

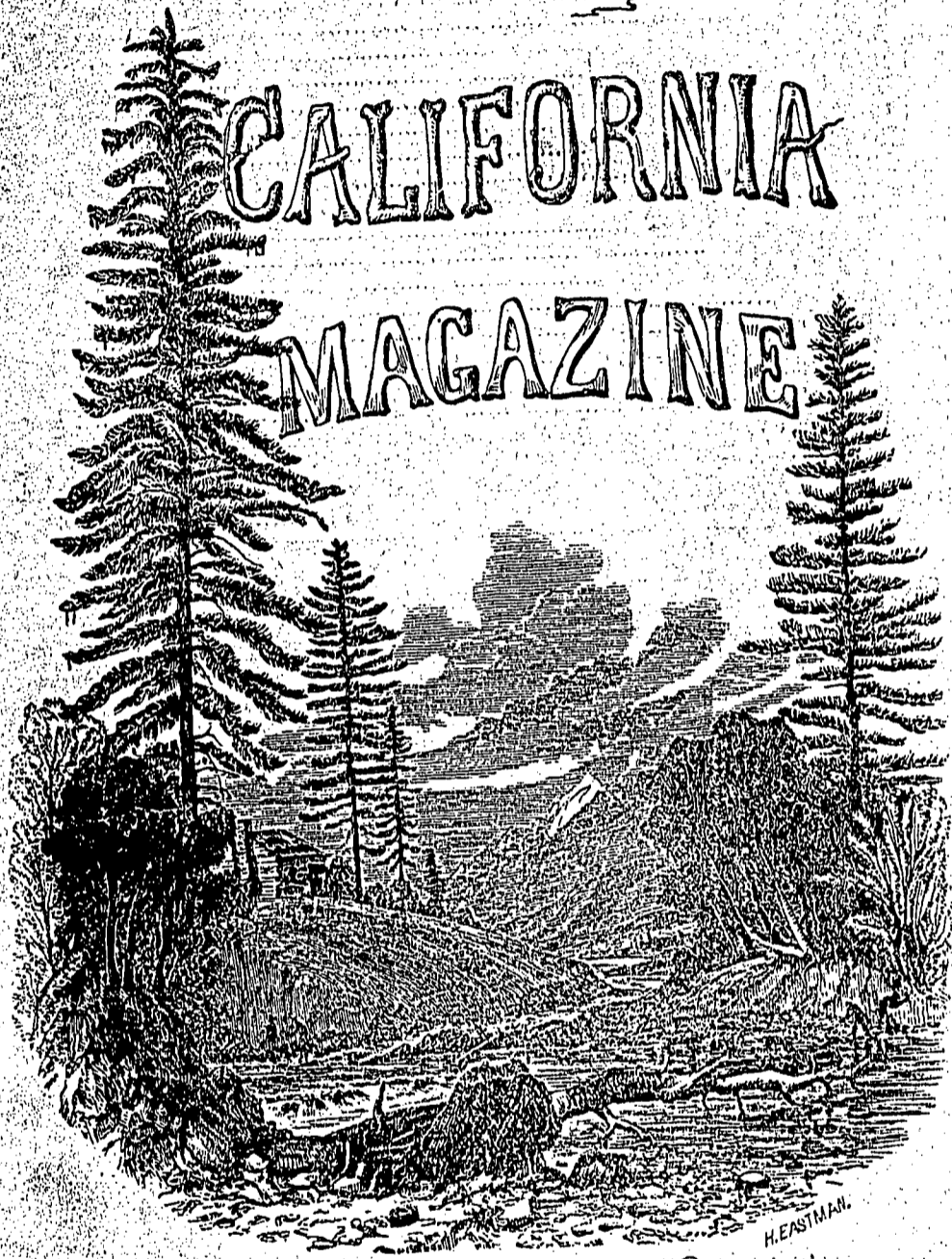
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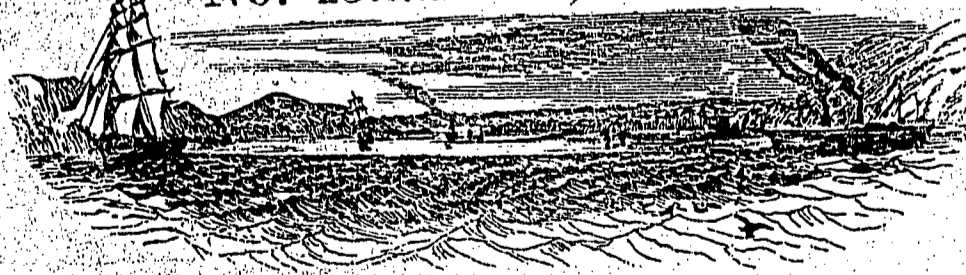
HUTCHINGS'

CALIFORNIA

MAGAZINE



No. 23...MAY, 1858.



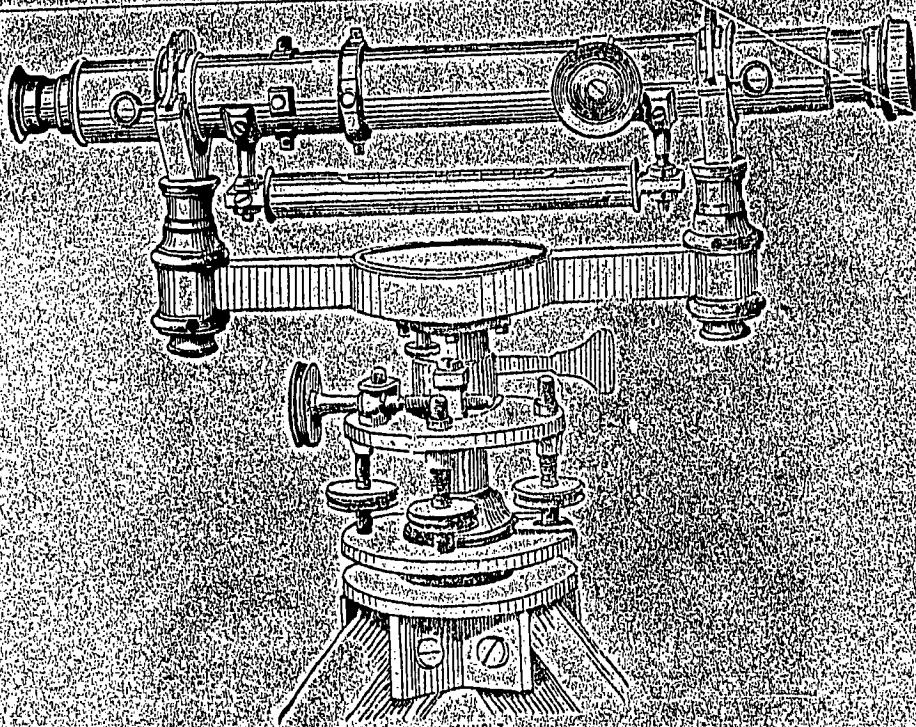
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CONTENTS

[MAY, 1858.]

MEMBERS OF THE CALIFORNIA SENATE..... 481
 THE SONGS OF THE UNIVERSE..... 484
 BRIGHAM YOUNG..... 485
 TRIP TO WALKER'S RIVER AND CARSON VALLEY..... 489
 COME MEET ME..... 497
 THE LAST BACCHANALIAN..... 500
 THE DEATHLESS HEART..... 501
 EVENINGS WITH THE POETS..... 504
 THE COUNTESS OF SAN DIEGO..... 514
 FASHIONABLE FALSEHOOD..... 515
 THE MOTHER'S REQUEST..... 515
 ADVENTURE IN PIT RIVER VALLEY..... 517
 WINES—THEIR VARIETY..... 518
 A MOTHER'S LOVE..... 519
 OBJECT AND AIM OF LIFE..... 520
 THE SPECTRE..... 521
 OUR SOCIAL CHAIR..... 524
 Affecting Scene—Among the Sick—Toper's Soliloquy—Theatrical Incidents.....
 EDITOR'S TABLE.....
 Our Third Volume—Literary Thieves—The Pacific Mail Steamship Co.—
 The Navigation Company—Our "Portrait Gallery"—Cost of living
 in San Francisco—Religious Revivals—The new Gold Discovery &c.....
 MONTHLY CHAT—With Contributors and Correspondents.....



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WARREN HOLT, Principal.

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CHARLES F. ROBBINS, PRINTER, COR. OF CLAY AND BATTERY STS.

CALIFORNIA

VOL. II

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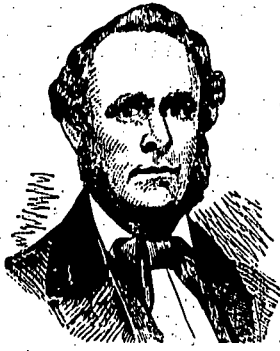
VOL. II. MAY, 1858. No. 11.

MEMBERS OF THE CALIFORNIA SENATE.



E. GARTER,

Senator from Shasta, Colusa and Tehama, is a native of New York, and 48 years of age. Emigrated to California in 1849. Politics, Democratic.



A. R. MELONEY

Is a native of Connecticut, and 44 years of age. Emigrated to this state in 1849. Is a Democrat, and was elected by that party in 1856, from the counties of Contra Costa and San Joaquin.



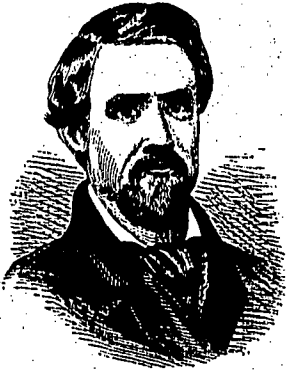
SAMUEL SOULE

Was born in Kennebec county, Maine, in 1807, and is consequently 50 years of age. Came to California in 1850. Elected to the State Senate from San Francisco, by the Republican party, in 1856.



HUMPHREY GRIFFITH,

Senator from the counties of Yolo, Napa and Solano. Is a native of New York, and 31 years of age. Came to California from Alabama, in 1849. Is a lawyer and a Democrat.



ALFRED W. TALIAFERRO,

Senator from the counties of Sonoma, Marin and Mendocino. A Virginian by birth, and 28 years of age. Emigrated to California in 1849. Is a physician by profession. Elected to the Assembly in 1851, by the Democracy of Marin, under circumstances which indicated great personal popularity, the county being largely Whig. Mr. T. is one of the most influential members of the Senate.



S. M. JOHNSON,

Senator from El Dorado. Is a native of Ohio, and emigrated to this State in 1853. Is a lawyer by profession, and in politics Democratic. He is a man of liberal views; an able, influential member of the Senate, and is quite popular among his constituents. He is 31 years of age, and lives in "single blessedness" at Placerville. He is sound on the "main" question.



JAMES ANDERSON,

Senator from Placer county. Is a native of Pennsylvania, 35 years of age, and emigrated to this State from Texas, in 1851. Is a tailor by trade, and in politics, Democratic. Mr. Anderson is a self-made man, having studied law while at work upon the "board." At the breaking out of the war with Mexico, he joined a Tennessee regiment, and distinguished himself in several severe conflicts. He resides at Auburn.



L. N. KETCHUM

Was born Aug. 31st, 1824, in the town of Wilkes Barre, Luzerne county, Wyoming valley, Pennsylvania. In 1849 he emigrated to California. In 1857 he was elected Senator from the counties of Calaveras and Amador, by the Democratic party. Mr. Ketchum has never succeeded in catching a wife, though there is no telling what he may do in the course of time. He is a miner and resides at Clinton, Amador county.

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WM. S. LEWIS,

Senator from Calaveras and Amador. Born in Woodville, Mississippi, Sept. 6th, 1829. Emigrated to California from New Orleans, Feb., 1854. Is a lawyer, and in politics, Democratic. Mr. Lewis is an able debater; watches closely the interests of his constituents, and is popular with all parties. He was elected to his present position without opposition.



JESSE O. GOODWIN,

Senator from Yuba and Sutter. Is a native of New York, and emigrated to this state from Ohio, in 1840. Is 39 years of age, a lawyer by profession, and in politics Democratic. Mr. Goodwin is one of the most forcible and eloquent speakers in the Senate, and well known as the author of the able Report upon State Prison Affairs, which created so marked a sensation throughout the country.



W. T. FERGUSON,

Senator from Sierra county. Is a native of Pennsylvania, 45 years of age, and emigrated to this State from Ohio, in 1849. Is a miner, and was elected to his present position by the American party. He, however, recently connected himself with the Democratic party, having been a member of the caucus which nominated the present officers of the Legislature. Mr. Ferguson's Legislative record appears to be a clean one.



GEORGE H. ROGERS

Is a native of Connecticut, and 30 years of age. Emigrated to California in 1849. Elected to the State Senate in 1856, by the Democracy of Tuolumne. Mr. R is not a debater, and is but seldom heard upon the floor of the Senate. He is of the working class, through whose well directed efforts measures of public good are carried, and acts of public utility accomplished. Few men stand fairer with their constituents than George H. Rogers. He is a miner, and resides at Columbia.



T. G. PHELPS,

Senator from San Francisco and San Mateo. Came to California in 1849. Is a native of New York, and 34 years of age. Elected to his present position in 1856, by the Republican party. Mr P. is a lawyer, but at present engaged in farming in San Mateo county. He has a wife to share with him the joys and sorrows of the world.



GIDEON J. CARPENTER,

Senator from El Dorado. Is a native of Pennsylvania; came to California in 1850, and was elected to his present position by the Democratic party, in 1856. Mr. Carpenter has displayed his good sense by taking to himself a wife. He resides at Volcanoville, El Dorado county, where he is engaged in mining.

THE SONGS OF THE UNIVERSE.

Earth hath its minstrels, and the Universe
Is full of Music sweet, and glorious sounds,
Falling most ravishingly on the ear of man.
The ocean rolls her bass, with winds and storms,
And voice of many waters, dashed against
The giant cliffs, on some old desert shore,
Or thundering through her caverns, dark and deep,
Beyond the mariner's eye. The mighty winds
Lift their high anthem through the sounding sky,
Making strange music there. The thunder rolls
Its chariot o'er the clouds, chanting the march of God.
The grand old rivers sweep along,
Ringing and rippling on their pebbly shores,
And dancing rivulets sing, and cataracts
Lift high their voice, bidding the world keep awe,
As in the presence of the visible God.
The sweet birds sing o'er all the sunny earth,
In groves, and bowers, and deep sequestered vales,
And by old palaces and grassy tombs,
The resting place of kings.
And man, too, that hath his songs—the triumph march
Of conquerors in their pride, the festal song
Ringing through halls of wassail, and the chant
Of golden harvest, and the marriage hymn
Of "hearts that beat as one," and the low dirge
He chants above the dead.—O! many voices
Ring on for aye through all the listening earth,
Striving to bring its discord into one
Great harmony song.

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BRIGHAM YOUNG.

Brigham Young, Governor and ex-officio Superintendent of Indian affairs of Utah Territory,—First President, Prophet, Seer, Revelator and Translator of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, commonly known as Mormons, was born in the year 1801, in the state of Vermont; the same state which gave birth to Joe Smith, the founder of Mormonism. He is about five foot eight or nine inches high; stout body, well proportioned for labor; weighs between 175 and 200 pounds; light brown sandy hair, generally worn pretty long; face shaved close; light blue eyes; Hebrew nose; long upper lip; mouth tolerably large; chin ill-defined. When his mouth is open, his long teeth, his stout and strong under jaw and bull neck indicate to the spectator a ferocious disposition.

The lower portion of the face is more developed than the upper; the animal predominating. His head from front to back measures little more than six inches. His countenance is unusually changable in expression; in fact he possesses great command over it, and readily changes it from the innocent playful expression of the school-boy, to the black and blood-thirsty visage of a cunning and cowardly villain.

Cunning, instead of wisdom, and hypocrisy, instead of candor, are leading characteristics with him.

His temperament is a mixture of the sanguine and lymphatic. The lymphatic is plainly indicated under the chin, as seen in the picture. He walks like a blustering braggadocio—undignified—rolling his shoulders or body from side to side; and bluster instead of courage marks his rule.

When dressed in a common suit of



BRIGHAM YOUNG.

black, with dress coat, he appears as a respectable but common farmer,—with his shirt in country bumpkin style, collar turned down, wristbands turned up over his coat sleeves. Usually he wears what may be styled a morning gown, of green merino, trimmed with velvet, over his ordinary clothes, doubtless to assist in rendering his appearance more dignified, as well as indicate his degree of priesthood. For strangers observe that the three heads of the Mormon hierarchy wear similar coats, differently colored; green, purple and blue.

In warm weather Brigham usually wears lighter colored and looser clothes, rendering him more dignified in appearance. To finish his dress he wears his hat eternally on the back of his head; in the pulpit as well as in the street.

He is deficient in dignity. The moment he relaxes his grumness or suspicious reserve—sometimes mistaken for

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dignity—he is thoroughly common-place, and fails to command respect except that which his peculiar position compels.

He is very illiterate, and seldom looks in a book from year's end to year's end. A stranger once asked him in Salt Lake for his autograph and birth-place, and in the place of Vermont, he wrote Vermont.

Of his history, antecedents, and his connection with the Mormons, but little is known, even among his most devoted followers. It appears, however, that he lived in western New York about or near the time and place that Mormonism took its rise. He then had a wife and two children, girls. He was known there as a trifling, shiftless fellow, procuring a mean and scanty living, by making and selling split baskets.

By trade, however, he appears to have been a house painter; but, that, for some reason, he did not follow. It is said he exhorted occasionally among the evangelists in that locality; although he has been heard to say since, that before his connection with Mormonism, he was a disbeliever in revealed religion. This probably may have been the fact, and his exhortations hypocritical, adopted merely to aid in securing a beggarly livelihood; for charity, it is said, was commonly extended to his sickly wife and helpless children.

In the year 1832 he connected himself with the then contemptible followers of Joe Smith, the Mormon. Since then his history is the history of Mormonism.

A little before or after he joined the Mormons, his wife died; and sometime in 1832 he arrived at the Mormon head quarters at Kirtland, Ohio, with his two children. Joe Smith furnished him with some work at painting, he receiving his pay out of the common stock crib. Since this, he has ever displayed exemplary loyalty to the person and doctrine of the now immortal Joe Smith, and often boasts in his public harangues of his undeviating fidelity to what may be

styled a Yankified rohash of Jesuitism.

After settling his family at Kirtland, he married the second time a lady named Angell, who is now alive at Great Salt Lake City, by whom he has had issue—two boys, Joseph and Brigham, and a girl now married. The two daughters by his first wife are also married and living at Salt Lake; one of them to her father's brother-in-law, under the polygamic system. His son, Joe, considered by pious Mormons a drunken rowdy, when about twenty, married at Salt Lake a cigar girl who lived on Fourth street, St. Louis, and well known to the fast young men of that city as not being over discreet. Brigham however said when he heard the report of the St. Louis Mormons who arrived with her, that she was as good as Joe, so that settled the marriage.

The second son, Brigham, is also married. He is short and thick set, of rough manners, but better liked than the taller and more delicately formed Joe.

From the best data, it appears Brigham has had about sixty wives; many of these, either for want of fidelity, or because they could not feel satisfied to allow him to divide his affections with so many, have been divorced, and some have darkly hinted at the Henry VIII system. At present, between forty and fifty acknowledge him as their husband. Of this number, some six or ten are held by proxy for the notorious Joe Smith. Smith's mantle having fallen on Brigham, he had also to attend to their temporal wants. The Mormon poetess, Eliza Snow, brother of Lorenzo Snow, one of the twelve apostles, is one of this number; a sister of Huntington, the destroying Angel, and Indian interpreter, who had first a husband in the States whom she drove off for Joe Smith, and after Smith's death attached herself to Brigham, by each of whom she has had children; a west India sea-captain's widow, who is well advanced in years, and teaches music, but who in her strange career crossed the Atlantic from

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England to the West Indies some twenty times; Mrs. Cobb, a Boston lady, who left her husband and grown up family and run off with Brigham, carrying her youngest child with her, being more ambitious of Heavenly distinction than many others, got Brigham to seal her to Joe Smith, since his death. These are the most conspicuous of the proxics. The remainder of Brigham's Goddesses (married women are considered goddesses; single are angels) vary from joyous sixteen to wrinkled sixty. Beauty and education are sadly wanting in his collection; for a more common, homely-looking set were never gotten together. The only way this can be accounted for is, that when he commenced forming his harem, the doctrine was very unpopular, and he was compelled to put up with the best he could get.

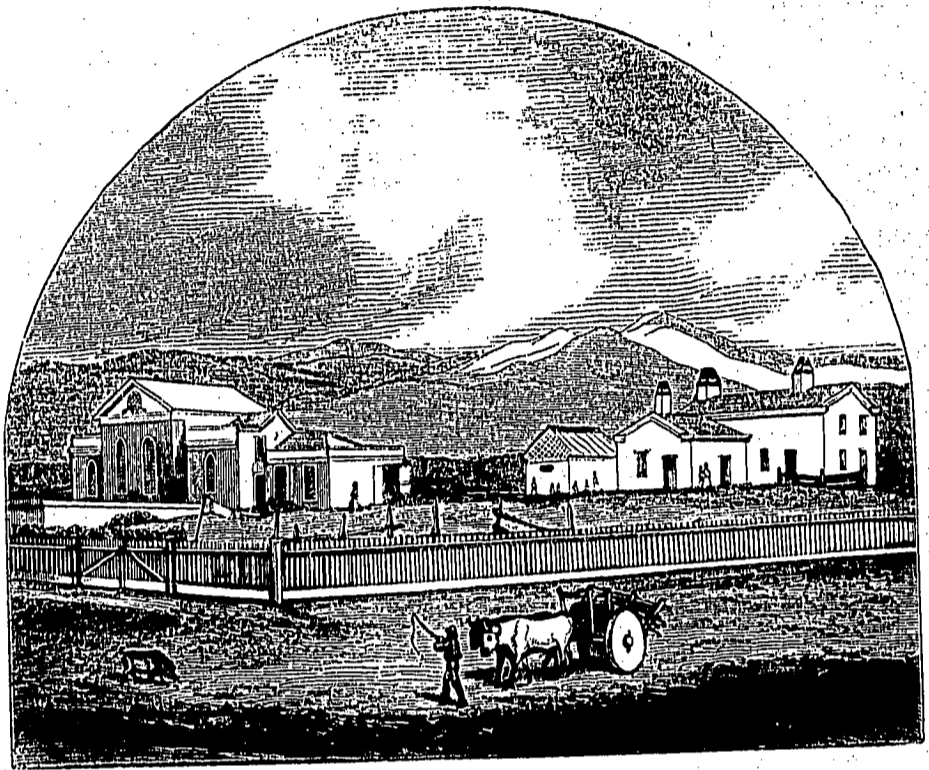
The green-eyed monster, jealousy, finds plenty to occupy himself with in the domestic circle. The one most noted for jealousy is a tall lady, with two interesting little children. She has threatened Brigham with death, and to leave eyeless and bald some of his favorites. Brigham, through fear, has been compelled to leave her "solitary and alone" in a small cottage near his residence. He considers her a devil. Young Brigham, when he speaks to her, calls her by the expressive names of his "father's concubine," "legs to eternity," or "legs almighty." Naturally, she is a high-spirited woman; and but for the cursed Mormon delusion might have passed through life respectably and happy. She says that she forsook her relations for Mormonism; that they now look on her as a cast-away; and that she is fully determined to remain with the Mormons, and go to hell with them. Some fourteen of Brigham's wives ride to church in a big omnibus, known as "Brigham's carriage." This she calls a "flying brothel."

Brigham's children, by his Spirituals, do not number more than thirty. Many

of them are fine-looking children; and chiefly girls. He has expressed himself as determined to marry his children, one to another. This incestuous connection, he says, is according to the sacred order of the priesthood.

Brigham's house is the first, with the exception of a small shed, near the Council house, that was built in Great Salt Lake City. When the Mormons first went to Salt Lake they built an adobe fort, in the shape of a hollow square, in which the whole colony lived the first winter. In the summer following, the house represented in the picture was erected, after Brigham's second arrival in the valley. It is built, as all buildings are there, of abodes or sun-dried brick, and then stuccoed with plaster of Paris, which is abundant in Utah. It contains three or four bedrooms, a parlor, and kitchen; and has been used specially as a residence for his first wife. Neither of the spirituals have ever been received there except as visitors. A long shed, divided like stalls, stood near it, in which some eight or ten spiritual families resided. The house is situated on a little knoll on the eastern side of City Creek—a small stream of pure water, which takes its rise in the Wahatch mountains, seen behind the house, and is now separated near Brigham's house, running in little rivulets in every street in the city, being used for domestic purposes and irrigation.

The situation was well chosen. It overlooks nearly the whole of the city—particularly the southern and eastern portions; taking in at one glance the whole of Salt Lake Valley south of the city. From it can be seen on the east the lofty and eternally snow-capped Wahatch range stretching south to the boundary of Utah Valley, fifty miles distant; in the centre of the valley the Mormon Jordan, which takes its rise in Utah Lake South, and describes its serpentine course till it reaches Great Salt Lake, where it



RESIDENCE OF BRIGHAM YOUNG, AT SALT LAKE CITY.

loses itself on the saline flats which border the lake; in the west, Tosele mountains, twenty-three miles distant, lofty as the Wahatch, capped with a mantle of snow and girdled with clouds—its northern extremity jutting out into Great Salt Lake, whose mirror-like bosom, studded with rugged islands, and a setting sun on the far-distant Sierras behind the lake, radiating high into the blue and cloudless heavens tall columns of light, affords the beholder one of the most enchanting and sublime pictures that human eyes ever rested on.

The building to the left is a barn. Within a little time past Brigham has erected a more spacious seraglio, immediate west of the house represented in the picture.

He has numerous blood relatives near him in Salt Lake, among whom are numbered four brothers and a sister. Joseph is a diminutive, harmless personage, with

a very religious whine and most saintly countenance. He has had a difficult hand to play, in trying to induce his first wife to consent to the spiritual wife system. John is a big, fat sot, and of no account to himself or anybody else. Lorenzo is short, stout, red-haired and coarse-featured—more industrious than either of the others. He is a bishop. Phineas is the eldest. His first wife lives in the States, and will not submit to polygamy. He is a schemer, and some say worse. Mrs. Murray, a very stout old lady, with a kind heart and genial manners, is the only sister. She was, however, a spiritual of Joe Smith.

Brigham's manners has always been considered rough and repulsive to his followers. In the pulpit he speaks with a great deal of ease and fluency. Profanity and obscenity are common-places with him when preaching.

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men. Ho is nearly as fond of brandy and Monongahela. Occasionally he gets on midnight carousal with a favorite few; becomes gloriously oblivious, turns summersaults, and sings—

"The Lord into his garden went,
To see if Adam had done his stint,
And when he found the work was done,
He passed around the bottle of rum."

A TRIP TO WALKER'S RIVER AND CARSON VALLEY.

BY * * *

To the mountains! Ho for the mountains, was my joyous and almost involuntary exclamation, as I waved an adieu to a bevy of friends who had gathered on the stoops of two little cottages that stood side by side, just at the margin of the blackened space that now marked where, but a few days before, stood Columbia, that beautiful but ill-fated mountain city, then little else than a mass of mouldering ruin, and turned my horses head towards the bold range of mountains that rises immediately to the eastward, accompanied by three pleasant companions, all accoutred and provisioned for a journey of adventure and, mayhap, discovery, to the little known, though much talked of, Walker's River. Though an invalid myself, with scarcely more than sufficient strength to enable me to crawl into my saddle, yet I felt a thrill of joy and a wild enthusiasm at the thought of casting aside, for a season, all cares of business, and of being soon enabled to snuff the pure mountain air, unalloyed by the sickening vapor, and, more than all, the health-destroying dust that ever hovers about the area of civilization in California. Ye who have never felt the palsying grasp of a subtle disease that is drawing the pale of oblivion, slowly but surely, over the vital organs, shrouding the soul with its dark shadows, mayhap to make the vision of an hereafter more bright and glorious, know not the wild, yet mournful

enthusiasm of the weary invalid, as he recedes from the busy haunts of man, and penetrates deeper and deeper into the mountain solitudes, where his fevered brow may be cooled by the refreshing breeze that is purified by the limpid snow, and perfumed by the uncultured flowers—for, as he rises higher and higher, each new feature of wild grandeur that presents itself to his sensitive gaze, forces upon his susceptible reason new proofs, as it were, of a Divine Omnipotence, and he seems, as he stands on some lofty peak or overhanging crag, far removed from the busy world below; in closer communion with Him who doeth all things well, and though the cheek may bear the hectic blush and the eye the warning glow of death, yet the spirit of the soul is calm, for it feels that Immortality is real.

The day of our departure had been big with annoyances and hindrances incident to all parties bent upon like excursions. In the first place, one who was to have been of the party was prevented from going, or, rather, did not appear at the appointed time, and another had to be sought to fill his place—a matter which, however, was very easily accomplished. Then a pistol had been left behind, and another gun was needed. One pack animal that we had relied upon could not be had, and another one must be hunted up; however, one was soon secured, (all but the secured,) for, after having engaged a mule, it could nowhere be found. Every nook and corner of the district was searched, but that "mule" was missing. It always had been just at hand, but, as a matter of course, now that it was wanted immediately, it took this particular opportunity to step out, and it was only after several hours' *buscaring* that it turned up.

All was now ready to commence packing, which task was soon accomplished, for though the day was far spent, we determined to make a start, in strict accord-



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ance with prior arrangements; and as the weather was exceedingly hot, we thought a few miles travel by moonlight would be even more pleasant than by the light of a scorching sun; and, accordingly, at 5 o'clock, p. m., on the third day of September, we were *en route*, with two pack animals, one month's provisions and the necessary accompaniments for rough camp-life; together with tools for prospecting, guns for hunting, fishing-tackle for fishing, and, in fact, fully prepared for a good time generally—with two dogs, as body guards.

At sunset we were at the Mountain House, situated at the top of the high ridge that rises immediately above Columbia. It was a calm and beautiful sunset; the tinge of the western horizon was peculiarly soft and mellow, which, together with our elevated position, made our spirits light and buoyant, for we were now fairly started upon our adventurous journey, and were even so soon almost at the verge of civilization, for low down in the valley we had just left, we could discern the blue, smoky vapor rising above Columbia, while immediately below us, at the base of the ridge, nestled the quiet little camp of Yankee Hill; beyond which, to the eastward, there are only a few ranches, together with the numerous lumber mills that are scattered through the vast tract of timber country, for a distance of fifteen miles.

Washing the dust from our throats with a cool beverage proffered us by the generous host of the Mountain House, Mr. Northey, we again set out for our destination for the night, eighth miles further on. The full moon shone out with all its splendor, and the cool breeze that swept over the ridge over which lay our road, made our jaunt for that evening a pleasant one. At 10 o'clock we reached ——— saw-mill, aroused the occupants to procure feed for our animals, which was kindly furnished us; and, for ourselves, we broached a box of sardines,

which, with a biscuit and a cup of water, sufficed for our supper; after which, we spread our blankets on the stoop of the dwelling, and, though the bed was somewhat less soft than the one we had of late been accustomed to, yet the fatigue of the day caused us to sleep soundly and sweetly.

At early dawn we arose and made our breakfast after the style of our supper, with the addition of a cup of tea, and were soon moving again. Our road now for some twenty-five miles lay through the section of country situated between the south fork of the Stanislaus and the north fork of the Tuolumne. It is marked by nothing of interest, except being that through which run the monster ditches of the Tuolumne County and the Columbia and Stanislaus River Water Companies, and its vast products of lumber from which Tuolumne county is almost wholly supplied.

At 12 o'clock we arrived at a meadow, where we halted for a little while to rest. Here we watered our animals and quenched our own thirst at an ice-cold spring. We drank long and deeply, for we knew that our road to Strawberry Flat, a distance of thirteen miles, lay for the most part upon the high ridge that separates the two rivers, and without water for the entire distance, and as the sun was pouring down his rays upon us without his ever taking this fact into consideration, we might well expect to suffer somewhat; which anticipation was fully realized, for as we descended at 5 o'clock into that beautiful and romantic little valley, our lips were parched and voices husky, and to the limpid water of the little stream that meandered through it, the north fork of the Tuolumne, we paid an homage almost akin to that of the Arab to the Spring of the Desert.

Throwing the packs from our animals, we soon had them picketed in the luxuriant grass that covered the flat; a merry fire soon blazed up beside a cedar log

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hard by, and in a very short time a cup of tea—tin-cup, we mean—and a warm biscuit were placed at our service by our expert companion P., which, together with a slice of pork held for a moment to the blaze on the end of a stick, made us a glorious supper, however much it may have been in contrast to the usual suppers in our respective boarding-houses. For this particular time I speak for my companions and for myself generally; for now I paid little respect to our festive board. I was an invalid at starting, and this day's journey, under a scorching sun, had nearly prostrated me, and at early twilight I spread my blankets close by the fire and rolled myself up in them; treating the proposition of Judge ———, for an early start on the morrow, rather coldly.

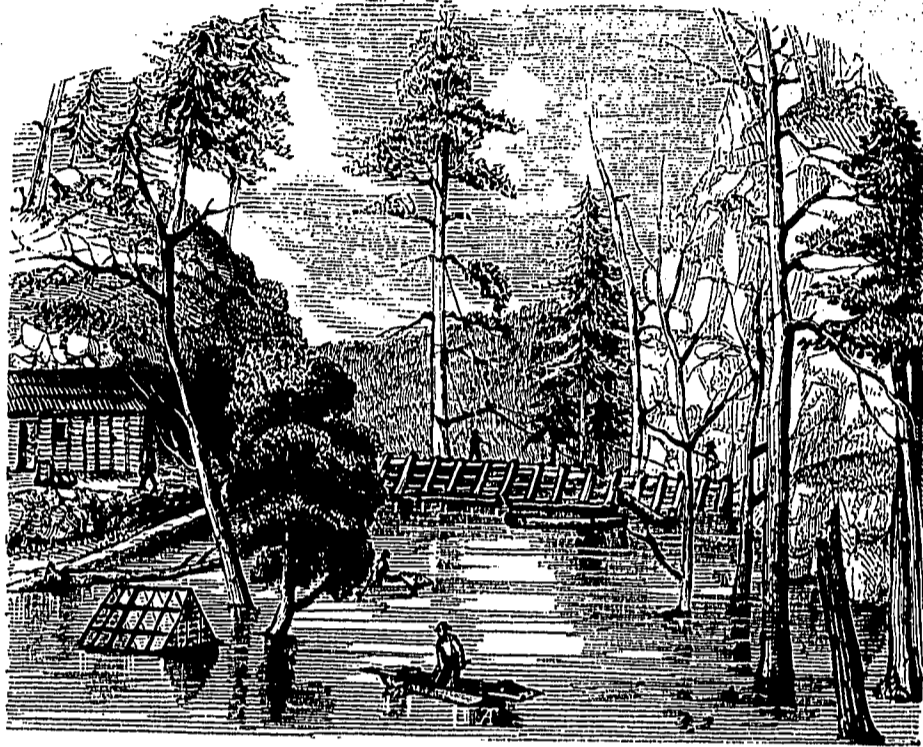
The morning found us less nimble than we had anticipated the evening previous. For my own part, I could hardly rise from my blankets; nor was I alone, now, in my tribulation, for the Judge's feet refused to stand the pressure of a boot—one ankle and five toes were blistered—and C. uttered several decisive grunts as he came out of his blankets; the cords of his legs had been put to too great a strain in climbing those tedious hills and in applying the boot somewhat freely to "muh," who, by the way, fully sustained her character as a mule, by "acting up" whenever opportunity offered. P. was the only sound man in the party, not even *excepting the dogs!* for they were foot-sore, and as he was not particular, we soon decided to lay by a day and recruit—a conclusion very easily arrived at, for, in addition to the reasons already given, we wished to visit one of the large reservoirs of the Tuolumne County Water Co., situated at the northern extremity of the valley, and distant about two miles from our camp; and then, too, we had noticed in the deep holes of the little branch just at hand, an abundance of mountain trout, which our judgment of

what constituted good living made us desire to transfer to our spacious fry-pan.

Our morning meal dispatched, we turned our first attention to the trout, and invited them to partake of a grasshopper delicately tendered them on the point of a hook, but lo! they did not appreciate our generosity, but on the other hand, rather insulted us for our kind attentions by eyeing the shining bait askant, giving apparently a dainty snuff and then turning lazily away in seeming disgust, while we peeped shyly over a projecting rock, or through a screening bush, with watery mouths in anticipation of fried trout. This caused us to scratch our heads in perplexity, but we soon hit upon a plan which "sort o' got 'em" in every sense of the word, by bringing our pick, shovel and pan into requisition, and draining and bailing out their holes, leaving them high and dry.

It was now proposed to visit the reservoir. For my own part, I felt hardly able to mount my horse, which my companions had kindly saddled for me, but finally summoned the necessary resolution and started, accompanied by the Judge and C., P. having volunteered to stay in camp. A half-hour's ride through a dense growth of pine, cedar and fir trees brought us to the margin of the beautiful sheet of water, formed by a monster dam thrown across the south fork of the Stanislaus by that energetic and pioneer of water companies, the Tuolumne County Water Co.

This reservoir, which is one of four which that enterprising company has constructed in the last two years, under the superintendence of the indefatigable — Holton, and at a cost of about \$135,000; it covers an area of about one mile in length by one-third to one-half mile in width, with an average depth, when full, of thirty feet. The dam is sixty feet high in the centre from the bed of the river, with a span of two hundred and fifty feet, and is built of heavy barked timber, plat-



RESERVOIR OF THE TUOLUMNE COUNTY WATER COMPANY, AT STRAWBERRY FLAT.

ted and graveled, with an inclination of about thirty-eight degrees, so that the heavier the pressure of water, the firmer it is pressed down to its foundation. It is thrown across the mouth of a rugged cañon with solid granite for either abutment, and is, truly, a stupendous piece of work, reflecting much credit both upon the company and the superintendent. Since its completion it requires the attention of only two men, who gauge the water and repair leakages, and who live in a cabin near the dam.

On the north and east of the reservoir the mountains rise abruptly from the water to the height of many hundred feet, and are almost one solid mass of light granite, sparsely covered with stunted pine and cedar, and for the most part almost inaccessible. The view from the dam in this direction is grand and picturesque, and especially when the sun has just sunk behind the western ridge, and those hoary hills cast their dark shadows in the calm and placid water,

which reflects, at the same time, all the tints of the mellow evening sky, the whole scene is one of rare romantic beauty.

The only approach to the dam is by a rugged and circuitous trail over a rocky point that makes out to the flat some third of a mile from the dam. Judge and C. being desirous of visiting it, started up the trail; while I, feeling in no way improved by my ride, lay down to rest in the shade of a little cedar, just at the water's edge, and at the termination of the rocky point. After the lapse of an hour I was aroused by the splash of an oar, and, on looking up, saw my companions just rounding the rocky point with a clumsy skiff, or raft, made of a dry cedar log, halved and the two parts fastened together, with the ends sharpened. They brought me an invitation from the gentlemanly occupant of the cabin at the dam—for at this time only one man was there—to come down and remain with him for the night, which I

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very willingly accepted, feeling that in my present condition, a comfortable bunk would be preferable to the turf at our camp. Taking a little turn over the reservoir in search of a duck that they had been told was hovering about it—and which we found, but did not succeed in killing—my companions landed me at the cabin, and then returned to camp. At dusk Mr. C. returned again, to remain with me, bringing my rifle, and being determined, he said, to capture the duck in the morning.

I turned out the next morning, feeling considerably improved, but not sufficiently so to risk starting on our journey, and C., answering for our other two companions, kindly consented to abide my time; and, after breakfast, proposed to look out for the duck that we had seen the evening previous, volunteering to row me to a rocky point, where I might lie in wait, while he started the game. Getting on board the raft he soon set me down on one of the little rocky mounds that rise out of the water near the upper end of the reservoir; and very soon, to my agreeable surprise, he drove the duck towards me; when, fortunately, I made a lucky shot and killed it. Returning to the dam we took dinner with our host, and thanking him for his kind attentions, returned to camp. Dressing our duck, we perched it upon a willow stick over our fire and watching the process of its roasting with watery mouths—little dreaming we had caught something that might be called a wolf in sheep's clothing, and but for its feathers gathered around it when done—with tender solicitude. A single bite at a side bone was sufficient for me, the rank, fishy odor that ascended my nostrils caused me to hurl it away in disgust. P. followed suit—Judge and C. forced down a couple of mouthfuls, when all agreed in the propriety of consigning it to the dogs, and even they, after a snuff or two, turned away from it with an air of offended dignity, and we ex-

claimed with the poet—doviating slightly in the application:—

Nature never made but one such duck,
And broke the die (or certainly ought so to have done,) in getting this one up.

On the following morning, I rolled out from my blankets, feeling much better, when preparations were made for an immediate start, and as the sun peeped over the eastern ridge, we were again, *en route*. A little distance from our camp, we struck into the old Emigrant road of 1852, bearing due East, and immediately commenced the ascent of the first ridge. Four miles of constant rise, brought us to what are known as Bill's Meadows. The air now began to be cool and bracing, and I fancied that I could feel additional improvements at each succeeding mile. From the Meadows, our trail took a Northeasterly direction, along a high ridge of gradual, but easy ascent, for some five or six miles, when we rose an abrupt and rugged point, where a view presented itself of the wildest grandeur, causing us to halt for a while to satisfy our gaze. The trail here lay upon the very verge of a giddy precipice, facing the Northwest, at the base of which, lay heavy banks of snow; and below this, was a succession of little basins of water fed by the slow melting of the snow-drifts; their margins carpeted with beautiful green, presenting a truly romantic picture. Below, at the left, was the deep gorge through which runs the south fork of the Stanislaus, and still lower down, at a distance of some two miles, yet apparently almost at our very feet, was visible a portion of the great upper reservoir of the Tuolumne County Water Co.,—nine miles above the one at Strawberry Flat,—while beyond, to the west, rose a ridge, composed of one solid mass of bleached granite, without a single tree or shrub to relieve it, of its barren and dreary aspect; while to the right, a little farther on, and looking to the north, rose in bold relief, those novel



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peaks of volcanic formation, called the "Tooth-picks."

Our trail from this, lay upon an entirely granite formation, and threaded among the rocks, leading us to all points of the compass, the marks of the passage of the Emigrant wagons, were still plainly visible, and now, at every few rods, pieces of their wrecks were yet to be seen. At 4 o'clock, we descended abruptly into a valley of considerable extent, but, for which we know no name. Here was excellent grass and several little miniature lakes; and, as the margin of one of which attracted our special attention, we concluded to pitch our camp.

It was a thing of rare beauty—a basin scooped out of the solid granite, which here presented a horizontal face of one or two acres, and at the elevation of several feet above the surrounding valley, without inlet or outlet, and with a depth of some three feet, its water cool and clear as crystal. On the east side, was a little plat of grass, and here we picketed our horses, while for ourselves, we selected a cosy little nook just a few rods to the south, where we built a cheerful fire and spread our blankets with a breastwork of rock on either side.

The next morning found us early a-stir and all feeling much better than any previous day. For my own part, I was mending fast, being now able to consume my ration of pork and bread, to the entire satisfaction of the party.

Leaving this valley we rose a low granite ridge, and in a quarter of an hour descended into another of greater extent, but presenting, for the most part, a barren appearance, and through which our trail wound circuitously for some three miles, when we found ourselves on the ridge which lies immediately on the west side of the middle fork of the Tuolumne, and near its source. We now bore directly north, our road being somewhat rugged, yet not very difficult, and

at 2 o'clock descended into what is known as Relief Valley. This valley takes its very appropriate name from the fact that it was here that relief was brought to the emigrants in their almost starving condition, from the generous-hearted citizens of Sonora and Columbia—among whom was my present companion, Judge C. The passage of this emigrant train, which forced its way through this almost impassable section of the Sierra Nevada in 1852, was one of peculiar hardship and suffering—excelled in this respect, perhaps, only by the ill-fated one of '46, that starved on the Truckee. They followed the ill-judged advice of a few persons from Tuolumne county, who went out and met them at the sink of the Humboldt, and at the junction of the old emigrant road with Carson river; thirty-five miles west of the Desert, a large train with a vast amount of stock struck off to the south, following up Walker's river, and crossed the mountains at the source of its western branch. Much of their road, after getting into the mountains, they were compelled to make, hauling their wagons up some of the steps by means of ropes, while their stock died at a fearful rate. At one place, a few miles to the east of the Summit, they were forced to drain down some three or four feet of a small lake to enable them to ford it on one side—it being utterly impossible to go around it; and such was the nature of their trials for near one hundred miles, occupying so much time that their provisions gave out, when they sent an express through to Columbia and Sonora for relief, and a pack-train was immediately fitted out, which, as we have shown, reached them in this valley, the recollection of which, I doubt not, is, and ever will remain fresh in the minds of those who were of the unfortunate party. The bleached bones of many, many animals are still to be seen scattered over it, as, in fact, they are on either side of the trail for a distance of more than a hun-

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dred and fifty miles, and now, in many places where all signs of the trail were obliterated, we took our course by the whitened bones alone. The valley is shut in by high barren mountains, and at the base of the ridge that bounds it on the northeast, courses in a direction bearing northwest the middle or main fork of the Stanislaus. The valley slopes gently to the north and east, and about midway of it our trail "run blind," there being a mirey strip running nearly across the entire flat. Here we came to a "standstill," but not until we were well in the mire, not daring to take our animals across until we had found the trail beyond, being, as yet, entirely at a loss at what part of the valley we would make our egress.

I dismounted and stood upon an elevated sod, while my horse was half leg-deep in the mud. P., with one of the pack animals, was in a like position, while Judge reversed the position with the amiable mule, for he stood in the mire nearly to the tops of his boots, while mule "humped" herself and gathered all four feet on a little grass sod and stood high and dry. C. forced his way across, a distance of some two hundred yards, to search for the trail, and directly came to a halt and commenced searching among some low bushes. Soon Judge became impatient and halloed, asking if he had found the trail.

"Never saw huckleberries so thick in my life," was the response.

"Well, but have you found the trail?"

"Be blow'd if ever I saw them plentier in the States."

"D—n the huckleberries," responded Judge; and letting go the rein to the mule, struck out to search for the trail himself, and very soon apprised us that it was found, when we again pushed on, not stopping to gather the berries, though they were plenty and of excellent flavor.

Our road now, contrary to our expectations, bore southeast, and across the river, when we commenced a sudden ascent,

difficult and almost dangerous. In about an hour we struck the extreme eastern branch of the main river, and following it up for a half hour we again pitched our camp for the night, in a grove of cedar near a little bar, which afforded just sufficient grass for our animals for the night. We were now in a truly wild spot, and the mountains on each side of us presented a curious picture, from the fact of their being of such entire opposite formations, and at the same time in such proximity. To our right, and rising abruptly from the branch, the mountain was one unbroken mass of bare granite, its depressions still containing masses of snow, to which Judge and C. climbed and could almost have thrown a snowball into our camp-fire. To the left the ridge was of volcanic formation, and at a distance of three hundred yards from the stream, presented a perpendicular face to the height of twelve hundred feet from the river bed.

This night we suffered somewhat from cold, for we had attained a great altitude, and a chilly wind sucked down the gorge, but the next morning all of us were feeling exceedingly well, notwithstanding. We were now six miles from the Summit, and making an early start, wishing to pass as far beyond it as possible this day, we began to be sensible that our blankets were insufficient for the climate we were entering.

The trail now, for the next mile, became at each step more rough and difficult, and, in some places, almost dangerous. Then we descended again to the stream, and from thence on to the Summit the road was of gradual and easy ascent. As we crossed the stream we passed into a grove of poplar and cedar, when "Miss Kit," one of our pack animals—a frivolous little mustang—took upon herself the responsibility of a stampede and scattered the various articles that composed her pack pretty considerably. She struck out up the flat like a

flying arrow to the distance of a hundred and fifty yards, when she suddenly wheeled and took a bee line for my honest old horse, with the evident intention of upsetting his pack, viz: myself. Anticipating her design, I drove the spurs into my horse and took cover behind a large cedar just in time to retain my equilibrium, and directly a sudden sheer brought her up "all standing" against a low-spreading poplar, when C. caught her bridle-rein and administered a few lusty kicks, which had the salutary effect of making her "behave herself" for the balance of the day. "Mula" during this time, contrary to our expectations, carried herself very decorously, for, instead of joining in the "lark," made quickly for a clump of willows on the bank of the creek, with one ear cocked forward and the other back, showing that she was looking at least two ways for Sunday, and backed up into them, evidently to keep out of harm's way, presenting a comical though very sensible appearance.

We now began to feel the cold very sensibly as we neared the Summit—the wind blowing from the southeast was raw and cutting, causing me to button closely my "roundabout" and bring into requisition my buck-skin gloves. It grew colder and colder, and, as we rose to the Summit, my teeth chattered and limbs quaked, and, as a last resort, I donned a heavy overcoat that C. had tied upon my saddle, and even then shook like one in an "ager fit." My companions being on foot, suffered less, yet their heavy coats were anything but burdensome now. Heavy banks of snow lay on either side of our trail, though exposed to the sun at least eight hours in the day.

The scene that presented itself as we stood upon the dividing ridge was wild and picturesque, yet dreary and cheerless—we could not well fancy one more so. The sky was partly overcast with low, scudding clouds and the sun looked pale and cold. The low points that rose

on either hand were barren and dreary, and those at the south and east were more generally covered with snow. A little below us, looking southeast, and across which lay our trail, was a flat, or valley, of considerable extent, in the centre of which was a little lake of a few acres; which, however, only added to the dreariness of the scene, for the cutting blast swept across it, driving it into little angry waves, and as we threaded our way in gloomy silence along its margin, we realized to the fullest extent our previous anticipations in regard to finding a cooler climate. The raw wind cut and chapped the tender skin of our faces, so suddenly boosted up from a more congenial atmosphere, while the water from our eyes almost frosted on our cheeks, causing us to hold in tender regard all warm places, though perhaps 'twould be better to make *one* exception. A few dwarfish cedars only six or eight feet high, constituted all the timber or scrubbery within our view. Nothing of any description appeared to claim residence here but the little chipping squirrel, and he seemed to gain but a meagre subsistence, judging from his puny appearance—not even a raven hovered about to breathe the gloomy silence with his ominous croak—all was dreary and cheerless, and we hastened our steps onward to find a more congenial scene.

An hour's travel carried us across the Summit plain, when we began to descend the eastern slope, and three miles further on, struck the first considerable branch of Walker's river, down which we continued our course, crossing it many times, the road, meanwhile, becoming more and more rugged, while pieces of wagons were to be met with at every few steps.

(Concluded in our next.)

Never be ashamed of confessing your ignorance; for the wisest man upon earth is ignorant of many things, inasmuch as that which he knows is a mere nothing in comparison with what he does not know.

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COME MEET ME.

Come meet me, come meet me, my own pretty Nell,
Nor laugh at me, dearest, I've something to tell,
It's a secret, believe me; and no one shall know
It's sweet import, fair Nellie, but you, now, I trow.

Come meet me then, down at the foot of the hill,
Where 'mid the green woodlands, life's noises grow still;
Where the trees beneath which we oft lingering stand,
As we watch the brook laving the glittering sand.

For the spot like myself, learned a lesson of love,
And the charm of thy presence was breathed through the grove.
The brook as it falls seems my love to proclaim,—
And the note of the robin to warble thy name.

Come meet me, then, dearest, the magical spell
Of the spot, shall inspire the words I would tell;
The brook shall laugh back the love flash from thine eye,
And the secret and answer be written on high.

ISMOND.

THE LAST BACCHANALIAN.

It was a fearfully wild night that followed the death of our old comrade Jack, with whom we had labored many days, and shared many a meal. But now, Jack had departed from our circle; no more could he tip his glass to our health, nor crack his jokes among us; for there he lay, cold and inanimate as the earth in which we were about to bury him.

Our location was in a deep river cañon in which we had for a long time worked, and so long inhabited that the rough and forbidding face of nature began to form a coloring to our existence, and make life seem as though surrounded by whispering demons, as we wended at night our way of return to our log cabin home.

The high and almost perpendicular mountain ranges, on either side of us, so shut out the light, that on moonless nights our cañon seemed filled with murky darkness—almost perceptible to feeling—and the occasionally seen phosphoric light, glittering from decayed stumps, served to make the darkness appear still

more unearthly; while the "too whoo" of the owls sounded dismally from the tops of numerous pine trees, like the wail of departed spirits moaning in their unknown sphere.

So long had we been acquainted with these spectral like scenes and sounds, that our minds had become imbued with their images, until we appeared to inhabit that region in common with the unhappy residents of another world.

Frequently would we resort to intoxicating drinks to dispel the phantoms that gathered about us; but, when their influence was over, the conjurations returned more vividly to our minds, and our imaginations became more active, and our sensibilities more acute than ever.

The more unbearable became our existence in that locality, the greater seemed the difficulties of tearing ourselves from it; and the very dread of the unearthliness of the place appeared a talisman of evil to charm us to the spot.

When I reflect on the nature of the imaginings with which that place inspired us, I find it difficult to solve the problem

of the spell it cast about us; and still more fearfully the despair in which we all seemed plunged. There are places which we inhabit for a time that appear to be beyond the pale of christian civilization, and the recollection we have of them is similar to our conception of the times of the dark ages, when spectres flitted and whispered in the streets of Rome.

It was when we were surrounded by this soul destroying gloom that poor Jack made his exit from this world.

Early in the afternoon, just as the sun was sinking behind the mountains that towered above and bounded the western side of our cañon, we closed the eyes of the deceased, and commenced arrangements for returning the body to the dust.

Jack's proclivities had been Irish, and those of some of his friends being of the same cast, they suggested the propriety of a wake. In view of carrying out the idea, one of our company was dispatched to the nearest trading post, and returned late in the evening with an ample supply of drink.

The residents of a cabin near by joined to assist us in waking the spirit of the defunct into the other world.

More forbidding than ever did night gather its drapery of darkness around us. The sky was clouded completely in black, but without wearing the slightest appearance of rain—a black of unearthly darkness, through which not a ray of light penetrated, nor a single star-ray illumed. A thunder-storm would have been a relief, but electricity showed no signs of vitality, and the air seemed as dry as new made mourning. That sky was as a funeral pall.

Not a moan or a sigh from the pines disturbed the stillness of night; and the majesty of darkness reigned in silence.

We all felt their shadowy influences alike. As evening wore on, we commenced the brewing of punch, to try its potent effect in dispelling them.

The cabin was large; and, at one end

blazed a huge log fire, before which we placed the table, and gathered around it.

The punch was brewed in a tea-kettle over the fire, and then set upon the table that each one might replenish his glass with ease when it was empty.

Six in number, we circled 'round the board, and commenced the relating of stories, to while away the watches of the night, and chase away its shadows.

As we had often conversed upon the nature of the superstitious feelings with which that placed inspired us, our tales took the cast of the supernatural; and, though each of us disavowed all belief in spirits having communication with the earth, we were nevertheless overcome by a feeling of dread as though they were gathering around us then.

We called for a song, and one of the company responded with a wild bacchanalian, in which we all joined in the chorus. Other voices than ours seemed to echo their chorus back to us, and a wail from the pines, now for the first time, we noticed accorded with the strain, giving it an unearthly sound. I stepped to the door to look out upon the night; not a breath of air was stirring; but still there came moaning sounds from the tree tops. Dissatisfied, I rejoined the company, "Whist! what voice is that?" said one of them, "'Tis nothing but your foolish conjurations" I answered, and again the punch passed round.

Our carousal now became wild and delirious, and the songs and toasts, in which was mingled the wail from without, sounded high and imperious, while unseen lips appeared speaking to us, as though encouraging the revel. The air seemed agitated with unseen forms; and even the fire flickered with an unearthly glare, its flames taking the form of winding-shoots. A terror was upon us all; but we drank the deeper to defy our fears.

"Here's to Jack and his companions in the unknown spheres," said Harry, rising from his seat; "would that he could re-

turn and bring in this carousal in the form of death; he was about to notice horror towards him; he had nance because the glass fell from his atoms on wonder at it in the bed, death in his

The company suddenly closed a sight which circumstances stoutest of our hearts of motion,

The corner raised its nature, seemed pointing with arms sank back momentary fell heavily heaved a heavy and approached, closed, and from the the pulse poured liquid Subdued, returned by the fessed.

"I fear little punishment to have you will place to out of joy live no people or evil."

turn and bring them with him to join us in this carousal." His back was towards the form of our departed friend; and, as he was about to place the glass to his lips, he noticed his companions gazing in horror towards the opposite end of the apartment; he turned instantly; his countenance became rigid with terror; and the glass fell from his hand, and was dashed to atoms on the stone floor: and who could wonder at it, for Jack was sitting upright in the bed, with the fixed glassy glare of death in his eyes, gazing full upon us!

The company, whose revel had been so suddenly checked, were paralyzed. It was a sight which, connected with foregoing circumstances, was sufficient to daunt the stoutest of spirit. The blood receded to our hearts, and left us without the power of motion, and speechless.

The corpse—for I must call it so—raised its arm, and, with a warning gesture, seemed to wave us to depart, and pointing towards a distant settlement, with arm fixed in that direction, the body sank back again upon the bed. For a moment not a word was spoken. Harry fell heavily into his seat, and his chest heaved a deep sigh, as though relieved of a heavy pressure. I seized the candle and approached the bed. The eyes were closed, and not a muscle was changed from the rigid position of death. I felt the pulse: it returned no throb. We poured liquor between the lips but it produced not the slightest sign of animation. Subdued, but with unsatisfied minds, we returned to the table completely sobered by the fearful resurrection we had witnessed.

"I fear we have 'waked' Jack to but little purpose," said Harry; "he appears to have returned to warn us. Do what you will, the rest of you, I leave this place to-morrow; here, all nature seems out of joint; and, for my part, I desire to live no longer in so close a contact with people of the other world, be they good or evil." We all expressed a similar de-

termination to leave a spot which appeared to us to be beyond the jurisdiction of natural laws.

By this time the wind began to blow in fitful gusts; increasing until it soon was whistling through the roof of our cabin, causing the flame to flicker wildly from our candle, which at most gave us but little light.

In a short time it became apparent that a tornado was about passing over us, and already we could hear trees falling in the distance.

When the storm broke over our cabin, the pine trees began to fall all around us, and we had reason to fear our only shelter would soon be dashed to pieces by them. Crash! came a giant tree, as it fell but a few feet from us. I rushed to the door and found it almost blocked up by branches from the fallen tree, and in terror I retreated to the fire. It was nearly impossible to keep a light burning; and, with the dread inspired by the elements, there mingled the terrors of the supernatural. Unseen forms jogged our elbows, and brushed our faces; and, almost in silence, we sat waiting the light of morning. More like condemned spirits than inhabitants of the earth, we sat the night out. The punch was frequently passed round, but never had we been in a more sober mood; and yet there was something awful in that sobriety. The hoarse howling whistle of the wind, with the crashing produced by falling trees, was at last succeeded by rain, which beat upon the earth in torrents, and only subsided just as the first gleam of daylight cast its welcome rays into that dark, deep cañon.

Not more eagerly does the wretch on the gallows look for an expected reprieve; than did we look for light from out that darkness; and when it did come it inspired us with a new and apparently different life.

We cleared the branches of the fallen tree from our door; and, I fear, that, with

more than commendable haste, we dug the grave of our former comrade, and at noon deposited the remains of poor Jack in their last resting place; for the last time, wishing him a quiet and peaceful slumber.

Our claims, though valuable, were abandoned without regret; and night found us on our way to the distant settlements.

Thus ended my last bacchanalian, and brought to a conclusion our sojourn in an unpleasant region. Whether others have experienced the same influences in that locality, I cannot say; but my recollections of occurrences there being far from agreeable, I am content to remain away at any loss, or at any cost.

In conclusion I will say, in justice to my companions there, that all of them were men of superior minds; and as capable of resisting morbid imaginations, as they were of wielding the pick and shovel.

ROCHESTER.

THE DEATHLESS HEART.

(AN INCIDENT OF THE FIRE OF 1851.)

The midnight bells are pealing,
Upon the startled ear;
And gentle forms are kneeling,
In weakness and in fear;
And as with anguish riven,
The mother clasps her child,
Her prayer ascends to heaven,
With sobs and accents wild.

For, like a demon soaring,
The dark Fire-Angel flies
Above where flames are roaring,
Where a proud city lies.
O'er palace, dome and tower,
Wild surging like the sea—
Oh! God! in such an hour,
What cries went up to thee!

Within a lonely dwelling,
Beside a couch of death,
A pale sad wife was kneeling,
With hushed and sobbing breath.

For low before her lying,
Her heart's best treasure lay—
Oh! bleeding heart! the dying
Know not thy pangs that day.

Near and more near advancing,
The glittering flames are spread;
O'er wall and terrace dancing,
They seize the roof o'erhead.
Pillar and arch o'erturning,
Mocking at mortal aid—
Oh! God! the room is burning,
In which the dead is laid!

She rose—Oh! in that hour,
How flashed her eye with light!
"Oh! for the Hebrew's power,
'To bear thee in my flight!"
In vain—the flames roll o'er thee!
But *thee* they cannot kill;
And though thou goest before me,
Thy *heart* is with me still!

G. T. S.

EVENINGS WITH THE POETS.

NO. VII.

PARADISE LOST. THE COUNCIL IN PANDEMONIUM.

The members of the great Privy Council having taken their places, with Satan on the throne, he addresses them in flattering terms. Our name for the whole fraternity is "devils," but we are evidently prejudiced against them. We consider that we have reasons for disliking them, and are mean enough to allow no opportunity of traducing them to escape. Satan recognizes them "Deities of Heaven;" and predicts that from their present low descent, the time may not be distant when they,

"Celestial virtues rising, will appear
More glorious and more dread than from no fall."

He congratulates himself on his own proud position as their chief—a position, as he reminds them, resulting alike from his seniority of rank, and the free exercise of their elective franchise; but which, as it called upon him to be fore-

most in danger, greater risk of consequently, the envy in his prece as a bond of unio in Heaven, wher thing in the cond to covet. With marks, he invites ions on the prese and the most lik themselves.

The first who s Milton elsewhere rid king besmea is a striking s the words whic his character, a found himself o adopt in regard cree of Heaven unenviable not he says, the Om doom the repro ment before they evil—in whose f of grace was n for even he, wh the cruel death o announcing it a tum." We com udices which ar mon belief, and In Moloch we on Indian ruffian.

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To his grim idol;
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most in danger, only exposed him to greater risk of punishment; and that, consequently, the absence of anything to envy in his precedence, had an advantage, as a bond of union, over any proferment in Heaven, where each inferior saw something in the condition of those above him to covet. With these preliminary remarks, he invites them to give their opinions on the present state of their affairs, and the most likely means of bettering themselves.

The first who speaks is Moloch, whom Milton elsewhere characterizes as "a horrid king besmeared with blood." There is a striking similarity in the sound of the words which he uses in describing his character, and those which Calvin found himself compelled, as it were, to adopt in regard to that inscrutable decree of Heaven to which he has given an unenviable notoriety, and by which, as he says, the Omnipotent was pleased to doom the reprobate to eternal punishment before they had done either good or evil—in whose favor no supervenient act of grace was meant to be exercised—for even he, whose heart quailed not at the cruel death of Servetus, could not help announcing it as a "horrendum decretum." We complacently indulge in prejudices which are in harmony with common belief, and impiously defend them. In Moloch we only see a deification of the Indian ruffian. We behold

* * * "the parents' tears,
Though for the noise of drums and timbrels loud
Their children's cries unheard, that passed through
fire

To his grim idol;"

and our souls revolt at the sight. Why should they cease to speak when we hear of

"Twa span-lang wee unchristened bairns,"

in the immediate keeping of the minions of Hell! This something else than mere vulgar superstition is all but admitted in the rubrics of the amiable Church of England, which tells us, that "children who have been baptised, and die before

they commit actual sin, will undoubtedly be saved." To say the worst of Moloch, the rites, which were performed to his honor by the singular Ammonite in Rabba, were but a type on earth of those future punishments which, according to some, the sufferers at his altar may have to endure in a far worse form, from the Omnipotent of Heaven.

I am not a theologian; and it is not my object to attract or defend this or that system or creed far less to speak in favor of Moloch, for whom but little could be said. Still he deserves credit for his inventive imagination; and though the worst in Hell, his character as we have seen, will bear a comparison with that which some enthusiasts have thought fit to draw of the Father of mercies. He proposes,

"Turning their tortures into horrid arms
Against the torturer; when to meet the noise
Of his almighty engine he shall hear
Infernal thunder, and for lightning see
Black fire and horror shut with equal rage
Among the Angels, and his throne itself
Mixed with Tartarean sulphur, and strange fire,
His own invented torments."

The idea is excellent. If the Omnipotent has seen fit to torture them with fire and brimstone, what sweeter revenge than to turn the means of their torture against himself and his Angels? Even the potent Michael would have stood aghast, and squeezed his nostrils against the loathsome stench!

He is followed by Belial, of all devils one of the most gentlemanly, so far as mere manners go; but at the same time, one of the most cowardly; like the fop who came to the indignant Hotspur, "after the fight was done;"

"And talked so like a waiting gentlewoman,
Of guns, and drums, and wounds. (Heaven save the
mark.)"

Yet Belial had the gift of persuasion and honied words:

"His tongue
Drop't manna, and could make the worse appear
The better reason."

He is opposed to Moloch, on the ground that they stand no chance of doing else

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G. T. S.

THE POETS.

NCIL IN PANDE-

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than rendering their hapless condition still worse by fighting, and suggests that the Omnipotent may relax his severity, and they themselves at length become acclimated to the high temperature of their new abodes:

"Our Supreme Foe in time may much remit His anger, and perhaps thus far removed Not mind us not offending, satisfied With what is punished; whence these raging fires Will slacken, if his breath stir not their flames. Our purer essence then will overcome Their noxious vapor, or immured not feel, Or changed at length, and too the place conformed In temper and in nature, will receive Familiar the fierce heat, and void of pain."

To him Mammon very appropriately replies:

"Suppose he should relent And publish grace to all, on promise made Of new subjection; with what eyes could we Stand in his presence humbly, and receive Strict laws imposed, to celebrate his throne With warbled hymns, and to his Godhead sing Forced hallelujahs; while he lordly sits Our envied Sovereign, and his altar breathes Ambrosial odors and ambrosial flowers, Our servile offerings? How wearisome Eternity so spent in worship paid To whom we hate!"

But he feels proud of what Mulciber and himself have already done, and so far coincides with him:

How oft amidst Thick clouds and dark, doth heaven all-ruling sire, Choose to reside, his glory unobscured, And with the majesty of darkness round, Covers his throne; from whence deep thunders roar Mastering their rage, and Heaven resembles Hell? As he our darkness, cannot we his light Imitate when we please? This desert soil Wants not her hidden lustre, gems and gold; Nor want we skill or art, from whence to raise Magnificence; and what can Heaven show more? Our torments also may in length of time Become our elements."

His opinions meet with hearty concurrence. The assembled divinities express their united approbation.

"He scarce had finished, when such murmur filled The assembly, as when hollow rocks retain The sound of blustering winds, which all night long Had roused the sea, now with hoarse cadence lull Seafaring men overwatched, whose bark by chance Or pinnace anchors in a craggy bay After the tempest."

How quaintly beautiful and appropriate is the imagery which the poet here

uses! The blustering winds not only sweep the ocean victoriously, but rouse at their call

"Spirits from the vasty deep,"

whom they drive howling and raging before them, and imprison within the hollow rocks. When morning appears the conquerors draw off their forces, and the prisoners venture forth; murmuring and grumbling, but glad to escape. The sameness of their sentiments produces a monotonous sound in their intercommunications, which lulls asleep the tired mariners riding at anchor in the bay; who have been over-worked, and kept in watchful suspense, in consequence of the fury of the storm. The Spirits in Hell as yet have discovered no place to escape to, but they fancy themselves secure in their imprisonment, and are so far pleased at being left to pursue their own schemes unmolested, and that the conquering armies, by whom they (too) have been imprisoned, are withdrawn.

Beelzebub, however, lets in a ray of hope which completely changes the current of their ideas. He reminds them of Satan's hint about another world, which they seem to have forgotten.

"With grave Aspect he rose, and in his rising seemed A pillar of state; deep on his front engraven Deliberation sat and public care;"

and the assembly in deference to his well-known qualities as a sage counsellor are

"Still as night, or summer's noon-tide air."

He points out to them that they have no real security in their present condition; that they must not presume that they would be allowed to build up for themselves an independent sovereignty, even in Hell; that the Omnipotent, they might be assured, would be

"Solo King,"

ruling them in Hell with an iron sceptre, as he did his subjects in Heaven with a golden; and that it would be a dangerous project indeed to attempt to take Heaven by storm, whose walls were too

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secure to yield to any device which they could bring against them. "But what," says he, "if we find some easier enterprise?"

"There is a place,
(If ancient and prophetic fame in Heaven
Err not) another world, the happy seat
Of some new race called Man, about this time
To be created like to us, though less in power
And excellence, but favored more
Of him who rules above. Though Heaven be shut,
And Heaven's high Arbitrator sit secure
In his own strength, this place may be exposed,
The utmost border of his kingdom, left
To their defence who hold it. There perhaps,
Some advantageous act may be achieved
By sudden onset, either with Hell fire
(such as Maloch had proposed to use
against the hosts of Heaven)

To waste his new creation, or possess
All as our own, and drive, as we were driven,
The puny habitants, or if not drive,
Seduce them to our party, that their God
May prove their foe, and with repenting hand
Abolish his own works. This would surpass
Common revenge, and interrupt his joy
In our confusion, and our joy upraise
In his disturbance; when his darling sons,
Hurled headlong to partake with us, shall curse
Their frail original, and faded bliss.

Advise if this be worth
Attempting."

They applaud his bold design. We can observe their joy in their eyes. Such is the benign influence of Hope, which like the sunbeams transforms the features of the face, as the other those of the lowliest dwelling, and no matter how gloomy their aspect before,

"They change into beauty at that bright spell."

But the unhappy Spirits must not congratulate themselves too early. "Let not him who putteth on his armour boast himself like him who putteth it off." It would be a glorious achievement, no doubt, if they could accomplish it; for, as Beelzebub goes on to say, it may be

"Nearer their ancient seat; perhaps in view
Of those bright confines whence with neighboring
And opportune excursion they might chance [arms
Re-enter Heaven; or else in some mild zone
Dwell not unvisited of Heaven's fair light
Secure, and at the brightening orient beam
Purge off this gloom; while the delicious air,
To heal the scar of these corrosive fires,
Should breathe her balm."

But there are obstacles in the way which in the first burst of their enthusiasm they must have overlooked. "First," continues Beelzebub,

"Whom shall we send
In search of this new world? Whom shall we find
Sufficient? Who shall tempt with wandering feet
The dark unbottomed infinite abyss,
And through the palpable obscure find out
His uncouth way, or spread his airy flight
Unborne with indefatigable wings
Over the vast abrupt, ere he arrive
The happy isle? What strength, what art can then
Suffice, or what evasion bear him safe
Through the strict sentries and stations thick
Of Angels watching round? Here he had need
All circumspection, and we now no less
Choice in our suffrage; for on whom we send,
The weight of all and our last hope relies."

They are convinced—they are confounded; for who would volunteer to go on so hazardous an expedition? Doubtless the honor would be great, but the difficulties are too many, and the duty too perilous.

"All sat mute,
Pondering the danger with deep thoughts; and each
In other's countenance read his own dismay
Astonished;"

till Satan, whom nothing could daunt, addresses them, in words sufficient to "create a soul under the ribs of Death:"

"O Progeny of Heaven, empyreal thrones,
With reason hath deep silence and demur
Seized us, though undismayed. Long is the way
And hard, that out of Hell leads up to light;
Our prison strong this huge convex of fire,
Outrageous to devour, immures us round
Ninefold, and gates of burning adamant,
Barred over us, prohibit all egress.
These passed, if any pass, the void profound
Of unessential Night receives him next,
Wide gaping.
But I should ill become this throne, O Peers,
And this imperial sovereignty, adorned
With splendor, armed with power, if aught proposed
And judged of public moment, in the shape
Of difficulty or danger, could deter
Me from attempting. Wherefore do I assume
These royalties, and not refuse to reign
Refusing to accept as great a share
Of hazard as of honor, due alike
To him who reigns, and so much to him due
Of hazard more, as he above the rest
High honored sits? Go therefore, mighty powers,
Terror of Heaven, though fallen; intend at home,
While here shall be our home, what best may ease
The present misery, and render Hell
More tolerable; while I abroad

Through all the costs of dark destruction seek
Deliverance for us all. Thus saying, rose
The Monarch, and prevented all reply."

O noble Chief! wold dost thou merit
thy proud position! Richard Cœur-de-
Lion, with the Austrian ensign under his
foot challenging the boldest among Aus-
tria's champions to resent the affront, and
exclaiming, "Who dare plant this paltry
rag beside the banners of England?"—
does not more excite our admiration!

In proof that he does not underrate
minor duties, Satan instructs his adhe-
rents to keep a close watch during his ab-
sence. How can they but admire his
prudence, as well as his bravery? But
the council is over. It would be useless
to say another word, and they prepare to
leave.

"Their rising all at once was as the sound
Of thunder heard remote. Towards him they bend
With awful reverence prone; and as a God
Extol him equal to the Highest in Heaven.
Nor failed they to express how much they praised,
That for the general safety he despised
His own; for neither do the spirits damned
Lose all their virtue, lest bad men should boast
Their specious deeds on earth, which glory excites,
Or close ambition varnished o'er with zeal."

We are aware that we cannot stand a
comparison. The devils are faithful,
grateful, polite; and under the most try-
ing circumstances, and severest afflic-
tions, always gentlemen. What we are,
we know.

"Thus they their doubtful consultations dark
Ended rejoicing in their matchless chief;
(As when from mountain tops the dusky clouds
Ascending, while the north-wind sleeps, o'erspread
Heaven's cheerful face, the lowering element
Scowls o'er the darkened landscape snow, or shower;
If chance the radiant sun with farewell sweet
Extend his evening beam, the fields revive,
The birds their notes renew, and bleating herds
Attest their joy, that hill and valley rings;")

and what heart but so far sympathizes
with them in their expectations of being
able to better their condition? We can-
not help it. As well might we deem it
possible to refrain from joining with "re-
joicing Nature," in this matchless illus-
tration with which the poet concludes his
magnificent account of their proceedings.

Our feelings become as strong in the one
case as in the other. Who shall blame
us? What say'st thou, Milton? Are
they not as good as ourselves? The rev-
erend bard, rapt in contemplation, and
scarcely heeding the question, exclaims:

"O shame to men! devil with devil damned
Firm concord holds; men only disagree.
Of creatures rational,
And live in hatred, enmity, and strife
Among themselves, and levy cruel wars,
Wasting the earth each other to destroy."

Enough, and more than enough! Let
the devils give up their project, and avoid
the Earth lest they become further cor-
rupted by associating with such aban-
doned miscreants!

AGRICOLA.

THE COUNTESS OF SAN DIEGO;
OR, THE BISHOP'S BLESSING.

BY CLOE.

CHAPTER II.

Ella sincerely lamented the loss of her
kind-hearted governess, for she felt it to
be one of her severest trials; the place,
however, was soon re-filled, by Miss Sum-
mers, a young lady of high standing in
her profession. She found Misses Julia
and Juliette very backward in their
studies; and in the presence of Mrs.
Thompson she examined them. Seeing
this, Mrs. T's rage knew no bounds; as
she attributed their backwardness to the
neglect of the former governess. Miss
Summers seemed pleased with her dis-
pleasure toward the old governess, con-
ceiving it to be a compliment to her own
efficiency.

"I assure you madam," said Miss S.,
"that children as bright as yours are,
must have been shamefully neglected, or
they would have advanced further in less
than half the time."

"I have not the least doubt of it;
believe me, Miss Summers; the old wo-
man has even learned Ella music."

"Did you ever hear of anything so
absurd?" "It was certainly quite out of

place, saying the least of it," replied Miss Summers.

"I'd like to see another governess undertake to deceive me as she has done, in direct disobedience to my orders; giving a poor young wench such airs, there is no doing anything with her."

"She certainly did you great injustice in neglecting your children, for the purpose of instructing a mere servant; I always feel it my duty to consult the wishes of my employer, and you may be sure of my faithfulness in this particular."

"I have perfect confidence in you Miss Summers: you understand your position and mine too well to stoop to anything so far beneath you."

The next day Miss Summers commenced her labors in the school room; Ella stood in the capacity of waiting maid to the pupils; Miss Summers found her task, in teaching her scholars, much harder than she expected, as it was impossible for her to get their attention two consecutive minutes at a time. Her patience became almost exhausted, and she was not sorry when the hour arrived for their dismissal for the day. Poor Ella could not conceal her tears of disappointment as they retired from the school-room.

The next day, as the school hour approached, Miss Summers was already waiting to commence her arduous duties; and she could not but notice the gloom that rested on the beautiful face of Ella. In her determination to treat Ella as a menial and servant, she could not but feel some compunctions of conscience. It was manifest to her own mind that she felt a deep interest in the young orphan, unwilling as she was to acknowledge it. Her pupils were soon in their proper places.

"Take your seat at the piano, Julia," said Miss Summers; and the command was repeated several times before Julia obeyed, and then in a sulky mood she declared that she could not and would

not try to play. There was an insurmountable difficulty, and Miss Summers was about to apply the rod, when Julia's loud screams soon brought Mrs. Thompson to the school-room.

"What is the matter Julia, my dear child?"

"Why Miss Summers is going to whip me."

"You are mistaken my dear," said her mother, "Miss Summers would not overstep her bounds so much as to strike you," and Mrs. Thompson's flushed face quite convinced Miss Summers that she must adopt some other means to compel their obedience. In this dilemma, Miss Summers found her task more difficult than she had anticipated. The children were all dull, and difficult to manage.

A few weeks of wearied teaching and she could not help thinking that were it not for Ella's assistance, she would not be able to give the least satisfaction. Ella's gentle spirit, like a charm, quieted their turbulent dispositions; and she devoted many hours in assisting the governess in her arduous labors. Ella's clear explanations seemed all they could comprehend. To Miss Summer's grief and disappointment, she found that the children were incapable of understanding the half that she had been trying to crowd into their limited brain.

"Ella, my dear," said she, in tones of annoying disappointment, "do come and see if you can explain to Julia and Juliette the philosophy of the scale in such a manner as they can comprehend it! I have been trying this hour and they seem to be as far away from knowing what I have been saying as when I commenced; I am perfectly discouraged; after all my teaching they cannot tell the difference between a flat and a sharp."

Ella took her place and soon the children committed to memory their lesson. "I am so glad, Ella, that you have succeeded in impressing on their minds what I could not. Were it not for you they

would do me but little credit as a teacher. I wish I could repay you in some way."

"Oh! I wish you could give me some lessons Miss Summers."

"Mrs. Thompson has forbidden me my dear Ella, but if you will say nothing to any one, I will instruct you in all that I am capable; but mind, Ella, it must be kept entirely a secret, as I should lose my place if it should reach Mrs. Thompson's ears. You must have progressed very fast under the old governess to understand as many branches as I perceive you do." Ella threw her arms around Miss Summer's neck, and, while grateful tears filled her beautiful eyes, she replied, "dear Miss Summers, I wish I could convey the gratitude I feel to you."

"I fully understand and appreciate you Ella." And Miss Summers, returned her warm embrace.

A year of faithful instruction Miss Summers devoted to Ella, and the young Thompsons, and she felt amply rewarded for her trouble with Ella; especially as she often took charge of the children, while Miss Summers' time was devoted to study and reading.

Things were not destined to remain long in this pleasant and quiet state. Mr. Thompson's health began to be very poor, and the physicians recommended traveling. As his health daily grew worse he concluded to take the Dr's advice; when Mrs. Thompson determined to accompany him with the children, and if Miss Summers would like to go with them, she thought of retaining her in her service.

"I am thinking, Miss Summers, of accompanying my husband to Italy, and would wish to know whether you would like to retain your situation, and accompany us?"

"I know of nothing now that will prevent me, madam."

"Then I shall need your assistance in getting ready, as Mr. Thompson wishes to go as soon as possible, for his health is

failing daily. Ella can manage the children while we are selecting the necessary clothing for the journey. I almost wish I had some friend that I could leave Ella with until my return."

"I would not leave her," replied Miss Summers, "as she will be of special service to you in taking care of the children; in fact I think her indispensable to the management of your children; her influence is the only thing that keeps them in their present sphere."

"Why! you surprise me," Mrs. Thompson answered, "how has she gained such an influence over them?"

"I cannot tell, my dear madam; but it is even so. I suppose you are aware that Ella is a very uncommon child of her age, and in spite of every precaution will gain the love of those around her."

"Do you think the children really love her?"

"Most certainly they do madam, she is the only one they do love, I believe."

"Of the servants you mean I suppose?"

"Certainly madam, I had no allusion to their parents."

"I have often thought, dear Miss Summers, I would like to speak to some one in confidence concerning Ella. I suppose you know that she is of Spanish descent?"

"I did not know it indeed, madam."

"Yes, her mother was a servant of my husband's before we were married; she died in this house, leaving Ella a penniless orphan, and Mr. Thompson had her bound to us. Now, dear Miss Summers, I am making a confidant of you; you will not I know mention that which I am about to tell you. I do not know anything about Ella's pedigree, but my curiosity and other circumstances induce me to believe she is of good family. There is a curious little box that her mother left with some manuscripts, written in Spanish, I have often wished to know their contents; this curiosity I would long have gratified had I found a person in whom I could have

placed implicit confidence in their secrecy."

"Perhaps I can read them," said Miss Summers; evidently much excited with her curiosity."

"I am glad that you can read Spanish; I suppose I can depend upon your secrecy, if there is anything of importance to Ella, as I suspect there is."

"You need not get the MSS." replied Miss Summers, "I will make no binding promises of secrecy in a case of this kind."

"You astonish me, Miss Summers; then I command you to be silent in what I have already told you."

"I make no promises, madam, that may in any way injure that poor child."

"Then I shall dismiss you immediately from my service."

"I am sorry, madam, to be the object of your indignation, but I never swerve when my honor is at stake whatever the penalty may be."

"Mrs. Thompson hurriedly paid Miss Summers, and sent her away ere she had an opportunity of seeing Ella again.

CHAPTER III.

Two weeks of bustle and confusion found Mr. Thompson and family ready for the journey, and they accordingly started. A pleasant and prosperous voyage favored their arrival in sunny Italy. They were pleasantly located near Naples, in a little villa by the sea-shore; Mr. Thompson was evidently worse, the fatigue of the journey rather augmented the disease, and Mrs. Thompson quite alarmed made enquiries for a good physician, and Dr. Velotto was highly recommended, who was immediately called. He found the patient in a very critical situation. "I can relieve," said he, "but not cure, as the gentleman is in the last stage of consumption." In this the Dr. was not mistaken, as Mr. Thompson grew worse daily.

Mrs. Thompson ascertained that the cel-

ebrated Doctor was of Spanish descent; and this, notwithstanding her husband's precarious state, engrossed her mind, from the probability of gratifying her longing desire of having the MSS. read. To accomplish this she sought the first opportunity of cautiously approaching the Doctor on the subject. She did not wait long, as an opportunity offered sooner than she expected. Again the Doctor called; examined his patient, prescribed a soothing powder, then sought the sitting room of Mrs. Thompson.

"I hope you find my husband much better Doctor?"

"I am sorry to say, dear Madam, that he is fast failing, and will undoubtedly not survive many weeks; I am indeed sorry to say so, but I am always frank. It is better to be so, as trouble will come, and then one is better prepared for it."

"I believe you are right, Doctor, frankness is a virtue generally lacking in a physician; but it is proverbial I believe among the Spanish; if I am not mistaken you are one of that nation; are you not?"

"Yes, madam, I was born and bred in Madrid."

"Indeed sir! of course you understand the Spanish language, then?"

"Perfectly! My mother tongue, at your service, madam."

"I have long wished to make the acquaintance of some capable person whom I could intrust with special business, concerning some Spanish manuscripts left me by my mother; I am as yet ignorant of their contents."

"How long have you had them in your possession?"

"Several years."

"Is it possible? Do you consider them of value, madam?"

"I suppose they are; to what extent I do not know; there may be nothing more than my pedigree; if I could find a proper person I would have them read."

"I do not know whom you would call a proper person, madam; if merely read-

ing the MSS. is the favor you ask, I am at your service."

"I would have the matter contained in them kept a profound secret."

"You may depend upon my concealment, madam, if you are willing to trust me."

Mrs. Thompson produced the little box with its contents; opening it, she placed it before the Doctor for his examination.

"Quite a package, madam; in several different hand writings."

She in vain tried to hide her confusion, as the Doctor's suspicious glances met her eye. Lest he should mistrust her of not having spoken the truth, she endeavored to reply to all his questions, evading all possible points.

"It will require some time to examine them; if you are willing, I will take them to my office and inspect them at my leisure."

"My dear sir, I cannot possibly trust them out of my sight: you must read them here or not at all."

"As you please, madam, I was not aware of your objection. Here is a letter: shall I begin with this?"

"If you please, Doctor."

"Very well."

Madrid, June 5, 1791.

DEAR FATHER,—

Forgive your repentant daughter for leaving your roof, and eloping and marrying against your will. I could not agree with you in your objections to my dear Adair, that he was a traitor to his country, I believed it not. I know he took sides with the suffering colonists; his sin is in his sympathy for his suffering countrymen in America, and in refusing to draw his sword against them: for them he became penniless, his property confiscated, and driven from his home. Having an old college friend in Madrid, Don Paso, who owed him a large sum, he determined to call upon him for some instalment from the long standing debt. At Don Paso's we first met; his sorrows enlisted my sympathy, and the step was short for me to love. You do not know, dear father, the power that binds two loving hearts, especially when

one is an alien from his home. In his exile, though poor, he could not find it in his heart to turn from the only being that loved him.

Two years, long years, have passed since I became the wife of Wm. Adair. I have never seen your face since. A few months after our marriage we resided with his old friend Paso; his funds being exhausted, necessity compelled him to make an effort for our support. He saw no opening before him; in this dilemma he determined to seek a home in America. My situation precluded the propriety of his taking me with him, without means; his friend was unable to pay him; but offered to care for me 'till he could find a permanent home in that new land. Two years have flown and I have heard from him but once. Don Paso can keep me no longer. Will you forgive me, and receive me again in your house, with your little grand-daughter, my little Ella? I feel the weight of a father's curse. Will you not forgive me? I, your only child, who is in want; on my knees I ask you to open your heart to your suffering daughter.

To MY FATHER,

DON DESMONDE,

San Diego Castle.

"This letter seems to be a copy of one that Mrs. Adair wrote to her father," replied the Doctor, and I wonder if the answer is in the package? I will look. I know that Don Desmonde is a very rich nobleman in Spain."

"Indeed! Doctor, did you say you knew him?"

"No, not personally—I know there is such a nobleman—it is an old Spanish family of nobility. Here Madam is the answer to the letter—shall I read it?"

"If you please, Doctor."

San Diego Castle, June 18, 1791.

ELLA,—

I cursed you when you left my roof with that detestable Englishman—he was a scoundrel—you despised your father's counsel, your father despises your petition, ask me not, I will never forgive you—to-morrow I leave for Mexico, to fill an important office for my Sovereign—this is my last letter—I disown you—with this letter I send you a box with your pedigree and a will, it may be of

value in case of the death of your aunt Isidore San Diego—she has no heirs,—at her death you will become heir to the estate of San Diego—the will is bound with a black ribbon—this will was made and signed by your grandfather, the Count of San Diego, your mother's father, while on his death-bed. You shall have nothing from me. Adieu.

DON DESMONDE.

After reading this answer to Mrs. Adair's letter, the Doctor carefully folded them both, and laying them aside, picked up the package with the black ribbon, examining it carefully, re-folded it, and, still holding it in his hand, he looking at Mrs. Thompson with an incredible stare, said, "you cannot be Mrs. Adair, Madam, and from the dates of those letters you cannot be her daughter."

Mrs. Thompson saw at once that she was caught; and that any further dissembling was entirely out of the question. "I see, my dear Sir, you are not easily deceived, I have made a confidant of you in this matter, and if you will give me your assistance and secrecy I will lay the whole matter before you at once."

"You can rely upon me, Madam."

"As my accomplice, I suppose! Shall we share the booty if we can manage to get it?" The Doctor was delighted with the confidence which Mrs. Thompson placed in him, and, rising, he seated himself close by her side, with an evident smirk. Taking her hand he endeavored to lay open before her the advantages of keeping the will secret from all, except himself, as she could now without doubt obtain vast wealth, of which he hoped to participate.

"Yes, I am quite satisfied, dear Madam," he replied, "that we can succeed—that is, if the old Countess is dead."

"Yes Sir, without doubt," chimed in Mrs. T., "and as soon as you can leave Mr. Thompson, I will defray your expenses, if you will go to Spain, and ascertain how the matter stands."

"That is the manner to express it," replied the Doctor, and the sooner I set

out the better; if I were there it would not take me long to decide the exact situation of things, and then I could immediately write you. Will this plan meet your approbation, Madam?"

"Most certainly, Doctor."

"That will do then, for the present," and the Doctor withdrew to his office, in high anticipation of speedy wealth; and Mrs. Thompson returned to her sick husband.

CHAPTER IV.

"How do you feel by this time, my dear?" enquired Mrs. Thompson with apparent affection. Mr. Thompson made no reply, when she became alarmed, and instantly sent for the Doctor, for the death-rattle was already in his throat. In her absence he had experienced a decided change, as death was now upon him. She called the children to his bedside, but he was unconscious of their presence, and in a few moments he ceased to breathe. A stranger in a strange land, he died. On the Doctor's arrival he was not surprised to find him dead.

We will pass over the funeral ceremonies. Mrs. Thompson was indeed rejoiced that she could act freely, having no one to consider or think about the now all-absorbing scheme of obtaining Ella's fortune. Without further hesitancy she sent for Dr. Voletto, to make further advancements for the consummation of their plot. The Doctor soon left for Madrid; while Mrs. Thompson waited in Italy to hear from him; as it might be necessary for them to get rid of Ella, and as it would be easier to make away with her in a strange land than at home. She waited patiently for a communication from the Doctor; often looking at Ella with feelings of strange misgivings. Between hope and fear, a strange nervousness caused her to shrink unaccountably from any intercourse with her. She thought that, perhaps, she would have to take her life, haunted her imagination. She would often say to herself,

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ELLA ADAIR.

DESMONDE,
San Diego Castle.

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go Castle, June 18, 1791.

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"if the Countess is dead, Ella must die; yes, she must be sacrificed, or my son will never be a Count. It is worth a sacrifice to establish my son a member of the nobility; and my dear Laurance can then have the Thompson estate entirely for his support. I hope the Doctor will succeed; when I know exactly how matters stand I shall feel differently; my nerves will become more calm. Uncertainty is the most perplexing of all feelings imaginable."

With her mind so fully occupied, she could scarcely endure the presence of her children. They were left entirely to poor Ella, who attributed Mrs. Thompson's strange conduct to grief for the loss of her husband.

"How long are we going to stay here, mother?" inquired young Master Frank, "we are all getting tired of this place, for Ella is crying about half the time."

"Well, what is she crying about," said his Mother, evasively.

"I can't bear to ask her," Frank replied, "but somehow it makes me feel lonesome, I don't like this place."

"You are a simpleton, Frank; the tears of a servant ought not to influence an English gentleman; be more of a man, I am ashamed of you; let me hear no more of this; I will return to England when I think proper, and not before; so ask me no more questions." Frank retired from his angry Mother, in tears; while Ella tried to soothe him with the tenderness of a sister.

Time passed on, and Mrs. Thompson was anxiously expecting a letter from Dr. Velette. The long-looked-for epistle at last arrived that was to determine her course of conduct. Paled with excitement, she snatched the coveted letter, retired to her room, and locked the door; and throwing herself on the sofa, she broke the seal and read the following lines:—

DEAR MADAM,—Undoubtedly before this, you will be very anxious to hear from me; permit me to tell you, all is as

we wish. On my arrival, I immediately made enquiry, and found that the Countess had been dead more than a year, and left her vast fortune to Mrs. Adair. There are many enquiries made too, for Mrs. Adair's whereabouts; also, for the will you have in your possession, which, with the letters and pictures, cannot fail to establish your right to the estate, as Mrs. Adair; and I will personify Mr. Adair. Our arrangements cannot be detected; I see nothing in the way, but Ella. We must get rid of her—dead girls, as well as men, tell no tales—you understand me? When she is out of the way, there is no one to contest our right. Our highest wishes can then be realized; and although she is ignorant of her legitimacy, still there is no safety, only in her death. Do not shudder at these words, I will arrange this, if you will follow my advice; enclosed in your letter there is a few lines to my servant man, Tom Alavon; call at number 85 St. Mary's Street, and there you will find him; and he can do deeds of the darkest dye; and will readily devise means to rid us of Ella. There is also enclosed, a draft on my banker; draw the money, and pay Tom liberally, and the deed will be done. Your own good sense will assist you in devising a plan that will attract no suspicion. I leave all to you. Write as soon as you receive this, and come to Madrid as soon as possible. Ever Yours,

VELETTE.

After reading the letter, Mrs. Thompson was not long in determining what course to pursue. Dressing in disguise, she immediately set out for No. 85, delivered the letter in person, and waited the answer. She was not long detained, as Tom again made his appearance, and requested her to alight and take a seat in his room. Mrs. Thompson shuddered as she surveyed the uncomely apartment; a dark, dirty room, with one small dusty window; dirty, bare floor, rubbish scattered over its surface, two or three broken chairs, a table with empty bottles, and a dirty looking bed; this was the room, and there the contents. Shoving back the bottles, Tom seated himself by the table; and, brushing back his red hair, he gave Mrs. Thompson a look of readiness for business.

"The Doctor's letter, sir, I suppose, explains my business."

"Yes, madam: Is the lady in your house?"

"She is."

"How soon do you wish the deed done?"

"Immediately, sir. What are your terms?"

"Well, madam, a thousand in advance is not too much for such a deed; for you see I may be accidentally discovered; and then there will be no time for collecting money."

"You shall have it, sir: call on me in a few hours; I will make all the necessary arrangements; here is my address."

"All right, madam."

Mrs. Thompson soon withdrew, glad once more to be in the open air. Jumping into her carriage, scarcely knowing what she did, she was not aware of the rapid drive until it stopped before her own door. Again in her own room, faint and weary, she threw herself on the sofa, to collect her scattered thoughts. In this situation she was aroused by Ella's soft voice asking her if she should not bring her a cup of tea. She turned her head; there stood the intended victim in her youthful loveliness; and her conscience smote her: the feeling was almost insupportable; recovering herself, however, she cast an angry glance at the innocent girl. Again Ella's soft voice greeted her ear with the gentle enquiry, "you are fatigued, will you not have a nice cup of tea." Mrs. Thompson had no appetite, and dismissed her without giving her a second look. Ella retired, wondering at her mistress' strange conduct.

Mrs. Thompson waited with nervous impatience for the arrival of Tom. Late in the afternoon he drove up to the door in a covered carriage: Mrs. Thompson waited upon him; and showing the way to a conference room, pointed to a chair.

"Have you the money ready?" enquired Tom.

"Yes, and I have been waiting some

time." Opening a drawer, she counted him the money. Tom pocketed it with an eagerness that made Mrs. Thompson tremble for her safety.

"I am ready to dispatch this lady, how can I get her in my possession?"

"Go, wait at the door, sir, and I will tell her that there is a lady who requests her to stay with her for a few days, and that I have granted her request; then, take her where you like, but on no account spare her life."

"I promise!" and he made his way to the door, while Mrs. Thompson in search of Ella went immediately to the nursery, and there found Ella with a group of young Thompson's around her; an unusual brightness gleaming from her countenance. She was relating to the children something that afforded them particular pleasure. They arose at their mothers unexpected entrance, so unusual, wondering at the incident; they were not long left in suspence, as she commanded Ella to get ready to visit a lady that she said had sent for her to stay for a few days. Ella was struck with surprise as she made the gentle enquiry "wants *me*, madam?"

"Yes, you! a friend of mine wishes you for company during the absence of her husband. So, ask no more questions, but go and get ready." For once, Ella obeyed reluctantly; however, she soon made her appearance at the door ready for the ride. Tom threw open the carriage door and held out his hand to assist her in getting in, when she unconsciously drew back with a shudder.

"Get in, Miss," insisted Tom, somewhat impatiently, "for I am somewhat in a hurry." Ella turned her head to look at Mrs. Thompson, who stood in the hall door: she was as pale as a ghost. Ella never saw her look so before. She felt that something was wrong. Again she turned her eyes in search of the children, and those familiar faces could not be seen.

Again her eye sought Mrs. Thompson;

she had also gone. One nervous step, and the carriage door had closed on her. The rapid rattle of the wheels were the only sound she now heard; convinced from their motion that they were driving at a furious rate. One silent companion sat opposite her; a rough, surly looking fellow, with bloated face, and red eyes, who kept watching her with staring impudence. Ella caught his eye; it filled her with terror; her heart beat violently at every movement. They must have made many miles, as it was now midnight.

Suddenly the carriage stopped, a loud whistle was given, and soon an answer was heard. The door was opened, when Ella's silent companion jumped out, and closed the door after him. Ella soon recognized other voices, speaking in Italian. She understood enough to ascertain the substance of what they said.

"What have you got here?" said one of the ruffians.

"Some of the usual work to do," was their answer; and, approaching the carriage door, he commanded Ella to get out. She was frightened to such a degree, that she was unable to comply; when, he rudely dragged her out. The moon shone brightly, and Ella discovered a large body of water before her. Tom still held her, while several of his companions stood in a group, at some distance, consulting in coarse voices, the best manner of dispatching their victim.

"What the d—l are you standing there, parleying about," cried Tom, with impatience, "come: let us conclude this affair at once."

"Are you going to drown her, or cut her throat?" asked her silent travelling companion. As Ella heard this, one loud scream escaped from her lips, and she sunk in a state of insensibility.

"We'll drown her," said Tom, "got that sack from her carriage, and we'll put her in it, and then tie a few rocks to it. Then, let us take her in the little

boat, and row her out a-ways, and sink her. Come, let's be about it, or we'll be caught yet." Soon they drew the sack over her, and Tom thrust her hands down.

"You fool, let her be, she will drown easier, with her hands out."

"Shut your mouth; I will do with her as I please." Here, a little scuffle ensued, and some time was taken up, before matters could be righted again. "Come, let us divide the money, first, and we will soon settle with her."

"Hark! I thought I heard voices."

"Your cowardly ears always hear voices, when there is money to be divided. Come, pony up at once."

"I tell you, that I was not mistaken; I heard voices, and there is not a moment to be lost—to the water with her."

"But, before they had time to execute their design, a number of sailors were close upon them. "Hallo! there, you d—ls, what are you about?" Now, Tom and his gang made a quick retreat to the carriage, leaving their victim in the sack, on the sand. The intricacies of the road soon obscured the rascals from the view of the English tars.

"What do you suppose those fellows were doing?" said a jolly giant-built fellow, they called, Ben.

"Nothing good, you may depend, at this time o' night."

"I am sure that I heard a scream," said one. "Yes, we did, that is certain," cried another.

By the light of the moon, they soon discovered something lying on the sand.

"What is that?" said Jack.

"Some person in a sack," answered Ben, approaching it.

"Yis, by the powers," said Pat, "it's a woman, too. They've been ather killin' the poor thing. Let's take her out, and see if she is dead. She is quite suffocated, she is, and it was that same, and no mistake, that we heard seramo; and, by the sowl of St. Patrick, she is beautiful too."

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"Take care," said Ben, pushing Pat aside; and raising Ella's insensible body from the ground. "Pull this sack, Jack, rub her hands and feet, for she is not dead, as she breathes a little." The noble tars did all in their power to bring her to life. Soon, she breathed freely, but was still insensible.

The sailors belonged to an English ship-of-war, the "Queen Ann" of His Majesty's service, under the command of Admiral Lambert. They were taking in a new supply of water, of which they had fallen short. It was thus they were employed when they heard the cry of distress that attracted them to the place where Ella lay, ready to be drowned.

"Come, boys," said Ben, "let's take her on board the Queen Ann; it is the only thing we can do for her." They immediately carried her to the little boat loaded with filled water casks. Plying their oars they soon brought her along side of their vessel, where the sailors on board hailed them with a hearty welcome.

The sun was just rising in the east as Ben lifted his precious burden from the boat, asking for assistance to help him bear her on board. The request was soon granted. All were astonished at Ben's singular burden.

"What have you there, Ben?" inquired the Admiral.

"A young lady, my lord; we were in luck to-night. We found some rascals in the act of murdering her."

"Call the surgeon," shouted the Admiral, "and take her to the cabin, Ben. Stand back, men; give place, the lady is in danger of dying for want of air, and care and medicine." The crowd at length dispersed; and Ben, with the aid of the Admiral, conveyed her to the cabin. The surgeon soon examined her, and, fortunately, found her in no way injured. After the doctor had administered a cordial they seated themselves by her side, when Ben gave them the history of all

he knew of the young lady. "Something very strange," spoke the Admiral.

"When she revives we will find out more about her," said the surgeon.

Several days elapsed before Ella was sufficiently recovered to be able to give an account of herself. They were surprised to hear her speak English. Poor girl, she could not realize where she was. Calling her distracted thoughts together, the last she remembered was the ruffians debating about killing her. She gave the surgeon and Admiral a brief history of all she knew of the peculiar circumstance in which they found her.

"I see no cause that could instigate the wretches to murder you."

"I can give you no reason myself," said Ella.

"I am satisfied of the fact, my dear young lady, that there was a reason you are ignorant of. You shall remain with me, and, as soon as possible, I will have the case investigated. I can find out Mrs. Thompson, if she is in England. Perhaps she can solve this problem."

With this conclusion the Admiral made all the necessary arrangements, and set sail for the purpose of intercepting the French vessels that might be sent to aid the Americans.

After a cruise of nearly a year the Admiral, with his spoils, landed the noble ship Queen Ann at the London dock. Ella had become quite a favorite with the crew, as well as with the soldiers, and her peculiar misfortunes enlisted the sympathy of all.

(Continued.)

WORK.—Earn your own bread, and see how sweet it will be! Work, and see how well you will be! Work, and see how cheerful you will be! Work, and see how independent you will be! Work, and see how happy you will be! Work, and see how religious you will be! for, before you know where you are, instead of repining at Providence, you will find yourself offering up thanks for all the numerous blessings you enjoy.

FASHIONABLE FALSEHOOD.

BY MARY MORRIS KIRKE.

"A coquette" are you my dear young lady? and you seem not only willing, but *proud* to bear the name! "A beautiful, accomplished young lady, but *such* a coquette," is as high a compliment as you care to receive. It tells the world of your power over the sex called "stern;" of your superior attractions which men, poor souls, cannot resist, so in hopeless misery they are sighing at your feet, ready to die for one smile from your proud lips! Oh! it must be such a fine thing to know one's self so perfectly irresistible! so delightful to be so far above mere every-day woman-kind!

"A coquette!" Let us see what qualities are requisite to become that enviable creature.

First in importance, is a pretty face, then a total disregard for truth and sincerity, a throwing aside of real womanly delicacy of feeling, a few showy accomplishments, an unbounded selfishness and vanity, and we have the model coquette ready to start out on her *noble* mission of heart breaking.

Ah! you shrink from the picture! *You*, devoid of truth, honor, or womanly delicacy? *you*, vain, selfish and deceitful?

Yes, my dear young lady, even so! The picture, it is true is not very flattering, but such it is when divested of its varnish and gilding. If God has given you the rich gift of beauty, you should cherish it thankfully, prizing it as one of his choicest blessings, which it certainly is, but always remembering that no merit of your own procured that beauty: but do you receive it thus? Do you not, in acts at least, boast of your beauty, and challenge the admiration of the world? Can you profess to love truth, when every smile is studied, every word and movement the result of art, that you may captivate and then cast coldly aside the victim of your wiles? Can sincerity dwell

within the heart, when the lips speak falsely? Can all the pretty deceits you practice to gain the admiration of men, be the fruit of true, womanly modesty? Never! never! though you may blush, in seeming timidity; your voice be gentle, soft and low, and your eyes wear an expression of retiring modesty, yet the heart beneath is cunning, bold, and unwomanly! and you cannot retain your self-respect while daily living and acting a lie.

"A manly flirt!" If there is anything contemptible upon the earth, it is the man who bears this character. A *noble* soul truly must he possess, who will trifle with the purest, holiest affections God has given to mortal!

Take the man, who in all his business relations is the "very soul of honor," who would feel it the greatest possible insult should his word be doubted in the least particular, who would be ready to defend his honor with his life, and see him whispering false, lying words of love to that confiding, loving girl at his side, and tell me if you *dare*, that man has a noble soul! Tell me not of a man's honor when he can trifle with the holiest affections of a woman's heart!

"Only a little flirtation" says the man, and so the world receives it. Go look into the heart of that trusting girl and see what a little innocent flirtation has done! Go see the sweetness of a first pure love turned into bitterness and despair! Go see the bright morning of life suddenly changed to the blackness of midnight; distrust taking the place of confidence, despair or cold indifference, where once was hope, and joy; and tell me if you *dare* that the deceiver who wrought the change is an honorable man!—bah! a slander upon the name of honor. Yet society cherishes such men, applauds their integrity, and firm principles, while they go on blighting many a trusting heart, all under the attractive name of "a little flirtation!" After the season of flirtation is over, the man of course looks about him

for a wife, to bestow of truth or love. Love! the love of having! and all to bestow is too

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for a wife, to bestow upon her what little of truth or love remains in his nature. Love! the *love* of such a man is not worth having! and all the heart a coquette has to bestow is too worthless to accept.

Yet when a man marries one of these envied creatures, his friends exclaim "lucky dog! he has carried off the prize!" when in reality he is the most *unlucky* of all who worshipped at the gilded shrine; and a woman who succeeds in getting a male flirt for a husband, the most *unfortunate* of her sex.

Nothing can more effectually destroy all capacity for a true, lasting love, than this fashionable lying, called flirtation; yet it seems to be the grand object in society, and to it may be traced many of the unhappy marriages of the present day, and many of the divorces which so disgrace our fair State are but the result of this passion for "a little flirtation."

When will men and women in society, learn to look upon falsehood as falsehood, whether in a business arrangement, or in affairs of the heart?

When will a strict sense of justice and truth, in love making, take the place of a mean vanity, and lying tongue?

THE MOTHER'S REQUEST.

Remember me when I am old!

When round thy childhood's home
The gathering clouds are closing fast,
And night, with storms, shall come.
When round the desolate hearth no more,
Thy loved ones meet again;
When all is lonely there—my son,
Think of thy mother then.

Remember me when I am gone!

When o'er my place of rest
The holy stars look gently down,
In quiet on my breast.
When she who loved thee more than all,
Shall ne'er return again;
Remember then her love—my son,
Think of thy mother then!

G. T. S.

AN ADVENTURE IN PITT RIVER VALLEY, IN 1849.

BY J. S. H.

I crossed the plains in 1849, and entered California by Lassen's "cut-off"—which had this peculiarity for a "cut-off," that it was about five hundred miles larger than any other road. During the latter part of my journey I had a poney to ride—a poney of Indian stock, and one of the hardest in the mouth, the toughest in the hide, and the slowest in gait of all hard-mouthed, tough-hided, and slow-gaited Indian ponies. He was a dark iron gray, in color, with a white star in his forehead, and horizontal black stripes down his thighs, from brands put on by his Indian owners. These black stripes gave him a tigerish look, and attracted attention, so that the man who had once seen him could not forget him. I usually had a large pair of bright scarlet blankets fastened upon the saddle, to serve me as a couch whenever I might wish to stop; and these served to distinguish the animal still more.

In following down Pitt river we came about the first of September to a wide and bare plain. The day was a pretty warm one, and I determined to try whether I could not force my poney to go across the hot expanse at a gait a little faster than a walk. I borrowed a spur before leaving camp, and when I got upon the plain began to use it vigorously. But all my spurring did not help the pony along at all; on the contrary, he would turn 'round to bite at the place, as though a fly was pricking him; though at the very time the spur was covered with blood, so furiously had I used it. Finally I broke the spur, or bent it, so that I could no longer strike with the edge of the rowel out, only with the side. Unable to use the spur with any effect, I took it off and fastened it on the pommel of my saddle.

I was just then at the point where the road was about to leave the river, and

along the waters edge were a number of bushes. I got down and cut four or five long switches of a tough bush, and mounted again. I could over-look nearly the whole plain, and there was no person or living thing in sight before me, and there was no object to break the monotony of the plain, save here or there little clumps of willows, far in the distance.

After making a guess at the distance to be travelled over, and the time to be occupied in it, I drew from its fastenings one of my best switches, and began to use it most industriously, applying it to the tenderest part of the flank. At the first touch he started into a lively trot, but soon slackened off into a slow trot, and all the force and rapidity which I could give to my blows would not induce him to go any faster. Before long my switch was used up, and I was so tired that I had to rest; and pony at once put himself upon a slow walk. The same process was repeated with every switch, the last one being worn out in less than half an hour from the time of starting.

Now, it happened that I habitually carried a butcher-knife that was a butcher-knife—a long, heavy and bright weapon that boded no good to the animal it was to be used upon. After my arm had got rested, I drew my knife and commenced to punch pony with its sharp point. The blood flowed freely, but he took no other notice of it than to look round as if to ask: "What the d—l are you doing there?" I couldn't stand that, and drawing back, gave him a long and deep cut with the blade across the buttock. The blood spirted from the gash and pony gave a jump, and then went on as before. I became desperate, and began to utter emphatic expletives, which recognized an infinite existence as of great aid in the expression of discontent. I could not afford to inflict any more cuts on pony, so I gave up the attempt to get him into a trot as a bad job, and wiping my knife on his hide, I was about to re-

turn it to its sheath when I noticed the motion of the bones at the hip-joint, and I gave the tip end of the thigh-bone a hearty whack with the back of the knife. I had found the tender spot; pony jumped so quick as nearly to throw me off, and at once started off on a quick gallop. I was wonderfully pleased, and gave an Indian yell of delight. This was a kind of music to which he had been familiar in colthood, and it seemed to help him along. So I continued to yell and whoop in the most approved style, meanwhile brandishing my knife and bringing its back down frequently on the blessed hip-joint. I went on thus for some time at first-rate speed, wonderfully tickled at my discovery of the tender spot, and at the sound of my voice. While racing along, yelling, brandishing my knife, raising a great dust in the road, and with my red blankets flying, I saw four or five men—from their dress evidently emigrants like myself—run out from a little clump of willows about a hundred yards in front of me, and level their rifles at me. I reined up at once; pony stopped with wonderful suddenness, and I stared at the fellows, wondering what their conduct meant. As soon as I stopped they dropped their guns, and said: "Why, it's himself," and burst into a hearty laugh. I recognized them as a party of Kentuckians, whom I had met frequently on the road, and knew to be first-rate fellows. When they laughed I started pony again, and I was soon among them. Of course I asked what they meant by aiming at me as they had done, and they replied that they recognized my pony and my blankets, but could not see me on account of my holding my head down, and they supposed, from the yell and knife-brandishing, that an Indian had killed me and was running off with the pony! We had a hearty laugh over the mistake, and another one over my discovery of the best way to make an Indian pony trot.

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WINES—THEIR VARIETY.

It is a great mistake on the part of those who use wines to suppose that they are drinking the best and purest articles. Of every hundred casks of wine sold in this country, it may be safely affirmed that ninety-nine barrels are spurious, vile decoctions, made up to "sell," and filled with active poisons. A writer in Hunt's Merchants' Magazine gives some facts on the different varieties of wines which, we think, may prove interesting to our readers:—

"Rhonish wine comes from a small district in Germany, on the Rhine. Johannesburg is deemed the best of them. Hock is so called from the little town of Hockheim, situated on the river Mayno. The name, however, applies to several varieties of the same kind of wine in neighboring places, and is sometimes made to include Moselle. Hock exceeds all others in improving by age. It contains but little alcohol, and is less heating than most other wines. Yet when old it is very exhilarating and deceptive. The best of German wines are fermented in casks and afterwards racked off into others, by means of which the aroma is better preserved. The racking casks or *tuns* are always kept full. Whenever any is drawn out, more is put in from the fermenting casks, and in this wise it is kept for centuries. Some of these tuns are of enormous dimensions—one in Heidelberg holds *six hundred hogsheads*, and, though several centuries old, it has always been kept full. The purest wines, however, are kept in smaller tuns. It used to be the custom in Germany to bury an earthen vessel filled with wine, not to be taken up till marriage. Hungary produces the most celebrated wine of modern times, Tokay, from a town of that name situated among the Carpathian Hills. The grapes from which it is produced are permitted to remain on the vine till they are partially dried and as

sweet as sugar, when they are picked one by one and put into oaken casks, the bottoms of which are perforated. The juice which first escapes without pressure, is called Tokay essence. It is of very syrupy consistence, and is highly prized. After this, the grapes are put into a vat and trampled with bare feet, this being the only pressure to which they are submitted. The juice thus procured has added to it an equal quantity of good wine, after which, it is permitted to stand twenty-four hours to ferment, when it is strained. This is the far-famed Tokay, which sells in Vienna at sixty dollars per dozen. Sicily island produces excellent common wines, similar to those of Hungary, but there are none exported.

"Sherry wine takes its name from the little town of Xeres, not far from Gibraltar. The Sherry district is about six square leagues. The whole amount of Sherry exported is usually 17,000 pipes annually. Sherry is made of white grapes which are permitted to hang on the vines until perfectly ripe and slightly shrivelled. They are then picked and spread out, and have quicklime sprinkled over them. They are thus exposed to the sun forty-eight hours, with the view of neutralizing the acid and softening the skin, so that the juice can be expressed with a greater facility. They are then put into the press and have brandy added to them. The juice is expressed, and to this brandy is added again, when it is permitted to go through a regular fermentation. Sherry when new is harsh and fiery. It requires age to give the alcohol the semblance of combination which it never has in reality. The different varieties of Sherry, pale, brown, &c., are all from the same grape, but the color is due to the addition of burnt peach kernels, or other worse substances. The whole country in the vicinity of Malaga abounds in vineyards, and during vintage not less than ten thousand persons are constantly employed. Wines are made in almost inconceiv-

able variety. The sweet wines are from grapes fully ripe; the strong and acid from those less mature.

France is the greatest wine country in the world. Champagne wines are from the district of Champagne, but the different qualities are almost as numerous as the vineyards producing them. The briskness and long efforescence of Champagne is no evidence of its excellence. The best judges prefer that which possesses these qualities in a more moderate degree only, as such as is found to possess and retain a more delicate aroma, and more luscious flavor. Burgundy wines are esteemed the richest in the world. They are both red and white, but the former are more esteemed.

A MOTHER'S LOVE.

What sweet poetry is contained in those three little words. Is there a sentence to be found in any language that is more replete with sentiment, beauty, grace, or finish? A mother's love! How noble! How self-sacrificing! How unceasing are her efforts in guiding aright the footsteps of her children! What privations will she not endure; what perils will she not encounter for the sake of her "loved ones!" From our earliest infancy 'tis our mother who watches over us with untiring devotion; who notes every change in our looks, both in sickness and in health. How our hearts bound beneath her loveful glances of her soul-lit eyes, as she bends them upon us beaming with a light so pure and holy! With what delight does she listen to our childish prattle, and observe each winning grace! How fondly she gazes upon us, and what a glorious future she paints for us! Then, as thought comes, that as we advance in years, she may be taken from us, and we be left to the cold charities of this world, her heartfelt prayer ascends to the Throne of Grace, beseeching Him to guide and direct our steps, so that we may be prepared to meet her in a brighter and bet-

ter world. Sorrows may come upon us, friends may forsake us, and the world present not one cheering ray, yet will our mother cling to us with a love so abiding that her cheering tones and loving words make us forget the world's rude and bitter jests. Never, on the earth, can we find a friend so steadfast, and one in whom we can repose such perfect confidence as our mother. How holy is a mother's love.

YOUNG A—was blessed in early life with a good old pious aunt, who though on the wrong side of forty, was still "an unplucked rose upon the ancestral tree."

She was in the habit of retiring with her little nephew into a grove near the house, to pray for him; but it would seem that other subjects sometimes occupied her mind at those times, if we are to believe a story A—was fond of telling years afterward.

He said one evening, just after dusk, they were kneeling at the foot of a large tree, when gradually the pious maiden forgot the principal object of her prayer, and began to pray for a husband for herself. Just as she had made her request known, an owl from the top of the tree gave utterance to a solemn "too hoo," which the praying maiden supposed to be the voice of the Lord, asking who he should send in answer to her petition, to which she immediately replied "*anybody Lord! Thou knowest I am not particular.*"

The man who got off the following is no fool. He might have expressed himself in little sweeter notes, but—never mind *that*. All that he says is true:

Better go without
Hat, or coat or breeches,
Than be pulled about
By creditors—the leeches!
How distressed you feel,
(Help it no one can,)
Like a half-dead eel
In a frying-pan!

THE OBJECT AN

BY

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THE OBJECT AND AIM OF LIFE.

BY H. * * *

The names that shine brightest in the pages of history, are those of men who have devoted their high energies to the great cause of humanity—to the overthrow of tyranny, and the uplifting of the human race. The noble-hearted shoemaker, John Pounds, the founder of Ragged Schools in England, who toiled and taught daily in his shop, received the hero's reward; for when at last his pupils were told of his death, some fainted, while others wept—such was their love for him. Diogenes, the philosopher of instinct, who lived the life of a mere fault-finder, was not half so wise, or great, or good, as John Pounds. 'Tis not enough that men are able to pull down; they must likewise be able to build and to plant. T. S. Arthur, whose life is so gentle, so sweet, so unobtrusive, is generally known only as a clever story-writer; yet he is one of the greatest reformers of the age, for the golden threads of Christian truth run through all his writings, and his lessons are most useful. Bonaparte cut a road across the snowy Alps, and Caesar passed Rubicon; but humanity shudders at the devastation wrought by these great commanders. They planted their heels on the necks of the people, while thoughts of self-aggrandizement bade them

"Wade through slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind."

History shows us plainly that whenever self-love was permitted to take complete possession of the soul of man all goodness was expelled, no human love was left. The art of popularity is a dangerous thing in the hands of an ambitious aspirant, but a thorough knowledge of mankind will enable the masses to detect the deceiver. It is by looking back with impartial eyes upon the poet, as the historian unfolds to our gaze the names and deeds of our great men, that we are en-

abled to bestow our plaudits upon those who really deserve them. Actions are what we look for, and we intuitively ask, what have these men done? One has invented the steam-engine, another the electro-magnetic telegraph; one has constructed a railway, another has built a cathedral; Michael Angelo has planned St. Peter's, and Shakspeare has written poetry immortal. Are we satisfied? No; we long for the unwritten history of the past; we would explore the depths of that river in which the treasures of humanity are lost—the stream that laves the legendary shore. We would fain sit down in the habitation of the poor, in the peasant's hut, and while the hare hurples on the hearth, listen to the stories which the widows and fatherless may tell. Oh! it is the home of poverty, where the pale child sings in plaintive tones:

"Give me three grains of corn, mother,
Only three grains of corn."

Emmet was not so eloquent as thou! thou wan child of suffering and want. But thy story was told long ago; hast thou yet no other to tell? No; the world hews out empires, builds pyramids, and monuments of glory; but we are the same—"the poor ye have with you always!" Brutus and Cicero spoke in our behalf; But Rome has no orators now. The reformer of Eisleben was our friend; but Saxony will know him no more forever. The great theologian of Sweden has jeweled his volumes with charity and love; but our Senators have no time to learn the lessons therein taught. There is plenty of corn and wine in the land, but they must be bartered for munitions of war; the poor can do without. Oh, home! oh, poverty! ye are linked irrevocable together. Go forth, ye apostles of truth and mercy! ye are this day set over the nations, to proclaim the gospel of blessedness to all mankind; ye are commissioned to "root out, and to pull down, and to destroy, and to throw down, to build, and to plant." Go forth, like

Columbus, in search of a new world, a home for the oppressed. Go forth, and teach the poor and needy the great lesson of life. Teach them not the spurious wisdom of Latin and Greek lore, but that true wisdom which sheds its heavenly sunlight around a life well spent. Teach them that virtue should go hand in hand with religion; instil into their hearts an abhorrence of vice, and a love for the pure and beautiful; and, above all, teach them practical lessons of charity. Without practice, preaching is of no avail. Think you, if John Gough were still a drunkard, his lectures on temperance would be listened to? Nay; the men who give form and pressure to the age in which they live, must bear untarnished names; they themselves must be virtuous, if they would have their fellow-men to be so. In the work of self-denial, and in the strife to overcome the world, we are like men digging a wall: we dig down into our hearts, not that evil may flow in, but that good may flow out, and purify our whole being. This, then, is the object and aim of our present life, to prepare for another life, ever-during, eternal. All our dear hopes, our starry dreams, our high imaginings, are prescient of the realities that await us hereafter.

Stop Now!—Young man, if you are just commencing or practicing any vice or bad habit, the time to stop is now. You have arrived at the stopping place, and you may stop now if you please; but if you suffer yourself to be whirled on by appetites and passions, you may go so far that when you desire to stop it may be out of your power to do so. If you swear, or drink, or break the Sabbath, stop now. If you think evil thoughts or tell things not quite true, or sometimes tell a little more than the truth, stop now. If you are going to any place where you meet bad company, stop now. In all cases stop before it is too late.

THE SPECTRE.

Somebody has told a thrilling story about a German hypochondriac, who fell a victim to the most terrible species of mental aberration which, perhaps, ever afflicted mortal man. The poor fellow, although perfectly rational upon every other subject, imagined that, day or night, at home or abroad, wherever he went a hideous skeleton was for ever immediately before him! For years he remained almost alone and persistently refused to divulge, even to his most intimate friends, the secret misery which was evidently dragging him down to his grave. At last, however, upon his death-bed, the wretched man entrusted the mystery to his physician, but it was then too late, and death shortly ended his horrible dream:

Men marvel oft at my moody mien—
And some imagine me mad, I ween!
But little they know the secret spell
Which goads me on through a living hell!
Little they know that the lips may shrill,
And the heart be naught but a funeral pile!
With chattering jaws and fleshless hands,
A skeleton ever before me stands:
Coffinless, shroudless, gaunt and grim—
Clattering ever each loathsome limb;
With ghastly scowl, like a hungry ghoul,
For ever haunting my troubled soul!

No matter—no matter where I roam,
Still glides before me this ghastly gnome:
Whether on land, or upon the deep—
In wakeful misery, or troubled sleep;
In halls of pleasure, or dens of woe,
It haunts me ever, where'er I go.

But, O! the clank of its shroudless bones
Is drowned in its dread, unearthly groans!
It shrieks anon through the haunted air,
Goadng my soul into mad despair!
Its dreadful voice in sepulchral tone,
Mutters forever—"ALONE—ALONE!"

PRAWETS.

It is said that when a Russian husband neglects to beat his wife for a month or two she begins to be alarmed at his indifference.

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OUR SOCIAL CHAIR.

AN esteemed correspondent at Sacramento, whose heart is always in the right place, describes an affecting scene which he witnessed a few months since. How bitter were the words: "*He died and they threw him in the sea!*"

FRIEND HUTCHINGS.—An old mining companion, whom I have long looked upon as a brother, scraped together his little earnings and enclosed them to his wife at New Orleans, with the request that she take the first steamer and join him here. Besides a young wife, my friend had left behind him in the Atlantic States a little boy—the first born—whom, it is hardly necessary to say, he loved most dearly. According to direction the wife at once cheerfully prepared to join her husband, and soon she and "Tommy" were on the ocean. But a cloud soon began to settle over the hitherto bright prospect. On the Isthmus the child was taken down sick with fever. The tender flower continued to fade rapidly, and in less than two days after they left Panama, the remains of "Tommy" were lowered into a watery grave. The mother's agony can better be imagined than described. From the moment that the body of her boy disappeared in the fathomless deep, she was another being. She became almost frantic with grief. So heavily, indeed, did the event bear upon her, that it required the most unremitting care and attention to keep her from sinking. At length, borne down with grief and well nigh worn out with the fatigues of the journey, (for she was of delicate frame,) she reached our shores. The scene, Mr. Editor, which transpired in this city (Sacramento,) at the meeting of husband and wife, ends this brief, but to me painful story. I was present, and God grant it may never again be my lot to look upon the like again. Upon beholding the familiar face of his wife, my friend rushed to clasp her in his arms. She screamed with joy at his approach, but he soon discovered that all was not right. He looked wildly about him for his boy, while she hung her head in silence. Her heart was too full for utterance. He broke the silence.

"Come, Maggy," said he, looking anxiously about the room, "where's my pet? What keeps him?"

The poor wife attempted to speak, but failed for want of strength. She wept bitterly.

"No more of this," resumed the husband. "If the boy is sick, and you did not deem

it prudent to bring him with you from the Bay, why, out with it. Let me know it, and we will go for him." Then, taking his wife closer in his arms, he added: "There, now, cheer up, my dear, and tell me all."

By this time the wife had rallied, and was prepared to state the worst. She told how sprightly little Tommy was when he left New Orleans—how suddenly he was taken sick on the Isthmus—how, in spite of all attention, he sank into the arms of death, and how she was induced to permit his remains to be cast into the sea. Never can I forget her closing words:

"Harry, I knew how you loved him, and how glad you would be to see him. I did all I could to save him, but he died, and they threw him in the sea!" saying which, Maggy burst into a flood of tears.

I have nothing more to relate. You can well imagine the rest. Let me, however, say, in conclusion, that my friend is not, nor perhaps never will be, the man he was.

THE editor of the *Pacific Methodist*, Brother FITZGERALD, who, by the way, has already taken a prominent place among the newspaper writers of this State—(we have never had the pleasure of hearing him preach)—has been "among the sick" of this city. He has just returned from a visit to one of our Hospitals, and it is really touching to hear him tell about it:

The building stands upon a gentle eminence, overlooking the sea. The patients, as they lie on their beds, look out wistfully upon the blue waters, and the breezes that steal into the windows bring to them sweet remembrances of far-off homes they shall never see again. The visitor sees sad sights, and becomes acquainted with sad histories. Here are the degraded and miserable victims of vice, suffering more than death from physical pain, aggravated by the reflection that it is the result of their own misconduct. Here are young men stricken down in manhood's morning to rise no more. Here are consumptives, fading away from life, flattering themselves with delusive hopes, refusing to see the pale horse and its rider approaching. Here are old men who, after long struggles against adversity and disease, have yielded at last and come here and die. Here are delicate females, tenderly reared, who, homeless and friendless, are forced to receive public charity from strangers' hands. O! precious boon of health! Without thee,

life is indeed a world without a sun. Yet how slightly valued until lost! How recklessly thrown away! Will the reader take with us some walks among the sick?

* * * * *

That man in the corner of the room was once a leading merchant of this city. His hair is gray, but he does not appear to be beyond middle age. His history teaches a double lesson. When he came to California he left his family in the States. He prospered in business, and became rich. He did not go to his family, neither did he send for them. But, disregarding the claims of duty, honor and truth, he married a young woman in this city, and sought to banish from his mind all thought of his deserted wife and children by giving himself up to the enjoyment of his wealth with his young wife. A change took place in his fortunes. Disease took hold upon him. One side of his body was struck with paralysis. His business failed, his means became exhausted, his California wife deserted him, and he found his way to the hospital. His long-neglected and shamefully-treated wife knew all, and no one may know the depth of her wretchedness when she learned his guilt, and we may imagine her deep resentment of so great a wrong. There is no sin which a woman will not pardon in the man she loves so long as he remains true to her. But to be deserted for another, is the worst offense in the female vocabulary of crimes. But whatever the wife may have felt, her heart still retained its affection for the father of her children, and immediately started for California. She arrived safely, and sought her faithless husband. She visits him daily, nurses him tenderly—while he, conscience-stricken and smitten with a malady which is nigh unto death, has leisure to reflect upon his guilt, and opportunity to repent. There is nothing on earth so sacred as woman's love. He who trifles with it commits an awful crime. He who throws it away, parts with a treasure that worlds could not buy.

"We concur."

We fell in with the following, the other day, while the rain was "coming down" in the most disagreeable style. Who the author is, we may perhaps never discover, but that he is what a western man would call "a whole team, with a big dog under the wagon," will appear evident to all who read his soliloquy. We say nothing about his being tight—not a word:

"Singler a feller can't geout jist for a leetle recreation 'thout it must rain, jist

as if hadn't rained all the time sence New Yers day last August. It seems allers to rain hardest right on top of my hat tu. This ere hat must be a sort of—of—a con—con—densator—that's the word! Hurra—a! Well, let 'er rain—I don't keer—I'm havin' a extra hollerday—I mean to hev a extra hollerday every day this year, 'cept Sundays—them days—they are meet-in' days—I shan't keep—I'll get drunk all them days. Lem me see—I'll hev two hundred fourth uv Julys, and a hundred and forty New Yers, and 'bout two hundred and ten Christmasses—Thanksgivings—yes, I'll hev them twice a week all the time. Then there's the church hollerdays—I'll keep them separate—I wonder of them's all the days uv a year? I haint got time to count jist now—I'll count some time when I aint so busy, and ef there's any days over, I'll hev some more thanksgivings. Singler I'm allers so dry when its ramin'—I'm dry now. Guess I'll take suthin, and then I'll—I'll—Hullo! what's that? Shutin' cannons, eh!" Jake had heard the loud reports of some half dozen blasts over at the quarries. "Yis, sir! them's cannons—shutin' for sum hollerday—thanksgivin', I 'spect—Hurra-a! I've got a cannon here myself, and I'll jist load 'er and shute back a serloot. Hurra-a!" and Jake tried to load the forked end of the cart tongue with the jug, using his big foot as a rammer—jug smashed, and Jake desisted: "Hullo! Ball is busted, and powder's all wet—can't shute. Never mind, come up t'ho bar and take a drink," and Jake walked up to the frame where customers hitch their horses, and ordered whisky. The last I saw of him, he was tugging at one of the pegs over which the bridles are secured, trying to pull the cork out.

While we think of it, we will tell that story on our friend Phelps, the popular manager of the *Lyceum*. A young, handsome, "peert" looking woman, who has not been a great while from the plains, arrived in our city last week, in search of employment. Not finding a place as readily as she had anticipated, she became uneasy, and was on the eve of retracing her steps to the interior, when she happened, in the course of her applications, to fall in with Phelps. The enterprising manager, it is but proper to say, was considerably taken with the appearance of the girl, and thought he saw in her a "new card" for his young theatre.

"And you want a place?" he inquired, rubbing his hands energetically.

"Indeed I do, sir," responded the fair

"Maria, bringing bear full ly: "and the better Phelps that who ceeded: "Pon ty. I th Maria meaning back in "I never casting added, Phelps joints, fully rep family woman over." up and "You "Mar "We Here wa who he her life "You "Esc Maria girls, shawl plied: "Th ask my Phel which atoly se a histo ed wh Unfort obstin "prop heavy manag be trib swear "B Phelps have Ere girl h disap Wh it is no o happ walk phric Hort Al unfo

"Maria," (for such was her name,) and bringing her clear, luscious black eyes to bear fully upon Phelps, she added, naively: "and the sooner I get into business, the better I will like it."

Phelps looked around to satisfy himself that what he saw was a reality. He proceeded:

"Pon my honor, miss, you're very pretty. I think you would make a *hit*."

Maria did not precisely understand the meaning of the last remark. She drew back in surprise. "Indeed, sir," said she, "I never hit anybody in my life." Then, casting a sly glance at the manager, she added, "and I know I would not *hit you*."

Phelps grew perceptibly weak in the joints, but the man who had so successfully represented one of the great McGregor family was not to be outdone by a young woman who had just come "the plains over." He therefore straightened himself up and looked brave.

"Your name is —"

"Maria, sir, if you please."

"Well, Miss Maria, I'll engage you." Here was an awful declaration to a girl, who had never heard a theatrical term in her life.

"You'll *what*!" said she.

"Engage you," repeated Phelps.

Maria was not of the blushing sort of girls, yet she felt warm. Drawing her shawl closer about her shoulders, she replied:

"This is rather sudden, sir. I'll have to ask my mother."

Phelps saw the horrible mistake under which the fair Maria labored, and immediately set about to correct it. He went into a history of his business, and soon explained what he meant by *engaging* a young lady. Unfortunately for him, however, Maria was obstinate. She looked upon it as a direct "proposal," and at once had visions of heavy damages. She gave the unlucky manager to understand that she was not to be trifled with, and turned upon her heel, swearing vengeance.

"But, my dear Maria," stammered poor Phelps, "you must know that I already have a wife, and can't engage any more!"

Ere this speech was ended, the indignant girl had turned the corner of the street and disappeared.

What the upshot of the trouble will be, it is impossible for us to say. We venture no opinion. The last we saw of the unhappy manager of the Lyceum, he was walking arm and arm with the wag Dumphries, in the path which leads to Martin & Horton's.

Altogether, it was decidedly the most unfortunate engagement Phelps ever made.

A friend gives us the subjoined theatrical incident, the truth of which will not, we believe, be questioned. The story is well told, though we would have given the "latter end" of our existence to have seen the gentleman from Pike, when he exploded thus: "I say, Bill, who's that krackter?"

A REAL LIVE GHOST.

Everybody—that is, everybody away up in what our old friend General Allen has styled "the G-r-e-a-t North"—knows Col. Bob Taylor, the General's predecessor in the "editor's chair" of the *Herald*. Well "Col. Bobular" was a universal genius and universally popular; he has been successively a newspaper editor, an actor, a lawyer, and we are not certain but a Hard-shell Preacher—one of the kind that "played on a harp of a thousand strings."

After the Colonel retired from the editorship of the *Herald* he took to the stage, or rather mounted on the outside of that mountain clipper, a tall, long-eared, raw-boned animule, bearing "Major Jim Savage's mark—a sore back—for like the days

"When Roscius was an actor in Rome,
Then came each actor on his ass."

"Accounted as he was," in company with a dramatic troupe, he started on a theatrical tour along the various "divides" of the Yubas and the meanderings thereof, and after wandering around giving the various towns and mining camps "a taste of their quality," they finally brought up in Downieville, where he played for an unprecedented number of nights, as the papers say, to crowded houses.

The play of Hamlet was put up—Waller playing the part of the Young Prince of Denmark—which was not on this occasion, at least, "omitted by particular desire"—the house was, as usual, crowded.

At length the Ghost appeared, when one of the audience recently from Pike or Posey, inquired of a companion, who was trying to spell out a written bill of the play:

"I say, Bill, who's that krackter?"

"Why, that's the ghost!"

"Ghost h—ll—you kant stuff me that that's a sperrit; I seed that fellow down town in a saloon playin' billiards and drinkin' bald-face about an hour ago!"

Editor's Table.

The next number of our Magazine completes its second volume. Give us an opportunity to say a good word for a friend, and we can do so with our whole heart; but we abominate personal allusions when our ugly *self* happens to be the object in view. Nevertheless, there are seasons in the course of a man's life—perhaps it were better to say in the mysterious career of an Editor—when it is just as natural for him to “crow” as anything that carries a feather. The commencement of a new volume is an important event in an editor's existence. If he has anything to say, *then* is the time he is pretty apt to say it. Our own heart is light to-day. “Hutchings' Magazine is as familiar as a household word in California,” and that's glory enough for us. The Magazine is no longer an experiment. It is a fixed fact. It is not too much to say that it is a prominent “institution” of the commonwealth. We have triumphed. We are content. We were told at the start that our enterprise was too expensive and could never be made to *pay*; that it would not be supported by the people of the State. We have found it otherwise. The ordeal we confess was severe, yet we have passed safely through it. The Magazine has succeeded beyond our expectations, and is to-day a piece of property which we value highly. It has succeeded, we verily believe, because it has been what it professed and aimed to be, namely, a *purely California work*, in matter, design and illustration. We have never had the insufferable vanity to presume, nor have we ever been so silly as to promise that we could “elevate” the literature of our State. California has a good enough literature of her own, which we admire the more on account of its peculiar features. While we, however, flatter ourselves that the quality of our matter has been good, we rejoice to know that our illustrations of California life, costume, mining operations, scenery, etc., have been properly appreciated in the right quarter. With the commencement of our third vol-

ume we shall, in return for the very flattering reception which we have met with at the hands of the public, introduce such improvements as may be suggested. One of our partners has already started on a sketching tour down the coast, and from his graphic pen and pencil we hope soon to be in receipt of something entirely new, entertaining and instructive. To the members of the press, as well as our numerous friends and correspondents who cheered us with kind words and gave us a helping hand in the darkest hours of our labor, we tender our sincere thanks. May we continue to enjoy the good opinion of the former, and the good contributions of the latter.

The disposition on the part of certain ambitious writers to steal other people's brains, is so prevalent, now-a-days, that we cannot too closely scrutinize the effusions which appear in our public prints. We had hoped that no one desiring to shine in our Magazine would attempt to do so in stolen plumes, but a friend has satisfied us that the poem in our last number, entitled the “Indian Burial,” and palmed off upon us as *original*, is a base plagiarism. The offender in this instance is, we believe, a lady, though nothing should shield her from the lashing which such conduct deserves. We confess the wholesale pilfering recently detected, and we rejoice to add, so boldly exposed in this community, is calculated to excite the closest attention in the matter of contributions. The old supposition that an Editor knows *everything* has long since fallen to the ground for want of support. True, he is “right smart,” but we deny, most solemnly and emphatically, that he is a walking library or dictionary of poetical effusions. He is no such thing. And with all his scrutiny, attention and smartness, he is just as liable to be imposed upon occasionally by brazen-faced literary thieves, as many less favored individuals.

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The heartless, outrageous monopoly of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company affords a very fine mark for indignant Californians to *cuss at*. Scarcely a craft of this grinding combination leaves our wharves without exciting feelings of the hugest disgust; and indeed we have often been surprised at the harmless results which followed the tremendous bursts of indignation. A stranger would be led to infer from the violent opposition to "monopolies," so often manifested by the press and people of this State, that the purse-proud companies which have so long oppressed us and retarded our progress would be but short-lived—that they would be crushed completely out of existence, and never more be permitted to gather even so much as a crumb from our table. We say a *stranger* would be apt to arrive at such a conclusion. Of course, those who know anything of the peculiar character of our people, think nothing of the sort. We Californians are a queer set of mortals, and in nothing are we more *original* than in our opposition to grasping monopolies. We all see, and feel, and admit—for years we have seen and felt, and admitted—that a selfish monopoly was sucking our very life-blood, checking immigration to our State, and continually cracking about our heads a lash such as none but slaves would ever submit to. This, we are aware, is an oft-told tale, yet we deserve to have it sounded in our ears every hour of the day, until we are moved to successful action. Not a great while back, when the excitement caused by the heart-rending details of the disaster to the *Central America* was at its height, we did suppose something would be done to at least lessen the grip which the present Steamship Company had upon us. Our papers for several weeks contained nothing but stirring appeals in behalf of the opposition enterprise. Flaming posters assembled mass meetings. Eloquent speeches, in which the crushing wrongs inflicted by the "Monopoly" were recounted, were made. Spirited resolutions, a full yard in length, were adopted by hearty acclamation. The people and press throughout the State "ap-

proved" of the course, and really, it appeared, as we before observed, that *something* would be accomplished. But time has only shown our mistake. An immense amount of indignation was displayed—the most violent wrath oozed out—the speeches were very pretty—the resolutions were "heavy"—but, as Sir Charles Coldstream would say, "there was nothing in it." Shame on us, say we! Our necks are still beneath the iron heel of the Steamship Monopoly; we still permit this bloated combination to choke up a channel that leads to our country's prosperity. And shall this state of things always exist? Is there to be no resistance to such glaring injustice and oppression? Is there no hope for a change? What say you, Californians? What say you, people of the mountains? For ourselves, we are of that class who believe that "it will never do to give it up so." Let us once more place our shoulders to the wheel, and strive for some sort of opposition. And when we get it, let us *sustain it with our money*. That's the word. If Nicaragua is blocked against us, and the Isthmus of Panama "monopolized," let us go to work and back up the gentlemen who propose to establish a line of beautiful clipper ships between New York and San Francisco. Such a trip would be less expensive than by the mail line, over the Isthmus, and is certainly more pleasant. Besides, we should remember that it is *in opposition to the soulless monopoly*, from which we have so long suffered. We have had enough talk on this subject. Our efforts thus far have served but to make the Mail company people more impudent, insolent and tyrannical. Shall it be said of us that we refused to give a helping hand, when an opportunity presented itself to cripple the monopoly? We trust not. Let us, then, strike the blow. Let us raise one long, loud, hearty shout for the line of clipper ships, the first of which leaves, in a few days, for the East. Opposition is what we want, and if we expect it to thrive, we must give it our support and encouragement. We repeat, we have had enough talk on the subject. Let us act.

SPEAKING of opposition, why is it that a greater effort is not made to *weaken* the California Steam Navigation Company? The fact that the boats of this company are in good order, and the captains and clerks very "clover fellows," has nothing to do with the question. It is enough for us to know that it is a *monopoly*, whose selfish aim is to control the entire river travel between this city and the interior. Such a state of things should not exist, and we are always rejoiced to hear of any move in opposition to it. We are down on monopolies of all kinds, and here enter our protest against the designs of this combination. At present there is a lively opposition on the Sacramento river, and if our people will give it anything like proper encouragement, the monopoly will suffer. The opposition steamers should be sustained against all the efforts of the Combination Company to crowd them off. Let us travel on the opposition boat—even though it cost a little more so to do. The idea—if we mistake not public sentiment—is to take the wind out of the sails of the *monopoly*, and this can only be done by putting our money, for a time, into the treasury of the Opposition Company. It should be our pride and pleasure, as it surely is our duty, to break down a company that has attempted to control the great thoroughfare through our State, at the expense of the traveling public. We should not be lukewarm in this business. We should come prompt and cheerfully up to the work at once, and give the opposition steamers between this city and Sacramento our countenance and support. Nothing should induce us to give the combination a dollar when an opposition boat is at the wharf.

Our "portrait gallery" has, we observe, elicited a great deal of comment, of the good, bad and indifferent order. We endeavored to do our duty. We have put the best face we could on the Senate, and it is not our fault if the reception has not been agreeable to the parties most deeply interested. It was our intention to have honored each member with a place in our

pages, but are prevented from doing so by the neglect of the gentlemen to sit for their pictures. This is their loss. It has been said that the members of our Legislature are purchasable. So far as the lower house, known as the Assembly, is concerned, we are *mum*; but with regard to the Senate, we feel like "talking right out in meetin'." We will sell a majority of them to anybody who is disposed to invest, on early application to our office. In the April number of our Magazine we presented the best points of some of them, and in this issue we give (without extra charge for the book,) "a few more of the same sort." The balance can't be had for love nor money, and our readers may as well make up their minds to get along without them. We have the satisfaction to know that we have got all the good-looking members, and of this we have a perfect right to boast. They are *ours*, too; and, as we have just hinted, those who wish to purchase can secure them at a bargain. We have *cut* their acquaintance, and shall have no more to do with them. They can be had at cost. This is our price, and "we'll have no more and never take a cent less." Do you take 'em? No! Very good. Then we'll pass to something else.

We have heard a great deal of late in relation to the cost of living in San Francisco. The papers have opened their columns quite liberally to correspondents who desired to have a "say" on the subject, and if our Atlantic friends are not by this time pretty well posted, it is their own fault. The *Bulletin*, especially, has been most earnest and active in furnishing the curious information, and we are inclined to think it has been entirely successful. A recent steamer edition of that journal was literally used up with "Family Expenses." It treated us to all sorts of communications from all sorts of people, with all sorts of families, in all sorts of social positions, with all sorts of pecuniary "strength," and troubled with all sorts of *expenses*. But it is not our purpose to go at length into the subject. What we desire is simply to pre-

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sent the "cost of living" in another locality. The editor of the *Placerville Index*, Wm. FRANK STEWART, gives us, in a recent number of his paper, the weekly expenses of a Digger Chief, and the truth of the statement has, we understand, been sworn to by seven able-bodied witnesses. It is certainly very Ingin-like:

Me putty good Ingin. Me heep ketchum all same day; klicket jump up on a log, heep ketch em glasshopper; Ingin John John putty good too. Hyack clattewa Big Canon, gitum little oro—two bit—one dollar. One day no ketchum klicket; no muckemuck velly good; me cum Hangtown; Melican man heep sellim two bit carna; shank no good! cheat him Ingin mahala! Melican all bad; heep cheat him poor Ingin; Clagwin cheat him; Tonny cheat him; butcher man all cheat him heep! White man hala kam-tux, Ingin waw-waw. Niker clat-te wa sy-ah mim-me-loos hy-you Melican man:

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Total for one week.....\$3 40
HY-USE TY-EE (Captain John.)

Religious revivals are going on all over the State. Ministers of all denominations are engaged in pushing forward the good work. Somebody has truthfully said that Religion is a messenger from heaven, who dwells not in cells or cloisters, but goes forth among men, not to frown on their happiness, but to do them good. She is familiar and cheerful at the tables and firesides of the happy; she is equally intimate in the dwellings of poverty and sorrow; she encourages innocent smiles of youth, and kindles a glow of sincerity on the venerable front of age; she is found, too, at the bedside of the sick, when the attendants have ceased their labor, and the heart is almost still; she is seen at the house of mourning, pointing to the "house not made with hands." She will not retire so long as there is evil that can be prevented, or kindness that can be given; and it is not until the last duty is done that she hastens away and raises her altar in the wilderness, so that she may not be seen among men.

In answer to the numerous queries of our friends concerning the reported discovery of rich diggings on Frazer and Thompson's Rivers, we would state that we know but little beyond what has already appeared in the city papers. We have no doubt that a new and valuable gold field has been opened up in the region in question—this fact has reached us through a variety of sources—yet we are unwilling to believe *all* the statements that have been made public. We have been too long in California to blindly swallow these astounding gold stories. Still, there is a great deal of truth in the reports from Frazer's River; and much as we dislike to offer advice in the matter, we would say to those who are out of employment, and whose prospects may not appear very bright, *Go to the new diggings, and take the chances!* The thing is well worth a trial. If, on the other hand, you are comfortably established here in a good paying business, remain where you are and lot well enough alone. This is our advice, and we give it in all candor and seriousness, for the benefit of our friends. In this connection, we would state that for the information of those who may desire to know something of the new gold region, we will, in the course of a few days, issue a correct map, showing the Frazer and Thompson River country and the spots where the precious metal is found in the greatest abundance.

We have often wondered at the strange effects produced by gazing upon a picture, and when that picture happens to be the likeness of some sweet female friend, one's "phelinks" are indescribably funny. Here's a case in point:

TO KATE—ON RECEIVING HER PICTURE.

Ye gods! can this be Bonny Kate?
Oh! pouting lips, you've sealed my fate,
Inspired my soul—Oh! witching thought,
They tell a tale, dear girl, of naught
But kisses moist and warm.
Oh! speak, and let thy troth be given
By lips so blessed with dews from heaven;
Yes—tell me now, God speed the fate,
Oh! heavenly bliss, why do you wait?
Oh! balmy lips—Oh! Bonny Kate!

Placer Co., April 18th.

WILLIE.

MONTHLY CHAT,

WITH CONTRIBUTORS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

J. S. H.—Many thanks for your favors. Will try to find room for a portion of the "Gipsy Girl" in our next.

G.—The "Tehuantepec" article on file for our next number. The "cuts" are being prepared.

Robert, San Jose.—Thanks for your kind words. The "Mint illustrations" in our October number were very good. How many copies do you want? Hope to see you in a few days.

Student, Contra Costa.—You have lost. Your quotation is not proper. Here are the lines corrected:

"If there be a crime
Of deeper dye than all the guilty train
Of human vices, 'tis ingratitude."

Inquirer.—Three thousand dollars is said to be the amount made by Mrs. Anna Corn Weekes by her newspaper operation. She practiced a similar game in several of the Atlantic cities. She is on her way to Sidney, to catch a few "ducks."

L. P.—The verses are smoothly written. We like them. We have always admired them. Go to! you are a contemptible thief, and wouldn't hesitate to steal the coppers from a dead man's eyes. You have been pilfering from Rogers' "Pleasures of Memory."

Democrat, Sacramento.—E. R. Campbell has not, as yet, received an appointment from Gov. Weller. It is, however, well understood that he is to have something nice, in a short time. You say he suffered pecuniarily, while working for the Governor. If so, he should certainly be remembered by the Gov. We have no time to devote to politics. "It is not in our way."

Traveler, San Francisco.—Your article would occupy entirely too much space. Besides, we have already spread ourselves on the subject. We are sticklers for no particular route for the great Pacific Railroad. We are easily pleased. All we want is a road. Give us the cheapest, best, and, above all, that which can be built quick-

est. We will look over your article at leisure.

Ellen, Marysville.—You never labored under a greater mistake. Mr. Ridge, of the *Express*, is no more the "brother" of General Allen, in the sense referred to, than you are.

Conservative, Shasta.—We are unable to answer all the queries in your note. On one or two points, however, we can speak knowingly. U. S. Commissioner Johnston is entirely "sound on the negro question," and would probably have rejoiced as much as any man in California to have seen "Archy" returned to his Mississippi home. But we should remember that upon the Bench Mr. Johnston is the *Judge*, not the Southern man. Shakspeare, slightly altered for the occasion, tells us:

There is no power in California
Can alter a principle established;
'T would be recorded as a precedent,
And many an error, by the same example,
Would rush into the State. It cannot be.

Senator.—Glad you think so well of our Magazine. Your copies have been sent. Come and see us.

Subscriber.—Would be glad to comply with your request, but have no time to look up the "documents." We have placed your case in the hands of a lawyer. Write you in a few days.

B. N. S., Oroville.—We dislike to advise you in the matter. The Frazer river gold discovery appears to be "no humbug."

Emma.—Your verses are good for one so young, yet they will hardly do to print.

J. M.—Can furnish you with Gen. Walker's likeness. Send along your order.

Miner, Nevada.—Much obliged for your suggestion. Will proceed at once to business. Send us the sketch.

H. L. Neall.—"Poor and Proud" in our next.

Per Se, San Francisco.—Yours on file for June number.

* *—It will be observed that many of our friends are neglected under this head.

MAGAZINE.

HAT,
RESPONDENTS.

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And never brought to mind,
Should And acquaintance be forgot,
And days of Lang-Syno

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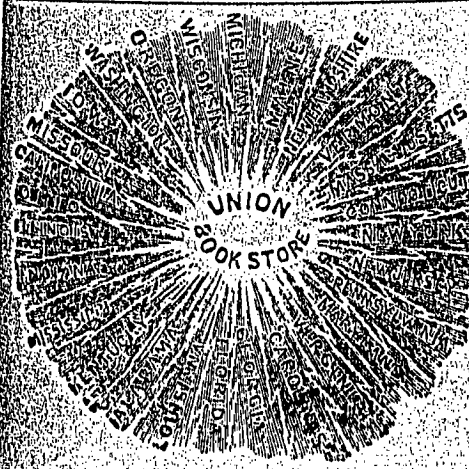
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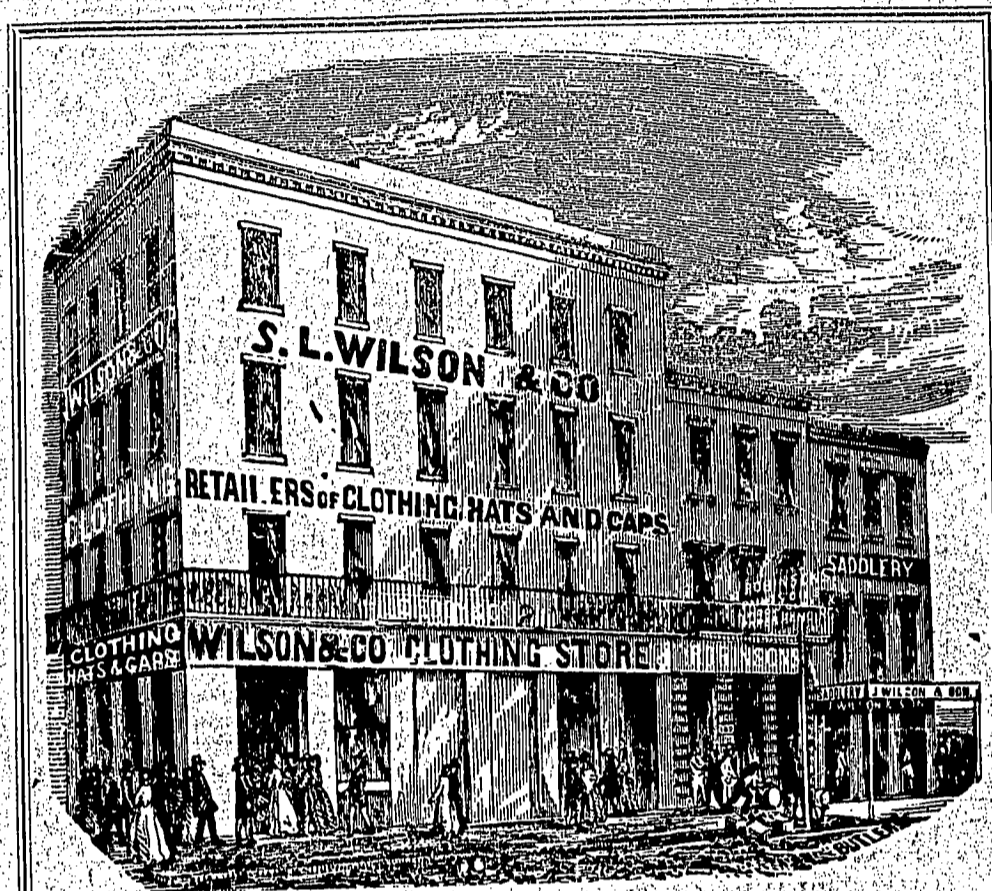
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