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CALIFORNIA

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Annual subscribers run out, are respectfully notified, and can be mailed at our earliest convenience. New subscribers will be sent to the address to which they may please direct. No mistake may be made. Subscription, \$3.00



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1857.

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NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

Annual subscribers to this Magazine, and others whose subscriptions have run out, are respectfully invited, if agreeable, to renew the same at their earliest convenience; and by enclosing the amount in a registered letter, can be mailed at our risk.

New subscribers who may thus favor us, will please write the name and address to which they desire the Magazine sent, as legibly as possible that no mistake may be made.

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Sierra Nevada range, in the vicinity of Noble's Pass: and as neither of the party was rich—except in prospect—(a very doubtful one at that) we adopted the primitive and independent method of "footing it," (with the exception mentioned) taking a horse with us to save the necessity of becoming our own pack animals.

After we had fairly left the settlements,

JUNE, 1857.

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Feather River—The
Indian canoe—A
Mendenhall's Meadows, and
Noble's Pass—

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After we had fairly left the settlements,

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SAN FRANCISCO.

however, one of our party made a double discovery—one part of which was, that he, unfortunately, was "born tired," or, in other words, believed himself in every way capable of enduring a great amount of ease;—the other part being, that a few blankets, cooking utensils and something to cook, were but a very poor load for a horse—scarcely enough for ballast—and that by sitting upon the aforesaid blankets, and utensils, and articles to be cooked, so great an oversight might be entirely remedied; and as we thought the proposition was somewhat original, and in favor perhaps of the man, if not of the horse, the experiment was assented to, with what success these pages may occasionally relate.

Now we think that all will admit, that often in the dim and shadowy depths of an unknown country, or future, the adventurous spirit feels a peculiar charm; and in which there is a wondering yearning after its mysteries; with a speculative wish to fathom its untold secrets, and know of its unrevealed peculiarities, which nerves him against fatigue, exposure, and even danger; in which comfort and safety are for the time forgotten or overlooked.

It was with a feeling akin to this, that a party of three persons left the pleasant associations of American valley, and, after passing Judkins' Saw Mill, commenced ascending a good mountain trail, running in an east-of-north course, towards Indian Valley. Upon the top of the ridge, about two miles west of the trail, is a very beautiful, clear, and rock-bound lake, from whence a fine view can be obtained of the valley below.

The first point reached in Indian valley, was the ranch of Mr. Job Taylor, (the first settler in the valley,) about eleven miles from the American ranch, American valley. Here we not only saw some very fine wheat—grown on Mr. T.'s ranch—but partook of some good bread made from the same stock of wheat; and the finest flavored butter, without exception, that we have yet tasted in California.

This valley is beautifully picturesque and fertile, and about twenty-three miles in length—including the arms—by six in its greatest width; being about fifteen miles southwest of the great Sierra Nevada chain; and, (like most of these valleys,) runs nearly east and west. Surrounded, as it is, by high, bold, and pine covered mountains of irregular granite, over thirteen hundred feet in height from the valley; and which on the south side are nearly perpendicular. This valley is well sheltered, and is said to be several hundred feet less in altitude than the American, although many miles nearer the main chain.

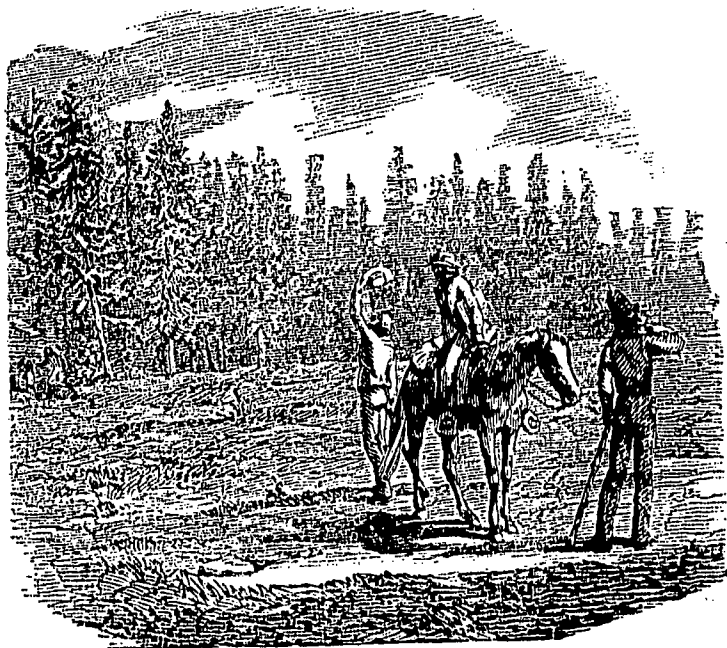
Leaving these good things, we crossed to the north side of the valley, which at this point is about one and a half miles wide; then, turning northward, kept up it, by the banks of a beautiful stream, to the residence and ranch of Judge Ward, distant from Taylors, about seven miles.

Here we were kindly welcomed and hospitably entertained by Mr. Ward and his amiable and pleasant family—a treat we did not dream could be in store for us, so far away, and almost on the very tops of the Sierras. As long as memory remains we shall treasure up the many kindnesses shown us during that visit.

At their fireside too, we met an intelligent Russian, named Isadore, who had been the frequent companion of Peter Lassen—now a resident in this valley—in his many rambles among the mountains, and to whom we were indebted for much interesting information concerning the country we were now about to visit.

Our good friends, believing it to be very desirable that we should here obtain a guide, in company with Isadore, we made our way to a group of Indians, which had formed at the corner of the corral, and who, evidently awaited with some anxiety, the cutting up of a beef, which had been killed that morning.

"Doctor," said Isadore, in the Indian dialect, as he put his hand familiarly upon the shoulder of an old weather-beaten In-



THE INDIANS "GUIDE" US.

Indian, "these men want you to guide them to Honey Lake Valley, by the Big Meadows; do you understand?"

The old Indian looked at us, and then at the beef, and shrugging up his shoulders, drawled out, "See—me sube."

"Well, what say you, Doctor, will you go with them, to show them the way?" He still kept his eyes upon the inside portions of the beef, which were now being taken out, without giving an answer.

"What say you Doctor, I ask—will you go? These men will give you plenty of meat; plenty for your wife and children, and plenty for you to eat all the way to Honey Lake Valley, and back again; now, what say you Doctor?"

At the mention of so many good things the old man turned gradually round, and looking thoughtfully about him, by way of reply said—

"Pikas no good Indian—Pikas no good," and then renewed his longing look at those portions of the beef so soon to be thrown away.

It appears that in the fall of 1851, the Pitt River Indians—called by these Indians

"Pikas,"—made up a war party against the Indian Valley Indians, for the purpose of obtaining their squaws—the possession of the women being the only motive for the war—and the latter being by far the weaker party, lost a large number of their men in killed, and their women as prisoners.

When the news of this slaughter reached the whites who had made settlements in this valley; and who felt that these Indians were somewhat under their protection, they made up a party, thirteen in number, for the purpose of assisting the Indian Valley Indians in chastising the Pitt River Indians. This party, under the old pioneer Peter Lassen, left Indian valley, accompanied by all the able bodied Indians that could be found.

After being out a couple of days, according to his usual custom, "Old Peter," (as Mr. Lassen is familiarly called) awoke at daybreak, and was sitting quietly upon the ground smoking his pipe, when he saw Indians, with stealthy steps passing among the trees, and entirely away from his own party; quietly taking up his faithful rifle, he, with unerring aim, shot one of

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beautifully picturesque and out twenty-three miles in the arms—by six in its being about fifteen miles great Sierra Nevada chain; of these valleys.) runs nearly Surrounded, as it is, by pine covered mountains of over thirteen hundred from the valley; and which are nearly perpendicular. sheltered, and is said to feet less in altitude than although many miles nearer

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the Indians in the head, muttering as he again reloaded his "old shooting iron:" "There's one wiped out." He again fired; "down he comes," said he, as he again quickly began reloading. "That fetches him," as a third fell, never to rise again. "This was but the work of a minute," said Isadore, as he related the narrative, "Old Peter shot down three of the Indians, without taking his pipe from his mouth."

By this time the whole camp was in motion; and, with this beginning, they eagerly followed up the advantage gained; and when "Old Peter" gave the characteristic order—"Pitch in Blueskins"—to the Indians, they, in company with their thirteen white friends, made sad havoc that day among their enemies, the Pikas, completely routing and conquering them.

This was the last time the Pitt Rivers' ever troubled the Indian Valley Indians; although the latter are ever in perpetual dread of the former.

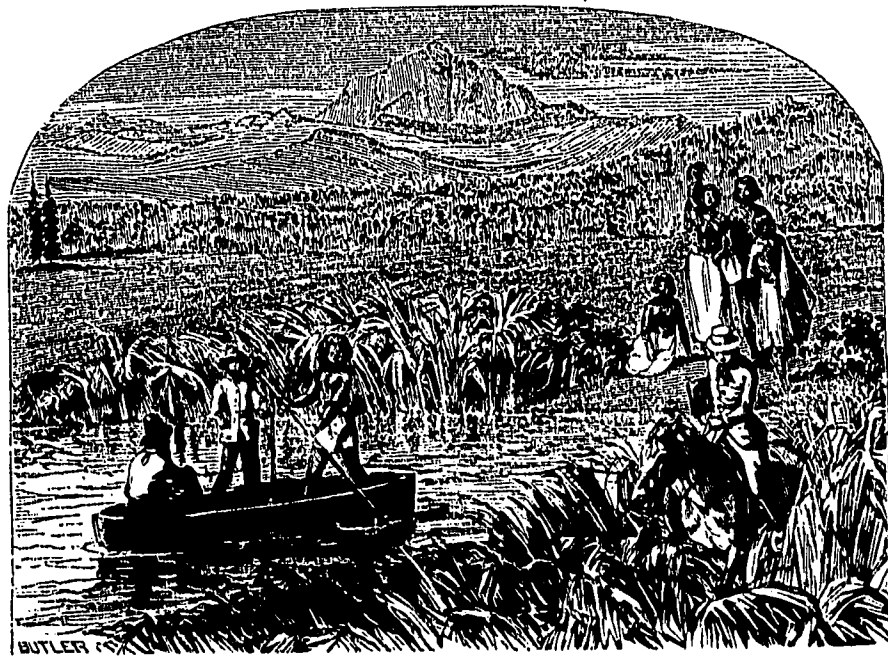
This explains somewhat the cause of the old man's remark—"Pikas no good Indian—Pikas no good."

Promises of protection being given by

Isadore, on our behalf, the "Doctor" reluctantly consented to guide us, on the two-fold consideration of allowing another Indian to accompany him, and both being well fed and protected on the journey. This being satisfactorily arranged, and a liberal quantity of beef having been carried by the Indian to his family, after much delay, we left the kindly hospitalities of our pleasant host, on our somewhat perilous jaunt.

Making our way up the valley, in the direction of Lassen's Big Meadows, (which lie about fifteen miles, a little north of west, from Judge Ward's) the Indians guided us by remaining about one hundred yards behind, for about three miles; when on turning round we saw them rapidly disappearing among the trees. The louder we called for them to return, the faster they ran in the opposite direction, until they were entirely lost sight of among the bushes.

At first we thought that perhaps they had forgotten something which they wished to take with them, or to their families, and would soon return to us; but, although we went slowly on, we never saw the weather-beaten faces of our blue-skinned guides any more.



A SHORT VOYAGE IS UNDERTAKEN IN AN INDIAN CANOE.

Being thus had either to and procure guides—which haps might be equally val or guide our Two chances, were open to ter Lassen had dian Valley Big Meadows two-horse te the purpose of ing some old i we might m him; who, "w willingly guid through that c The other ch in meeting w Indians to who were not "Pikas,"— doubtful cha ly.

We came of those by beautiful "X just as the sinking below girdles them gently sloping ley, we saw ment curling of the river

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on our behalf, the "Doctor" reluctantly consented to guide us, on the toleration of allowing another Indian to accompany him, and both being well fitted for the journey. This being happily arranged, and a liberal quantity of beef having been carried by the family, after much delay, we readily accepted of our pleasant but somewhat perilous jaunt.

On our way up the valley, in the direction of Lassen's Big Meadows, (which is about fifteen miles, a little north of west, from the mouth of the Feather River, or about three miles; when on the opposite side of the mountain we saw them rapidly disappearing among the trees. The louder we called for them to return, the faster they disappeared in the opposite direction, until they were completely lost sight of among the bushes. We thought that perhaps they were hunting something which they wished to take with them, or to their families, and on our return to us; but, although we went on, we never saw the weathered faces of our blue-skinned guides any



INDIAN CANOE.

Being thus left, we had either to return and procure other guides—which perhaps might prove to be equally valuable—or guide ourselves.—Two chances, however, were open to us; Peter Lassen had left Indian Valley for the Big Meadows, with a two-horse team, for the purpose of obtaining some old iron, and we might meet with him; who, "would very willingly guide us all through that country." The other chance was in meeting with some Indians to guide us who were not afraid of "Pikas,"—both very doubtful chances, truly.

We came in sight of those broad and beautiful "Meadows," just as the sun was sinking below the dark belt of pines which girdles them in, and as we descended the gently sloping hills, to the edge of the valley, we saw the smoke of an Indian encampment curling up from among the willows of the river; so, considering that

"He is thrice armed who hath his quarrel just,"

we made boldly towards it. As we approached we discovered that the encampment was on the opposite side of a deep, clear stream—the eastern or main branch of Feather river—fortunately however, we saw an Indian coming rapidly down the river in his canoe, when we immediately hailed him; and he, without hesitation, made straight towards us, politely—for an Indian—proffering us the use of his canoe, in which to cross the stream if we wished.



A SLIGHT BACK-SET TO PRESENT COMFORT,

Two of us at once availed ourselves of the offer, but as this craft was not sufficiently commodious to accommodate a horse, he was necessarily taken by our case-enduring hero to a more suitable crossing below.

Here however the thoughtful animal—perhaps foreseeing the probable result, or from some conscientious scruples lest he might accidentally, and unintentionally, be the cause of drowning himself and his rider, refused to enter the water until he had dismounted; and even then, was so unreasonable as to require the gentle coaxing of a small oak tree upon his back and sides, before showing any willingness to "take to the water." A reluctance afterwards appreciated by our hero when the stream was discovered to be too deep for the animal's crossing without swimming; thinking it



LASSEN'S BUTTE, FROM LASSEN'S MEADOWS, AND WEST END OF NOBLE'S PASS.

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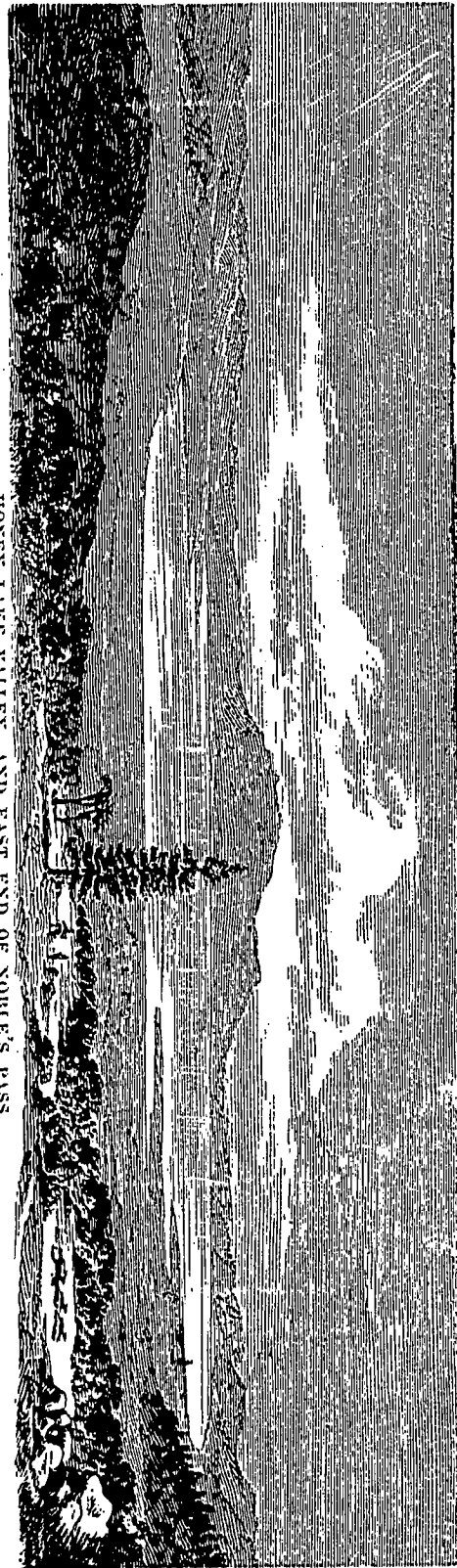
safer for himself, and quite as pleasant, to cross in an Indian canoe.

This task being accomplished, we pressed a dollar on the palm of the Indian, who not only seemed to know what it was for, but was almost beside himself with excitement as he opened and closed his hand again and again to take a peep at it, and be sure that it was a reality, and not the phantom of some tormenting dream!

As it was now nearly dark, we turned across a heavily timbered point towards the sheltered margin of the northwest branch of North Feather—and which is much lower, and much smaller than the one we had just left behind us. Here we found an excellent camping place for ourselves, and plenty of feed for our animal. Our evening meal being prepared and eaten, we spread our blankets beneath the outspreading branches of a lofty pine, and lay gazing upward at our gorgeous and star-lighted chamber, listening to the music of the evening breeze as it swelled and swept among the swaying tops of the surrounding forest pines, and were soon lulled by its soothing melody to sleep—sleep that was sweet, deep and refreshing.

About daybreak the following morning, the hoarse howling of a wolf, and the loud snapping and whining bark of some coyotes awoke us. Before us lay the broad Lassen's Meadows, entirely surrounded by low timbered ridges; and in the distance, bold, grand, and cold, towered Lassen's Butte; but, when the sun arose and gilded it with rosy, golden sun-light, it was gorgeous—it was magnificent.

A glance at the sketch of Lassen's Butte (from Lassen's Meadows) and west end of Noble's Pass on another page, will give the reader an accurate idea of this section of country. It is nearly level. There is scarcely a ridge between these many valleys, where a wagon would not almost remain without being locked, after the animals had been removed; and that too without ever being touched by the hand of man.



HONEY LAKE VALLEY, AND EAST END OF NOBLE'S PASS.

LASSEN'S BUTTE, FROM LASSEN'S MEADOWS, AND WEST END OF NOBLE'S PASS.



THE LAST FLAPJACK FRIED.

Being anxious to know about the depth of snow which falls here during a severe winter, we conversed with several of the most intelligent of the Indians, and the greatest depth given by them for several years past, was three feet and six inches,—and some winters it has not been over two feet in depth; and this is in valleys among the very tops of the Sierras.

About a quarter of a mile below the point seen in the left corner of the view mentioned, just above the forks of the river and on the east or main branch of the stream, there is a beautiful waterfall of about thirty five feet in height, and sixty feet in width, which would not only enable settlers to drain the whole valley—nearly thirty square miles in extent—but give the finest water-power in the world, and timber sufficient for the entire length of a railway from the Missouri to the Sacramento river. Indeed we wonder that these innumerable advantages are so generally unknown or almost entirely overlooked.

Lest we might weary the reader by relat-
ing the adventures and experiences of sev-

eral days spent among the valleys and low hills between here and Honey Lake Valley, we will ask him, if he pleases, to accompany us to the shores of that lake. (See page 535.) It is a beautiful sheet of water, is it not?

It is said to be twenty miles in length by sixteen in width. The hills on the opposite, or northern side, are entirely without trees. To the right of the highest hill seen in the distance, are several large boiling springs, one of which is nearly two feet in diameter, and flows into the lake. Susan river, and several smaller streams, also empty into the lake, and either sink or evaporate.

In the summer of 1856, a company of men built a small boat for pleasure excursions, and on their first trip six of them were drowned;—one, unfortunately, being our good friend Isadore. Alas! Isadore, for thy gentleness and kindness, many loved thee, and for thy true-hearted manliness many respected thee; and—as always when the good die—Isadore, many mourn thy departure.

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sion of the extent, or fertility, or even
beauty of this valley can be formed by the
view from the south shore of the lake, look-
ing north, for while the hills in front are
low and without timber of any kind, those
behind you are high and bold, and covered
to their summit with a dense growth of
excellent timber. The hill to the west,
being nearly in the center of the valley,
including the lake, shuts out the most fer-
tile portion of the valley.

Within the past two years a band of set-
tlers have taken up the principal part of
this valley, of whom Mr. I. Roop was the
pioneer, and have put it under cultiva-
tion, and this spring Mr. Roop, in com-
pany with others, has taken there the
necessary machinery for the erection of a
saw and flouring mill.

Being without the limits of the State of
California, a public meeting of the settlers

of the entire district was convened, when it
was unanimously voted to be called the
Territory of Natanque.

Most persons are well aware that the
emigration on what is known as Noble's
Route—(Peter Lassen however it is claim-
ed by the old settlers in Indian Valley, is
entitled to that honor, having known it
long before Mr. Noble ever saw it, and
moreover was his guide all through this
route, Mr. N. being entirely unacquainted
with it. This Mr. Lassen himself solemnly
affirmed in our hearing, and to us; and we
make mention of it now that honor may be
given where honor is most due.) Most
persons, we repeat, are well aware that the
emigration on what is known as "Noble's
Route," enters the northern side of Honey
Lake Valley, about three miles west of the
lake (which, being shut out by the hill
before mentioned, is not often seen by the



WE HAVE SEEN OUR COURSE.

emigrant, from the road,) and after traveling up this valley for about fifteen miles, enters Noble's Pass, and crosses the Sierra Nevadas almost without knowing it. This low ridge, known as the "Pass," is one continuous forest of magnificent pines the whole distance through it, and so level that one is puzzled to know whether it is up or down.

We have crossed the Sierra Nevadas in seven different places, and we unhesitatingly affirm, that this is the only good natural pass that we have yet seen. Indeed, from the top of "Pilot Peak," or "Slate Creek Point," the whole country both north and south of this pass, can be seen to descend gradually towards it.

This route, we believe, can be traveled at any and all seasons of the year, by the locomotive, without the least serious obstruction from the depth of snow, should such a boon ever be conferred upon California, and upon the Union.

Having seen all that we deemed desirable, (the provisions becoming low,) we determined on crossing the high mountainous ridge on the southern side of the valley, and thus strike Indian Valley in a direct line if possible: especially as black and heavy masses of clouds were gathering around the higher peaks of this mountain range, threatening to give us a little more moisture than we needed, just then.

Making our way up an arm of the valley towards the apparently lowest portion of the mountain, now lying between us and the goal of our present wishes, we met with a mishap—at least our equestrian traveling companion did—in the following manner: We (the pedestrians) had crossed a narrow and deep ravine and reached the hill beyond it, when suddenly we heard a splash and a struggling noise, and looking round found that the whole bank for several feet had given away, and "the horse with his rider had both gone below."

Of course it never does to desert a friend when in difficulties, and consequently we ran to his assistance, and are therefore

happy in being able to say that by dint of patience, coupled with perseverance, he was "considerably dipped," but was not drowned. This somewhat dampened his clothes, while it fired his courage, and after some delay, and the use of several short, but very emphatic words, not generally expressed in saying one's prayers, he again mounted, and we resumed our journey.

Just after reaching the summit, snow commenced falling in large wide flakes, admonishing us to make all possible haste to some place of safety—an admonition most scrupulously regarded. The remembrance of the fate of the Donner party of emigrants, so many of whom perished but a few miles southeast of our present position, in 1846, did not decrease our desire to avoid a similar end.

In this dilemma night overtook us—night with its darkness, uncertainty, and storm. No cheering star to light and guide us; no well-worn road or trail by which we might, though slowly, grope our way amid the darkness, to some brightly glowing fireside in the most humble cabin.

Our position was no way improved by a knowledge of the fact that, in making our way among the bushes, we had lost our only compass. Not being able to do otherwise, we came to the praiseworthy conclusion to camp—if we could find a place level enough to sleep, without standing up; and were soon well (!) "accommodated," among some rocks by the side of a stream.

Having but little food left, the cooking of our supper was not the most difficult task ever accomplished. Our only duties therefore consisted in cutting bunch grass from among the bushes, by firelight, for our horse, and making the best of our circumstances by forgetting them in sleep.

Early the following morning we awoke; and as we fried our last "flapjack," we watched for the day—hoping that one sight of its first gray dawn would lift the clouds of doubt and uncertainty from our minds,

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y in being able to say that by dint of
ce, coupled with perseverance, he
"considerably dipped," but was not
ned. This somewhat dampened his
s, while it fired his courage, and
some delay; and the use of several
but very emphatic words, not gener-
expressed in saying one's prayers, he
mounted, and we resumed our jour-

st after reaching the summit, snow
enced falling in large wide flakes,
nishing us to make all possible haste
me place of safety—an admonition
scrupulously regarded. The remem-
of the fate of the Donner party of
ants, so many of whom perished but
miles southeast of our present posi-
n 1846, did not decrease our desire to
a similar end.

This dilemma night overtook us—night
ts darkness, uncertainty, and storm.
ceering star to light and guide us; no
orn road or trail by which we might,
h slowly, grope our way amid the
ess, to some brightly glowing fireside
most humble cabin.

position was no way improved by a
edge of the fact that, in making our
mong the bushes, we had lost our
compass. Not being able to do other-
we came to the praiseworthy conclu-
to camp—if we could find a place
enough to sleep, without standing
nd were soon well (!) "accommo-
" among some rocks by the side of a
n.

ing but little food left, the cooking
r supper was not the most difficult
ever accomplished. Our only duties
ore consisted in cutting bunch grass
among the bushes, by firelight, for our
, and making the best of our circum-
es by forgetting them in sleep.

arly the following morning we awoke;
as we fried our last "flapjack," we
ned for the day—hoping that one sight
s first gray dawn would lift the clouds
dubt and uncertainty from our minds,

by indicating the course we must that day
pursue, to reach Indian Valley.

At last day came, cloudy and heavy,
casting no light, mentally, on our dubious
way. We might be right, and, by the same
rule, we might be wrong. Usually on such
occasions, each individual member of a
party holds a different opinion to the other.
This rule was not departed from at this
important juncture of our affairs, for being
only three in number we had but three
opinions. These however we agreed indi-
vidually to hold, without remaining in
camp, foodless, to debate them; conse-
quently, we made our way onward as best
we could, among snow, rocks, trees, and
dense chapparal, when to our great joy a
gleam of sunlight, (the only one we saw
throughout the day, and only for a moment,)
fell upon a tree, but, casting a shadow, *it
told us our course.*

Now we have often been benighted, and
as often, when we saw a distant light or
camp-fire twinkling, though dimly, in the
distance, we have been rejoiced—but now
a thrill of wild delight electrified our hearts,
such as we never felt before, or since.

How forcibly does this teach us, gentle
reader, that however dark and doubtful
may be our prospect now, that some wel-
come and long looked and perhaps prayed
for ray of sunlight, may cast a guiding
shadow upon our path, at a time too when
it is most needed, and which, while it
brightens and gladdens the present, may
perhaps, determine a long and prosperous
future. Therefore we say *Hope* and *Strive*
ever—always.

Our course now being plain, we lost no
time in taking advantage of the knowledge
so providentially obtained, and before mid-
night we were striving to forget our long
fast, and our many troubles, at the well
furnished table and pleasant fireside of our
amiable and hospitable friend, Judge Ward.
The agreeable associations, pleasant con-
verse, and sweet songs of that amiable
family, and happy mountain home, will
ever linger upon the heart, and be treas-

ured among the most pleasant recollec-
tions of a jaunt to Honey Lake Valley.

The following description of the country
and road from the Humboldt river to the
Sacramento Valley, by Honey Lake Valley
and Noble's Pass, from the pen of Mr. John
A. Dreibelbis, who passed over the route
several times during the summer and fall of
1853, will be read with interest, especially
at the present time:

*"From the Humboldt to Cold Springs, 14
miles.*

Course west, road level; water sufficient
for one hundred and fifty head of stock at a
time; good bunch grass on the hill-sides
and heads of cañons. Thence, to—

Rabbit Hole Springs, 18 miles.

Course north of west; road ascending
about two miles, through a low gap of
mountain range, then descending slightly
eight miles; the rest nearly level to Rabbit
Hole: bunch grass south east and south
west for three miles; on left hand in ravine
is water sufficient for from one to two
hundred animals: Thence, to—

Black Rock Springs, 24 miles.

Course north west; road for the first
eight miles has a few gulches, the remain-
der is then an entire desert, perfectly level
and hard; very little of anything growing
upon it; some good feed about the Spring,
but not extensive; water hot, but cools
somewhat in running off, and is healthy for
animals; rye and salt grass in abundance
one and a half miles north: Thence, to—

Granite Creek, 22 miles.

Course south of south west; road excel-
lent over a perfect desert, as smooth as a
planed floor and nearly as hard, and not a
vestige of vegetation on it for twenty-two
miles. This stream comes out of a notch
of the mountain range on the right hand,
pretty well at the end. Leave the desert
by turning into this gap half a mile to
camp; bunch grass on the foot hills. It
will be readily seen that between this point
and Rabbit Hole, a material cut-off could
be effected, so that forty-six miles might be
made in thirty, with fully as good road, but
no water; the cut-off, however, would be
but six miles longer than from Black Rock
to Rabbit Hole. Thence, to—

Hot Spring Point, 3 miles.

Course south of south-west, road level,
distance three miles; grass all along on the

left; boiling springs scattered all through which makes it dangerous to let stock range upon it. Thence, to—

Deep Springs, 7 miles.

Course north-west, road level. Here you double the extreme south end of mountain range; grass and water in abundance, of the very best quality; this is a good place to lie over a day or two. Thence, to—

Buffalo Springs, 16 miles.

Course west, road level. Directly after leaving the Springs, you enter a desert; after passing eight miles over an arm of it, then eight miles through sage, you come to the bed of a large dry creek, its banks covered with dry grass for some distance; some water in holes that will do no injury to stock; one half mile beyond this and about two hundred paces on the right hand, are the Springs. Thence, to—

Smoke Creek Meadows, 13 miles.

Course west six miles, level ground; then four miles over low hills to creek; thence up creek, along the cañon, three miles to camp. Here is an extensive valley, from three hundred yards to two miles wide; its length is not ascertained. This valley produces clover, bunch grass, &c., of the most luxuriant growth. Thence, to—

Mud Springs, 9 miles.

Course west: You travel up Smoke Creek Meadows two miles; then over the point of a low ridge into Rush Valley. This valley is two miles long, by half a mile wide, excellent grass and water. The road here is on table land, fifty to seventy-five feet above the level of the plains or desert, and is perfectly level. Thence, to—

Susan River, 9 miles.

Course west, six miles south-west, and three miles west, to camp. Emigrants should start early from Mud Springs, as the road is covered with cobble stones, which makes it slow and tedious; it is nearly level till you descend slightly to the valley of the stream, [known as Honey Lake Valley.] This is a delightful valley, its soil of the most productive kind, and is from five to seven miles wide, and covered with clover, blue-joint, red-top, and bunch grass, in great abundance. The stream abounds in mountain trout, which are easily taken with hook and line. Thence, to—

Head of this Valley, 14 miles.

Course west: You cross Willow Creek two miles after leaving camp on Susan River. This stream rises in the west, runs east out of the Sierra Nevada, into the val-

ley, and about twenty or twenty-five miles down it, to Honey Lake. Thence, to—

Summit Springs, 18 miles.

Immediately after leaving the valley, you enter open, but heavy pine woods—not unwelcome to the sun-scorched emigrant—and commence ascending the Sierra Nevada gradually: Water four miles on the right, and some grass; and again five miles on the left, but no grass; the road somewhat stony in places; the ascent is so gradual that on slight observation it seems as much down as up; in fact, a great part is level, and enough timber on one mile on each side of the road, from the valley to the summit, to build a double railway track to the Missouri River. Course west, grass and water. Thence, to—

Pine Creek, 8 miles.

Course, north west, to avoid a cluster of buttes; road level, grass and water;—thence to—

Black Butte Creek, 12 miles.

Course, north-west four miles; then turning west to south-west; grass and water; road level. The country here, and for twenty miles back, must be considered the summit, as it is impossible to ascertain the precise place, owing to the flatness of the country. The small streams that rise on the buttes around and run down their sides, all sink, or form small lakes and marshes, there not being slope sufficient to run off their waters. Thence to—

Black Butte, 6 miles.

Course, south-west; road, heavy sand; thence to—

Pine Meadows, 4 miles.

Course, west; road level and good; water and grass. Thence to—

Hat Creek, 4 miles.

Course north-west; road gradually sloping; only about one hundred feet where a wagon wheel need be locked. Thence, to—

Lost Creek, 2 miles.

Course west, road nearly level. Thence, to—

John Hill's Ranch on Deer Flat, 14 miles.

Course west; the two first miles slightly up hill, fifty or sixty feet only of which is steep; after a distance of forty miles, embracing the entire western slope of the Sierra Nevada, it is almost a perfect grade to the Sacramento River. Thence, to—

McCumber's Mills, 8 miles; Shingle Town, 3 miles; Charley's Ranch, 4 miles; Payne and Smith's 6 miles; Dr. Bakers, on Bear

Creek, 7 miles; Fort Reading Creek, 4 miles; Sacramento miles."

This estimate of distances, U

ON COMETS.

Comets are those luminous bodies in all ages have appeared at intervals rapidly through the heavens, to the delight, but oftener—at least in ages of superstition—to the terror of mankind.

Their name would signify their hairy star, and they are generally preceded by a luminous train which is called the tail,—the more dense portion is called the nucleus. The nucleus of a comet precedes the tail in its approach to the sun, and follows it whilst receding from it; but this is not always the case.

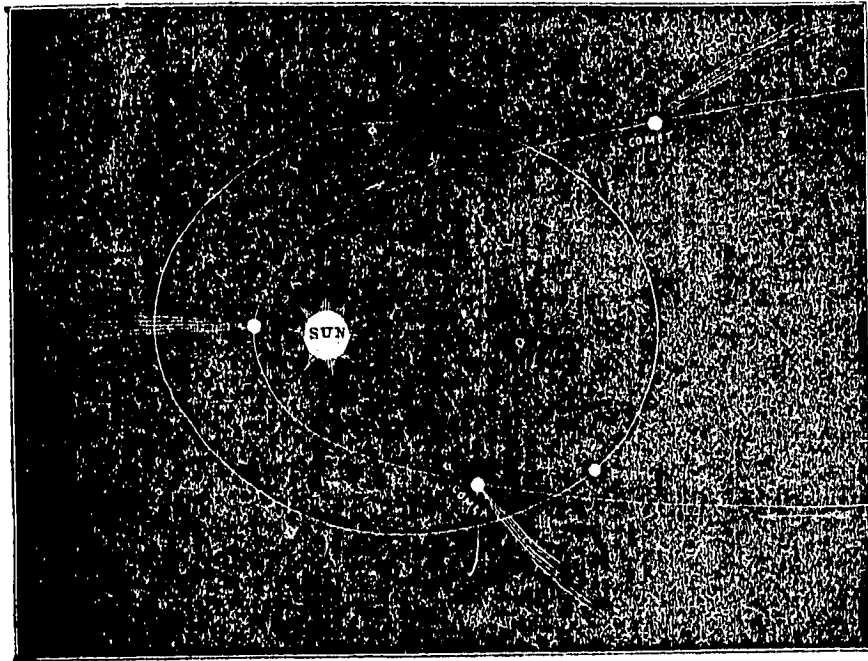
In the above diagram we give the relative position of the Sun, the Earth, and the approaching Comet, as near as can be given by a plane surface; for the purpose of showing the utter fallacy of the doctrine that the Comet will come in collision with the earth.

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ON COMETS.

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 miles." "This estimate of distances, the whole

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 er's, as measured by his road-ometer, about
 the same time.



ON COMETS.

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Their name would signify them to be a
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 nied by a luminous train which is called *the*
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 tive position of the Sun, the Earth and its
 orbit, and the approaching Comet and its
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 upon a plane surface; for the purpose of
 showing the utter fallacy of the declaration
 that the Comet will come in collision with
 the earth.

In the first place the Comet now seen
 approaching the sun, and the earth also, is
 not one of the remarkable ones, that prior
 to this have made their appearance; or if
 it is, it never has before attracted the atten-
 tion of astronomers, unless the period of its
 revolution round the sun has been changed
 by external influences, during its last tran-
 sit through the aphelion of its orbit, or
 that portion most distant from the sun.

The probability is, that it is one of the
 many millions of inferior comets that are
 known to exist within our own solar sys-
 tem; but as we would say of our ocean
 clippers, "there is really no one of any
 great importance now due, unless it be
 some stranger craft with which we are not
 acquainted." But admitting the approach
 of a Comet towards us and the sun, for
 there is seldom a month when there is not,
 though perhaps invisible to us, and that its
 exact position in the heavens is, as declared
 to be, or to have been at the time of its
 first discovery by Laensberg, and the ra-

pidity of its flight, just in accordance with his estimate; still there can be hardly a possibility of a collision; for should the earth be but a single day earlier or later arriving at the proper point, it would then be distant from the comet, over 1,640,000 miles, being the distance the earth moves in its orbit every twenty-four hours.

But there is one fact that places a collision beyond a possibility. The very track or direction of the Comet as indicated by Laensberg, is such as when extended towards the sun, is not upon the same level with the ecliptic or plane of the earth's orbit. In other words, it is not approaching the sun, in the direction of a right line drawn outward from the sun, and passing through the track or orbit of the earth; but if the term "above" or "below" can be applied to celestial bodies in infinite space, then the Comet on its way to the sun will pass the earth's orbit or track more than 3,000,000 of miles *above* it; so even supposing the earth to have reached this exact position of being directly *under* the Comet, it would still be more than 3,000,000 miles distant, so there can be no collision this time.

But suppose it were possible; the material of which Comets are composed, is believed to be the lightest, perhaps the most volatile in nature possessing a visible form, with little or no density, and utterly incapable of doing the slightest injury to a body with the density even of our atmosphere, with which it might come in contact. Upon this point Professor Olmstead says: "It is not probable, even were the earth to make its way directly through a Comet, that a particle of the Comet would reach the earth—that the highest clouds that float in our atmosphere, must be looked upon as dense and massive bodies, compared with the filmy and all but spiritual texture of a Comet."

Sir Isaac Newton was of the opinion that,—“If all the matter constituting the largest tail of a Comet, were to be compressed to the same density with atmos-

pheric air, it would occupy no more than a cubic inch”

A very apt illustration of the probable effect of a Comet upon mankind in case of a collision, was given in a recent lecture at Musical Hall, in this city, by G. W. Minns. He said:

“The idea, therefore, that Comets are dangerous visitants to our system has more support from superstition than from reason or science. The air is to us what the waters are to fish. Some fish swim around in the deep, and others, like lobsters and oysters, keep on the bottom. So birds wing the air, while men and beasts are the lobsters that crawl around on the bottom. Now, there is no more probability that a comet would pass through the atmosphere and injure us upon the earth, than there is that a collection of fog or vapor thrown down upon the surface of the ocean, would pass through it and kill the lobsters on the bottom.

“Were the earth to meet a Comet, it would be something like a cannon ball meeting a cloud, and the earth would probably not suffer from the encounter. Indeed, it has been supposed that we have already passed through the tail of a Comet without knowing it; for, according to Laensberg, there is reason to think such was the case when the great Comet of 1843 revealed its splendor to our eyes.”

If we have not already said enough to satisfy the most timid, as regards the utter absurdity of the supposition that our earth is to be destroyed by a comet, either now, or in the future, at least until a long series of ages shall have rolled around, we can give nothing further or better in proof of our position, than to quote the language of Professor Dick, the Christian Philosopher and Astronomer, who says:

“Whatever opinions we may adopt as to the physical constitution of comets, we must admit that they serve some grand and important purpose in the economy of the universe; for we cannot suppose that the Almighty has created such an immense number of bodies, and set them in rapid motion according to established laws, without an end worthy of His perfections, and, on the whole, beneficial to the inhabitants of the system through which they move.

“They display the *wisdom* of their Creator in the arrangements of their orbits and

motions. As we have concluded that at least thousands traverse the solar system and are certain that their in every possible degree to the orbit of the earth they have been so admirably directed by Divine Intelligence that they do not interfere with another, or with the motions of the planets, so as to produce disorder.

“It is remarkable, that of a comet has generally melancholy anticipations attributed to its influence. Has it been of a calamitous nature? Should it not be the precursor of peace, plenty and genial seasons, as of plagues, revolutions, and parched summers? It is a reflection on the goodness of the Deity to imagine that such a vast number of comets, in their course through every region, chiefly by shaking from their tails fine dust, and pestilence; such effects upon the earth are equal reason believe that their effects on the other planets as they pass along towards the sun; and therefore that the inhabitants of every orb are liable to such calamities as the earth, in a position which is consistent with the bounds of the Divine mind.

“When we consider the Almighty Ruler superintending the movements of all the planets in the universe, and the errors among the rest; and that our world without His permission and appointment is in perfect security from the impetuosity of any comet that will, and for the execution of His universal plans of his universal government.”

“If we recognize the relation from God, we are in no danger from such comets for ages to come, and are many important revelations which their accomplishment will bring before any fatal catastrophe to our globe. It is possible that they shall be brought into

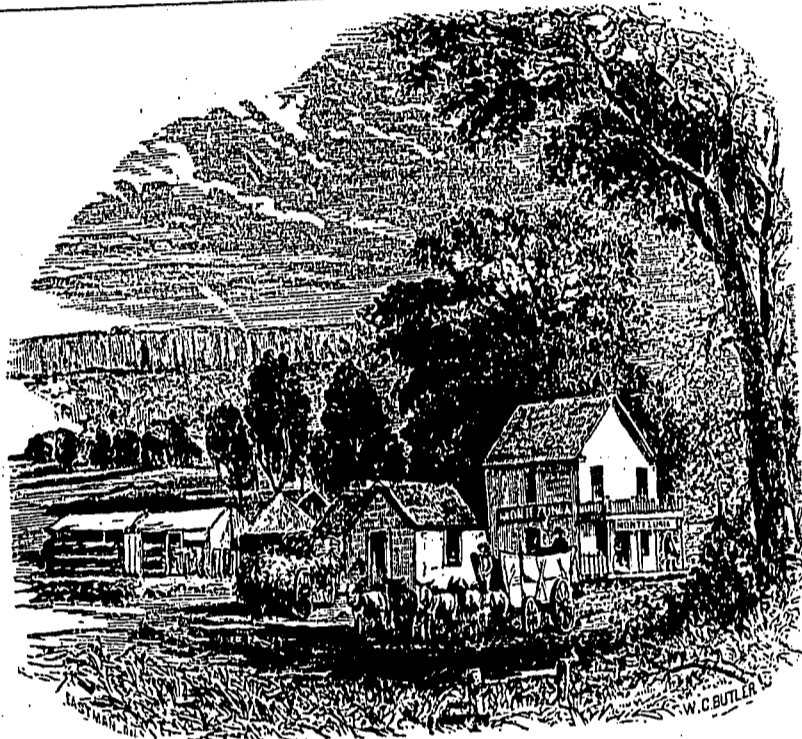


TABLE MOUNTAIN FROM THE MONTEZUMA HOUSE.

TABLE MOUNTAIN FROM THE MONTEZUMA HOUSE.

The above beautiful scene of Table Mountain, Tuolumne county, is taken from the Montezuma House, about four miles below Jamestown, on the stage road between Stockton and Sonora. This very singular mountain, a few years since only admired for its curious beauty—now has a fame which is world-wide, for the immense wealth taken from beneath its dark volcanic-formed crust.

The miner, with his usual prospecting curiosity, and iron will, came to the conclusion that "there must be gold in that hill," and at once determined to know it by immediately commencing a tunnel. The company entitled to the honor of this enterprise, we believe, was the Table Mountain Tunnel Company, near Jamestown, who, after running one tunnel for over five hundred feet, was obliged to begin another, about twenty feet lower than the first, in order to drain off the water. The second, or lower tunnel, was run nine hundred feet through solid rock before reaching gravel,

and upon which three thousand seven hundred and fifty-six days' labor were expended; besides the cost of tools, blasting powder, &c., &c.

This is another of the almost numberless instances of the unswerving determination and perseverance of the miner, to obtain the reward so ardently desired for himself and family, and is the most expressive answer that can possibly be given to the oft repeated question—"Why does he tarry so long from his family and friends?"

How very remunerative this proved but few ever heard, but sufficient was known to induce many others to follow the example, and now men are working with almost unparalleled success, from the one end of Table Mountain to the other, for a distance of over fifteen miles in length.

From its top a fine view of the surrounding country can be obtained, including the mining towns of Chinese Camp, Campo Seco, Montezuma, Belvidere, Poverty Hill, and several others, forming a panoramic view of great beauty and extent, which amply repays the visitor for his trouble in ascending it.

YAN

YANKEE

On every rugged mountain
Their fairy forms are
Like Artemis on Cynus
With wood-nymphs
And in the woodland
The gay, bewitching
Are sporting like the
With elfin forms are
Upon their ruddy, blo
A roguish smile is
While from the depth
The light of love is
Their hearts are pure
That robes the gray
Their feelings like the
Of crystal streams
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They tempt each wand
With promises of
San Francisco, May

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YANKEE GIRLS.

On every rugged mountain side,
 Their fairy forms are straying;
 Like Artemis on Cynthus' top,
 With wood-nymphs round her playing;
 And in the woodlands and the groves,
 The gay, bewitching creatures,
 Are sporting like the Oracles,
 With elfin forms and features.

Upon their ruddy, blooming cheeks,
 A roguish smile is dancing,
 While from the depths of flashing eyes,
 The light of love is glancing;
 Their hearts are pure as stainless snow,
 That robes the granite mountains;
 Their feelings like the sparkling flow
 Of crystal streams and fountains.

Not only does the "Spirit Smile,"
 Descend upon the waters,
 It plays upon the open brow,
 Of all the Yankee daughters;
 Like Sirens of enchanted land,
 That lured the bold Ulysses,
 They tempt each wandering Yankee son,
 With promises of kisses!
San Francisco, May, 1857.

A PAGE OF THE PAST.

BY "ALICE."

It is a bright, beautiful, invigorating morning, so place your hand in mine, and we will take a long ramble. We have now crossed the Big Sandy and Green rivers, and are at the Soda and Steamboat Springs. Take a good draught of this delightful beverage, for it may be the last we shall find.

Here are seen the unmistakable evidences of volcanic eruptions, where nature has some day played her curious pranks.

It was a bright morning, dear reader, when we started, but now the scene is changed, for the rain is pouring down, accompanied with sleet and hail, and the mountain's brow at the left, is over-spread and hung around, with dark, lowering clouds, which fall far below the highest points of those craggy heights. Now don't shiver with the cold, for it is the Fourth of July, and the mention of that day, generally thaws one into enthusiasm.

We have stopped for the day, and pitched our tent on the banks of Stony Creek; and I am busy making prepar-

ations for the occasion. All hands are doing something to celebrate that cherished day, in memory of the struggles of our forefathers.

What means this? The boys yonder have their hats off, and their ears close to the earth! They are listening to the cannonading at Fort Hall, which sound comes over the wide stretch of plain to tell us they are having the *Fourth* among them. Every old rifle, shot gun, and pistol, is now brought forth to give a hearty response, for their souls are being fired with patriotism, though the bang of the noisy shot-gun, or the sharp crack of the rifle, may not be heard by those at the fort, so many miles to the northward.

Supper is ready on the little pine table in the tent yonder, so take a seat and help yourself to all the edibles that compose our no way sumptuous fare. Drink your coffee, take a slice of that frosted cake, brought all the way from home—it may taste all the better, for it was made by a mother's hand, and retains a home-like flavor, that makes me sigh to think of days past, never to return.

Eat hearty,—'tis the last jolly time, perhaps, for any and all of us, till we reach the *Mecca* of our hopes, California, that land of golden visions.

See there! the wind has blown the tent down, in spite of all the ox-yokes being piled around to keep it from capsizing; so take a handful from the wreck of tin-plates, basins, etc., for it is clearing off, and the sun is peering from behind those dark clouds, as a parting salutation, before retiring to his pink and purple pavillion in the west. A few hours' ride brings us to



CASTLE ROCK.

Castle Rock, or Pyramid Circle, as it is frequently denominated, from its fancied resemblance to an old deserted Oriental city, with its desolate looking watch-towers, abbey's, and deserted mansions, passing into rapid decay, and mouldering from the records of the Past.

Here too, Old Time is found, as everywhere else, with his effacing fingers, ever ready to destroy, not only the noble works of Art, but the massive masonry of the Great Builder.

Well, here we are now, at the Cold Springs, while right beside them run those that would boil an egg, if you were the lucky "hombre" to have one. These boiling springs emit a sulphurous steam.

The Humboldt river is now crossed and recrossed, and following down the valley for many days, we are at the great meadows, where we shall have to do a little haying, preparatory to crossing an arm of the Great American Desert; so, reader, take a good rest on the green grass, as you will require all your recruited energy, for the morrow's travel, with its deep sand and broiling sun, which are to be our

indispensable companions, ere the sight is gladdened with the bright foliage that skirts the Carson river beyond.

All is life, confusion, hurly-burly, and every chick and child are busy in making ready for "sandy stretch,"—all is tumult and noise. Men from Sacramento, San Francisco, Fiddletown, Muletown, Onchorsetown, and I don't know what town, are here looking with eager countenances for their families and friends; peering into this wagon and that, to be sure of the right ones, who have undoubtedly grown older, sadder, and dustier, since the last kiss was given at the cottage gate, so long ago.

Let us draw the curtain before these frequent scenes of meeting, for it is sacred to them alone, and is not for the vulgar gaze of the staring world.

Come let us haste away, for the sun is high up in the heavens. The writer and boy is in the wagon, so farewell to the dusty roads, the alkali of the Humboldt, the traders' labelled bottles, and the few stragglers that linger behind, for the goal of our happiness lies still beyond the snow-capped Sierras.



SCENE ON THE DESERT.

Here we are, on the much dreaded Desert, with its many bleaching bones and countless cast-away conveyances. Some are lying as they fell, and with the ox-yoke upon their emaciated necks, and the horseman's noble and faithful companion, with the saddle still resting upon his back, and the bridle bit still in the mouth—alas, dead.

Those who have never broken down their last wagon, a thousand miles from "anywhere," don't know how to pity us, but as good luck would have it, just as we were about to abandon the wreck and take passage in "Foot & Walker's" line, a *God-send* came, in the shape of another conveyance which was offered by a stranger more fortu-

nate than our
what is this, a
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But now
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companions, ere the sight
with the bright foliage
Carson river beyond.
confusion, hurly-burly,
hick and child are busy in
ly for "sandy stretch,"—
t and noise. Men from
San Francisco, Fiddle-
own, Onchorsetown, and I
what town, are here looking
countenances for their fam-
ends; peering into this
hat, to be sure of the right
have undoubtedly grown
and dustier, since the last
en at the cottage gate, so
draw the curtain before
nt scenes of meeting, for
them alone, and is not for
ize of the staring world.
is haste away, for the sun
the heavens. The writer
the wagon, so farewell to
nds, the alkali of the Hum-
nders' labelled bottles, and
gglers that linger behind,
of our happiness lies still
snow-capped Sierras.



o have never broken down
gon; a thousand miles from
don't know how to pity
good luck would have it,
ere about to abandon the
take passage in "Foot &
ne, a God-send came, in
another conveyance which
by a stranger more fortu-

nate than ourselves. Wait a moment,
what is this, among the dry bleaching
bones by the wayside? Why, it is the
grave of an infant, that sweetly rests
its tiny head in the burning sands, away
from earth's sorrows, till the good An-
gel of the Resurrection shall come to
earth, to swear that time shall be no
more. There, traced upon a small
board, was this simple, but sweet
inscription: "MARY, THE PET LAMB;
OUR ONLY ONE."

Who could have stood by this little
desolate mound, without brushing away
the falling tear-drops, flowing from the
fountain of sympathy and love? No
grassy turf, with its wild flowers, to
make a green and violet covering for
the little one; nor the low moan of the
sea, to chant a sad requiem above the
lonely pillow;—naught but the wild
scream of the vulture by day, and the
hoarse growl of the prowling wolf by
night. All is a dreary desolation, fit
haunts for the spectres of gloom and
despair.

What a volume that simple inscrip-
tion contains. We know of one that
moistened that sandy mound with tears,
before leaving it alone in the darkness
and gloom; and if that soul-tortured
mother yet lives on the Pacific's broad
coast, she still feels the heart's old
blight, and grieves that Mary, the loved
one, passed away so soon.

But now the Father of light comes
circling up from his rosy chambers in
the east, and Aurora is spreading her
delicate blushes on the mountains. A
bright, happy morning,—the 30th of
July,—finds us in Ragtown, situated
on the banks of the Carson River.

Ragtown! What a rugged name?
methinks I hear you say—but don't be
particular, it is rightly named, for a
whole posse of ragged emigrants are
here, and the traders' houses are made
of tattered cloth,—the corrals, or en-
closures, of log chains and wagon-tires.

Now, reader, if you are not too tired
with the day's ramble, we will soon be
upon those steep ascents, where hill
after hill arises to shut out the glorious

prospects before us; but be patient a
moment longer. Hold on to your
breath, for the hardships will soon be
over, as the highest point is reached,
and a glimpse of the Sacramento Val-
ley cheers the eye and heart, for we
can now feast the sight upon its beauty
and loveliness, sleeping in calm repose
so many thousand feet below.

After all the toil, vexation and strife,
we are at last in front of Placer Hotel,
and as sure as you are alive, we are in
California—in Old Hangtown—now
more euphoniously named Placerville.

So, reader, give me your hand be-
fore I get out of my traveling home,
for new scenes in the drama of Life
await me, and perchance we may never
meet again. So accept my good wishes
for your future welfare, for your kind-
ness and patience in following me thus
far, along the checkered PAGES OF THE
PAST.

THE CITY OF OUR GOD.

Guard and guide us, Holy Father!
'Thorns along the path lie sown,
And our feeble footsteps falter,
'Thou canst guide us, Thou alone!

We are turning from earth's pleasures,
To the paths that saints have trod,
Seeking for eternal treasures,
In the city of our God.

Weak are we and very lowly,
Crushed by care and stained by sin,
Yet unto thy kingdom holy,
Gracious Saviour let us in!

With our broken, contrite spirit,
We would come in sweet accord,
As a band of weary pilgrims,
To the city of our God.

There the tree of Life is blooming,
By the river, pure and fair;
White-robed angel-forms are coming,
Oh! we hasten to be there!

We can hear sweet voices singing,—
Snowy wings around us wave,
And Thy arm about us flinging,—
Where's thy victory? oh grave!
Suncook, May, 1857. A. M. B.

Why are kisses like the creation?
Because they are made of nothing, and
are all very good.

EDWARD HAVEN.

BY W. B. S.

When I first went into the mines in the northern portion of this State, I could not prevail upon one of my friends to go with me, so I started alone; but I soon became acquainted with some as noble-hearted fellows as ever put a pick in the soil of California. Indeed I have never found such friends anywhere as I have found in the mountains among the miners; but I am wandering. Joe and Jake were my first partners in the mines, two as good boys as ever handled a pick or shovel. Having located some claims, we built our cabin on the side of a mountain fronting a deep cañon. There were no cabins within two miles of ours, and the wolves made the night hideous by their howlings; to which the night-bird joined his melancholy note.

It was on the night of the 12th of December, 1850; dark, angry clouds were floating in the blue above, and the wild winds were raving furiously through the deep cañons, and ever and anon some giant pine would give way beneath the too powerful blasts of the wind, and come down with a crash resembling distant thunder. The rain began to pour in torrents, and the wind increased in violence. That was a night long to be remembered. The roaring of the waters which came rolling and tumbling down the wild cañon, and the fury of the wind amid the tall trees of the mountain, made it a night of terror. Jake had retired, while Joe and I remained sitting by the fire, talking over scenes of other days, when with childish glee we chased the hare over the meadow, or watched the nimble squirrel leap from tree to tree, and lick the pearly dew-drops from the leaves at early morn; when the door opened, and a man rushed in and fell upon the floor speechless. We immediately spread a blanket before the fire, took off his wet clothes, and wrapped him up as comfortable as possible. We made him a cup of warm tea, and in two hours he

was able to speak. In the morning he was quite revived, and told us he had started to go to a little town about ten miles distant, but the storm overtaking him he had lost his way, and had been wandering about until he accidentally discovered a light in our cabin. He was of delicate appearance, light blue eyes, and light hair, and looked as though he had seen better days, for his hands were white and soft, denoting that he had not been accustomed to labor. He had just arrived in the country—as hundreds of others did in the early times of California,—buoyant with hope of making a fortune in a few months, and returning to friends and kindred in his native land. He remained with us a few days, until the storm subsided, and then started on to his place of destination. I neither saw nor heard any more of him for more than a year, when, in the month of July, '51, as I was passing through Shasta, at the hotel where I was stopping for the night, I met him. He appeared very much pleased to see me, inquiring for Jake and Joe. He wished me to go to his room, as he had much to tell me. His room was well furnished for those times in California, and I came to the conclusion he must have plenty of money.

No one can realize the pleasure of meeting an old friend in the mines, unless he has experienced it. Although my acquaintance with Edward Haven—the name of the young man introduced to the reader—was very limited, yet I had formed an attachment for him which perhaps would not have been formed for some others upon years of acquaintance. Friendship matured in the mines is different from that in the cities, or even in the Atlantic states. There is a peculiar interest about it which lingers about the heart, making it more lasting. I can only account for this from the fact that we are thrown together here from all portions of the civilized world, and in a great measure deprived of female society, so that when we do find a congenial spirit, our at-

tachment is
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 ...male society, so that when
 ...congenial spirit, our at-

...achment is much stronger than under
 ...ordinary circumstances.

“Since I saw you last,” said he, “I
 have been favored with unusual good
 luck, having made over nine thousand
 dollars; but it is now nearly all gone.
 I have been simple enough to think I
 could beat the game of faro, and for the
 last two weeks I have been betting
 against the game, and now have but a
 few hundred dollars left.”

“Ed,” said I, “I thought you a man
 of more sense than to think you can
 beat that game, or to gamble your mo-
 ney away upon any game. Have you
 no parents, brothers, or sisters, whom
 you respect, or whose name you do not
 wish to tarnish?”

“Will,” said he, “were there not
 feelings dwelling in my heart as warm
 as those of a brother, since the time you
 were so kind to me the night I entered
 your cabin, what you have just said I
 should consider an insult, and be pre-
 pared to resent it; but since I know
 the words were spoken with the best of
 feelings, I thank you for the plain man-
 ner in which you uttered them. I have
 a brother and sister who reside in Bos-
 ton, and from whom I have not heard
 a word since I have been in this coun-
 try. My father was connected with a
 large importing house in that city, and
 it was through the California trade that
 the house became insolvent. Soon after
 the suspension he died, leaving his
 children nothing, with the exception of
 education. But there is yet another
 still dearer to my heart, of whom, to you,
 I have not spoken; one of earth’s
 brightest jewels; one, in the light of
 whose eyes I could ever be happy.”

“Emma Seawood and I were be-
 trothed about a year before the death
 of my father; and when it was known
 that he was insolvent, it did not appear
 to have any effect upon her, and she
 loved me still with that warm, ardent
 affection which I thought she alone was
 capable of. Emma had many admir-
 ers, and among them some of the
 wealthiest of Boston; for, besides her
 many other charms, she was an heiress

to considerable property, and her uncle
 was her guardian. She had a sister,
 who was married and lived in the city,
 and whose husband was connected with
 a house in Marysville in this country.
 After the suspension of the house my
 father was connected with, I entered a
 wholesale establishment as book-keep-
 er. One morning soon after I entered
 the counting-room, the following note
 was handed me:—

“Boston, July 20th, 185—

“Dear Edward,

“Please consider our engagement
 broken off.

“Yours,

“EMMA SEAWOOD.”

“I immediately sent an answer noti-
 fying her it should be as she requested.
 I never was so much astonished in my
 life as I was at this unexpected note,
 and could only account for it in this
 way:—There had been a young gen-
 tleman introduced to her about two
 months previous, who represented him-
 self as a rich planter from Mississippi,
 and I imagined Emma was particularly
 fond of him, and cool towards me. A
 few days after I received the note, I
 was on my way to California, and you
 now know why I am in this country,
 and so reckless with my money and
 character. Life has lost all its charms
 for me; for the one that was dear to
 my heart is beyond the sea, and those
 smiles which were once for me are now
 for another.”

When he had finished, I told him
 not to despair, for perhaps there was a
 brighter day awaiting him in the fu-
 ture. As I was about to start on my
 journey in the morning, he pressed my
 hand, wishing that good fortune might
 attend me.

Many months had passed away, and
 during that time I heard nothing from
 Edward Haven; in fact, I had almost
 forgotten him while mingling in the
 busy scenes of life. In March, 185—,
 I was stopping with a friend, a physi-
 cian, who had an office on K street,

Sacramento. One morning, while we were sitting in the office, he had a call to go to the Orleans Hotel, to see a young man who had the evening previous arrived there on one of the coaches very much indisposed. The doctor asked me to accompany him, which I did, as I was doing nothing. When I entered the room I discovered at once that it was none other than Edward Haven, and as I approached the bed he reached out his hand, saying "I am happy to see you; and," continued he, "this is the third time we have met unexpectedly, and under very different circumstances. There is something in these meetings which I cannot account for, which must have some mysterious meaning."

I told him I could see nothing very strange about them, only that they were very unexpected to us both. The doctor prescribed for him, and we returned to the office; but before leaving I gave orders to the proprietors to see that he was supplied with all the necessaries to make him as comfortable as possible; for I learned from him that he was, to use a common phrase, "dead broke."

During my stay in Sacramento I called every day to see him, for he continued to grow worse, and on the ninth day of his illness I began to think his recovery doubtful. I had been with him all day, only leaving his bedside to get my meals, for there were none others who appeared to take any interest in him. On the night of the ninth, about ten o'clock, as I was sitting by his side, a gentleman and two ladies came home from the theatre, and as they passed the door, I heard one of the ladies say, "let us go in and see that sick young man." They came in, and one of them asked me if he was an old friend of mine. I told her how long I had known him, and how I first became acquainted with him.

"What is his name?"

"Edward Haven," I replied.

"Do you know where he is from?"

"He tells me he is from Boston, Massachusetts."

"Boston! Why we are from there, having just arrived on the last steamer. Has he no friends who came out with him?"

"None that I know; at least I have never heard him speak of any."

They soon retired; but a young man whom I had requested to come and sit up with him, soon came in and took my place, and I went to my room.

In the morning, when I returned, I found him much better, and from that day he began to recover, and in a short time was able to be about; and on his recovery he started for the mountains again, near Forest City, where he was interested in a tunnel; and when he arrived there, he found they had struck pay dirt, and that the shares were worth from five to six thousand dollars each. He sold out his interest, determined to return to the States to see his brother and sister, and also try if he could learn anything about Emma Seawood. He arrived in Marysville one afternoon, calculating to leave the next morning for San Francisco, but who should he meet on D street but Emma's brother-in-law, who was truly pleased to see him, and invited him to take tea with him, without saying a word about Emma being there, only telling him he had brought out his family. The reader can better imagine the pleasure of that meeting than I can describe it.

Edward Haven did not return to the States. Emma explained to him the note which he received, and which was written by the Mississippian, for, as she had refused him, he thought if he could get Edward out of the way he might prevail upon her to marry him; but she learned through one of the clerks in the house where Edward was, that he had received a note, which was the cause of his leaving so abruptly; so she at once came to the conclusion that it was written by the Mississippian, and the consequence was she would never speak to him again. When her brother-in-law and sister came to the conclusion to come to this country,

she deterred thinking she had lost Edward. He fled, when she cherished her presence long separated. They lived in the suburbs of the city, and remained in fact I always at home where were the terrors visited the illness on other than her sister's idea who was not living, and

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That would
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If she would
The doom
Prayers, if

she determined to come with them, thinking she might hear something of Edward. The last hope had almost fled, when unexpectedly the one she cherished so dearly was ushered into her presence, and two fond hearts so long separated were again united.

They live in a neat cottage in the suburbs of the city of M—, and it has not been long since I visited them, and remained there several days; in fact I always make their house my home when I go to the city. But who were the two ladies and gentleman who visited the room of Edward during his illness on the night spoken of? None other than Emma and her sister and her sister's husband. But they had no idea who Edward Haven was, for it was not his real name. Long may they live, and happily.

A SKETCH.

She was very fair!—I saw her when a gay and happy
The bright curls flowing 'round a head, [child;
That would have watched, for beauty,
Art's most finished work; her sweet bright face
Made every heart seem gladder that approached her,
She was the light that shed a radiance through that
Quiet, graceful home—a very childlike child.

—Again I saw her; years had past since last I
She had grown a tall and graceful girl, [met her.
The chestnut hair that sparkl'd in the sun,
Was smoothly parted o'er her marble brow.
The bright and joyous laugh, was gone—
It seemed hushed forever;
A lovely sadness spread o'er her fair face.
It was the *spirit's* sadness,—it longed to leave its
Earthy tenement, and soar away.
Alone she stood amidst a world of gazers,
No state to point her out, and yet the mark
Of each attracted eye—the buzz of praise,
And wonder, heralded her matchless beauty.
She stood there radiant as the morning star,—
Conscious of her loveliness, yet almost cursing that
Which made her so. Pain of the body will admit
A comforter, but the mind, none!—It is so
Acute it flouts the love 'twould lull it.
So for love's pains, gives *Love* itself repulse;
So is its dulcet tongue harsh accents taunt,
The least of which breaks its entrancing spell,
And wakens moods to love, as clouds to sun!
How pale she is!—and her eyes look,
If she would let them—they would drown her cheeks,
The doom is written on her brow. Oh! what are
Prayers, if holy rites are threats, and those

They bind, are joined against the will?
Or what is heaven, if of no more esteem
Than what 'tis witness to—to be pronounced
A fraud and nullity? 'Tis sacrilegious!
If from the altar one abstract a mite, and the
Offender dies! but make a slave of
Woman's deepest jewel—her heart's first cherished
Her life blood will absorb, and she will die; [love,
While those who caused the *murder*,
Pass through life, courted by the heartless world
Because it moves their wonder, and they worship
That they wonder at. And I knew
She won, with patient aspect and undrooping mien,
More hearts to pity her, as she went forth,
Than tears and wringing of the hands had done.
Oh! she was beautiful beyond compare,
Can she be blind to what all others see,
And can she see it without prizing it?
Hark!—the doors are open thrown; an aged man
Approaches, he bowed his head to hers, but for an
instant,
And in that instant a voice fell on my ear—
As sweet and low as the last echo of a harp:
Father! you would sell your daughter's life for gold.
He answered not, but took her hand in his
To lead her forth; she did not speak
Again, but from her breast she took
A portrait, and gazed upon it strainingly.
I think she wept—for past her eyes
Her hand she drew,—then with both hands,
Joined in fervent clasp, she stood
The spirit, as I thought, of Prayer itself
Personified!
For o'er her face, the east which artists give,
To paint the act of beatific trance,
Spread, flooding it with light;
Whatever she thought, the words were in
Her heart,—she breathed no sound;
But from the chambers of her heart, a deep drawn
Sigh, and it did seem to rend her soul.
Then pressed her lips, with fond affection, on the
picture,
With aspect, heavenly calm, as worshippers
That rise refreshed from the renewing altar,
She went forth to the sacrifice.

—Once again, I saw her. They had secured
The victim, but could not hold her;
The spirit broke its bonds, and roamed
At large. She was so sweetly beautiful,
As she lay there—cold and still as the
Frozen snow upon the mountain's brow.
A sweet smile shone calmly on her lips, as though
The soul in taking flight, had left that mark there,
To show the world that she was happy now.
In her hand was clasped the treasured likeness of
Her son's idol. She clung to it in death—
They dared not rob her of it!

Rest! rest, sweet girl, with thy loved one's image
Clasped near a heart that loved him,
Even in death: He will join thee in the world of
Spirits!

CONSTANCE.

OUR NEIGHBOR AT THE CORNER

Is one of the old fashioned class of cobblers, who does not disdain to stitch per contract, or repair per order. The inundation of boots and shoes into the city at one time, regardless of the unerring rules of supply and demand, bade fair to drive him out of the field. He commenced operations as most of his brothers do,—

"In a stall,
Which served him for parlor, and kitchen, and all,"

but now has something of an imposing *emporium* to arrest the attention of the needy; his chief attraction, however, is the following sign board, which shows him to be something of a wag:

"Here works a man who mends the understanding,
But soles makes good, according to commanding.
He heels cils' low; bad manners, with or without tacks,
(tax.)
Shoes them their proper way to honorable acts.
He works uninfluenced, with many an old screw.
He gives to you his awl, - none, generous more, can do.
He gives good measure: 'try him with your bits,
He'll beat all other's understandings into fits.
And should you wish to know the important future,
Good Mrs. Strap, his wife, is sure to suit ye.
Altho' 'tis said to be a wicked trade,
Many 's the fortune, for others, she has made.
If oft she good to good refuses, and to bad rewards,
The fault lies not with her, but in the plaguoy laws.
Come try your luck, you know not what's in store,
She lives at —, ring at the first green door."

The latter calling is said to be the more thriving one, and of this only we would now relate,—more of the old cobbler anon.

"His ugly old wife and his tortoise shell cat," no doubt are capital stock in trade. I never shall forget what sensation the old crone made in our own circle. Passing by there one dull evening with a friend, he jocosely proposed that we should go in and have our fortunes told. The reader may believe the result or not, as he or she may please, but we heard information respecting ourselves perfectly astounding. Our friend bantering the old woman upon her impostures, she at once disclosed some secrets to him that eventually proved true, and displayed before him such a knowledge of his family affairs, as to call up something like horror in his face, as to the capabilities of the black art.

"Your daughter," she said, "is a sweet, pretty girl. You are about to

marry her to a very rich old man of New York, now on his passage to California for that purpose. He has a wife already in New York, but brings out with him her release from all obligation; upon that he will sue her for a divorce, which you know, in San Francisco, is no difficult matter. Your daughter love's another—a young tradesman. I cannot exactly make out what his business is, but he is an honest, upright, hard-working fellow, and every way deserving her—"

Here my friend interrupted the ugly one:

"That I am sure is not the case, for she has never breathed to either of us that her affections are engaged to any one."

"O, yes, she has, often to her mother, who has kept the matter secret from you. She has been very ill of late, but seems resigned to her mother's wishes."

"Yes, that's a fact about her illness; but it was a severe cold."

"Yes, a chill of the heart. Now be advised by me, let her marry this young man; for his horoscope, both by cross and sign, are something very extraordinary, while this rich merchant, or whatever he is, will fail all to smash, as soon as he has married your daughter.— Shall I deal further, and tell you what her two fates are in marrying one or the other?"

"Let me ask you a question," said our friend, interrupting her. "How old is my daughter?"

"That I cannot say exactly,—somewhere between fourteen and eighteen; she appears, at all events, 'over young to marry yet.'"

"Well, I'll see you upon this matter another time. Go on with my friend's fortune. I'll enquire, and if I find what you say is true, I pledge myself to follow your recommendation."

"You had better. You will never regret the happiness you will have caused."

Then the old hag re-shuffled the cards, and set the horoscope page to work. After she dealt out the greasy

cards again, she grate fit of laugh hideous looking

"What is the said."

"The oddest You are a back self to the write

"Yes."

"You are be handsome old w en leg."

"That I know

"She limps, c

"Well, that i

whom you mean ken two words

"She hasn't

"She has the

"False! fal hair."

"That I know

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barber here in for her address

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"Oh, now I witch and no r

"The matter engage her in

you; that's at tions. Is it no

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"Go on." truth only, my ing spoken tw

"O! shall I

"Anything, knows all my knew nothing

Here the o ing her toothl

"You have old widow, ha

to a very rich old man of New York on his passage to California for a purpose. He has a wife in New York, but brings out her release from all obligation; he will sue her for a divorce, and know, in San Francisco, is no matter. Your daughter is a young tradesman. I will make out what his business is, but he is an honest, upright, sensible fellow, and every way desirable."

My friend interrupted the ugly

I am sure is not the case, for I have never breathed to either of us that affections are engaged to any

she has, often to her mother, kept the matter secret from her. She has been very ill of late, but I am signed to her mother's wishes." "That's a fact about her illness; she has a severe cold."

a chill of the heart. Now be my friend, let her marry this young man. His horoscope, both by cross and by himself, are something very extraordinary. He is this rich merchant, or what he will, will fail all to smash, as soon as he is married your daughter. Deal further, and tell you what the fates are in marrying one or the other."

He ask you a question," said my friend, interrupting her. "How do you like your daughter?"

"I cannot say exactly,—some-thing between fourteen and eighteen; but, at all events, 'over young yet.'"

"I'll see you upon this matter," said my friend. "Go on with my friend's advice. I'll enquire, and, if I find the matter is true, I pledge myself to your recommendation."

"You had better. You will never be happy if you will have

the old hag re-shuffled the cards, and set the horoscope page to one side after she dealt out the greasy

cards again, she burst into an immoderate fit of laughter, making her more hideous looking than Hecate.

"What is there to laugh at," we said.

"The oddest fortune I ever dealt. You are a bachelor," addressing herself to the writer.

"Yes."

"You are beat, or you will be, by a handsome old widow. She has a wooden leg."

"That I know is false."

"She limps, doesn't she?"

"Well, that is a good joke. I know whom you mean; I have scarcely spoken two words to her in my life."

"She hasn't a tooth in her head."

"She has the best set I ever saw."

"False! false! She wears false hair."

"That I know nothing of."

"How can you say so, when some barber here in town, has applied to you for her address, and mentioned the purpose for which he wanted it."

"Oh, now I remember. You are a witch and no mistake. Well, go on."

"The matter has gone so far as to engage her in knitting woolen socks for you; that's an earnest of her intentions. Is it not?"

"Well, I never! Go on."

"Have you a father living?"

"I leave you, by your art, to find that out."

"Well, 'tis only a little more trouble. I shall come to it presently."

"She has some property here,—in several houses. O! as I live, you, or some one just like you, collects her rents. Is it so?"

"Go on." (Every word of this was truth only, my assertion of never having spoken two words to her was a fib.)

"O! shall I say what turns up?"

"Anything, anything, our friend here knows all my affairs." (This latter he knew nothing of.)

Here the old wretch grinned, showing her toothless gums, and said:

"You have a father, I see; this gay old widow, having failed with the father,

is about you see, to try the son. Ha! ha! ha!"

"What a compliment."

"Well, you may make a worse choice; for she will kill you with kindness, and be as jealous as any."

Our friend and self, not caring to hear more, left. We were both in a perfect maze of bewilderment as to her fore-knowledge and disclosures; and were, in despite of our better judgment, half converts to the art.

Three months after, my friend's daughter married a young carpenter, who had scarcely made his arrangements of comfortably settling down in California, than he received news of an uncle's death, by which he became entitled to an excellent property. I boarded with my friend, and upon the merry occasion of the wedding, his wife told us that she, about three months before, had her nativity cast, and every thing had fallen out just as the wise woman had told her; more than that, the help, her Sally, had things told her that were very wonderful, about the faithfulness of her lover, and how she would have been ruined and all her little pile of dollars spent, if she had not taken the old woman's advice. O, now the wonder's out! thought I: from the maid, the old crone has got what information she wanted about the mistress; from the mistress, what she wanted about the master; but how about myself? That was not long destined to be a poser. A young lad whom I kept to sweep up my office, and whom I had kicked out for having the impertinence and bad luck to be found at my desk reading my private letters, lodged with this old fortune-teller, and no doubt, for a consideration, poured into her ear these secrets about the false leg, and all,—the bill for it being among my papers, and which, until then, were known only to myself. After all, the old couple are not to be despised; and if he makes some shoes as well she makes some fortunes, few will have more occasion to find fault than we had.

THE REALIZATION OF MY CONCEPTIONS.

NO. VI.

Reader, did you ever say farewell, until the sound echoed through the heart, like the knell of all you loved the dearest?—If you did, oh! pity me.

I have said farewell to noble Ben, and laid his head to rest forever on the "lap of earth." I have said farewell, probably forever, to dear, light-hearted Charley; and now, when thy good bye is spoken, my heart will have lost all of its most loved objects, and I shall turn into my cabin,—oh! how desolate and lone,—without one to cheer me.

But ere we part, dear reader, let us look back together over our short acquaintance. Six short months ago we first invited you to our cabin,—and what a happy circle you found there; Ben, with all his quiet joy—Charley, so gay and cheerful, and I, in my dreamy happiness,—how bright it looks, seen from the present gloom! Month after month went past, and each brought the looked for meeting;—and we all looked forward with pleasure to the glad Spring, which should make our happiness more intense. But when it came, it brought not the expected gladness, but instead, a shadow, for sickness had settled on one of the loved ones of our little circle. Charley wrote you last month, how very sick Ben was, and how little we hoped for his recovery. Day by day, as we saw our companion grow steadily, yet ever patiently, more feeble, that hope grew fainter,—and one morning, after a restless night, the pain seemed to die away, as the glorious May day dawned; I opened the door of the cabin, and the rays of the rising sun streamed in upon the couch of the sufferer, and the old smiling look of quiet joy stole over his features; and saying, "it could not be better," he sank into a gentle repose, as if lulled to sleep by the sunlight. But he was very weak, and neighbors, who had called in, through all the long restless night had whispered him dying; and now, they

said he was fast going. It was indeed true. The faint breathing grew fainter, and finally, without a struggle from the sleeper, ceased altogether,—and yet he seemed but sleeping, for the smile was there, and the faint tinge of color on the cheeks—all, as if but sleeping. I stood and gazed long on the calm repose of the wasted form, and could not realize that it was Death, but when the consciousness of the truth did come over me, and the wild thought rushed on my mind to awaken the sleeper, to cry in all the anguish of my grief: "Ben, dear Ben, for the sake of those who love you, awake from that fearful repose," a voice of the air, even as though the spirit still hovered near, repressed me, saying: "It could not be better."

Perchance it could not. From all the hardships of your lot—from all the toil, pain, and ills of life, to sink so gently to rest—"It could not be better." From all the longings, which make life one long, uneasy dream, to pass so calmly to where no dreams disturb the deep repose, "It could not be better." After all thy sad boyhood, when a happier life had come, (even as the bright morning after a restless night.) In the glad spring, when everything is gay, and life has more for which to cling to earth—to pass so peacefully away, "It could not be better," for thou hast gone to a place where our happiest life and most beautiful scenes, are surpassed by joys and scenes the most transcendent.

And then the dark grief, that none may know but those who have felt it, settled upon me, and I moved unconsciously about. Neighbors came in and dressed the form in white vestments, moving about noiselessly, and speaking in whispers, as if Ben was but sleeping, and they feared to awake him. While that, which but a short time before was Ben, lay heedless of all—the color had gone, but the sweet smile still rested on the marble features.

And then one morning the neighbors formed in procession, and followed the remains out to the pine tree on the

knoll, his coffin was read by a heaped in,

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fast going. It was indeed faint breathing grew fainter, without a struggle from the bed altogether,—and yet he sleeping, for the smile was the faint tinge of color on all, as if but sleeping. I rested long on the calm repose of form, and could not realize Death, but when the words of the truth did come over my wild thought rushed on my ear, the sleeper, to cry in the language of my grief: "Ben, dear Ben, for the sake of those who love you, rise from that fearful repose," a faint air, even as though the presence were near, repressed me, and I could not be better."

It could not. From all the scenes of your lot—from all the trials of life, to sink so low—"It could not be better than all the longings, which the long, uneasy dream, to fly to where no dreams disturb repose, "It could not be better than all thy sad boyhood, when death had come, (even as the spring, after a restless night.)" It has more for which to cling than pass so peacefully away, "It could not be better," for thou hast seen where our happiest life scenes are surpassed by scenes the most transcen-

dent. In the dark grief, that none but those who have felt it, can understand, me, and I moved unconsciously. Neighbors came in and formed in white vestments, and spoke so noiselessly, and speaking as if Ben was but sleeping, I tried to awake him. While but a short time before was the colorless of all—the color had faded, and the sweet smile still rested on his features.

One morning the neighbors came in a procession, and followed the path to the pine tree on the

knoll, beside the other grave. The coffin was lowered, the burial service read by a venerable old man, the dirt heaped in, and all was over.

And now I am to redeem my promise to thee, Ben. But how shall I speak of a subject so tender as the beloved departed. The memory of their virtues live with all of us; and thy virtues, Ben, form a bright wreath around the brow of thy memory, that sheds a halo o'er the gloom of death. Thy goodness and gentleness to those who knew thee, need no aid from my pen, and those who know thee not would little heed me. But, beloved friend, of that for which thy nature fitted thee, and of what thou might have been under different circumstances, let me repeat over thy grave, that which has been so beautifully said by him who wrote the "short and simple annals of the poor."

"Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid,
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire,—
Hands that the rod of Empire might have swayed,
Or woke to ecstacy the living lyre.

"But knowledge to his eyes her ample page,
Rich with the spoils of Time, did ne'er unroll;—
Chill Penury repressed his noble rage,
And froze the genial current of his soul."

So the grave closed over the dearest member of our household, and Charley and I turned back into our cabin bound closer by our mutual grief. A few days passed and he in his deep sorrow, bethought him of a distant home, and smiling faces that longed to welcome him back, and he resolved to go. The preparations were finished, and one bright morning we parted by the grave of him whose memory bound us closer friends. There were tears in Charley's eyes—tears in mine, and through them I watched him hurry away. The sun was shining brightly on the flowers, and the birds all gay, but to me it was night—the starless night of the heart's grief; and I turned back to my cabin, now so lonely that I wished it were a tomb.

It is night while I am writing, the

night on which we should all have been assembled here. But there are no generous friends to feel a lively interest in my poor efforts—they are gone and I sit here alone writing this farewell. I live alone now; and though I find it sad to be thus solitary, yet there is a pleasure in it which I would not have broken by strangers. Sometimes the memory of our old companionship grows so strong, that it seems almost real. And they are with me. It is even as the poet has beautifully sung of the departed:

"— they do not die,
Nor lose their mortal sympathy,
Nor change to us, although they change."

In the stillness of the night, I feel the presence of spirits, they commune with me in a speechless language, and I know at least one who loved this place, even as I:

As I pause from writing, and raise my eyes, they rest upon a pencil drawing of Charley's, and Ben's rifle—and I know that the hand which drew one, is far away over the seas, lost to me forever; and the eye which knew to take unerring sight, is dimmed, and hidden by the cold grave. And yet they seem with me still; for as I gaze, memory leads me back to the days of our companionship, and I live a life almost as intense as in those days.

But, kind reader, I fear I tire you,—one word more. If during our intercourse you have found one thing that awakened an interest which you have since lost, please unite me with it, and remember me at the best. The recollection of your kindness will ever be one of my dearest memories.

"Farewell! a word that must be, and has been—
A sound which makes us linger; yet—farewell!"

Epitaph on a California money lender:—

"Here lies old thirty-five per cent.,
The more he made the more he lent;
The more he got the more he craved;
The more he made the more he shaved;
Great God! can such a soul be saved?"

"VIRTUE, ENERGY AND FAME."

A CHAPTER OF RESOLVES.

I.

Wealth and Honor, are my objects;
High ambition guides my aim;
But I scorn to touch dishonor;
E'en to win the proudest name.

II.

Wealth, although a key to Honor,
Ne'er unlocks the hidden door;
While one's hands are stained with lucre,
While the gold is ill-got ore.

III.

Honor never can be pleasure,
While the ghosts of bygone sin,
Haunt the mind, torment the fancy,
Keeping up an endless din.

IV.

Nor is Sin a fleeting phantom;
It doth e'er distress the heart;
And its victim struggles vainly—
It defies his subtlest art.

V.

E'en repentance fails to kill it;—
Thought can never, never die;—
For although he tries concealment,
To his heart, it speaks the lie.

VI.

But when each is ruled by Virtue,
When Religion sheds its light,
O'er the deeds of him who worketh,
Steadfastly by day and night.

VII.

Onward, upward, as the eagle,
Will his fame as proudly soar,
Till Ambition's toil is ended,
And he lives on earth, no more.

VIII.

Then his name, like stars at midnight,
Guides the mariners of life,
On their weary, stormy voyage,
Safe from shipwreck, safe from strife.

IX.

Oh! then may this golden motto,
"Virtue, energy, and fame,"
Teach me in the midst of danger,
How to carve a deathless name.

ANDREAS.

San Francisco, May 11, 1857.

Give me the hand that is warm, kind and ready!
Give me the clasp that is calm, true and steady!
Give me the hand that has never foresworn it!
Give me the grasp that I eye may adore it!
Soft palm, or hard hand, it matters not—never!
Give me the grasp that is honest—forever!

HER LAST FOOT-PRINTS.

Often does the wayworn and weary over-land emigrant, in passing through Honey Lake Valley, turn his steps from the more beaten trail or wagon track, in order to get a nearer view of the lake, that makes so important a feature of the landscape there presented. And as he winds along the oft frequented foot-path, he will see yet another, and smaller than the one he is following, that seems to lead even more directly to the lake; but one in which the green grass of the valley is trampled down barely sufficient to mark it as a trail; but should he from curiosity follow it, as he approaches the low bank of the lake, he will, if he be a stranger there, come unexpectedly upon a little spot of ground, upon which Death's seal has been set; a grave has been marked, not made, for there is no grave there. And yet a head-board has been reared, and on it is this inscription—HER LAST FOOT-PRINTS.

To very many who have seen it and know nothing of the circumstances of its origin, it doubtless bears the impress of mystery; but of the import of that inscription, and the causes and circumstances attendant upon the erection of that frail monument, oh! would to Heaven it were all a mystery to me! that its history were but a myth to the reader, and to the world.

* * * * *

The over-land emigration to California in 1852 was immense, and marked its pathway by mementos that still exist, telling their tales of woe not only in characters of "camp-fires long consumed, and bones that bleach in the sunshine;" but unmarked graves that never can be numbered.

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LAST FOOT-PRINTS.

...es the wayworn and weary emigrant, in passing through the Valley, turn his steps from the beaten trail or wagon track, to get a nearer view of the makes so important a feature of the landscape there presented. And as he goes along the oft-frequented path, he will see yet another, and more than the one he is following, to lead even more directly to the heart of the valley; but one in which the tracks of the valley is trampled are amply sufficient to mark it as a path which should he from curiosity follow. As he approaches the low bank of the river, he will, if he be a stranger, be met unexpectedly upon a little mound, upon which Death's seal is set; a grave has been marked, for there is no grave there. A head-board has been reared, and upon it is this inscription—HER LAST FOOT-PRINTS.

...y many who have seen it and the knowledge of the circumstances of its erection, it doubtless bears the impress of the past; but of the import of that monument, and the causes and circumstances attendant upon the erection of it, oh! would to heaven they were all a mystery to me! They were but a myth to the world.

* * * * *
...er-land emigration to California in 1852 was immense, and the pathway by mementos that tell of the past, the characters of "camp-fires long and bones that bleach in the sun," and the but unmarked graves that are to be numbered.

The company to which I was attached was made up mostly of young men, numbering twenty-two in all, and representing more than half the States of the Union. All but one of us were adventurers, on our first trip to the new El Dorado. The exception was a Tennessean, and as he had once before made the over-land journey, he was supposed, and assumed, to know more of the route, and the requirements and duties necessary to a successful prosecution of the journey, than any one or all the rest of the company.

It was the general custom of companies that year on starting out, to designate one of their number to act as chief director or Captain; and as our Tennessean, in connection with a fine physical development, possessed traits of character that seemed well calculated to adapt him to the position, he was unanimously elected our chief, with the title of Capt. Tenn,—as an abridgment of Tennessee,—his real name we never knew.

Ours was a pack-train; we had no wagon; but a tent for every five men, with the single exception of that of Capt. Tenn's, which was occupied by but two; himself, and one whom he claimed as a relative, and whom he called Lally; why, we never knew. He was but a youth, frail and delicate in appearance, and apparently in ill health, though ever appearing quite joyous and happy. And such was the interest taken by the Captain in his welfare, that he always cheerfully preferred doing double guard duty at night, rather than impose the hardship upon his tent companion.

I have said that Lally ever seemed joyous and happy; and so he was till

nearly half the journey was accomplished. We had reached Pacific Springs, three miles west of the South Pass, and had encamped along the border of a boggy marsh, near the wayside, much earlier than usual, so that numerous other companies that thronged the way, passed by us. Among many horse-back riders, were several ladies, and of their number, one seemed to lag far behind the rest. As she passed our camp, Captain Tenn very pleasantly accosted her with—"You must hurry up madam, your friends are getting far ahead of you,"—to which she replied—"My husband is yet behind."

Every man of us who heard her, was struck with the peculiar tone of her voice, as one of sweetness and anxiety intermingled; while her face beamed with an expression that alone made her charming, despite a six weeks' exposure upon the the plains to parching winds and a glaring sunshine. Before passing entirely from view, she reined up her horse as if in waiting for her husband, and thus remained for a full half hour.

At this moment, Capt. Tenn, throwing a saddle upon his mule, and mounting, started towards her, which being observed by her, she too started though slowly on her way, but was soon overtaken by Tenn, who offered to escort her, as it was already getting dark, to her friends, who had pushed on to Pacific Creek, two miles beyond. She accepted his offer, though reluctantly, preferring and hoping every moment that her husband would arrive.

He had been out upon a hunt, leaving his company early in the morning upon the Sweet Water, and though eminently successful, had pursued his game further than he had supposed, and

it was not till ten in the evening that he passed our camp with a companion, and their two mules laden with the flesh of a noble elk, the fruits of their day's hunt. It was not alone in the heart of the wife, that anxiety was playing its fearful game that night.

From the moment that Lally noticed the departure of Tenn, he seemed like one who had lost his only friend. His anxiety and grief assumed a feature so closely bordering upon despair, that our utmost endeavors to reconcile him were utterly without avail, nor were we other than absolutely amazed at the depth of feeling he manifested; and when Tenn did return, which was near midnight, and had retired to his tent, a murmur of voices was continued therein, till the night-watch announced the coming morn.

Pale, feverish, and weak was Lally, as he mounted his animal that morning. Starting early, we came upon the camp of the hunter's company just as they were ready for a move, and more than one of us noticed something we thought as peculiar in the recognition that passed between Capt. Tenn and the hunter's wife; but owing to the circumstance of his gallantry the evening before, the apparent familiarity was thought of no more. Just then Lally was taken more violently ill, and with every symptom of that dreaded scourge, the cholera, that while it sported with, had decimated many a company.

We were compelled to stop and provide for our sick comrade as best we could. Between four and five in the afternoon, during a moment when Lally seemed to be sleeping, Tenn seized his rifle, and leaping upon his best mule, said: "Take good care of Lally when

he wakes, for I intend to have an elk or antelope before I sleep." He then started back in the direction of Pacific Springs. But e'er an hour had elapsed our suffering friend awoke, and raising himself up and not seeing Tenn any where around, asked for him. On being told that he had gone for a short hunt, and would be back soon—with a wild shriek that sent a thrill to every heart around him, he exclaimed, as he fell back upon his blankets—"He'll never come again!"

Night came, but it brought only delirium to poor Lally, for Tenn *did not* return.

It was toward midnight, when racked by a terrible paroxysm, and his brain reeling under the pressure of delirium, that Lally first revealed the secret, now preying so heavily upon his soul; and what think you it was? It was not that he was a murderer—not that he was worse than this, a seducer—Lally's only crime was—being *woman!* the basely deceived, and now abandoned victim of Tenn.

For three days and nights more, did the lamp of life in poor Lally, flicker between reason and delirium, till at last it went faintly out, and though "Mother," and "Brother," were often upon her lips, she breathed no other name. Nor could we learn her name from her destroyer, for—*he never came again!*

* * * * *

Ten days since, while traveling in the interior, as I was casually remarking upon the probable entrance of one of the branches of the South Pass wagon road into California, by the Honey Lake Valley route, and was speaking of the local beauty of the valley and its advantages as a place for a settlement,

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a stranger—occupying a seat in the stage with me—exclaimed, as it seemed, almost involuntarily—“Sir, you speak of Honey Lake Valley; there are reminiscences connected with that spot, that I would deem it a boon above any other gift, would Heaven but blot them from my memory!”

This was just enough to awaken my curiosity, and I remarked that I too was acquainted with one fact of interest as connected with that locality; and as all present seemed desirous of knowing what it was—quickly and without a thought I replied—a graveless tombstone! or rather a head-board without a grave—an inscription without a name!

All present noticed that something like a thrill of horror shook the frame of the stranger, he bowed his head but uttered not a word; while at the request of many present, I entertained them, or tried to do so, by a recital of scenes and events that occurred during our three months journey upon the plains, and among them the incident of Lally's desertion and death.

On arriving at the hotel and stopping for the night, the stranger called for a room, and asked me to accompany him thither. I followed without hesitation, believing from his demeanor that he had something which he wished, perhaps privately, to impart. Closing the door, he began at once by saying,—“You, sir, have related this day, that part of a tale of horror to which I was a stranger, and yet I am the only one living in possession of the full secret of its more terrible sequel; and strange as it may seem, I feel an almost irresistible desire to acquaint you with it, that as the world knows a part, it may also know the counter-part.”

3

With this short introduction, the stranger continued—

“I was one,” said he, “of that same company of emigrants to which the hunter of the Sweet Water belonged. Early in the morning following that on which we left you at Pacific Creek, Capt. Tenn, as you called him, came into camp, and said that he had had a ‘falling out’ with his company, for the reason that he alone of all, desired to go the Salt Lake route, while the rest of the company would take the cut-off. He determined therefore on leaving them, and had done so.

“Possessed of an easy address and pleasing manner, with his previous knowledge of the route, he was considered rather as an acquisition to our company, and being liberal in the use of his money, it made him many friends, and he was soon recognized as a kind of second captain of the company. A few days and we had reached Salt Lake City, and were encamped upon its borders, and nothing had transpired particularly to excite suspicion in regard to the true character of our new acquaintance. But during the few days that we remained near the city, an intimacy, beyond what propriety would clearly warrant, had been observed between Tenn and the hunter's wife. They would take long rides together, remaining away from camp for hours together. At the time however, but little was thought of it, as an expostulation on the part of the husband to the wife, touching her conduct in this particular, seemed to have set all things right.

“Before the day arrived on which we were to renew our journey, and whilst the hunter, true to his instinct and occupation, with others of the com-

pany, had gone to the mountains for a day in pursuit of game, his wife, accompanied by Tenn, ostensibly for the purpose of following in the train of the hunting party, also left the camp, on two of the finest horses that money could there procure, and took a route in the direction of the hunters.

"It was late at night before the party came in, and when it did come, Tenn and the wife were missing, and—*they never came again!*

"Stung to the heart's core by the now certain evidence of his wife's inconstancy, and burning with revenge, the hunter bid adieu to his company, and after a hasty preparation, followed alone in the direction he supposed the fugitives had taken. For days, with his inferior animal had he crowded on, and yet with no tidings of the guilty ones; he was about to despair, when on the evening of the tenth day from Salt Lake, having made an unusually long day's journey, as he was approaching an emigrant camp, he espied among other objects laying around, the favorite saddle of his wife, for though at a distance, he knew it by some peculiarity in its trappings.

"Urging his animal forward, it being twilight, he passed the camp unheeded, if not unnoticed, towards a camp-fire visible some distance ahead. There he stopped, and learned that among those who made up the company in the rear, were a stranger gentleman and lady, who on horseback were endeavoring by forced rides to overtake their friends whom they supposed were then but about two days in advance.

"This was the very information the hunter had been seeking for many a weary day, 'twas all he wished to know!

And now like a demon thirsting for revenge, did he hang upon their trail, as day by day they continued their hurried flight. At length when they supposed pursuit had been given over, if any had been attempted, they joined another company. What reason they gave for not being attached to any other company, or for leaving the one to which they had belonged, I never knew, and again was Tenn doubtless ingratiating himself into the good graces of his newly adopted friends.

"But little did he know that there was one lurking upon his trail, in whose heart—

'One sole desire, one passion now remains,
To keep life's fever still within his veins—
Vengeance! dire vengeance on the wretch
who cast
O'er him and all he loved that ruinous blast.'

"And well did he at last compass his intentions. Days had passed, and the hunter had ascertained that it was the practice of Tenn to go on every afternoon in advance of the company, in order to seek out the best camping-ground, sometimes accompanied by his accredited wife, but not always. It was upon a time when from a distance in the rear, the hunter discovered that Tenn had left the train and had gone on alone, that he too came up and was soon passing the train of eight or ten wagons, when, just as he had reached the foremost of them all, he heard a shriek from within it—and such a shriek! but he heeded it not, and passing on only knew by casting a glance behind, that the train had stopped, and men, women and children were fast gathering round the wagon from whence the cry had come; but before the hunter had lost sight of the train, it seemed

like a demon thirsting for
 he hang upon their trail,
 they continued their hur-
 At length when they sup-
 it had been given over, if
 en attempted, they joined
 pany. What reason they
 being attached to any other
 r for leaving the one to
 had belonged, I never knew,
 was Tenn, doubtless ingradi-
 lf into the good graces of
 dopted friends.

le did he know that there
 king upon his trail, in whose

ire, one passion now remains,
 s fever still within his veins—
 dire vengeance on the wretch
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moving on again as though nothing had
 occurred.

“Hours had now passed away, and
 the usual time had arrived at which the
 signal from Tenn should have been
 seen, denoting the chosen camp-ground;
 but on they plodded, amid the dust and
 heat of the upper Humboldt bottoms;
 night came; but Tenn had not been
 seen, and yet they could not have passed
 him without seeing him; so on again
 they went, till the growing darkness
 compelled them to stop. They had
 passed much good camping-ground, it
 was good where they then were; but
 Tenn was missing.

“There was deep wailing in that
 camp that night. The stranger lady in
 her great agony, would wander among
 the tents and wagons, like one half
 bewildered, and at times vehemently
 exclaiming: ‘twas he! I know ’twas
 him! and oh! that look he gave me!’
 Again, as if her mind were upon the
 missing Tenn, when all else was still
 in the camp, save the low voices of her
 attendants; once more her cry rang out
 upon the night—‘Will he never come
 again?’ And as her voice died away
 along the valley, there came back an
 echo from the darkness, clear, distinct,
 ghoul like, as if from the very caverns
 of the night—‘He’ll never come again!’

“All were startled, strong men trem-
 bled; from that moment the stranger
 wife was a maniac!

“Sad and sorrowful did that com-
 pany leave their camping-ground the
 next morning. All felt as though a
 great calamity had befallen them, and
 yet they hardly knew why.

“Search was made for the missing
 Tenn; word was passed and the cir-
 cumstances related to the trains both in

front and rear; but—*he never came
 again!*

“A weary, cheerless, day-after-day
 journey from the Humboldt towards the
 Sierras of California, and the com-
 pany had reached the luxuriant mead-
 ows of Honey Lake Valley, and had
 encamped in full view of, and but a
 short distance from, the northeastern
 shore of the lake on the willow-fringed
 banks of Susan river.

“It was now night again; but all had
 not retired, and among them the maniac
 wife, now passive and mild in her mad-
 ness, sat in the tent door looking at the
 stars, and as usual, repeating oft and
 again her constantly reiterated ejacula-
 tion and question—‘My husband! *will
 he never come again?*’ When suddenly
 springing to her feet, she bounded
 wildly from the tent, and uttering, as a
 prolonged shriek—‘*He’s come! yes,
 he’s come again!*’ she disappeared in
 the darkness, in the direction of the
 lake.

“Search was made for her all that
 night and the following day; but to no
 purpose, for—*she never came again!*
 They traced her foot-steps through the,
 till then, untrodden grasses, to the shore
 of the lake, and there they placed a
 head-board; but as they never knew
 her name, they marked it thus:

‘HER LAST FOOT-PRINTS.’”

But why, I asked, should *you* feel so
 much interest in this memento, or the
 circumstances connected with its erec-
 tion there?

“Because,” said he, “in *me* you see
 the hunter of the plains. But more
 than this—she of whose foot-prints it
 makes record—*did see me once again!*
 I did stand before her tent-door, as I
 had often done before; but until then,

unnoticed—for I tried again to love her—I did pity her—but my love for her, until too late—*never came again!* For as she bounded with out stretched arms towards me, I eluded her embrace, yet led her in her flight, till the waters of the lake barred my further progress, when turning suddenly to one side, I heard a splash, a plunge, a half choked shriek, quickly I turned and would have saved her; but e'er I could arrive to rescue her—thrice I saw her rise and sink—*she did not rise, again!*

“For three cheerless weeks and lonely, I lingered around that lake, waiting and watching for her rising—but *she never rose again!*”

I now asked the stranger, the hunter of the plains, if he could tell me, what was really then, the fate of Tenn? to which he replied—“It is enough for me to know—*he'll never come again!*”

THE COMET.

Do you ask me, whence that Comet,
Where that Comet's native country,
Where the scarey creature came from,
Whether he gets his fiery tail from,
Whether he's a Fili-buster,
Bent on cutting up a caper,
Pitching at us, as did Walker,
At the State of Nicaragua,
Spoiling everything about him,
Though he knows he never ought to?

I will answer, I will tell you,
All about the fiery creature;
Where he came from, where his home is,
What he's doing, why he does it.

In the early days of nature,
Ere the Earth by Man was peopled,
Ere the Angels ever heard of,
Such a thing as Man or Woman,
And for quite a time thereafter,
Till they ate forbidden apples,
Apples from the middle garden;
Angels had no occupation,
Any that I ever heard of,
Any that I ever read of,

But to watch as guardian angels,
Watch the Man and watch the Woman.

Now Adam tried the boyish foible,
The trick of mixing soap and water,
And blowing through a hollow reed,
And blowing hard the air he breathed,

Blowed up bubbles from the water,
From his gourd of soap and water;
That rising in the noon-day's sun,
Showed the pure prismatic colors,
All the colors of the rainbow,
Though there ne'er had been a rainbow.
The sport so pleased the guardian angel,
Angel sent to guard and watch them,
That he asked to take a hand in,
Blowing bubbles in the sunshine.

This so tickled Mrs. Adam,
(Eve was then the wife of Adam,)
The reed she handed to the Angel,
Her reed for blowing airy bubbles,
Pleased to see her guardian angel,
Blow a match with youthful Adam.

Then Eve agreed to give the word—
“Now dip,” says she, “your hollow reeds,
Into this gourd of soap and water,”
“Now blow!” says she, “I'll hold the gourd.”

And now the bubbles thickly flew,
Bubbles made of soap and water,
Airy bubbles! mighty bubbles!
Bubbles with their corners rounded.

But Adam blew the weaker bubble,
And could not blow by far as often;
For, being mortal, he was tickled,
By involuntary laughter;
Twas thus the Angel got the start,
Of Eve's bubble blowing Adam;
His bubbles too, were lighter far,
Than bubbles blown by mortal;
Thus Adam's, floated round his head,
The Angel's, floated up and onward.
Says Eve, “My dear! just look up there,
I'm thinking that you cannot come it!
Your bubbles fall in spray around you,
His fly away to make the comets!”

Now I ask then, why this furor,
Why so scared about the Comets?
When they are but bubbles floating,
Floating in the starry heavens,
Bubbles made from soap and water,
Coming, going, then returning,
Flying through the farthest heavens,
Because they've nowhere else to wander,
Harmless, being only bubbles,
Bubbles blown by Guardian Angels!

“My brudders,” said a waggish colored man to a crowd, “in all affliction, in all your troubles, dar is one place where you can always find sympathy.”

“Whar? whar?” cried several.

“In de dictionary,” he replied, rolling his eyes upward.

THE THREE POWERS.—The press, the pulpit, and the petticoats—the three ruling powers of the day. The first spreads knowledge, the second morals, the third—considerably.

DOCTOR DOT-IT-DOWN'S NOTES.

CATACOMBS AT ROME.—EFFECTUAL RECLAMATION OF A DRUNKARD.

"So, Pierre, you are about to leave Italy—Madame well, and well married?"

"C'est vrai," said my valet—"next to being happy one's self, is the happiness of seeing those around us happy." Little Pierre looked supremely so. He had saved a little money, Madame much more. They were going to Paris, take a house, and let it out in apartments, where they would be happy to accommodate the good Doctor, our worthy self, should his wanderings call him again to Paris.

At ten o'clock I set out with the English physician, of whom I have before spoken, to explore the celebrated catacombs of Rome. Their entrance is at the Via Appia, a short distance from the city. Here are immensely long galleries branching right and left to an apparently interminable extent. They twist and turn in and out in the most singular manner. They are generally of a like height and breadth, the most capacious seldom measuring more than eight feet in height and five in width. The graves, or cells, are laid out in tiers, three abreast, lengthwise, so that the shells enclosing the remains are wholly seen. In some places you descend into another gallery below the one you have explored, and still another below that. Our guide told us it would take a month to see the whole of them, and assured us that as far as they have been explored, they measured six miles. In one spot, a few days before our visit, several relics of Christian altars had been found, proving that the caverns had been in extensive use as places of worship. One inscription, which I fancy I made out, carved on the rough stone, struck me as something remarkable. It was this:—

OPT. A
H. S. V. S. P.
MORT.

which I render thus:—*Hanc sedem viva sibi posuit optatissima morti.* He placed this sepulchre while living; very much wishing for death. Who knows, thought I, the anguish that lies buried there; the torn affections, disappointed hope brought about by parental or other tyranny. Another too deserved remark from the moralist:—*I. ET J. Usq. ad Mort. — F. ET P. Utiq. in. Mort. which I took to mean—Infidelis et Jocular usque ad Mortem — Fidelis et Pœnitens utique in Mortem*—An Infidel and Joker up to his death; but in his death, most truly a Believer and Penitent.

The rock or stone out of which these are hollowed is called *tufa*. It is of similar appearance to those of the Sicilian and Egyptian catacombs; just such a stone as might be easily sculptured, and yet of sufficient consistency as not to crumble. Those of Naples, which I visited, are not by any means so extensive. I should say they do not extend for more than two or three miles from their entrance, which is under the Cape di Monte hill. Those of Syracuse are the largest in extent I have visited. In many other places catacombs are found. In Palermo and Malta there are several; but the most extraordinary sight of the kind I ever witnessed, is that in a small mountain near Milo, one of the Cyclades' islands. It has the appearance of a wasp's nest, completely honey-combed throughout; labyrinths run into labyrinths without end, almost in every direction; a visit to these would much gratify the curious traveler. In Egypt, where ever rock is found to any extent, these excavations have been found; but their form is very dissimilar to those supposed to have been worked during the Christian era, and they are by no means so numerous or extensive.

During our afternoon's walk in the city of Paris, who should I meet on the Boulevards but little Pierre's pauvre enfant; but what a fall was there my readers. Instead of the gay, tripping, laughing, chatting, rosy, plump little

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of soap and water;
the noon-day's sun,
re prismatic colors,
of the rainbow,
ne'er had been a rainbow.
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the wife of Adam,
aided to the Angel,
lowing airy bubbles,
her guardian angel,
with youthful Adam.
agreed to give the word—
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of soap and water,"
ays she, "I'll hold the gourd."
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of soap and water,
mighty bubbles!
their corners rounded.
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creature, when Pierre married her, she was one of the most woe-begotten grisettes as can be found among the canaille. Deep lines of care had disfigured her once merry face. Her fingers were like tobacco pipes, and her once rotund model frame had shrunk into a mummy's. To my enquiry she gave me a long catalogue of her troubles, all brought about by the drunken little rascal Pierre, once her loving husband. My heart bled for the poor woman, for her attachment to him was still so great that she would not leave him, although all her daily earnings were dissipated by his drunken habits. It is very rarely one sees a Frenchman addicted to this habit; but when this vice takes full hold of him, he is the most furious and unmanageable of all sots. I was then seeking private apartments for myself and nephew, and we gladly availed ourselves of the poor woman's offer to take up our abode at her house, in the Rue Rivoli, which, though not in the pleasantest part of Paris, nevertheless suited well our purpose, as it was near the schools of Physic and Anatomy at which my nephew studied. It was our good luck to reform Master Pierre, and which was effected by the aid of my young scapegrace of a nephew, and a few of his choicest spirits, students, that were full of fun of an innocent kind, of such as an old man, like myself, might conscientiously partake.

I shall never forget the circumstance, and should any of my nephew's fellow-students ever read this recital, they will bear testimony to the truth of it.

One night as Madame brought in our coffee, (I and my nephew preferred it in our cool and silent apartments to the stifling heat and noise of a *café*.) we observed Madame in tears, and on enquiring the cause, we heard that he had left her in company with some of his graceless boozers, for a drunken carouse. My nephew gave me the wink, and after our coffee, without saying more than that I was not to expect

him that night, slipped out. All the next day Madame saw no Pierre, and I, no nephew; but the day after, to my surprise, I discovered Pierre on his knees imploring forgiveness, and vowing, only as a Frenchman in earnest can vow, by all the saints in and out, that were, that are, and that are to be, in the calendar, never, upon any consideration, while life shall last, to touch another drop of liquor, of any sort or kind whatsoever.

"But how was this miracle brought about?" said I to my nephew on his return.

"You shall hear," said he. "We followed the little sot to the *Auberge de * * ** a noted place for guzzlers, where the worst of wine and liquors are sold at a moderate price; we went in, unnoticed, and seating ourselves where we could observe without being observed, found Pierre one of a set of *bon vivants*, belonging to a company calling itself *La Folie des Sages*. It was a rule amongst them that he who drank the least always should pay for the *vin fumeux* of the rest. Pierre soon got beastly drunk, and the cabaretier soon turned him out, and he fell helplessly and unconsciously drunk in the street. So we put him in a sack that we had provided for the occasion, and after a little circumambulation, and a few interruptions from the police, deposited him at our *Anatomique*, locked him up among the human dismembersments that lay scattered about, and left him to his fate. The next morning early (there was no lecture for four days after, at the school) the attendant, who was in the joke, unlocked the theatre, and finding him still fast asleep, proceeded to strip him, and taking a piece of red ochre, drew several lines across his body, as if for marks preparatory for dissection. He then put him again, naked as he was, into the sack, took away his clothes, and again locked him up. After six and thirty hours incarceration, the attendant judged that he would like to be stirring, and that the bibber would have but few more

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fumes left. So, unlocking the room,
and finding him still fast asleep, he
roused him by pulling the sack above
the dissecting table. Pierre at last
awoke.

"Hillo!" said the attendant, "what
business have you to be alive? you
ought to be dead. I bought you last
night for dissection for one hundred
francs; you were then as dead as any
lapin fricasse—(stewed rabbit.) How-
ever, no matter; you will be all the
fresher when you're wanted, and will
keep the better this hot weather."

"Why, you don't mean to say you
will murder me?" said Pierre, trem-
bling.

"Murder you! how can cutting up
a dead man be called murder?"

"But I'm not dead. I'm alive,
alive, awake, alive, as much as ever
I was in my life."

"No matter, you were dead enough
last night, I swear. I bought you of a
policeman in the Morgue, and you are
already divided among the students;
look at yourself and see if it is not so."

Pierre glanced at his nude body,
and found himself scientifically mark-
ed off into lots, which the attendant as-
sured him the students would be wait-
ing for at ten that night.

"Parbleu! What, cut up a live
man like a pig, and sell him out like a
butcher!"

"Why yes, to be sure, or how can I
get my hundred francs back?"

"Mon Dieu! Quelle mechanceté!"

"You're not the first that our science
has so exalted. Think of the honor of
your bones, arteries, nerves, flesh, mus-
cles, &c., and all being preserved for the
admiration of the learned for ages to
come, instead of laying rotting like a
stinking carcase in a dust hole."

"Eh bien! 'tis time enough to think
about that when I am dead. Let me
go—send for my wife—she will pay
you your hundred francs no doubt."

"No, no. We'll send for her after
you are dissected. It will be a great
relief to her; for I hear she has often
wished you were dead."

"You are not serious, Monsieur, in
taking my life!"

"Am I not?" laying his hand on his
shoulder with an iron grasp—(the at-
tendant was a powerful giant compared
to little Pierre.) "You just lay pros-
trate on that board, and I will have
your head off before you can give one
wink."

"Merci!" ejaculated Pierre—the
cold perspiration settling in big drops
on his face. "I did not think there
could be found such men in the world
so cool in murder."

"O, 'tis nothing; we must do it
sometimes, when we can't get subjects.
That's just the case now. This one"—
said the attendant, lifting the leg of a
dead man that had been half divested
of its skin, and laying on the table be-
fore them—"this one, we have had
now nearly a week; 'tis quite offen-
sive, but I was ordered not to get rid
of it until I got another."

"Monsieur! believe me; give me
some clothes and let me go, and I will,
sur l'honneur bring you back two hun-
dred francs."

"No! no! A bird in the hand is
worth two in the bush. You don't
catch old birds with chaff, old fellow.
You were dead enough last night; I'll
swear it, and so will Monsieur the po-
lice-officer. I bought you with lawful
money paid to him; 'tis a legal trans-
action."

"Est ce possible! Misericorde! and
pay for—

Ma foi! Do you mean to contend
that if I buy a dead pig, and it comes
to life again, that that pig is not my
lawful property?"

"But, Monsieur, I'm not a dead pig;
I am a live man."

"Nor am I a murderer. Come, I
will tell you what I will do with you;
time is precious, and I can't afford to
lose a hundred francs, and another sub-
ject I sha'nt be able to get now, and
the students will all be making com-
plaints to the professeur, and I shall
lose my place—take this chloroform;
you'll die as easy as you can get drunk.

'Tis prime stuff, better than *vin fumeux*. I'll polish you up, and set your old bones in a mahogany case. Madame shall see you; you will be happy yourself, make her happy, and I and the students and Monsieur le Professeur will not be disappointed;—make up your mind to this; I shall make short work of it with this knife."

"Horrible! le plus horrible!" groaned Pierre.

He said no more, but grasped Pierre by the throat, threw him down, and poured by force some liquid down his throat, when a thundering knock was heard at the door.

"Diable! to come at this time," said the attendant. The door opened; Pierre watched his opportunity, leaped over the attendant's shoulders, ran, naked as he was, out of the street, with the police and canaille in his trail, until he found a door open. There, snatching up a pair of pants that were hanging before the stove to dry, and a woman who was ironing a shirt discovered him, he bolted the door, fell on his knees before the affrighted creature and her terrified and screaming children, told her his story, and sought her protection.

It was the next morning, as we have said, that he was found again on his knees before his *pauvre enfant*, vowing to be in future all that a loving wife can wish for in a husband, and had her forgiveness.

Pierre does not, I believe, know to this day to what stratagem he was indebted for so thorough a reformation; but believes that he was not only dead drunk, but that he was drunk dead, and that the selling of his living body was a lawful transaction.

There is nothing like courage in misfortune. Next to faith in God, and his overruling Providence, a man's faith in himself is his own salvation. It is the secret of all power and success. It makes a man strong as a pillar of iron, or elastic as a steel spring, and almost invariably crowns its hero with success.

MY ABSENT CHILDREN.

BY G. T. S.

The twilight dews are falling,
The birds have gone to rest;
The infant is reposing,
Upon its mother's breast;
I sit within my chamber,
My books before me lay;
But when my eyes rove o'er them,
My thoughts are far away.

I see sweet smiling faces,
Ringlets and golden hair;
And soft blue eyes are smiling,
From out the picture there.
One sits within the parlor,
On dear grandpapa's knee,
Cooing, crowing, and lisping,
Sweet words of love for me.

Another sits by the fireside,
In his little rocking chair—
What are thy thoughts, my dear one?
Is thy mother with thee there?
One with a string and bobbin,
Scours the parlor round,
While puss and kits pursue him,
With playful spring and bound.

My children, my sweet children,
'Tis thus the hours depart;
'Tis thus asleep or waking,
Ye dwell within my heart.
'Tis thus within my memory,
At eve your place ye keep,
Till I lay me on my pillow,
And weep myself to sleep.

San Francisco, May 12, 1857.

WHERE IS "THE WEST?"

"The west" is a charmed term which has had its vast legion of worshippers since our recollection. From our infancy, we have pursued on, on, without reaching its embrace.

The father of the writer has for seventy years been upon this pilgrimage. Leaving New England's rock-bound shore, he was borne over hills, through valleys, across rude causeways of irregular logs, amid dense forests, and along the indistinct pathway indicated only by blazed trees, in search of "the west."

In the fertile valley of the Genesee, the emigrating party set itself down in the thick woods, where the fire of the Indian wigwam smoked, and the wild whoop and merry laugh of the

semi-silence

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ABSENT CHILDREN.

BY G. T. S.

Light dews are falling,
 As have gone to rest;
 It is reposing,
 In mother's breast;
 In my chamber,
 Asks before me lay;
 My eyes rove o'er them,
 Thoughts are far away.

At smiling faces,
 As and golden hair;
 Blue eyes are smiling,
 At the picture there.
 Within the parlor,
 At grandpapa's knee,
 Howling, and hissing,
 Words of love for me.

Sits by the fireside,
 In the rocking chair—
 Thy thoughts, my dear one?
 Another with thee there?
 A string and bobbin,
 In the parlor round,
 As and kits pursue him,
 In the playful spring and bound.

When, my sweet children,
 As the hours depart,
 Asleep or waking,
 All within my heart.
 Within my memory,
 Your place ye keep,
 Me on my pillow,
 To keep myself to sleep.
 Co., May 12, 1857.

WHERE IS "THE WEST?"

"The west" is a charmed term which has attracted a vast legion of worshippers and devotees. From our infancy we have been pursued on, on, without ceasing, to the embrace.

The writer has for seven years been upon this pilgrimage. From New England's rock-bound coast, borne over hills, through the rude causeways of irregular dense forests, and along the pathway indicated only by the signs, in search of "the west," the party set itself down in the woods, where the fire of the wigwam smoked, and the merry laugh of the

semi-savage resounded, to break the silence of the scene.

After many wanderings, and a great variety of vicissitudes, they were flattered with the idea that they had found "the west." They were so far content, and turned their attention to their future homes; trees were felled, log houses soon made their appearance, and their smoke gracefully curled among the green elms; giving tokens of advancing civilization.

A few years served to convert the wilderness into cultivated fields, and the log hut was superseded by comfortable dwellings, well filled barns and granaries, and all the comforts and luxuries of life.

Years rolled on, and the spirit of progress spread over the land—a living flood was pouring in—emigrants from all countries where civilization reigns, passed through the valley of the Genesee, westward ho! My father, then to manhood grown, caught the spirit of adventure anew from the wending multitude. He looked wistfully toward the setting sun, and his purpose was fixed.

He took to himself a "help meet for man," and "old Ontario, the garden of the State," was next his home. I should say the garden of the world, for it seems to me the sun never shone upon a lovelier, fairer, or a more picturesque region. Perhaps I may look with a too partial eye upon the land of my birth.

Many sons and daughters of intelligence and genius, who have become "bright and shining lights" in the world, drew their infant breath among her hills and vales; and as I live over again the years that have intervened, and trace their wanderings, I see them occupying proud and conspicuous stations in life, as lawyers, orators, merchants, mechanics, missionaries, authors and artists, and I feel disposed to rise up and call her blessed.

The hand of the husbandman soon caused the wilderness to "bud and blossom as the rose;" temples of religion

and education were scattered abroad in liberal profusion, and peace and plenty became abiding guests. But with my father, the conviction was irresistible, that he had not yet found "the west,"—he would make one more effort to attain it.

A purchaser was soon found for the beautiful home which had cost him the sweat and toil of years, and again he took up his line of march toward the setting sun, with no other earthly home than was furnished by his covered emigrant wagons.

We had heard and read much of what was then termed the "far west," the then Territory of Wisconsin—with its broad prairies; its majestic rivers; its beautiful lakes, which lay mirrored in the sun, and flashing back its brilliant rays upon the stately trees, and low-roofed cottages, that stood upon their lovely borders, and as the mind's eye ranged over the vast expanse, the more it saw to love and admire.

The hour of parting came! I remember how the lip quivered, and the manly breast heaved to and fro as his own grasped the friendly hands extended on all sides—a tear started to the eye, but it was brushed away, and the pioneer again took up his pilgrimage in search of "the west."

Weeks of toilsome journeyings satisfied him in this respect, and the soul of the weary wayfarer once more revealed in the belief that he had found it. We spread our tent upon the bank of a little rivulet that emerged from a silvery lake, where every thing was as the great Architect of the universe had made it. The music of the rustling leaves, as the June breeze played among the branches, blended harmoniously with my own free and happy thoughts. And as I retired to rest with the light-beaming moon, and a canopy of shining stars above me—the well-remembered objects of former years came with their "sweet and bitter fancies," and home and its old associations clustered around the heart, until it swelled with emotions too deep and powerful for utterance. I

peered into the future, and saw that uninhabited wild transformed into a thriving, populous country, and fancy, with her fairy pencil, sketched in glittering colors, with not a cloud to overshadow the bright horizon, an elysium in the distance.

Time has since shown that I was no vain prophetess, and a few years residence there has served to attach the heart more fondly and firmly to its wild and romantic scenery—its picturesque hills and dales, and the flower-crowned turf which, with little cultivation, yields such an ample supply of the good things of this life.

The primitive prairies have been reclaimed by the industry of man, and now add to the wealth of the country, by their luxuriant products. The arts flourish, commerce is fostered, enterprise is active, and the spirit of progress is stretching across its ample bosom. The iron rail, provoking the shrill whistle of the steam horse, awakes new echoes to remind us that "the west" is no longer there.

"Where lies the West?" Is it among the golden sands and towering pines of California, where a few years have sufficed to convert the wilderness into a garden? where towns and cities spring up like magic? where the rocky cliffs and rugged mountain defiles reverberate to the sound of miner's and mechanic's tools, as well as the church-going bell; where printing offices, (between ninety and one hundred in number) send out intellectual life; where splendid granite buildings rear their lofty fronts, and costly palaces glide over her silvery waters; where the prolific soil receives seed in spring time, and in harvest pays back a hundred fold! Nowhere does the teeming earth yield her treasures with a more bountiful hand than in our own "golden west;" her verdant pastures, fragrant meadows, golden wheat and corn fields, well cultivated gardens, thrifty orchards bending beneath their luscious burdens, blend with the hum of her manufactories, and speak well for the enterprise and intelligence of her inhabitants.

But is this the El Dorado? "Is there no more beyond?" Methinks wherever there is an acre of ground, there will the foot-print of the adventurer be found, and men—and women too—(for my father's daughter inherits his love for the untrodden wilds of the west,) will never yield their search, until they go hence to that land of silence, from whence there is no emigration.

BESSIE.

HAVE YOU SEEN LITTLE MARY?

[A poor mother who had lost her little daughter and become a maniac, was seen wandering amid the fields of a town in New England, looking among the flowers, and asking, "Have you seen little Mary?"]

Have you seen little Mary?

Her eye of light
Was like a star,
So pure and bright.
I saw her there,
One summer's day;
But she became
An angel bright,
And flew away—
I lost my little Mary!

Have you seen little Mary?

I looked all day,
Among the flowers,
Where the fountains play,
In the golden bowers;
She was not there—
I saw her hair,
Of ringlets and gold,
Floating where the mists are rolled,
But saw not little Mary.

Have you seen little Mary?

I looked all night,
Where the moonbeams play,
With their flickering light,
Through the woodlands gray,
I found her not—
Although I sought,
Through all the shade,
Where tall forms are like giants laid;
Yet found not little Mary.

Have you seen little Mary?

I looked all day,
Till the evening hours,
In the meadows gay,
On the banks of flowers,
Where the lilies hide,
By the deep brook's side,
And the violets bloom,
Wasting all their sweet perfume—
O! where is little Mary?

G. T. S.

San Francisco, March 12, 1857.

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THE WAGON ROAD.

While in every portion of California, bordering upon Utah, efforts are being made for the construction of wagon roads to connect with the one that is to span the continent at the expense of the general government, it may be well to take a calm, dispassionate view of the subject, ere we go headlong into projects the success and benefit of which may prove to a great extent, provokingly illusive.

Wagon roads connecting California with western Utah, by which our inland transit may be quickened and the expenses lessened, will doubtless add much to the convenience and prosperity of communities on both sides of the Sierras; but particularly to those on the east, by opening out an available market for their dairy products; for it is almost exclusively this one product, that the agriculturists of Utah can hope to produce, as a paying export, for years to come.

True it is that large numbers of animals raised in the fertile valleys of western Utah, are to find a way to a California market; but it will hardly be urged that even well worked wagon roads, would aid much in the transmission of live stock, for there is hardly the slightest impediment in the way now. All transportable goods, can doubtless, over good wagon roads, be conveyed thither, at much less cost than now, but the cost falls upon Utah and not upon California; but so far as the trade is actually increased with California, so far will her merchants be benefitted, and no further.

But what is the great good likely to accrue from the immediate construction of these roads? Doubtless the answer will be, to secure a portion of the immense emigration, that the construction of a national wagon road across the plains, will be sure to bring to our State.

But will this road furnish the desired immigration? We are familiar with every mile of the route from Missouri to California, and believe that of the immense emigration that poured into California by way of the plains in 1849 '50, '51, and '52, and annually since that time till now, not a man ever hesitated, or was deterred from starting, or faltered for a moment on the journey, in view of any obstacle presented by the route or road to be passed over.

The difficulties to be encountered on the journey, arising simply from the condition of the roads, are never taken into account. All know that wagons and carriages of every description can be brought over the plains, with no other difficulty than that which arises from the great length of the journey; a scanty supply of feed in many places, with alkali or poisonous water along the route; all of which tend greatly to weaken and injure the animals; while all the larger streams—which are really the only formidable obstacles, are already supplied with good ferries.

True the mountains are in some few places laborious of ascent; but no one who desires to come the overland route, can hesitate a moment on this account. Our increased immigration then from this source over that of previous years, if we get it, must be looked for in the numbers that will be brought in by the National Wagon Road Stage Company's Stages.

And what are the facts as sustained by figures, in relation to the probable increase of our population from this source?

Suppose we have a line established, not this summer, but a year, or two years hence; and that a stage starts from the Missouri river every two weeks with eleven passengers besides the driver; (no man who has ever made the trip believes it can be traveled for ten years to come—if ever—more than six months of the year. The mails that left Independence on the 1st October and 1st November of last year did not reach Salt Lake last fall, if they have yet.) But suppose weekly trips were made for twenty-six weeks, and eleven passengers to a stage, and we have the numerous (!) emigration of two hundred and eighty-six persons in one year.

But suppose the number of stages and passengers to be doubled, still we should have only about half as many as the State now receives every two weeks by the steamers.

Then consider for a moment the number of animals that will be necessary for the trip—allowing one relay of four horses for every ten miles—which gives us forty animals for each one hundred miles, without any provision for occasional accident—and, allowing the distance to be one thousand eight hundred miles, makes the required number of seven hundred and twenty animals to a single stage load of passengers, for the journey through.

(If the number is doubled, we can easily make our own estimate). To obtain provender for this number, would be almost impossible, without its being grown at different points upon the line of the road. To make this enterprise at all profitable, will require a daily line of stages, and this might give us for those six months during which the road is open, less than two thousand persons.

There seems to be a class of men in California, who believe that emigrants are kept back from our shores and borders, by the obstacles presented upon the different routes of ingress, when nothing can be further from the truth. The question is not—can I possibly cross the plains with my flocks and my herds and household goods—can I reach California by steamship? but it is, will it pay to go there?"

To bring immigration to our shores, we must present inducements; and what better argument can we use than to say of such as are now here—they are all prospering. When we can call the world to witness the rapidly increasing prosperity of our present population, then may we expect to see the emigrant wending his way towards us; but so long as we are continually showing to the world an unwonted eagerness to induce emigration hither, that the prosperity of those already here may be enhanced thereby, so long will those who are yet undecided as to the policy

of leaving their eastern homes, have their doubts increased and strengthened.

There is not a doubt but that with the eclat attendant upon the opening of a wagon road across the plains, under the auspices of the government, and the increased protection to the emigrant consequent thereon, that a larger number may be induced to emigrate overland, than otherwise would; but still we say, the fear is, we may greatly over-rate that emigration.

It is not that we would say one word to dampen the ardor of those who propose to make California their future home, and who have not yet reached our borders, because California does possess, in an eminent degree, every inducement to emigration; but simply that we may not see ourselves deceived, in the benefits likely to accrue to us, from that immigration.

The great mistake which nearly every man makes when coming to the golden State—is, not that he may enjoy the best of health, or make to himself a prosperous home, but that he may become rapidly rich, and then leave it. This idea, thank God, is nearly exploded, and the sooner it is entirely, the better will it be for California, and for her toiling sons; and the emigrant meet with a reward for his labor, greater by far than in any other state of the Union.

Literary Notices.

The State Register and Year Book of Facts, for the year 1857—Published annually—San Francisco: HENRY G. LANGLEY and SAMUEL A. MATHEWS—Sacramento: JAMES QUEEN.

It is with no ordinary pleasure that we invite the attention of our readers to the above named valuable volume of facts concerning California, just issued from the San Francisco press. To say that it is by far the most elaborate, complete, and reliable statistical work concerning California yet published, would be but a very questionable compliment; inasmuch as nothing has before appeared in any way worthy of the name.

The book before us however, is a full and complete compilation of facts upon every subject of interest to California, and those facts are not skipped over, or superficially stated; but obtained (as we know they must have been) with great labor and expense, are here given with excessive care, which makes it fully equal, if not superior to, the able "American Almanac," of Boston.

The work before us embraces the following subjects:

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2nd. *Officers of the United States*, with the salaries of each officer.

3rd. *California and the officers thereof*, pay of each, &c., &c.

4th. *Finances of the United States and of California*; Imports and exports of all kinds, at the port of San Francisco; Population; vote; Arrival and departures of passengers semi-monthly; Public Lands; Branch Mint; Post Offices, War, Navy, and Indian Departments of California; Light Houses; Hospitals and prisons of the Pacific; Railroads; Wagon roads; Newspaper and periodical press; Libraries of the State; Telegraph lines; Masons, Odd Fellows, and Sons of Temperance societies; Merchant Marine of the Pacific, &c., &c.

5th. *The Resources of the State*; Agricultural productions and crop of 1856; Fruit trees, and grape vines; Land in cultivation; Yield and price of grain; Live stock, &c.

6th. *Mining and Minerals in California*, giving the Gold Region and its extent; Quartz mining; Quartz Mills; Gold product of California; also the Silver, Copper, Iron, Sulphate-iron, Magnetic-iron, Platinum, Chromium, Gypsum, Nickel, Antimony, Cinnabar, Salt, Coal, Marble, Granite, and Buhr Stones; Mineral Springs, &c., &c., found in the State.

8th. *Whale and other Fisheries of the Pacific*; Canals and ditches, giving their location, length, cost, &c., &c., in every county of the State.

9th. *Manufactures and Machinery*; including Grist Mills; Lumber and Saw Mills; Sugar Refinery; Cordage and Oakum Manufactory; Paper Mill; Iron Foundries and Machine Shops; Leather Manufactories; Ferries and Bridges; Ship-building, &c., &c., &c.

We must confess that we have never seen 384 pages more usefully filled than those of THE STATE REGISTER, and we believe that there is not a man within the State who desires to be well informed concerning California, but will feel it a duty to himself and his adopted home, to find this "Year Book of Facts," upon his table, as it is in every way worthy of it, by its statistical completeness, and its beautiful typographical neatness.

Travels on the Western Slope of the Mexican Cordillera—By CINCINNATUS.

This work, containing some 438 pages, and

six illustrations, gives a faithful delineation of a district of country but little known, comparatively, even at the present day, although lying upon the great passenger route between Panama and San Francisco—one of the most fertile and beautiful districts on the shores of the Pacific.

The author, by his industry, has collected much valuable information concerning the manners, customs and peculiarities of the people, products, mineral and agricultural resources, manufactures, commerce, &c., &c., of Western Mexico, and placed it before the public in a series of instructive Letters. This book is, moreover, a product of California, and we would commend it to the kindly notice of the public.

From such beginnings we hope to see a literature spring into being, that shall be a pride and glory to our great Pacific coast; and become no mean ally to the intellectual and social progress of that Future which the hand of Providence has evidently marked out for us in the scale of nations, by the illimitable resources placed at our disposal.

We are tempted to give the following extracts from this useful volume:

"Fruits of those kinds which would grow well in proximity to the city (Mazatlan) are rarely cultivated, either for ornament, beauty or use; notwithstanding, the public plaza is now tastefully laid out, with seats on the sides of the square, made of brick; having brick backs and painted red, with brick walks through the center, coinciding with either point of the compass, and with a circular brick walk inside the seats around the whole circuit of the plaza; and to enhance the beauty of this, every fifteen feet, orange trees are set on the inside edge of this circular walk, which truly adds a graceful beauty to the whole scene. Still, to complete this picture in the mind, in the center of the plaza imagine a beautiful fountain of crystal water, such as of the gods of yore, playing jettily and mirthfully in the golden rays of the sun by day, or at night in the starry or silver moon beams.

Sunday morning, and before church time, is the particular juncture of time for Mexican countrymen, living at a distance in the interior. These hours come into town on Saturday, and having adjusted themselves for the occasion Saturday evening, both male and female, on the market ground, they remain there till morning, when a lively trade springs up by the citizens, or their servants, flocking to the market square, like so many hounds pursuing the sly fox or the lone hare, and purchasing articles and provisions, vegetables and fruits, to do them a week.

Corn, beans, Irish potatoes, sweet potatoes, eggs, red peppers, bananas, plantains, oranges, limes, several species of custard-apples, squashes, pumpkins, water-mellons, musk-mellons, chickens, turkeys, and a variety of gallinaceous birds, such as the (hoco or curasson,) penelopes and pheasants; also crockery ware, china, and other articles of artistic skill and workmanship, compose not infrequently what are brought in to supply a Mexican market. If any of these productions or articles find no sale after the demand of the morning has passed, there are no few hawksters near at hand, like starved buzzards, ready to purchase at a reduced price, the balance unsold of the countrymen's labor, and vend this purchase through the week, to those who are unable to buy more than a day's supply ahead. The general prices of these provisions and articles, range nearly the same as in the cities of New York and New Orleans in the United States.

An industrious American might settle in the vicinity

of Mazatlan, and by following almost any pursuit, such as gardening, keeping a dairy, or even agriculture, would accumulate a snug fortune, and in a short time retire from a close applicancy to business, living in comparative ease and affluence.

Corn is worth from fifty cents to one dollar per bushel; beans nine dollars a mule load, or three hundred pounds; oranges and limes, ten dollars per thousand, which are grown in the interior, and are of a fine quality; sweet potatoes, six to ten cents a pound; beef, pork, and mutton rate in prices from six to ten cents a pound; poultry and eggs are worth as much here as in the United States; and other articles of provision bear nearly the same price as in St. Louis and New Orleans."

The following extract also at the present time may be interesting to our readers:

"The region of Tehuantepec, but a short time since, at furthest two years, has been formed into an organized territory of the Mexican Confederation, occupying the Isthmus of its own name, with a population of near ninety thousand. Across this Isthmus, the distance is computed to be one hundred and forty-three and one-half miles in a straight line, connecting the Pacific ocean and the Gulf of Mexico. This distance is almost traversed by el Rio de Coatzacoalco; which rises near el Rio de Chicapa, emptying into the Gulf of Tehuantepec.

The New Orleans Company, formed a few years since, for the Gulf of Mexico and Pacific ocean navigation, have procured a charter for the right of way from the Mexican Government, and have now nearly completed a plank road to connect Minatitlan on the Coatzacoalco, twenty miles from its entrance into the Gulf of Mexico, with La Ventosa on the Gulf of Tehuantepec, near latitude sixteen degrees, twelve minutes and forty-nine seconds north. The advantages of

this route over the others in operation, clearly demonstrate the important bearings which this link, so superabundant with golden fruit and capabilities, will afford to inter-oceanic navigation, from the fact of its lessening the distance between New Orleans and San Francisco, at least 1,700 miles, as seen on the map; and consequently, a saving of one-third of the time now required; and upon the same basis of computation, one-third of the present expense of the traveling community at large.

Viewing this route as I have been led to, while visiting the Mexican Republic, I feel astonished that the capitalists of the United States do not penetrate more into its magnitude and importance than it has experienced from their sagacity and foresight, since its inception; as almost every investment judiciously made, and carefully guarded in this country, seems to pay well; though this route would seem to embody them all in the magnificence of its designs, and the paramount productiveness of its adoption, when completed.

There are other weighty considerations to be taken into account, in view of this route, besides a saving of time and expense here-mentioned. The most urgent and paramount of these, which now impress my pen, are coupled with the endeavor to induce a more steadfast immigration and settlement into California, as well as a more permanent state of commercial and agricultural affairs, which should make old dales and hills, valleys and mountains, re-echo with a healthful action and reaction of business, with the notes and songs of gay festivity; and also, reverberate from ocean to ocean, the arts and sciences in the transit of the shortest space of time practicable. Less speculation, but more industry, the State of California needs, in order to promote the best ends of her Commonwealth, which can be attained only by opening a cheap communication to the Atlantic States, that might rapidly facilitate the desire to emigrate West and settle on the Pacific shores."

Editor's Table.

OUR FIRST VOLUME.—This number completes the first volume of the California Magazine. We would now gratefully acknowledge, that from its incipency many warm-hearted friends have taken almost as much interest in its welfare and success as we have done ourselves; and who, by their well timed commendations and contributions, have been largely instrumental in securing its present encouraging prosperity. Each kindly helper has evidently felt, with us, that a good magazine was needed on the Pacific coast; and which, while it illustrated our beautiful scenery, might be instrumental in cultivating a literature peculiarly our own, and become a stepping-stone to that progress so earnestly desired by all who expect to make this magnificent State the home of their adoption, and the hope of their future. These indeed have labored with us to make the California Magazine A HOUSEHOLD BOOK TO CALIFOR-

NIANS, and we thank them, for ourselves and readers; and ask a continuance of their favors.

Relying upon our own industry in procuring subjects for illustration, and the courtesy and kindness of friends for interesting contributions, we have, we trust, been able to present to our readers a work, that, without adulation of its merits, has at least met with as kind and favorable a reception as our most sanguine hopes had anticipated; and we are happy in being able to state that it is our belief, as it shall be our endeavor, that with such improvements as a year's experience may suggest, and a constantly increasing fund of material placed at our command, enables us to give, we hope to add an increasing interest to our work; that by care and the number and superiority of our engravings, we may prove that we appreciate the encouragement so generously extended to our enterprize.

We would again cordially invite all those

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we thank them, for ourselves and ask a continuance of their favors. Upon our own industry in procuring for illustration, and the courtesy of friends for interesting contributions, we trust, been able to present readers a work, that, without its merits, has at least met with a favorable reception as our most wishes had anticipated; and we are being able to state that it is our shall be our endeavor, that with elements as a year's experience may a constantly increasing fund of need at our command, enables us hope to add an increasing interest; that by care and the number and of our engravings, we may prove appreciate the encouragement so rendered to our enterprise.

and again cordially invite all those

who have been holding back, waiting to see if we shall succeed, or to know what will be the tone and standard of our articles, before they commit themselves to the work, now to come forward with their assistance;—assuring them that we have no prejudice, “to the best of our knowledge and belief,” and shall consequently forgive them freely (!) for not helping us before, providing they make up for the past by the excellence and suitability of the contributions sent us in future.

THE LADIES.—One request after another has found its way to our Table, that we should give at least one fashion-plate in each number of the California Magazine. It always grieves our gallantry not to comply promptly with the request of a lady; but, unfortunately, before a plate could be engraved, in California, the fashion would be changed, and as a consequence our plate would be denominated “old-fashioned.” Then again, those who are anxious to dress in the leading fashions of Paris or London, or New York, would not be satisfied, we fear, with only one plate, as a book full is hardly sufficient. Moreover, we are not desirous that California ladies should ruin their liege lords, as well as themselves, by becoming slaves to fashion—even in “calico.” We must, however, at the same time confess our admiration for a neat dress and figure—but these arise from the good taste of the wearer, rather than from a study of the latest fashions.

We hope the ladies will excuse us, but we have an intense anxiety to see the ladies of our glorious young State, become something higher and nobler than simply dolls, or toys to illustrate the talents of the dress maker and milliner. We had rather see them cultivate any department of the Arts; and, as in a few brief months the State Agricultural Society, and Mechanic's Institute, will have exhibitions of the skill, industry and enterprise of California, we would suggest that every lady in the State commence something beautiful for exhibition on these occasions; and when they see, not only the elevating tendencies of these pursuits, but that their homes and their firesides are ornamented and made glad by the products of their own industry and skill, we are confident that they will then thank us for the suggestion.

THE COMET.—To this subject, which seems to have set half the world in a perfect furor of fear and trembling, and the other half in extacies at the antics and silly conjectures of the first half, we have given but little thought. Nor should we have referred to it, but for the following communication which we have received from a correspondent, who doubtless, is just about as near the truth in regard to the effects likely to be produced by its visit, as many others who have written upon this subject—of GAS.

Editor of Magazine:—You are doubtless aware that Professor Phœnix in his lectures on astronomy, said—“On the subject of Comets, we should have desired to make a lengthy dissertation; but Professor Silliman in his late efforts to throw light upon it, has decided that these bodies are nothing but GAS; which sets the matter at rest forever, and renders discussion useless.”

“Now I have a perfect veneration for the opinions of the immortal Phœnix on this and all other subjects, upon which he has ever written; and the very conclusion at which he arrived, based upon Professor Silliman's opinion, would still render the greater part of mankind exceedingly uncomfortable in case a collision should occur between our earth and the approaching Comet.

“I have no doubt myself but that comets are large bodies of inflammable gas, that for several years to my knowledge, have been passing through large bodies of ‘blue ether,’ confined in ‘regions of space.’ These ‘regions,’ to stand the pressure are doubtless thoroughly ‘hooped,’ as nearly all creation now is—at least the ‘better half.’

“The process is the same as that adopted at our city gas works, the materials only, a little varied. The object sought and obtained by this prolonged transmission of the comets through large bodies of ether, are two fold,—purification and concentration. To the latter quality our coal and rosin gas makers apply the term ‘richness;’ which simply means that they are getting rich, at the expense of those who burn it.

“Now all will admit, that a sufficient quantity of highly concentrated inflammable gas, such as the approaching comet consists of, mixed with the atmosphere of our earth, would render the whole inflammable, and would consequently make a very large fire on being ignited.

“The *modus operandi* for the destruction of our globe by the approaching comet, will then doubtless be this—the comet will first strike our atmosphere only, and being very much lighter than it, will immediately spread upon its surface as oil would upon water, completely surrounding it, and yet it may not even be visible, but at length it will become so mixed

with our atmosphere as to approach near enough to the earth to be set on fire by the electricity of the clouds, or some one of the higher volcanoes, when the whole earth will be at once wrapped in an 'ocean of flame;' then if it does not melt with fervent heat, and all that therein is be burned up, then it will be because comets are not gas, and Professor Phoenix has been 'sold' by no less a philosopher than Silliman of Yale." [H]

We must admit our surprise that any sane person could for a moment suppose that comets of any kind are able to do us the least injury. We would refer such to the illustrated article in the present number of the magazine.

To Contributors and Correspondents.

Manco.—Our sides are still somewhat uncomfortable from the perusal of your amusing letter. You can write a capital letter, Manco,—and we really like your correspondence much better than your poetry. Now, altho' we enjoy a good joke, we would not for a moment desire one at the cost of painful feelings in another; therefore, we shall content ourselves by only inserting the following quotation from your epistle, which will explain the whole matter:

"You say, 'we propose to give, say two stanzas at a time, so as to make the whole thing intelligible.' Do you mean to say that you will pass a criticism on every two stanzas, every two months? (Vide Cat vs. Mice.) Ye gods forbid! It puts me in mind of the anecdote that follows: A master ordered his servant 'Pomp,' to cut off the tail of a favorite dog. A few days passed and the master, wishing to use the dog, asked Pomp how the dog was getting along? 'Oh, Massa,' said he, 'he won't be well dis sometime, for I be only just got five or six joints cut off yet.' 'Why, what do you mean by five or six joints?' asked the master. 'Why, you see massa, when you told me to cut off his tail, I thought I'd do it so as not to hurt him much, so I've been cutting off a little piece at a time, and it's very wonderful how he stand it.' You probably think that it won't hurt me quite so much by killing my poem 'a little at a time.' I duly appreciate your pun, but I'll forgive you."

We thank you, Manco. But please don't send us any more "poetry,"—you can write good prose, then why not try?

F. E.—You say, "I think I do." We cannot for the life of us discover it in your piece. Declined.

Jessie.—We never had the least idea that anything so very uninteresting, could be written "On Strawberries." We much prefer eating the fruit—especially when in company with a witty and intelligent lady,—to either reading or inserting your stanzas. Now had you sent us a delicious, luscious, mouth-watering description of ripe fruit, or even the "real article" without the description, why—we should have given the former to our readers, and—well, you may guess the fate of the latter.

W. C. S., Placerville.—The Daguerreotypes came safely to hand. Thanks.

H. M., Boston Flat.—The view of cabin is received, and with others, will appear by-and-by.

L. A. G., Halley's Ranch.—Please inform us of your nearest P. O.

Polonius.—"Smugglers' Investigations into Table Turning," with comic sketches, came safely to hand. All right. Where can we send you the volume, now completed? and a Magazine each month? We regret we did not see you when in this city.

O. W. Morse, Claymont.—The prepared wood to prevent the ravages of the Timber Worm, did not accompany your article. We thank you for the suggestion, and shall "keep a good look out," as old salts say, for the wood. Please inform us of the whole process. You of course can have it patented first, if you wish it.

Exodus.—As your name would indicate, you are a wanderer, and an eccentric one at that, departing from all rules of logic or rhyme. The fact is, there are but few who can put common sense into poetry and make it *stay* there. This accounts for there being so much poetry with so little sense in it.

C. K. C.—We cannot give place to the first chapter of any article however meritorious it may appear, till we have received the whole of it. And we would greatly prefer that every article should be complete in one number.

Canto.—You say, "There's poetry in mountains." There may be, and doubtless is; but it lies in a different strata of gravel from any you have yet struck.

Stibs.—We have read your article carefully three ways: forward and backward, and then we commenced in the middle and read both ways,—perhaps that would make four. We find that it contains rather the most sense, when read on the latter plan; but after all, we would be much obliged if "Stibs" would just tell us, by a private note, what it is all about.

C. A. C.—Received.

Will *Eugenie* please inform us where a note would find her, within a few days. Yours is received, but just a little too late for this number.

Eagle Wing.—A Miner's Reverie, unavoidably deferred till next month.

The Redeemed Handkerchief.—Received in full.