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HUTCHINGS'

CALIFORNIA

MAGAZINE



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# CALIF

VOL. I.

## MOUNTAIN SCENE

There is a wild magnificence in the of California, that those who look up time, with feelings Its pine-crested hi tain-gorges; its to clifts; its dark an forests; its impetu aracts; its rolling a its deep and sha cabin-dotted and vines; its populou towns; with all th scape of hill and de ety of active mining in method of living while it pleases by ests and charms l singularity.

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James M. Hutchings, in the Clerk's Office  
Northern District of California.

CLAY ST., SAN FRANCISCO.

## HUTCHINGS'

# CALIFORNIA MAGAZINE.

VOL. I.

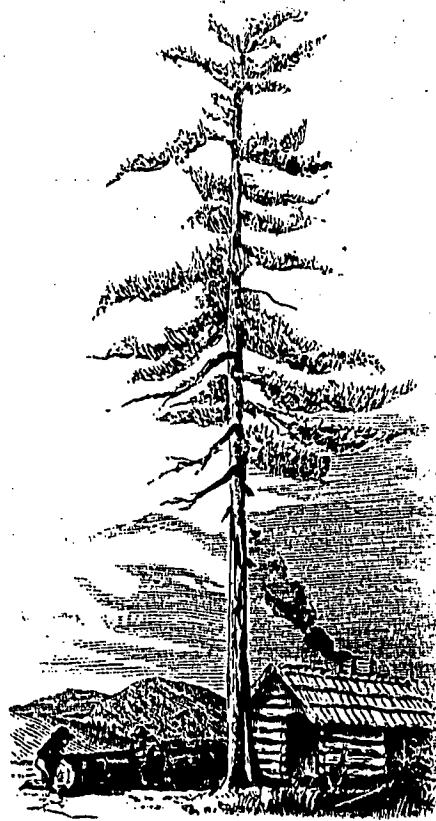
NOVEMBER, 1856.

NO. V.

### MOUNTAIN SCENERY IN CALIFORNIA.

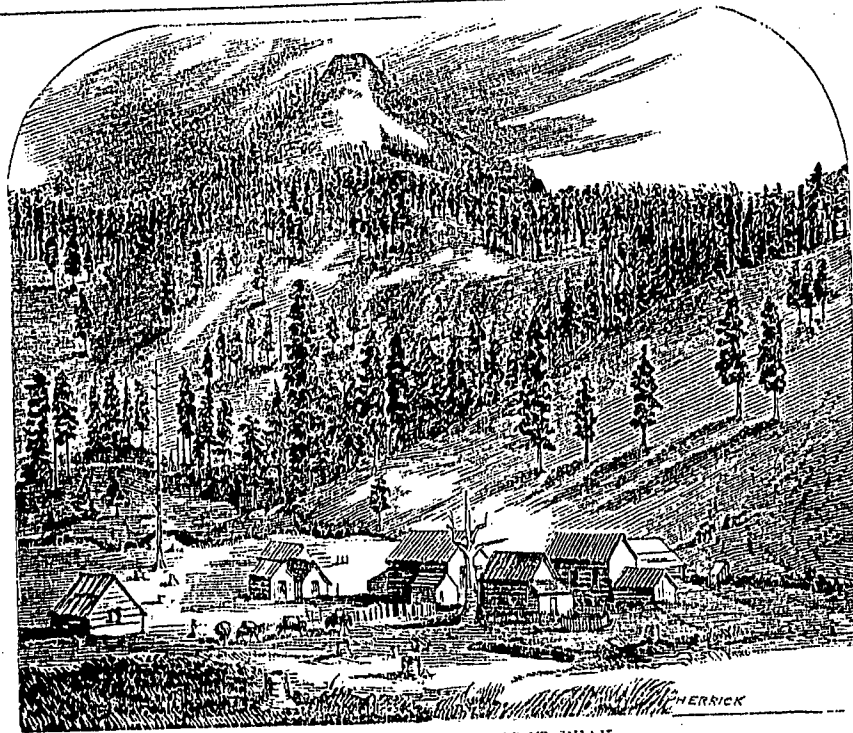
There is a wild, bold, and beautiful magnificence in the mountain scenery of California, that strikes the mind of those who look upon it for the first time, with feelings of delight and awe. Its pine-crested hills; its deep mountain-gorges; its towering and rugged cliffs; its dark and densely-timbered forests; its impetuous and foaming cataracts; its rolling and surging streams; its deep and shadowy cañons; its cabin-dotted and miner-tenanted ravines; its populous and busy mining towns; with all the diversified landscape of hill and dale, and all the variety of active mining life, and difference in method of living and working; that, while it pleases by its novelty, interests and charms by its mystery and singularity.

It is our pleasing task, this month, to place before the reader some of those scenes, and to give a brief sketch of each engraving. Commencing with



A MINER'S CABIN, NEAR PINE GROVE, SIERRA COUNTY.

There is a peculiarity in the construction and appearance of cabins in



ONION VALLEY AND PILOT PEAK.

the northern part of Sierra county that is not often seen elsewhere. This consists in the roof being about twice the length of ordinary ones, with one end enclosed as a dwelling-house, the other being left open and occupied as a shed for firewood. The necessity and convenience of this arrangement will be seen at once, when we mention that snow often falls to a very great depth, completely burying up every thing. Even the ditches which supply these districts with water have to be timbered over to prevent them from being choked up.

## ONION VALLEY.

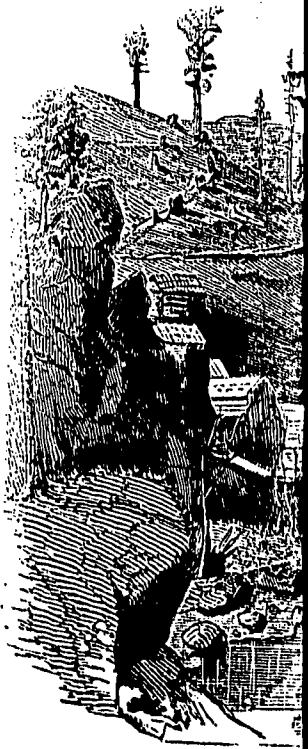
During the winter of 1852 and '53, snow fell in Onion Valley to the depth of twenty-five feet, entirely covering up every building in it. Had this fallen in 1851, it would have caused an excess of suffering seldom heard of, for at that time it was supposed to be the business centre of a very large dis-

trict, and the head-quarters for Rich Bar, Hottentot, Nelson Creek, Hopkins', Dickson's, and Poor Man's Creeks. Even the towns of Gibsonville, Seventy-Six, Pine Grove, Whiskey Diggings, and several others, did their trading here. So that stores, hotels, gambling houses, &c., &c., went up with the magical rapidity of many California towns, and a population of nearly three thousand souls collected there. Fortunately, as other little towns sprung up, and trading posts were established at them, Onion Valley became gradually deserted; and, when this heavy fall of snow came, there were but about one hundred and twenty persons remaining. The few houses shown in the engraving were all that withstood the immense weight of snow—and there were no less than thirteen hotels, besides stores, and other buildings—and even to save these it became necessary to cut down the liberty poles

and draw them in to use a can easily imagine how much and even death, the fall would have caused, had they occupied, independent of the provisions so severely forter.

A passage was dug by the miners, under the snow, from "The Miner's Retreat" to "The Gold Mine" whereby they might communicate with each other in their snow-walled world.

A short time after the snow commenced, and a portion of "The Miner's Retreat" was discovered bare, the wolves discovered



NELSON POINT

Is a very romantic little settlement at the junction of Nelson Creek and the middle fork of Feather river, about ten miles north of Onion Valley.





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and draw them in to use as props. We can easily imagine how much suffering, and even death, the falling buildings would have caused, had they been occupied, independent of the scarcity of provisions so severely felt that winter.

A passage was dug by the inhabi- tants, under the snow, from "The Mi- ner's Retreat" to "The Golden Gate," whereby they might communicate with each other in their snow-walled prison.

A short time after the thaw had commenced, and a portion of the roof of "The Miner's Retreat" had become bare, the wolves discovered it, and paid

their nightly visits, to howl, while they warmed their feet.

This is said to be the highest valley in the world that is yet settled. Now it contains only one store, one boarding- house and outbuildings for the convenience of "packers" passing through to other places.

"Pilot Peak," in the distance, "Slate Creek Mountain," and the "Downie- ville Buttes," are the highest points of land within a circumference of seventy miles, and are considered to be about eleven thousand feet above the sea; but their actual height, we believe, has not yet been determined.



VIEW OF NELSON POINT.

NELSON POINT

Is a very romantic little settlement at the junction of Nelson Creek and the middle fork of Feather river, about ten miles north of Onion Valley. Lying

as it does, just underneath the hill, as you descend from the valley, it is not seen until you are within a few yards of it.

Being upon the main pack-trail from

Gibsonville to American Valley, and the central point of trade for Nelson Creek, Rich Bar, and other places, besides being surrounded by a rich mining district, it is a town of considerable importance.

The population in the summer is about six hundred; and, in the winter, one hundred and fifty. When we were there, not very long ago, there were eight resident families, but *only one* marriageable lady! and we thought that had there even been as many as there were little fishes after feeding the multitude in the days of our Saviour—that being only a pair—we might exclaim, with wonder (and compassion),

as did the unbelieving Andrew, "what are they among so many?"

At Henpeck City, about half a mile up Nelson Creek, during the summer months, there is about five hundred ounces of gold dust taken out weekly, which, with the amount bought at Nelson Point, would make the nett weekly product in this section about thirteen hundred ounces. About three and a half miles below, at the head of Rich Bar, there is a singular mountain, about two thousand feet high, in which there is a crater about eight feet in diameter at the top, and of a depth yet unascertained.

The whole of the scenery here is very singular and beautiful.



VIEW OF GIBSONVILLE.

GIBSONVILLE.

This is a prosperous mining town of about seven hundred inhabitants, situated on the "divide" between the middle fork of Feather river and the north fork of Slate creek, about four miles

south of Pilot Peak, seventy miles north-northeast of Marysville.

The diggings are tolerably deep and pay regularly and well, from the surface down, although nine-tenths of the gold is found upon the rock, and is

generally coarse. In the water there is about *three thousand* ounces of gold dust taken out here, *weekly*, though there is but about *one hundred and twenty ounces* taken out *weekly* in the *dry season*. We would earnestly invite the attention of the public to the fact: the GREAT WANT OF CALIFORNIA IS WATER for miners to work with.

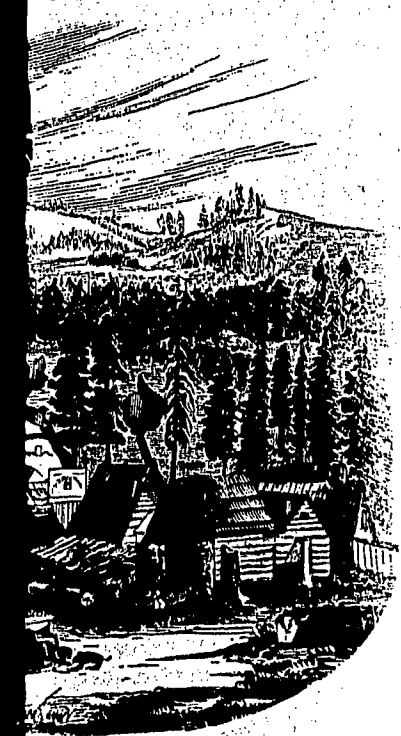
The country around is wild and mountainous, and one vast forest of pines, firs and cedars.

About half past nine o'clock in the morning of Jan. 1st, 1855, when the inhabitants were peacefully sleeping, many were suddenly awakened by the rushing of a violent wind, almost resembling a hurricane; and, being surrounded by trees, they left their beds in haste, and with anxiety awaiting the result. Mr. W. H. Alcoe and Mr. Snyder had kindled a fire, and were sitting down beside it, when a log fell across the cabin, without doing the least injury. Mr. Lowell, hearing



VIEW

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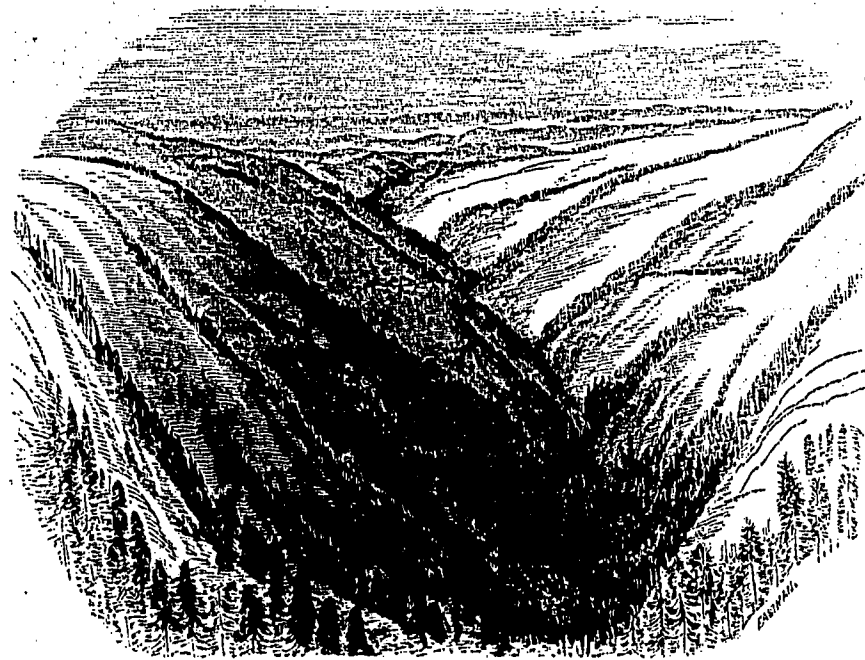
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fell all around him, became somewhat alarmed, and went out of his cabin to see where he could go for safety. He had scarcely reached the outside when a large tree fell upon the cabin and completely crushed it. One end of one of the logs struck Mr. L. on the shoulder and threw him several feet, without any further injury than a good shaking and a worse frightening.

Dr. Rutherford, wife and child, were soundly sleeping in their bed, when a large pine, almost four feet in diameter, fell across the cabin and crushed it to within about two feet of the bed. The neighbors, hearing the crash, and thinking the inmates were injured, if not killed, ran immediately to the spot, and soon received the cheering news that all were safe; as the branches of the fallen tree had blocked up and fastened the door, it was immediately broken open; and, ere they had left the building ten minutes, the tree settled entirely down to the bed.



VIEW OF KANAKA CREEK.

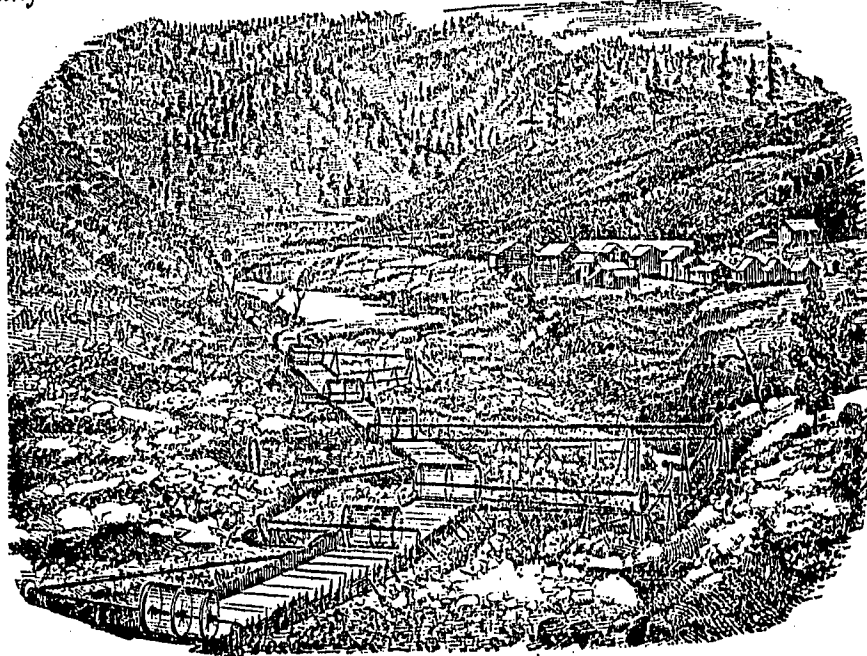
Several trees fell on other cabins and leveled them with the earth, yet no one was hurt.

Mr. Alcoe's cabin, unfortunately, caught fire, which destroyed all of his goods and provisions; and, as if to complete the destruction, two other trees fell upon it while it was burning.

The same wind did considerable damage on Hopkins Creek, about eight miles northeast of Gibsonville. One large tree fell upon a two-story hotel, in the bedroom of which fourteen men were sleeping, and who were precipitated into the bar-room below without ceremony, and the building was shivered to atoms; yet not a human life was taken, nor a bone broken, although eighteen hogs which were sleeping underneath the floor of the hotel were instantly killed.

## KANAKA CREEK, SIERRA COUNTY.

Few who have never seen them can conceive how deep are the furrows in the face of nature in some portions of the mountain heights of California. The view before us was taken from just below the emigrant road, on the divide between Wolf and Kanaka creeks, looking west, towards Marysville, with the coast range in the distance, and gives an excellent idea of the situation of some of the mining towns that are built on the very edge of these very deep and steep canons. Here "Chips Diggings" is seen on the left bank, and "Smith's" on the right, in the great "Blue Lead" of Sierra county, and which are some of the first mining towns the emigrant reaches after crossing the Plains by way of Beckworth's Pass and Seventy-Six.



FLUMING SCENE ON SCOTT'S RIVER.

The illustration above pictures a fluming company's claim on Scott's river, Siskiyou county, just after the water of the river had been turned through the flume.

The claim, with many others on this river, proved very rich. It was no uncommon event to take from six to ten pounds of gold from a single pan of pay dirt, and a single day's labor of

the company to pay for thousand dollars.

An almost incredible labor and money has been expended in river mining in California, though vast quantities of metal have been produced. In some places, however, have been made rich—single summer, it is our as yet, more gold has been taken from river mining than has been realized from it, as a whole.



VIEW

This view was taken from a flourishing little town on the Mokelumne river, a short distance from Winter's.

The wheels shewn in the engraving are of the purpose of elevating water, with which to wash the dirt carted from the diggings for that purpose.

SCENE ON THE COAST RANGE.  
There are but few beautiful and pictu-



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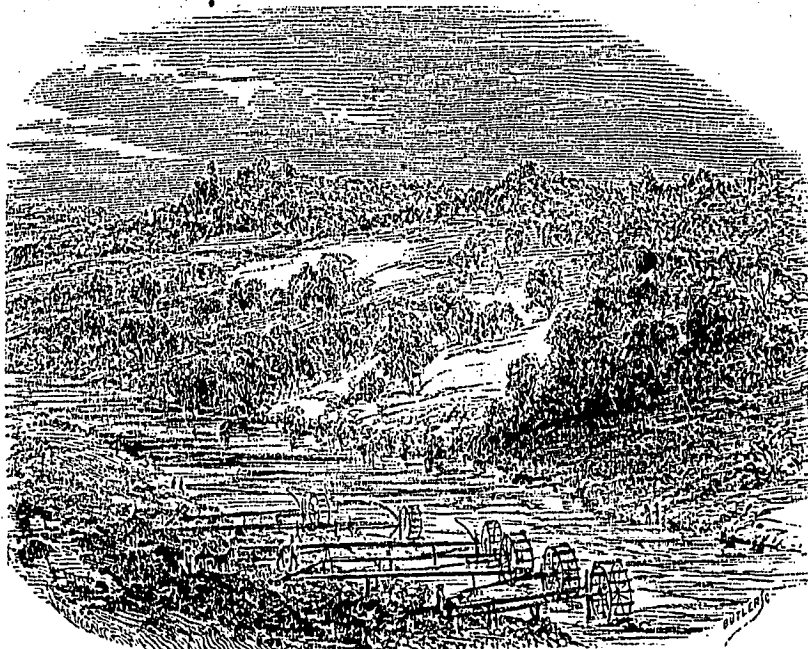
the company to pay from five to seven thousand dollars.

An almost incredible amount of labor and money has been invested in river mining in California; and although vast quantities of the precious metal have been produced, and men have been made rich—very rich, in a single summer, it is our conviction that, as yet, more gold has been invested in river mining than has ever been realized from it, as a whole.

Miners nevertheless hope on, and try their chances in this honorable kind of lottery—some to win, many to lose.

There is a much larger number of men at work on this river this season than on any previous one, and most of them are doing well.

The "bank" diggings pay regularly very good wages; and, were it not for the very heavy "stripping" required, men could take out a competency in a single year.



VIEW NEAR LANCHAPLANA, MOKELUMNE RIVER.

This view was taken just below the flourishing little town of Lanchaplana, on the Mokelumne river, a short distance from Winter's Bar.

The wheels shewn in the foreground of the engraving are used for the purpose of elevating water from the river, with which to wash the pay dirt that is carted from the diggings to the river for that purpose.

SCENE ON THE COSUMNES RIVER.

There are but few among the ever beautiful and picturesque scenes of

California that are more pleasing to the eye than the one before us; and, when the snow is melting in the mountains, and the water of the river is high, and rushes past you with booming and impetuous haste, it is one almost of enchantment.

When the Indians first saw Chinamen at work on this river, just above this spot, there arose a dispute among them as to whether Chinamen were Indians (!) or not—one party arguing that they were an inferior kind of In-



Indians that lived far over the big water; and the other, that their eyes and general expression of the face, in no way resembled those of an Indian; consequently they could not belong to the Indian people at all. They all, however, came to one conclusion, that if Chinamen were Indians (!) they could certainly swim. This being decided upon, they soon determined to prove the fact; and, while a Chinaman was crossing a log (when the river was at its highest,) the Indians, without any further ado, quietly pushed him into the surging stream and drowned him! This at once set the question at rest; and all are now agreed that *Chinamen are not Indians!*



VIEW ON THE COSUMNES RIVER.

ANE AUNCIENT BALLAT,  
MADE AN' KORRECKIT BE ANE SKOTTISMAN,  
(ANNO D. 1500—29)

Farre donne yonne glenne,  
Fra the hauntis o' mienne,  
Thaire livits ane maydin faire,  
An' bricht as the gleime,  
O' the mornin' brime,  
Was the glint o' her gowden hair.

The reid, reid rose,  
Qhilk sweetly blowes,  
An' casts arounde sweet perfume,  
Was no'er half so faire,  
As e'en to compaire,  
Wi' this maydin in her blume!

The vi'let blewe,  
Qhan wet wi dewe,  
Was the hue o' eyne sae bonnie;

The lylie faire  
Tint its pairesse thaire,  
Qhan laide on the breiste o' Annie!

Farre donne yonne glenne  
Frae the hauntis o' mienne,  
Thaire livit ane maydin faire,  
But, noo she is gone,  
Qhilk maks me moane,  
This maydin lives nae mair!

Ohe! why should I moane,  
Because she is gone?  
Why sorrowe for her in the tombe?  
She dwalls noo qhair,  
The skies are aye faire,  
An' the flouris for ever blume!

J. T. A. A.

Is death's door opened with a skeleton key?



THE "ROAD-RUNNER"

This very strange and called, in Spanish, *Courier de* or *Pisano*, is peculiar to and some portions of Mexico as I am acquainted, it has no described by any ornithologist remains a distinct and isolated from all other birds, roaming over barren plains and hills, of lizards, snakes, and other upon which it preys.

It is always seen upon when first discovered, and runs off, with remarkable the nearest thicket or hill, generally escapes from its either by hiding or sailing to another. It is very quick tions—active and vigilant; remarkable swiftness enables strip a good horse.

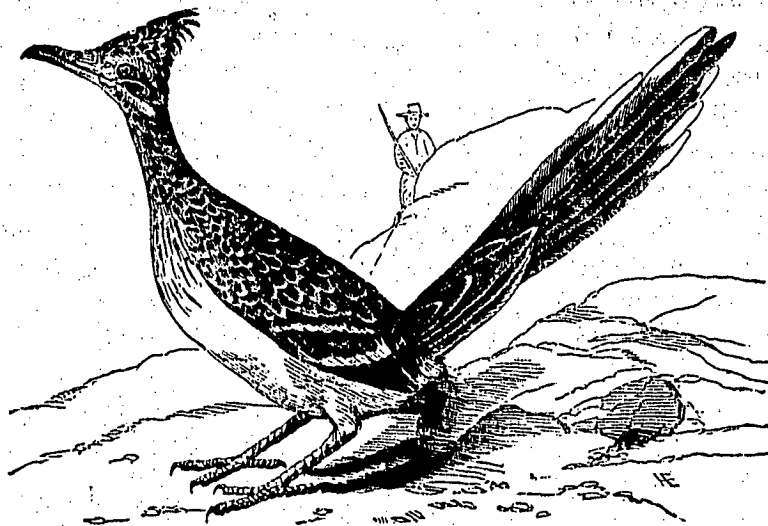
At first sight, one would to be a species of Pheasant, ing to the ambulatory or g class of birds; but when more closely, it resembles the particular.



THE COSUMNES RIVER.

The lylye faire  
 Tint its parenesse thairo,  
 an laide on the breiste o' Annie!  
 The yre donne yonne glenne  
 Frae the hauntis o' menne,  
 she livit ano maydin faire,  
 at, noo she is gone,  
 Quhillk maks me moane,  
 maydin lives nae maire!  
 he! why shoulde I moane,  
 Because she is gone?  
 sorrowe for her in the tombe?  
 he dwalls noo quhair,  
 The skies are aye faire,  
 the flouris for ever blaine!  
 J. T. A. A.

ath's door opened with a skele-



THE ROAD-RUNNER OF CALIFORNIA.

THE "ROAD-RUNNER."

This very strange and rare bird, called, in Spanish, *Courier del Camino* or *Plusano*, is peculiar to California and some portions of Mexico. So far as I am acquainted, it has not been described by any ornithologist, and still remains a distinct and isolated species from all other birds, roaming about over barren plains and hills, in search of lizards, snakes, and other reptiles, upon which it preys.

It is always seen upon the ground when first discovered, and instantly runs off, with remarkable fleetness, to the nearest thicket or hill, where it generally escapes from its pursuers either by hiding or sailing from one hill to another. It is very quick in its motions—active and vigilant; indeed, its remarkable swiftness enables it to outstrip a good horse.

At first sight, one would suppose it to be a species of Pheasant, or belonging to the ambulatory or gallinaceous class of birds; but when examined more closely, it resembles them in no particular.

The most remarkable feature about it is its feet, these being more like those of clinging birds, such as the woodpecker or parrot, having two toes behind and two before, armed with sharp claws. Its legs being strong and muscular, make it well adapted for running.

Its plumage is rather coarse and rough, of a dusky hue, marked with white and brownish specks on the neck and upper parts, while its under parts are of a dirty white. The tail is long; the bill is strong and slightly curved; eyes of a greyish brown, the pupil encircled with a light colored ring. A bare space extends from the eye to the back of the neck, of a pale bluish color, tinged with red.

At times it utters a harsh note, not unlike the sudden twirl of a watchman's rattle.

The Road-Runner is seldom seen on trees, unless pursued very closely, when it has been seen to spring from the ground to the branches, at a height of ten or fifteen feet at a single bound; but it prefers running along a road or path, from whence it derives its name.

I have met with this bird frequently in my travels over the country, and have never seen one in company with any other bird, either of its own or any other kind. It is excessively shy and solitary, inhabiting the wildest and most unfrequented places. It has no song to cheer its solitude, but silently and lonely pursues its avocation in the wildest spots of California.

I have now in my possession one of these birds, which is becoming quite tame, and readily feeds upon any kind of raw meat, but prefers lizards and small birds, which it swallows whole—feathers and all. If given to him alive, he will play with them awhile before swallowing them, just as a cat will do with a mouse. I have seen him devour three sparrows, one lizard, and a portion of the breast of a coot, for his breakfast, without experiencing any apparent inconvenience. It is exceedingly ravenous, and, like all birds of that class, has a disagreeable odor, and should, I think, be placed in the order of rapacious birds.

Although it cannot fly well, by its activity and quickness it easily catches small birds, whether on the ground or in the thicket.

The specimen I have now before me, measures twenty-three inches from the tip of his bill to the end of his tail. The tail is eleven and a quarter inches, the bill two and a half inches.

Much more might be said concerning this singular and curious bird; but lest I might be intruding on the patience of the reader, I will forego further comment. A. J. GRAYSON.

We are favored with the above from Mr. Grayson, of San Jose, a gentleman who is devoting his attention to the

study of the habits, and the making of water-color drawings, of all the birds of California. If our friends will be kind enough to send any specimens of birds, or any of their observations concerning them, we shall be happy to see that Mr. G. receives them safely, to aid him in his interesting pursuit. In a new country like ours, there is so much to be learned of the animal as well as of the vegetable life around us, that any information upon any subject will be thankfully received.

#### WATER! WATER! WATER!

We would that we could write those words in characters of fire; or, illuminate each letter with the brilliancy of an electric light, that every man might read, and reading, "mark, learn, and inwardly digest" them. We would make them so plain, that by day or night, "he that runneth may read;" for in them is the gospel of California's pecuniary salvation.

Before the vision of every businessman we would make it as ever present, and as potent in its influence, as Nancy's ghost; and as omnipresent as Sykes' dog, that he might be led to ask a few questions as to its hidden meaning.

Nearly every capitalist has the words upon his lips—"We want population." "Give us population." "Nothing can improve in California until we get more population." "The value of property would double in six months, if we had population." "Give us cheap steamship and rail road communication, that it may bring us population."

Oh! yes, gentlemen, that is all very fine, and we want all those good things you would or could mention—badly

we want them—we want *much* more than population—and that Water!

Not water to be found bubbling and on every WATER TO—what we want, *wants* more than that is wanted in a traveler upon a ridden patient with fevered pulse, even for his immediate does California's primary necessities we ask or get—WATER!

Men who now out of *twelve*, if they had water, work they would *year* round; and *twelve* months make *some* difference in circulation, as out was in circulation of business of it: while the prosperity of the Eastward, would and then we "population," *prosperous population*

California's population be summed up *Water*, enabling men dig would be put in *lution* would *perity* to those bring others:

of the habits, and the making of color drawings, of all the birds of California. If our friends will be good enough to send any specimens of eggs, or any of their observations concerning them, we shall be happy to see them. Mr. G. receives them safely, to him in his interesting pursuit. In a new country like ours, there is so much to be learned of the animal as well as of the vegetable life around us, that any information upon any subject will be thankfully received.

#### WATER! WATER! WATER!

We would that we could write those words in characters of fire; or, illuminate each letter with the brilliancy of electric light, that every man might read, and reading, "mark, learn, and inwardly digest" them. We would make them so plain, that by day or night, "he that runneth may read;" for in them is the gospel of California's pecuniary salvation.

Before the vision of every businessman we would make it as ever present, and as potent in its influence, as Nanny's ghost; and as omnipresent as Sykes' dog, that he might be led to ask a few questions as to its hidden meaning.

Nearly every capitalist has the words upon his lips—"We want population." "Give us population." "Nothing can improve in California until we get more population." "The value of property would double in six months, if we had population." "Give us cheap seamanship and rail road communication, that it may bring us population."

Oh! yes, gentlemen, that is all very fine, and we want all those good things you would or could mention—badly

we want them—but there is something we want *much* more, *immeasurably*, more than population—now—immediately—and that is Water! Water! Water!

Not water to drink, for that can be found bubbling up by every way side and on every mountain top—but WATER TO WORK WITH; that is what we want, and what *California wants* more than anything else—for that is wanted immediately. No thirsty traveler upon a weary desert: no bed-ridden patient with burning brow and fevered pulse, ever needed water more for his immediate physical wants, than does California for its present pecuniary necessities; and whatever else we ask or get—first and last, is wanted WATER.

Men who now work but *three months* out of *twelve*, could work constantly if they had water. If they were able to work they would take out gold *all the year* round; and taking out gold for *twelve* months instead of *three*, would make *some* difference in the amount put in circulation, and if the gold thus taken out was in circulation, every department of business would feel the benefit of it: while the glad tidings of the prosperity of those who are here, going Eastward, would soon bring others, and then we should not only have a "population," but we should have a *prosperous population*.

California's prosperity therefore, can be summed up in a nutshell thus—

*Water*, enables men to work—*working*, men dig gold—*gold*, thus dug, would be put in circulation—that *circulation* would give prosperity—*prosperity* to those now here, would soon bring others: and all would be content.

We will therefore, with the same language as the horse-leech, cry, "Give, Give," but let the gift be WATER! WATER! WATER!

#### A LARGE PEAR.

It must ever be a source of astonishment and gratification to Californians, that the prolific production of our soil is such as almost to challenge the world. Who could ever dream that in a country comparatively new, so much perfection has already been attained in the culture and growth of fruits, flowers and vegetables, as to give us, in a few brief years, advantages that are as yet unpossessed by older States. Where, but in California, for instance, has there ever grown a pear of such proportions as that on an opposite page?—its natural size, from a photograph taken by Mr. Carden, of Bradley's Daguerrean Gallery, near our office, and kindly loaned us for the purpose by Mrs. E. J. Weaver, of the Washington Market—weighing, as it does, two pounds twelve ounces avoirdupois, and is one of five, all nearly as large, from a very young tree in the orchard of Mr. Beard, Mission of San Jose; and gathered, too, before they were ripe, to be exhibited at the State Fair at San Jose, and were the largest offered for exhibition.

Next month we shall find room for a more extended notice of some of the vegetable wonders that we have seen—the products of California soil.

#### THE FARMER.

Who makes the barren earth  
A paradise of wealth,  
And fills each humble hearth  
With plenty, life and health?  
Oh, I would have you know  
They are the men of toil—  
The men who reap and sow—  
The tillers of the soil.





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## THE ADVENTURES OF MR. DICKORY HICKLEBERRY.

## CHAPTER IX.

## REVENGE FEEDS ON DARING DEEDS.

"How's the patient?" asked the Captain, of the Doctor of a schooner just off the Downs, in the Malay dialect,

"He's not yet conscious. The dose must have been a very powerful one."

"Yes, drugged I suppose, within an inch of life. When his wits return, tell me, for I have a short account to settle with him. Don't stare, man, I don't mean one of *your* short accounts."

The man bobbed his head down under the hatchway, as if avoiding other questions.

Three days sail brought them out of the Channel, on the trackless ocean, and another day hid the shore from their sight.

"Now," said the Captain to himself, now it is my turn. I've long looked for this day; now for a hearty, full revenge for all the wrongs inflicted on me by that hated class."

"How does your honor find yourself this cool morning?" said he, when confronted with the *patient*.

"What is the meaning of all this?" enquired Lord Lovel. "Are you aware of what must be the consequences of this outrage, committed on a person in my position?"

"Perfectly aware; and more so than you appeared to be, thirty years ago, of a similar outrage upon me," said the Captain.

"I never remember having seen you before," rejoined my lord.

"Let this remind you, villain!" quickly answered the Captain, stripping himself to the skin, and exhibiting numerous scars on his back, crossed and recrossed, similar in form to sharp notes in music, on a larger scale and more lengthened. "Do you remember my being flogged round the Nore while you were a middy on board the Bellerophon, merely for calling you a saucy child, in retaliation for your

daring to call me a lazy, fat lubber, before the boat's crew?"

"Yes—I remember; you were boatswain on that occasion. But there was another provocation."

"There was. You—you—a child, three months in the service—kicked me—me—a man, who had untimely grown grey in it—and I slapped your face and boxed your ears soundly, to teach you how to respect your superiors in years, and your masters in experience."

"I now remember it well. And can a British tar harbor, for thirty years, feelings of demon-revenge towards an individual for the slight indiscretion of a boy?"

"Not against him as an individual, but against the whole race of his vile caste. As I was selected, a victim, to teach the class from which I sprung slavish subordination to your race, so I—mark me—I have, in like manner, selected you as a victim, to teach you and yours a lesson of respect towards honest labor and manly virtue. Never until the day when you insulted me, was I wanting in my duty or reverence towards the flag of my country; and if I now disgrace it, you, and you only, have set me the example, and upon you be the shame and disgrace of the reprobate pirate."

"Pirate!" cried the amazed nobleman. Gracious God! into what hands have I fallen! I confess I unknowingly have wronged you; but do me the justice to attribute your inadequate and, I must confess, cruel punishment to the Dracon-laws of the British service—made, not to rule thinking men, but for the outcasts of society, from which order, you know well, the service was mainly supplied. You forget how I went on my knees to the captain, that he would soften the rigor of your sentence. Nay, more, that very event was the sole inducement of my leaving the service."

"It may be; but there is another account with another aggrieved one you have to settle."

"What is that? But have you calculated on the chances of your escaping the lynx-eye of justice? All the world will ring of this misdeed, if found out, and your bones, after the ignominious death of the scaffold, will be left to rot in the air, as a warning to future evil-doers."

"What care I for this old carcass, riddled with shot and mangled with the cat? What is the chance of the most intolerable death-pangs to the sweet indulgence of a life-cherished revenge?"

"Martin," cried Lovell, "set me on shore at the first land you can make, and, I pledge you my honor, not a word shall ever escape my lips of this matter; nay, more, I will use all the influence I possess to restore you to your former position in society. Dispose of your bark, get rid of your crew, and from that time I swear to befriend you through life, to make some little atonement for the evil I unwittingly have done you."

"No; no!" said the old mariner, beating his breast; "this—this has come too late. I cannot retract; I cannot—I dare not look back. I, too, have power. I am pledged to execute a deed—to carry out a project, that will not admit of one particle of flinching—to punish wrongs that the British laws have no power or inclination to remove."

"What! would you murder me?"

"No; I am no cowardly assassin."

"Challenge me to single combat?"

"Not a bit of it. That would be as cowardly."

"What, then, are your intentions?"

"To land you on a cannibal island, with none but a companion whom your noble father—noble, forsooth—has wronged more, much more, than you have wronged me, and that's not a trifle."

"My father! Lord Elmore! wronged he any one? How, in the name of all that's sacred! what can he have done to any one? Speak! what can he have done?"

"Murder!"

"Murder?"

"Murder! murder of two innocent, virtuous, industrious, sober people; morally, I could add another, to make a third."

"Speak! explain!"

"Robert Woodgrove—outlawed by your father, Earl Elmore, for threatening him on account of prosecuting his son Robert, who hanged himself while in gaol for shooting a rabbit, and whose mother died of grief shortly after."

"Gracious God!" said his lordship, burying his face with both his hands; "have I lived so long unconscious of these misfortunes?"

"I am pledged to see you safely landed with Woodgrove, who is now on board with us."

"Where?" hastily asked his lordship.

"That at present is a secret between us. You will find a tent with provisions, materials, etc., to make you both as comfortable as the circumstances of a transportation, perhaps for life, will admit."

"And am I daily to be confronted with, and make sport for, this man, whom I never injured?"

"Yes, daily; that is to say, if the cannibals on the island do not, some fine day, make a savory roast of you and your companion, as a couple of side dishes, to garnish a war-feast!"

"Well, I am in your power now, and must make the best of it."

"You had better; it is the best philosophy you can urge upon yourself. Woodgrove risks his life as well as yours. He is a noble fellow, that Woodgrove—one of nature's, not society's, noblemen. He wants to teach you the use and virtue of several arts, which the latter people despise and persecute."

"What arts are these?"

"Of procuring a living in nature's enchanting wilds, where a dowdy, minikin fop would starve. He wants to show you how to snare birds, wire rab-

bits, stalk deer, show you the art of fishing in the midst of abundance, and, before, starving you. He is an expert, if you behave. He will give you your probation, and come out a wiser man, if not a more energetic one. He is better, happier, and more contented, as to your calling, than the inferior, who live only to add to the sorrows and pleasures of the world.

WHO WOULDN'T, AND SO

"Now, Mrs. H. is a foot behind, and for the cab will be less than no time. He has got out his huge galley in circumference, and warming pan, and such frequent. He would think the fevers, and that led upon in a matter of their pulses.

"Why one can't do things mum," said the help of Mrs. H.

"You mind your own business, and look after your own affairs, and leave the old man to his self. Who couldn't be stuffed to the bottom as not more," vociferated.

Flora was no H's pet help; she had of fifty advertisements in the Times, and she could do a good look after Adam's one eye, and see the other, while she went like steam. What Mrs. H. was a man on so extensive journey; and wh

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show you the art of living well in the  
midst of abundance, instead of, as here-  
tofore, starving with plenty around  
you. He is an ingenious fellow, and  
if you behave yourself you will, after  
your probation, if your life be spared,  
come out a wiser, a better, a happier,  
if not a more enlightened man—wiser,  
better, happier, more enlightened, I re-  
peat it, as to your duties to your so-  
called inferiors, who, you well know,  
live only to administer to your com-  
forts and pleasures."

#### CHAPTER X.

WHO WOULDN'T, IF ONE COULD, TRAVEL  
AND SEE THE LIONS?

"Now, Mrs. Berry jes put your wus  
foot behind, and your best foot afore,  
for the cab will be here in five minutes  
less than no time," said Dickory, taking  
out his huge gold watch, a few degrees  
in circumference less than a juvenile  
warming pan, and which he had of late  
such frequent recourse to, that one  
would think that all his friends had  
fevers, and that he was continually cal-  
led upon in a medical capacity to feel  
their pulses.

"Why one cab'll not hold half them  
things mum," said Flora the buxom  
help of Mrs. Hick.

"You mind your own business, Flo-  
ra, and look after the younger Adam,  
and leave the older one to look after  
his self. Who ever heard of a cab that  
couldn't be stuffed so full at top and  
bottom as not to contain one trunk  
more," vociferated Hickory.

Flora was not a pet dog, but Mrs.  
H's pet help; she had selected her out  
of fifty advertised for, to go to Califor-  
nia, by Times' advertisement, because  
she could do a good day's work, and  
look after Adam in the bargain, with  
one eye, and see the pot a boiling with  
the other, while the rub and scrub  
went like steam all the time. But  
what Mrs. H. wanted with a washer-w-  
man on so extensive a scale, on such a  
journey; and what her parents were

thinking about when they gave her  
such a name, Mr. H. could not for the  
life of him see.

With him, Mary—good old fashion-  
ed, John-Bull-Mary, was to be her  
name. With Mrs. Hicklebury, she  
might be what Mrs. Hick liked, he  
never interfered; and as for the bear-  
er of such a picturesque name, she  
didn't care, she said, what she was call-  
ed, so long as she wasn't called too late  
for dinner.

"We have done with the Irish wo-  
man," said Mrs. Hick, to her bosom  
friend Mrs. Poodle, "for at the end of  
an excursion we took in the country, or  
rather, intended to take, little Adam  
was taken sick with a bowel complaint,  
and we came back rather unexpectedly,  
in the evening, and found pretty doings,  
at home, I assure you. For, after  
knocking at the door, pulling at the  
bell, thunderin' at the shutters for a  
hour, Mr. H. was obleeged to borry a  
ladder of the bricklayer, next door, that  
he and the perleeseman might get in at  
the winder; and sitch a scene did we  
see, as we never met wi' in all our  
born days afore nor never shall again,  
if we lived to the end of all time. But  
I've not time to tell you all about it  
now, dear Poodle, but as I was a say-  
ing, the wretch had the impudence to  
have the private performance of a  
Irish wake in our own house, and had  
even gone so far as to have the blessed  
corpse removed to our own parlor, and  
there was the abused mortality, as  
parson Briggs would say, as large as  
life, the only thing and person in the  
house, what was not turned topsy tur-  
vy, for not even one of the pewter pots  
from the next public, to the number of  
thirteen, as I am a sinner, (the Irish  
love odd numbers, the song says, you  
know,) stood upon its right end; but  
wasn't in the very same disorder; and  
it was not until the perlece, assisted by  
three others, with wheel-barrers, and  
stretchers, and hand-cuffs and wot-not,  
had cleared the house, and Flory and  
me had the hysterics very bad, and the  
Doctor had come, and the perleeseman,

good fellow, had been made all right by the sovering reward, and a good glass of brandy and water in the barg'in; the house had been fumigated with brown paper, dipped in vinegar, and my poor head with lavender-water, that matters had been all put to rights ag'in."

"Where did you put them bits o' things of Adam's, Flory?" said Mrs. H.

"In the box next to the one with a yeller top Mum."

"Well, mind and keep your heyes on 'um, and see they're handy-like on the woyage."

"Now then, here we are all right. Here comes all our old friends, to give us the last shake of the hands, Missus. Bless me, I didn't know we had so many friends in the world. There, don't be a snivelling, Mrs. H.; you'll set up young Adam's pipes presently, and you know it's no joke when he gets a-goin'. One 'ud think that you were attendin' a funeral to see the doleful face you're a-makin'. Come wipe up your face and tuck your hair under."

Mrs. H. did so, and turning to Flora, pathetically inquired if she was quite sure she had put up her second best bonnet all safe, and where was the silk umbrella with the red coral handle, with Mr. Hickleberry's name on it."

"All right Mum," responded Flora, "don't cry Missus, it's nothin' a-crossin' on the 'Lantic, I know many of my friends who have done it, and they all say 'twas nothin' but a pleasure trip."

"Is this the last," shouted Hick.

"Yes," replied Flora.

"Time it was, for that's the fifteenth, I think," said Hick; one would suppose that we was a-goin' on the water provided for another deluge, to last double the time of the old one, by all this gear. That's the wust of wimmen, they never can set off full sail wirout so much riggin; whereas a man with a puss in his pocket, can throw on his cloak and hat, take his stick and be off before a woman can put on just her bonnet.

"Drive to King's Cross, Coachee. Good-bye, good-bye, good-bye all."

"No, we're going to see you off."  
"I'm not a-going to take all on ye behind," swore the cabman, "unless you pays the fines!"

"Go it, and never mind the fines," shouted all, and away they rolled on towards the King's Cross station.

"Lawks! I have forgot the mixture for Adam, and the brandy," said Mrs. H. suddenly, "what shall we do when he wakes up?"

"Never mind the brandy, he shall have a gallon when we get to the Cross."

"Now, when you gets to the station, Flory, don't you get gawking and staring about ye, else we shall lose half the trunks; d'ye hear?" said Mrs. H.

"Never fear me, Mumi, I havn't traveled all my life for nuthin', I can count thirteen, I hope, Mum."

"Yes, but there is sitch a thing as countin' a dozen and not seein, one on 'em. If countin' on 'em does all the business, a veek's vash would soon be over."

"Wat the dooce do you want with washing now, Mrs. H.? surely we've done with that 'ere reeking business for one while; least-wise as far as six months goes, so leave all them 'ere cares about the soap-suds behind."—"Here we are, now look sharp, Missus; Mary, keep your eyes open and your mouth shut, to take care of your teeth, or they'll not be sharp enough for the London sharpers, I can tell you."

Here, what with bells ringing, railway whistles, slamming of doors, wheeling of trunks, running of porters, calling of officers, "good-bye's" of friends, poor Mrs. Hick, and Flory were well nigh bewildered. It was well that Hick, himself, had so many friends behind to take care of them and their trunks.

The sigh that rises at the thought of a friend may be almost as genial as his voice. 'Tis a breath that seems rather to come from him than from ourselves.

NARRATIVE  
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NARRATIVE OF A WOMAN WHO  
 WAS EIGHTEEN YEARS ALONE,  
 UPON THE ISLAND OF SAN NIC-  
 OLAS, COAST OF CALIFORNIA.

MR. EDITOR:—It is with pleasure  
 that I have seen your efforts to rescue  
 from oblivion, and perpetuate in your  
 Magazine, the many wonderful things  
 that relate to the early history of our  
 State. During a residence of eight  
 years upon this coast, in which time I  
 have explored over eighteen hundred  
 miles of it, I have been enabled to  
 treasure up many things in my journal  
 which may be of interest to your many  
 readers; I shall take pleasure in occa-  
 sionally giving you an extract from it,  
 and, as there is no time like the pres-  
 ent, I will commence with the follow-  
 ing:

Alexander Selkirk, the hero of De-  
 foe's enchanting story of Robinson Cru-  
 soc, was only four years upon the des-  
 ert island of Juan Fernandes. Could  
 we but find an author at the present day,  
 with Defoe's graphic imagination, we  
 believe sufficient facts of the lonely ex-  
 ile of this woman for eighteen years,  
 could be obtained to make one of the  
 most thrilling and beautifully descrip-  
 tive volumes ever published.

Those who are acquainted with the  
 geography of this coast, will remember  
 that about two hundred and fifty miles  
 south of San Francisco, a chain of isl-  
 ands commences, called the Santa Bar-  
 bara Islands. While stationed upon  
 one of this group—the island of San  
 Miguel—making tidal observations for  
 the U. S. Government, I was visited  
 by Mr. George Nediver, an old resident  
 of California, who came over from the  
 main land, on a hunting excursion, and  
 encamped beside me, and from whom I

obtained much valuable information  
 concerning the early history of these  
 islands, as well as the adjacent coast.

One evening, while seated beside  
 our quiet camp-fire, placidly smoking  
 our pipes, Mr. N. related to me the  
 following remarkable history:

Twenty years ago, the whole of the  
 Indian tribes inhabiting this group of  
 islands were engaged in a fierce and  
 exterminating war with each other, and  
 to such an extent was this deadly hos-  
 tility waged that already the population  
 had very much diminished, and would,  
 in all probability, before many years,  
 become entirely extinct. To prevent  
 this, and at the same time to ameliorate  
 the condition of the Indians, the good  
 Fathers of the Mission of Santa Bar-  
 bara conceived the idea of removing  
 them to the main land, where they  
 might be watched over, improved, and  
 preserved, under their immediate super-  
 intendance.

For this purpose they visited the isl-  
 ands, in company with a few partially  
 civilized Indians, and explained to  
 them the advantages of removing to  
 the Mission. They listened attentively  
 to the proposal, and finally consented  
 to go, on promises of protection from  
 their natural enemies being given by  
 the Fathers.

Accordingly a small vessel was sent  
 to the different islands, and the various  
 tribes were taken one by one, to the  
 Mission of Santa Barbara. But while  
 the last of the Indians were embarking,  
 at the island of San Nicolas, and all  
 were supposed to be on board, a child  
 was missing, and its mother, in great  
 distress was seeking everywhere, with-  
 out success; each portion of the vessel  
 was diligently searched; all the adja-



cent rocks were examined, but no child could be found. Almost frantic, the mother requested the Captain to wait while she went into the interior to search for her child, to which he reluctantly consented.

As night closed down in darkness, heavy masses of clouds rolled up from the horizon, and gave threatening evidence of a coming storm. All were anxious for the return of the woman and her child, before it broke upon them, but still they came not. The wind began to blow, harder and stronger; the storm was rapidly increasing: and as the groups of Indians on board strained their eyes, trying to discover, in the darkness, some object that resembled the returning woman and her child, yet saw them not, there were many sad hearts and anxious countenances that night, on their account.

The storm at last came on in all its fury, tossing their little vessel up and down like a feather, and compelled them at last, though reluctantly, to put to sea for safety, before any tidings of the absent ones could be received; and, although the cargo of living freight reached Santa Barbara in safety, before the vessel could return for the woman, it was wrecked and entirely lost; and as no other could be obtained at that time, the poor woman had to remain upon the island, where she lived, *alone*, for eighteen years; no doubt forgotten, or given up as long since dead.

After the discovery of gold, it was rumored that San Nicolas was inhabited, and this, no doubt, had its foundation in the fact that several hunters of the sea otter, had seen the print of human footsteps; and they endeavored to discover the whereabouts of the in-

dividuals, but could not; yet, as all the footprints were alike, they concluded that there could be only one person living upon it; and many attempts were made to find out who, and where this strange being was, but without avail, until one of California's oldest pioneers, Mr. Nediver—the gentleman who related to me the story; and who arrived in this country some twenty-five years ago, and still resides at Santa Barbara—went over to look for her, and who, having spent many years as a hunter, and trapper in the Rocky Mountains, was as expert as an Indian, in following a trail, and consequently found but little difficulty in discovering the track, which he followed until he saw a singular object among the rocks upon the sea shore, near the mouth of a ravine, upon its knees, engaged in skinning a seal. Upon approaching, he found it to be a woman clad in a singular dress of feathers; and, when she saw him, she jumped up, and with excessive joy ran towards him, and seemed almost beside herself with wild delight, at the sight, once more, of a human being.

In her hand she held a rude knife-blade, that she had made from a piece of old iron, probably obtained from the fragment of some wreck, and which she evidently valued beyond anything else in her possession.

She was unable to make herself understood, except by signs; in making which she showed a great amount of intelligence, and signified her willingness to accompany him to Santa Barbara. Here Father Gonzales, of the Mission, took the greatest pains to discover some of the Indians who had been taken from those islands, eighteen

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years before, but not one of them could be found, and what became of them, is a mystery unto this day. Not one of the Indians within a circumference of many miles, could be found, who could understand her. So that she could communicate only by signs.

It appears from her narrative, that after leaving the vessel in search of her child, she wandered about for several hours, and when she found it, the wild dogs which infest the island, even to the present day, had killed, and nearly devoured it. We can better imagine the feelings of a mother at such a time, than describe them. When she returned to the spot where she had left the vessel, to tell of her sorrows, for the loss of her child, that too was gone, and was bearing away her kindred and friends from her sight.

Could she have realized, then, that for eighteen long years she must live *alone* in the world, without one kind word of comfort, one cheering look from a friendly eye, or one smile of recognition, it would have been too much for even her wild, but womanly nature to bear, and with her, as with us, it is well that we know not the future.

From day to day, she lived in hope, beguiling the weary hours in providing for her wants. With snares made of her hair she caught birds; and with the skins, properly prepared, she made her clothing; her needles were neatly made of bone, and cactus thorns; her thread was of sinews from the seal: in these, and many other articles found in her possession, she exhibited much of the native ingenuity she possessed.

Whether she still remembered her own language or not, will forever remain a mystery. She was very gentle,

and kind, especially to children, and nothing seemed to please her more than to be near them: and the poor woman would often shed tears, while attempting to describe, by signs, her own little one which had been killed and eaten by the wild dogs.

The sympathy felt for her welfare, caused the people to supply her, bountifully, with everything she needed; and, very imprudently, allowed her to eat almost anything she chose, and the result was, that in about six months after her escape from her lonely exile she sickened and died—having, undoubtedly, been killed with kindness.

At the conclusion of the old gentleman's tale, I was more than ever convinced of the truthfulness of the remark, that "Truth is stranger than fiction."—C. J. W. RUSSELL.

IMMENSITY OF THE UNIVERSE.—  
As a proof of what a vast book the visible heavens are, and also of the diligence of the student, man, in turning over its leaves, Dr. Nichol, in his work describing the magnitude of Lord Ross's telescope, says that Lord Ross has looked into space a distance so inconceivable, that light, which travels at the rate of 200,000 miles in one second, would require a period of 250,000,000 of solar years, each year containing about 32,000,000 of seconds, to pass the intervening gulf between this earth and the remotest point to which this telescope has reached. How utterly unable is the mind to grasp even a fraction of this immense period. To conceive the passing events of a hundred thousand years only, is an impossibility, to say nothing of millions and hundreds of millions of years.

Forget injuries and remember benefits. If you grant a favor, forget it; if you receive one, remember it.

individuals, but could not: yet, as all the footprints were alike, they concluded that there could be only one person living upon it; and many attempts were made to find out who, and what this strange being was, but without avail, until one of California's ablest pioneers, Mr. Nediver—the gentleman who related to me the story, and who arrived in this country some twenty-five years ago, and still resides at Santa Barbara—went over to look for him, and who, having spent many years as a hunter, and trapper in the Rocky Mountains, was as expert as an Indian in following a trail, and consequently found but little difficulty in discovering the track, which he followed until he saw a singular object among the rocks upon the sea shore, near the mouth of a ravine, upon its knees, engaged in skinning a seal. Upon approaching he found it to be a woman, clad in a singular dress of feathers; and, when she saw him, she jumped up, and with excessive joy ran towards him, and seemed almost beside herself with wild delight, at the sight, once more of a human being.

In her hand she held a rude knife, blade, that she had made from a piece of old iron, probably obtained from the fragment of some wreck, and which she evidently valued beyond anything else in her possession.

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## THE OLDEN TIME.

Oh! sing us a song of the olden time,  
 A song of the friends we loved;  
 When we listened at eve to the village chimes  
 And through the meadows we roved.  
 Oh! sing us a song—a good old song,  
 That's gentle, tender and slow;  
 Of the friends that we knew—of the chosen few;  
 In the days of long ago.

Oh! tell us a tale of the olden time,  
 When life and we were gay;  
 Ere death had come to call them home—  
 The friends of our early day.  
 Oh! tell us of them—the gentle and good,  
 Whom we loved in the days of old;  
 Ere the cares and strife, and the storms of life,  
 Had made our warm blood cold.

Oh! tell of the scenes of the olden time,  
 The scenes of our early years;  
 Ere the fountain of hope in our heart had dried,  
 And dim were our eyes with tears.  
 Oh! for a strain to return again,  
 As of some forgotten chime;  
 A song—a tone of that which is gone,  
 A voice of the olden time.

G. T. S.

SAN FRANCISCO, Oct. 15, 1856.

## OLD FORTY-NINE.

NO. II.

"But fate whirls on the bark,  
 And the rough gale sweeps from the rising tide,  
 The early calm of thought,"

BULWER.

It was the footsteps of destiny in the  
 bright light of the nineteenth century,  
 marching onward and upward, while  
 "excelsior" was the cry.

Too long the boundless prairie had  
 lain waste; too long a thousand hills  
 and vallies, gardens of Eden, "had  
 bloomed unseen," aye until now, but  
 the vanguard of civilization, impelled  
 by the will of God, was gathering on  
 these shores, "to make glad the wilder-  
 ness, and make to blossom the rose in  
 the desert.

Soon we sailed beneath the old Span-  
 ish fort, which looked down so grim  
 upon us. Could it have been possible  
 to have rolled back years, or to have  
 summoned from the spirit land the  
 Spanish soldiers that in old time gar-  
 risoned that battery, what a sight for  
 them would have been our fleet, of dif-  
 ferent nations, fearlessly sailing be-  
 neath their guns, and never saying  
 "Don Cesar, with your leave." And  
 the *Alcaldes* of the Presidio, the mag-  
 nates of the adobe capital, with their  
 gold lace and their pride—ah me, what  
 a stir would have been among those  
*compadres* at such a time.

Surely it was a new era on the Pa-  
 cific. The gold seeking filibusters of  
 the Spanish race, who came bearing  
 aloft the cross as symbol of their faith  
 to christianize its people, are now effete  
 and degenerate, and rapidly passing  
 away before the strength of a new  
 people, governed by liberal and just  
 laws, pushed forward by love of adven-  
 ture and of commerce, to seek for new  
 fields of enterprise in the sunny lands  
 of the beautiful Pacific.

"Ready about," and before us lay,  
 what seemed a forest of pines, cover-  
 ing a low island. It cannot be, we ex-  
 claimed, by heavens! it is a forest of  
 ships. A thousand were riding at an-  
 chor in the Bay, and soon we were  
 among them. Ah! there was our old  
 comrade the "Adams," that we sailed  
 with down the Atlantic coast, and kept  
 company with in Rio, and there our  
 friend of Valparaiso, and there our  
 consort off the Horn, with whom we  
 doubled the Cape on that dark stormy  
 evening, when it blew great guns and  
 carried away our crossjack yard and  
 sprung our fore topmast at the cap.

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Soon we sailed beneath the old Spanish fort, which looked down so grim upon us. Could it have been possible to have rolled back years, or to have summoned from the spirit land the Spanish soldiers that in old time garrisoned that battery, what a sight for them would have been our fleet, of different nations, fearlessly sailing beneath their guns, and never saying "Don Cesar, with your leave." And the *Alcaldes* of the Presidio, the magistrates of the adobe capital, with their gold lace and their pride—ah, me, what a stir would have been among those *compadres* at such a time.

Surely it was a new era on the Pacific. The gold seeking filibusters of the Spanish race, who came bearing aloft the cross as symbol of their faith to christianize its people, are now effete and degenerate, and rapidly passing away before the strength of a new people, governed by liberal and just laws, pushed forward by love of adventure and of commerce, to seek for new fields of enterprise in the sunny lands of the beautiful Pacific.

"Ready about," and before us lay what seemed a forest of pines, covering a low island. It cannot be, we claimed, by heavens! it is a forest of ships. A thousand were riding at anchor in the Bay, and soon we were among them. Ah! there was our comrade the "Adams," that we sailed with down the Atlantic coast, and his company with in Rio, and there friend of Valparaiso, and there consort off the Horn, and there doubled the Cape on that dark soot evening, when it blew great gusts, carried away our crossjack and sprung our fore topmast at the

Their decks were crowded, for they knew their old friend the "Sally Ann," and their wild cheer burst forth, and we answered in return, and as ship upon ship of our fleet sailed past us, they were welcomed with tremendous cheers. I tell thee old friend, it was a scene which few men ever behold, and our blood was bounding in a fever heat.

It's a strange sound, the rattling of the heavy chain as down goes the ponderous anchor in the deep; and it is difficult to describe the mixed feelings which are born at such a time. Our voyage over, our sea life ended, and our land life to begin. The dreamy luxury of long inaction dissipated, and the work of reality about to commence. The first look at our new home, the first vivid realization of our field of enterprise, hope, courage, resolve, a little fear, trying to look away out into the future, a peering into the faces of our friends, and wondering if they will be staunch, and true, and steadfast; an inward prayer, a look aloft at the spars of the now dear old ship, and then a rushing down below to see if all our traps are ready to be sent ashore. A hail from your friend of the opposite stateroom to yours, who is standing with half a dozen other good fellows, to take a last parting glass from the last bottle, and drink success to our hopes. Another rumbling of the chain as more is given out, to make the ship ride easy; so ends our connection with the floating home, where for months, after all, we have been so happy.

Then all is rush and excitement, bother, trouble, care and glimmerings of disappointment. The man of yesterday, indolent, jaunty and careless, with the smoke from his hooka curling

through his lips in graceful, lazy festoons, cannot be recognized in the fretted, anxious, overheated and excited fellow, who is rushing past you in search of a lost trunk or a missing carpet bag.

With me it was different, thanks to my travels and connection with the embassy in Europe, where often I had to get ready for long journies at a moment's notice, every thing with me was in its right place, and I was on deck looking with some degree of amusement, at my fellow voyagers in their anxious hurry.

Soon I turned from them to look out at the beautiful Bay. Its headlands and shores I traced far up and down, and wondered what was in the hazy dim beyond, and where in that bright scene my destiny was to be cast.

Our city then was like a camp, its white tents glistening in the sun, and from where we lay, we could hear the rush and struggle of business, and hear the hammer and the axe at work. A mighty city was springing up, as if by magic, before our eyes; there was the future seat of commerce, wealth and power, the first foundation stone of a mighty capital was laid amid that throng of tents.

And in the inlets and bays of the great harbor, the seat of many a happy and thriving town. Away in the interior, the future homes, the happy homes of freemen and their sons, a people who were yet to control the destiny of the Pacific. For, far out in its waters, were yet to sail the ships of this new land; and along its coast, and in the harbors of its islands, the flag of this new country was yet to wave aloft, the arbiter of them all.



Strange this reading of destiny in the present, yet it was truth; a mighty lever had found its fulcrum, and the new world was being re-youthed again, and the first flashings of its future splendor shone out through the darkness of the past, even then, with a lustre, before which the old glory of the fabulous Spanish conquest and achievements were paling, as a star before the brilliant sun.

The prophetic spirit was within me, and I felt its power, as I looked upon that city in the glory of years to come, and heard its future warriors and statesmen speak, and beheld the throes and struggles in its young giant life—its virtues and its crimes, its noble patriots, and its traitor sons, mingled together in the far off time—now triumphant, now dismayed—now calm, now stern—now peace, now strife—now lifted up by the good, now cast down by the bad—now prosperous in the calm of happy, peaceful commerce—now swayed, and torn, and riven asunder, as her angels of good and demons of bad struggled for the mastery—still 'twas triumph, 'twas upward and onward in the future of the *Golden City* of the *Pacific Empire*.

Our boat was soon dashing through the waters of the Bay, propelled by strong arms, and willing hearts, for the beach, which was thronged with the rush of human life. Soon her keel grated on the sand, and we were on our feet, one strong push altogether with the oars pointed downwards, and her bow was high and dry, one spring and we were on *terra firma*, and our arms were stretched aloft with a long respiration of satisfaction, right glad and thankful to be on land again, and that

too in the great El Dorado, with our feet upon her *golden shores*.

In truth it was a strange scene, that mingling of the races there, at the footstool of the altar of the golden god.

I linked my arm in that of an old friend of mine, and through the heavy sand of the streets, we commenced our explorations of the new city. It was a medley of confusion, but all were busy; some erecting stands and laying out their wares to tempt the eye of the passer by; some building their tents, sawing lumber, heaving the axe on high, and cutting timber into shape with the sharp adze; some piling up goods in their open warehouses, others buying, bartering, and selling; and others listening and searching for information, that they hoped, was to open up the way, for them, to wealth.

One thing struck me as remarkable, ere I was an hour in San Francisco,—the intense look of selfishness which was on every face. And before night, when I was back to the old ship, I found that the same shadow had fallen on the faces of my comrades. It was now impossible to come to an understanding with any of them, as to what they intended to do, and what information they had gained. It was now every man for himself and a long farewell to the big words and promises of yesterday.

*Self was up in arms, protecting self*—they were watchful and wary as Indians, lest a word spoken in amity or hope might commit them, and act as a clog to aught the gods would grant them ere another day was past. We were far, very far from being wealthy, many were on their last dollar, yet we were r chin expectation—and were al-

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ready misers in our hearts, and the old adage that "riches harden the heart," was exemplified with tremendous force; for many a poor hombre without a single ounce was already guarding his imaginary wealth, which the coming time was to bring to him.

Human nature, human nature, thou art not the boasted divinity which some high toned philanthropists, with great words would make thee—standing naked before the searching eye of truth.

Faugh! I have seen thee tried in the prairie, on the wreck, in the flight on the battle-field, in the hour of deadly famine, when all was lost but the tremendous principle of self; and, oh! how abject I have seen thee, how cowardly, how base. Still, I have seen exceptions, when the God-like principle of brotherly love has been visible with a light brilliant as the halo of an angel,—where the soul, in the right of its divine origin, has held the weaker humanity in check, and made it act a work, with courage and nobility, a manly, glorious part, which defied the creature, and made the mortal for the time a God.

Well, we strolled on through the sandy streets, now and then standing in some canvas groggery, where vile peach brandy and *aguardente*, from Chili, was sold at fearful prices, and there listened to great tales which some ruffian sailor would be telling, and every now and then display his large bags of the shining dust. Truly the place was a sailor's heaven: plenty of gold, plenty of rum, and no "call the watch," and "all hands, ahoy!" to reef topsails on a stormy night.

Clink! clink! clink! the sound of counting silver came ringing on the

ear at every turn, in every street. The sound was from the gambling-houses. My friend and I entered and passed around the crowd of human beings intent on trying the favor of the demon, chance.

The rooms were crowded with those made after the image of the Creator; peering with restless and cunning eye at the dealers' hands, who, shuffling the cards, kept continually drawing out, "The game is made," and hauling into their overflowing coffers fifty to one they lost.

Well, there was piled on their tables great heaps of glittering coin of every realm and land under the sun, and large, solid, knotty pieces of virgin gold, with heavy bags of shining dust, showing there was no lack of wealth among the card-shuffling fraternity, whose fingers glistened with diamonds, and who, in the surrounding multitude, were remarkable for their fine dress. They were the Brummels and Chesterfields of the scene.

My friend staked a dollar, I ten; he lost, I won. He staked five, I twenty; the luck was still the same. I staked fifty, and won again. My friend would play no more, but the spirit of evil had got into me, and I staked a hundred—won once more; two hundred, and once more I was a victor.

My friend sat down and, whispering, reasoned with me that I should leave while luck was with me. In vain he talked. I played on, now a winner, now a loser. One, two, three hours rolled on, and I rose the winner of *two thousand dollars*.

When in the street, I sat down upon a pile of lumber and looked into my heart, and found that there was deeper

guilt in it than I had ever dreamt of, for my blood was in a fever heat, and the full spirit of the thorough gambler was rampant in me.

Still I had strength enough to lay my hand upon the veins of my heart, pausing to reflect, and soon I was master of myself, *and then and there* I made a vow never to stake a dollar at cards again; and, thank Heaven, I kept my resolution, aye, when tempted in the hour of trial.

Not for millions would I again feel as I did when I was winner of that two thousand dollars. No, not for the uncovered wealth of California, piled in its glittering masses like the fabled wealth of the genii, would I give over, for two hours again, my soul, and heart, and being, to the mean, cowardly selfishness of spirit which had possession of me for that short but eventful period.

Well, time rolled on, days, weeks, and months, and I was a speculator. A fortune was in my grasp; but the culminating point of my luck was turned, and, in the ratio of my gain, I lost, until, alas! my position, from the expectant millionaire, was that of a day laborer for hire.

Damp, heavy fogs, like the mists of winter in a northern clime, enveloped, in its humid cloud, the Bay and City of Tents; and then lights and fires peered out with a heavy glare from the hazy atmosphere.

Strolling on the sand-beach, where now stands one of the finest streets of the city, I was looking into myself, and the examination was not flattering to my vanity, and helped to increase the gloomy depression of spirits which had been gaining on me for some days past. I had begun to feel a longing desire to

leave this new land, which I had entered with such ardent hopes, soured by want of success in my speculations, and my lack of the knowledge of the world's ways, to enable me to carve out a path for myself independent of patronage.

Proud, unwilling, and unaccustomed to hard labor, I inwardly blamed my seeming folly in coming to a country where, as yet, all men had either to be the traders or laborers. In that bitter hour I cursed the education which unfitted me for holding my own in such a place as I now found myself. And, oh! how I wished that I had learned to be a carpenter, or some other useful branch of trade, instead of studying for years in the dreamy, poetical cloisters of a German college.

The mines I dreaded, from the ruthless lawless men whom I then met every day from there, and from their exaggerated accounts of the misery they endured. Still it had come to this with me, that I had to determine upon my course that night, either to bear the supposed evils which were around me, leave for the mines, or leave the country—"a sadder, but a wiser man."

Earnestly I investigated every information I had received upon the subject, and my own experience. You will say, my friend, that it was easy to decide. I tell you, from the peculiar formation of my mental habits at that time, it was very difficult. True, there was plenty of work at high remuneration, but all in a new field from what I had been accustomed; and then, from my vanity, or pride, or bashfulness, I could not ask a man to give me work. One or two repulses I had met with, and some jeers from comrades with whom

I had labored, at my awkward and gentle manners, had made me a laughing-stock to myself and mankind—so that, in my present situation, I was ready to enter upon any enterprise, short of dishonor, which would give me excitement from my own despairings.

Strolling on, planning, and musing, I was suddenly aroused by a shout of revelry and laughter, coming from a large frame, canvas building, which broke like a gale upon my ear. I also will not say that I was in the circle of light. One step, and I was in its centre, when I was met in a manner somewhat strange.

At the door stood a tall man, dressed somewhat in the half-landsman fashion. I turned to look at him, when suddenly he presented a pistol point-blank at my face, and shouted, in a gay, cheerful tone, "Under what king, Bezor, or die." I answered not a word to the question, and with it the pistol, and a ball whistled past my ear. *One, two, three, four, five*, he fired in quick succession, seeming to graze my cheek. I exclaimed, "By heaven, you trump, and I appoint you king of my watch!" and he was by my side, with his hand as I sprung at his arms were locked, round my iron hold, and I was powerless.

"Calm yourself," said your friend,

"Unhand me," I said, and blood was up to the forehead. "I will give you a fair chance, villain, with my pistol, knife or sword, to take thee to the death."

leave this new land, which I had entered with such ardent hopes, sored by want of success in my speculations, and my lack of the knowledge of the world's ways, to enable me to carve out a path for myself independent of patronage.

Proud, unwilling, and unaccustomed to hard labor, I inwardly blamed myself, seeming folly in coming to a country where, as yet, all men had either to be the traders or laborers. In that bitter hour I cursed the education which me fitted me for holding my own in such a place as I now found myself. And oh! how I wished that I had learned to be a carpenter, or some other useful branch of trade, instead of studying for years in the dreamy, poetical cloisters of a German college.

The mines I dreaded, from the ruthless lawless men whom I then met every day from there, and from their exaggerated accounts of the misery they endured. Still it had come to this with me, that I had to determine upon my course that night, either to bear the supposed evils which were around me, leave for the mines, or leave the country—a sadder, but a wiser man.

Earnestly I investigated every information I had received upon the subject, and my own experience. You will say I tell you, from the peculiar formation of my mental habits at that time, was very difficult. True, there was plenty of work at high remuneration, but all in a new field from what I had been accustomed; and then, from vanity, or pride, or bashfulness, I could not ask a man to give me work, or two replies I had met with some years from comrades with whom

I had labored, at my awkwardness and gentle manners, had made me hate myself and mankind—so that, at that moment I was ready to enter into any enterprise, short of dishonor, which would give me excitement and relief from my own despairings.

Strolling on, planning and thinking, I was suddenly aroused by the sound of revelry and laughter, proceeding from a large frame, canvas-covered building, which broke like a charm upon my ear. I also will be joyous, I thought, as I paused at the edge of its circle of light. One step, another, and I was in its centre, when I was arrested in a manner somewhat strange and abrupt.

At the door stood a tall, fine built man, dressed somewhat in a half sailor, half landsman fashion. I had but time to look at him, when suddenly he presented a pistol point blank at me, and shouted, in a gay cheerful tone of voice, "Under what king, Bezonian?—speak or die." I answered not. Again the question, and with it the flash of the pistol, and a ball whistled past my ear. *One, two, three, four, five, six* shots he fired in quick succession, each ball seeming to graze my head, when he exclaimed, "By heaven! you are a trump, and I appoint you the Captain of my watch!" and making six steps, he was by my side, and grasped my hand as I sprung at his throat. His arms were locked round me with an iron hold, and I was powerless.

"Calm yourself," said he; "I am your friend,"

"Unhand me," I exclaimed; my blood was up to the fever heat. "Give me a fair chance, villain, with gun or pistol, knife or sword, and I will fight thee to the death."

"I knew it, friend," he said, in tones gentle as a maiden's voice. "I have seen thee tried, here and before,"—and bending down, he whispered a word in my ear which made me spring from him with a bound which tore me from his grasp.

It was the name of a small town in Germany, which in memory I ever hated—where once in a mad frolic of some students, I quarrelled with a comrade. We fought with small swords, and he fell. This had been the dark spot of my life, and I had learned to forget it until then.

"Who are you?" I exclaimed.

"That matters not," he answered; "I know you, you see. For some days I have intended to speak to you, and make you an offer which would give you a chance for fortune; but seeing you enter within this light, the mad idea of trying if you were made of the same stuff as ever, made me draw upon you, to see if you would flinch from the whistle of the bullet. Forgive me, 'twas a mad introduction, but not more so than many a frolic on the banks of the Neckar, in old Heidelburgh."

Again he was beside me, and whispering gently, he gave me the password of a society that I had been a member of years before. My hand was within his, his arm was around my neck, and we entered the house like *comrades of the night*. But what happened there, I must reserve for my next paper.

As the needle, frail and shivering,  
On the ocean wastes afar,  
Veering, changing, trembling, quivering,  
Settles on the polar star—  
So in breasts of those who roam,  
Love's magnetic fires are burning—  
To the central point of home,  
Trembling hearts are ever turning.

## MARY ELTON;

## A TALE OF WILKESHARRE.

He knew her when a budding flower;  
 He watched her growth from hour to hour,  
 And loved her in her bloom;  
 But since her soul has flown from earth,  
 With all its native, saintly worth,  
 His heart lies in her tomb.

The expense and inconvenience attendant upon the transportation of bulky material from San Francisco into the interior, in 1849, rendered it necessary for California adventurers, arriving here, to squeeze their personal paraphernalia into as small a package as possible; and, consequently, many who had landed with cumbersome trunks were obliged to store them until they returned from the mountains. Many of these were destroyed during the terrible visitations of fire inflicted upon this city in its days of infancy. Those that were stored on board of vessels in the harbor and in houses that passed unscathed through the fiery ordeals, as a general thing, were left unreclaimed, and sales of trunks and contents, "for account of whom it may concern," were matters of every-day occurrence.

Having a few shirts of my own lying miscellaneously around the room in which I lodged, and finding that their original number was rapidly decreasing by the simple rule of subtraction—a part of arithmetic in which my room-mates were particularly well schooled—I resolved, in justice to judicious self-economy, to purchase a trunk, and thereby remove all further temptation. With this commendable object in view, I attended the next sale I saw advertised, and was the fortunate bidder-in of an elegant and fash-

ionable spring-lock, double-covered, leather travelling trunk. In looking over its contents, which consisted of toilet knick-knacks, an assortment of under-garments, etc., I discovered a MS., carefully folded, and endorsed: "MY FIRST, LAST, AND ONLY LOVE." Curiosity led me to open it, and I found the following interesting narrative:

In the still, lone hours of night, when all around reigns silence, and man is left alone to commune with his thoughts, how fleetly memory wings back to the moments of the past! How vividly appear, to the imagination, the faces of those we once loved; and how freshly are arrayed before us the scenes of purity and innocence that we passed with them in our halcyon days! Again, in thought, we gambol, with all the buoyancy of youth, over the familiar fields of green, and pluck nature's choicest flowers to present to the idol of our heart; or, perhaps, wander leisurely with her along the river's bank, gazing upon the bosom of the placid stream, as it silently courses to the ocean, and liken our love to it—calm but flowing, and as exhaustless as its source.

Yes, there was a period when each succeeding day rolled on with such unalloyed happiness—when requited love gave sunshine and brightness to every hour, that I now almost regret memory remains to give me the power of contrasting that time with the present.

Mary Elton was a rare and beautiful flower that bloomed in the town of Wilkesbarre, on the banks of the Susquehanna. She was adorned by nature with a form of excellent symmetry and a face of marvellous beauty.

Although she was endowed with easy and fascinating grace in social her manners were naturally retiring. Her family, being in affluent circumstances, had given her an excellent education, which she made use of to show others how fair she was superior in learning, but to not them towards her that she might part to them the treasures she had received at the fount of knowledge. the poor she had endeared herself her benefactions; her peers she won by her kindness and amiability and her seniors she had conciliated her veneration and tractability.

Though situated in vastly different worldly circumstances and proceeding from Miss Elton, I grew up, from earliest years, in her acquaintance. Our friendship, at the age of adolescence, ripened into love, and at happiness for either was only found in the other's society.

Two years passed away, from time we had first interchanged our without interruption to our happiness. My mind had become so engrossed with the enthralling passion which possessed me, that I could not pay strict attention to business which so necessary to attain success in a legal profession. The reputation I had gained during the first six of my practice was rapidly waning the want of exertion on my part. I at length opened my eyes to my judiciousness, if not folly, of my. There were obstacles to our union had not heretofore reflected. The object of my affection was daughter of a wealthy father; he was the architect of my own. Would it be right, would it be



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Two years passed away, from the time we had first interchanged our vows, without interruption to our happiness. My mind had become so engrossed with the enthralling passion which possessed me, that I could not pay that strict attention to business which is so necessary to attain success in the legal profession. The reputation I had gained during the first six months of my practice was rapidly waning for the want of exertion on my part; and I at length opened my eyes to the injudiciousness, if not folly, of my course. There were obstacles to our union I had not heretofore reflected upon. The object of my affection was the daughter of a wealthy father; I must be the architect of my own fortune. Would it be right, would it be honora-

ble, to draw her down to my own level of poverty, with the bare prospect that my industry and talents would one day open the way to fame and opulence? And then, even should I overcome my present scruples, would Mr. Elton be willing to give his daughter's hand to one who had nothing to offer in return but the poor pittance of professional ambition and a world of good intentions? Reason answered, No! And yet, how could I for a moment release the jewel that so enchained me. "The spirit parting with the soul" could not offer half the measure of suffering that a separation from the idol of my heart would produce. Honor and duty dictated the course which prudence sanctioned; love and affection lured me on in the current which the heart approved. I decided, on the moment, to sink the latter consideration, and resolved to acquaint Mary, at our next meeting, with my reflections, and beg to be forgotten.

But, alas for human weakness! When next we met, our hearts' outpourings were as deeply imbued with love as they had been in our most thoughtless days. When I said:

"Mary, I fear our positions in life are too widely different to permit the hope of a union,"

She replied: "Positions different, Henry? What matters it how different our worldly positions may be, so long as our hearts are united by a congenial sympathy. Oh, Henry, you have known me to little purpose if you have yet to learn that no worldly consideration can come between you and my love!"

"You misunderstand me, Mary; I mean, your father's intentions would

be an insuperable obstacle to our union."

"Fear not, dear Henry. He will love you because I love you. He will but see in our union the mutual happiness of his children, and gladly avail himself of the opportunity to sanction it. Although he has many eccentricities, he nevertheless possesses a warm and noble heart."

"Let us, then, go to him at once, Mary, declare our love, and ask his blessing," said I, transported by the enthusiasm of my well beloved.

We quickly threaded our way to Mr. Elton's residence, and entered his stately mansion. We found him seated in his study, and I was kindly, if not cordially, received by him.

Mr. Elton was a person of imposing presence. Past the meridian of life, with a form unusually erect, he wore an air approximating to aristocratic stiffness. His features, though prominent and inflexible, appeared handsome and intelligent. I said he received me kindly; but yet—perhaps it was the consciousness of the audacity of my errand made me think so—I imagined I saw a degree of severity in his countenance when he bade me to be seated that augured ill for the success of my interview.

I attempted several times to open the subject to him, but my heart faltered. I lacked the moral courage boldly to ask his daughter's hand; and had it not been for the adroit device of Mary, I fear I would have quitted the house without having broached the subject.

"Father," said Mary, "Mr. Woodsby has business of importance to communicate to you, and as it is perhaps

not proper that I should be a party to your conversation, I will withdraw."

This well-devised ruse completely entrapped me. It would have been cowardly on my part not to have entered the lists boldly, since Mary had thrown down the gauntlet. I had but one course left to pursue, and I called into requisition all my moral stamina to nerve me for the task.

"Mr. Elton," said I, when Mary had closed the door, "pardon the abruptness with which I approach a subject which will perhaps meet as much with your astonishment at my presumption as it will excite your indignation at my temerity. Children of circumstances, our idols are frequently the authors of hopes which can never be realized; and our greatest comfort is often in the enjoyment of what must eventually prove a visionary happiness. By a fatality over which I had no control, I have become passionately, irrevocably attached to your daughter. I need not say that my love is returned, for it is repaid four-fold. Our beings are inseparably, religiously blended, and it needs but your parental sanction to secure our happiness."

Mr. Elton at first seemed astonished, then alarmed, then stupefied, and at last relaxed into a cold, severe, and patronizing demeanor. I expected to see an indignant burst of passion—and I believe I should have preferred it to the calm and marble expression of his countenance—as I closed my passionate rhapsody. After a few moments of (to me) embarrassing silence, Mr. Elton, in a cold, deliberate, and measured tone, spoke as follows:

"Mr. Woodsby, it is unnecessary to mention that I am very much aston-

ed at your abrupt proposition. I have and happiness of my daughter is a matter of very deep importance. I must say that I regret the decision that has sprung up between us; not that I suppose you are worthy of her, but that you are unworthy to support her in the manner to which she has been accustomed. Your position is an honorable and elevated one, and although you have not gained in it a high reputation, your talents and industry may secure your success. If my daughter feels that her destiny is irrevocably linked with yours, she shall consent to wed you. But I propose one condition, as a test of your sincerity and worthiness. "Oh name it," I enthusiastically exclaimed; "and though it were the most difficult task, or as perilous as buffeting the turbid Helix, I will attempt it." "It is neither difficult or dangerous. All that is required is perseverance and industry. Listen! If, at the expiration of two years from this time, you shall have established a well-known and respected reputation in your profession, and have secured an income which will comfortably support you, you shall have my consent. I unhesitatingly avail myself of his generosity. I resolve myself with assiduity to acquire, and force a reputation in my profession. When I reached the top of the house, I met Mr. Woodsby anxiously waiting to be related what had passed."

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"Oh, name it," I enthusiastically exclaimed; "and though it were as difficult of execution as consummating Syphilus' task, or as perilous in purpose as buffeting the turbid Hellespont, I will attempt it."

"It is neither difficult or dangerous. All that is required is patience and industry. Listen! If, at the expiration of two years from the present time, you shall have established an acknowledged reputation in your profession, and have secured an income that will comfortably support my daughter, you shall have my consent."

I unhesitatingly availed myself of the proposition, and thanked him for his generosity. I resolved to apply myself with assiduity to my business, and force a reputation from the legal fraternity.

When I reached the garden in front of the house, I met Mary, who was anxiously waiting to hear her doom. I related what had passed between her

father and myself, and assured her that the task did not now seem difficult, as the incentive to exertion was so great that success was sure to follow.

Mary did not receive the intelligence with the satisfaction I anticipated. She had hoped that her father would have given his consent without imposing any condition, and was therefore disappointed.

I told her that the prescribed time would soon fly around, and pictured in glowing colors the advances I would make in my profession, and how much more worthy I would be of receiving a treasure like her, when my fame and success were heralded by every tongue. We would meet, oft meet, again, and talk of the bright and happy days which the future held in store for us. Time would but add fresh fuel to the flame that burnt within, and when my task was done, life evermore would be but one continued ecstasy of love.

The fervency of my hopes communicated itself to Mary, and lighted up her visage with the rapture that animated mine. Ere we parted, a long and warm embrace sealed our plighted troths. Heaven and earth had never before been witness to a pact more pure—to a betrothal more hallowed.

The application and energy which I bestowed thenceforth on my vocation, had the effect of increasing my patronage. No labor seemed too great, no research too tedious, and no study too arduous, to ensure the success of the causes of my clients. They thought, poor souls, in telling out my fees, that their dross was the incentive that urged me to the herculean exertions which I made on their behalf, and that it was the touchstone that caused my forensic

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The fervency of my hopes communicated itself to Mary, and lighted up her visage with the rapture that animated mine. Ere we parted, a long and warm embrace sealed our plighted troths. Heaven and earth had never before been witness to a pact more pure—to a betrothal more hallowed.

The application and energy which I bestowed thenceforth on my vocation, had the effect of increasing my patronage. No labor seemed too great, no research too tedious, and no study too arduous, to ensure the success of the causes of my clients. They thought, poor souls, in telling out my fees, that their dross was the incentive that urged me to the herculean exertions which I made on their behalf, and that it was the touchstone that caused my forensic

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oratory to flow. No! my client was the father of Mary, and she herself! Never had lawyer a more valuable *retainer*, and never did one more zealously strive for the success of his *client*.

One year had passed since the interview with Mr. Elton. I was pleased to hear through mutual friends, that he expressed great satisfaction at my growing reputation, and frequently passed high encomiums upon my exertions. When I could afford a respite from my labors, my time was always spent in the company of Mary Elton. We both seemed but to live for the hour when her father would declare the conditions fulfilled, and endorse our union. Oh, how slowly the wheels of time seemed to move. Hours lingered into days, and days to years prolonged, as we would think of the time yet to pass ere the goal of our hopes should be attained. But patience was a virtue, and we resolved to add it to our code of morals.

Christmas was at hand. The winter, so far, had been intensely severe, and the whole country was covered with a thick mantle of snow. The tinkling of sleigh bells had been heard without interruption for three weeks in the town of Wilkesbarre, and now that the holidays were coming, the denizens of the town regaled themselves with a sleigh ride. The sharp, biting atmosphere which prevailed, induced exertion to keep the blood in circulation, and the young folks enjoyed themselves in the healthful exercise of skating and snow balling, while the old ones, muffled in furs to the chin, rode to the sound of merry bells from one friend's house to another's.

Mr. Elton had proposed to his daugh-

ter to pass the holidays at his brother's farm, which was situated some thirty miles from Wilkesbarre. They were to go in Mr. Elton's sleigh, drawn by his magnificent span of grays—the finest horses in the county—and were to return the morning previous to New Year's, so as to be in season to receive the calls of their friends on that gala day.

I felt a degree of lonesomeness and dejection after Mary's departure, very inconsistent with the general joy that then prevailed in the town. Whilst every body seemed merry and jocund, I was care-worn and dispirited. I felt an indescribable presentiment weighing me down, as if some impending danger were about to burst upon me. In vain I attempted to rouse myself from the moroseness which pervaded my whole being. In vain I called forth my better judgment to combat the vague phantom which had laid hold of me. My sleep was troubled and restive, and my dreams were of an alarming character. What was to happen I could not tell, but my mind instinctively wandered to the object of my affection. I sought to exorcise the demon of evil that possessed me by prayer. It afforded but a momentary relief.

"Great God!" I cried, goaded by my feelings into a phrenzy of agony, "if there be any calamity about to happen to her I love, avert it. Let it, O Lord, fall on me, not on her; for I am strong and can better bear Thy wrath, than she Thy divine displeasure!"

Darkness never ushered in a night so tempestuous as the one previous to the morning on which Mr. and Miss Elton were to return. The storm-king

MA  
 read in all his fury. The  
 seemed in thick shales, and the  
 held as if all his elements  
 would there intercal choros.  
 he ball some pelted quills  
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 as such a night checks the kind  
 he and career, and turns his thro  
 a ball.  
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 ceased by the magnitude of the  
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 re a long long dreary night  
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 A few hours sleep helped to  
 revive me, and I arose in the m  
 being much better than I had  
 Mary's departure. The storm  
 fully subsided, and I felt the  
 taint of my tempestuousness.  
 Besides, was not my well-ine  
 come home to-day, and then  
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 ever sunshine and gladness.  
 At the hour when they  
 ped to return, I went to the  
 and sat down in his carriage,  
 he, anxiously awaiting the  
 I had not been seated long  
 of the domestics appeared, an  
 announced that Mr. Elton  
 coming down the street.  
 Mr. Elton's and Miss Elton's  
 hastened up. Although I  
 had been so allowed myself  
 to unbusiness and uncer  
 ed started for the door.  
 The horses had already



ter to pass the holidays at his brother's farm, which was situated some twenty miles from Wilkesbarre. They were to go in Mr. Elton's sleigh, drawn by his magnificent span of grays—the finest horses in the county—and were to return the morning previous to New Year's, so as to be in season to receive the calls of their friends on that gay day.

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reigned in all his fury. The snow descended in thick flakes, and the wind howled as if Eblis' demons were chaunting their infernal chorus. Massive hail-stones pelted pitiless against the windows, whose sounds added dreariness to the sad music. Oh, it was such a night as checks the sinner in his mad career, and turns his thoughts to God!

The heaviness of my soul was increased by the magnitude of the storm. I felt as if each blast that whistled past my door, bore a tale of sadness with which I was inseparably connected. It was a long, long, dreary night; but still it had a morrow.

A few hours' sleep helped to greatly revive me, and I arose in the morning feeling much better than I had since Mary's departure. The storm had partially subsided, and I felt the wonted vivacity of my temperament return. Besides, was not my well-beloved to come home to-day, and then what joy we would experience, when we clasped each other again! Oh yes, the foolish weakness must give way in the presence of my idol, whose face for me is ever sunshine and gladness.

At the hour when they were expected to return, I went to Mr. Elton's and sat down in his comfortable parlor, anxiously awaiting their arrival. I had not been seated long, when one of the domestics opened the door and announced that Mr. Elton's sleigh was coming down the street.

My features and feelings instantly brightened up. I thought how foolish I had been to allow myself to give way to unnecessary and unfounded fears, and started for the door.

The horses had already stopped in

front of the house, and when I arrived on the balcony, I saw Mr. Elton still remaining in his position holding the reins. Mary had not seen me yet. Her attention was attracted to something immediately in front of her. I involuntarily remained on the piazza a moment to enjoy the sight of that beautiful young maiden, blooming with the rosy hue of health, and the hale, staid and venerable visage of her father. He had evidently experienced difficulty in restraining the impetuosity of his grays, as he was still holding in the reins, waiting for some one to open the carriage-house gate.

I quickly ran and opened it, and then went towards the sleigh. I was very much astonished at the indifference with which they treated my presence, neither of them deigning to notice me. What had I done to merit this coldness? Nothing. They could not have seen me. I went close to Mary and tendered my open arms. She heeded me not.

"Welcome back to Wilkesbarre, Miss Elton."

But I received no answer. A horrible thought crosses my mind. No, no! it cannot be! Heaven is too bounteous, too merciful to lend its piercing elements to such a deed. I approach still closer. Her eye-balls are fixed and glassy, her lips livid. He, too, is motionless! Great God! They are—frozen to death.

Some two years since, whilst on a tour through the Atlantic States, I chanced to visit Pennsylvania, and remained several days at Wilkesbarre. I there formed the acquaintance of an old gentleman who had lived a long

time in that place, and enquired if he knew anything of the foregoing history. He informed me that he had known all the parties and that the narrative was strictly true:

"However," said he, "if you will come with me to yonder churchyard, I will show you the graves of Mr. Elton and his daughter.

We entered the "silent city of the dead," and my friend pointed out two very chaste marble slabs. One was inscribed thus:—

"To the memory of Joel K. Elton, who departed this life Dec. 31, 1835, aged 53 years."

The other was as follows:

"Here lieth the mortal remains of Mary Elton, who died on the 31st of December, 1835, aged 20 years."

And underneath were the following touching lines:—

"A tribute to virtue, a tribute to worth—  
A tear for the youthful in years,  
Whose pilgrimage short was so prized upon earth,  
As to leave it but sorrow and tears.  
W."

"There," said my companion, "repose the ashes of those of whom you spoke. These tablets were erected by Mr. Woodsby. Since his departure to California, the graves have been sadly neglected. It was his custom to visit them every Sunday, and I have often seen him nursing with touching tenderness, the flowers that grew upon that little mound."

We returned from the churchyard silent and thoughtful.

"I have one more question to ask," said I, "before we part. Have you ever heard from Mr. Woodsby since he arrived in California?"

"Yes he wrote once to a friend. The next letter that was received,

brought the sad intelligence of his death. He died demented in the California Insane Asylum."

"How sad a termination to such devoted love," I sorrowfully remarked, as I parted with my friend, and Wilkesbarre.

CHISPA.

JOKES.—As gold becomes refined by passing through the ordeal of fire, so truth is the purer for being tested by the furnace of fun; for jokes are to facts what melting-pots are to metal. The utterer of a good joke is a useful member of society.

Oh! there's a heart for every one,  
If every one could find it;  
Then up and seek, ere youth is gone,  
Whate'er the toil, ne'er mind it!  
For if you chance to meet at last  
With that one heart intended  
To be a blessing unsurpassed,  
'Till life itself is ended,  
How could you prize the labor done,  
How grieve if you'd resign it;  
For there's a heart for every one,  
If every one could find it.

Good humor is the clear blue sky of the soul, on which every star of talent will shine more clearly, and the sun of genius encounter no vapors in its passage. It is the most exquisite beauty of a fine face, a redeeming grace in a homely one. It is like the green in a landscape, harmonizing in every color, mellowing the light, and softening the hues of the dark, or like a flute in a full concert of instruments, a sound not at first discovered by the ear, yet filling up the breaks of the concord with its deep melody.

"I am afraid," said a lady to her husband, "that I am going to have a stiff neck." "Not at all improbable, my dear," replied her spouse, "I have seen strong symptoms of it ever since we have been married."

DR. DOT-IT-DOWN'S NOY...  
...AND THE MAN OF...  
...THE CITY OF A THOUS...  
...WINDMILLS, DID WITH HIM...  
...You must not find fault, dear fi...  
...with my erratic sli...  
...I am first in Ireland, next in...  
...and now in Holland, attribu...  
...your unnatural craving for...  
...and wonderful, and not to...  
...fault in my dottings clo...  
...are all regular enough—the irr...  
...they is with you, who are attrac...  
...the curious patches in the old g...  
...when many a sober and mu...  
...texture passes by you...  
...I am now in Holland, and...  
...you, must slur over the ma...  
...material features and natural and n...  
...cial curiosities it contains. Its in...  
...polders: "What are they?" yo...  
...at: Tracts of land of many thousand...  
...ways in extent, (that of Beemsted...  
...ten English miles in circumference...  
...low the level of the waters around it...  
...be fertile and dry by the incessan...  
...of this people. I never...  
...I forget my surprise at the first...  
...in beholding this scene; for here...  
...a pressing in a security that the...  
...year cannot help thinking fancied...  
...at numerous, hundreds of fat cows...  
...hens of plump sheep, scores of...  
...fields, acres of beautiful gar...  
...is surrounded by great waters...  
...at all appearance, are depend...  
...a few crazy looking mills and...  
...and dykes, for their well-being...  
...appears in an unnatural position...  
...road is a canal, and every high...  
...of it. In our country such a...  
...of times would produce colds, ca...  
...ages, and fevers, wearing you...  
...sickness. Here, it has a con...  
...ready, for its cows are the fat...  
...the sleekest, its sheep...  
...its butter the freshest, its...  
...the richest, its wives the plump...  
...the hardest, (particularly in...  
...lowly) its children the stur...  
...mean. The Hollanders are...  
...people, they know that such...  
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Oh! there's a heart for every one  
 If every one could find it;  
 Then up and seek, ere roach it,  
 Whate'er the toil, ne'er mind it!  
 For if you chance to meet at last  
 With that ONE heart intended  
 To be a blessing unsurpassed,  
 Till life itself is ended,  
 How could you prize the labor lost,  
 How grieve if you'd resign it?  
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DR. DOT-IT-DOWN'S NOTES.

THE RED MAN, AND THE MAN OF BLUE—  
AND WHAT THE CITY OF A THOUSAND  
WINDMILLS DID WITH HIM.

You must not find fault, dear friend Propertius, with my erratic flights. If I am first in Ireland, next in New York, and now in Holland, attribute it to your unnatural craving for the strange and wonderful, and not to dry, randomic fault in my dottings down; they are all regular enough—the irregularity is with you, who are attracted by the curious patches in the old garment; when many a sober and more meritorious texture passes by you unheeded. I am now in Holland, and to please you, must slur over the many wonderful features and natural and artificial curiosities it contains. Its immense polders; "What are they?" you ask: Tracts of land of many thousands of acres in extent, (that of Beemsted is fifteen English miles in circumference,) below the level of the waters around it, made fertile and dry by the incessant industry of this people. I never shall forget my surprise at the first time on beholding this scene; for here are reposing, in a security that the spectator cannot help thinking fancied and treacherous, hundreds of fat cows, thousands of plump sheep, scores of fine wheatfields, acres of beautiful gardens, all surrounded by great waters, which, to all appearance, are dependant upon a few crazy looking mills and amateur dykes, for their well-being. All appears in an unnatural position. Every road is a canal, and every highway a zee. In our country such a state of things would produce colds, catarrhs, agues, and fevers, wearing you all to skeletons. Here, it has a contrary tendency, for its cows are the fattest, its horses the sleekest, its sheep the sweetest, its butter the freshest, its maidens the rosiest, its wives the plumpiest, its men the hardest, (particularly in the *sedes honoris*) its children the sturdiest in creation. The Hollanders are a sensible people, they know that such

a country, besides keeping out the river waters, required something extraordinary to keep out the river fogs; and with this view, the amazing gin distilleries of Schiedam were constructed. Schiedam—genuine Schiedam—I see you smack your lips at the word, friend P., and well you may, for if there is anything that entitles it to the distinction of the nectar of the gods—but where am I wandering. I was going to tell you about an event which happened at Zaandam, while I was sojourning there, and which its good people talk of to this very day; but be patient—this Zaandam, I must tell you something about—the story shall come by-and-by. This town, (the fifth in extent) now numbering about 14,000 inhabitants, is situated on the north shore of the Y., between the East and West Zaandam. Its houses are all wood, and surrounded by a square canal quite insulated, the one from the other. Each has a garden cultivated with the neatest care. At a distance, the town has the strangest appearance—beautiful as strange: something like an animated map, highly colored, to please boys of our own States. The houses are painted of divers fancy colors, green and white predominating. On one side, called the Zaan, there is a sight that would make the oldest traveler wink again, take off his "spees," wipe them thrice, adjust them, and then ask himself the question "Do I see, or dream that I see?" What does he see? Why, a thousand wind-mills, all in one line, of five miles, at least in length; some of them, indeed most of them, as high, almost, as the Washington monument, and as large as a military barracks. Here they are, all going round, and round, in one mighty rivalry of attempting to achieve the *most* work in the *least* time, whether it be grinding corn, draining land, sawing timber, making paper, pounding drugs, pulverizing tobacco, sifting snuff; preparing color materials, making sand or kneading trass; which latter seems to be some volcanic debris, and which this

ingenious people form into a kind of cement, and which has the property of hardening under water. This discovery must have been of as much value in their dam-making, as their world-renowned Schiedam is in their dram-drinking. Now to my story.

A stone's throw from Peter the Great's Hut, (he lived here while learning the art and mystery of Dutch ship-building, in 1696,) lived Hans Ryewyk and his frau. Their occupation, that of hostelry, was a tolerably thriving one at the time I speak of. No traveler could summon resolution to pass good Hans' house, without hearing and tasting once more, his best, strong, and his oldest ale. They were a simple people, and much esteemed in the neighborhood. One memorable Saturday night, while the parish sexton and schoolmaster were discussing the usual topics, to a late hour, a violent storm of wind and hail drove in a passenger, who, alighting from his horse, thundered at the door, although upon the latch, in a style of impatience, more befitting a wealthy owner than a casual customer.

The man of all work, in the double capacity of waiter and hostler, led his jaded animal to the stable-parlor, (all stables here are much like parlor.) tied up his tail, as is the dainty custom in Holland, lest the walls should be soiled, took off the red cloth from his back, and then proceeded to unbuckle the saddle—red, too; the beast, then, by the light of his lantern, appeared, to the amazed Boots, of a fiery red color. He had never seen such a thing. However, he gave him his feed, not taking his eyes off him a moment, and then hastened in to the landlord and whispered to him an account of the extraordinary phenomenon of a red horse. But Bambluk, the waiter, had always something of the marvellous to relate, so neither mine host or hostess thought more of it.

The stranger was introduced into the neat, sanded parlor, where sat two smokers, half asleep, waiting the end

of the storm and the finish of their pipes. All at once there was a something about the new-comer that roused the two smokers from their lethargy and excited their curiosity. After he had divested himself of his travelling-cloak, he appeared habited in red. The inside of the cloak itself was red, he had fiery red hair—bloodshot, red eyes—his nose was red, and his gloves, if they were gloves, were also red. Calling for the waiter, he proceeded to draw off the leathers, with that man of allwork's assistance, which discovered his stockings to be also red. Opening his portmanteau of the same color, he drew out a red dressing-gown, and, after seating himself in his chair, proceeded to cover his red wig with a red night-cap. Then opening a small red box, he drew from thence a small red pipe, into which he thrust some red tobacco; and, to the now unrestrained wonder and fear of all the beholders, drew a cloud of red smoke, so thick and fast as to disguise, in a short time, the appearance of every object in the room, including himself. The parish sexton, taking advantage of the obscurity, sidled up noiselessly to the corner, where sat, in amazement and wonder, the schoolmaster, who, observing all these appearances, could not help thinking that he saw something, with a tuft like a tail, writhing about under the chair upon which this mysterious traveller sat. The stranger had not yet spoken.

"How red the candle burns!" whispered the sexton. "And the fire!" rejoined the schoolmaster.

"Slippers!" said the mysterious one to the gaping Boots, whose hair already stood on end with fright.

"Where?" said the Boots.

"There!" said the red man, pointing to a parcel in red paper.

"Red, again!" whispered the scholar. "Red, again!" stammered the sexton, as a pair of red slippers unfolded themselves.

Meanwhile the storm without raged with the utmost fury, and the wind

swept the four corners if some mighty giant around, or scurrying it, canvas.

"Do not leave me," Hans, the landlord.

"You must not go," ter half to the two vil-

Now struck the lo farthest corner of the ing hour of night, and one arose to seek his pose.

"Any room!" sa "Any where, but no landlady.

"Here's the ca-ca-out the almost dumb maid.

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"The good saint

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landlady, bearing a

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bles.

"Do you smell

cried the landlord.



swept the four corners of the house as if some mighty giant were folding it around, or scraping it, with some huge canvas.

"Do not leave me," said frightened Hans, the landlord.

"You must not go," echoed his better half to the two village functionaries.

Now struck the long clock in the farthest corner of the room, *the witching hour of night*, and the mysterious one arose to seek his chamber for repose.

"Any room!" said the landlord. "Any where, but near me," said the landlady.

"Here's the ca-ca-candle," shivered out the almost dumb-struck chambermaid.

"Tis time to go," said the pedagogue.

"Better stay," said the sexton, riveted by fright to the spot.

Dreadful, most dreadful, passed that night. The storm seemed laboring towards a climax it could not attain. The mysterious traveller overhead was pacing through the live long dreary hours, like a disembodied spirit doing penance. Ceaseless, piercing groans, and the clanking of long, heavy chains, as if trailing along the floor attached to some captive demon, were ever and anon heard. In vain the terrified landlord stirred up the fire, and the landlady crossed herself, calling upon all the saints in the calendar for deliverance. In vain they plied the sexton and schoolmaster in strong liquors unscoured; courage came not, but fear strided triumphant throughout the house.

"The good saints guide us," said mine host, "what deeds that man has to answer for!"

"Gracious! what's that?" said the landlady, hearing a noise as if some bulky object, of a ton weight, had fallen on the floor, accompanied with yelling shrieks, piercing cries and shrill whistles.

"Do you smell the brimstone?" cried the landlord.

"Strong—very strong!" said the sexton; "our pastor will have to exorcise us all to-morrow."

"Oh, what has Satan seen in us, to take up his abode here?" said the hostess.

Here burst in the honest waiter. "Master, master! goodness sake! come in to the stables! here's the man's horse dancing a fandango amongst the chickens and pigs, like any Christian. The brute looked up to me while I was giving his feed, and says he to me, 'D'ye call that a full measure? I'll shew you a pretty dance presently, you rascal.' With that he falls to dancing, like any devil. Oh! what's that?"

"What is to become of us?" whispered all, as they gathered into one focus in the middle of the room.

"Be patient," said the schoolmaster, "and say your prayers. Hark! what's that?"

"Tis the old cock a-crowing," said the man of hay.

"Thank God!" said the schoolmaster; "all spirits vanish at cock-crow."

Suddenly they heard the loud rumbling of a carriage, rolling off with great rapidity to a distance; and as the sound died on their ears, the wind fell, the rain ceased, and all above was hushed.

After the affrighted party had held their breath some time in suspense, fearing to speak or even to look, the landlord first recovered his self-possession.

"Is it safe to open the windows to let out the sulphur?" he inquired of the schoolmaster.

"What's o'clock?" was the rejoinder.

"Three," whispered the landlady; "I know it by the old cock crowing five times."

"All's still above," said the landlord. "Let's venture. Gracious! what's that again?"

"Tis the lad letting down the shutters."

"Let us wait, for safety's sake, another hour, at least," said the hostess.

They waited till grey dawn appeared, and after having ventured to refresh themselves, and hearing no noise above, the landlord proposed they should take a survey of the dreaded one's night-apartment, through the keyhole. Despite of the sulphurous stench, their courage rose at each successive draught of spirit-stirring Schiedam, until they resolved to proceed, which was done in the following order, all being marshalled for this purpose at the bottom of the staircase. First, the valiant schoolmaster, with the kitchen poker in his right hand and a huge blunderbuss in his left; next, the doughty sexton, clinging for protection with his arms around the rear rank of the file; next, the stalwart waiter, with the kitchen carving-knife in one hand and his master's old cavalry-sword in the other; after him, the landlord, with an old firelock of revolutionary memory; next in order, with her right arm around the landlord's waist, and a bag of flour in her left, ready to blind the eyes of the Satanic one, his comely wife; and last, bringing up the rear, the cook-wench, with a huge coil of rope, wherewith to bind the man of flame.

After sundry peerings through the keyhole, the valiant leader of the troop declared he saw nothing. All was still as death.

"Then break open the door,—who's afraid," uttered the landlord.

"First let's summon him to surrender," said the schoolmaster. "I command thee, thou Belzebub, to open the door and deliver up thyself to the lawful custody of those here present, who have witnessed thy terrible misdeeds, or take the consequence! We are all duly armed, therefore resistance is useless. The civil force surround the house—escape is hopeless. I command thee to surrender. Once, twice, thrice."

Waxing wonderfully valiant, (schiedam on such occasions works wonders,) they soon made a breach in the enemy's fortress, and to the dismay of the

guests and the mortification of the landlord and his lady, discovered the bird had flown, and with him several portable articles of value, together with the strong-box, wherein mine host was wont to hoard all his wealth.

"The devil!—the rascal!—the villain!—the thief!—the knave!—the dog!—the wretch!" were among the choice epithets bestowed upon the conductor of this artful scheme—this personifier of the devil, to draw off attention from his nefarious doings. But his successes were not of long duration, for the trick becoming noised abroad among the burgomasters, he was detected in the attempt of perpetrating a similar farce in a distant part of the country, and was after some time given chase to, captured, and safely housed under lock and key.

Now came the day of trial. Mine host was duly summoned, with the rest who witnessed his first exploit. The grave burgomeister had smoked his last pipe, combed his best wig, adjusted his whitest cravat, and took his seat on the bench accordingly. A description of his person was thus recorded in the police sheet: "*Age, about sixty; nose, very long; tip of it, red; eyes, hair, teeth and face, fiery red; hands and legs, long and thin, said hands of a blood-red color; dress, all red, even to his tooth-pick and pipe.*"

The worthy bench laughed outright on reading the description, and surveying his innocent looking victim.

"Bring forth the accused," pompously spoke the presiding man of the law.

The ponderous prison door yielded to the authorized bar-and-bolt-drawer; and in walked—a little fat, squat, swarthy, snub-nosed dwarf, dressed in bright blue. All, except his hat (of conical shape), was blue; his beard—his hands—his teeth—his lips—all blue, as if he had been born and brought up in the indigo business from his infancy.

"Why, how's this?" said the president. "This is a totally different man from what is here described. Did you

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"Why, yes, every part of his the gaoler."

The gaoler e He had that ve ing him his bu his very own e

"Search him the wories.

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The cell wa and not a vestig scription, foun stripped to his ered to be of a which must ha time previously to make it of a

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search the prisoner, and take a record  
of it, on his committal, officer?"

"Why, yes, your worship's honor;  
every part of him—and in presence of  
the gaoler."

The gaoler corroborated the officer.  
He had, that very morning, whilst giv-  
ing him his breakfast, seen him, with  
his very own eyes, attired all in red.

"Search him again, before us," said  
the worthies. I warrant us, he will  
not escape our vigilance. We were  
not born yesterday. We have seen  
better tricks than this. Go you into  
his cell, and examine that narrowly,  
and bring what you may find there."

The cell was narrowly searched,  
and not a vestige of apparel of any de-  
scription found. The culprit was  
stripped to his skin, which they discov-  
ered to be of an indigo blue color, and  
which must have been stained some  
time previously, as it resisted all efforts  
to make it of a natural appearance.

The president scratched his bald  
pate under his wig; the clerks bit  
their pens. The other burgomeisters,  
in deep thought, allowed their chins to  
rest upon their bosoms, and closed their  
eyes for meditation.

"Measure the prisoner's height,"  
bawled out the aforesaid functionary.

"Four feet eight," said the officer.

"Read the height mentioned in the  
indictment," said the clerk. "His  
worship will then compare the two."

"Six feet five," was the response.

"Ahem! ah—ah—hem! Oh, pull  
his legs; they may be composed of  
caoutchouc. I knew a sailor once who  
had two wooden legs, and he could  
make them longer or shorter, at his  
convenience."

The doctor reported all regular and  
natural.

"Pull his nose—I venture to sug-  
gest, with all due respect," said the  
clerk, turning round to the Bench.

"Well, yes—no; that can't be made  
of india-rubber, Brother Blum," jocose-  
ly ventured the presiding magistrate—  
at which the whole Bench condescend-  
ed to laugh.

Here each man of law turned to his  
neighbor and engaged in solemn con-  
ference for the space of five minutes.

"Fellow, what have you to say for  
yourself?" at last ejaculated the mag-  
istrate.

"I'm not the man," croaked the cul-  
prit, in a hoarse tone.

"What? does he say he's not a  
man? Then who are you, pray?  
The devil, I suppose."

"If I were, you can't sustain this  
charge against me. You have failed  
in your identity."

"Identity! Who can identify the  
devil, I should like to know?"

"Your worship, I can," ventured the  
schoolmaster.

"Who answers? Let him stand  
forth and take the oath. Now, what  
do you know about the devil?"

"I saw him at \*\*\*\*\* on the night  
in question, and smelt his sulphur. I  
thought, at one time, it was only a  
thief's trick; but, seeing him delivered  
into custody, with my own eyes, as red  
as a boiled lobster, and coming out of  
it as blue as an unboiled one, I am ir-  
resistibly led to the conclusion that he  
was, and is, one and the same devil,  
and no other."

"Your worship, allow me to call  
your attention to the charge before the  
court. We are trying the prisoner at  
the bar, and not the devil. We are  
identifying the thief, and not the devil,"  
interrupted the clerk.

"Well, if this fellow's not the thief,  
then he's the evil one?"

"Yes; but supposing, your worship,  
you could prove his identification as  
such; we have no charge against that  
personage."

"That's true, and that's law," re-  
joined his worship.

"Have you examined his cell care-  
fully, and his clothes?"

"Thoroughly," replied the gaoler;  
"his cloak is blue—his vest is blue—  
his shirt is blue—his pantaloons are  
blue—his stockings are blue—his shoes  
are blue—the buckles are blue—and  
his skin, even, is blue."

Thoroughly puzzled, the learned magnates once more turned to each other for another conference.

"What's that you've just found in his vest pocket?" said the would-be keen-eyed judge.

"A small blue morocco case, your worship."

"Open it."

All arose from their seats, and undignifiedly crowded around the officer.

"Open it, I say!"

"I can't."

"Smash it."

The culprit touched a spring, and out flew a pair of blue spectacles.

"Defend us!" whispered the clerk; "'tis the devil. 'Twere best to rid us of him."

"Gentlemen, take your places. The Judge is about to address you," bawled one of the officers.

"Gentlemen of the jury, I would not detain you with a long speech, if my pipe were allowed; but since the worthy Bench, by their unanimous vote, have prohibited all smoking, I do not see how we shall become capable of arriving at the truth of this matter. If the man before you is the Satan of old, and we were all allowed to take our pipes, we should soon discover his true characteristics, for his atmosphere, as you all know, is smoke. Now, not being allowed this privilege, we see him disguised in an atmosphere not his own, and therefore he is, you see, another man than what he really is; and being another man than that he appears to be before us, which is proved, on oath, by our worthy parish school-master and sexton, we are unable to identify any part of him as being the culprit who stole this good man's money and frightened him out of his nine senses. The law is clearly laid down, that we should give every man his due. Now, although it were proved that this man is the devil, the law is plain, that we should 'give the devil his due;' and thus I dismiss the case: The prisoner is discharged, with this admonition—never to appear among

us again. If he dare do so, we assure him we will play the very dickens with him."

The records of this droll affair state that this was nothing but the exploit of a poor conjuror, whose stale tricks were insufficient to procure him a livelihood. The change of attire from red to blue was effected by simply turning them inside out, each garment being a double one. His legs, which the affrighted officers of the law omitted at first to examine, were nothing more than mere elongations of wood, serving the purpose of stilts, the use of which the conjuror knew to be of great assistance in his various disguises. His wonderful steed, that so frightened the man of hay, was supplied with the gift of speech by his art of ventriloquism.

"Music fills my soul with sadness  
Still I fondly love its strain;  
Once it brought me joy and gladness,  
Now it seems to bring me pain;  
'Tis because that link is broken;  
Friends no more in chorus join;  
Music is the only token  
Of the joys that once were mine."

GENTILITY is neither in birth, wealth, manner nor fashion—but in mind. A high sense of honor, a determination never to take a mean advantage of another, an adherence to truth, delicacy and politeness towards those with whom we have dealings, are its essential characteristics.

Great men never *swell*. It is only your 'three cent individuals' who are salaried at the rate of two hundred dollars a year, and dine on potatoes and dried herring, who put on airs and flashy waistcoats, *swell*, puff, blow, and endeavor to give themselves a consequential appearance. No discriminating person need ever mistake the spurious for the genuine article. The difference between the two is as great as that between a barrel of vinegar and a bottle of the pure juice of the grape.

## MY DAUGHTER ELLA.

Across the beauty of this cloudless night,  
Let not the Raven, Sorrow, wing his flight,  
Upon my heart breaks in a blissful dream  
Of purest joy and love; thou art the theme  
And sweet inspirer of my muse's strain,  
Ella, my daughter, Ella, once again,  
Dear Ella, let me hear thy cherished name  
Sweeter than sound than any earthly fame  
And thou art absent from thy father's arm  
Away, with all thy dear and artless charm  
The love-light radiance of thy beaming eye  
Filled with beauty that may surely vie  
With all things lovely, shines not now on  
Yet still my heart that holy light can see  
And hear the music of thy gentle voice,  
In tones that make thy father's heart rejoice  
Entwined around thy father's heart and  
My greatest blessing from a source divine

'Tis sad to think my home is far from  
That home a pure and ever cherished  
Where kindred hearts in sweetest bliss  
Dwell,  
And love's pure raptures our fond  
Still shall our memories hold the joys  
Those joys from which we never  
room;  
By absence saddened, yet again we'll

## KATE LANSING.

BY PERDITA.

"I tell you, dearest, it is  
use talking. Ere another m  
waned I shall be on my way  
fornia," were the words address  
young widow to her sister, so  
her senior, and also a widow  
sat in their humble dwelling a  
light home."

"Oh, never think of such  
was the reply; "all that I ha  
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hazardous is to one of your de  
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 Sweeter the sound than any earthly fame;  
 And thou art absent from thy father's arms,  
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 The love-lit radiance of thy beaming eye,  
 Filled with a beauty that may surely vie  
 With all things lovely, shines not now on me,  
 Yet still my heart that holy light can see,  
 And hear the music of thy gentle voice,  
 In tones that make thy father's heart rejoice.  
 Entwined around thy father's heart and thine,  
 My greatest blessing from a source divine.

'Tis sad to think my home is far from thine,  
 That home a pure and ever cherished shrine,  
 Where kindred hearts in sweetest bliss might  
 dwell, [swell,  
 And love's pure raptures our fond bosoms  
 Still shall our memories hold the joys of home,  
 Those joys from which we never sought to  
 roam;  
 By absence saddened, yet again we'll meet—

The loved once more, once more with kisses  
 greet;  
 And words of welcome from the heart's deep  
 mine,  
 Restore us to a happiness divine.

My God, to Thee alone would I commend,  
 My cherished one; Thou, more than earthly  
 friend,  
 Or father, brother, sister, be more dear,  
 Unto her heart, Our Father, and more near,  
 Thy boundless love, Thy never-ceasing care,  
 Save her from sin, and may its dark despair,  
 No'er fill her soul, and may no bitter woes,  
 E'er wring her heart with sorrow's fearful  
 throes;  
 Let not earth's idols in her heart's pure shrine,  
 Banish Thy Presence and Thy Love Divine;  
 May every blessing on her steps attend,  
 Thy Wisdom guide her and Thy Love defend;  
 She hears each morn and eve the sacred  
 prayer,

Ascend from the domestic altar, where  
 She now is dwelling, Oh may it unite  
 Her heart to Thee, and with a heavenly light,  
 Make radiant all her life's most devious way,  
 And lead her to the realms of perfect day.

W. H. D.

OAKLAND, CAL., Oct. 1866.

KATE LANSING.

BY PERDITA.

"I tell you, dearest, it is of no  
 use talking. Ere another moon has  
 waned I shall be on my way to Cali-  
 fornia," were the words addressed by a  
 young widow to her sister, somewhat  
 her senior, and also a widow, as they  
 sat in their humble dwelling at the twi-  
 light hour.

"Oh, never think of such a step,"  
 was the reply; "all that I have urged  
 against it is not a circumstance to what  
 I can urge. Think for one moment that  
 the change of climate alone will be  
 hazardous to one of your delicate con-  
 stitution."

"Ha! ha! ha! fuss and nonsense,  
 sister; any change must be for good.  
 Have you forgotten the cold, dreary  
 winter, from which we are but just

emerging, that has been severe enough,  
 almost, to freeze the milk of human  
 kindness in the warmest breast? I  
 have not forgotten it, nor yet how hard  
 it has been to do without wood in this  
 beautiful climate of ours."

"Sister, do not jest; consider the  
 inconvenience and dangers to which  
 you will be exposed."

"The dangers, my sister, are all in  
 your imagination. The Isthmus is the  
 worst part of the route; but remember  
 that, in addition to being a good horse-  
 woman, I shall have the advantage of  
 riding *a mode de l'homme*. My cos-  
 tume you shall see; it fits exactly, and  
 is exceedingly becoming. I almost  
 fell in love with myself in the glass."

"Sister, lay aside frivolity, and re-  
 ally consider what you are about."

"Consider! why, I have considered.  
 I am going to California to make a

fortune. Do not shake your head. 'Aim high' is my motto, if you do alight in the dust; and I aim to free not myself alone, but you, from this galling poverty. I would see your children plentifully fed; I would see them educated as becomes the descendants of revolutionary heroes; I would see your face free from that pallid, anxious, overtaken look. I can do nothing here. It was but yesterday Mr. Searl sent me a package of shirts to make, with word that I must make them for twelve cents apiece. When he gave me fifteen cents before, and labor as hard as I could, it was all that I could do to live. God knows I am not thoughtless nor heartless. See, I have even parted with my wedding ring, the gift of my sainted husband, to buy medicines for my sick, dying babe. To me this, the home of my early years, is but the land of buried hopes, visions of a happy childhood, surrounded not only by the comforts but the luxuries of life, my footsteps watched and tended by the best of mothers, my wants more than supplied by a most indulgent father, and these ever haunt me now. Oh, how were my childish sorrows soothed by their ever ready sympathy; oh, how I remember what stimulus their words of encouragement gave, to my childish heart. And then there was our younger brother, the bright-faced, happy fellow, who gathered all the broken china to deck my play-house with. And when dolls and play-houses were laid aside, and hard lessons had to be learned, there was one who explained and made those lessons easy to me, and afterwards took me home from school on his own hands; and then, in after years, how many an hour we spent together beneath the old elm tree. Every thing reminds me of the happy season of early womanhood; here are the very paths we used to tread; there are the books we used to read; the memory of his kind and manly voice is with me still. Then, too, I found that I had learned a new lesson, for I had learned

to love. Years rolled by. I will not speak of our joyous wedding, nor the trembling benediction of our kind old father, nor the blessing of my mother, as her tears fell fast and hot upon my head. A short season of happiness was ours, such as our first parents might have enjoyed in the garden of Eden ere they sinned, and then the cup of happiness was dashed from my lips. Death, the destroyer, came upon my track; father, mother, brother, husband—oh, sister, where are they? and my darling little one, whose eyes never saw her father's face, where, too, is she? Last winter I laid her in the cold, cold earth—the snow her coverlid. What have I left save you, my sister? Oh, is not this, then, a land of buried hopes to me?"

"Too true, alas! you have suffered much for one so young. Forgive, dearest sister, my calling you thoughtless. But am not I also bereft?—and if you leave me, what shall I do?"

"I leave you but to come again with relief for you and your children."

"Oh, my sister, California is no place for a lady; you are young and delicate; your face is fair, and you will be exposed to dangers you dream not of."

"I fear no danger. Where my country's flag floats, there am I safe; every star upon her ample folds is to me a star of hope, and every stripe reminds me of the sufferings, the patience and fortitude of our forefathers. Sister, their blood is coursing now within my veins—not sluggishly, but with all the energy which once was theirs; 'tis nerving me for duty. I must go."

"You may be taken sick, perhaps may die, far away among strangers. Then will the world be to me desolate indeed."

"Why, I cannot die; I almost feel that I have an insurance on my life till I have accomplished the object before me; besides, death comes not to those who long for it, but to those whose ties to earth are many and

strong—who have ever for; such is not my case.

"Sister, I can say no will go, may God bless you."

"Bravo! spoken like sister. I have no more in words, for my preparation yet complete, and in steamer leaves."

"So soon!" fell from elder sister; but she not, for she was already in the bustle of preparation.

We will not follow Lansing, through the her journey, nor will the sad parting with left New York in acquaintance. A been to California family, was now on to the golden land, cast with theirs.

The journey from pinwall was as months always are, at in the height of the journey across the attempt to describe it in that early days; to those who convey an adequate

At Panama the eral days; and we on board the steamer way, sickness followed night several cases ever broke out. ning of perils, for dreadful disease part of the ship-tacked were killed.

You should have young and girl over one touch other. How and tended those vain. She saw her protectors—husband, and committed to the deep. Kito w

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"I leave you but to come again with me, for you and your children?"

"No, my sister, California is no longer a lady; you are young and beautiful; your face is fair, and you are not exposed to dangers you dream of. I fear no danger. Where my father's flag floats, there am I safe; my star upon her ample fold is to me a star of hope, and every stripe reminds me of the sufferings, the patience and fortitude of our forefathers. Sister, your blood is coursing now within my veins—not sluggishly, but with all the energy which once was theirs; 'tis my duty to go. I must go." "You may be taken sick, perhaps die, far away among strangers. What will the world be to me, desolate as it will be?"

"Why, I cannot die; I almost feel I have an insurance on my life. I have accomplished the object before me; besides, death comes not to those who long for it, but to those whose ties to earth are many and

strong—who have every thing to live for; such is not my case."

"Sister, I can say no more. If you will go, may God bless and prosper you."

"Bravo! spoken like my own true sister. I have no more time to waste in words, for my preparations are not yet complete, and in ten days the steamer leaves."

"So soon!" fell from the lips of the elder sister; but the younger heard it not, for she was already engaged in the bustle of preparation.

We will not follow our heroine, Kate Lansing, through the preparations for her journey, nor will we intrude upon the sad parting with her sister. She left New York in company with some acquaintances. A gentleman who had been to California and returned for his family, was now on his way with them to the golden land, and Kate's lot was cast with theirs.

The journey from New York to Aspinwall was as monotonous as sea voyages always are, and she arrived there in the height of the rainy season. Her journey across the Isthmus I need not attempt to describe; those who crossed it in that early day well know its perils; to those who did not, no pen can convey an adequate idea.

At Panama they were delayed several days; and when at last they went on board the steamer, to pursue their way, sickness followed them. The first night several cases of the Panama fever broke out. This was the beginning of perils, for in a few days this dreadful disease had spread to every part of the ship. Among the first attacked were Kate's friends.

You should have seen her then; her young and girlish form bending first over one couch of pain and then another. How anxiously she watched and tended those sick friends—alas, in vain. She saw the lifeless forms of her protectors—first, the wife, then the husband, and finally their child—all committed to the bosom of the terrible deep. Kate was alone; she felt that

she was alone; yet she sank not, but, like an angel of mercy, she passed from couch to couch, ministering to the afflicted. It mattered not where sickness and suffering were, whether in the steerage or the cabin, there was Kate Lansing to be found, giving medicine to one, nourishment to another, consolation to a third, and bathing the burning brow and parched lips of a fourth. It was no wonder that they felt comforted when they saw her coming, or that they greeted her, and spoke of her, as "the kind lady." In this work of womanly devotedness, twenty-one days passed away, before reaching the entrance to the long looked for and welcome harbor of San Francisco. The sense of her loneliness pressed heavily upon her heart, and she retired to her room to pray that she might be preserved from all danger, and guided in her future course, earnestly committing herself to His care and keeping, who had promised to be "a husband to the widow and a father to the fatherless." Hastily arranging her toilet, she went upon deck to take a first view of San Francisco, just as they were rapidly nearing the end of Long wharf. This wharf was full of anxious faces, eagerly looking for loved ones expected to arrive by that steamer. As Kate looked upon all that vast multitude of human beings, and felt that there was no one to look for her—no one to take her by the hand and say, welcome to California—a heart-sickening feeling crept over her, and she retired to her room, determined to wait till the press of the crowd was over and the Captain was at leisure, and then seek from him advice as to her future course. Kate had not waited long before the crowd had nearly all dispersed. Night was fast coming on, and she began to feel uneasy, when a light tap at her state-room door arrested her attention.

"Excuse me, madam," said a manly voice, which she recognized at once as belonging to one of the passengers whom she had nursed on shipboard. "I know that you have lost your friends

on the passage, and have come to say, that if I can assist you to find your friends here, it would afford me pleasure."

"I thank you, sir," said Kate, "but I have no friends. Those I lost by the fever were all I had to depend upon in this country; now I am alone."

"I am very sorry to hear it, Madam, but surely I can do something to serve you. Do not fear to let me know if I can; I have a sister myself at home. You may trust me as you would a brother; for Californians, though sometimes rough and coarse among themselves, know how to treat a lady respectfully, and as gentlemen should; and am I not already deeply indebted to you for your kind care while I was tossing in the delirium of that dreadful fever?"

"Do not mention it," said Kate, "but if you can inform me of some hotel or boarding-house where I can put up for the present and feel safe, it would oblige me very much."

"Surely, that I will do with pleasure," said the stranger; "fortunately I am acquainted here with a widow lady who keeps a private boarding-house. With her you will be well provided and cared for. California is my home, although business called me to New York, from whence I have, as you know, but just returned, so that I speak from personal knowledge."

The manly and courteous candor of the stranger induced Kate to accept his proffered services, and on arriving there she found it all that it had been represented to be.

Fortunately there were several lady boarders in the house, and whose eyes were attracted by Kate's neatly fitting and well made dresses.

"I wish I had a dress which fitted me as neatly as yours does you," said one of the ladies, addressing Kate, as they left the breakfast room one morning.

"Perhaps I could fit you one," said Kate.

"Oh! if you would I should be so

delighted," said the lady, "for there is no one here who makes a dress that will set well, and I never could do any thing of that kind myself."

In few words Kate informed her that she would be glad of any sewing she could get to do, as it was by her own exertions that she expected to live.

The dresses were made as desired, and she succeeded in giving perfect satisfaction. Work crowded in upon her, and as she sewed very fast and was then paid thirty dollars for making a plain dress, she began to make money rapidly, and wrote to her sister "that she could hardly realize that she had ever made shirts for fifteen cents each."

A year sped on, and Kate by her untiring industry had prospered well, and now kept a little store of her own, so that, together with her labor and the profits on her goods, she realized a handsome income. She was already worth more than even in her wildest dreams she had dared to hope for, and had sent money to her sister, which gave her the satisfaction of knowing that her wants were also provided for.

One evening as she entered the parlor of her boarding-house, (for she still lived at the same house) there were several strangers present, to whom Kate paid no attention, till one of them suddenly rising, said:

"Kate! surely this is Kate Lansing." She looked up, and a wild scream of joy escaped her. It was Ned Lee, an old school-mate, and a neighbour's son—the first familiar face she had met in California. The hours of that evening flew quickly by, as they recounted the reminiscences of childhood, and the events of the past few years, in which Mr. Lee learned for the first time, of Kate's widowhood. For two years he had been in the mines, and beside having accumulated a moderate fortune, was now the owner of some of the richest claims in one of the best mining localities of the State. Need we say, too, that now, life in California seemed more cheery to Kate than before, for now she had a friend to speak

to—one who had known her & knew her in the sunny days of childhood and prosperity.

After rather a prolonged stay in San Francisco, Mr. Lee returned to the mines; but his visits to the city were much more frequent than in former times, and some of the old miners noticed him, and enquired if he were engaged in some "prospecting expedition" to San Francisco; or, having "found a piece of good luck" in the heart of some fair lady, observing too, with a knowing look, that something was in the wind.

Four years have rolled away since the commencement of our story, and we take a peep into one of those mansions on S— street, which are furnished elegantly. The luxuries of every clime seem to be there in the richest profusion. Some friends have gathered in to spend the evening, and may consider ourselves as of a little and select company.

The lady has just seated herself at the piano, and a gentleman has taken up the flute, in clear and bird-like tones, and the party have taken their places, and ranged their partners for a dance, but, just as they are commencing the loud booming of a cannon announces the arrival of the steamer from the Atlantic States. Every one looks out of the window with a thrill of excitement generated when such a sound resounds through the city, especially among the passengers.

"It is the steamer!" now the lady lip to lip, as a sympathetic excitement passes, like an electric current, from heart to heart, as they do, that Mrs. Lee's sister by that very step now is hastily laid down, and the tones of the piano are hushed, and Mr. Lee makes an apology for leaving that gentleman



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 resided in San Francisco knows the  
 thrill of excitement generally experi-  
 enced when such a sound reverberates  
 through the city, especially those who  
 are expecting some dear old friend  
 among the passengers.

"It is the steamer!" now leaps from  
 lip to lip, as a sympathetic feeling of  
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 flute now is hastily laid aside; the  
 tones of the piano are immediately  
 hushed, and Mr. Lee makes a hasty  
 apology for leaving that gay and hap-

py circle, to receive and welcome her  
 to California.

"Oh, how impatience gains upon the soul  
 When the long promised hour of joy draws  
 near!  
 How slow the tardy moments seem to roll!"

But the exciting suspense of expect-  
 ation is soon ended, for a carriage is  
 at the door, and in a few moments they  
 are in each other's arms. We will  
 now turn our eyes away from that  
 scene of tenderness and affection, for  
 the embraces and kisses of glad-  
 ness and welcome, that are so sponta-  
 neously springing from the gushing  
 fullness of their overjoyed hearts, is too  
 sacred for our gaze.

It is enough to know that, after so  
 long a separation, they have again met  
 on the shores of the beautiful Pacific;  
 and surrounded by every comfort that  
 affection could anticipate or wealth  
 supply, they often recur to their  
 past of suffering and trial, to contrast  
 it with the enjoyments of the present.  
 And as they sit and chat the joyous  
 hours away, or Kate and her husband,  
 with parental pride, tell of the winning  
 ways of their "first born," as he crows  
 and struggles to free himself from the  
 nurse's arms, let us take our leave, with  
 the pleasing knowledge that there are  
 happy hearts and homes in California.

THERE'S MUSIC.

There's music in the gushing fount  
 That springs from earth with sparkling  
 In quiet flowing meadow brooks [stream,  
 Which glisten in the morning beam.  
 There's music in the sunset hour,  
 When fade the fleecy clouds away,  
 And evening zephyrs softly breathe  
 The requiem of dying day.

When the deep heaven's expanse of blue  
 Is sparkling with the gems of night,  
 Music is faintly falling down,  
 With star-gleams poured in silver light;  
 It lifts the soul from things of earth,  
 While o'er the spirit softly stealing,  
 Subduing each unholy thought,  
 And chastening every earthly feeling.

S\*\*\*

SAN FRANCISCO, Oct., 20th, 1856.

## Juvenile Department.

### ALWAYS BE GRATEFUL.

"How long you staid away, mother, and I am so sick; this pillow is so hard; Papa and sister don't know how to take good care of me, as you do. I wish you would never leave me again, until I get quite well."

These were the fretful words addressed by little Henry Gray to his mother, as she re-entered his room, after an absence of about half an hour.

"Do not fret, my son," said the kind mother, as she seated herself by the bedside, and gently passed her cool hands over Henry's feverish brow. "I do not like to see you indulge this fretful disposition. I fear you forget to be thankful to the good God who has given you so many blessings, and so many kind friends to love and take care of you. Look about this room, my son; is it not furnished with everything to make you happy? Is not the carpet soft and beautiful? When you look at its gay flowers you may almost think yourself in a beautiful garden. The chairs with their soft, red cushions, seem to invite you to them; the table almost groans under the weight of pretty toys and elegant books; even your little Canary, outside the window, seems to call upon you to join him in his song of thankfulness."

"I don't care for any of them, mother," replied the wayward boy; "I don't like the room, nor anything in it; I don't like to be sick, and take nasty medicine, and lie in this old bed all day."

"I know, my child, it is not pleasant to be sick, but it is sometimes necessary, and then we should try to be as patient as we can. Shall I tell you where I went when I left you this morning? You remember little Johnny Davis, whose mother died last month, and who lives in the little shanty at the end of the lane?"

"O, yes, mother, I remember."

"Well, my son, I went to see him;

he is very sick, much sicker than you are, and his father is very poor, so that he has to go away to work, every day, and that leaves little Johnny quite alone, all day, unless some kind neighbor happens in to see him. Poor little fellow, how glad he looked to see me this morning when I went in, and how he thanked me for an old coverlid which I took over to cover him with, for Johnny has no nice bed like yours, with soft, warm blankets to cover him, nor any nice pillow to lay his little hot and aching head upon—some coarse straw thrown loose upon the hard floor, is all the bed he has, and his little torn pants are his only pillow. The room is bare and dirty; an old box turned upside-down, answers in place of a chair; the stove is a broken, rusty, old thing, and looks as if it had not had a fire in it for many a day. That, with the pine table which his mother used to keep so nice and white, but which is now black and dirty, is all the furniture the house contains, except a few pieces of broken delf. Johnny has no kind sister to wait upon him, while his father is absent; no one to give him medicine to make him well, no kind mother to make him nice gruel, or bathe his little hot hands and face. There he lays, all day, alone, neglected and very dirty; his little flaxen ringlets which used to look so nice, when his mother was alive are now a tangled mass. When I went there this morning, I took that toast which you said was not "fit to eat;" you ought to have seen how eagerly he ate it, only stopping to say "it was very good of you to bring me nice toast to eat. Dear mamma used to make me toast, but since she died I haven't had any." I took some water and washed his hands and face, and as I did so, the tears came into his eyes. he said "Oh, your hands seem so like my poor dear mamma's, but, she is dead, and can never wash her little Johnny's face and hands any more." I tried to

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### A FAIRY WEDDING.

"O, then I see, Queen Mab hath b  
—Shakespeare.

Come join your hands and hie with  
A fairy wedding you shall see;  
Come sit ye down upon the grass,  
And see the pigmy pageant pass;  
First, drink this draught, while I u  
Will put upon this fairy dell.

Here comes my lady Emmet, gay,  
Grashoppers chaunting, line the way  
She's seated in an acorn shell,  
Joined to daisy wheels so well,  
And by such perfect mimic art,  
No earthly genius can impart.

Her earwig steeds are swift in pace;  
Her cobweb reins she holds with grace  
Her whip, a trophy of yon plain—  
A spider's leg—in battle slain;  
Her guards, red-coated lady birds,  
Advance in order, close in herds;

Now see them how they form in lines,  
And how their dotted armor shines,  
And whither does she drive away—  
To yon green hillock bright and gay.  
The fairies bid the zephyrs blow,  
The har-bells joining are not slow,  
And merry peals ring one, two, three,  
To lead the great festivity.

Meanwhile, the pigmy fairies rove,  
And sit about through vale and grove;  
Gathering dainties rich and rare,  
To make a sumptuous bill of fare.  
Toler a tent-convolvulus white,  
Larded to keep out of sight

## Department.

very sick, much sicker than you and his father is very poor, so that he has to go away to work, every day, which leaves little Johnny quite alone all day, unless some kind neighbor happens in to see him. Poor little Johnny, how glad he looked to see me this morning when I went in, and how he thanked me for an old coverlid which I took over to cover him with, for Johnny has no nice bed like yours, no soft, warm blankets to cover him, no nice pillow to lay his little hot aching head upon—some coarse rags thrown loose upon the hard floor, and the bed he has, and his little torn rags are his only pillow. The room is dark and dirty; an old box turned upside-down, answers in place of a chair; the stove is a broken, rusty old thing, and looks as if it had not had a fire in it for many a day. That, with a pine table which his mother used to keep so nice and white, but which is now black and dirty, is all the furniture the house contains, except a few pieces of broken delf. Johnny has no kind mother to wait upon him, while his father is absent; no one to give him medicine to make him well, no kind mother to give him nice gruel, or bathe his little hands and face. There he lays, all alone, neglected and very dirty; his little flaxen ringlets which used to be so nice, when his mother was alive, are now a tangled mass. When I went there this morning, I took that little piece which you said was not "fit to eat," you ought to have seen how lowly he ate it, only stopping to say "it was very good of you to bring me this toast to eat. Dear mamma used to make me toast, but since she died I haven't had any." I took some water and washed his hands and face, and as I did so, the tears came into his eyes. He said "Oh, your hands seem so like my poor dear mamma's, but, she is dead, and I can never wash her little Johnny's hands and hands any more." I tried to

sooth his feelings, by talking to him a few moments, promising to see him soon again, and hastened home to you, my son. Oh, what a contrast there is between your happy home, and his miserable and uncomfortable shanty. You have everything to make you happy; he has nothing, but his contented spirit and his sweet, submissive disposition."

"Mother, I see that I have been a naughty, thankless boy. I will try to be more patient, in future: and spare you often, to go and see little Johnny, and please take him some of my nice things, every time." CARRIE D.

## A FAIRY WEDDING.

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Come join your hands and hie with me,  
A Fairy wedding you shall see;  
Come sit ye down upon the grass,  
And see the pigmy pageant pass;—  
First, drink this draught, while I a spell  
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Here comes my lady Enmet, gay,  
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And whither does she drive away—  
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The hair-bells joining are not slow,  
But merry peals ring one, two, three,  
To lead the great festivity.  
Meanwhile, the pigmy fairies rove,  
And slit about through vale and grove;  
Gathering dainties rich and rare,  
To make a sumptuous bill of fare.  
Under a tont-convolvulus white,  
Inverted to keep out of sight

The vulgar gazing of the crowd,  
Who rent the air with huzzas loud;  
Her carriage stops; and my lord ant,  
Who waits almost with bosom faint,  
Helps her alight with graceful hand;  
While crickets guards, with all their band,  
Strike up a merry, chirping strain,—  
My lady bows and smiles again,—  
Lord ant, for her, thanks them aloud,  
And makes a speech above the crowd.  
Now to the feast:—On mushroom's spread—  
Grown in one night, where fairies tread—  
A gossamer table-cloth is placed,  
Whereon the fairies show their taste.  
Some tiny seeds, both ripe and good,  
A strawberry fresh, from neighboring wood,  
A giant grain-choice of the field,  
By fairy arts already peel'd;  
Nectar, pressed by fairy hand  
From honeysuckles of their land;  
Some tiny drops of fragrant dew,  
Which lillies oft display to view,  
And which the fairies have distilled,  
And every moss-seed-bottle filled.  
Now a huge beetle from his hole,  
In shining surplice black as coal,  
Is summoned to perform the rite  
And make them one.—A solemn sight.—  
After the cloth's from table cleft,  
The crowd now feast on what is left:  
See how they scramble, push and crowd.  
Hear how they hum and whiz aloud.  
But now, a moth the signal giving,  
All's hushed as though no one were living—  
The happy pair ascend the car—  
'Tis growing late, their home is far—  
With the loud huzza, and one cheer more  
Proclaims the solemn rite is o'er.  
The glow-worms light them on their way,  
The fairies guide 'till break of day,  
And watch, until they're out of sight,  
Then wish them all "good night," "good  
night."

MARIAN.

SAN FRANCISCO, Oct. 20th, 1856.

There are more elements of success  
in the single beat of a stout heart, than  
in all that this or the other can say or  
do. If you want to get along and be  
good-looking, smart and well off as any-  
body, don't be afraid.

## Literary Notices.

*Arctic Explorations*—The second Grinnell Expedition, in search of Sir John Franklin, in the years 1853, '54, '55—By ELISHA KENT KANE, M. D., U. S. N. 2 Vols. Childs & Peterson, Philadelphia.

We acknowledge, with pleasure, the perusal of an advance copy of this very interesting and beautifully illustrated work of Dr. Kane's, through Mr. H. B. Naulty, (the Agent for California.) We have never read a book with greater interest. The winning and noble-hearted simplicity of the author is only exceeded by his modesty. Without any apparent effort, he takes the reader unconsciously into his confidence, and tells him of the perils, duties, hardships, fatigues, and wonderful deliverances that he and his brave band have passed through, during their arduous labors in the Arctic Sea. Every scene is pictured with the brilliancy and beauty of a life sketch; every premonition is faithfully recorded; and even the conversations of his men in the hour of trial, are sometimes related with a candor that almost thrills, as you listen to the deeply interesting narrative. The illustrations (about three hundred in number) are beautifully drawn and well engraved—many of them on steel—and we know of no book that could be more suitable for a Christmas present, than these volumes.

*A Hunter's Life among Lions, Elephants and other Wild Animals of South Africa*—Two volumes in one—By RANALEYN GORDON CUMMING. With an Introduction by BAYARD TAYLOR. Derby & Jackson, New York.

Bayard Taylor has done the public good service by laying this publication before the American people. Cumming is the man of his day. Just fancy, reader, a young fellow born to such a position as to make life a plaything, suddenly leaving home, friends, profession, (all honorable) to vagabondize, as they call it, in the woods and wilds of Africa. Blessed with such a person as he possesses,

(we know him well) he might have been the admired of all admirers of the courtly drawing room; but he preferred a rough exterior, and the fragrance of a desert, to the white kids and rose water of the saloon. It is said that his family have discarded him, since he commenced showman. Be it so; his name will be handed down to posterity when theirs will be but engraven, may be, on the cold unnoticed slab of marble. He goes to a lion hunt, (see his midnight interview with six of them at once) with as much sang froid as we would do to a rabbit shooting; chases an elephant as we would a hare; and sticks a rhinoceros as we would a tame pig. To make an extract from such a book, would be like placing before our readers, a wafer slice of a fifty pound water melon, on a burning summer day. The book must be read and placed in every library.

*The Island of Cuba*—By ALEXANDER HUMBOLDT.

The name of the author alone recommends the work. It is an excellent text book of information concerning the Island of Cuba. Its political importance, physical aspect, climate, population, sugar and tobacco culture, agriculture, commerce, internal communication, revenue, are all well described. But Humboldt does not do things by the halves. Never shall we forget the enthusiasm manifested by the students of Gottenberg, when their university was opened by him. His cloak was taken and torn into pieces no larger than a dollar, and distributed among themselves, to keep as a memento of the man; and when the venerable old traveler was told of their purpose, the big tears rolled down the furrows of his noble face, and the deep feeling almost choked his utterance. When he addressed them, in the presence of one of the most august and numerous assemblies the world ever witnessed, you could hear distinctly the slow measured ticking of the hall clock. *Derby & Jackson, N. Y.*, are the enterprising publishers.

EDITORS

Editor's

Our list may be numerous, and much has  
of our own desire, and no doubt are  
our countrymen that to reach in our per-  
and cool; but we must say, that the sum of  
we don't acknowledge as included  
in the number.

In the many times extended to us from  
our source, gave us no satisfaction, we  
should think that the blood-pump within us  
in severity of the directed name of heart,  
and consequently, incurred a premature death  
and burial at our hands, "with a spig of  
holy" through it; therefore, we cannot al-  
gether endorse the sentiments of "The Locust-  
tree Times," when he says,

"How to him who self-complete and brave,  
In vain can carve his pathway to the grave,  
Let being nought of what men think or say,  
Make his own breast his world upon the way."

For, although we said in our introductory,  
that we have no expectation of pleasing  
every one, for the simple reason that we are  
human, yet to know that our imperfect la-  
bors have a cheering and elevating influence,  
falls gratefully upon our heart, and we know  
that friends will excuse us for publishing such  
an encouraging letter—among many—as the  
following:

SPRINGFIELD, Oct. 4, 1856.

MR. EDITOR:—Dear Sir,—The fourth num-  
ber of your valuable Magazine has just reached  
us, in the mountainous regions of old Tuo-  
lume; and, permit me, as one of its readers,  
to say, that it has already become a welcome  
messenger among the miners in this section,  
and is fast winning its way to popular favor.  
Having received and read all the number-  
which have been issued, I speak advisedly,  
when I say, it is a sure specific against the  
cares and troubles which afflict the miner  
during his "idle hours." It is a solace to the  
weary and wounded spirit of the disappointed  
and unfortunate, who will read, *con amore*, its  
interesting pages. It has been said in the  
utilitarian spirit of the present age, that he  
who makes "two spears of grass to grow, when  
only one grew before," is a benefactor to the  
human race; but, how much more is he en-  
titled to that honorable distinction, who by  
his labors in the Republic of Letters, is enabled



otices.

now him well) he might have been the  
 ed of all admirers of the court; draw-  
 om; but he preferred a rough superior,  
 he fragrance of a desert, to the white  
 nd rose water of the saloon. He said  
 is family have disordered him; so he  
 enced showman. Be it so; his name  
 e handed down to posterity with his  
 e but engraven, may be, on the old  
 d slab of marble. He goes to a lion  
 (see his midnight interview with six of  
 at once) with as much sang from us  
 do to a rabbit shooting; chase an ele-  
 as we would a hare; and stick a rhin-  
 as we would a tame pig. To make an  
 t from such a book, would be like  
 g before our readers, a water slice of a  
 ound water melon, on a burning sum-  
 ny. The book must be read and placed  
 ry library.

Island of Cuba—By ALEXANDER HUM-  
 DR.

The name of the author alone recommends  
 work. It is an excellent text book of in-  
 tion concerning the Island of Cuba. Its  
 eal importance, physical aspect, climate,  
 ation, sugar and tobacco culture, agri-  
 e, commerce, internal communication,  
 ue, are all well described. But Hum-  
 does not do things by the halves.  
 shall we forget the enthusiasm mani-  
 by the students of Gottenberg, when  
 iversity was opened by him. His  
 was taken and torn into pieces no larger  
 a dollar, and distributed among them-  
 s, to keep as a memento of the man:  
 hen the venerable old traveler was told  
 ir purpose, the big tears rolled down  
 arrows of his noble face, and the deep  
 g almost choked his utterance. When  
 dressed them, in the presence of one or  
 ost august and numerous assemblies the  
 ever witnessed, you could hear distinctly  
 ow measured ticking of the wall clock.  
 y & Jackson, N. Y., are the enterprising  
 shers.

Editor's Table.

Our sins may be numerous, and much lar-  
 ger than we could desire, and no doubt are  
 oftener committed than to result in our per-  
 sonal good; but we must say, that the sin of  
 ingratitude we don't acknowledge as included  
 in the catalogue.

If the many favors extended to us, from  
 various sources, gave us no thankfulness, we  
 should think that the blood-pump within us  
 was unworthy of the dignified name of heart;  
 and, consequently, merited a premature death  
 and burial at our hands, "with a sprig of  
 holly" through it; therefore, we cannot alto-  
 gether endorse the sentiments of "The Youn-  
 ger Timon," when he says,

"Honor to him who self-complete and brave,  
 In scorn can carve his pathway to the grave,  
 And heeding naught of what men think or say,  
 Make his own breast his world upon the way."

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 who makes "two spears of grass to grow, where  
 only one grew before," is a benefactor to the  
 human race; but, how much more is he en-  
 titled to that honorable distinction, who by  
 his labors in the Republic of Letters, is enabled

to rob dull care of its hold on the mind,  
 though it be only for a season.

Before I received the last number of your  
 Magazine, my mind was sorely troubled. I  
 had been reflecting on the capriciousness of  
 fortune; I thought of the long weary months  
 since I came to the mines of California; of  
 the disappointments, hardships and trials, en-  
 countered in this El Dorado of the western  
 world; and care sat enthroned on my mind,  
 and, I realized the truth of what Burns wrote  
 years ago, in the fullness of his heart,

"Oh! Death, the poor man's friend,  
 The kindest and the best,  
 Welcome, the hour my weary limbs  
 Are laid with thee at rest."

In deep despondency I commenced reading  
 your Magazine, and care insensibly fled away,  
 and I was translated into the realms of ima-  
 gination—the world of "story and of song,"  
 —and, while treading its glittering shore in the  
 radiant light of the true, the beautiful and  
 good, I found many rare gems of thought and  
 sentiment, which imagination had scattered  
 from her "pictured urn," and, which possessed  
 the talismanic power of expelling sorrow from  
 my heart.

Wishing you, Mr. Editor, great success in  
 your valuable enterprise on the Pacific coast,  
 I will conclude for the present, and subscribe  
 myself,

Yours very sincerely,

SHADRACK.

When the exciting whirl of the Presiden-  
 tial election—now so near—is past, and our  
 friends and well wishers can think calmly  
 upon less exciting topics, we hope that they  
 will send us something interesting and in-  
 structive concerning California. We would  
 suggest to some of those who have favored  
 us with their contributions, that they make  
 their future ones as much as possible con-  
 nected with, or concerning California, so that  
 we may make our Magazine more than ever  
*Californian* in the matter and spirit of its con-  
 tents.

ANSWERS TO CONTRIBUTORS AND CORRES-  
 PONDENTS.

*Lines to my Inkstand.*—Are declined.

*P.*—Next month.

*Josiah P.*—We "guess" not.

*F. A.*—What an idea. If Jacob had been a Yankee he would certainly have taken out a patent for his ladder; and a valuable one it would have been too, to other people than himself; for, if they by any chance ever reach heaven, it must be by some uncommon route. Declined.

*Somnus.*—Yours is too characteristic of its title; for, like a long sermon, with little in it, makes the whole a sleepy affair.

*Tech.*—You were in luck to have a bed that you could "make yourself" in San Jose. Many would have been glad to have such a luxury, without complaining. By good fortune, and the kind hospitality of Col. G. and lady; and of the old pioneer Mr. B., we were well cared for; and in addition to the long remembrance of their kindness, we shall always be glad to "praise the boat that carries us over the stream." You shouldn't have been born unlucky! that's all.

*John O.*—Now in all candor what on earth is the use of healthy men, like you, going home? "broke," merely to stay awhile there broke, and after getting tired of being broke at home, make somebody else 'broke,' to raise the means to leave home broke, and when you again arrive here, still to feel that you are broke, and probably remain 'broke,' for some time afterwards. The sooner the current of your thoughts is "broke," the better will it be for *John O.*; for, after all, California is the best country in the world for a working man, and if capitalists will give their attention to canals, and have them economically built, our State would be the most prosperous one of the Union.

*Verdant.*—Has selected a very expressive signature to his "last," and "basest" imitation of "Hiawatha," we give the following quotation—only (!)

"Sing the song of Winter's breezes  
What they sang among the trees,  
Sang among the cheerless houses,  
Of the men who had no spouses:  
See a man  
With aspect dire,  
Sitting lonely  
By the fire,  
A mending of his trowse!"

We owe you a cold potato, friend G., for that piece—we do!

*Laura.*—Will you please write us something Californian; yours unfortunately is too far fetched, and of too local an application of the "far, far away."

*Sarah L.*—Your stanzas are very pretty, we shall try to find them a place.

"*My Heart weeps Blood.*"—Is very poor, and full of plagiarisms.

*G. V.*—Be sure you don't send your "Burning Thoughts of Love," to Miss M. before keeping them at least three months in an ice house. If peradventure you should "set her heart on fire," there is no other remedy known than marriage; therefore, be cautious with your kindlings.

*S. L.*—We have as good a pair of eyes as generally falls to the lot of one man, but we do not profess to read pieces sent us, that are written with water as a substitute for ink. Write plain, if you please.

*M. T., Orleans Flat.*—Yours, with several others received this month, would be excellent, if more carefully written. "Whatever is worth doing, is worth doing well,"—try it.

*Epitaph.*—Is informed that he must write better, before we can become his tombstone. Besides, our Magazine is for the living, and people generally are, like ourselves, in no particular hurry to see such shadowy fingers pointed at them as epitaphs.

*The Three Graces.*—We fear, would bring thrice as much disgrace upon us as credit, and far more than we deserve. One being all-sufficient for us, we must decline taking three.

*Thunder versus Lightning.*—Is declined, as we wish it to be all fair weather, if possible; and, as California has hitherto got along very well with but little of such "commodities," we hope to be the last to introduce it for common use!

*Stilbs.*—Yours is a glorious good piece, but, like many other good things, it came too late. Please send to us early in each month in future.

*Joe. S.*—Just tell the boys that we shall be up amongst them before long, and then they will have to keep their pockets buttoned closely up, or we are almost sure to get them to subscribe to the Magazine.

HUTCHINGS'  
BOOK & STATIONERY  
NO. 201

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ST. LOUIS

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To which we shall be con

at low prices, of every kind which

whether our friends want any little article

to their orders

Wholesale and Retail, at

...AZINE.

...you please write us something  
...yours unfortunately is too far  
...of too local an application of  
...away."

...our stanzas are very pretty, we  
...find them a place.

...eps Blood."—Is very poor, and  
...surisms.

...re you don't send your "Burn-  
...ts of Love," to Miss M. before  
...m at least three months in an

...If peradventure you should  
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...own than marriage; therefore, be  
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...ve as good a pair of eyes as gen-  
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Then we have a variety of large Lithographic Views of

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Then we have a very large assortment of beautifully

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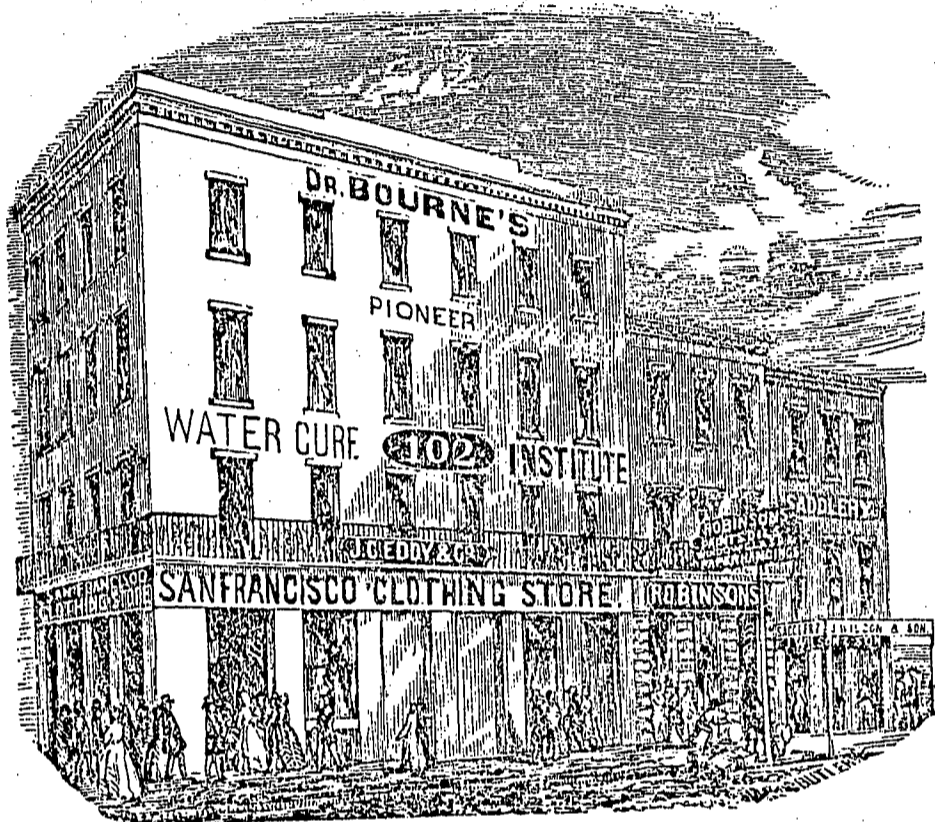
To which we shall be constantly adding new ones.

**LAW BLANKS**, of every kind which we can supply to dealers in the country, at reduced prices.

Whenever our friends want any little articles, we shall thank them to give us a call, or send us their orders.

**Wholesale and Retail, at Reasonable Prices.**

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**OF DR. BOURNE,**  
Southeast corner Sansome and Commercial Sts.

OPPOSITE ST. NICHOLAS HOTEL, SAN FRANCISCO.

Are affecting the most extraordinary CURES of Fever and Ague, Intermittent and other Fevers, Jaundice, Diseases of the Liver, Kidneys, the Genital and Urinary Organs, all Sexual Disorders, Paralysis, Neuralgia, including Tic Doloieux, Stiff Joints, and are also employed with astonishing success in

## DISEASES OF THE EYE.

Also, all Indolent Ulcers, Tumors, Swellings, Abscesses, Cancer of the Womb, all other affections of the Womb, and Cancerous Affections generally, and Scrofula. These Baths seem to be Nature's own chosen medium for effecting cures where all other means would fail without them, and prove beyond the possibility of a doubt, to all who take them, the iniquity of Medical practice which poisons the human system by administering to it calomel, arsenic, lead, zinc, iron, antimony, quinine, iodide of potassa, and a whole host of deadly drugs which remain in the system, and are EXTRACTED BY THESE BATHS.

During nearly fifteen years I have never given even a solitary dose of oil or salts, much less any POISONOUS DRUGS, or herbs, and have NEVER seen a case in which they were requisite, if Water treatment was employed. When will the people cease to be such simpletons as to hire men to POISON and BLEED them, while they also retain on their statute books laws against poisoning, maiming and bleeding CATTLE? Are the members of the human family less worthy of protection than animals? I assert in the face of this entire State and the world at large, that there never was, is not now, and never will be, a case in which calomel, crude mercury, quinine, arsenic, lead, zinc,

(SEE NEXT PAGE.)

**Dr. BOURNE'S**  
**ELECTRO-CHEMICAL BATHS**

Southeast cor. Sansome & Commercial Sts.

See the preceding page.

...antimony, iodine, or any other POISONOUS substance, or in which bleeding, that hundreds of thousands fill ponds of salts or oil. Let the people ponder the medical rascality, desire health, and employ NATURE'S AGENCIES. Let them employ the Electro-Chemical Baths, and they will be free of a particle of NASTY and POISONOUS medicine, that if there be any strength in their systems, that if there be any strength in their minds so expanded to the perception of the evils of entrusting their lives to the hands of unprincipled quacks, whose interest must ever be antagonistic to the interests of their patients.

Address, by letter or personally, to Dr. Bourne, Sansome St., opposite the Nicholas Hotel.

Imported into this State of the FIRST and BEST Electro-Chemical Baths, and administered in the terms which will be found in the prospectus, and Dr. Bourne never fails to cure.

So many lying and forged certificates are published, that those truthful ones are withheld, rather than any should suppose that they are not genuine.

Consultations without charge, and a cure guaranteed.

Quick Cure, Sure Cure, if ever tried.

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Having every facility for the scientific and successful treatment of all diseases, and the advantages of this natural, rational, and safe method, in either acute or chronic stages, under the RUINOUS EFFECTS OF CALOMEL, ARSENIC, LEAD, ZINC, IRON, ANTIMONY, QUININE, IODIDE OF POTASSA, AND ALL THE OTHER POISONOUS MEDICINES.

There are no nauseous or poisonous medicines administered, nor any other medicine, but only the BEST and CHEAPEST system of Water Cure.

In Chronic or Acute Rheumatism, Gout, Pains, ALL Nervous and Sexual disorders, and all other diseases, of UNEQUALLED VALUE. Apply personally or by letter.

**PARTICULARS**

The "Russian," Digger Indian, Turk, and other barbaric minds—with all their EVILS, and debilitated Digestive and Nervous systems, have no more relation to that glorious system of Water Cure than the false representations of the only Water Cure Physician on the Pacific Coast.

His art with the highest success—curing almost beyond the confines of hope; succumbing and receiving relief at his hands, and converted to this wiser and more rational system.

**HEALED,** and converted to this wiser and more rational system.



# Dr. BOURNE'S ELECTRO-CHEMICAL BATHS

Southeast cor. Sansome & Commercial Sts., opposite the St. Nicholas Hotel.

See the preceding page.

iron, antimony, iodine, or any other POISON, should have been, or be, administered to the human system, or in which bleeding, cupping, or leeching, was required; and further, that hundreds of thousands fill premature graves through an ill-timed or overdose of salts or oil. Let the people ponder on these things, and if the poor deluded victims of medical rascality, desire health, I pledge the honor of one man at least, that I will so employ NATURE'S AGENCIES of Good Food, Air, Pure Water, Exercise, Clothing, the Electro-Chemical Baths, and the Sleeping and Waking Hours, that without a particle of NASTY and POISONOUS medicine, I will so arouse the powers of their systems, that if there be any strength left, they shall speedily get perfectly well in body, with minds so expanded to the perception of natural philosophy, as thereafter to cause them to set their faces against all professional rogues or fools, and awake them to a knowledge of the evils of entrusting their own vital interest to the keeping of others whose interest must ever be antagonistic to their own.

Address, by letter or personally, DR. BOURNE, Water Cure Physician, Sansome St., opposite St. Nicholas Hotel, San Francisco,

Importer into this State of the FIRST and ONLY apparatus for giving those delightful and beneficial Electro-Chemical Baths, and whose experience in their use warrants him in speaking of them in the terms which he employs. They require great caution in administering them, and Dr. Bourne never entrusts that duty to others, thus avoiding all danger.

So many lying and forged certificates, and PRETENDED editorial recommendations are published, that those truthful statements of facts which Dr. Bourne could offer are withheld, rather than any should suppose they were merely "got up."

Consultations without charge, and charges very moderate for the benefits conferred.

Quick Cure, Sure Cure, if curable, is the motto of Dr. Bourne.

## PIONEER WATER CURE INSTITUTE,

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DR. BOURNE, Water Cure Physician,

Having every facility for the scientific administration of Water Treatment, offers the advantages of this natural, rational, and most efficacious mode of curing diseases, to invalids, in either acute or chronic stages of suffering, and especially to those laboring under the RUINOUS EFFECTS OF CALOMEL, and Drug treatment generally.

There are no nauseous or poisonous medicines to swallow or pay for, as Dr. BOURNE does not administer any whatever, nor bleed, cup or leech, blister nor plaster, so it is not only the BEST but CHEAPEST system for restoration to health.

In Chronic or Acute Rheumatism, Diarrhœa, Fever and Ague, Isthmus Fever, Dyspepsia, ALL Nervous and Sexual disorders—in fact, in all cases, the WATER CURE is of UNEQUALLED VALUE. Apply personally or by letter, as above.

### PARTICULAR NOTICE.

The "Russian," Digger Indian! Turkish, or Egyptian "Steam Baths," the invention of barbaric minds—with all their EVIL CONSEQUENCES to Weak Lungs, Palpitating Hearts, and debilitated Digestive and Nutritive Organs, are NOT Water Cure, and bear no more relation to that glorious system than does a horse to a red herring, notwithstanding all the false representations to that effect. Dr. BOURNE is the Pioneer and only Water Cure Physician on the Pacific Coast, and is daily demonstrating his skill in his art with the highest success—curing those whom the medical fraternity had placed almost beyond the confines of hope; such being the general character of the cases demanding and receiving relief at his hands. Let them continue to come and be HEALED, and converted to this wiser and better way.

ELECTRO-CHEMICAL BATHS



BOURNE,  
Sansome and Commercial Sts.  
HOTEL, SAN FRANCISCO.

RES of Fever and Ague, Intermittent and  
Kidneys, the Genital and Urinary Organs,  
including Tic Dolorous, Stiff Joints, and are

OF THE EYE.

Abcesses, Cancer of the Womb, all other  
Affections generally, and Scrofula. These  
are the best means for effecting cures where all other means  
are of the possibility of a doubt, to all who take  
care to avoid the human system by administering  
antimony, quinine, iodide of potassa, and a  
poison in the system, and are EXTRACTED BY

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worthy of protection than animals! I assert  
aid at large, that there never was, is not now,  
grade mercury, quinine, arsenic, lead, zinc,  
(SEE NEXT PAGE)

**ALEXANDER BUSWELL,**  
**BOOK BINDER, PAPER RULER,**  
 — AND —  
**BLANK BOOK MANUFACTURER,**  
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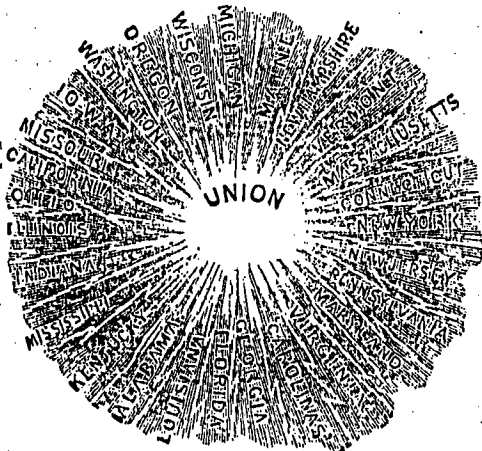
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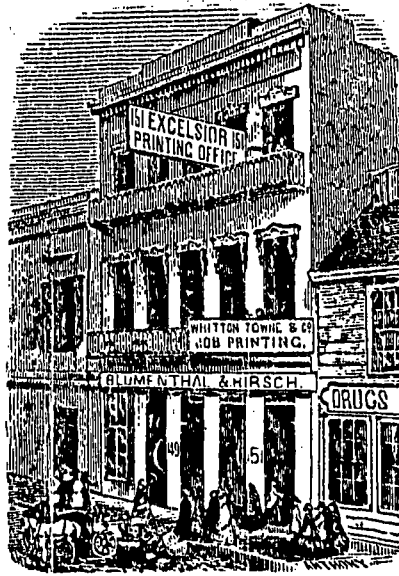
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It bids fair to be an excellent publication, if we can judge by a hasty perusal of this number.—*Oregonian.*

It contains a number of very fine illustrations of California scenes, and the articles are original, and relate principally to California. A very interesting magazine to send to friends in the Atlantic States.—*Trinity Journal.*

It is an excellent work, well illustrated with engravings of different scenes, collected throughout the grand and picturesque portions of the State; and fills a vacuum which has too long been deplored on this side of the continent. We trust that its monthly visits will be welcomed in thousands of miners' cabins scattered among the pine hills of the Sierras, as it gives promise of great merit.—*Granite Journal.*

The number before us is a capital one.—*Oregon Statesman.*

We are pleased at seeing this new monthly once more upon our table, and gratified to find its young and truly enviable reputation fully sustained. As a California magazine it is alike creditable to the head, the heart, and good taste of the publishers.—*Placerville American.*

It is published in San Francisco, monthly, and is a very neat product of our own soil, and we commend it to the patronage of all who wish to elevate the standard of literature on the Pacific coast.—*Humboldt Times.*

We hope to see this magazine succeed, and become one of our standard periodicals. It would be an acceptable token of remembrance to one's friends in the Atlantic States.—*Placer Herald.*

The October number of this excellent home publication was laid on our table last evening, and is in keeping with its predecessors. Its opening article is on the Branch Mint in this city, with ten illustrations, giving an excellent insight into its workings. The residue of its contents is made up by some twenty original contributions. The number reflects great credit on its publishers.—*Town Talk.*

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It is a work which confers credit upon our State, and one deserving an extensive circulation. Success be with its enterprising publishers.—*Sonoma County Journal.*

It is progressing in excellencies, and we truly rejoice to know it is winning favors steadily and surely. We notice it is truly a California magazine—striving to be purely original.—*California Farmer.*

From the publisher, and a very great favor to a most excellent publication.—*Sierra Citizen.*

From among the many kindly notices of the Eastern press we select the following:

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