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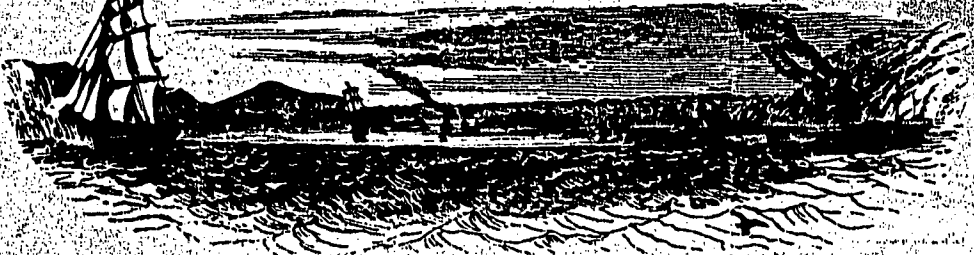
CALIFORNIA

MAGAZINE

5533



No. 26...AUG., 1858.



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CALIFORNIA

Vol. II



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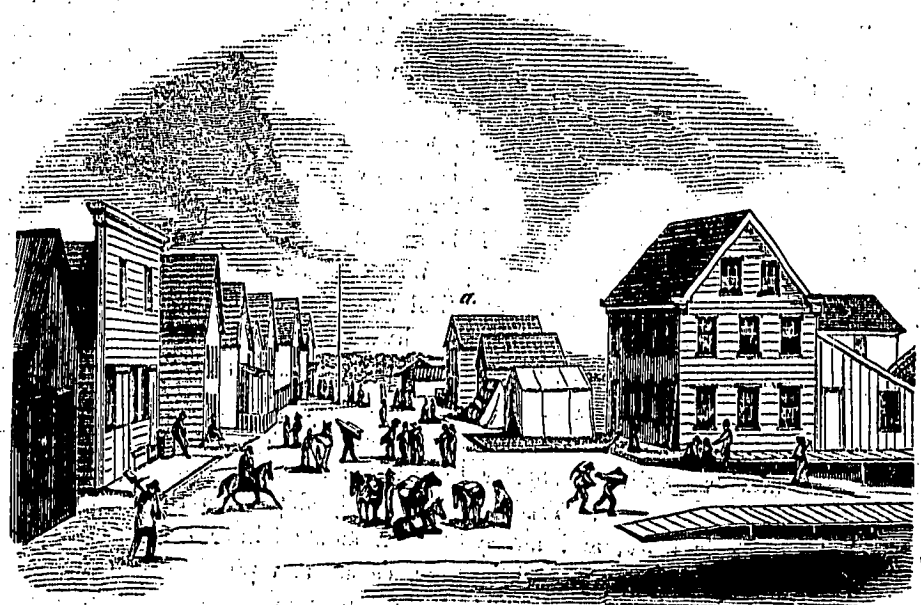
A SPECTACULAR PRESENT FOR THE FRIENDS AT HOME

HUTCHINGS'

CALIFORNIA MAGAZINE.

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

SKETCHES FROM THE NORTH.



PORT TOWNSEND.

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

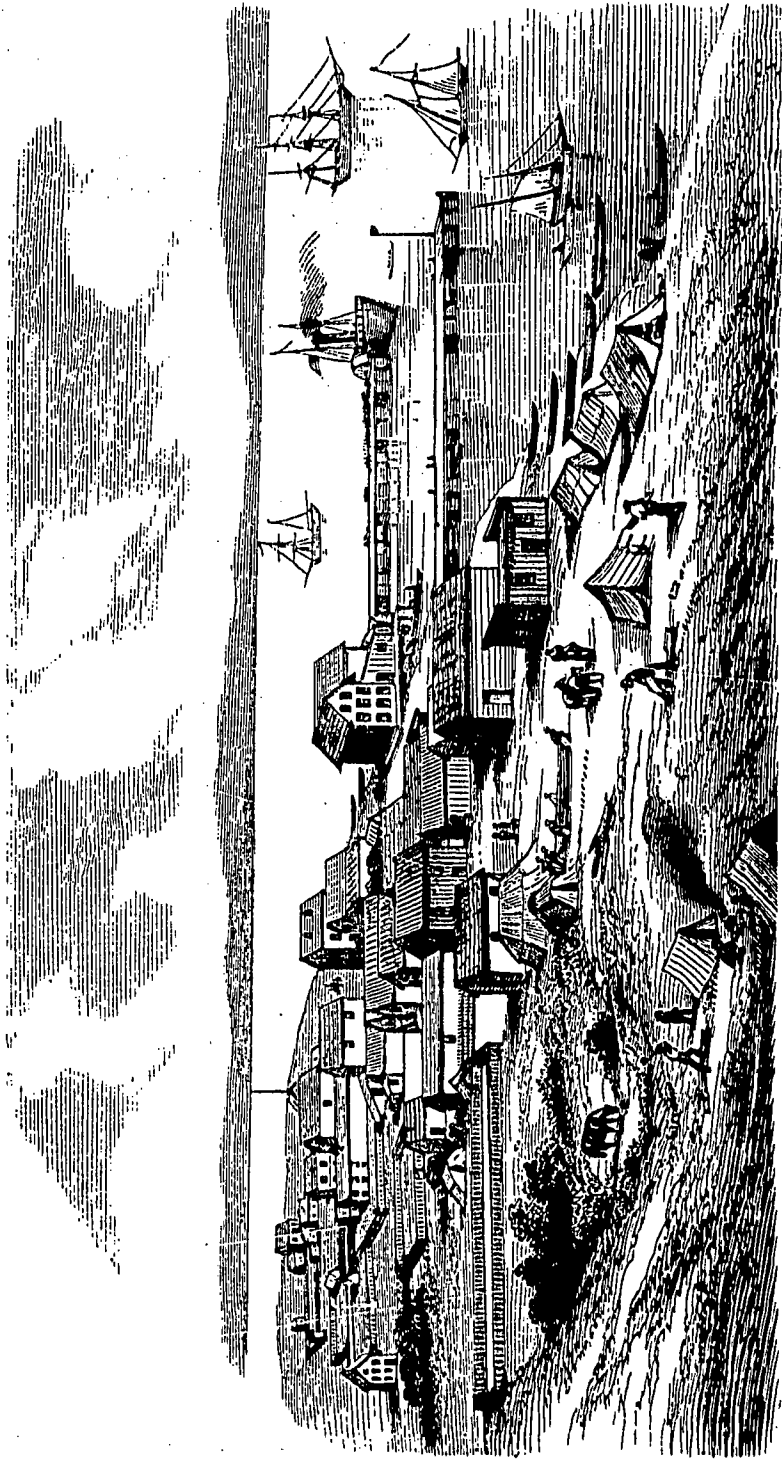
and brought into prominent notice. Many of these towns, which but a few months since existed only on the maps, are now thriving business points; while the property which awhile back could have been had for a "song," is held at astonishing high rates. What the ultimate effect of all this will be, we are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

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

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

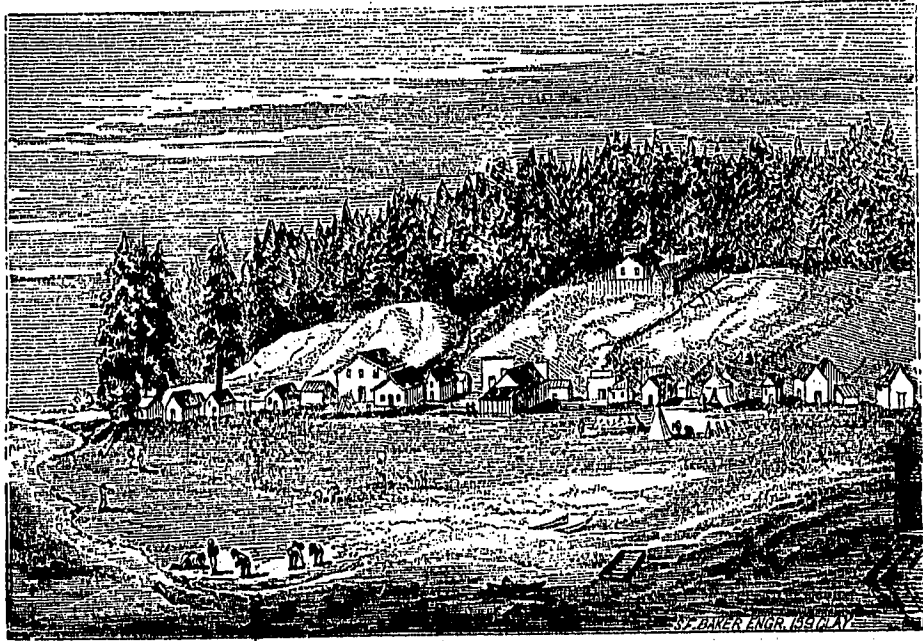
Leaving Port Townsend for Bellingham Bay, we fall in with the flourishing town of Whatcom, of which we present a correct view. This place has a population of upwards of three thousand, and among the enterprises engaged in may be mentioned a well conducted newspaper. This journal has described Whatcom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

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



PORT TOWNSEND, FROM THE HARBOR.

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CITY OF WHATCOM, BELLINGHAM BAY.

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

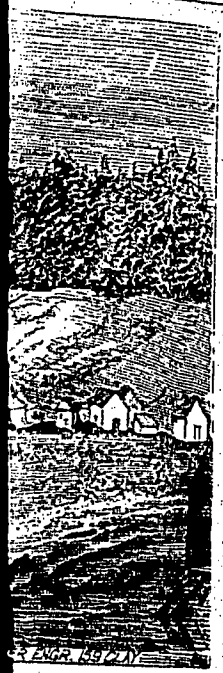
not believe ever will be navigable through the rapids at a low stage of water,) whereas it is eighty miles from Victoria to the mouth, with a very rough channel to go through, requiring a staunch sea-boat for permanent navigation, and a shipment at the mouth, or Fort Langley, on a boat that can, if it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

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



VIEW OF MOUNT BAKER.

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



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JOURNEY FROM ACAPULCO TO THE CAPITAL OF MEXICO, BY WAY OF TASCO, SUMMER 1840.

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

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

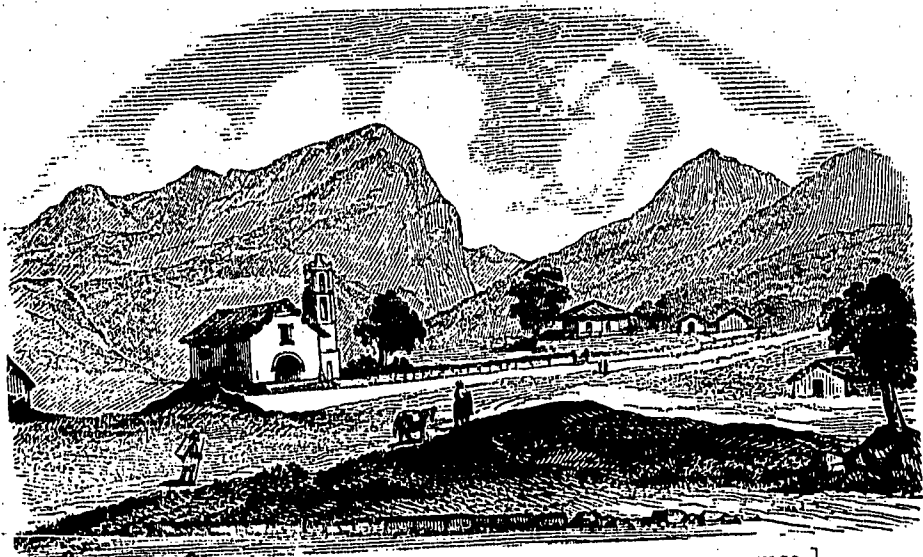
ply repaid by the beautifully bright appearance of everything around us, when the sun came out and lighted up the rich green foliage of the exuberant tropical vegetation, which everywhere, except on the banks of the streams, lies dormant one half of the year, through drought.

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



CANADA DEL ZOPILOTE, NEAR ZUMPANGO.

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

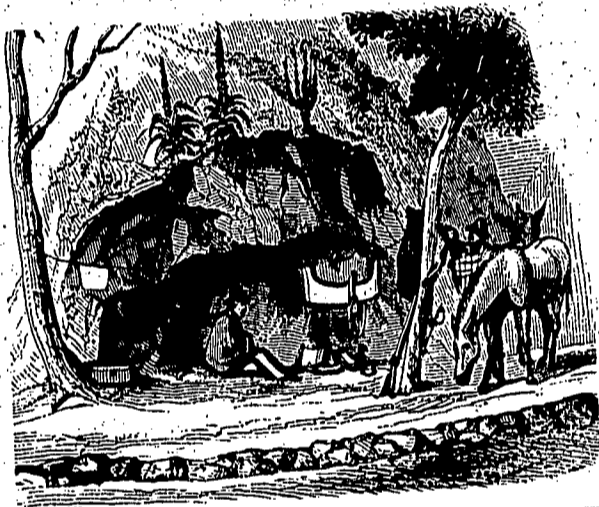
There are splendid water works in the whole extent of the valley of Tasco, real master-pieces of solid masonry, (aqueducts on archways and pillars) proving how great must have been the importance of the mines when in full development. The epoch of greatest splendor was from 1760 to 1800, when, by some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

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

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



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

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

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

[Concluded in our next.]

INCIDENTS IN CALIFORNIA LIFE.

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

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

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

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

few moments elapsed, during which they cursed the trail and California in general, saying that the latter "was the roughest critter they had ever tackled," and they gave the order for the mules to start. "Hipa, hipa, mula," echoed both voices, and as the word was given off they started; when, oh, fate! at the very start something gave way, and the cargo of Spikings' mule on the "leeward side" moved, and there was a general bang and clatter of dry goods and groceries as "they burst their cements" and tumbled rather suddenly down the mountain. Spikings swore—his friend laughed and wore a sober face alternately. Spikings made a jump—a fearful leap, considering the place—shouting as he went, in his flying career, "Oh! G——, there goes all our whiskey;" at the same time making a fruitless effort to grasp the traveling domijohn. "D——n the whiskey and you too," exclaimed his friend, "my arms are almost pulled off holding this all-fired big box; come quick—I can't hold on much longer. For God's sake let the whiskey go, for this is going to;" and go it did, jump after jump, down, down, in the direction of poor Spikings, who, beginning to feel alarmed, made a desperate spring, hoping thereby to dodge "the moving dry goods shop," as he stated it to be. The frightful looking object made an almost incredible leap, going directly over his head, and striking a large and shabby rock dashed itself into fragments, scattering shirts, drawers, pants, boots, and sundry *etceteras*, in rather promiscuous profusion, or "confusion," to quote Spikings' words. Poor Spikings, tired and frightened so much as to make each particular hair stand on end, like quills upon the fretful porcupine, crept down the mountain side for about a mile, picking up things as he went along. The majority of the load, however, had reached the bottom, some of it never to be recovered, at least not by the loser, as they

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

THE SLEEPERS BY THE RIVERS.

BY G. T. SPROAT.

They are sleeping by the rivers,
 And where the streamlets flow,
 And where, by mossy fountains,
 Purple violets grow.
 They are sleeping, sweetly sleeping,
 Where the flowery valleys lay,
 And where the dancing rivulets
 Go singing on their way.
 They are sleeping by the rivers,
 Beneath the tall old trees;
 And summer winds are sighing
 Their requiem in the breeze;
 And forest birds are chanting
 Above the early dead,
 And holy stars are watching
 In silence o'er their head.

They are sleeping by the rivers,
 And hearts are aching now,
 For the loved, gone down in silence,
 For the high and manly brow;
 For the strong and generous-hearted,
 Who have sadly passed away;
 For the lovely and the beautiful,
 Gone to their homes of clay.
 They are sleeping by the rivers—
 Ye may not break their rest;
 Summer may bring her roses,
 And strew them on their breast.
 And Winter, old and hoary,
 His crown of snows may wear—
 They are sleeping by the rivers—
 Ye cannot wake them there!

FARTHER FROM HOME.

BY "SISTER MAY."

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

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

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

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

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

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

THE GIPSY GIRL OF MADRID.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Yes, I have," said the gallant, and

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

† The ancients called the Straits of Gibraltar the *No plus ultra*, the farthest point to the West worthy of attention; but Charles the Fifth, proud of the discovery of the New World by Spanish enterprise, had struck upon the Spanish coin two pillars, representing the opposing rocks of the Straits—the pillars of Hercules—with a winding motto of *Plus Ultra*, "Still farther."

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

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

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

"I swear it, though it cost my life," answered he.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Preciosa feeling it, found that there was

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

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

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

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

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

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

diers. It is but the second the public."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

heard the such manner said: "What you look as

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

or, to speak that no one his proper honor do the ambitious slumbers. tion, neither solicit favor our sumptings; for escapes, no deep gorge outstretch which she We are sleep under all times day; we of the star her com

Praise give her hurt her comfortable, your foot her you don't open wide years; that, and men to praise, But so brother monotonous upon sun, a thing at home work, efforts that things the ne

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

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

[Concluded in our next.]

PRAISE YOUR WIFE.

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

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

L I N E S,

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

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

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

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

And there's another, dear
My desert heart to thee
The kindred which they
Whose image ever fills
When last I left you fast
And gazing, stood, as
Her hand was fondly laid
Both said "Adieu, my
And thoughts of her be
That they are not no
To be companions of my
As o'er the broad At
I bend my course to thee
To which our hearts
Where kindred, their
To her, whom my
For, far away, where
Is now just sinking
Beyond yon pathless
My heart's deep feel
"Star of my life!" w
And rugged peaks
And, dark,erras, ca
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But half an eventful
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Then, wildly pacing
My lone heart felt
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And there's another, dearer link,
My desert heart to them doth bind;
The kindred which they own to one,
Whose image ever fills my mind.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Yes! they may flatter thee, but thou must
feel

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

The bitter harvest in a woe as real!
I have had many foes, but none like thee,
For 'gainst the rest myself I could defend,

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

Oft hidden facts in such "affairs"
 Arouse so keen a sense of wrong,
 That tender hearts, which pin'd for love,
 Become in their own injuries strong.
 Some ties too, hold such fearful issues,
 That breach of them is deem'd to be
 So vile, it can but be express'd
 By emphasizing INFAMY.

For on their faith confiding love
 It's *all* for happiness has placed:
 A life's hopes on that altar laid,
 By acts which *ne'er can be retraced*.
 Unregister'd those vows may be,
 Elsewhere but in each conscious breast,
 Which adds a damning meanness, by
 Inflicting what *can't be redress'd*.

Such treason of the heart doth ever
 Most fatal to the traitor prove,
 Whether to friendship's claims 'tis false,
 Or the more sacred ties of love.
 Despair before, regret behind,
 The present, reckless mirth or gloom,
 Life, but one long enduring curse,
 As outraged love inflicts its doom.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Thou, great eternal Being! in whose hand
Our destinies are held; whose eye omniscient sees
Each consequence remote;—at whose command
Light out of darkness shines upon life's mysteries;
Who comprehendeth all my heart-wrung feelings,
Which fail in speech to express their sad revealings,

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

Whose glowing radiance illuminates Thy courts
above.

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

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

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

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

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

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

The peace and harmony of heaven begun below.

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

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

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

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

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

This maid of beauty
in a crystal cave upon
the ocean, where the
came to play with
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Diana, the shepher
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SOLITUDE.

BY ALICE.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

A BOON I WOULD NOT GAIN.

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

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

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

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

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

I THINK OF THEE.

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

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

THE LAW OF LOVE.

BY LUNA.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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Our Social Chair.

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

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

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

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

The witness nodded in the affirmative. "Did you observe the progress of the game with any interest?"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Why Lem he lifted him a cool fifty."

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Now, if your Honor pleases," said he, "I would ask one question. How comes it that the defendant got that money, if he only had a pair of duces against my client's sixes?"

"Yes," chimed in several members of the jury, "how *could* that happen?"

"Bill did have juices fust—I'll swear to that," resumed the witness, "but somehow when it come to the last, he was stronger."

The lawyers, thinking he was about to continue the story to an endless length, requested him to be brief. Taking a fresh "chaw," Steve said:

"The way of it was this. When I kivered the pile, Bill called Lem. Says he, 'Lem, what have you to say fur yourself?' 'I have three of 'em,' says Lem., reaching out his arm. 'Three *what?*' says Bill. 'Nice little spots, all in the middle of the keerd,' says Lem., laying his fist on the money. 'Show 'em,' says Bill. 'Thar they be,' says Lem. 'That's clever,' says Bill, 'but they can't win this pop.' 'How so?' says Lem. puttin' his hand on his revolver. 'Cause here's *four of the same sort,*' says Bill, puttin' one hand on the money and tother on his revolver.' All I know is, Bill got the pot before he was arrested."

The lawyer for the plaintiff intended to have made a good case in relation to the manner in which defendant's hand became strengthened from a little pair of "juices" to four aces; but to do so, he would probably have been called on to explain how Lem. got his *three* "spots."

The Judge saw through the case at once. He charged the jury that if they thought there was anything wrong in a man scratching his foot during a game of poker, they could so find; but if they thought such a movement was on the square, they would also be likely to pass over the act of fumbling with shirt sleeves, committed by plaintiff.

The "charge" was followed by loud demonstrations of approval, such as yelling, throwing up hats, etc.

The jury, after being out three minutes, brought in a verdict to the effect that it was a "draw game," and the Judge thereupon dismissed the case.

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fter being out thro' minutes, verdict to the effect that it game," and the Judge there- ed the case.

Among the few good things which we have in store, is a promise to treat ourself to a ride to Fort Point, during the approaching summer season. The beautiful moonlight evenings will soon be upon us, and *then* we shall be off for the promised pleasure. Old Ocean by moonlight for us! Why, the very thought is glorious. While we, however, have been thinking of the beauty and grandeur of the scene which will meet our eyes on reaching the "Point," friend FITZGERALD, of that excellent paper, *The Pacific Methodist*, has been out there "taking notes." In his issue of July 16, he makes his visit the subject of quite an interesting article. We have thought proper to preserve, in the third volume of our Magazine, the following eloquent extract:

"What an appearance of majestic power these heavy breakers have, when the sea sinks back silently from the beach until, meeting an advancing wave, the waters join forces, and lifting themselves up, they come with a rush, a roar, and a rockless dash upon the rocks, and are shivered into foam! We stood, and gazed, and listened to the deep, sullen roar of the Ocean, thrilling the soul with a mysterious awe, suggesting its dread tragedies and terrible secrets. In that roar we hear the shrieks of drowning men and women; the pitiful moanings of starving ones drifting upon the wild waters after shipwreck; the hoarse shouts of excited mariners battling with the tempest; the booming of artillery and the clashing of sabres on hostile decks. As we listen and muse, the voice of Ocean brings the tones of dear ones that sleep beyond its floods, and of noble spirits buried in its depths. It speaks of the happy and mournful past, and looking far, far out upon the waters until the vision is lost in distance, it speaks of the Infinite Future, of that ETERNITY upon whose solemn shores we are even now walking. The city, the busy world seem far off; its restless tides of human hope and passion flow on, but are forgotten for the moment, and the soul

holds intimate, holy communion with Nature and with God."

It is not at all strange that the author of the above should have been selected by the recent General Conference of the M. E. Church, South, as editor of *The Pacific Methodist* for the term of four years. The man who can write like neighbor FITZGERALD, should never be removed from the editorial room.

When McDONALD of the *Trinity Journal* throws out a suggestion in literary matters, it is apt to be a good one. Here is his last:

"Northeast of Downieville, about thirty miles, there is a beautiful valley, named Sierra. It is a miniature of Great Salt Lake, and contains a thriving settlement. The basin, nearly circular, has evidently been the bottom of a lake, which some natural convulsion has drained. The valley is the most beautiful that we saw in crossing from the Atlantic. A lady of considerable literary capacity resides there—'Alice,' of Hutchings' Magazine—and the wonder is that she has not made the grand and beautiful surroundings of her home subjects for her facile pen."

We are happy to inform our Weaver-ville friend that "Alice" will give the subject in question her earliest attention. Meantime, while our scissors are operating, we take some beautifully expressed thoughts from the *Journal*. It is after drinking in such soul-inspiring sentiments as these that we feel so deeply impressed with the great truth of a higher and more glorious destiny than that of Earth. The very words fall upon our ear like a song from Heaven:

"It was very dark when Lily quit the world. The stars, in a glorious, silent train, were moving towards the west, but infinite distance had shorn off their beams, until to mortals looking upwards, they seemed like distant watchfire on heights to which pilgrim souls have been journeying since the first morning herald proclaimed

the existence of Creation. But dark as the night was, there came a knock at the door, and a little soul, just born of clay, stood forth and said: 'Here am I, thou callest me?' We know not how it may be with others, but with us an infant conception of Heaven still lingers. The place of sanctuary is upward, upward, an eternity of miles beyond the dimmest star that peeps, at intervals, from the ethereal shrouds of the Invisible. Despite the multiplied pages of philosophy, the sarcasms and syllogisms of infidels, that childish theology still lingers with us, and in moments of danger or despair we have looked upward, as the drowning swimmer grasps at some intangible, immaterial safety, in the upper air. Through that immeasurable space, up that viewless trail, untracked by mortal feet, Lily made her pilgrimage in the night. Beyond and upward, measureless leagues, but within the strengthening vision of a new-born soul, Lily beheld her little playmate, Mary, sitting by the way to rest. She had heard that her friend was coming and had gone out to meet her, and desiring the flash of white wings away down close to the silent night of time, she had stopped to tune her harp and plume her wings for a lighter and swifter flight back to Heaven. Then the Everlasting gates were lifted up, and the two little pilgrims were heralded by St. Peter, "Of such is the kingdom of Heaven!" Who will describe the vision range of a new-created angel? What imagination will follow her along the resplendent paths that lead forever beyond the throne of the Eternal? What eye of faith will pursue her infant soul, unstained by actual sin, as she goes out to explore the limitless fields made luminous by the sheen of golden crowns, and vocal with the hymns of children who worship at the judgment seat of Christ? Beautiful and glorious is the Christian's conception of Heaven. Let not Reason or Philosophy seek to destroy the fabric of his hopes. Let the first picturing of infant imagination linger with him until he goes down to the bottomless, shoreless stream, whose silent waves have

eat away the little island which stood in the river of Time."

The charming little poem below is the production of a young gentleman of San Francisco, who has in many other instances given evidence of the poetic fire burning in his soul. Though his occupation—(that of a compositor on a daily morning newspaper)—is not calculated to arouse those tender passions which we imagine to belong to poets, our young friend pours forth his thoughts smoothly, and with the grace and beauty of one who courted the Muses "amid showers of heavenly blessings."

LOST TO SOCIETY—LOST.

BY JAS. B. McQUILLAN.

Touch not the fallen one—drive her away,
Guilty and soulless, but beautiful clay;
Though her heart's bleeding, hear not her pleading
At any cost; [her
Forget what is good of her—speak, if you would, of
As lost—to society lost.

So sad and dejected, the poor broken-hearted—
Love, honor, and all, save life, have departed;
None proffer relief to heal her heart's grief—
Oh! fearful the cost;
No one befriends her, fashion condemns her
As lost—to society lost.

Heed not her sighs, her entreaties or tears—
Spurn her as one for whom nobody cares;
Lost and degraded, to memory she's faded—
Trifling the cost; [her,
Forget you e'er blessed her, e'er kissed and caressed
She's lost—to society lost.

Oh, pity her not—she has fallen from place;
Applaud her betrayer—receive him with grace;
Smile on her deceiver, but do not relieve her
At any cost;
For that is propriety in Christian society,
When lost—to society lost.

Innocent, loving—betrayed and forsaken—
Guilty and fallen—by vice overtaken;
Let society blame her—try not to reclaim her
At any cost;
Forget all her beauty—do society's duty—
She is lost—to society lost.

Oh, merciless Fashion, why do you nurture
Hypocrisy's laws and assassinate virtue?
Bow to the false text, oh, immaculate sex,
At any cost; [done—
Frown on the fallen one, then your proud duty's
She is lost—to society lost.

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EDITOR HUTCHINGS!
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 e text, oh, immaculate se,
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 fallen one, then your proud duty's
 s lost—to society lost.

It affords us pleasure to comply with the request contained in the subjoined note:

Marysville, July 22, 1858.

EDITOR HUTCHINGS' MAGAZINE—DEAR SIR: In looking over a file of old newspapers, the other day, I found the enclosed piece concerning "Old Hundred." Will you be so kind as to reprint it in your pages. By so doing you will oblige

MANY SUBSCRIBERS.

"OLD HUNDRED."

If it be true that Luther composed that tune, and if the worship of mortals is carried on the wings of angels to heaven, how often has he heard the declaration, "They are singing Old Hundred now." The solemn strain carries us back to the times of the reformers—Luther and his devoted band. He, doubtless, was the first to strike the grand old chords in the public sanctuary of his own Germany. From his stenorian lungs they rolled, vibrating not through vaulted cathedral roof, but along a grander arch, the eternal heavens. He wrought into each note his own sublime faith, and stamped it with that faith's immortality. Hence it cannot die. Neither men nor angels will let it pass into oblivion. Can you find a tomb in the land where sealed lips lay that have not sung that tune? If they were gray old men, they had heard or sung "Old Hundred." If they were babes, they smiled as their mother rocked them to sleep, singing "Old Hundred." Sinner and saint have joined with endless congregations where it has, with and without the pealing organ, sounded on the sacred air. The dear little children, looking with wondering eyes on this strange world, have lisped it. The sweet young girl, whose tombstone told of sixteen summers—she whose pure, innocent face haunted you with its mild beauty—loved "Old Hundred;" and as she sang it, closed her eyes and seemed communing with the angels who were soon to claim her. He whose manhood was devoted to the service of God, and he who with the white hand placed over his laboring breast, loved "Old Hundred." And though sometimes his lips

only move, away down in his heart, so soon to cease its throbs, the holy melody was sounding. The dear white headed father, with his tremulous voice, how he loved "Old Hundred!" Do you see him now, sitting in the venerable arm chair, his hands crossed over the top of his cane, his silvery locks floating off from his hollow temples, and a tear stealing down his furrowed cheeks, that thin, quivering, faltering sound, now bursting forth, now listened for almost in vain? If you do not, we do; and from such lips, hallowed by fourscore years service in the master's cause, "Old Hundred" sounds indeed a sacred melody. You may fill your choirs with Sabbath prima donnas, whose daring notes emulate the steeple and cost almost as much, but give us the spirit-stirring tones of the Lutheran hymn, sung by old and young together. Martyrs have hallowed it; it has gone up from the beds of the saints. The old churches, where generation after generation has worshipped and where many scores of the dear dead have been carried, and laid before the altar, where they gave themselves to God, seem to breathe of "Old Hundred" from vestibule to tower top—the air is haunted with its spirit. Think a moment of the assembled company who have at different times and in different places joined in the familiar tune! Throng upon throng—the strong, the timid, the gentle, the brave, the beautiful, their rapt faces all beaming with the inspiration of the heavenly sounds. "Old Hundred!" king of the sacred band of "ancient airs!" Never shall our ears grow weary of hearing, or our tongues of singing thee! And when we get to heaven, who knows but what the first triumphal strain that welcomes us, may be—
 "Be thou, O God! exalted high!"

A "RETURNED CALIFORNIAN," who has been rusticated for several months in the Atlantic States, sends us the following amusing incident: "Last month, as we were traveling westward on the New York and Erie railroad, at a place called Owego, my friend Bob S. and I, not

promptly heeding the conductor's deep-toned summons, "all aboard," failed to get in the cars till the train was in motion. Finding our seat in the possession of an old lady, we dropped into one immediately in front of, and facing her. The lady, though so far down life's journey as to have lost her teeth, which affected her speech, it soon appeared had never been on board the cars before that moment. She was giving considerable attention to our movements, when, by some neglect of the switch-tender, the train, now pretty well under way, ran on the wrong track and came thump up against some standing dirt cars. The concussion was tremendous and the stopping of our train so sudden, that the old lady was precipitated headlong at our feet. No one was seriously hurt, but Bob was, and is yet when he thinks of it, amused at the innocence of the old lady, who as she was being picked up, with much sincerity asked: "*Gentlemen, do the cars always stop so suddenly as this?*" Though assured by both Bob and myself that they did not, she manifested her incredulity by holding firmly on to the seat with both hands, till we had passed two or three stations.

We heard a good thing the other day of a little four-year-old. The aunt of the flaxen-haired niece was confined to her bed with a sick headache, exhibiting signs of great suffering from this malady. The 'little 'un,' who had been romping about the room, creating considerable "noise and confusion," walked to the bedside and taking the hand of the old lady, tenderly asked—

"Aunty Jane, do you want anything?"

"No, Jonny," was the reply, "only a little peace and quietude."

"Oh, if that's all," responded little pertness, "you'll soon have it, for I was down in the kitchen just now and seen mother a puttin' it in the pot!"

The old lady is getting well.

Though we never enjoyed a very flattering opinion of the taste or ability of the individual employed to furnish matter for this department of the Magazine, he yet appears to know a really good thing, when he sees it. He knows too much to permit a happy allusion to the editorial fraternity to pass unscissored. Here is a case in point:

"The realm of the Press is enchanted ground. Sometimes the editor has the happiness of knowing that he defended the right, exposed the wrong, protected the weak; that he has given utterance to a sentiment that has cheered somebody's solitary hour; made somebody happier, kindled a smile upon a sad face, or a hope in a heavy heart. He may meet with that sentiment months, years after; it may have lost all traces of its paternity, but he feels an affection for it. He reads it as for the first time, and wonders indeed if he wrote it, for he has changed since then. Perhaps he could not give utterance to that sentiment now; perhaps he would not if he could. It seems like the voice of his former self calling to his present, and there is something mournful in its tone. He begins to think, to remember; remember when he wrote it, and why; who were his readers then; and how much he has changed. So he muses till he finds himself wondering if that thought of his will continue to float after he is dead, and whether he is really looking after something that shall survive him. And then comes the sweet consciousness that there is nothing in the sentiment he could wish had been unwritten; that it is the better part of him; a shred from the garment of the immortality he shall leave behind him, when he joins the innumerable caravan, and takes his place in the silent hall of death."

Who the good friend is who thus illumines our sanctum, we cannot say—and this is cause of regret. But whoever and wherever he is, he can number us among his warmest admirers. Since we fell in with his consoling words, we have experienced an increased appetite. Of course we sleep better.

Our friend Sproat
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THE MINER'S D

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Our friend SPROAT, to whom our readers are indebted for many pleasant offerings, sends us the following. The picture he draws is to the very life, and will revive a host of heart-gladdening recollections:

THE MINER'S DREAM OF HOME.

He sits where the evening fire
Flickers with fitful blaze;
And near him his comrades tell their tales,
With mirthful jests and lays;
He hears them not—away,
His thoughts, like wild birds, roam;
Away, o'er mountains and stormy seas,
To the blessed ones at home.

There's an old house by the brook,
With woodbine covered o'er;
With its towering elms; and garden walks,
And mossy seats at the door.
There are voices in the porch—
Ringtlets and golden hair;
And light feet tripping, and faces bright
With gleams of sunshine there.

There's an aged form, all bowed
With the weight of sorrowing years;
And a meek, mild eye, and a placid brow,
Seen through a mist of tears.
There's another—looking out
Through the still, solemn night—
What seeks it there, through the deepening
gloom,
That face—so thin and white?

He wakes—it is a dream—
A dream of the shadowy Past!
Would that it had never come,
Or could forever last!
Calling the dead Past up—
Where thoughts, like spectres, roam;
Filling the heart's deep chambers with
The memories of home.

A FRIEND and well-wisher up in Shasta sends us an ingeniously constructed poem, entitled "40 Miners." It runs through some ten or twelve verses, but the following, according to our way of thinking, contains the concentrated "sweet" of the whole effort. We present it with

the most grateful remembrance of the author:

"We have roamed o'er valley and mountain,
And the wonders of California we have seen,
And we have been cheered on by the pure flowing
fountain
of Hutchings' California Magazine."
Pure flowing fountain of Hutchings'
California Magazine is good.

We are willing to suffer any penalty—
no matter how severe—that may follow
the telling of this story:—

A weak, emancipated specimen of humanity was accosted by a friend on Montgomery street, the other night, with—
"Hello, Sam! still sick, eh? I'm sorry to see you looking so bad."

"Yes, murmured Sam, in a voice that could scarcely be heard. "I'm nearly gone in."

Here the sick man threw himself on a door step, and groaned. His friend, becoming alarmed, took him by the arm and endeavored to raise him to his feet.

"See here, old fellow; this wont do! you don't intend to die here in the street?"
Sam mustered energy enough to speak, but it was with quite an effort.

"I feel like I was ready to go, said he, and I wish it was over."

"But to die here in the street is awful to think of," answered Sam's friend. "Tomorrow I could put you in a way to die easily, and comfortably, and by degrees, that is, if you are determined to die."

A smile of satisfaction lit up Sam's features.

"I want to die easy," said he, "but sure. What is your plan?"

"Why," replied his friend, with an air of seriousness, there are two modes, both slow and pleasant deaths, but very sure. I never know them to fail."

"What is it?" asked the sick man whose suspense was painful.

"Well," continued the other, "you can either start a newspaper or turn actor!"

This produced a re-action, and springing to his feet, Sam walked off a well man.

Editor's Table.

"THE CALIFORNIA AND NEW YORK STEAMSHIP COMPANY" was organized in San Francisco about one year ago, with Capt. R. M. Roberts as President, and more recently revived under the Presidency of Joseph P. Hoge, Esq. The objects of the company are eminently popular, and if carried on to successful results, will confer great benefits upon the State of California. This Company was organized for the purpose of building mammoth steamers, capable of making the voyage from New York to San Francisco in much less time than is now occupied, and with accommodations for three thousand passengers. They are also intended to carry one thousand tons of freight. The boats are to be constructed according to plans invented by Capt. Henry Randall, and are to be four hundred and twenty-five feet in length, with fifty-four feet beam; and, for greater security, are to be strengthened with iron diagonal braces and iron bulkheads, dividing the ship into four water-tight compartments, thereby securing it against the possibility of accident. Each of the steamers will be propelled by two engines, with two sets of wheels, each of which will drive them as snugly and with as much speed as any of the ships of the Pacific Mail Company. The price of passage in these ships is fixed at \$150 for the first cabin, and \$50 for the second, and can never, under the act of incorporation, exceed that amount. The great feature of the scheme is in the fact that the holder of three shares of stock is entitled, once a year, to a passage in the first cabin to or from New York; and the holder of one share, in like manner in the second cabin; or they may, if so disposed, sell their passage tickets. The right of passage does not interfere with the right of the stockholder to a share of the profits. If this line is placed in successful operation it will prove destructive to that heartless monopoly, the

Pacific Mail Steamship Company, and in addition thereto will furnish a perfectly safe conveyance—something which is very much needed just now. There is no doubt that the steamers of the "California and New York Company" will be placed on the route. A friend who is in constant correspondence with a gentleman now in the city of New York, largely interested in the enterprise, informs us that a contract has been closed for the building and equipment of one of these ships, and that in the meantime efforts are being made to place vessels temporarily on the route until the regular steamers intended for the line are built and equipped. This is glorious news for our long-abused State. The people of California are under many obligations to Capt. Randall for his energy and perseverance in forwarding this enterprise, and we take occasion to say, without reservation, that the line will be established beyond all doubt. We believe the steamers Washington and Herman have been purchased for temporary use by this company. Our advices lead to this conclusion, as some time before the sale, we were informed that such would be the fact, and that every arrangement had been consummated to bring about the result. We congratulate the people of California upon the speedy prospect of relief from the exactions of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company.

We are a great people—that's a fact. Who but a live American would have dared to shout on British ground, "D—n the Queen—hurrah for old Buck!" There is no question but the American people—men, women and children—are a nation of Filibusters. Show one of the universal Yankee fraternity where the almighty dollar is planted, and he's after it hot foot, no matter if he has to dig clams and scalp Indians in the chase. He is bound to have it. Jon-

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athan is no respecter of persons, and would just as soon kiss a Queen as to "kill a King and marry his widow," as the man in the play says. On a recent festive occasion at Victoria, "up North," some legal Britisher cheered Her Majesty. "D—n the Queen," sung out a representative of Pike, "Hurrah for Old Buck!" Our enthusiastic friend, who was a Phifty-four-Phorty-or-Phight man, was arrested and fined a small sum, which he cheerfully paid, made an apology to the prolific ruler of the British realm, through her agent, and asked all hands to join him in a glass.

Our readers will look in vain, in this issue, for an article on the Frazer river mystery. We have had something to say on the point, but before proceeding further we ask time for reflection. We will not say that we have been "sold"—oh, no; not for the world. *That* would be too startling an admission. In the June and July numbers of our work, we put forth what we fancied at the time to be some very learned opinions on the subject; but we are very much afraid, if that famous river up north doesn't soon fall, our views will go down to posterity only as so much *ganmon*. This is a painful thought, but it must be printed. If we remember rightly, we gave it as our opinion—that's all—that gold existed in great abundance in the region of country to which our people were rushing; but, in the name of all the streams that ever flowed, how is the fact to be definitely known, if the rivers up north persist in their obstinate refusal to fall? As the poet touchingly observes,

"Here's the point on which we stick."

Well, our course is as plain as the water in a quart of "pure milk." We shall drop the exciting subject. The newspapers may continue to load their columns with "news from Frazer," but we'll no more of it. The pretty stories from the North have lost their romance. We have done with them. The California mines forever!

Editors, like other mortals, have their disappointments. They cannot always do as they would wish—and more's the pity. The very entertaining and instructive article, describing a journey from Acapulco to the city of Mexico, is "continued" much against our desire. It is not a very lengthy article, and we had intended to give it entire in one issue; but owing to the urgent request of many of our readers in various parts of the State to present our engravings of scenes in the North, we were compelled to crowd out some of the matter prepared for the first "form," (or sixteen pages,) of the Magazine. The remainder of Mr. EDWARD VISCHER'S pleasant narrative—to which gentleman we beg leave in this connection to tender our thanks—will appear in the September number, accompanied by several spirited engravings.

A FEW of the better looking editors in our State appear determined to get up an Editorial Convention. We do not allude to the matter for the purpose of raising an objection. We are rather inclined to favor the movement. Other fraternities have their conventions and "happy times," and we see no reason why editors—poor, modest, self-sacrificing, unappreciated souls—should not occasionally meet together around the jovial board, and take a good long whiff at the pipe of peace. Joy would attend the meeting. But apart from the pleasure of the hour, such a convocation, in our humble opinion, would be productive of great and lasting benefit to the profession. Editors should be better acquainted with each other. A personal recognition—a friendly meeting—a warm grasp of the hand—a sunny smile—would wear off from editor's pens the rough, harsh edge which has so long grated upon the public ear. We vote for the convention.

THE arrival of the overland mail, in less than one month's time, from St. Joseph, Missouri, to Placerville, has been hailed with demonstrations of joy all over the State. This act alone covers a multitude

of the sins of the present administration— if it have any sins to cover. Our people certainly have great cause of rejoicing, for the new mail route is bound to be of incalculable benefit to the State. We look upon the establishment of the line of stages from St. Joseph to Placerville, as the pioneer of the Pacific Railroad, which is to be the salvation of California, if not of the Union. It is expected that the next trip will be accomplished in twenty-five days.

We are going to the Fair to be held at Marysville during the present month. Judging from the extensive preparations being made, it will be the finest exhibition of the kind ever witnessed in the State. At one time it was thought that the alarming exodus of so many of our people for the Frazer river country, and the consequent unsettled condition of the public mind, would have an injurious effect upon the Fair; but we have seen enough recently to dispel all such apprehensions. We are prepared to say, in advance, that the enterprise will prove an honor to the State, reflect the highest credit upon the citizens of Marysville, and be pronounced by visitors the most agreeable entertainment ever presented to them. We know something of the Marysville people, and are sure we are not far from the mark when we write them down a noble, big hearted, intelligent community. The only contest among them will be as to who can be the most active in providing for the pleasure and comfort of strangers. The arrangements for the Fair are being conducted under the personal supervision of such men as JOHN C. FALL, GEO. H. BEACH, GEN. JAMES ALLEN, JOHN R. RINGE, and other equally competent heads—which alone is a sure guarantee that the result of the undertaking will be what could be desired by the most extravagant well-wisher.

How very amiable some people become just about election time. We can tell a candidate by his "smile." We can tell him by his elastic step. The grasp of his hand

is different from that of ordinary people. It is heartier, and more vigorous. He squeezes your paw with an affection fairly bordering on brotherly love. One of these good-natured creatures button-holed us the other day and almost "died to see us," but when we informed him that our publication appeared monthly, and could not, under any circumstances, dip into politics, a cold chill came on and he left us abruptly to fill an appointment with a friend on the opposite side of the street. A wise man has said that we could not get along without politicians. We will not discuss this point. All we have to say is, that if the interests of our State are not well cared for during the next year or two, it will not be owing to any lack of disposition on *their* part, to act as "public servants." Indeed, it is really astonishing to see the anxiety manifested to serve us. There are those who appear willing to fill any position, from Supreme Court Judge to constable. Happy country!

We begin to see day-light. A new and brighter day is dawning upon our State. We have mentioned elsewhere the arrival of the overland mail from St. Joseph, Missouri, to Placerville, California. Since our paragraph on the subject was written, other important "items" in connection therewith have reached us. We see it announced that upwards of one thousand letters went to the Atlantic side on the return trip over this route. A large number of passengers were also accommodated. The road is said to be well stocked all the way through, and those who came over on the first trip—which, by the way, was performed in excellent time—have no complaints to make. On the contrary, they are loud in their praises of the style in which the journey was accomplished. We have conversed with many who intend going East, shortly, by the new route, which we will not be surprised to find the most popular in the State before the lapse of a year. Apart from the pleasure to be derived from the overland journey, the expense is said to be less.

Mr. Fitzwiggles
Horse Taming,
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seen how he starts

The animal being
himself on a leap.
receives him, and
down through a glass

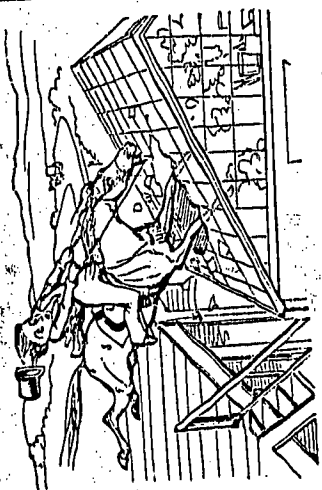
THE HORSE TAMER IN SAN FRANCISCO.



Mr. Fitzwiggie having read "Rarey on Horse Taming," flatters himself that he is able to control the most vicious animal. He finds one to suit his purpose, and in the above engraving it will be seen how he starts in.



Having entire confidence in his "recipe," our friend Fitzwiggie insists on giving his animal the rein. He, however, no sooner does so than he is elevated several feet above his saddle. Such a result was entirely unexpected.



The animal being in fine spirits, tries himself on a leap. The top of a house receives him, and he endeavors to get down through a glass window.



Having reached the ground safely, Fitzwiggie tries the speed of his animal on Telegraph Hill. Strange results. The horse backs out but the rider continues his course.

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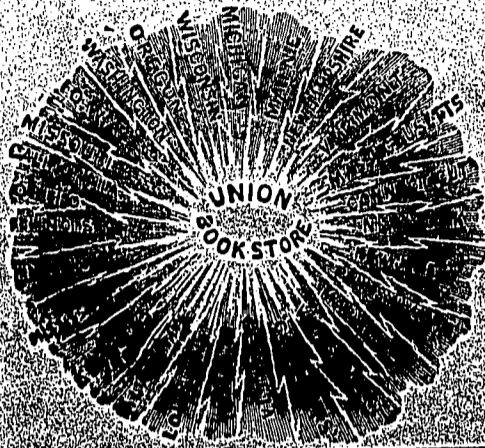
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Monthly Chat,

WITH CONTRIBUTORS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

- L. H. Sherwin, Sonora.*—It is impossible for us to return the MMS. of your article, the greater portion having been destroyed after being placed in type. Will look up your original sketches at the earliest moment and forward them.
- W. B. Stanley, Pine Grove.*—Send along your "tale." Will give it our earliest attention. Your friend Hutchings is absent from the State.
- D. W. M., Columbia Hill.*—Will endeavor to gratify you in our September issue.
- Wm. Henderson, Placerville.*—If you will send us the "4th column of the first page of the Sacramento Union, Nov. 30, 1857," we will look over the matter to which you refer, and if it prove good, will publish it.
- J. H. Lick, Fredericksburg, Pa.*—Money received. Thanks for kind attention.
- Actor, Sacramento.*—We know nothing of the matter to which you allude. Why trouble us with such queries?
- L. P., San Jose.*—Why will you persist in writing that abominable back-hand. On this account you suffer. "Crowded out."
- James Enson, Oroville.*—We refer you to the issue of our Magazine for February, 1858, for a well illustrated article on the subject.
- Anonymous, San Francisco.*—Your story, "Courting by Steam," doesn't begin to approach an incident which came to our own knowledge recently. Your couple managed to form an alliance in the space of "one week after sight." Ours beat that. They met for the first time on Monday. On Tuesday they "sat up to each other." On Wednesday the question was 'popped,' and on Thursday the holy knot was tied. All this occurred in our own city a short time since.
- T. E. F., Marysville.*—Your favor received. Will examine it soon.
- Ella, Sacramento.*—Would like to oblige you, but we fear your "Letter" would prove uninteresting to the majority of our readers. Declined.
- "Progress," Columbia.*—Your contribution is of such a character that we cannot publish it without the real name of the author. We trust before you again address us, you will have "progressed" far enough to know that editors should, as a matter of simple justice, be entrusted with the real names of their correspondents. We have a rule to this effect, from which we dislike to depart.
- F. P., Oakland.*—You can procure our second volume, neatly bound. Price, \$5.
- G. H. M., San Francisco.*—No more about Frazer, if you please. We have had quite enough of it. Declined.
- B. F., Placerville.*—We have read your "adventures." Your life has been full of ups and downs, but we hardly think it would do to publish. Upon a closer examination of your "adventures,"—which we return—you will observe that most of the occurrences narrated are very common ones, especially for California. We find no fault with the style in which the thing is written.
- D. J. A., Shasta.*—Should be glad to accompany you on the proposed excursion, but will not be able to do so. May not we look for some admirable sketches from you?
- Phillip B., Los Angeles.*—Order and money received. Thanks for your efforts to circulate our Magazine. You are just the friend we have been looking for in that locality.

at,
 CORRESPONDENTS.
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 Los Angeles.—Order and money received. Thanks for your efforts to make our Magazine. You are just what we have been looking for in this locality.



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