song, to me again;
And, like some bird when summer's gone,
I'll sing thee to myself, alone.

L' INCONNU.

THE INGRATE.

A Story of Massenius.

BY X.

VITALIS, a noble Venetian, while hunting, fell into a pit prepared for taking wild animals; he remained there an entire day and night, a prey to anguish that I leave you to imagine. The pit was dark; Vitalis at first attempted to find some root, by the aid of which he could climb out of his prison, but he heard a confusion of noises so extraordinary, rearings, hissings and howlings, that, overcome with terror, he shrank into a corner of the pit, and remained there motionless and stifled with fear.

The morning of the second day he heard some one passing near the pit, and raising his voice, he cried out dolefully:

"Help! help! lift me from this pit!"

It was a peasant who was crossing the forest. At first, when he heard the cry, he was afraid, but afterward, re-assuring himself, he approached and demanded who was there.

"A poor hunter," was the reply, "who has fallen unawares, and who has already spent here a long day and night; lift me from here in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ! lift me out of this pit and I will recompense you well."

"I will do so if I can," said the peasant.

Then Masaccio (this was the name of the peasant) took a knife from his belt, cut a long branch from a tree, strong enough to sustain a man, and approaching the pit, said:

"My lord hunter, listen well to that which I shall say to you. I will extend this branch into your pit, and bracing myself against the side will hold it, by this means you can climb out."

"Well," responded Vitalis, "demand of me whatever you wish, and I will grant it."

"I demand nothing for aiding you, but I am about to be married; you may give my bride anything you please."

Masaccio then extended the branch into the pit; he soon felt it becoming heavy, and in a moment a monkey leaped joyously out of the pit; he had fallen like Vitalis, and had nimbly ascended Masaccio's branch.

"It is the devil," cried the peasant, flying, "who has spoken to me from this pit!"

"Do you then abandon me?" cried Vitalis, in accents of lamentation, "my friend, my dear friend, in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, in the name of your bride, lift me from this pit I beseech you! I will portion your bride, I will enrich you! I am the Lord Vitalis, a rich Venetian. Do not let me die of hunger in this horrible pit."

Masaccio allowed himself to be per-

sueded, and returning threw in the branch; he drew up a lion that with a roar of joy bounded from the pit.

"Oh! this proves that it is the devil!" exclaimed Masaccio, and he fled away, stricken with terror.

However, he paused after a few steps, arrested by the agonizing cries of Vitalis.

"My God! my God!" cried the latter, "must I die of hunger in a pit? will no one come to my relief? Whoever you are, I beseech you to save me; I will give you lands, cattle, everything you wish; save me! only save me!"

Masaccio returned and again threw in the branch.

A serpent ascended, hissing gaily as it escaped from the pit.

Masaccio fell upon his knees half-dead with fear, murmuring the prayers which had been taught him for the banishment of demons; he was recalled to himself by the despairing cries of Vitalis.

"Must I die? Ah, my God! my God!" he lamented with sobs and tears.

"It is surely the voice of a man," said Masaccio.

"Oh! if you are still there," said Vitalis, "in the name of all that you hold most dear, save me, that I may die at least in my own house, and not in this horrible pit. I have no more strength! my voice is exhausted! save me! Do you want my palace at Venice, my wealth, my honors? I will give them to you; and may I die here if I break my promise! life, life only! Save my life!"

Masaccio could not resist such prayers, mingled with so many promises, and again he extended the branch into the pit. This time he drew up the man. As he lifted him from the pit, Vitalis, exhausted, gave a cry of joy and fainted in the arms of Masaccio.

Masaccio sustained him, endeavored to restore him, and when he came to himself, gave him his arm, saying, "Come, let us leave this forest."

Vitalis could scarcely walk, he was exhausted from hunger.

"Eat this morsel of bread," said Masaccio, giving him a piece of bread from his sack.

"My benefactor, my savior, my good angel," said Vitalis to Masaccio, "how can I ever recompense you?"

"You have promised me a portion for my bride, and your palace at Venice for me."

Vitalis began to recover his strength.

"Yes, certainly," said he, "I will portion your bride. My dear Masaccio, I will portion her richly; I am willing to make you the richest peasant in your village. Where do you live?"

"At Casaletta, in the forest, but I will leave my village willingly to go and establish myself at Venice in the palace you have promised me."

"Here, we are out of the forest, and I know the way; thank you, Masaccio!"

"When shall I come to receive the portion and the palace?"

"Whenever you will."

* They separated. Vitalis returned to Venice, and Masaccio to Casaletto, where he recounted his adventure to his *fiancée*, telling her that she should have a splendid marriage portion, and he a magnificent palace at Venice.

The next day, early in the morning, he set off for Venice, to demand the palace of Lord Vitalis. Arriving, he said that he had come to receive the marriage portion promised him by the Lord Vitalis, and that afterwards he would return with his bride in a splendid coach to establish himself in the palace that the Lord Vitalis had also promised to give him.

Masaccio seemed insane, and one went to tell Vitalis that there was a peasant there who demanded a marriage portion, and said that the palace belonged to him.

"Drive him away," said Vitalis, "I do not know him!"

The valets drove Masaccio away, who

returned in despair to his cottage, and entered without daring to go and see his *fiancée*.

By one corner of the fire was seated the monkey, at the other corner sat the lion, and before it was coiled the serpent—his three guests of the forest. Masaccio was terrified.

"The man has driven me away," thought he, "now the lion will devour me, or the serpent will strangle me, and the monkey will laugh at me."

But the monkey made an amicable grimace, the lion gently wagged his tail, and approaching him licked his hand, as a dog would have caressed his master, and the serpent, uncoiling himself, moved about the room with an air of joyous gratitude which reassured Masaccio.

"Poor animals," said he, "they are better than the Lord Vitalis; the ingrate drove me away as if I had been a beggar—oh! I could throw him again into the pit with pleasure. And my bride, whom I believed should have such a splendid wedding! No wood in my shed, no food, no money, not even enough to purchase a gold pin for my wife. The ingrate, with his marriage portion and his palace!"

Thus wept Masaccio.

The monkey began to chatter, the lion to lash with his tail, and the serpent to coil and uncoil himself; the monkey approached as if to conduct him, and leading him to his shed, showed him a store of wood, all neatly piled, to last him for a year. The monkey had gathered the wood in the forest and carried it to the cottage of Masaccio; Masaccio clasped the good monkey in his arms.

The lion then growled gently, and led the way to a corner of the court of the cottage, and showed him an enormous provision of game; two deer, three goats, a quantity of rabbits and hares, and a fine boar, all properly cov-

ered with branches of trees, in order to keep them fresh. The lion had hunted for his benefactor, and Masaccio caressed his mane.

"And you," said he to the serpent, "have you brought me nothing? are you a Vitalis, or good and honest animal like the monkey and the lion?"

The serpent glided quickly under a mass of dry leaves, then immediately reappeared, and coiling himself, elevated his head; and Masaccio saw with surprise that he held in his mouth a beautiful diamond.

Masaccio was provided with wood and game—he could give a grand bridal feast. He set off, therefore, at once for Venice; there he sought for the shop of a jeweler, and said to him that he had come to sell a diamond.

The jeweler examined the diamond, and seeing that it was of the purest water, said to him:

"What price do you ask?"

"Two hundred crowns," replied Masaccio, thinking that he demanded a sufficient sum, although it was scarcely a tenth part of the value of the stone.

The jeweler, regarding Masaccio with severity, said to him:

"At this price you are a robber, and I arrest you!"

"If it is worth less, give me less," cried Messaccio. "I am not a robber—I am an honest man; it was the serpent that gave me this diamond."

The police came, and he was conducted before the magistrate; there he recounted his history, which seemed like a fairy tale; but as the Lord Vitalis was found mingled in the recital of the peasant, the magistrate sent the affair before the inquisitors of State, and Masaccio appeared before them.

"Tell us your history," said one of the inquisitors, "and lie not, or we will throw you in the lagoons."

Mesaccio recounted his history.

"Was it thus that you saved the Lord Vitalis?" said one.

"Yes, my lords."

"And he promised you a marriage portion for your bride, and his palace at Venice for yourself?"

"Yes, my lords."

"And he caused you to be driven away like a beggar?"

"Ah! yes, my lords, like a beggar; me, whom he had so supplicated when he was in the pit with the monkey, the serpent and the lion."

"Let the Lord Vitalis be brought before us."

Vitalis came.

"Do you know this man, Lord Vitalis?" said the inquisitor.

"No, I do not," responded Vitalis.

"He pretends to have saved your life."

"I do not know him."

The inquisitors conferred together.

"This man," they said, speaking of Masaccio, "is evidently a mad man or a knave; he must be put in prison until time shall throw light upon this affair."

"Lord Vitalis, you are at liberty to retire."

Afterward making a sign to a soldier, "Put this man in the dungeons."

Masaccio threw himself upon his knees in the midst of the hall, and cried out: "My lords! my lords! it is possible that the diamond is a stolen diamond. I do not know—it was the serpent that gave it to me; the serpent may have deceived me, my lords, he deceived Eve, our mother; it is possible that the monkey, the lion and the serpent were all a delusion of the demon; but I saved this lord. I attest it, he is no longer pale, he is no longer feeble and half-fainting to-day, as when he came out of the pit, and when I gave him my bread; it is the same voice with which he cried to me to save his life, with which he says to-day he does not know me. Lord Vitalis, I now demand of you neither a wedding portion

for my bride, nor your marble palace; but speak a word for me! do not let me be thrown into the dungeons! do not abandon me! I did not abandon you in the pit!"

"Lords," said Vitalis, bowing towards the tribunal, "I can only repeat to you what I have said; I do not know this man. He invents against me an extravagant history; has he a single witness, a particle of testimony?"

At this moment there was a movement of surprise and affright among the soldiers, and the lion, the monkey, and the serpent entered the hall.

The monkey was mounted upon the lion, and held the serpent entwined about his arms. On entering, the lion roared, the monkey chattered, and the serpent hissed.

"Ah!" exclaimed the terrified Vitalis, "these are the beasts of the pit."

"Lord Vitalis," resumed the chief of the inquisitors, when the confusion had partially subsided, "you demanded where were the witnesses of Masaccio; you see God has sent them at the point when they were named, to the bar of our tribunal; we would indeed be culpable before Him if we failed to punish your ingratitude. Your palace, your possessions, are confiscated. You will pass the remainder of your days in a narrow prison. Go. And you," continued he, addressing Masaccio, who was meanwhile caressing his lion, his monkey and his serpent, "since a Venetian has promised you a marble palace and a portion for your bride, the Republic of Venice will fulfil the promise; the palace and possessions of Vitalis are yours.

"You," said he to the secretary of the tribunal, "write a recital of this history, and make it known to the people of Venice, that they may know that the justice of the tribunal of the inquisitors of the State is not less equitable than it is rigorous."

Masaccio and his wife dwelt many years in the palace of Vitalis, with the monkey, the lion and the serpent, and Masaccio caused them to be represented upon the wall of his palace, entering the hall of the tribunal, the lion bearing the monkey, and the monkey bearing the serpent.

AN ADVENTURE.

JOSEPH II, who reigned over Austria and the lower countries, frequently amused himself with adventures where he was unknown. One day, clad in a simple great coat closely buttoned, and accompanied by a single domestic without livery, he went, in a caleche, with seats for two persons, which he drove himself, to ride about Brussels, and was surprised by a shower of rain soon after having left the avenue leading from the Chateau of Lasken to take the main road.

Upon this route he had not driven more than two hundred paces, when a footman going in the same direction made a sign to him. It was an old soldier. Joseph II stopped his horses.

"Mynheer," said the footman, "will it be an indiscretion on my part to ask for a seat beside you? You can be a little generous since you are alone, and so save my uniform, for I am a disabled soldier of His Majesty."

"Save your uniform," responded the Emperor, "and take a seat, my brave fellow. From whence do you come?"

"Ah!" said the soldier, "I come from the house of one of my friends, a game-keeper, with whom I have eaten a grand breakfast."

"What had you to eat that was so good?"

"Guess?"

"How should I know? Beer soup?"

"Ah! well, yes, a soup! Better than that."

"Brussels cabbage?"

"Better than that."

"Roasted veal?"

"Better than that, I tell you."

"Oh! I cannot guess anything more."

"A pheasant! my worthy gentlemen.

A pheasant, shot upon the pleasure grounds of His Majesty."

"Shot upon His Majesty's pleasure grounds," replied the monarch, "as if that should make it any better."

When they entered the city, the rain continued to fall, and Joseph II inquired of his companion in what quarter he lodged, and where he wished to be set down.

"You are too good, mynbeer," said the old soldier, "I must not abuse your kindness."

"No, no!" said the Emperor, "your street?"

The footman indicated the street in which he lived, and expressed a wish to know to whom he was so much indebted.

"In your turn," replied the emperor, "guess."

"Mynheer is, without doubt, a soldier."

"You are right."

"Ah! well, yes. Lieutenant?"

"Better than that."

"Captain?"

"Better than that."

"Colonel?—perhaps—"

"Better than that, I tell you."

"What?—the devil!" said the old soldier, shrinking into the corner of the carriage. "Are you a General—a Field Marshal?"

"Better than that?"

"Oh, my God! it is the Emperor!"

"You are right."

The old soldier, overwhelmed with confusion, supplicated the Emperor to stop and allow him to alight.

"No, no," said the sovereign, "after having eaten my pheasant, you should be too happy, in spite of the rain, to wish to leave me so quickly. You must ride with me to your door."

And it was not until they reached there that the monarch allowed the poor soldier to descend.

DISUNION.

BY EDWARD POLLOCK.

There's a sound on the wind, there's a shrill chilling cry
 Going past, on the blast, through the comfortless sky,
 In the night is a wailing, that keenly hath clove
 Thro' my heart, like the pain of an unhappy love;
 And the Nation, in slumbers she will not resign,
 Is vexed and disturbed by a sound and a sign,
 And sobs in her sleep as the warnings go past,
 "There is danger—and discord—and death on the blast."

And whence comes the wind? and what causes the pain?
 And wherefore this whisper from Texas to Maine?
 And why, in the fullness and depth of her rest,
 Should the heart of our Mother by dreams be distrest?
 —Potomac's blue waters are clear as the skies,
 And the chiefs that sit by them are valiant and wise,
 But a low, laughing fiend to their counsels has stole,
 And darkens with tempest the calm of each soul.
 A poison unwonted corrodes in their veins,
 Wild frenzy is racking their hearts and their brains,
 And the demon still hisses in whisper of fear,
 "DISUNION! DISUNION!" in each madden'd ear;

—And this is the reason that pain and dismay
Glide like ghosts thro' the night, and make pallid the day,
And from thence are the sounds and the signs that have made,
For her children, the heart of our Mother afraid.

Is it so? can it be? are they prophets who say
That night shall return on the dawn of our day?
Shall the despots, whose hootings ring sharp in our ears,
Exult in our downfall—rejoice in our tears?
Was it all but a dream—the bright vision that came
To the camps of our fathers, through battle and flame?
Did she whisper in vain, in each ear as she passed,
“There's a temple found here for Jehovah at last!
On this fresh laud of God ye shall worship and dwell,
And the sound of your joy shall be tyranny's knell.
Pass on through the fire—by your trials made strong;
Leave not on your borders one footprint of wrong,
Be as one, and cling close, like the drops in the wave,
Strike firm, and fear not—a free home or the grave!”
O, woe to the land, where these words are forgot!
Alas! for the nation where union is not!
Mourn, mourn and lament for the ill-fated shore,
The dust of whose martyrs is holy no more!

Ye millions who toil, in the south or the north,
Ye with arms strong as iron, and hearts of true worth,
Wipe the sweat from your brows, look aloft and behold,
On the sweeping west wind there's a banner unrolled—
Not an inch of that flag but was purchased by strife,
Not a thread in its woof but was won by a life;
'Tis your hope, your last hope! While it floats there shall be
A land undivided, a race that is free.
Will you—DARE you stand idle while traitors are near
And rend the bright banner that cost you so dear?
One word from your tongues and the cowards shall pale,
And fly from your breath as the clouds from the gale!
Speak aloud—they shall listen—for, oh, they know well
Their life is your favor, your anger their knell.
One shout for the Union! one cheer for the band
Who rear'd the starr'd flag in the night of our land,
And we'll see who shall whisper “disunion” or “strife,”
When the heart of the nation rekindles with life!

God shield thee, Green Erin! for manhood no more
Has homestead, or harvest, or hope on thy shore;
And France, like a Titan awaken'd by pain,
Struck only one blow and now slumbers again.
Italia lies bleeding, and Kossuth has fled,
While the band that clung round him are exiled or dead.
Here lonely we only the flag have unfurled,
In whose shadow may rest the oppress'd of the world,
And woe to the foe, who, by discord or war,
Wou'd quench on our standard the beams of a star!
Though his heart be as iron, his hand make so bold
As to break the strong band that was woven of old,
Let him heed well the sequel: our banner of blue
Has STRIPES for the traitors, as STARS for the true.
And the sun shall not shine on the men that shall see
Dismember'd or conquer'd the FLAG of the FREE.

PHYSICAL THEORY OF CLOTHING

BABINET.

HOMER characterized the human species as the only one endowed with language. Plato defined man less nobly, as a biped without feathers. Our modern naturalists remark that among the first classes of the animal kingdom, man alone has two hands and not four. He is the only bimanous. To Franklin, he is the only animal that knows how to make use of tools.

I find in Hesiod a very remarkable verse, where, speaking of the Cyclopes as very industrious workmen, he says that they had *the strength, the activity, and the tools for laboring*.

Since Prometheus, man exclusively has enjoyed the art of making fire. Or, as the first want of every living being is to guarantee itself from the influences of hurtful meteorological agents, it would perhaps be a still more fundamental one that would designate man as being the only animal that knows how to make his clothes. Has not Providence employed great wisdom and skill in the nature, form, color, and physical properties bestowed upon animals, according to race, climate, and the special wants of their regime of life? Animals know how to cleanse and preserve their fur or their plumage; some even, as the peacock, seem to be conscious not only of being clad, but of possessing a veritable gala dress. They display plenty of skill in preparing their dwellings, and their stores of food, but they do not know how to clothe themselves.

Putting aside the art of ornamentation, which, like all the arts, is the idealization of a want, one finds two great principles dominant upon this question. One is the greater or less facility which different substances offer to the passage of heat tending to leave or enter the body; the other principle is

the radiation of heat, which, in the open air and sunshine, is not less efficacious for the warming and cooling of the bodies of the different colors comprised between white and black.

We will occupy ourselves at first with vestments under the head of their permeability to heat, called technically conductivity. Thus a cloth made of linen or of hemp is penetrated by heat more easily than a woolen stuff, even when the latter is as fine as the former. The first mentioned substances are therefore more conductile than wool. It is evident that if one wishes to keep cool, he must clothe himself in conductile tissues, which allow the heat to pass freely from the body. On the contrary, to preserve this warmth, he must wear materials less conductile. Wool, furs, feathers, and the down of birds are bad conductors of heat. The good conductors make comfortable clothing for summer, and the bad conductors furnish warm habits for winter.

The ancient philosophers and rhetoricians exercised their sagacity to ascertain if in making man completely nude, nature had shown toward him the regard of a mother or a step-mother.

One party found that the animals had been treated more favorably than ourselves, since they were preserved from the influences of the weather by feathers, hair, and furs; the partisans of the contrary thesis, that if nature had not given natural clothing to man, she had chosen by that means to reserve to him the faculty of changing his vestments according to the properties of seasons, of climate, of days, and even of hours, not to count the loans that his intelligence, his strength and his industry, enabled him to make to animals of every species.

Leaving the authority of Aristotle, of Seneca, and of Pliny—which are no longer the fashion in our positive century—it is curious to glance at the differ-

ent substances of wearing apparel, and to recognize how providence has bestowed the art and skill to clothe themselves upon living beings, from one end of the world to the other.

There is no person who does not know that a garment of linen, or of hemp, allows the heat of the body to be dissipated more quickly than one of wool, of silk, or even of cotton. One might say that it possessed less skill than any other tissue, that it isolates less than which it envelopes. This tissue also admits most easily the heat disposed to enter the body.

Touch a heated body with a hand covered with a linen glove, you will be burned much more than if the hand had been covered by a woolen glove.

The natural vestments which are given to animals might guide us in showing the warmest as well as the most refreshing habits, that is to say, those which are easiest or most difficult to penetrate by the physical agent, heat.

Envelope ice in summer with a woolen stuff, it will melt but slowly, whilst a linen of the same thickness would allow it to melt as much more rapidly, as the heat could penetrate the fibres of hemp or flax, of which it is composed. It is by this proof that the wife of a caliph ascertained, it is said, that she was the warmest in her rich furs.

The textile fibres of vegetables are not in nature the vestments of plants, insects or animals. They are part of the plant itself; they are not therefore needed as isolants or preservatives from cold. Cotton is already the vestment of the seed of a plant. This substance should, therefore, be more preservative. It is less conductile than the filaments of ligneous plants. Silk, which envelopes an insect in one of its transformations, is the garment of a living being. Hence with the greatest propriety, it forms a material for clothing.

Wool and hair are originally warm garments. Several animals, for instance, our little sub-tiger, the domestic cat, evidently suffer from the heat of their vestments in summer. One sees them extend themselves upon marble and cool and polished slabs of stone.

The valuable furs of the animals of the north, martins, foxes, of different colors, the fitch and the sable, range, naturally, among the substances least penetrable to the heat tending to traverse them, to leave the bodies of the animals wearing them, or those of the men who have made of them a forced loan.

Still more. In the midst of polar countries breed myriads of water-fowl, clad in a down so isolant, that they brave the most intense cold, and preserve under their downy plumes a warmth of blood superior to that of the birds of the equatorial regions. The down of the cygnet and that of the eider, of Iceland, are very nearly impermeable to heat and to cold.

Remark here that nature, independent of the particular quality of furs and of feathers, has arranged these natural vestments in little parcels, which are an obstacle to the passage of heat, because it would be obliged to leap over from one fibre to another. Pulverised charcoal, paper cut fine, dry sand, are for the same reason substances useful for preserving heat. The poor little chimney-sweeps, who sleep in winter between two sacks half-filled with soot, find their bed very warm, and they never catch cold. Snow, besides its whiteness, of which we will speak hereafter, preserves plants by its spongy flakes much better than solid ice could do. Under snow accidentally packed, plants freeze much more easily than under the snow intact.

Packing, which presses together the filaments of stuffs, deprives them in part of their isolating property. A new flannel garment is much warmer than

one which has been worn for several days. In this respect all woolen stuffs are alike.

Air is also a substance that obstructs the circulation of heat. Mantles, spencers, bournous, overcoats of *toile cirée*, and all vestments which confine the air that surrounds the body, are excellent preservatives of organic heat. Many reasoners are astonished to see the people of tropical countries surcharged with very warm clothing. The motive for this singular anomaly is the necessity of avoiding the too sudden variations of temperature, which are more perilous than the vestments are incommodious which completely isolate the individual who wears them. In Russia, in Siberia, in the polar countries of North America, travelers and inhabitants are all enveloped in furs, and communicate with the exterior air only in breathing. They sleep upon the snow without melting it, and without feeling the cold, which is often so great that the mercury freezes beside the sleeping man.

The snow huts, with a fire in the interior, do not melt upon the sleeping occupants of these singular dwellings; the snow is only less cold within than without. The only effect of the fire is to diminish a little the coldness of the walls, as solid, there, as are the stone walls of our houses.

A modern traveler, Mr. Hill, remarked very justly that in our houses in very cold weather, the glasses, in the interior of apartments, became covered with coatings of frost and ice, which does not melt from the heat of our stoves or fireplaces. Therefore all the heat received by these deposits of ice does not compensate for the cold that penetrates to them through the glasses of the windows. It is a fact perfectly analagous to this that one witnesses in Siberia, where the plates of ice which take the place of our window glasses, are not melted any more

than are the walls of snow, by the warmth of the interior air, which is, however, ten or twelve degrees above that of melting ice. The recent voyages in search of Sir John Franklin, have given us a thousand confirmations of these facts, which seem strange to the inhabitants of temperate latitudes. To see is to know. The air mattresses which many travelers carry with them, and upon which they sleep after having inflated them with a bellows, are warmer than feather beds; and singularly, mattresses filled with water are alike warm.

A renowned English physician, Dr. Neill Arnott, employed with success this kind of very warm beds for nervous invalids, who were mortally uncomfortable upon beds of hair or feathers.

At the Exposition Universal, of Paris, in 1855, there was exhibited one of these couches, which was tried with complete success. I repeat that for nervous people it is a precious invention. In general, one is disagreeably affected by the too great flexibility of air or water couches; but when it is necessary to preserve the heat of the body, there is nothing more efficacious.

Although it be a departure from my subject, I would say that in order to brave the cold, there is nothing like drinking tea, or even chewing it dry. The experience of all the marine expeditions to the poles, and that of all travelers in high latitudes, has established that tea is infinitely superior to alcoholic drinks for nourishing organic heat, and counteracting the cold, which might frequently prove mortal. In Siberia, a great number of the conductors of trains meet their death in consequence of drinking.

The scales of fish, of serpents, of lizards, and of several reptiles and insects, are analagous to the hair and feathers of quadrupeds and birds. Their vestments are certainly not warm; but as these

living beings have cold blood, they do not need to preserve a warmth they do not possess. Let us conclude, therefore, that it is impossible to find nature at fault, and it is more than probable that an error of this kind is rather a presumptuous error of him who hazards the opinion of an unskilful act of the creative power.

I have said that the tissues made from materials which have not served as vestments, form garments that permit the heat to pass freely from the body. It is thus with the filaments of the amianth, of which the incombustible cloths are made, which are cleansed by being passed through the fire. The silk or tissues of certain shell-fish, as, for instance, the beautiful pearl-colored silk of the pinne-marine, from which in Sicily such high-priced gloves and hose are made, are materials forming tissues very cool and agreeable in warm countries. In bestowing upon man intelligence, activity and industry, nature has said to him: "All that has been done for animals has been, in reality, done for man."

WHAT TIME IS IT?

ALPHONSE KARR, who usually puts phantasy to the service of good sense, has consecrated part of a chapter to clocks.

"Clocks," he says, "are tyrants. Down with tyrants and clocks! Vive l'ignorance of time which gives independence to life!"

Unfortunately reality is the born enemy of phantasy. Nothing can be more cruel than to be unable to reply when one asks: "What time is it?"

What time is it? is the fundamental phrase of existence, above all, of Parisian existence. Time is money, a capital of which clocks are at the same time the treasuries and cashiers. How can one balance his accounts without knowing

the amounts he has gained or lost?

When one can measure duration, happiness seems shorter, chagrin longer, fatigue more painful, weariness more interminable.

To a prisoner who does not hear the hours strike, days are months, and months years. God preserve you, friends and enemies, from the suppression of clocks, dreamed of by Alphonse Karr as a foretaste of Paradise: for I declare I could not comprehend an eternity of well-being without a gigantic clock of some celestial Bruguët, guaranteed for several millions of years, and destined to enhance felicity by marking its course.

This profession of faith finished, I will scarcely have interested my reader in my sufferings, if I fail to inform him that I dwell in an apartment, upon the chimney of which figures not the least time-keeper.

To complete my ill fortune, no public clock makes itself heard in the neighborhood. I was forced to live by guess. A sorry life, truly. By its favor I have missed twenty rendezvous, committed thirty impolitenesses, and have a hundred times been devoured by anger. Sometimes I arose at six o'clock in the morning, when I had nothing to do; sometimes I did not awake until noon, when I needed to be early.

I breakfasted on Monday at dinner time; on Tuesday I set off to dine in the city at a moment when my amphitri-
ons were finishing their breakfast. I had become a martyr to inexactness.

Added to this, my domicile, surrounded by a cordon, far from sanitary, of high walls, was never visited by the sun. Not even the resource of a sun-dial! The situation was no longer endurable; I sought therefore, with heart and eyes for means to remedy it. While looking here and there I noticed a window opposite. Proud of my discovery as Christopher Columbus was of his, I pursued the course of my observations, and soon acquired a certainty

that the window opened at the same hour every morning.

This was my *debut* in horological economy.

Naturally, I did not stop there; I continued my apprenticeship, and was able in a few days to construct a complete clock.

In other words, I assured myself that my *vis-à-vis*, who stood me instead of a dial, indicated seven o'clock in the morning by her time of rising; ten o'clock, by her breakfasting; noon, in descending to make her provisions for the day; two o'clock, in receiving the visit of a lad from a shop who brought her work; four o'clock, in taking a little lunch; seven o'clock, by dining, and ten by extinguishing her light.

The intervals were employed in assiduous labor. The work told of honesty, the appetite of youth. Decidedly, I had there an excellent regulator.

My clock once constructed, I wished very naturally to study its details. My time-keeper—pardon—my *vis-à-vis*, was a young neighbor, twenty years of age, a brunette, and with the prettiest eyes in the world—a clock mounted with diamonds. From morning till evening she busied herself with wreathes of flowers, boquets and head-dresses. No one except the clerk of the shop came to intercept her laborious occupations, and the business went on, went on continually.

And I, without being aware of it, I had become an admirer of the twenty years, the brown hair, and diamond eyes. So that at the end of the week I looked at the house every five minutes.

Very singular! Since I had a clock I was ten times more inexact than before. I went out no more. I did no more work, but as a compensation I lost none of the evolutions of my gentle time-piece.

In the morning she performed her house-work; ah! but so nicely that it would have rendered jealous the entire

united Flanders. Afterwards the curtains were drawn. Devils of curtains! A moment afterwards she reappeared in a working toilet, coquettish from its very simplicity; then commenced her tasks for the day. Sometimes singing arose from that quarter, and a joyous refrain reached my ears—my clock was a musical one!

When night came, and the light disappeared from the window, it seemed to me that my clock still continued to go.

Ah! if I were a breveted novelist, and permitted to continue in the next number, I would economise for you; but as you perhaps, would not follow my steps, I take warning of the doubt and abstain.

At several reprisals our glances encountered each other, and those of my *vis-à-vis* were lowered upon the field. Although regretting it, I was well contented that this was so. Meanwhile, my curiosity did not decrease.

Give a watch to a child, and his first endeavor will be to open it, at the risk of its case, to see the mystery that it contains. I was like the children.

One morning, at the hour when she habitually descended, I followed her. I had for a long time been prepared for the adventure. Nevertheless, when I heard her door close, I experienced a momentary hesitation.

“If she should be offended—bah! it is absurd! Nothing could be more natural. We might meet by chance—much more is due to it. Beside, I will not speak to her. But in passing ought I not to salute her? If I do, she will, perhaps, think it singular. If I do not, I shall risk being impolite. Heaven! she is already on the lower stairs! Run, or it will be too late!”

I ran and overtook her under the *portecochère*. Whilst I gave place to her, her robe rustled against my arm, and her eyes were raised to mine. It seemed to me as if she had just been blushing. It

was this, on that day, that sounded mid-day to my heart.

This will be called being amorous—a stupid name for a thing so charming.

Four or five times after our first encounter, I had borrowed from chance the like occasions. She did not seem to be on her guard against me—to the contrary, she seemed careful to avoid the affectation of turning her head from my side. However, she was dreamy. Sometimes her hand fell inactive, and her head was bowed down.

Was I the cause? I avow that I had the presumption to suppose so.

Believe therefore in presumption and in clocks!

One day—shall I tell you?—I arose and hastened to go and ascertain the hour.

The window was closed.

I waited, waited still. Anxiety seized me. Was she ill? Finally she appeared. I respired again.

But, in place of setting herself to work, she read and re-read a letter, afterwards she went out.

All day I remained without knowing the hour, and without working. Evening came and she had not returned, neither did she re-enter in the night.

The morrow passed as the day before had done, and so succeeded the days for a week. On the Sunday of this cursed, wearisome, gloomy week, I went to a ball in the neighborhood.

On entering, I met her face to face. She was clad in a silken robe, and leaning upon the arm of a gentleman.

Alas! alas! my clock was deranged forever!

In the transport of my first grief, I have taken an important step. I have bought a watch. This cost me less dear.

PIERRE VERON.

MILVIA;

OR, THE HEROINE OF CATALONIA.

A HISTORICAL NOVELETTE,

Founded upon Events of the War in Spain in 1823.

BY D. FRICK, LL. D.

SCARCELY had Milvia reëntered her lodgings, before the French commander came to inform her that she was free, and that an escort of light cavalry waited to conduct her to the advance post of the Constitutionals. This welcome news, crowning the high esteem already inspired by the conduct of the generous French, gave her a joy difficult to depict.

She took her place immediately in the midst of her escort, where an officer hastened to offer a horse for her journey. At the moment of parting from the French commander, she gave him in token of gratitude an ebony ringlet, severed from her beautiful tresses, and went away bearing with her the regrets of all who had known her during her short captivity.

The constitutionals informing her that the Constitutionals had marched towards Cerdagne, took the way through that delightful valley, and obedient to the impatience of the beautiful Spaniard, soon arrived in sight of the tents of Mina.

The guards soon appeared upon the route to reconnoitre the escort; but Milvia, advancing from the French cavaliers hastened to meet the Spanish officer, to inform him who they were who were about to arrive, and while she was speaking the French wheeled and took their way back to their encampment.

Milvia saw with regret that her escort was already beyond the reach of her acknowledgments; but believing that superior orders had, without doubt, prescribed all their conduct, she went immediately to General Mina, whom she found occupied in receiving a numerous depu-

GREAT works are performed not by strength, but by perseverance.

tation from Cerdagne, who had come to place at his disposal all the men fit for duty in that valley, the hearts of whose inhabitants had never been alienated.

The General, who had, during the morning, been informed of the captivity of Milvia, was struck with astonishment at seeing her appear so soon. It was no longer the wife of one of his officers that he saw in Milvia; it was one of his officers, and of whose brief loss he had become very sensible.

"If," said he to the Spanish heroine, "I had three thousand soldiers like you, Caledonia would in eight days have no more enemies."

He afterward informed her of the expected arrival of Rodrigue; and worthily to recognize the generous conduct of his enemies, he made sure of the field by conducting under good guard, to the first French posts, eight prisoners whom he had taken the night before.

Rodrigue, having forced his march, was not long in reaching the line of the Constitutionals. Milvia was overcome with joy at meeting her husband, and the fortunate pair forgot in their embraces all the anguish of their separation.

After having exhausted in Spanish Cerdagne their resources in men and provisions, Mina passed within French territory, where he procured plenty of supplies upon fair payment, and after a sojourn of some hours, he marched toward the wood of Palau, where the enemy were expected soon to make an attack. Rodrigue, having raised in all haste a small corps of guerillas, went to establish himself in the high mountain of Noury, where he did not have to wait long before engaging with a company of French light infantry, who forced him to retreat towards Doria.

Enfeebled by the combat, and the retreat that he was compelled to sustain, he could do nothing more than attempt to attach himself to the corps of Mina,

who he was informed would march on the next day to Urgel. He returned to the hills at his right, and having succeeded in hiding himself from the troops, much superior in number, who were following him, he waited until night came to favor the journey he had to make toward the Seu d'Urgel.

Milvia profited by the leisure of this halt to recount to her husband all that had happened to her during the few hours of her captivity; her grateful heart ceased not to praise the conduct of the French officers, and Rodrigue deplored with her the necessity of fighting against men so worthy of their friendship and esteem.

At rest concerning their own fate, although until now it had constantly shown itself adverse, they bemoaned in secret the ill fortune of their cause, whose defenders fell without advantage to their country; the thought of their children, separated from them by a distance of a hundred leagues, intercepted by enemies, disturbed the repose they so much needed; the tender caresses of childhood were wanting to the love of this couple and left a void in the delightful effusions that frequently saddened their sweet conversations.

The hour of departure snatched Rodrigue from the arms of Milvia, to resume his place at the head of his braves, whom he guided without interruption beneath the walls of Urgel. There the valorous Catalan received the final orders of General Mina, who, after having exchanged his exhausted troops for fresh ones taken from the fort of Urgel, marched rapidly to Cervera, in order to reach Barcelona by Tarragone.

In the instructions which Rodrigue received from Mina, he was ordered to remain with his guerillas in the chain of mountains extending from Puycerda to Figueres, in order to augment the number of his soldiers, and to foster by his

presence in the country the national spirit, which was stronger there than elsewhere.

Mina entertained the project of returning to visit and to replenish the supplies of the forts Figures and Urgel, having need to keep in the environs of these places a leader skilful as was Rodrigue.

On the other hand it was necessary to leave near these fortified places guerillas able, in case of a sortie, to second the besieged, and to make a favorable diversion in the enemy's army, by occupying a portion of it elsewhere.

Rodrigue felt the full importance of the mission confided to him; he was, in fact, to occupy the most perilous position in the entire army; but it was also one that would confer greatest honor upon its commander, and this conviction sufficed to his noble heart.

Milvia, whose confidence had remained unshaken during the most terrible vicissitudes of this unfortunate campaign, was struck with a presentiment of evil on learning that Rodrigue was abandoned in the gorges of the mountains, without resources, without any well-founded hope of succor, with a feeble corps of guerillas, and in the midst of the enemy's forces, in a country where the inhabitants were frequently disposed to betray the constitutional soldiers, through fear of incurring the pious indignation of the hordes of the Faith. Ideas, each blacker the last, succeeded each other in her mind, and, despite of all her firmness, she was affected to a degree perceptible to her husband, who conjured her in the most earnest manner to retire while the way still remained open; but Milvia, annoyed that Rodrigue had surprised her secret, blushed in confusion to think that she had for a moment displayed a weakness, and recovering all the strength of her courageous determination, replied to the supplications of her husband by vow-

ing that death alone should separate them.

The sun had withdrawn his last rays from the mountains when Rodrigue entered with his troops the defiles in the neighborhood of Puycerda; he followed a narrow, winding path, sometimes very steep, and came to a halt at an amphitheatre commanding Mont Louis.

After having, himself, stationed his sentinels, he went with Milvia to partake of the coarse fare that still remained to his soldiers, and with his wife, spent the night in their midst, upon the same carpet of verdure.

Several days passed without any marked event to Rodrigue; he was not known to be in those mountains, and his soldiers in full security had ample time to recover from their long continued fatigue.

Finally, upon the fourth day of his station in these environs, he was advised of a projected expedition for provisions, directed from Mont Louis, upon Puycerda, of which the escort was composed entirely of people of the Faith.

This news carried joy to the hearts of the soldiers of Rodrigue, who were already complaining of their inactivity, and all the preparations were made to conduct the attack with success.

Near six o'clock in the morning, the most advanced post of his troops, stationed near the route, sent information that a considerable convoy was approaching in the direction announced, and that its escort seemed feeble.

Rodrigue, having no doubt but that this was the expedition of which he had been informed, posted a party of his men in a thicket bordering the narrowest pass upon the route, and sent two others to reconnoitre two paths cut in the rock midway of the mountain side. At a signal agreed upon, the constitutionals rushed from their ambuscade, and fell upon the escort, which had not time to place itself in a state of defence.

The two files of enemies that hemmed them in, attacked them at the same time along their entire length, cutting them, literally, in pieces; and the convoy, barred at both extremities, made no resistance to the power of the conquerors.

Rodrigue, faithful to the right of the people whom he had taken, assured of their fate the drivers of the wagons, who were the inhabitants of the two frontiers proprietors of the shops which had furnished the goods by requisition. He contented himself by making them unload their wagons in all haste, and after having destroyed everything he was unable to transport, he allowed the convoy to return freely to the places from whence they had come.

The news of this defeat carried alarm into the surrounding country, and the military authorities at once despatched troops to exterminate the guerillas who had dared to intercept the convoy. Rodrigue, who had foreseen the rigorous measures which would be taken against his expedition, went by a forced march to occupy a position far from the scene of their late rencontre. Provided with food for several days, he permitted his soldiers to bivouac in a forest dense with underwood, where they were able to conceal themselves from the superior forces in search of them, and whom, happily, they were by this means able to elude.

Posted sufficiently near Figuires, he caused information of his presence to be given to the governor of the fort, who attempted a sortie where the chief of the guerillas would be able to second him. Rodrigue eagerly obeyed the instructions that he received for this enterprise; his soldiers, stationed at the point agreed upon, paralyzed during several hours the besieging forces, who were there placed between two fires; but surprised by a column of the enemy, which had come with the suddenness of a flash from a neighboring encampment, they found their retreat cut

off by the occupation of a steep hillside which they would be obliged to ascend. A party of the Miquelets left at the entrance of this passage had been taken, and the other had found its safety in scaling, at the peril of life, a frightfully high wall of perpendicular rocks. The entire line of the enemy having obtained reinforcements, the garrison of the fort was obliged to take refuge beneath its protecting cannon, and the little troop of partisans found themselves in turn shut in between two bodies of enemies, but in a situation much more critical than that in which they had placed their besiegers. On the side next to the fort Rodrigue was pressed by a battalion of the Faith, and toward the mountain he was arrested by the French troops; his flank, more free, still admitted of a retreat towards the plain, but he saw no position that he could attain before they would be exterminated by the enemy's cavalry. In this extremity, there remained nothing for him to do but to cut his way through the ranks of the enemy, whether to reach the fort or the mountains. Each of these routes was bristling with enemies, far outnumbering his forces, but Rodrigue would unhesitatingly have chosen the way to the fort, which was defended by the people of the Faith, whom in just indignation he always attacked in preference to the French soldiers, if he had not feared to violate the sacred trust confided to him by retiring into a fortified place. Faithful to the last orders of his general, and full of confidence in the justice of his cause, he rushed impetuously upon the company of French before him, in the hope of snatching by a happy thrust the handful of brave men that still remained to him from a destruction which seemed almost inevitable.

Milvia, armed with supernatural courage, kept beside her husband in the first rank, seeming, with her calm forehead, and eyes animated by the fire of a divine

inspiration, like the goddess of battles presiding over the fate of the Spanish constitutionals.

The French, astonished at the temerity of the attack from the Spaniards, presented one immovable mass to the shock of their enemies, and, aggressors in their turn, their charge threw the Spanish constitutionals into the ranks of the people of the Faith, who were borne before them. Resistance had become useless. Rodrigue had seen the most intrepid of his men fall, and his audacity still dared the death that hovered above his head.

A terrible storm came to add its horrors to the scene; a dense darkness soon enveloped the combatants in its terrors, and the carnage still continued. Rodrigue, mortally wounded, fell at the feet of Milvia, while she, with three of her soldiers, still fought desperately. The darkness which concealed her misfortune favored the idea that her husband continued to defend himself at her side, and sustained her ardor.

The enemy, believing that they had exterminated the last of the constitutionals, left the field of battle in all haste, beneath a furious storm of hail, leaving at their departure no survivors except Milvia and her three soldiers.

The error which had retarded the despair of Milvia was soon dissipated when she heard no response, except the roaring of the thunder, and the sharp hissing of the wind, to her calls for Rodrigue. The soldiers, better informed, knew all the extent of her misfortune; but, dreading to witness her despairing grief, they endeavored to reassure Milvia, saying to her that her husband had probably escaped in safety from the enemy, and had taken the way to the mountains, where he probably awaited them at the spot agreed upon as their rendezvous.

Milvia, a prey to the darkest forebodings, durst not flatter her heart with the consoling hope offered by her unfortu-

nate soldiers, and guided by the same presentiment which had tormented her mind after the last interview of Rodrigue with Mina, she besought her companions to accompany her anew upon the field of battle, near which they still were.

The rain had ceased, the wind no longer blew with violence, but the thunder still roared loudly at intervals, when Milvia and the three soldiers returned upon the ground which had been so fatal to their companions. Guided by the occasional flashes of lightning, they were soon able to distinguish the corpses that lay near each other upon the ground. At each step she hazarded among these lifeless bodies, Milvia recoiled shuddering with horror, while her eyes searched eagerly and with mortal dread, by the uncertain light of the occasional flashes of lightning, for the features that she trembled lest she should find. Meanwhile, the warriors leaned upon their arms and followed her in silence through her task of terror. Suddenly the blood-stained form of Rodrigue presented itself to the eyes of Milvia. The weight of her grief stifled all outcry, and she fell upon the icy bosom of her husband.

The terrified soldiers attempted to remove her from this frightful place, but her arms clasped about the neck of Rodrigue, seemed stiffened as if by death, and refused to be disengaged; a cold perspiration inundated her features, and she remained extended and motionless until the soldiers, shuddering at the thought, persuaded themselves that she tasted with her husband eternal repose.

However, those of the Miquelets who had escaped by scaling the rocks before the destruction of the troops of Rodrigue, were not far from the field of honor where their brave brethren in arms had paid the debt of patriotism. Seeing no person return from this mortal struggle, they descended from the protecting rocks

where they had taken refuge, and chance guided their wandering steps towards the spot which they supposed to have been the theatre of the combat.

The lightnings which had lighted the return of Milvia upon the field of battle, guided these soldiers to attain their aim, and their surprise at finding the three Constitutionals who were still alive, manifested itself by cries of joy a thousand times repeated.

Overcome with grief, their brethren did not respond to these demonstrations of joy, except by pointing to Rodrigue and Milvia, lying lifeless upon the bloody field.

At this sight their joy disappeared, and the same grief overwhelmed all these warriors, who now ranged themselves in silence around the objects of their constant affection.

It was impossible to bury all their brethren who had fallen upon that day, but they decided at least to inhume the unfortunate couple at their feet, and that they might not be disturbed during this sad duty, they resolved to carry the inanimate bodies into the mountains.

It was not without great difficulty that they detached the clasping arms of Milvia from the neck of her husband, and they did not think in the confusion of this painful task to assure themselves whether Milvia was really dead or not. Having prepared for each a litter of branches interlaced, they lifted the precious burdens upon their shoulders, and reached the mountains by a wretched path, hidden at the same time by the darkness of night and by the thick clouds of a storm, the threatening roar of which still resounded.

By this same path, a few hours previously, Rodrigue had with the dignity of a hero, preceded his soldiers to battle, and smiled at the tenderness of Milvia, who kept by his side, and now—oh dark decree of inexorable destiny! of all this

band of numerous warriors, there remained but these few men, who seemed to have been preserved to the end that the enemy might be prevented from profaning the ashes of the worthy patriot.

The funeral convoy arrived safely at its destination. The place chosen for their sepulture was a level, grassy spot, shaded by two ancient oaks, and shut in between two enormous rocks, upon the summit of one of the highest of the mountains; this spot, offering a refuge and shelter from all search, had been designated by Rodrigue as a rendezvous before his last expedition—now his manes were borne there to find a sacred asylum.

Exhausted by fatigue after this perilous march, the faithful soldiers abandoned themselves to repose, deferring until the daylight came the last duties they owed to their captain.

Milvia, whom they believed to be dead, nevertheless still respired; a long fainting fit had benumbed her energies, until the moment when the soldiers placed the litter upon which she lay upon the ground.

This slight shock proved sufficient to recall her to consciousness, but in such a state of feebleness that in the intense darkness her guards failed to perceive the happy change.

An hour of brilliant sunshine had dissipated the last storm-clouds which obscured the sky, and a profound slumber still enchained the enfeebled members of the warriors of Rodrigue.

Milvia, retained by sharp sufferings in the spot where she had been placed, now sent from her grief-blinded eyes a searching glance around her; her reason, for a long time benumbed from the excess of her woes, was now restored to her only to make her feel all the weight of her misfortune. Profound sighs were escaping painfully from her oppressed heart, when the soldiers awoke. Milvia with difficulty put aside the branches that

covered her, and had raised her head a little when her faithful companions approached.

Her sudden movement chilled with terror these men who had ever proved themselves inaccessible to fear, and in their alarm they believed that the shade of Milvia had returned to bid them a last adieu. But, instantly reassured by her voice, they eagerly vied with each other in extending to her the attentions her situation demanded, and they soon had the happiness of seeing the wife of Rodrigue recovering a degree of strength and composure. It is, however, impossible to depict the sufferings experienced by Milvia when she approached the inanimate body of her husband, and was compelled to realize the extent of her loss.

Her grief was too bitter to admit of tears; she gazed mournfully upon the bloody remains of Rodrigue; her voice almost exhausted, she could not give utterance to the agonizing cries which would have relieved her suffocating breast—unable to express her grief by any of the exterior signs that would have announced its presence, nature seemed to have refused its aid, and to have left her entirely a prey to the cruel tortures that had smitten her heart.

The grave was prepared to receive the remains of Rodrigue, and the warriors, prostrated around their leader, awaited in profound silence the permission of Milvia to place in the tomb its august victim. Finally, after having endeavored in vain to reanimate with her burning lips the disfigured features of her husband, Milvia made a sign to the soldiers to finish their work, and remained a witness of that sad act without being able to find even a single tear to relieve her heart of the burden with which it was oppressed. Kneeling upon the earth which had just closed above him who was dearer to her than all else in the

world, and addressing her fervent prayer to the ETERNAL, she fell again a second time unconscious. Recovered from her fainting fit by the promptly offered aid of her companions in misfortune, she sank gently into a lethargic slumber beneath the shade of an oak, where they had prepared her a bed of leaves, and after a sleep of some hours, abundant tears inundated her beautiful features, and relieved her overburdened heart.

CHAPTER VI.

Her strength and courage restored, Milvia felt her heart steeled for the vengeance demanded by the manes of her husband. Abandoning herself to this sole thought which could calm her cutting anguish, she found peace in her soul and the ardor of a warrior in her heart.

The soldiers, enchanted by this new disposition of mind, abandoned themselves to the most lively transports of joy, and swore the same fidelity to her which they had kept toward her husband. Milvia, in an impulse of enthusiasm, seized the sword of Rodrigue and conducted the brave Spaniards to the tomb of her leader, and there, prostrating herself before the crown of oak and of laurel, which the soldiers had suspended from a branch of cypress that adorned his tomb, she took an oath to sacrifice her life to avenge her husband.

The warriors, electrified by this heroic action, repeated the oath, and when the night spread its protecting shade, Milvia visited for the last time the tomb of Rodrigue, and set off with her generous warriors for Spanish Cerdagne, where she hoped to find new patriots to join to those who remained. Arrived at a little distance from the fertile valley of Cerdagne, Milvia sent two of her men into the village nearest to the mountain to call the Spaniards worthy of their name beneath the standard of liberty

which she had planted upon the top of the rock where she had encamped.

The inexhaustible patriotism of this country immediately assembled a multitude of independent defenders around the wife of Rodrigue; one saw the old chiefs of guerillas come to demand of Milvia the honor of marching under her orders, as in former times the most distinguished chiefs of Charles VII demanded of Joan of Arc the honor of following her to combat.

Milvia, having succeeded in forming a body of guerillas sufficiently numerous, had provisions collected for several days, and reëntered on the second day the majestic mountains over which they must pass to the beautiful valley of Andorra, in the rich and charming country of Foix.

Dreaming of nothing except to die with the satisfaction of having avenged her husband, Milvia appeared from this moment to despise all precaution which would have tended to prolong or save her life. With a sombre and melancholy countenance, she ceaselessly meditated upon the promptest means to sell her life dearly; and if at times maternal tenderness awakened in her distracted heart, she opposed the sentiment at once by the fatal oath she had made upon the tomb of Rodrigue.

Her life was a continual martyrdom, and her soul shut out from all the sensations which attach mortals to the earth, was impatient that it could not quit soon enough the body that enchained it. She regretted now having associated new victims in her fate. The command she had assumed seemed an obstacle to the speedy accomplishment of her designs, and she reproached herself with the cruelty of intending to deliver to certain death the braves who obeyed her, and determined to appeal to them to allow her to go alone and seek death in the ranks of the enemy.

Occupied with these sombre ideas, she passed the entire night in combating them, refusing all nourishment, and deaf to the consolations lavished upon her by her faithful soldiers. She was unable to banish from her mind the resolution of leaving her warriors to go alone and face the death for which she so ardently wished, and declaring to her troops the design she had formed, was about to address to them her last adieus.

The eldest of her soldiers, taking it upon himself to reply, said: "If the wife of Rodrigue has taken arms only to defend her husband, she may then be permitted to go and seek her death without us; but if she has aimed for the independence of her country, it is our duty to conquer or die with her."

These few words, pronounced with the dignity of a true patriot, produced a magical effect upon the mind of Milvia; sensible of the reproach contained in this response, she extended her hand to warrior who had spoken, and in a suppressed voice begged her companions in misfortune to forgive the emotions which had so bewildered her. Afterward, elevating her voice, she added: "If Milvia has been able to forget for a moment that she has been the wife of Rodrigue, and has yielded to the blind counsels of her grief, your response has recalled her to her duty, and may the enemy soon present an occasion worthy of conducting you to victory."

The new regency, created to represent the authority of Ferdinand, established at Cadiz, occupied itself with ardor in organizing royalist troops taken from the bands of the Faith. They formed a body of police, the service of which was equivalent to that of the gens d'armes of France, whose principal duty was to be in the places most favorable to the retreat of the fragments of the Constitutional army.

A detachment of this body having

been charged with this service in the southern Pyrenees, soon furnished occasion to Milvia to realize her wishes by offering a rencontre in a narrow pass which she occupied with her guerillas. To see, attack, and put them to flight, was for Milvia the affair of a moment.

The head of the little column of Milvia pressing the enemy so closely, had already descended into the plain whence the men of the Faith in force wished to lure the Constitutionals. Milvia, disdainingly to pursue these frightened cowards, had halted with the greater number of her soldiers upon the platform of a fortification which commanded an extensive view of the plain; constantly occupied with her grief, she sought with restless eye amid the immense chain of the Pyrenees the mountain which enclosed the precious ashes of her husband, and was lost in an abyss of sombre thoughts, when a discharge of balls arose from the foot of the rock that she occupied, arousing her from her reverie.

Carried away by their ardor, the guerillas had been so imprudent as to enter a village at the foot of the mountains, to finish the defeat of the people of the Faith, who had taken refuge there; but a new and strong band who had arrived there by chance, obliged the Constitutionals to abandon their design, and pursued them until they arrived beneath the platform from whence they had fired.

Milvia recognizing the superiority of the enemy's forces, had still time to avoid them by a prompt retreat, but her formidable position decided her to permit the attack.

The platform where her soldiers were arranged was of an angular form, and seemed detached from the mountain to which it was joined by a narrow foot-path lying between two frightful precipices. Two intrepid men placed at the entrance of this passage could easily de-

fend the approach against the enemy, who were obliged to arrive in single file. Its sides were nearly perpendicular from the road at its base to the crown of the rocks, and could not be ascended except by the aid of thorny shrubs which had taken root in the crevices of the rocks; against this latter method of approach, it was easy to defend themselves by precipitating upon the assailants fragments of rock which were strewn in abundance upon the terrace.

All the Constitutional soldiers had rejoined Milvia, except one unfortunate one, who had been wounded, and whom a man of the Faith, with the cold bloodedness of the Prince of Condé, at the battle of Jarnac, had stabbed to the heart, as he laid upon the ground.

The invincible guerillas sternly awaited the enemies, and compelled them to halt before the ramparts with which nature surrounded them. Their powerless rage exhausted itself in vain to conquer the difficulties that held them at defiance, and already the most furious among them had bitten the dust in attempting the perilous trip.

Milvia, armed with the sword of Rodrigue, had twice withdrawn it smoking from the bodies of her enemies, and her heart applauding her vengeance, was delighted at the sight of the streams of blood that stained the rocks and brambles.

Night before long shrouded the combatants in its darkness, and the assailants, irritated to excess, by a resistance which had already cost them much, resolved to blockade the rocks until daylight returned to facilitate new attempts.

Milvia, from whom sleep had flown since the death of her husband, watched on that night with an activity that surpassed the zeal of the bravest of her troops. Tormented by the most burning thirst, and reduced to partake with the soldiers of some fruit which they had

kept; no one heard her make any complaint, or allow any sighs to escape except such as were given to the memory of Rodrigue. Her example filled her warriors with emulation of her heroism, and the torment of the greatest privations disappeared when they thought of the rare perseverance exhibited by this woman in adversity.

At dawn, the assailants renewed their efforts to force an entrance in the natural bastion; but the wise foresight of Milvia had provided for all, and her happy provisions for a still more vigorous defence set at defiance all their manoeuvres of strength or strategy. Finally, in despair of rendering themselves the masters of this inaccessible stronghold, they resolved to reduce it by famine, and ceasing hostilities, contented themselves with carefully blockading the entrance. Milvia had until then entertained the hope of enfeebling the enemy to a point that would render it prudent to risk a combat. This new resolution deranged her plan, and began to give her a disquietude that the total failure of food might well justify.

Wasted by hunger and thirst, her little band showed firmness enough during the day, but when night approached, words of discouragement were heard to circulate in the ranks, and several of the soldiers fell exhausted.

Milvia, the sound of whose voice had alone sufficed to animate her soldiers and to animate their courage, soon experienced the failure of this talisman to suppress the cries of physical wants, which dominate always over the moral powers of men.

It was therefore necessary to find prompt means of quitting this position, to avoid falling exhausted by famine into the hand of these cannibals, who prepared already the instruments of the new martyrdom which was reserved for the vanquished.

Milvia had remarked during the day, that the base of the rock descending upon the road had been left unguarded by the people of the Faith, who had without doubt judged that this could be of no service to either party, while all their troops were stationed at the footpath which offered the only issue.

After convincing herself that an exit by this narrow passage assured to them the same fate she had visited upon those who attempted to enter, that is to say, being thrown down the precipices bordering on the footpath, she decided that no other means of saving themselves existed, than to attempt a descent of the almost perpendicular rocks to the road beneath, and made known her opinion to her assembled soldiers. Her advice was immediately accepted by all, and nothing caused them to hesitate except the difficulty of the descent. The most daring would hardly have attempted in full daylight to mount this wall of rocks, and to descend in the middle of the night petrified the most intrepid among them with fear, when they thought of the distance to its base, and the inevitable death that awaited the least mistake.

Milvia alone preserved composure; insensible as a rock to the drifting clouds of a storm, she saw the danger without being intimidated, and endeavored to dispel the consternation of her soldiers by means of which she herself was but ill-assured.

Each moment augmented the horror of the situation of the Constitutionals, who wandered in the darkness like so many victims devoted to death; when the wife of Rodrigue, inspired suddenly by the genius of liberty, ordered them to cut their mantles and blankets in wide bands, and tie them strongly together, to form a means of descent. The work completed, she attached to the extremity of the line a large stone, with which to sound the depth of the space they were

obliged to descend. Unable to reach the ground, she was obliged to add new bands formed from the vestments of the soldiers, but the stone, balancing in the air, still demanded additional length; all the objects proper for this use were successively employed, and the weight had not yet reached the earth; then Milvia uncovered her beautiful head, severed from it her long, black tresses, divided them in half and added them to the line, and the cord, augmented by these precious links, descended suddenly into the abyss and rested its weight at the base of the rocks. A cry of joy announced this success to all dejected hearts. A first soldier descended without accident; his companions followed, and the guerrillas saw, last of all, their *liberatrice* descend in safety in their midst.

It was sunrise, and the people of the Faith had not yet perceived the disappearance of the Constitutionals, but soon remarked that the places of the sentinels at the entrance of the footpath were deserted, they cried to arms, and rushed into the passage thus left open to them, and sword in hand hastened to the abandoned terrace, and smote the air with cries of idle fury, like famished vultures that had lost trace of the prey they had come to devour.

After having provisioned her exhausted soldiers, Milvia pursued her march in the direction of Campredon, in order to be near the tomb of Rodrigue, which she wished to ornament with the spoils taken from the enemies she, herself, had immolated. Arrived near this city, she surprised in a little valley a troop of cavaliers of the Faith, who were foraging a field of grain. A thick hedge permitted her to approach almost within pistol shot without being perceived; her impatient soldiers awaited but her signal to attack the enemy, and the most decisive victory compensated for their sufferings upon the terrace of rocks,

which they had named Fort Milvia.

Of the booty taken by the enemy, Milvia selected nothing for herself except the banners of the enemy, and conducted her soldiers through the immense forests to the mountain upon which was the tomb of Rodrigue.

The cypress and the crown, found in the state she had left them, assured her that the ashes of the hero had not been disturbed.

The warriors reunited in religious silence around the sod that covered the remains of their former captain, participated in the impression made by the spot upon the spirit of Milvia.

She, prostrating herself upon his tomb, poured forth upon it abundant tears, and rising, after a long prayer, heaped upon the sepulchre a mass of spoils taken from enemies, placed upon it the banner captured on that day, set fire to this trophy, and elevating her sword in the flame, as it mounted toward heaven, she renewed her first oath.

It was in the last moments of twilight when Milvia finished this sacrifice, which must have appeased the manes of Rodrigue.

For the first time since the death of her husband, a smile reappeared upon her lips, and the diminished sadness of her look seemed to announce the return of peace to her soul.

After a brief repose, they again put themselves en route, and marched towards the heights of Urgel, where they arrived on the next day.

Some French cavaliers patrolling in the valley commanding these heights, gave information of this discovery to the people of the Faith, encamped in the plain. These last hastened to the spot designated, and were not long in bringing their guns to bear upon the Constitutionals.

Milvia, who breathed only to fight,

ranged her troops in battle array, and marched upon the enemy.

The victory wavered for some time, and seemed finally to declare itself in favor of the Faith. Milvia, forced by the failure of munitions to retreat, had twice attempted to throw herself alone into the ranks of the enemy, and twice her soldiers had prevented her; but at the moment when the numerous band believed themselves victorious, at some sudden alarm, the lines were broken with confusion; other guerillas arrived, and making a fortunate attack in the rear, cut them in pieces, and turned the victory in favor of the Constitutionals.

Milvia united her forces with those who had come to her aid, and pursuing with her men a platoon of cowards who had taken refuge in a little thicket, she surrounded them by a part of her troops, and with the remainder prepared to enter to exterminate the enemy. She had proceeded but a few paces, when she fell mortally wounded; she endeavored to rise, her soldiers hastened to sustain her, but in vain, the wound was deep and her voice was already failing. Milvia, feeling herself to be dying, demanded to speak to the chief of the guerillas who had just come to the rescue of her own; he was an aged man who had served with Rodrigue in the war of independence. His first appearance was somewhat rude, his manners were brusque, but his strongly marked features wore an expression of loyalty which is always the companion of bravery. He approached Milvia, who said to him:

"I am the wife of Rodrigue, who died for his country. I see the hour approaching which shall reunite me to him, and I die content. Bid my faithful soldiers enclose my ashes in the tomb of my husband; I—"

For a moment her voice failed, then she resumed more feebly:

"Here are two portraits—my poor

children are at Alicante—tell them that their father and—"

After another pause she added:

"May my children be told—and you, soldiers, adieu!—the country! Oh, my children! You hinder me—from dying—come, close my eyes."

She paused again, and again would have continued, but her frozen tongue remained mute, her eyes grew dim, there was a slight convulsive movement, and the soul of Milvia was freed from its earthly envelope.

The united soldiers of the two bodies of guerillas, witnesses of this agonizing scene, seemed all to be overwhelmed by the same grief; their chief felt his eyes for the first time bathed in tears, and the soldiers of Milvia gave signs of despair that were commensurate with the greatness of their loss.

Laden with this precious burden, they put themselves *en route*, in obedience to the last wishes of their chief; each soldier claiming the honor of sustaining her bier: the entire troop, in companies of four, relieved each other in their turn. A platoon of the new guerillas opened the funeral procession, the other soldiers formed the lines on either side, while the remainder closed the march as rear-guard. Late in the day they arrived at the sepulchre of Rodrigue.

The commander of the company at once ordered the tomb of the Spanish hero to be opened, and the sacred wishes of Milvia to be complied with, by placing her mortal remains in the same grave which enclosed those of her husband. A new crown of oak and laurel was added to the first; and both, placed with bouquets of myrtle and immortelles upon the grassy hillock, were the only ornaments which decorated the last resting-place of this heroic pair, who died in defending the constitution of their country.

Our Social Chair.



TRAVELER visiting Constantinople saw two pictures, regarded there as *chefs d'œuvres* in painting.

They represented two of the most memorable exploits of Hassan Pacha: the surprise of the Russians at Lemnos, and the bombardment of Acre. Everything was painted with the greatest exactness; the vessels, the batteries, the bullets cleaving the air, the bombs falling upon the houses, and carrying with them fire and ruin: one thing alone was missing—the combatants. The artist had omitted them, out of consideration for the hatred the Turks have against representations of human figures.

The Turks believe that these painted beings go about after the death of the artist who creates them, in search of his soul.

“Very far from this circumstance diminishing the value of these pictures,” observed the traveler, when he had recovered from his first astonishment, “it is the most judicious thing that I ever saw; the great object, in fact, in works of art, is to render the principal features, such as are essential to the action, prominent; and to render subordinate such accessories as the imagination can easily supply.

“Now what was it that produced the grand effect represented in these pictures? Was it the men? No; it was the bullets, the bombs, and the shot.”

The officer who acted as *cicerone* to the traveler was so pleased with this remark, that he embraced him with emotion, saying:

“You are the only sensible christian whom I have ever met.”

.....A traveler in the East writes, during his sojourn in Delhi, together with an interesting account of various things in and about that land which seems to lie just outside the sulphuric dominions, the description we quote below of Tiger hunting.

“As to the hunting of lions and tigers, a most innocent sport: They are never chased on horseback, but with elephants solely. Each hunter is encased, like a witness before an English court of justice, in a strong high box fastened upon the animal. He has a little park of artillery near him, perhaps two guns and a pair of pistols. Sometimes it happens, although this is rare, that the tiger turns at bay and leaps upon the head of the elephant; but that is nothing to the rest of us. An occurrence of this kind is the affair of the *mohout*, or driver, who is paid five dollars a month to submit to that style of accidents. In case of his death, there is at least the satisfaction of a complete vengeance, for the elephant never plays more nonchalantly with his trunk, than when he feels a tiger upon his scalp; he does his work all the better, and the hunter finishes him with a ball from the very muzzle of his gun. The *mohout* is, you see, a kind of responsible editor. Another poor devil is behind you, whose business it is to carry an umbrella above your head. His condition is worse still than that of the *mohout*; when the elephant is frightened and takes flight, and the tiger springs upon his croup, the veritable employment of this man is to be there, to be eaten in place of the gentleman.”

.....A contributor sends us the following:

To your open, sympathizing arms, oh! Social Chair, comes one with her complaint. From the midst of the “wild waste of waters,” listen to the voice of re-pining; even from this little perch of safety on the banks—rather the banks that *were*—of the Rio Sacramento.

Have you read in the papers of the rise, and overflow of the above named “dark rolling river?” and have you taken time to bestow a single thought upon the poor,

unfortunate dwellers in the country round about the same?

Here we are, surrounded on all sides by water, water, water!—where one week ago were smiling fields of grain, bright patches of wild flowers, green grass, and the inevitable "tule." Water spread over the rich pasture, bands of sleek cattle, who now stand blowing knee-deep in the muddy stream, aghast at the dismal prospect of an all day long breakfast in the fresh, tender grass.

Water! water! still creeping along, nearer and nearer our dwelling, even to the very doors thereof!

Certain wise ones predicted an overflow some weeks ago, but this faithless generation, like the unbelievers of old, paid no heed to the preaching of the modern Noahs, and kept on plowing, planting and sowing, even after the first symptoms of a flood presented themselves. Now these same incredulous tillers of the soil stand, with rueful countenance, looking over their desolated fields—having nothing else to do—even in this busy season of spring.

For several days we observed an unusual moisture in the lower part of our garden, which kept stealing on, and on, covering first the potato patch, then sundry beds of early spring vegetables, which—alas for the uncertainty of human anticipations!—we had been promising ourselves to taste in a few days, burying with them bright visions of hot buttered peas, etc.; then with slow but steady progress swallowing up the already ripening, luscious strawberries; deluging grape vines, and fruit trees with their loaded wealth of young fruit; and lastly, and saddest of all, stealthily creeping into my little Paradise of flowers, chilling the sweet life-blood of my lovely roses; hiding the bright faces of lovely pansy and verbena, stifling the fragrant breath of mignonette and heliotrope, hiding with envious skill the brilliancy of geranium and gilly, until scarce a shrub or flower is spared.

Say, dear Social Chair, isn't this too bad? In the expressive language of my

dear old grandmother, on a similar occasion, we are having "a flood upon airth;" and still the flood is increasing. Already some of our neighbors on the lower lands are obliged to have their *boats* brought to the door, in place of horses. When our turn will come, we do not know.

Fine country, this "tule land," about which all California ran mad a year or two ago!

Oh! for one of your much abused San Francisco sand hills, that we, with our household gods, might abide thereon, and be safe!

Good-bye, dear Chair! Remember us in our trials, and pray that the waters may soon subside from off the face of the earth, or, in California parlance, "dry up" speedily.

Yours truly,

RIO VISTA, April 21st.

M. M. K.

.....In a busy part of the town, at the rear of a vacant lot lying between two tall brick houses, amid very barren and unromantic surroundings, we have noted the development of an humble little romance.

The low-roofed shop of a blacksmith occupies the place we have designated, and all about it, except sometimes the glowing coals of the forge just after dark on winter evenings, until quite lately looked desolate enough. Nevertheless a muscular young artisan, whose brawny arm seemed never to grow weary, smote the bars of dull red iron with unceasing blows, as he fashioned therefrom tire and bolt, working away with an appearance of forced resolution, his round cap drawn over his forehead, and generally keeping time with his hammer to merry popular airs, which he seemed to whistle from habit, but rather dolefully, and with somewhat of lagging in their measures.

One day, the steamer had just arrived, and we were passing along the street near the shop. As we approached, a hotel coach halted in front of the vacant lot, and the driver, pointing with his whip, said: "That is the place, ma'm."

"Very well, put my baggage down if you please," responded a voice within.

The smith was hammering away steadily as usual, and whistling "The Girl I left behind me," when, glancing toward the street, he straightened up, sent his sledge with a sudden jerk into a corner beyond the forge, shoved his cap jauntily to one side, and rushing forward, uttered an exclamation of joy, opened the door of the coach and lifted a good-looking and neatly dressed young lady to the ground, bestowing as he did so a hearty kiss.

"There, now, Katy," he said, "I have kissed you before folks, and smudged your pretty dress, too; I expect; but I couldn't help it."

The coachman was, meanwhile, busy in unstrapping her trunks.

"Had'n't you better get in the coach and drive to the hotel with those trunks, and let me come there as soon as I dress up?" asked the husband with a puzzled expression, adding, after a pause, "For you see, Katy, I didn't expect you, and I have no place ready for you."

"But you live here, do you not?"

"Yes."

"Well, take my trunks inside then, and we will see what it is best to do."

We passed on, and crossing at the next corner, looked back and saw the coachman driving away, and the blacksmith walking with his wife toward the shop.

A month has sped since then, and now a low shed-like building projecting from the shop, which has heretofore looked as forlorn as possible, with newspapers for its window-draperies, has assumed a spruce cheerful appearance. The windows are bright and clear, and their curtains of crimson chintz throw a a rosy light about the nice little wife busied at her household tasks within. A rude fence separates between their premises and the vacant lot, enclosing a small garden, in which, thanks to the protecting walls of the tall houses on either side, an acacia and some rose-trees already planted there, promise to thrive unusually well. Depend upon it, though, there is more *couleur du rose* in the atmosphere of that household, than is lent

it by their blossoms, or that tinges it from the gaily tinted curtains. Our blacksmith, now-a-days, whistles and strikes in quicker time than he did of old, and still wears his cap peaked saucily at one side—in the fashion that it assumed on the day that his wife arrived—and at evening, when his day's work is done, he may be seen assisting her in planting or watering their garden, or in the twilight and on moonlit evenings walking with her through pleasant streets, a neat, contented-looking man, seeming perfectly to appreciate his treasure of a wife, who has proved herself so well able "to see what it is best to do."

.....We have published from time to time sundry of the very beautiful poems of the late Edward Pollock. The following prose sketch of thrilling pathos, is also from his pen :

THE SWALLOWS HAVE COME.

Out on the verge of the city, where the houses straggle off, each one by itself—to enjoy a full view of the bay; and the island, with its quiet cannon, which undoubtedly are destined one day to speak in thunder, smoke and flame no peaceful welcome to some intruder; and the distant mountains of Contra Costa, and the gliding ships and the sea-fowl;—out, where these white pioneers have wandered, the swallows are busy mating and building their nests. All of a sudden they came,—these mysterious birds who depart and return in darkness. The sun set in mellow splendor, but it shone on no swallow's wing in San Francisco; the dewy air of the next morning was musical with their little simple songs, and vibrating with the fluttering of their numberless wings. Clinging to the eaves of houses, chirruping on chimney tops, darting, glancing, floating, swimming through the rosy air of dawn are the swallows. Spring and the swallows have come together.

Sad, singular, yet not unpleasant, are the recollections which the swallow brings to me. Many are the scenes their glittering wings recall. Strange shivering sensations, half pleasure, half pain, stir me

as I watch their beautiful motion. Let me look at the past which the swallows bring back.

* * * * *

It is a sweet spring morning, and two children, boy and girl, are standing on the bank of a little stream, flowing into the beautiful Schuylkill; the river of silver, the loveliest that sleeps under the sun. All around them the flowers—the secluded woodland flowers of the pleasant land of Penn—are offering their fragrant incense to the sky. The oak and the chesnut, and the maple, and the vigorous hickory, and the willows, down by the brink of the brook, are radiant in their new green garments. They are happy, they are blessed in the enjoyment of their young life—these children—and in the glorious resurrection of nature which is visible around them.

"That was a cat-bird, Alice," says the boy. "And there goes a blue-bird;—but we saw them before, you know. And, oh Alice!—there goes an oriole, red as a star; father says they don't often come so far north. How calm it is!"

"And what is that?" says the girl, "so fleet, so thin; why Edward, it is a swallow! Why Edward, the swallows have come! Oh, let us go to the barn and see them in their nests! But you musn't climb up and disturb them, you know, as you did last year."

"I never will again, cousin," says the boy.

* * * * *

It is spring again. The dogwood blossoms are dropping on the water. The boy and girl have grown into manhood and womanhood. He is again standing on the banks of the silver river—the beautiful Schuylkill. He is leaning on his shot-gun, the spoils of the chase lying at his feet. There is thought on his brow, as he gazes off toward the distant Jerseys. He stands silent and moody; the wearied pointer resting in the rich clover beside him. Suddenly a bird shoots along the sky within range; the deadly tube is instantly raised,

explodes, and the little winged creature is staining the grass with its blood.

"How can you be so cruel?" says a fair girl, stepping out from under the willow copse; "it is the first of the swallows. Didn't you know that the swallows had come last night, Edward? And don't you remember your promise of long ago?"

"Alice, I remember, I regret; but let us speak of other matters. Never more let us have a divided thought; ever more let us be one. Alice, I love you; come to my heart, darling, and we will date our happiness from the coming of the swallows."

There is no answer; but tears and sobs, half rapture, half agony, foretold the future.

* * * * *

"Oh, father, the swallows have come, they have," cry three young American sovereigns, rushing tumultuously up the fields—still on the green banks of the Schuylkill.

"I shall have a nest of my own," says one.

"The one over the beam is mine," says another.

"I'll bet I can shoot a swallow on the wing as good as Tom Brown," says the eldest, "if father will lend me his gun."

"Children," said the father, gravely, "your mother is sick. To her and me, swallows are sacred birds. You do not understand me now, but you will by-and-bye. Go, gather some of those flowers that are growing on the bank yonder, and take them to her. Let me hear no more of injuring the swallows, boys."

"Yes, father," said the oldest, and, all wondering, depart. But the father turns aside, and there is more dew on the grass than fell from Heaven that morning.

* * * * *

What next? It is a chamber. The curtains round the bed are white, and the window-curtains are white, and the honey-suckles are looking in at the windows, which are open, and there are flowers on the bureau and on the table. A strong man, bowed down by sorrow, which he

struggles in vain to conceal, sits in a chair ; and scarcely dimpling the downy bed below her, Alice lies—dying.

“Is mother awake?” said a boy in a whisper, looking timidly into the room, a mass of wild flowers in his hand.

An impatient wave of the father's hand drives him away.

Alice turns slightly on her couch, and her large blue eyes shine lovingly on the husband's and father's face—the last flash of the lamp.

“Farewell, darling,” she whispers in tones scarcely audible, but sweet. “I see the green trees waving on the hill, Edward. We used to stand there, you remember ; but we will never stand there again. I am very happy ; kiss me, dearest.”

“Oh, my God ! my God !” he sobs ; “this is too much. Ah ! Alice, my life, my love ! I cannot part with you ; you must not go—”

“And I see through the window the swallows, Edward—Edward, the swallows have come ! They have, darling : but you must never hurt a swallow again, you know. It is night, I think. I will sleep now.”

He clasps the frail form frantically to his bosom. He may do so now with impunity. The pain is all his own ; there is none to share it in that silent chamber ; the beautiful river flows on, and the swallows are swimming through the air.

.....Baron Tott, who, after the burning of the Turkish fleet at Tchesne, was commissioned to put the Dardanelles in a state of defence, relates that the Turks had placed near the Castle of Aria an enormous mortar, the marble ball of which weighed eleven hundred pounds !

“This cannon,” he says, “cast in bronze in the reign of Amurat, was composed of two pieces, the barrel and breech, being united by a screw like an English pistol. The breech rested upon massive masonry, and the barrel was sustained by sloping beams suitably disposed for that purpose, beneath an arch that served for its embrasure.

“I could not employ this enormous mor-

tar in the exterior works, and as they were disposed in such a manner as to mask the aim, the Turks murmured somewhat contemptuously that I seemed to be preparing a firearm without doubt unlike any other in the universe. The Pacha made representations to me to this effect. He agreed with me that the difficulty of charging this piece would not permit, in case of an attack, of firing it more than once ; but he believed that this shot would be so deadly, and would carry the bullet so far, that, according to the general opinion, this mortar would of itself prove sufficient to destroy the fleet of an enemy. I wished therefore to judge of the effect of this bullet. The assembly shuddered at this proposition ; the old men assured me that in accordance with an ancient tradition, this piece of ordinance which had never been fired would produce such a shaking that the castle and the city would be overthrown. It would, in fact, have been possible that some few stones might have fallen from the walls, but I assured them that the Grand Seigneur would not seriously regret an accident like this, and that the direction in which it was aimed forbade the supposition that the city would suffer from its explosion.

Never before, perhaps, had a cannon a reputation more redoubtable ; friends, enemies, all expected to suffer by it. The Pacha was by when it was determined to charge the mortar, the chamber of which contained three hundred and thirty pounds of powder. I sent for the master cannonier to prepare the charge. Those who heard me give this order disappeared immediately, to shelter themselves from the danger which they foresaw. The Pacha himself prepared to retreat, and it was only after the most earnest assurance and precise demonstration that he ran no risk in remaining in a little kiosque, situated near the castle, where he could observe the effect of the ball, that I succeeded in prevailing upon him to occupy this post ; it now remained for me to convince the master cannonier, and although he was the

only one who did not fly, all that he had to say was for the purpose of awakening my pity, and not to declare his courage. My promise to incur half the danger seemed rather to bewilder than to animate him.

"I was upon the masonry behind the mortar when he fired it. A commotion like an earthquake preceded the explosion. I then saw the ball separate in three pieces at the distance of three hundred fathoms, and these three pieces of stone traversed the canal and rebounded upon the side of the mountain opposite. This proof dissipated the chimerical fears of the people, the Pacha, and the cannoniers, and demonstrated to me the terrible effect of such a ball."

The Fashions.

The fashions for the month of June, by the latest arrival from New York are as follow :

French muslin dress with seven flounces graduated. Francis 1st waistband of ribbon, richly and artistically embroidered. Coiffure of Valenciennes lace and daisies.

Parasol of light green silk lined with white.

Next comes a beautiful white mull spencer, puffed lengthwise, and intersected by rows of black velvet sleeves to match the body, headed by two puffs, running crosswise, and an epaulette of velvet. Embroidered velvet waistband, *à la Louis XIV.* Light blue *crépe* Maretz skirt, with three rows of goffered ribbon sewed in waves at the bottom of the skirt.

Piqué Zouave embroidered; very full muslin skirt falling over the dress. A fluted ruff is round the neck of the shirt, and the skirt of pink silk.

Here is another magnificent costume. Dress formed of alternate rows of purple and mineral gray silk; Tunic skirt of the gray, edged with a narrow quilled ribbon; body low, with bretelles of gray silk, with two flounces, one of purple and one of gray silk, crossing in front, and ending at the side with two falling louns and long ends. The bretelles give the dress the appearance of being square. It is a becoming style. Kid gloves, fastened at the wrist with two buttons, and having scalloped tops. Point lace *barbe*, trimmed with pink roses.

Then comes a rich grenadine dress, with four flounces; the upper one sewed on the body. Long flowing sleeves and body drawn with cords to form a yoke. Coiffure of flowers and lace.

Editor's Table.

EVERYBODY speaks of the beautiful Helen; but few people knows that she had five husbands: Theseus, Menelaus, Paris, Deiphobe and Achilles; and that in the war of Troy, of which she was the cause, eight hundred and eighty-six thousand men fell on the side of the Greeks, and six hundred and seventy thousand on the side of the Trojans.

.....A contributor sends us the following budget:

A silly fellow boasted in presence of Rivarol of knowing four languages. "I can easily see," said the latter, "that you have four words for every idea."

Fox had borrowed considerable sums of different Jews, and counted upon a succes-

sion to one of his uncles to enable him to discharge his debts. This uncle married and had a son. When Fox was informed of the advent of his uncle's heir, he said: "That child is the Messiah, for he comes into the world to ruin the Jews."

The King of Persia had an aid-de-camp, the Colonel Malachowki, whose fortune was limited, and who lived in straitened circumstances.

The King one day sent him a portfolio in the form of a book, in which he had placed five hundred thalers. Some time afterwards, meeting the officer, he said to him:

"Ah, well! how did you like the work that I addressed to you?"

"Perfect, Sir. So interesting that I

await the second volume with impatience."

The King smiled, and afterwards sent him another portfolio like the first, with these words on the cover:

"This work has but two volumes."

The Chevalier of the Tenaille had a religious system of his own. Here is his morning prayer:

"I thank God for this, that the borrowers and duns have let me sleep, and I take the firm resolution that I will neither promise nor give, neither by word, deed, or by thought."

His form of blessing was:—

"Blessed be the Lord who gives me whatever there is for dinner, and not the guests!"

His evening prayer was:—

"Blessed be the Lord who has permitted me to go to rest without any one having robbed me in the course of the day."

The Chevalier of the Tenaille should have the manners of the sun-dial, which indicates without giving; and if its indications are extended, that it is by means of its shadow, and not itself.

Finally, here is a specimen of his letter to his mistress:

"My angel—as I recognize you to be—I, your lover, and you my well-beloved, you have a rival in the person of my purse. I therefore inform you that I have loved it a much longer time than I have loved you, and that, even unto this day, it has shown me no unfaithfulness. Señora Mia, there is no person in the world who can inspire me with more jealousy than my money. If you love me, why should I give you dresses, jewels or coins, all things worldly and full of vanity!

"If you love my purse, why do you not tell the truth? and when in your letters you call me 'My life, my soul, my eyes!' why do you not rather say, 'My little crowns, my good doubloons, my purse and my bag of money?' Imagine truly that; for me there is no better fortune than that which is gratis, and that the best bargain seems still too dear. That which costs me anything seems ugly, and no language is

graceful in a mouth that makes demands. Leave money, then, out of the question, as if it had never existed; otherwise, it is better that your favor remain with your desires, and I with my purse full."

.....Read the following, and think what ages of pinching want must have obliterated all nicety of discrimination in regard to food, before a proposition, such as it advances, could be listened to with any other effect than to sicken with disgust.

A German, Dr. Steinroth, has just put before the public an idea which has been favorably received in his country.

It is that of making extensive use of the blood of animals as an article of food; it is well known that the blood of swine is rendered very useful in the making of a certain description of puddings. He advises the like utilising of the blood of beeves and other animals. So far, there is nothing extraordinary.

But, to attain this end, Dr. Steinworth counsels bleeding cattle regularly, as cows are milked regularly. He affirms that, performed at regular and rare intervals, these bleedings would not enfeeble the animal, and that, at any rate, it would be better thus through a series of years, to draw from its blood a generous aliment, than to destroy the animal all at once.

In Ireland, the poor frequently bleed their oxen and cows to procure a substantial nourishment they could not otherwise obtain. In Africa, this custom is very common. May it never be imported to our shores.

.....If by a wise provision of nature the oyster was not gifted with an almost unlimited capacity for multiplication, the universal esteem in which that delicious bivalve is held must prove the cause of its inevitable extinction. A French scientific paper discourses thus sagely of the cultivation of the oyster:

"It is well known that the oyster is a hermaphrodite, that is to say, at the same time male and female, and its reproduction is so abundant that a single oyster often has two or three millions of eggs. To-

ward the month of April or May this mollusk spawns; when these embryos have been produced, they are sheltered within a fold of the mantle, that is, within the skin which envelopes the animal.

When they have arrived at a certain degree of development, they leave the mother oyster and pass into the water, a little whitish mass. An immense quantity of these extremely minute beings are lost, carried away by the waves or devoured by fish; those that escape fix themselves to rocks or fragments of shell, where they remain and develop themselves. It will therefore be comprehended, that if it were possible to place embryos at the moment when they detach themselves from their mother in a spot offering a shelter and asperities to which to attach themselves, a very considerable saving of them might be effected.

This was foreseen by M. Coste. In April, 1858, he caused to be gathered at Cancale and elsewhere, three millions of oysters, which he sowed in parallel lines in the bay of Saint Brie; at the same time he transported to the bay quantities of shells and branches of trees, which he secured at the bottom of the sea by means of large stones, in order that the spawn might find shelter and places to which to attach themselves.

The result of this enterprise has surpassed his most sanguine expectations.

The shells, the fascines or branches, even the shore has become charged with *nais-sain* (the name given to the embryos of oysters).

Never did Cancale or Grandville, at the time of their greatest prosperity, offer a spectacle of such abundance.

"The fascines," said M. Coste, in his report to the Emperor, "bore upon their smallest branches and at their least points, clusters of oysters in such great profusion that they resembled the trees of our orchards in spring time, with their branches hidden beneath the exuberance of their blossoms; one might pronounce them veritable petrifications."

.....Read the exquisite verses entitled "A Sunset Idyl." They need but few words from us, for the true spirit of poesy breathes in every line. "Hutchings" welcomes a contributor so highly gifted.

Literary Notices.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF SAMUEL WOODWORTH. Edited by his son. Published by Charles Scribner New York; A. Roman, San Francisco.

They are edited by Mr. Frederick A. Woodworth, of this city, and contain the productions of his honored father, the author of the "Old Oaken Bucket." As an American poet, the writings of Woodworth commend themselves to our people. Many of his verses have become as household words, and have been set to household music. The volume before us, beside the patriotic song of the last war, "The Hunters of Kentucky," contain lines of true poetic feeling, and poems of much grace and beauty. A biography of the author is given from the pen of Geo. Morris, with whom the editor was once associated in the editing of the New York *Evening Mirror*. We feel sure that our readers will receive genuine pleasure in the perusal of these poems. At almost every page they will recognize some old time favorite.

TWELVE SERMONS DELIVERED AT ANTIOCH COLLEGE. By HORACE MANN. Ticknor & Fields, Boston; A. Roman, San Francisco.

These discourses have been handsomely bound, forming a neat library volume. We are indebted to A. Roman for the one before us. The admirers of the author, and their name is legion, can find converse for many pleasant hours in this book.

HOPES AND FEARS: OR scenes from the life of a Spinster. By the Author of the "Heir of Redcliffe." Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; A. Roman, San Francisco.

This new novel will find many readers. It is full of social scenes of startling interest. You can find it at A. Roman's.



