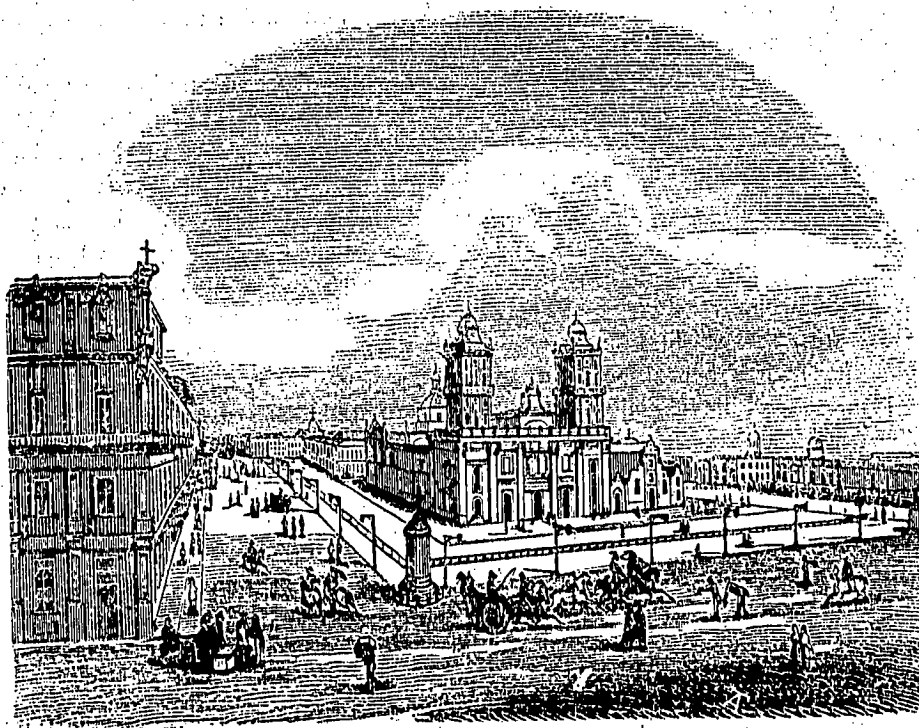


# HUTCHINGS' CALIFORNIA MAGAZINE.

VOL. III. SEPTEMBER, 1858. No. 3.

JOURNEY FROM ACAPULCO TO THE CAPITAL OF MEXICO, BY WAY  
OF TASCO, SUMMER 1849.

*(Continued from August number.)*



GRAND PLAZA AND CATHEDRAL OF MEXICO.

The climate of Tasco is delightful, and the temperature remarkably even throughout the year, the thermometer varying merely from 15° to 21°. Humboldt mentions this particularly in his work. I found the air delightful, and remember but one other spot—Paita, on the coast of Peru—which so immediately

impresses the new comer with the buoyancy of an atmosphere at once invigorating and balmy.

After a very agreeable sojourn of one day, I took leave of my kind host, Don Francisco de Aramburu, who, being prevented by urgent business from leaving the place, commissioned his two sons—two very agreeable lads of eighteen and twenty—to act as guides, in order to aid my further researches in that vicinity of wonders. Two other youths—likewise brothers—volunteered for the same purpose, increasing our party to the number of five. We left Tasco in the afternoon of the 1st of August, and starting in a northeasterly direction, followed the course of a verdant valley, watered by a clear stream, overhung with the branches of luxuriant sabino trees. After a delightful ride of two hours, we turned into a valley on our right, and found ourselves in the mine of San Agustin, now in productive condition, from which I was presented with a pretty specimen of native silver. Close to the entrance of this mine there is a beautiful cascade, "el Salto del Santo Niño," from the rocky brink of which one looks down into a fearful chasm. The hill-sides were so variegated with flowers that I could only compare them to the richest Turkey carpet. Another half hour brought us to the "Hacienda de Beneficio," as the establishments for extracting the silver by way of amalgamation are called;—and subsequently we visited the foundry, or furnaces, a mile further on, and spent the night in the house of the owner of the mine, Don Timoteo Rotequi, where we were shown beautiful specimens of native silver.

Thence to the village of Acuitlapan, leads a very rugged calzada, or paved way, of about three miles—one of the works carried out by the active Borda, which, however, like many other improvements of the same kind, was de-

stroyed by the insurgents and converted into a complete chaos of rock. When, after much climbing, we at last reached the summit, the splendid sight of the distant volcanoes of Puebla, Iztaccihuat and Popocatepetl, burst upon our view; and but a few moments later, by a sudden turn in the road, the volcano of Toluca, with its craggy snow-capped crest, stood before us, and seemed to replace them as if by magic. We took a guide from the village of Acuitlapan to Cacahuamilpa, and there refreshed ourselves by breakfast and rest, while preparations for our visit to the celebrated cave were being made. On, then, we started, accompanied by half a dozen Indians, as guides and torch-bearers, and soon gained the entrance, of nearly oval shape, a superb and fitting portico to that wonder of nature, showing off to great effect the dark abyss, into which we were about to descend.

The cave of Cacahuamilpa was not brought into notice until some twelve years ago. A land-owner in the neighborhood, persecuted on account of political intrigues, selected it for a hiding-place, to which his tenants, for a length of time, brought him his food. The Indians regarded it always with secret awe, from a legend hanging over it of a sacred spell, and used only during the revolution, the first of its many vaults, as a depository for the ornaments of their church. At last the visit of the French Ambassador, Baron de Gros, unveiled the mystery of this cave, which, subsequently, has been inspected by almost every distinguished foreigner who has sojourned in the capital, and is considered as a *sine qua non* for scientific visitors. The cavern is of immense capacity, and nobody has ever yet explored it to its full extent. The accessible part consists of a succession of vaults, some remarkable for their vast dimensions, and connected by passages, more or less characteristic in shape

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DISTANT GLIMPSE OF THE VILLAGE OF MESCALA.

and drapery, and of rare beauty of stalactites, forming fantastic figures of endless variety, cascades, trees, altars, veiled statues, etc.; the most prominent of which have given their names to the different vaults. Notwithstanding the rainy season, which, by uninterrupted filtration, had rendered the ground damp in many places, we penetrated to the furthest end of the third vault, called the "Panthéon," on account of an immense monumental pile, surrounded by smaller ones, and shrouded figures. It contains also a pond of water of crystal clearness, and terminates in a chaos of pointed and rugged mounds, like frozen waves, obstructing progress; though we were told that those followed two other large saloons, and that a similar stony desert led to the innermost recesses, the extent of which no living soul had ascertained. In the space beyond, one party that ventured so far as to hear the rushing of a brook that crosses the path, found the skeleton of a man and a dog by his side, apparently of an Indian, who, bewildered, must have suffered the dreadful death of starvation. There is no bad air in this cave, and judging from the well-ventilated atmosphere, there must be an outlet on the other side of the cave. A continued variety of new objects kept up such a lively interest, that we all regretted when the too low state of our torches (of which we brought but few in reserve) warned us

that further delay would be imprudent.

There is another wonder of nature in the vicinity of Cacahuamilpa, which, if not so generally visited, deserves, nevertheless, the greatest admiration. It is the junction of the rivers Tenancingo and Huajintlan, the first coming from the upper range of mountains and forming a beautiful cascade; the second issuing from a cave of almost as singular formation as the large one, the portico being even superior in the beauty of what might be taken for architectural design. There are persons who have penetrated into this natural channel (practicable only in the dry season) to a considerable distance, and they assert that its hidden recesses rival with the Great Cave, if not in spaciousness, in the rare beauty of its stalactites. To arrive at the point of junction, one has to follow the course of a rivulet that turns into a ravine, and leads the tourist suddenly to an almost perpendicular descent, and it is only by availing oneself of the fissures in the rock, the creepers and the overhanging branches, that the bottom may be safely reached. One false step would be fatal. The bottom gained, after toiling through bulrushes, over rocks and fallen trees, piled up to an amazing height, one arrives at last at the termination of the ravine, where the rocks form perpendicular walls. And there, on one side, presents itself the cascade of the Tenancingo from

lofty height above, and on the other the yawning mouth of the cave throws forth the Huajintlan, the waters of both commingling right before you in whirling eddies, forming the river Alpuyeca, one of the tributaries of the distant Mescala and Zacatula. Difficult as the descent had been, I found the ascent yet more fatiguing, though less hazardous; and I felt fairly exhausted, when we at last regained the spot where we had left our horses. There I separated from my kind friends, who forthwith returned to Tasco; while I, accompanied by the Indian

guides, reached Cacahuamilpa just before the outbreak of a tempest of thunder and lightning, followed by torrents of rain, that for several hours kept the elements in a complete uproar. I had fortunately bespoken comfortable night quarters in the Alcalde's neat little verandah; else, while searching for a place of shelter, we should certainly have been thoroughly drenched by the deluge.

The next morning we set out for the high road to Mexico; passed, at an early hour, the neat little town of San Francisco de Tetecala, situated on a river which



FIRST VIEW OF THE VOLCANO OF TOLUCA, NEAR THE VILLAGE ACUITLAPAN.

we had to ford, with the water up to our horses' necks;—further on, the Hacienda de Miacatlan, where we breakfasted, changed horses and guides, and in the course of the afternoon reached Cuernavaca.

This latter place I before mentioned as a pretty town of from ten to twelve thousand inhabitants, (at a distance of sixty miles from the Capital,) which, the last time I visited it, had a garrison of two

thousand Americans. Cuernavaca is named after the ancient Quauahuac, which played a conspicuous part in the conquest of Mexico. It has a very ancient building, the foundation of which was laid at first as a stronghold by the Spaniards, on which solid base was afterwards erected a temple, the present cathedral. There is another very neat and richly-endowed church, a monument of Borda's pious liberality, and a convent,

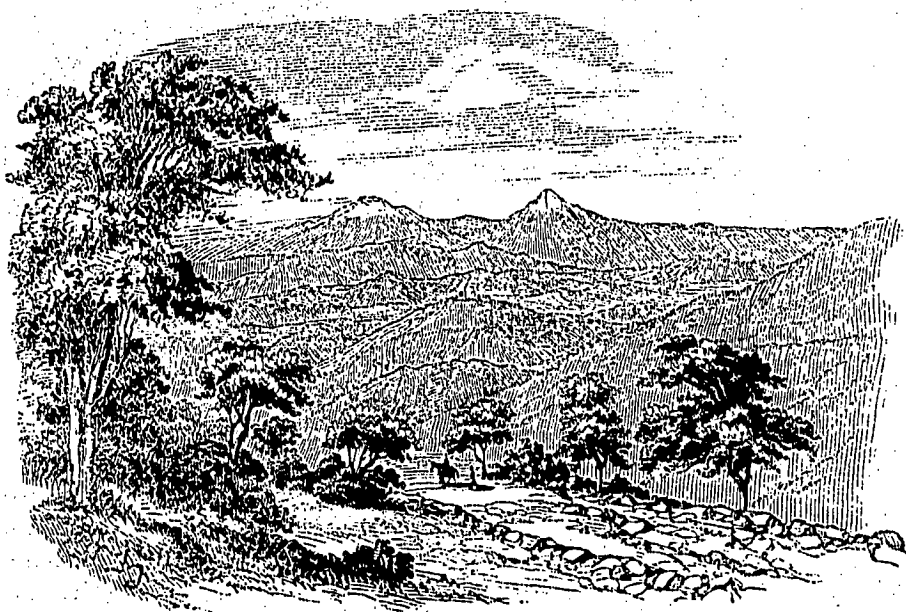
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connected with an extensive garden containing several immense tanks, or small lakes, with "floating gardens," or "chinampas," as are called these enameled flower-beds of Mexican invention, (plantations of tangled rushes, upon which earth and sod have been laid and every variety of flowers planted,) springing fountains and all kinds of water-works. The whole is laid out in a very old-fashioned style, but as the platforms had to be gained from a ravine, by filling up great depths with earth cut away from both sides, (and this a century in advance of our era of San Francisco,) one can

imagine what difficulties had to be overcome in the execution; in which, no doubt, devotion was blended with charity, inasmuch as it afforded occupation to thousands of indigent persons. The walks, as they are, are very pretty, and especially the lower grounds of the garden, are pleasantly shaded by lofty trees. From the end of the avenue there is an exquisite view of the valley. This garden now forms a very agreeable appendage to the Hotel des Diligences, where we spent the night.

The day's journey from Cuernavaca to Mexico undoubtedly presents the greatest



FIRST VIEW OF THE VOLCANO DE PUEBLA.

and most sudden transition of elevation of any upon this route. We left Cuernavaca at 4 o'clock, passed at daylight the pretty little place of Tlaltenango, and thence ascending for a couple of hours through dense pine forests, gained the Indian village Huichilaque in time for an early cup of chocolate, tendered to us by the good hostess, a handsome young Indian woman, whom, from her characteristic physiognomy and goodly carriage, I looked upon as a fair representative of the Malinche, the Carique, or

Cortez's tutelar angel. I had just inquired after the good old Curate, who, on my last ascent, when overtaken by a hailstorm, had offered me hospitality, when the good man himself, lightly tapping me on my shoulder, wished me a very good morning, with all kinds of friendly demonstrations.

The further ascent from Huichilaque to Cruz del Marques, the highest part of the road, (some 10,500 feet,) is truly picturesque, and offers a splendid retrospect towards the valley of Cuernavaca. From

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Cruz del Marques to "el Guarda," where we halted for our noonday's meal, the road runs almost level through verdant meadows, at the foot of pine-crested hills of conical shape. Here the descent begins, and from Ajusco, a nice little village on the northern slope of the Cerro Gordo, (as this mountain range is called,) the first sight of the valley of Tenochtitlan (Mexico) is obtained, with its lakes and volcanic hills, owing to the distance, resembling a moonchart, showing only a pale and indistinct tracery of land and water. But a more conspicuous object

claims attention: the splendid mountain scenery in the east, the snowy peaks of the volcanoes shining forth in silent splendor on the azure sky, filling the mind with wonder and admiration. And then, right at your feet, like a green laughing Eden, the villa of San Agustin, with its white turrets and flat roofs, and its beautiful garden-grounds; the favorite resort of the families of Mexico, and during the Easter holidays a general rendezvous of gay assemblages.

From San Agustin, the last station, the road is perfectly level, passing the fine



ENTRANCE TO THE GREAT CAVE OF  
CACAHUAMILPA.



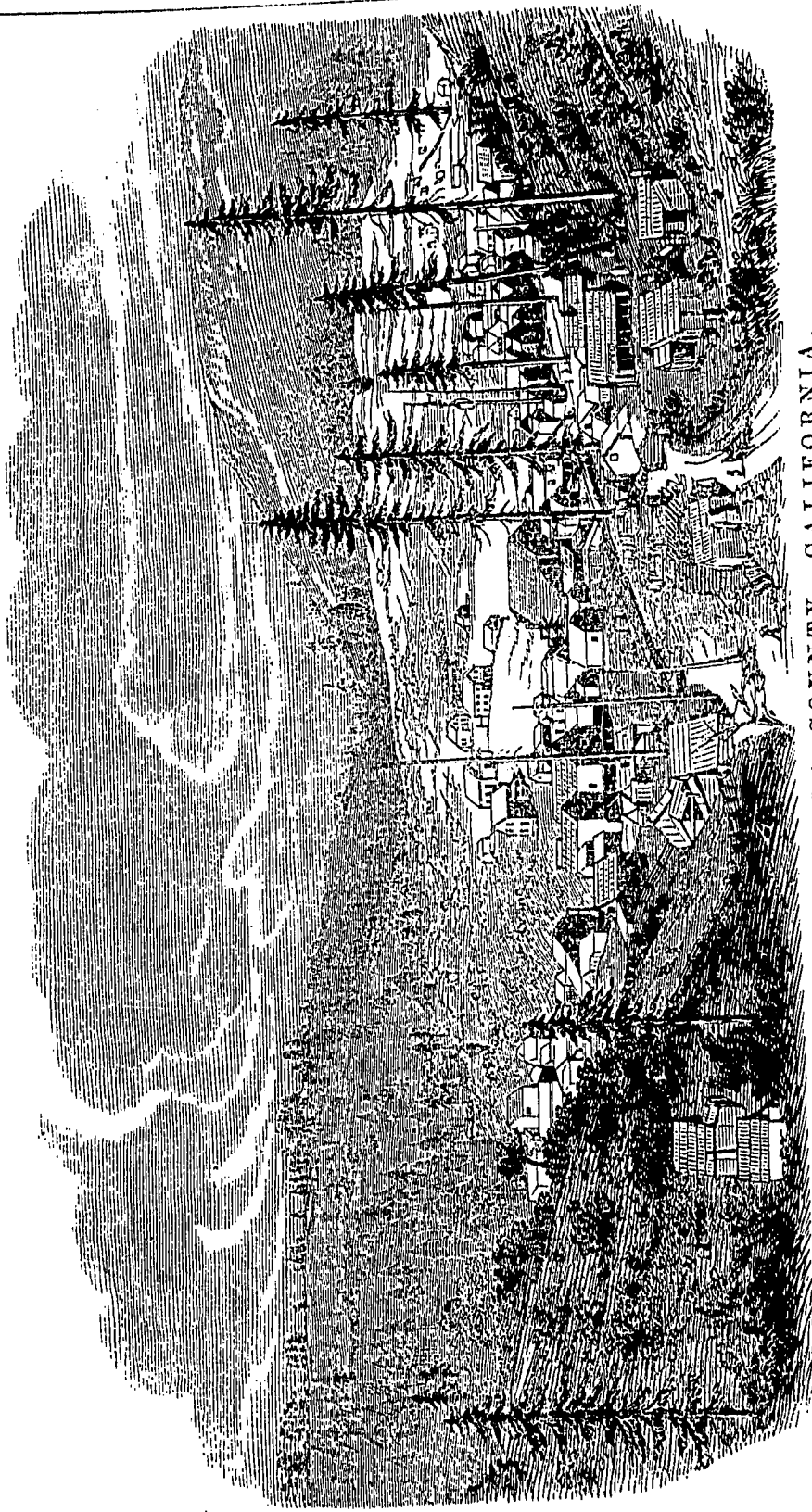
THE RETURN TO DAYLIGHT.

Hacienda de San Antonio, (let me not forget to mention the worthy matron, Doña Luisa Vicario y Moreno, and her hospitality and kindness towards Rugendas and myself,) and further on the Convent of Churubusco, the main building and environs of which were the scene of the last decisive action before the American army entered the capital of Mexico. In the preparations for the defense of the city, blind military zeal (so far from being maintained during the subsequent events of the siege) caused the beautiful

trees on both sides of the avenue to be cut down to the root; else, the entry by the Calzada de San Agustin (betwixt the Pasco de la Piedad and the Canal de las Chinampas) would be one of the finest avenues to the Capital. The outskirts are certainly far from prepossessing; and not till you reach the Grand Plaza, with the Cathedral and Government Palace, are you aware of being really in the centre of Mexico, the QUEEN OF SPANISH AMERICA!

A PARENT who sends his son into the world uneducated, and without skill in any art or science, does as great injury to mankind as to his own family: he defrauds the community of a useful citizen, and bequeaths to it a nuisance.

LIFE is what we make it. Let us call back images of joy and gladness, rather than those of grief and care. The latter may sometimes be our guests to sup and dine, but let them never be permitted to lodge with us.



FOREST CITY, SIERRA COUNTY, CALIFORNIA.

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## FOREST CITY, SIERRA COUNTY.

We present, on the preceding page, a view of Forest City, which, it will be remembered, was recently destroyed by fire. The view represents the town as it appeared previous to the fire. It is situated at the junction of the north and south forks of Oregon creek, about eight miles southwesterly of Downieville, the county seat of Sierra. The public buildings consist of a Methodist Church and Odd Fellows' Hall, in which, also, the Masonic and Temperance organizations meet. The Masonic Fraternity are now building a fine Hall, for their own use.

The character of the mining is what is termed, "Tunnel Diggings," and is on the "Great Blue Lead," the richest probably in the State, and very extensive; having been traced already from twenty to thirty miles in length, and nearly a mile in width. It is supposed to be the bed of a large and ancient river. The tunnels are works of considerable magnitude, some of them being over two thousand feet in length, and worked by steam engines. There are over twenty companies in all, some of them having been profitably at work over four years, and their claims still paying well.

## FAMILY PICTURE.

BY G. T. SPROAT.

The husband set by the parlour fire,  
The babe upon his knee;  
While puss upon the hearth-rug slept,  
So warm and cozily:  
The old house-dog lay dozing there,  
Beside his master's chair,  
And heeded not the playful tricks,  
Of children romping there.

The old clock in the corner struck  
The early hour of seven:  
The stand was drawn before the fire  
On that bright winter's even;  
The young wife sat beside it there,  
Her sewing in her hand;  
Her work-box and her work were laid  
On the old household stand.

The grandsire sat in the easy chair,  
His locks were thin and gray;  
He talked and smoked his pipe by turns,  
Chatting the hours away.

Of the revolutionary war  
He loved the most to tell;  
How the old patriots conquered there;  
What mighty heroes fell.

The grandame sat beside him,  
Turning her needles o'er;  
She smiled and listened to his talk,  
Though often heard before,  
It never was one word too long,  
For in that old man's strain,  
She heard the story of her life,  
And lived it o'er again.

The pitcher stood upon the hearth,  
With well-pressed cider filled;  
And russet apples, by its side,  
Upon the hearth were piled. [passed;  
The clock struck nine—two hours had  
That circle gathered there;  
The grandsire reverently knelt,  
And closed the hour with prayer.

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### THE GOLDEN CYCLE: A DREAM OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY

BY MILLIE MAYFIELD.

The index on the gray dial of Time, guided by the pendulum of rolling centuries, had reached a magic point; and, with a sweet cadence inaudible to mortal ears, the silvery chime vibrated along the golden bridge that spanned the broad Pacific from the borders of our lovely land to the amber-terraced battlements of the setting sun, whose crimson palace-walls gleamed from the cloud-land shore with unwonted splendor.

It was a gala eve in those airy towers—being the inauguration of the spirit, to whose charge was consigned the keys that locked the sparkling caverns of the Western lands of earth—and the time had arrived when his duties should assume tangibility; and, clothed with the panoply of power, he must forth to earth upon his mission, to rouse the heart of man by visions of the yellow ore that rested in the mine's rough bosom. Dreary had been his initiate during the long years when the Red Man was monarch of the soil; when the clear lakes, from their liquid aqua-marine depths reflected the birch canoes, suspended, as it were, between two armaments—the one above, the other below—and the dense forests and wide-spread plains of the El Dorado of the West remained in unbroken silence, save when the twanging bow of the Indian hunter echoed through the everglades, startling the timid herds, and sending flocks of feathered warblers from their leafy retreats, to whirl in fantastic circles above their invaded premises, and after a few agitated sweeps, to settle once more upon their emerald couches.

That day was over. A new era dawn-

ed upon progressive Earth, and the fashion of old things had passed away. The ringing axe of the early settler had cleared broad vistas in the dense shades, and the tide of emigration flowed towards the setting sun. The time had come when the buried wealth of untold ages must be laid bare—and crowned and sceptred, wearing at his jeweled girdle a bunch of golden keys, and hallowed with a rainbow formed by the scintillations from his prismatic wings as they parted the sun-flooded atmosphere—down, down through the evening twilight like a meteor, sped the bright spirit on his golden mission.

And at the "open sesame" of his power, back upon their ponderous hinges rolled the massive doors that guarded the dower of the Western Bride—while, at the summons, forth to the wedding feast came the expectant guests. From the regions of the Ice-King and the Isles of the Tropic balm—from the Atlantic's far-spread shores, and from the green prairies of Oregon—from the Rocky and Alleghany mountains' fastnesses and from the great Mississippi valley came the pioneers, as the Golden Cycle chimed its mystic numbers through the reverberating Halls of Space.

Turn we now to a little cottage, situated in the suburbs of the city of New Orleans.

The house is one of a row of six-by-ten-footers, that are built to accommodate the greatest amount of the human family in the smallest possible space—each tenement being divided into two apartments, one opening on the street and the other into a small, square patch or yard-room,

over the rough picket fence of which you have a fine view—a broad sweep of cypress swamp, tenanted by croaking frogs and less demonstrative craw-fish! But into this humble habitation, built of boards that once floated upon the yellow bosom of the Mississippi as stately *flat-boats!*—and within those thread-bare apartments, where life's comforts have seldom entered and its luxuries are a forbidden theme—has the Dream of Gold floated over the hard pillow, and visions of a brighter future intruded.

The occupants of the cottage are gathered around the door of the front apartment on this lovely July evening; and the panorama of gilded clouds in the western sky, changing from the most delicate straw color to the glowing fire of the carbuncle, rival not the sanguine hues of the mental kaleidoscope mirrored from the sunset hills of the land of promise, to the dreaming man who sits on the lowly door-step.

"I must do it, Alice," he replies, to something urged by a delicate, fair-browed girl at his side, who, although a wife and a mother, looked too fragile and youthful to be called matron.

"I *must* go. An invisible hand seems to beckon me on; and I must follow its guidance. Think, how meagre is the stipend that I have to content myself with here, and how illy it supplies our wants, when, by a little exertion, and perhaps some hardships, I may be enabled to place you in a position befitting your station and merits."

He was excited; and the fire of enthusiasm burned in his dark eyes and lighted his expressive feature with a hopeful glow.

The young wife's cheek grew a shade paler, as she clasped her infant closer to her bosom, and, in an almost inaudible whisper, spoke:

"But, Arthur, should you *never* come back?"

"Pshaw! darling! why conjure a demon to torment you, when angels are pointing the road to prosperity? Be sure I *shall* come back—and be thou faithful unto the end," said he, for a moment tightening his grasp upon the blue-veined, delicate hand, that rested confidently within his own.

"O! be sure of *that!*" was the reply; but a strange feeling of despondency weighed down the speaker's heart, and a scarcely perceptible shudder ran through her frame.

It was not noticed by her companion, as his faculties were absorbed in the all-engrossing images called up by the whisperings that had reached his ears of the glittering ore in the underground palaces, to whose access the Genie of the Lamp of Perseverance was alone necessary.

Alice Norton had eloped from a boarding-school in one of the northern cities, with Arthur Leyton, who, finding it impossible to reconcile her parents, had brought his young wife to New Orleans, and upon his small salary, as a clerk, they lived; managing, by the strictest economy, to lay up a little sum every month, with the hope of, at some future day, investing it in a humble home of their own; and this accumulation of two years' deprivations Arthur now proposed should be applied, jointly, in transferring him to the auriferous regions of California, and to the support of his wife and child until he should be able to send them some of that wealth that only awaited his earnest seeking.

To Alice's prayers to accompany him and share his peril, he would not listen; but leaving her in the possession of two hundred dollars, and the promise of a speedy addition to her purse, he embarked for the Canaan that was to yield him future milk and honey.

Four years have rolled away since the

adventurous by-ton on his sea-white sails, of four years have of Alice into and beauty.

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adventurous bark that bore Arthur Leyton on his search for wealth spread its white sails over the broad Pacific—and four years have rounded the girlish form of Alice into more perfect womanhood and beauty.

Four years! a second on the dial of Eternity, but fraught with good or evil, weal or woe for mutable mortality.

Again will we visit the row of cottages on the plank road of ——— street, in the Crescent City.

No flashing sunlight fires the interstices of the cypress swamp and plays in golden ripples over a glowing tropic sky—but dark clouds shroud the heavens in gloom, and drop their ragged fringes over the city, while the hoarse thunder and deluging rain are no impediments to the winding funeral procession, from the plumed hearse bearing the fever-stricken form of the millionaire to the home of all—to the rumbling death-cart, piled with its rough coffins of every size, conveying the paupers' remains to their last resting place.

The year of our Lord, eighteen hundred and fifty-three, was wailing its mournful dirges in the land of the orange and magnolia; and the death-watch had ticked in the cottage of Alice Leyton. Her boy—her golden-haired little Charlie—must die! The last remaining link between her and her long-absent husband—never heard from since the sad parting-hour—must be severed.

Tearfully the poor mother bends over the humble couch, trying to soothe the wild fancies, bred in the heated brain, that harrow the little sufferer; while she feels, every moment, that she must succumb herself to the tyrant, who already has folded his searing arms about her.

Poverty, pain, disease and death!—How can she battle, *alone*, with the dark night of despair closing around her?

No tidings of the wanderer had ever reached her; yet she hoped through all,

and by the aid of her needle, had managed to live—if that can be called *living*, when the very soul is harnessed to supply the body's wants!

But now—her only solace, her joy and comfort is fluttering and pluming his wings for a far sweep beyond the lightning's home—and she will be desolate!

"Mamma, is it night?" asked the dying child. "I can't see you, mamma; is it night?"

*Night?* yes, endless midnight for me, internally spoke the agonized parent, but with an effort she commanded herself, and answered:

"No, darling—it is storming, and very dark and cloudy; but mamma is here," said she, passing her arm under his light form, and pillowing his hot head upon her bosom. "You can feel her, if you can't see her; can't you, my precious one?"

"Yes, mamma; but hold me fast—hold Charlie very fast, mamma. Don't you hear how they call? 'Come! come!' Charlie don't want to leave you in the dark, mamma. Oh! hold me *very* fast!"

Closely did the poor mother strain her dying child to her bosom; and, as the fever in her own brain mounted higher and higher, wildly did she scream to the fiends to leave her, leave her poor boy, or take her, too. And when the wild storm had spent its fury, and the subsiding elements permitted a human tone to be heard, the dwellers in that humble row were thrilled by the shrieks resounding from the cottage, and rushed in, to find the frantic mother with the little corpse, already dark and discolored with approaching decomposition, clasped to her burning heart, and the fires of delirium flaming in her large wild eyes.

For ten days the sufferer was unconscious of either grief or danger, alternately raving or muttering, or lying in apparent lothargy; but the crisis was past, and after a deep sleep of many

hours' duration, she opened her eyes, first with a bewildered look, and then, with returning consciousness, finding herself in a strange place, she feebly uttered—

"Where am I?"

A cool, light hand was laid on her brow, and a pale but sweetly benevolent face, framed in the delicate tissue border of a matronly cap, bent over, and a low, gentle voice said, "Do you feel better, dear?"

"Better? yes, I suppose so; but tell me, tell me what all this means? and how I came here?" said Alice, more and more bewildered; for she found herself in a cool, airy apartment, the glare excluded by closed blinds and delicate muslin curtains draped over the windows; while a network of lace hung from the tester of the bedstead to shut out the mosquitoes, and the marble-topped, polished rosewood furniture, with the crystal paraphernalia of the toilette, bespoke the abode of wealth and luxury.

"What does it all mean?" continued Alice, passing her hand over her brow as if to sweep away the mists from her brain.

"No matter, dear," said the old lady, bending down and imprinting a motherly kiss on her brow; "you shall know, when you are stronger. You have been very ill, and you must not excite yourself. Rest assured that you are with friends, and that you will want for nothing."

"Ill? ill, did you say? Have I been delirious?" asked she, with sudden excitement.

"You have," replied the lady, "and you must keep quiet, or I will not answer for the consequences."

"Oh! then, it was only a wild fancy of my brain? Thank God! thank God!" said Alice, fervently. "Do you know," she added—turning to look at her companion—"do you know that I thought

my boy, my little Charlie, was dead? Oh, God! what a fearful dream it was!" and she shuddered and covered up her eyes as if to exclude the picture.

Her listener thought it was best not to undeceive her for the present, and answered her, gently: "Well, well, dear, you will have no more wild fancies now, if you will only be tractable and do as you are bidden. So, take this composing draught and try to sleep again."

Her patient obeyed; and while the narcotic is doing its duty, we will do ours, and explain how Alice came to be in her present comfortable quarters.

All-honored be the name of Howard, the philanthropist! And all-honored be the noble body of good Samaritans, known as the "Howard Association, of New Orleans!" If deeds of mercy go upward to the Throne of Grace, truly will the bread they cast upon the waters return to them laden with blessings from the Fountain of Beneficence!

A member of this benevolent Association was Harvey Allison, a man of wealth and standing, who had passed the rubicon of manhood with his bachelor peace uninvaded. His widowed mother was at the head of his elegant establishment, and in her was centred his dearest hopes—to promote her happiness his chief aim—this, with a wide diffusion of unlimited for the benefit of suffering humanity, was his dear privilege and pure solace. And so, in his rounds of mercy, seeking for the sick and destitute, he discovered Alice in the poor cottage that formed her home.

Struck by the air of delicacy and refinement that, in spite of privation and disease, shed a halo around her—and learning her history from some of the neighbors, he immediately enlisted the sympathies of his kind mother, to whom his wishes were laws, in behalf of the sufferer, and she was removed to their own luxurious home, instead of being conveyed to the hospital provided by the

resolution for the receipt  
and destitute.

How, with tender nursing  
she rescued from the jaws  
and as she rapidly convalesced  
strength, her loss was made  
by one who endeavored  
affection to supply the  
childish prattle and inno-  
cent now bright-winged dy-  
land! She was told that  
not no more—that this  
time, as a daughter's love  
was needed to complete the  
good Mrs. Allison.

and resolved itself to cor-  
rect her youth was  
his ominous silence  
did not attempt  
belief that such was a  
and thus all ties of nature  
twain—her heart, like  
from its native tree, we  
found the first friendly  
child—

"twine with itself and man"

The New Year has  
right, sparkling and  
the dead past, with its  
in the vast Mausoleum  
ears, joys and sorrow  
friends' friendships and  
all find a tomb, sooner

The mansion of the  
open for the reception  
the merry New Year  
wonder-loving public  
for the first time, a g  
one that has succeeded  
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heart of Harvey Allis  
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Gratitude, respect  
her acquiescence to

...my little Charlie, was dead.  
 ...a fearful dream in which  
 she shuddered and covered up her  
 face as if to exclude the picture.  
 ...thought in her heart that  
 she had for the present, and a  
 great deal, gained.  
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 ...his wishes were laws, in behalf of the  
 ...sufferer, and she was removed to their  
 ...own luxurious home, instead of being  
 ...conveyed to the hospital provided by the

Association for the reception of the ill and destitute.

Here, with tender nursing and care, was she rescued from the jaws of Death; and as she rapidly convalesced and gained strength, her loss was made known to her by one who endeavored with motherly affection to supply the place of the childish prattle and innocent caresses of the now bright-winged dweller of a better land! She was told that she should want no more—that this should be her home, as a daughter's love was all that was needed to complete the happiness of the good Mrs. Allison. The conviction had resolved itself to certainty, that the husband of her youth was no more, else, whence his ominous silence? Her new friends did not attempt to conceal their belief that such was a mournful fact—and thus all ties of nature's forming rent in twain—her heart, like the vine severed from its native tree, wound its tendrils around the first friendly branches that it could—

"Twine with itself and make dearly its own."

The New Year has dawned—clear, bright, sparkling and joyous—burying the dead past, with its trappings of woe, in the vast Mausoleum where hopes and fears, joys and sorrows, loves and hatreds, friendships and animosities must all find a tomb, sooner or later.

The mansion of the Allison is thrown open for the reception of their friends on the merry New Year's Day, and the wonder-loving public are to be permitted, for the first time, a glimpse of the *ravens* that has succeeded in making an impression upon the hitherto adamant heart of Harvey Allison; for the character of his affianced bride has Alice Leyton sustained for some weeks—and this bright New Year's morning is to witness the plighting of their vows.

Gratitude, respect and esteem induced her acquiescence to the proposals so deli-

cately tendered from one to whom she owed so much—but draw the veil from the inner sanctuary of her woman's heart, and there, enshrined as a holy thing, is the picture of a lonely, neglected grave, in the far wilds of the West, with no kind hand to rear a single bud to mark the miner's resting-place, and no tear to moisten the sod where her poor Arthur "sleeps the sleep that knows no waking."

Yet she did not feel that she would be taking upon herself "false vows" when before the altar she should promise to be a faithful wife to the generous man that had befriended her; no, no—but the glow, the fervor of her young heart was quenched forever; and the calm, passionless, but still gentlewoman, remained to go through life's duties soberly, and with the ever-recurring conviction, that "to everything there cometh a last day!"

The mystic hour of ten had chimed from the tiny time-piece in Alice's boudoir, and the bridesmaids had arranged the fleecy veil for the twentieth time in as many seconds—when Mrs. Allison entered to announce the arrival of the minister, and that the important moment had at last dawned that would truly give her a mother's claim upon the affection of the gentle being that had so wound herself around her heart.

A few friends were assembled in the parlors to witness the ceremony, and the rest of the day was to be passed in receiving the many calls that New Year claims, and presenting the young Mrs. Allison to the visitors.

Pale, almost to ghastliness, was Alice, as she stood before the man of God to plight again her vows at an earthly shrine; but no other emotion did she show—and as the impressive words of the Episcopal marriage service sounded through the room, a hush pervaded the assembly, and all eyes rested upon the cold, calm, pallid face of the bride.

The minister, in a slightly elevated

tone, and with a solemnity befitting the occasion, was propounding the charge—"If any man can show just cause why they may not lawfully be joined together, let him now speak, or else hereafter forever hold his peace"—when a sudden stoppage of hurrying wheels, before the mansion—a jerk of the door-bell, and quick footsteps breaking through the gaping crowd of domestics that were gathered in the hall to view the ceremony—and a sun-burned, travel-worn man, whose heavy black whiskers and uncut elfin locks almost concealed his face, but not a pair of dark, luminous eyes, burning with a strange light, burst in upon the astonished guests, and in an agonized tone that thrilled upon *one* heart, at least, exclaimed:

"Stop! stop, I command you! What would you do? I forbid the proceedings."

"By what right, sir, have you perpetrated this outrage?" demanded Harvey Allison, catching the fainting form of Alice to his heart, and with a flashing eye and a quivering lip, turning to the intruder for an explanation, while several of the gentlemen guests stepped forward to eject him forcibly, if necessary.

But very mournful came the reply from the blanched lips of the now trembling man, who seemed to have suddenly forgot his fierceness:—

"Alas! a *husband's* right! tho' perhaps, forfeited. O Alice! Alice! that it should come to this!" and bowing his face in his bronzed hands, the strong man wept tears of agony wrung from a breaking heart.

With a discrimination, the result of good-breeding and delicacy, the guests silently withdrew from the house so suddenly changed from one of rejoicing to the abode of consternation and horror; and in the deep silence that followed their departure—a silence broken only by the sobs of Mrs. Allison from the back parlor, where the terrified bride-

maids were trying to revive the insensible Alice—sat the two men, regarding each other with bewildered looks; the wedded husband of other days, and the plighted one of the present!

A struggle was evidently going on in the heart of Harvey Allison—a struggle between the powers of good and evil—but his better nature triumphed. With a generosity of purpose that was truly magnanimous, and showed the nobility of the man, who could so unshrinkingly put his heel upon *self*—he stepped forward with extended hand, and said:—

"If you are Arthur Leyton, and can prove that by no complicity of your own you have so long withheld your protection from her, who has been—however circumstances may appear to the contrary—faithful to your memory, there is my hand, and let there be peace between us for the sake of her, whom we are *both* bound to protect."

"Sir, you have pierced my heart by your generosity, deeper than if you had planted a dagger there—and you have bound it to you with chords of friendship and respect, stronger than bands of steel could have done," said the wanderer, wringing the hand of him who, no longer a rival, shone forth the true and steadfast friend. "When you have heard all, you will not regret having bestowed your confidence on one who, though unfortunate, has never been dishonorable."

"From my soul, I am glad to hear it," said the generous man, returning the warm grasp of the other; "but see, my—no, no; no longer *mine*—*our* poor Alice is reviving; let me conduct you to her, and in her ear, alone, shall you pour forth the story of your sufferings; and *she* shall decide what shall be their reward."

Carrying out his noble resolve, he led the trembling husband to the side of the corpse-like woman in her bridal robes, and placing her hand in that of his to

her virgin vows were  
 a brother's pure  
 and beckoning the  
 re-united pair to the  
 ...  
 will turn the scroll of  
 morning, a few days  
 month of the same year  
 clear, deep blue sky  
 above, and a brace  
 the white-caps in  
 where a noble steamer  
 wrenery field, on its way  
 of California.  
 over the gun  
 breathing monume  
 is Arthur L  
 more humanized than  
 a few days since, being  
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 the husband of her he  
 returned, alive! Al  
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whom her virgin vows were plighted, he imprinted a *brother's* pure kiss upon her brow, and beckoning the rest to follow, left the re-united pair to their own communings.

We will turn the scroll of another cold, bright morning, a few days later in the same month of the same year.

A clear, deep blue sky and sparkling sun shine above, and a bracing "norther" tossing the white-caps in the Mexican Gulf, where a noble steamship ploughs the watery field, on its way to the golden shores of California.

Leaning over the gunwales of this moving, breathing monument to the power of steam, is Arthur Leyton; somewhat more *humanized* than when we saw him a few days since, being shorn of his hirsute crop, and otherwise re-fashioned in personal embellishments to comport with the requirements of civilization and refinement—and by his side, his sorely-tried, long-suffering but faithful wife; ay, faithful, even while contemplating another union; for *friendship* was all she had ever felt for Harvey Allison; and a gratitude that prompted her to make the only return in her power, combined with a determination to do her duty faithfully, to insure the happiness to the man to whom she owed so much.

But the husband of her heart's young hopes returned, alive! Ah! the "old love" with its "master-spell" came back; and when she listened to the tale of his long captivity among the Indian hordes of the far West—when she heard how he had, unintentionally, and lured by a lovely prospect, wandered away from the emigrant train which he had joined on arriving, and being overtaken by night, and overcome by exhaustion in endeavoring to find his way back to his companions, had lain down for a few moments' repose, under the sheltering branches of a huge tree, and was awakened by the

red glare of the savages' camp-fire, and found by their gestures and motions that they considered him their lawful property, (two were sitting keeping guard over his person while he slept), and would treat him with kindness so long as he did not attempt to escape, but, (with a significant flourish of the scalping-knife in the region of the cerebrum), on the slightest intimation of such an intention, another trophy of gory hair would grace the wampum of their chief—she shuddered, and folded her arms tighter around him, as her head rested upon his bosom.

And then, the recital of the days and nights, and months, and years passed in torturing dreams of home, wife, child, and all the ties that bound him to life—and, finally, the unhopèd for sight of a company of miners, through the hazy glow of an Indian summer evening—and the desperate resolve, at all hazards, to reach them in spite of the strict watch kept upon his movements—the chase for life or death—and his final escape, tho' flights of arrows whistled fearfully close, and one did take effect in his left arm, the wound of which was scarcely healed as yet—awakened in her heart the keenest anguish, that she should ever, even in thought, have accused him of neglect; and bound her to him with renewed love and unshakable confidence.

More than this did he state: How, immediately upon his return to civilized life, he had written to her—but the letter, alas! never reached her—telling, that as soon as he had amassed sufficient to bring him home, (for the savages had appropriated all his money, which he wore in a belt around his body), he should seek and find her, dead or alive. And, that fortune, as if to make amends for the scurvy trick she had played him, opened to him unlooked for success; and in a few weeks his golden dream was realized—the wealth he had coveted was his—and he could fly to bring his heart's idols

to share it with him in the land of his adoption.

The rest of his story was soon told. Hastening to the humble tenement in which he had left her, he learned from the neighbors the state of affairs, and rushed frantically, almost unconscious of what he was about, to the spot which he feared would prove the tomb of all his hopes, but reached it in time to revive his dying happiness.

Their home was reached—and the "golden cycle" of their lives complete, and when another New Year's day added a second little "Charlie," and a "Harvey"—twin rose buds on the tree of Love—to their happy household in the bounteous land that so generously yielded her

stores to add to their blessings and comforts.

As for Harvey Allison, the noble man, who, at the call of Duty had immolated Self!—can we doubt his happiness? Verily, virtue is its own reward! To such as he, *Life* is a Golden Cycle from the cradle to the grave; its numbers told in deeds of justice, mercy and love, that roll over stellar heights, and ring with silvery cadences upon the great time-piece of Eternity, where Seraphs make a record of the chimes within the Book of Life!

"To him that *overcometh*, will I give to eat of the Tree of Life, that grows in the midst of the Paradise of God."

## THE OCEAN BURIAL.

BY GEORGE N. ALLEN.

"O! bury me not in the deep, deep sea;"  
The words came low and mournfully  
From the pallid lips of a youth, who lay  
On his cabin couch at close of day.  
He had wasted and pined 'till o'er his brow  
The death-shade had slowly passed, and now,  
When the land and his fond loved home were nigh,  
They had gathered around him to see him die.

O! bury me not in the deep, deep sea,  
Where the billowy shroud will roll over me,  
Where no light will break through the dark, cold  
And no sunbeam rest upon my grave. [wave,  
It matters not, I have oft been told,  
Where the body shall lie when the heart is cold,  
Yet grant ye, O! grant ye this boon to me,  
"O! bury me not in the deep, deep sea."

For in fancy I've listened to the well known words,  
The free, wild winds, and the songs of the birds;  
I have thought of home, of cot and bower,  
And of scenes that I loved in childhood's hour.  
I had ever hoped to be laid, when I died,  
In the church-yard there, on the green hill-side;  
By the bones of my father's my grave should be,  
O! bury me not in the deep, deep sea.

Let my death slumbers be where a mother's prayer  
And a sister's tear shall be mingled there;  
O! 'twill be sweet, ere the heart's throb is o'er,  
To know when its fountains shall gush no more,  
That those it so fondly hath yearned for will come  
To plant the first wild flower of spring on my tomb;  
Let me lie where those loved ones will weep over me,  
O! bury me not in the deep, deep sea.

And there is another; her tears would be shed  
For him who lay far in an ocean bed;  
In hours that it pains me to think of now, [brow.  
She hath twined these locks, and hath kissed this  
In the hair she hath wreathed, shall the sea-snake  
hiss? [kiss?  
And the brow she hath pressed, shall the cold wave  
For the sake of that bright one that waiteth for me,  
O! bury me not in the deep, deep sea.

"She hath been in my dreams"—his voice failed  
They gave no heed to his dying prayer; [there;  
They have lowered him slow o'er the vessel's side,  
Above him has closed the dark, cold tide;  
Where to dip their light wings the sea-fowls rest  
Where the billows bound, and the winds sport free;  
They have buried him there, in the deep, deep sea.

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stores to add to their blessings and  
forts.

As for Harvey Allison, the noble  
who, at the call of Duty had immo-  
Self!—can we doubt his happiness?  
Verily, virtue is its own reward!  
such as he, life is a Golden Cycle  
the cradle to the grave; its number  
in deeds of justice, mercy and love,  
roll over stellar heights, and ring  
silvery cadences upon the great  
piece of Eternity, where Seraphs  
record of the chimes within the Book  
Life!

“To him that *overcometh*, will I give  
eat of the Tree of Life, that grows  
midst of the Paradise of God.”

AN BURIAL.

E. N. ALLEN.

Let my death slumbers be where a mother's  
And a sister's tear shall be mingled there;  
O! 'twill be sweet, ere the heart's throbs  
To know when its fountains shall gush  
That those it so fondly hath yearned  
To plant the first wild flower of spring  
Let me lie where those loved ones will weep  
O! bury me not in the deep, deep sea.

And there is another; her tears would be  
For him who lay far in an ocean bed;  
In hours that it pains me to think of now,  
She hath twined these locks, and bathed  
In the hair she hath wreathed, shall the sea  
hiss?

And the brow she hath pressed, shall the sea  
For the sake of that bright one that waltz  
O! bury me not in the deep, deep sea.

“She hath been in my dreams”—his voice  
They gave no heed to his dying prayer;  
They have lowered him slow o'er the reeling  
Above him has closed the dark, cold tide;  
Where to dip their light wings the sea-fairies  
Where the blue waves dance o'er the ocean  
Where the billows bound, and the winds  
They have buried him there, in the deep, deep sea.

THE GIPSY GIRL OF MADRID.

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

*Continued from the last Number.*

Having spoken thus, the old and elo-  
quent Gipsy was silent. The neophyte  
said that it pleased him much to learn such  
praiseworthy statutes, founded in reason  
and wise policy; that in obedience to  
them he would make his profession, and  
it grieved him not to have come earlier  
to the knowledge of a life so joyful, and  
that from that time he renounced the pro-  
fession of a nobleman and the vain glory  
of an illustrious lineage, and placed it all  
under the yoke, or, to speak better, under  
the laws with which they lived: since  
with such high recompense they reward-  
ed him for his desire to serve them, de-  
livering to him the divine Preciosa, for  
whom he would leave crowns and em-  
pires, and only to serve her, would desire  
them.

To which Preciosa replied: “Though  
these gentlemen lawgivers have found by  
their laws that I am yours, and as yours  
have delivered me over to you, I have  
found by the laws of my will, which are  
stronger than all, that I do not wish to  
be yours except under the conditions we  
concerted before you came hither. Two  
years you must serve in our association  
before I am yours; so that you may not  
repent from fickleness, nor I be deceived  
through haste. Conditions break laws:  
those which I have placed upon you, you  
already know, and if you wish to observe  
them, it is possible that I shall be yours  
and you mine: and if not, the mule is  
not yet dead, your clothes are entire, and  
of your money there is not a cuarto lost.  
Your absence has not yet been for a whole  
day, and of the remainder of it you can  
make use, and consider what you will do.  
These men may easily deliver you my

body, but not my soul; that is free, and  
shall be free to the extent that I desire:  
if you remain, I will esteem you highly:  
if you return, I will not think less of you.  
It seems to me that the amorous desires  
run with a loose rein until they meet  
with reason or are undecieved, and I  
would not wish that you should act to-  
wards me as the hunter with the fox, for  
he having caught it, leaves it to chase  
another. There are eyes to which all that  
glitters is gold, but they soon know the  
difference between the true and the false;  
this, my beauty, which you say that I  
possess, that gladdens you more than the  
sun, and which you value more than gold,  
this, I know, near at hand, will appear  
but as a shadow, and once touched, its  
alchemy will be gone. Two years' time I  
give you to consider what you will choose  
and what you will reject. The partner  
that can be divorced by death only, should  
be examined and re-examined in the  
shade as well as in the light: for I do  
not govern myself by the barbarous and  
insolent license, which these my relatives  
have taken, to leave their wives or to  
chastise them at their caprice, and as I  
have no thought of doing anything which  
may deserve punishment, I do not wish  
to bind myself to one who may chastise  
me or cast me off at pleasure.”

“You are right! O, Preciosa!” said  
Andres, at this point, “and if you wish  
that I should secure your fears and allay  
your suspicions, by swearing that I will  
not overstep the orders which you may  
impose upon me, tell me what oath I  
shall take, or what other security I can  
give you, for you will find me disposed  
to everything.”

prosperous, and the lovers were delighted with their mutual company. After traveling in Estremadura about two months, they went to Murcia, and after having been in that territory for about six weeks, they stopped at a village, where a misfortune happened to Andres, which almost cost him his life. Up to this time Andres found the Gipsy life to be a Paradise; he was the most influential man in the tribe; the strongest in the wrestle and the swiftest in the race, and Preciosa returned his love with tenfold interest, so that she could never rest if he were out of sight. Andres had made this discovery with the greatest pleasure a short time before arriving at this village, where, after giving some vases and valuables of silver in security according to custom, a party of Gipsys, including Andres and Preciosa, stopped at the house of a rich widow, who had a daughter of seventeen or eighteen years of age, more bold than handsome, and named Juana Carducha. She having seen the Gipsys dance, was seized by the devil, and fell so in love with Andres that she determined to declare herself and take him for a husband, if he wished, though it should grieve all her relatives. She then sought an opportunity to speak to him, and she found it in the corral, whither he had gone to catch a couple of chickens. She went up to him, and in haste, so as not to be seen, said to him: "Andres," for she already knew his name, "I am a rich maiden; my mother has no other child, and this house is hers, and she has, besides, two others like it, and vineyards. You have pleased me: if you wish me for a wife it is for you to decide; answer me soon, and if you are prudent, wait, and you shall see what a life we shall lead."

Andres was astonished at the boldness of Juana and in the haste which she sought, he answered: "Señorita, I am already betrothed, and the Gipsys marry only in their own nation. God bless you

for the mercy which you would do me; I am not worthy of it."

Juana was upon the point of fainting at the short reply of Andres, whom she would have solicited farther, had not another Gipsy appeared. She went out disappointed and angry, and desirous of revenge. Andres prudently determined to avoid the occasion which the devil offered him: for he easily read in the eyes of Juana that she would deliver herself to him to the extent of his will without any matrimonial ceremonies, and he did not wish to be alone with her again within that corral. He therefore besought the Gipsys to prepare for going away. They, who always obeyed him, agreed, and getting back their securities, they started. Juana, who considered the departure of Andres equivalent to the loss of half her soul, and saw that there was no time to solicit the fulfilment of her desires, managed to detain him by force, since she could not by love. With the cunning and secrecy which her evil intention taught her, she placed in the knapsack which she knew to be his some rich corals and two silver medals, with other articles; and scarcely had the Gipsys left the house when she cried out that they had stolen her jewels; whereupon the officers came, and all the people in the village. The Gipsys stopped and all swore that they had stolen nothing, and that they would expose for examination all the property of the tribe. At this the old woman was much troubled, fearing that in that scrutiny the jewels of Preciosa and the clothes of Andres would come to light, for she had preserved them carefully: but Juana Carducha prevented all that, for at the second bundle which they examined, she said that they should ask which was that of the great dancer, for she had seen him go into her room twice, and perhaps he had taken them.

Andres understood that she was speaking of him, and laughing, said: "Dam-

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sel, this is my donkey and this is my wardrobe; and if you find about either anything of yours, I will pay you for it sevenfold, besides suffering the punishment which the law gives to thieves."

The officers of the law hastened to unload the donkey, and soon found the missing articles. At this Andres was so astonished and frightened that he resembled a statue of stone.

"Did I not suspect rightly?" said Miss Carducha, "see what an innocent face for so great a thief."

The judge, who was present, began to call Andres by a thousand insulting names, and cursed all Gypsies for thieves and robbers. To all this Andres said nothing, for he did not understand the meanness of Miss Carducha. Then a soldier, nephew of the judge, came up to him, saying, "Do you not see what Gypsies are? I will bet that, with all his rascality, he will deny the theft, though taken in the act: lucky for him if he do not get to the galleys. Why would it not be better that this scamp should be there serving the king, rather than dancing about from village to village and stealing from mountain to valley? By the faith of a soldier but I will give him a box;" and saying this, without more ado, he raised his hand and gave Andres such a blow that he was waked from his reverie, and caused to remember that he was not Andres Cavalier, the Gipsy, but Don Juan, and a nobleman: and leaping at the soldier, with much haste and more wrath, he wrested his sword from its sheath and killed him at a thrust. Then the people cried out, the judge raved, Preciosa swooned, and Andres was frightened at seeing her fall: then there was a hastening of all to arms and a rush to seize the homicide. Amidst great confusion Andres was soon taken and loaded with heavy chains. Indeed the judge would have liked to have had him executed immediately, had it been in his

power; but he had to send persons accused of high crimes to Murcia, the nearest seat of a high court. They did not take him until the next day, and in the meanwhile he suffered much inconvenience and abuse which the angry judge and his relatives and all the people of the village heaped upon him. The judge took all the Gypsies he could catch, but the most of them fled. Finally, provided with a summary of the case, and a great crowd of Gypsies, the judge, his officers, and many other persons, entered Murcia.

All the city came out to see the prisoners, for they had already heard of the death of the soldier; but the beauty of Preciosa that day was such that all who saw her blessed her. The report of her beauty reached the ears of the Superior Judge's wife, who, for curiosity to see the Gipsy girl, induced her husband to command that Preciosa alone should not be imprisoned. They placed Andres in a narrow cell, the darkness of which, with the lack of the light of Preciosa's eyes, affected him so much that he really expected to never leave the cell except for his grave. They took Preciosa, with her grandmother, that the judge's wife might see her; and when they met, the lady said, "You are indeed beautiful," and going to Preciosa, embraced her tenderly, and did not tire with gazing at her. She then asked the grandmother what was the girl's age.

"Fifteen years and two months," answered the old Gipsy.

The lady spoke sadly: "The same age which my poor Constance would now have had. Oh, my friends, this child has renewed my sorrow."

Preciosa took her hands, and kissing them many times, she bathed them with tears, and said: "Kind lady, the Gipsy that is a prisoner is no criminal, for he was attacked: they called him a thief, which he is not: they struck him first in the face, which is such that you can discover his honesty in it. For God's sake,

use your influence with the judge to delay his trial and punishment, and if my beauty has given you any pleasure, favor me by shielding the prisoner, for with the end of his life there will be an end of mine likewise. He should have been my husband, but honorable and proper impediments have prevented our marriage. If money be necessary to obtain a pardon, our whole tribe will sell itself at auction. Oh, Señora! if you know what love is, and if you have at any time felt its influence, and if you now have any love for your husband, pity me, for I love mine tenderly and honestly."

All this time Preciosa had not let go her hands, nor stopped looking at her attentively, shedding bitter and pitiable tears in great abundance. In the same manner the lady held the Gipsy girl's hands, looking at her no less attentively, and shedding tears no less. Whilst in this position the judge entered the room, and finding his wife and Preciosa so weeping and occupied, he was astonished at her tears as well as at her beauty. When Preciosa saw him she left the hands of the lady and seized the feet of the judge, saying to him, "Pity, Señor, pity, if my betrothed die, I die likewise: he is not in fault, but if he be guilty, then punish me, or if that cannot be, then put off the trial until the proper means for his defense can be sought and found: for it might be that Heaven would send gracious safety to one who did not offend in malice." The judge was anew astonished to hear the discreet words of the Gipsy girl, and had it not been for his pride, would have accompanied her in her tears.

In the meantime the old Gipsy was considering many great and intricate questions, and at the end of her suspense and study, she said: "Wait for me a little while, and I will cause this weeping to change to joy, though it cost me my life," and then she went out of the room with

a light step, leaving them in ignorance of her meaning. While the old woman was gone, Preciosa did not abandon her prayers and tears for the postponement of the trial of her betrothed, with the intention of informing his father, that he might come to defend Andres. The Gipsy woman soon returned with a little box under her arm, and requested the judge and his wife to go into a room where she could be alone with them, for she had great things to tell them. The judge, believing that she wished to discover to him some thefts of the Gipsys, to render him propitious in the case of the prisoner, immediately went with his wife and her into his cabinet, where the old woman, placing herself on her knees before them, said: "If the good news which I am about to give you does not merit, as a reward, the pardon of my great sin, here I am to receive the punishment which you may see fit to inflict; but, before I confess, I wish that you may tell me whether you recognize those jewels:" and opening the box where she had those of Preciosa, she placed them in the hands of the judge. He looked at them, and he saw that they were the ornaments of a child. When the lady saw them she seemed very much excited, and she asked, "Whose are those jewels?"

"Here in this folded paper," said the old woman, "is the child's name."

The judge took the paper and read: "The child's name is Constancia de Acevedo, her mother is Doña Guiomar de Acevedo, and her father's name is Don Fernando de Acevedo, Knight of the order of Calatrava. She disappeared on Ascension day at eight in the morning, in the year 1595, and she wore these ornaments in this box."

Scarcely had the lady heard the contents of the paper when she took the ornaments, placed them to her mouth and giving them a thousand kisses, fainted and fell. The judge hastened to

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sprinkle some water in her face and place her upon the sofa, and when she came to herself, she said, "Good woman, rather angel than Gipsy, where is the child—the owner of these jewels?"

"Where, lady!" exclaimed the Gipsy, "in this house you have her; that Gipsy girl who drew tears from your eyes is their owner and your child. I stole her from your house in Madrid the day and hour here written."

The excited lady jumped almost out of her shoes when she heard this, and ran to the hall where she had left Preciosa; and there she found her yet weeping, surrounded by the servant girls; she rushed up to Preciosa, and without speaking, in great haste, opened her dress and looked under her left breast, and there found a mole with which her child had been born, and the mole was already large for it had grown with time. Then with the same haste she took off the shoe of Preciosa's right foot and discovered a foot like polished ivory and saw upon it what she sought, which was that the two last toes were united by a small web of flesh. The breast, the toes, the ornaments, the specified day of theft, the confession of the Gipsy, and the surprise and pleasure which she felt when she saw the Gipsy girl, confirmed the truth that Preciosa was her daughter; and then seizing her in her arms, she returned to where her husband and the Gipsy were. Preciosa was confused, not understanding what was meant, and still more when the lady took her in her arms and covered her with kisses. Doña Guiomar soon arrived with her precious burden to the presence of her husband, and transferring it from her arms to his, said:

"Receive my lord, your daughter, Constancia, for this is she beyond a doubt, I have seen the mark of the joined toes and that of the mole on her breast; and besides, my soul has been

saying so to me since the moment that I first saw her."

"I do not doubt it," answered the judge, "for I have had the same thoughts, and all put together it appears like a miracle."

All the servants in the house were wondering, asking each other what it meant, and they all guessed wide of the mark; for none could have thought that the Gipsy girl was the daughter of their mistress. The judge said to them that they should keep the secret, and at the same time he told the old Gipsy that he pardoned her for the theft of his daughter, but that it grieved him that knowing the quality of Preciosa, she had betrothed her to a Gipsy, and he a thief and a murderer.

To this Preciosa said, "Oh my lord! he is not a Gipsy nor a thief, although he killed a man, but it was one who gave him a great insult, and he could not do less than show who he was, and kill him."

"How! he is no Gipsy, my daughter?" said Dona Guiomar.

Then the old woman related briefly the story of Andres Cavalier, and how he was son of Don Francisco de Carcamo, Knight of the order of Santiago, and that the son's name was Don Juan de Carcamo, of the same honorable order, as his ornaments which he had would show. She told at the same time of the agreement between Preciosa and Don Juan, of the two year's probation before marriage, and praised the chastity of both and the honorable disposition of Don Juan. At this they wondered as much as at the finding of their daughter; and the lady ordered the Gipsy woman to bring the clothes of Don Juan. She went out and soon returned with another Gipsy, who carried the clothes. While she was gone the parent put a thousand questions to Preciosa, which she answered with such discretion and grace that they would have loved her if they had

not known her to be their daughter. They asked her if she had any affection for Don Juan. She answered, no more than that she was compelled to be grateful to a person who had humiliated himself to be a Gipsy for her sake; but that her thankfulness should not extend beyond the bounds set by the wishes of her parents."

"Silenceo, daughter Preciosa," said her father, "for I wish you to retain this name of Preciosa, in memory of your loss and recovery; for I, as your father, will undertake to place you in condition to do no discredit to your quality."

Hearing this, Preciosa sighed, and her mother, as a sensible woman, knew that she was sighing out of love for Don Juan, and she said to her husband. "Señor, since Don Juan de Careamo is so noble and so enamored of our daughter it would not be evil to give her to him as a spouse."

He answered, "To-day we have but found her and you already wish to lose her? Let us enjoy her company for a short time, for when she is married she will not be ours, but her husband's."

"You are right, my lord," answered she, "but give orders to free Don Juan, who is in the dungeon."

"Yes, he is," said Preciosa, "for to a homicide and a thief, and above all to a Gipsy, they would give no better place."

"I will go to see him as though I were going to take his confession," answered Don Fernando, and embracing Preciosa, he immediately went to the dungeon of Don Juan. He found him manacled upon hand and foot in a dark cell, and he said, "How do your wristbands fit? I wish that I had all the Gipsys in Spain thus hand-cuffed that I might finish with them in one day. Know punctilious thief, that I am the judge of this city, and have come to learn from you whether a Gipsy girl that came with you is your wife?"

Andres answered, "If she has said

that I am, it is true; and if she has said that I am not, it is likewise true: for, it is impossible that Preciosa should speak falsely."

"So truthful, is she?" said the Judge, "that is extraordinary in a Gipsy. Now young man, she has said that she is your spouse, but has never given you her hand. She has learned that on account of your crime you must die, and she has besought me to celebrate the marriage before you die, because she wishes the honor of being the widow of so great a thief."

"Then, your honor, do as she prays, and I will go, contented, to the other life."

"You must love her deeply," said the Judge.

"So much," said the prisoner, "that words are nothing. I have only to say, I killed a man who insulted me; I love this Gipsy girl; I will die contented if I die in her favor, and I know that the mercy of God will not be wanting to us, for we have kept our promises, honestly and strictly."

"Then I will send for you to-night," said the Judge, "and in my house, you will be married to Preciosa, and to-morrow at noon you will be upon the scaffold; and therewith I will have complied with the dictates of justice and your desires."

Andres thanked him, and the Judge returned to his house, where he related to his wife what he had done. In the mean time Preciosa had related to her mother the whole course of her life, and how she had always believed that she was a Gipsy, and grand-daughter of the old woman, but that she had always respected herself more than was to be expected of a Gipsy girl. Her mother told her to tell her the truth, whether she loved Don Juan de Careamo. She with bashfulness and down-cast eyes said, that having considered herself a Gipsy, and that she would better her condition by marrying a knight, and great noble like Don

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Juan de Carcamo, and, as she had learned by experience, a man of such good and honorable disposition, she had sometimes looked upon him with eyes of affection, but that she had already said that the will of her parents was her law.

Night came, and about ten o'clock, they took Andres from the prison, loose, except one large chain around his waist. They arrived, unobserved by any one save his conductors, at the house of the judge, and in silence entered a room where they left him alone. Soon after a priest entered and told him to confess himself, for that he had to die on the morrow.

To which Andres answered: "I will confess very willingly, but why not marry me first, if I am to be married, the honey-moon will be short enough at best." Doña Guiomar, who heard all this, said to her husband that the fright might be too great for Don Juan, and cost him his life. The counsel appeared good to the judge and he went in to call the confessor and said to him, that, first he should marry the two Gipsys, and then hear the man's confession afterwards. They then took Andres to a large room where the only persons present were the judge, Doña Guiomar, Preciosa and a couple of servants; but when Preciosa saw Don Juan in chains, she threw herself into the arms of her mother and wept.

Doña Guiomar said, "Do not grieve my child, for all this shall redound to your pleasure and profit." She, fearful, did not know how to console herself, and the old Gipsy was frightened and the servants in suspense.

The judge said, "Sir Curate, these are the Gipsy man and woman that you are to marry."

"This I cannot do until the legal formalities have been complied with; where were the banns published? Where is the permission of my superior?"

"The inadvertence is mine," said the judge, "but I will manage it right."

"Then until it may be right, please excuse me," and without saying more he left the house.

"The curate has done right," said the judge, "and perhaps it was a providence of Heaven, that the punishment of Andres should be postponed, for indeed he must be married to Preciosa and the banns must be published; whereby time will be gained, which often gives sweet issue to bitter difficulties; and with all this I should like to know of Andres, if fortune should change its course and he should become Don Juan de Carcamo, whether he would consider himself fortunate in being the husband of Preciosa."

When Andres heard himself called by this name, he said, "Since Preciosa has not contained herself within the limits of silence, and has made known who I am, though the good fortune of her love should find me monarch of the world, I would esteem her so high that she should bound my desires, and I could hope for nothing more save Heaven."

"Then for the good intention which you have shewn, in proper time I will see that Preciosa shall be your lawful wife and now I give and deliver her to you, in hope, as the richest jewel of my house and of my life, and of my soul, for in her I give you Señorita Constancia de Acovedo, my only daughter, who if she equals you in love is not inferior in lineage."

Andrés was astonished, and Doña Guiomar told him briefly the loss and recovery of her daughter. The secrecy was soon broken; the servants spread the news, which being heard by the judge, the uncle of the dead man, he saw his vengeance failed, for the rigor of justice could not be expected to fall upon the son-in-law of a superior judge. Don Juan, dressed himself in his habit which the Gipsy woman had brought. The prison and chains of iron were changed for liber-

ty and chains of gold; the Gipsys were liberated; the uncle received the promise of two thousand crowns, in consideration of dropping the quarrel, and a servant of Miss Carducha swore to having seen her conceal her trinkets in Andres' bundle while Andres was away. Don Francisco said to Don Juan that he had learned that his father Don Francisco de Carcano was appointed judge of that city, and that it would be well to wait for his arrival. Don Juan said he would be ruled, but that before all things he should be married to Preciosa. The archbishop gave him license to be married with but one bann. The Judge being very much beloved, the city made a celebration, with illuminations, bull fights and rockets,

upon the eve and day of the marriage. The news of the adventures and marriage of Don Juan and Preciosa reached the court, and the beauty and quality of Preciosa secured the pardon of Andres from his father, for his son's spirit of adventure. It was no little gratification to him to find the son, whom he had supposed to be lost, and to know that he was the son-in-law of so great a nobleman as Don Fernando de Acevedo. He hastened his departure to see his children, and within twenty days he was in Merca. Upon his arrival the festivities were renewed, and the poets of the city celebrated the singular adventures and the discretion and grace of Don Juan and Preciosa.

### THE MANIAC'S SONG.

BY MILLIE MAYFIELD.

Mad! mad!  
When the thunder calls to the deep, I'm glad!  
When the storm's black bark unfurls its  
sail,  
And Death rides out on the fearful gale,  
I am glad! glad!

Sad! Sad!  
'Twas to see my Willie drown. Too bad,  
That the glittering threads of his golden  
hair  
Should hold him fast in the Siren's lair—  
Too bad! too bad!

Mad! mad!  
They call me mad, when I am but glad,  
As I shout his ever blessed name  
To the lightning's telegraphic flame,  
I am glad! glad!

Sad! sad!  
No answering message comes back; too bad!  
The lightning's chain in the surging seas  
Breaks near the Hall of the Nereides—  
Too bad! too bad!

Mad! mad!  
There's a lurid light in the cloud—I'm glad!  
Yon sea of fog the stars will drown,  
I saw the moon's white face go down—  
I am glad! glad!

Sad! sad!  
I shall be if no shipwreck's near—too bad,  
If there goes not a goodly company  
To meet him under the stormy sea;  
Too bad! too bad!

Mad! mad!  
Hurrah! there's a crash! I'm glad! I'm glad!  
The wind's sharp plow turns up the deep  
And furrows the beds where the sea-gods  
sleep,  
I am glad! glad!

Sad! sad!  
Bound down like a felon—too bad, too bad,  
That I can't escape this torturing chain,  
And join my love in the foaming main—  
Too bad! too bad!

Mad! mad!  
When I hear the tempest roar, I'm glad;  
For I hope the storm-king will hear my cry  
And clip my cords as he thunders by—  
I am glad! glad!

Sad! sad!  
His chariot's wheels drown my voice—too  
bad!  
I must wait for the tardy jailor, Death,  
To close the gates on my trembling breath,  
Too bad! too bad!

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## EXCURSION TO THE BUTTE MOUNTAINS.

BY GROVE K. GODFREY.

One morning, before the sun rose over the summits of the Sierras, I set out on an excursion from Yuba city to the Butte Mountains. All nature was calm and hushed to repose. The busy hum of day had not commenced, save by Heaven's own choristers that were offering up to God their songs of praise, making the groves vocal with their music. It was a lovely morning. The atmosphere was soft and balmy, and the sky beautifully blue. I started early to avoid the heat of the day, for experience had taught me that the delightful air I inhaled would become hot in a few hours. A belt of trees along Feather river covers the luxuriant bottom land, and they were mostly oak and sycamore, low and wide spreading, affording shades of the finest kind. Here were to be seen splendid trees clad with a gorgeous livery of foliage growing with all the luxuriance in which nature delights in these solitudes.

The festoons, draperies and trestle work of vines as they hung from tree to tree, presented a most graceful and attractive sight.

Birds too, of rich and varied plumage, having most sweet and liquid notes, made the landscape vocal with their songs; while the chattering magpie and blue jay, with an occasional whistle or peculiar call of the California partridge, and the lonely sound of the moaning doves as they could be seen playing among the dense foliage or on the tops of sycamore trees, gave additional interest to this animated and truly magnificent scene. As I emerged out into the open plain, the lofty, snowy peaks of the coast

range mountains just began to glitter in the first rays of the morning sun, which had not yet reached me. I turned to witness a sunrise over the peaks of the Sierra Nevada mountains. A long wall to the eastward rose thousands of feet abruptly from the plains. As the sun continued to rise higher, the scenery became hourly more grand and interesting, and the view here was truly magnificent.

When the sun had fairly ascended above the wall, it made several magical changes. Its first rays gave the mountains the appearance of gold, and as it moved higher still, its beams struck the mountains in a different position, and they presented a deep rose color which contrasted beautifully with the blue sky above, and, finally the whole range of peaks capped with eternal snow, were gleaming like burnished silver, while a sea of summits flowed along the distant heavens. What a rich scene was presented to the admiring gaze in all its grandeur and sublimity. Never had I seen such gorgeous tints, such fantastic shapes among the clouds, and such blending of colors reflected in a thousand lovely tints on mountain and sky, as I here witnessed; earth, air and sky were lit up with the splendid spectacle. Though the scenes are not of the Alps, nor the Andes, yet they have their own peculiar character of grandeur and magnificence. Truly the sun rose with unusual brilliancy, and a soft and gentle breeze filled with the balmy fragrance of the thousand flowers of the plains, made the morning as delightful as the heart could wish. The singular beauty of the plains is delightful to the eye, and the

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purity of the atmosphere in this region is bracing to one's constitution. As I proceeded on my journey, I heard the confused hum of the thousands of insects, now and then broken by the sharp chirping of a cricket.

The golden butterflies were seen flying gracefully in the air, and now and then I started up a wild lizard and a horned frog.

In the distance above the wide-spreading oak groves stands the Butte mountains, their sides glowing in the sunbeams. The green verdure of the lofty summits and the bright flowers of every hue which dotted the long stretch of open prairie land, tinged with the sun, contrasted beautifully.

As I advanced, both presented an attractive and invigorating landscape. I continued over loose soil and fine dust in some places, which made my journey exceedingly toilsome and unpleasant.

After walking about four miles over a parched and arid plain, occasionally relieved by a few trees or shrubs, covered with different kinds of flowers, as if in mimicry of the desolate and arid plain, I reached a belt of timber—a fine grove. Here I tarried for some time beneath the welcome shades, being a little weary.

As the day advanced, the rays of the sun were most intense, with but a little shade here and there to protect me from its beams in crossing the open prairie. As I entered the groves, the way rejoiced with the music of the bobolinks and of many little warblers that would join in their chorus.

The blue bird was there, with his sprightly notes, and the meadow lark perched upon a weed caroled forth his song of love.

There was a grandeur and beauty in the scenery that was truly enchanting. The day was clear and bright, and the atmosphere mild and serene, while the gentle air that wafted over the plain was

refreshing and invigorating. But the hum of the insects and songs of the birds, and gay profusion of the trees, plants and flowers, absorbed every sense in my admiration of the new and varied picture continually presented.

I passed through beautiful groves of white, live, and evergreen oaks, often six and eight feet in diameter, that grow to the height of fifteen to fifty feet, and then spreading out, forming a large top and covering a considerable space of ground with rich foliage. One is struck with the great regularity of those forest trees. Generally, the space between is from four to ten rods, and the boughs branching off from the main trunk with as much uniformity as an old apple orchard.

The ground which I have passed over is what is called rolling prairie, of exceedingly small and gentle curves, one swell melting into another. It is one of the most lovely and fertile portions of the plains in the whole valley of Sacramento. The soil is a black loam intermixed with sand, and can be plowed with great ease. Almost every acre is susceptible of the highest state of cultivation, and will reward the husbandman for his labor, more richly perhaps than any country on the globe. The soil here will produce more and with less labor than any portion of the older states, and the products must always command a much higher price. Already has this portion of the country begun to attract the attention of the agriculturist, and many are now preparing to open large farms for the coming season. A few years, and the thousand little valleys of California will bloom as the rose, and the products of the north and south will be growing in abundance. A happy future awaits her, and there are none so bold that dare attempt to foretell her greatness. About two miles from the base of the Buttes, the ground commences gently to roll;

still it becomes gradually grow li base of the moun are carpeted with wild musta the wild roses are gle their pink, rec the clusters of vi kinds of flowers and hue. In th sion I counted distinct varieties either on the pl and slopes of th steep of the B sight, those wild base at the east Butte mountain the Sacramento twelve miles was located at the m The verdure of and the green the scene around esque. From th there is a slight foot hills; and gush from the directions, form reaching a few the springs whic copious enough plain, whilst ot and finally em rivers. The m plentifully supp whole year.

I wound arou the mountain fo commenced the up between the on my right han came to a plac engaged in min of those mounta From these old uninterrupted a ravine, where

still it becomes undulating, and the hills gradually grow larger till they reach the base of the mountains. These hill tops are carpeted with wild oats, interspersed with wild mustard, and in the valleys the wild roses are in full bloom and mingle their pink, red, and white flowers with the clusters of violets and various other kinds of flowers of every inimitable tint and hue. In the course of my excursion I counted one hundred and fifty distinct varieties of flowers in full bloom either on the plain or along the ravines and slopes of the foot hills and higher steeps of the Buttes. It is a glorious sight, those wild flowers. I reached the base at the east end of the range. The Butte mountains are situated between the Sacramento and Feather rivers, twelve miles west of Yuba city, which is located at the mouth of the Yuba river. The verdure of the mountains above me and the green valleys below, rendered the scene around me grand and picturesque. From the base of the mountains there is a slight descent after leaving the foot hills; and streams of pure water gush from the mountain sides in all directions, forming little rivulets, some reaching a few miles beyond the hills; the springs which supply them, not being copious enough to carry them across the plain, whilst others traverse the valleys and finally empty themselves into the rivers. The most of these streams are plentifully supplied with fish during the whole year.

I wound around on the north side of the mountain for about three miles, and commenced the ascent. Whilst moving up between the mountains, leaving two on my right hand and two on my left, I came to a place where men had been engaged in mining on the banks of some of those mountain streams and in ravines. From these old diggings my progress was uninterrupted in climbing till I reached a ravine, where a stream of pure and

limpid water had sprung to life far above in the tall cliffs, and leaped and dashed over a rugged mass of rocks, and finally wound around the foothills and lost itself in the plains. Here the wild flowers of all dyes bloom in their native luxuriance, and waste their fragrance on the mountain air.

From thence I continued my stroll in climbing up the mountain sides. There were patches of green tufts to be seen here and there, and occasionally a grass plat broke upon the sight.

Further along in places a tall clump of trees would spring up, bearing aloft a graceful top of foliage, affording a delightful shade, under which I sat me down to rest, for the sun poured down his intense heat and cast his lengthened shadows down along the mountain side below, and brightened all the highest peaks with rays of golden light.

I came unexpectedly to an enchanting spot, a mountain streamlet, which, descending from above in mountain cascades, plunging and foaming over cliffs and precipices, had worn deep and round bowls in the solid rocks, forming limpid pools of cool and delightful water of crystal purity, and finally winding and forming a most beautiful little lake, set like a gem in the mountains. The sheet of water lay transversely across the direction I had been pursuing. Here a view of the utmost grandeur and magnificence burst upon my eyes between two ridges covered with dark pine, which sweeps down from the main chain to the spot where I stood. Here the lake glistened in the open sunlight; its banks of yellow sand and the green foliage of the aspen groves contrasted beautifully with the gloomy pines. Never before, in this country or in South America, or the Islands of Oceanica, have I seen such grand rocks and magnificent landscape.

Proceeding a little further, I came to the outlet of the lake, where it found its

way through a narrow passage between an accumulation of rocks, boulders and broad slabs, and large angular fragments. Dark pines which overhang the stream, and masses of rocks where the water foamed along, gave it a romantic beauty. It fairly brought to my mind a beautiful romantic spot in my own dear native State, near sweet Auburn, the loveliest village of the plain, where a gurgling rill leaped joyously down the hill and through the vale, and where I had passed many a happy hour. Here in this sweet retreat I tarried for a long time beneath the welcome shade, enjoying the pleasure of the mountain scenery.

Winding my way in a zigzag course up this wide and long ravine for some distance, I came to the fork, where it branches off into two beautiful arroyos. A few yards below the junction the rivulet takes a precipitous leap over craggy rocks, and rushes onward, bounding, chafing and frothing as if it were doing a match against time and were in danger of losing the race. Here in this delightful place the song of birds was the only sound that interrupted the faint rush of the rapid stream, which came more clearly on the ear, now that the babbling stream had yielded to the stillness of the mountain. I followed up the dividing ridge that rose between the ravines, till I scaled one of the summits. Walking along on the top ridge till I joined the most easterly peak, I finally succeeded in gaining the highest of the four peaks, two thousand feet above the level of the plains of Sacramento.

These mountains stand northwest and southeast, and the whole range is six miles in length. They bear the appearance of lava, and probably have been upheaved by some subterranean convulsion of nature. The different peaks stood before me in the distant prospect, and parallel to its length the ridges are split up in chasms of fissures, between which rose

not so high the lofty walls that terminated with minarets and columns. These mountains, serried by deep chasms and rugged ravines, and often broken into abrupt terminations by steep, precipitous crags, looked very grand and imposing, as one bench after another fell off into undulating hills, till they became a level plain. Among these hills beautiful smiling valleys would present, all uncultivated, but clad with a livery of foliage, and here and there intersected with numerous streams, forming large and very beautiful bottoms of fertile land, wooded principally with oak groves of handsome trees, and open prairie. There were patches of green tufts to be seen here and there, and occasionally a grassy plat of green verdure broke upon the sight along the sides of the mountains, whilst over all the summits of the range extends a wide and uncouth aspect of desolation. How sublime they stand in the midst of the great plain of Sacramento.

I am now upon the highest summit of the Butte mountain. What endless food for memory and association is presented! This sight is unrivaled in beauty and magnificence. Looking from this summit, the main feature presented is the long, broad valley of the Sacramento; bounded on the east by the Sierra Nevadas and on the west by the coast range mountains, which separate it from the Pacific Ocean. My position commanded a wide sweep of the surrounding country.

The view towards the west presents the long and lofty wall of the coast range, extending north and south as far as vision could extend, and in some places capped with perpetual snow. Stretching between me and those distant mountains two-thirds in width is the great valley of the Sacramento, through which can be seen the ever memorable Sacramento river of the El Dorado, winding its way to the waters of the Pacific, whose banks are defined by a long line of oaks and sycamores.

At my feet long and rich gives it more cultivated pasture, while on mountain the wound along just made my mento to the this valley, li swell of the of the river, graceful curv pearance, wit various dista green-robed f Sierras is a with undula loys, and wa streams, som yond the hill other rivers. wards, over Thousands a rise one ran stretching no eye can reach summits, ma with all the To the no up to the ea Peak, and r range, stand Mount Lyn two ranges come more enters the r mountain ra ley are high in places v What a pro grandeur! be more cle brighter az eyes have tr It was a the light ley, gently

At my feet lay the valley dotted with a long and rich growth of timber, which gives it more the appearance of an old cultivated park than the forests of nature, while on the other side of the mountain the Feather and Yuba rivers wound along the valley over which I had just made my way, and entered the Sacramento to the south, which passes through this valley, till it was dimly lost on the swell of the expansive plain. The bends of the river, as they sweep around in graceful curves, present a beautiful appearance, with ranches scattered along at various distances, half hid in the dense green-robed forests. The foothills of the Sierras is a wooded country, diversified with undulating ground and pretty valleys, and watered with numerous small streams, some extending a few miles beyond the hills, whilst others reach the other rivers. The eye now glances upwards, over the flanks of the Nevadas. Thousands of mountain peaks take their rise one range and tier above another, stretching north and south as far as the eye can reach, till they reach the highest summits, many of which are displayed with all the brilliancy of glacier rocks.

To the north a remarkable peak looms up to the eastward, and is called Lassen Peak, and nearly opposite, in the coast range, stands a prominent summit, called Mount Lynn, whilst far beyond these two ranges of mountains unite and become more elevated, and Mount Shasta enters the region of eternal snows. The mountain ranges on both sides of the valley are high and rugged, being capped in places with snow the year round. What a prospect presents itself in all its grandeur! Never could the atmosphere be more clear and the sky painted with a brighter azure, and at no time could my eyes have traveled over a greater space.

It was a beautiful afternoon in April, the light breeze played through the valley, gently waving the trees in a most

graceful manner, and filling the air with the balmy fragrance of the thousand flowers of the plain.

As I stood upon the summit looking around me, the Buttes presented one main striking feature, which was that of terrible convulsion.

The eye rests upon the green valley spread out in all directions, carpeted with green as far as vision could extend, and flowery pastures here and there dotted with groves of oak and sycamore. The eye wanders with delight over the rivers deep and wide, those mighty streams that seaward glide, to seek the ocean's breast, and those mighty chains of mountains on either side of the valley stretching from north and south so massive, yet so shadowy and so ethereal.

The whole scene was wild and romantic. There were to be seen deep chasms, yawning abysses, rugged ravines, narrow defiles, and on some peaks of these mountain chains spring up tall trees of fir, oak and cedar, yet they were often broken into abrupt terminations by overhanging crags. Over all a lonely aspect and a peculiar cheerless desolation extended as the shades of evening approached. The whole range of peaks stretched out into a sea of summits, on which the last rays of the setting sun yet lingered as it went down beneath the western horizon; all description of it failing to convey to the mind an adequate impression of its beauty and grandeur.

When the sun had fairly set, the whole coast range contrasted beautifully with the golden sky lit up by the last rays of the departing sun. The scenery was the most grand and picturesque I ever witnessed. While I stood here looking down upon the vast plain and the mountains that surrounded me, a stillness the most profound and terrible forced itself continually upon my mind as the great feature of the scenery. Here I was alone in a strange place. The still-

ness of the place cannot but strike the traveler with a kind of solemn awe. The solitude is complete and unbroken by any living thing save the yell of the solitary eagle circling around some lofty crag. I gazed with wonder, admiration and astonishment, drinking in the beauty and the strangeness of the scene till my heart staggered under the emotions that crowded it, asking in vain for utterance. Its grandeur, its variety, its romantic character and its splendid beauty are incomparably magnificent. In the midst of what a scene was I now standing! Eternal silence reigned around me, and solitude, deeper than the forest, first embraces the subdued and humble adventurer.

There was much around me to inspire vague and visionary fancies. It was here that I could cast a retrospective glance at my past life and set a true estimate on the value of friends.

Here it was that I held sweet communion with nature and with nature's God, and welcomed the associations and influences of the hour when the great orb of day is sinking to his rest behind the western waves of the Pacific. When his splendor rests down upon the distant mountain tops, tinging them with his golden hues; when the beauties of Heaven seem blended in the sky and mirrored on the landscape, there is a language in the

scene which the heart can read and understand. It is then nature follows after us in the soft persuasion of her still small voice, then she unfolds before our vision the most captivating features of her loveliness, her sweet harmonies, which, like the symphonies of angelic notes heard from afar, linger in our dreams and pervade the first issues of the mind.

Truly, this is an hour that exerts its mild influence over all, like evening deep upon the tender flowers, bidding the unhallowed passions of men to sleep while earth communes with Heaven.

Adieu, lovely Butte mountains, adieu! Happy and blythe have been the hours which I have spent around thee, and it may well be I shall never visit you again, whether reflecting the full fresh green of spring, or rich hues of golden autumn; but never, lonely mountains, never will thy remembrance fade from my bosom while one drop of life's blood warms it. Long may it be before these grand old trees fall before the woodman's axe, or the groves of the mountains be disrobed of the foliage. For truly thou, in this late age, art young and innocent, and unpolluted, as when the red man drank of the pure water that gurgled down thy mountain sides, long centuries ere he dreamed of the pale-faced oppressor.

**FLOWERS.**—The most humble abode is made pleasant to the sight of all persons of good taste and refined feelings, when it exhibits flowers in its surroundings, or plants peeping out of the windows. Flowers are a luxury that the poorest may enjoy—the most common are among the most beautiful—and a few seeds sown in the garden patch, however small it may be, or in a pot or a box, will in a short time gladden the heart of the sower, and all who look upon them, in the spirit of love, with a beauty and fragrance too exquisite for description.

**THE LOVE FOR A SISTER.**—Some one has appropriately said that there is something lovely in the name of sister—its utterance rarely failing to call up the affections of the heart. The thoughts that circle round it are all beautiful and pure. Passion has no place with its associations. The hopes and fears of love, those strong emotions, powerful enough to shatter and extinguish life itself, find no home there. The bride is the star, the talisman of the heart, the diamond above all price, bright and blazing in the noonday sun; a sister the gem of milder light, calm as the mellow moon, and set in a coronet of pearls.

I am blood how it came. mining at "Creek"—now—in Shasta co been a sail-m Frigate Const He was a very man, and a fr Bar lies at the of which rise sand feet above On the sides are numerous were very rich ored.

One of these Gulch," about Middle Bar, out" during the but Bill and I '50, and found the middle of t all our worldly on the gulch. was running th lons per minute one rocker. On bench on the n were beautiful bery, while in mountain peaks yards west of Creek, perhaps deep.

It so happened near the Indian Creek to "The now Shasta Ci Cow Creek; and used the trail. faces and the re latter had been.

## A CALIFORNIAN BLOOD-STAIN.

I am blood-stained; and I shall tell how it came. In March, 1850, I was mining at "The Middle Bar of Clear Creek"—now known as One-horse Town—in Shasta county. Bill Fopp, who had been a sail-maker's assistant on the U. S. Frigate Constitution, was my partner. He was a very large, strong and active man, and a first-rate fellow. The Middle Bar lies at the mouth of a cañon, the sides of which rise to mountains several thousand feet above the level of the stream. On the sides of these mountains there are numerous gullies, some of which were very rich in gold when first discovered.

One of these gullies, known as "Sheets' Gulch," about six miles north of the Middle Bar, had been twice "worked out" during the winter of '49 and '50; but Bill and I prospected it in March, '50, and found it still rich. So about the middle of the month we packed up all our worldly goods and took up a claim on the gulch. A little current of water was running through it—about five gallons per minute—just enough to supply one rocker. Our claim was on a little bench on the mountain side, where there were beautiful grass, timber and shrubbery, while in the distance were grand mountain peaks, and about five hundred yards west of us was the cañon of Clear Creek, perhaps nearly one thousand feet deep.

It so happened that our claim lay very near the Indian trail from Cottonwood Creek to "The Springs"—as what is now Shasta City was then called—and Cow Creek; and the Indians frequently used the trail. At that time the pale faces and the red men were at war. The latter had been driven away from their

ancient homes, cut off from access to the salmon fisheries, deprived of the stores of acorns and horsechestnuts which they had laid up in their rancherias, and having no other means of sustaining life, they drove off horses, mules, horned cattle, and stole flour and other articles of provision from the miners.

These thefts, when horses were worth \$200 each, and all kinds of provisions \$2 per pound, caused severe losses to the whites, and they could not submit to them; they had either to abandon the mines and leave the country to the savages, or they must punish the thieves so as to prevent the repetition of the thefts. The method of punishment, often resorted to, was a very simple one. About twenty or thirty miners, all armed with rifles, revolvers and bowie knives, would start out on a road into the Indian country, discover a rancheria, take it by surprise, rush upon it, and shoot, stab and kill every buck, squaw and pappoose. Of course the Indians would retaliate by shooting down the whites, whenever they could take them by surprise or at a great advantage.

There were no miners within two miles of Sheets' Gulch, and none nearer than "The Middle Bar" save Ben Wright and Olney with a party of Wallawalla Indians; and as we were only two, we were advised by all our friends not to remain there alone, where we might be surprised and murdered by the hostile Indians at any time of the day or night. We determined, however, to risk our lives for the sake of the gold—and we staid. All that month of March we worked there more arduously than any slaves. And we had encouragement. We were making about \$30 per day in beautiful

coarse gold, and our claim promised to furnish us with occupation at those wages for some months.

One day when we went up to dinner we found that all our provisions of every kind, amounting to about 100 pounds in all, had been stolen from our tent. The theft was a very bold one, for our tent was not more than one hundred yards from where we were at work, and we could easily see it when standing erect in our claim. The loss was a very severe one to us, pecuniarily, and as we thought over it on empty stomachs, we vowed vengeance on the thieves if we should catch them. Bill went out with rifle, with the hope of discovering the offenders or getting some game, while I went off to Ben Wright's camp to borrow some flour and pork for supper. Thus we lost all that afternoon. The next day I borrowed one of Ben Wright's horses and went over to the Springs and bought about \$150 worth of flour, pork, sugar, beans and rice. These I packed upon the horse, they did not form a heavy load for him either, and started home. I attempted to take a straight road, but soon found myself on a very high and rugged peak, the descent from which was extremely crooked and difficult, and it was only by very great exertion that I managed to reach home that night. In my anxiety I overworked myself and the next day I was "taken down" with the ague and could do nothing. The day was a beautiful one; I made my bed out under a large live oak tree, and lay there while Bill rocked the cradle. At noon he came up, made dinner, and then lay down to take a little nap. About one o'clock I awoke from a short sleep and found that by the motion of the sun I was no longer in the shade; and I raised myself upon my elbow intending to get up and place my bed in the shade. As I raised, I heard a rustle behind me, and looking back I saw a naked Indian jump from behind a

buckeye bush, some twenty steps distant, and run down towards the cañon.

I shouted, "Bill! Bill! Indians! Indians!" Bill rushed out of the tent, and with popping eye and flying hair, demanded "where? where?" while he jumped up about six feet perpendicularly looking down the cañon in the direction I pointed. The next moment he was making ten feet strides after the Indian; and I rose and limped to the tent for Bill's rifle, knowing that he had started without any arms save the butcher knife which he always carried at his side, supposing that the Indian might return.

Still I hurried to follow them, so that if I had a chance I might assist my partner, or perhaps pick off the red-skin as he might ascend the rocks on the other side of the cañon. However, I had not gone more than forty steps, before I saw Bill come out from among the rocks and bushes leading Mr. "Ingun," a young fellow, apparently sixteen or seventeen years of age, by the hand. I was so much excited that I drew up the rifle for the purpose of shooting him in Bill's hand; but Bill protested, and as the distance was about fifty yards, it would not have been a very safe experiment for a man with the ague. So I dropped the rifle and Bill came up. The Indian was perfectly naked and savage in appearance. What to do with him? That he must die we were both agreed. It was plain that he had robbed us the other day, and that he had come intending to rob us again. We presumed that he had accomplices in the vicinity. We must make it a matter of life and death. Bill proposed that the prisoner should be given to Ben Wright's Wallawallas, who hate the ignoble Diggers, and would have delighted in killing this one. I objected, that the Indian if entrusted to third persons might escape, and that if he had accomplices watching us, we ought to give them a proof of how soon we could

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execute fatal judgment, and that if the Wallawallas should kill him they would probably use wanton and revolting cruelty. Said I, "Bill, that Indian must be shot here and now, and if you don't want to do it, I'll spare you the trouble."

"No," replied he, "if it must be done, I'll do it myself; you had better go and lie down."

I neglected his advice, however, and examined his rifle for him to see that it was in order; and finding it was, gave it to him.

He led the Indian away to a spot about two hundred yards from the tent, to a little clear knoll, which could be seen from all the surrounding hills and mountains. When he arrived at the place of sacrifice he pushed the savage down. When the intended victim saw what was to be his fate, he curled his face as if to cry like a child, but it was only for a

moment. He then put on a stiff upper lip, looked bravely at Bill's stalwart form and at my drawn pistol, concluded that escape was hopeless, spoke a few words in his native tongue—to the effect, as is supposed, that he had not stolen from us, but that another tribe beyond the Clear Creek Mountains were the offenders—and seeing that his pleadings would be of no avail, he lay down, crossed his arms, doubled up his legs as Indians sleep, and shut his eyes as though he were content to have seen the last of earth. The next moment a bullet from Bill's rifle pierced his brain.

I shall only add that we made no secret of what we had done, and our conduct was universally approved. Had we allowed our prisoner to escape, we should have exposed ourselves to the ill will of most of the miners in our vicinity.

## THE HOME AND TOMB OF WASHINGTON.

BY MRS. E. S. CONNER.

The philosopher, the scholar, the student, or the votary of pleasure, alike derive manifold gratifications from foreign travel, but among them there is no circumstance so pleasing, so heart-warming to an American, as the universal admiration, even reverence, everywhere felt and expressed for the name, the character of Washington. "If I ever visit America, the first spot I shall seek will be Mount Vernon!" How often this sentiment has been uttered by foreigners, every American who has traveled abroad can tell. Yet we, at home, inhaling every hour the moral vitality which his virtues, wisdom, patriotism, and toils, have infused into our daily life throughout the land, from

the Atlantic to the Pacific, from the ice-bound North to the climate of "the orange and the myrtle," for years supinely suffered that household shrine to fall gradually to decay. To the honor of American ladies, be it said, they have arisen to efface this blot upon our national gratitude. The "Southern Matron," a lady as eminent for her private worth as for her social position, enrolled under her banner associates equally worthy of honor, for a purpose truly feminine and noble: To make a free gift to the American people of the Home and Tomb of Washington! From a small band the association has, like the grain of mustard-seed, increased to a legion. The fire that burned in the

hearts and was visible in the deeds of the heroic woman of the revolution, has been rekindled in their posterity, and the ladies of America have vied with each other in laboring for this cause. By their endeavors, and, above all, by the exertions of the Honorable Edward Everett, whose genius, eloquence, scholastic research, extraordinary appropriateness and aptitude of illustration and anecdote were more nobly devoted, the work is approaching its completion. The 22d of February next, the anniversary of the birthday, not of a Man only, but of a nation, has been justly and beautifully selected as the day on which Mount Vernon shall become to us and to ours forever, a cherished spot, guarded from the decaying influences of time, and standing, among the tottering gods of party strife, local dissensions and petty jealousies, the Ark of Liberty and National Honor.

Ladies of California! Let me address you, not only by the conventional term which marks a class of society, but by that generic name, that noblest name of all, the only one which the Savior of the world bestowed upon the Virgin Mother, — *Women of California!* will you not, by such a trifling gift as is daily wasted upon mere ephemera, aid in a worthy, a patriotic, a womanly cause? Though your homes are here, do not your thoughts often travel back to your birth-place, to parents' dwelling on the Atlantic continent, where the name of Washington was so familiar and revered? Do not those old associations, "like to a gentle music heard in childhood," prompt you to contribute to this work? As wives, as daughters, as sisters, and as friends, is not the Home of Washington equally as dear to your hearts, as to the hearts of the men you love? And as mothers, how can you more surely, more worthily make your children "polished stones" in the Temple of Liberty, than by practically illustrating your reverence for its great advo-

cate? Recollect, also, that your names will be registered as assistants in this "labor of love;" and that your children, with their children's children, when they make in future years their pilgrimage to Mount Vernon, will turn to the volume and proudly say, pointing to the name: "That was my mother!"

The annexed letter, though not intended for publication, written by Mrs. Ritchie, formerly widely known as Mrs. Anna Cora Mowatt, contains so much of interest that we cannot better serve the fund than by inserting it:

RICHMOND, June 7, 1858.

*My Dear Mrs. Conner,*—Your letter of May 4th, addressed to the "Southern Matron," was duly received by her. The lady who formerly headed the Mount Vernon Association, under that title, (which she has been induced to drop,) is Miss Ann Pamela Cunningham, Regent, by the new constitution, of the Mount Vernon Ladies' Association. Her severe indisposition, and the illness of her private secretary, made her request me to reply to your letter, though my own correspondence, as Vice Regent of the Association for Virginia, is necessarily very large. I do not address you as a stranger, as we have been both members of the same profession, and are now engaged in the same holy cause,—rather, as a sister, I welcome you among the patriotic sisterhood who have resolved to save the home and grave of our beloved WASHINGTON from desecration, and consecrate it for all time, through *woman's devotion*. All I have ever heard of you prevents my being surprised at your so promptly and so warmly espousing this cause. The two California papers received by the Regent, (which the Richmond *Enquirer*, my husband's paper, will copy,) show that you have already gone to work with heart and might. The Regent charged me to say that she "is deeply touched when she feels she is the humble instrument of awakening a patriotic chord in the breast of a true-hearted woman, and that your letter gave her infinite satisfaction." We are making the most zealous efforts to raise the whole of the two hundred thousand dollars, which we have contracted to pay for Mount Vernon, be-

fore the next 23d of all the golden years of your utmost toil, to induce them to subscriptions. The of Mount Vernon, their contributions, the archives of M there forever. American citizens ciation. You have the noble and part has already contr dollars to our fund oration, and he that sum before lo followed in his s Vernon a few days two hundred acres

It may be that the article will excite the There are those who those who passed f eighteen hundred a be taken more notice left us in succeeding whose names are ass ly history of Califo hand in hand with t with them endured and suffering—there words "Forty-nine" deopost, tenderest fo and often calls up a old pioneers remem winter, the scarcity high prices, and the for making the sea the dreary season. I at that there was mu ing and death in '49? scattered over our hi block to mark the sp of that eventful year

fore the next 22d of February. Send us all the *golden aid* in your power. Do your utmost to interest other ladies, and to induce them to join us and collect subscriptions. The names of the purchasers of Mount Vernon, with the amount of their contributions, will be inscribed in the archives of Mount Vernon, to be kept there forever. *One dollar* makes every American citizen a member of the Association. You have doubtless heard that the noble and patriotic Edward Everett has already contributed fifty thousand dollars to our fund by the delivery of his oration, and he will, no doubt, double that sum before long. Other patriots have followed in his steps. I visited Mount Vernon a few days ago to examine the two hundred acres which Mr. Washing-

ton sells to us. They comprise the most valuable and most picturesque portion of his estate, including the mansion, tomb, gardens, pleasure-grounds, &c.

With the assurance of the full appreciation of your efforts by the Regent and her associates,

I am, dear Mrs. Conner,

Yours with high esteem,

ANNA CORA RITCHIE.

Subscriptions for this noble work are most respectfully solicited, and should be sent, with the name and address of the contributor in full, to Mrs. F. H. Day, Editress of the *Hesperian*, or to Mrs. E. S. Conner, San Francisco, Cal.—*Hesperian*.

## GRAVES OF THE FORTY-NINERS.

It may be that the heading of this article will excite the curiosity of some. There are those who will wonder why those who passed from life in the year eighteen hundred and forty-nine, should be taken more notice of than others who left us in succeeding years. To those whose names are associated with the early history of California—who marched hand in hand with the early settlers, and with them endured hardships, privation, and suffering—there is something in the words "*Forty-nine*" that arouses the deepest, tenderest feelings of the heart, and often calls up a tear. Well do the old pioneers remember the cold, rainy winter, the scarcity of provisions, the high prices, and the short time allowed for making the scanty preparations for the dreary season. Is it to be wondered at that there was much sickness, suffering and death in '49? Many of the graves scattered over our hills have a board or block to mark the spot, bearing the date of that eventful year. These simple

signs point to the last resting places of those hardy, adventurous, daring men who first prospected our gold mines, and cleared the way for the great emigration that followed. In the few years that have passed have disappeared nearly all of the forty-niners. Many secured enough of the yellow dust to justify them in returning to the Atlantic States; but many—very many—lie cold and pulseless in the bosoms of the hills. A few yet remain amongst us. Some are still engaged in tearing up the river beds or boring the hills, in search of the precious metal. While, probably the most fortunate of all are those who have been joined here by their families, and who may now be found cultivating the rich soil of our beautiful valleys.

I always had a strange love for visiting the graves of the dead forty-niners. I love to read their names and learn their history. Near where I reside are the resting-places of three that have long attracted my attention, perhaps from the

seeming mystery that onshrouded them. One is that of a young man with whom I was acquainted before coming to California. He sleeps on a beautiful ridge on the northern bank of Dry Creek—a rough board marks his lonely bed, and the following words are marked thereon:

Sacred to the Memory  
of  
Julius Bulkley.  
Died  
December 27th,  
1849.

This was a young man from Illinois. The hardships he endured crossing the plains, together with the privations he met with here, was too much for his delicate frame to bear. He was taken with a lingering fever, and never recovered. His relatives, if he have any still living, will be glad to learn that kind friends were near to administer to his wants until called upon to perform the last sad office—the burial of the dead. Near the grave of this young man was that of another forty-niner. No mark or inscription tells his name—no block or stone is

at his head. Nought but the narrow ridge of earth informs us that it is the resting-place of one who in life shared the dangers and hardships of a pioneer. The oldest inhabitants can tell nothing of his name or history. All they know is that he was buried there in '49. The rest must remain a mystery, perhaps, forever. What pen can write, or tongue tell, the heart-melting sorrow of this young man, as, surrounded by strangers, he felt the approach of Death! How painful the thought that no one was near to whom he could communicate his dying wishes, to be conveyed to a mother, sister, brother or friend far away! Yet such was his fate, and such has been the fate of many forty-niners. The third grave is beneath an old oak tree, upon whose trunk is carved, with much care, the following:

Here Lies  
Nicholas Downing,  
Of Missouri.  
Died  
Oct. 29th, 1849.

A SINGULAR BIRD OF CHINA AND JAPAN.  
—There is a bird called the "Slenhoh," on the crown of whose head there is a beautiful scarlet tuft of down, or velvet skin, to which the natives believe the poison of a serpent it is fond of eating determines. This downy crest is often formed into a bead, and that bead is concealed in the ornamental necklace of the high officers for judicial purposes in case of imperial displeasure, which, as report goes, is easily effected by merely touching the venomous bead with the tip of the tongue, when death follows instantly. I saw a pair of the ornithological curiosity at Ning-pot, they were natives of Siam, and resembled the crowned crane. They were both young, male and female, near-

ly of a size, and had very long legs. The head was of a most handsome black, forking behind, having on the crest a scarlet skin. The rest of the body is white except on the secondaries of the wings, which are not red, as represented in some Chinese drawing, but black and overlapping the tail. On the embroidered breast-pieces of dresses worn by the highest nobles of the State, there is a copy of this bird elegantly worked. A native work on the ornithology of China gives some curious and prodigious stories about this fowl—that it can live 1,000 years; that at 60 years of age it can sing regularly and beautifully every hour of the day; that on reaching its 1,000th year it can mount trees, but never before that.

The expected  
ed African pulpit  
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## Our Social Chair.

The expected advent of a distinguished African pulpit orator, from the East, in this city some three weeks since, has been the theme of discussion among the sable sons and daughters of Africa throughout the city ever since his arrival. He has been made a perfect demi-god among the colored denizens of Kearny and Dupont streets, and all were anxious to hear him hold forth in that touching strain of eloquence for which he was said to be noted. To expedite things, a committee was appointed from among the leading knowing darkies, who hit upon the glorious idea, after several days' jollification, to have a camp-meeting across the bay—the distinguished speaker to officiate on the occasion. This appeared to be agreeable to all. On the day appointed for the holding forth, the pulpit stage erected between two venerable oaks was crowded with the colored heralds of "de Methodist Episcopal church," while beneath and around it, lay a darkness which, like that of Egypt, might have been felt. After the opening prayer by a venerable prelate, upon whose scone the white wool lay in patches like hoar frost, a young athletic negro, with a black face and a crisp, short curl of the wool, only to be seen in the real genuine breed, advanced to the pulpit desk. This was the great orator. All eyes were turned towards him. A rustling of dresses among the crowd—two or three suppressed giggles, and an innumerable number of "a'hems" and slight coughing, made it plainly visible that the distinguished oracle had made a sensation. He evidently felt that his fame had preceded him, as he looked over that darkey mass, now hushed to admiring silence at his presence. He

threw himself at once into position, more like a Damon at the non-arrival of his Pythias than a divine, jerked his head back, rolled up the white of his eyes, and extended his arms. This sable Demosthenes then took for his text, "*Put not your trust in Princes.*" And after a glowing exordium, explaining the meaning of the sacred writer, he informed his audience that there were but two kinds of great men—*holy princes* and *political princes*. "In de last," said he, "my brudderren, de world must nebber put its trust. Kase why? Becase deir ways become corrupted on de yearth, and dey hab no faith. Dere was Hannibal and Ephraim, two ob de greatest gineral and princes dat eber libbed in de tide of— times—de former wid his foot stretched from ocean to ocean, and de latter in—" Here he was suddenly interrupted by one of his auditors suggesting—"in—in—a Horn." "No, brudderren, I had no allusion to de nigger singers ob de white folks; but eben dey, when dey appeared in public capacity—like de two great princess—were *callerd pussens for dat*. Why, I am told dey understood tic-tacs better dan any gineral ilder before or since. Nuffen could stop deir names. Dey luffed at de Alps when dey shook deir frowning awful brows at dem, an dey grinned at de ocean when it tried to drown em, an dey an deir sogers walk right ober dem easy as nuffen. But den no body could put any faith in em. Kase why? Becase dey cheated obbery body as soon as dey got a chance. An den what become ob all deir glory when de Lord struck em down? *Weni, wili, wici*. Oh! my brudderren, it was no whar! An dere was Julius Cæsar, one ob de greatest

ob de yearthly princes. De shake ob his foot make de whole yearth collapse. Wid all his greatness nobody trusted him. Dey thought he was a friend ob de people, but he was deir greatest enemy—he wan't no whar, too. Let de awful groan dat went up from de feet ob Pompey's statue, whar he fell, answer. Coming from de East an de West, from de Norfth an de Soufth—de answer will be *no whar!* An den coming down to de middlo ages, dar was General Buckanam, bless um, de great American Prince—de great hero ob de American people. Dey made dis "man ob war" President ob dis great nation, an his heart swelled big wid pride, an like Nebucudnezza—ha—he said, "Is not dis de great Babylon dat I'm boss ober—dat I treated for in de offset ob life among my friends," an echo answers from de four wind of heaven—"Y-a-a-s." Could his fyiends trust um? Let de disappointed applicants for orfice answer dis pregnant question. Dey who he promised eberyting too, yet he guv 'em nuffen. An how did de Lord sarve 'im? Why, he busted up de Kansas constitution an de party dat elected 'im has all gone to smash. When he said in his sanctotum in de eulogistic language ob Massa Spokeshare, "Dat he lafft to scorn de powers ob man," twenty-five million thunderbolts war dashed at his head, but he dodged um all, an landed safe in de fight. But dat aint de question. De question is—"Put not your trust in Princes." If you see a politician hereafter, an he wont do to *bet* on, brudderren, an de atmosphere gits too heavy for 'im, an he tries to swell out bigger dan all men on yearth—beware ob 'im. Dems um. Dare lost on yearth an made up ob sin an selfishness, iniquity and wire-pulling.

Dare for de Soufth, or for de Norfth  
For one extreme or udder.

Darefore, beloved brudderren, "*Put not your trust in Princes.*"

THE late Sidney Smith made a calculation, by which he found that between the age of ten and seventy he had eaten and drunk forty four-horse wagon loads of meat and drink more than would have preserved him in life and health! "The value of this mass of nourishment I considered," he says, "to be worth £7,000 sterling." It occurred to me that I must, by my voracity, have starved to death fully one hundred. This is a frightful calculation, but irresistibly true." On this text Mr. Alcott, the well known writer on diotetics, discourses as follows:

It is a generally conceded fact, among those who are best qualified to judge, that we of the United States, as a general rule, eat about twice as much as the best interests of our systems require. My own observations, which I think have not been behind those of other men, either as regards extent or accuracy, go not only to confirm this long-asserted fact, but somewhat further. I believe we eat, as a nation, more than twice as much as we ought; and hence, as there is a vast difference, and one large portion (the slaves) do not greatly exceed their real wants, it follows that some of us waste much more than one-half of what we really consume, perhaps more, nearly two-thirds. Further than even this I am compelled to go, and to say most unhesitatingly and unequivocally, that much less than half the money we actually expend for food, if expended as the best interest of health and economy clearly dictate, would, taking life together, greatly increase our present aggregate of mere gustatory or animal enjoyment.

As to the bulk of this enormous waste, he makes the following calculation:

If the loaded wagons of food which the twenty-five millions of the United States would waste in sixty years, according to the above estimate, were placed along so many turnpikes around our globe, each horse and wagon occupying, for convenience sake, a distance of two rods, they would form two hundred and eighty rows or circles, encompassing our globe! Our readers may calculate for themselves, and see whether the deduction, if not the data, as far as they are ours, are not, and must not be "irresistibly true."

The editor-in-charge and during his absence of the scissors left to occupy his chair of mystery and surrounded his sanctum and with it which daily issued black pipe. Since spot where the big and big beets are effort has been place with, alas. The editor has an all sorts of beautiful smoke of his old imagination loves to or on tales of love fiction, bright red and glorious pro the vapor lazily gray wreaths and fills the apartment for that pipe smashed into a th ago. He puffs and puffs at it from night. He is ins out it he would l of thought, that would become c of the brain mig mature death; tried him to co pense with it? starving man do rich repast. I Since he has m which he so kno such glowing te nothing more th vortad. The ed tal eat upright v the top, and our he so frequentl uly witty and withal so hand prototype of some

THE editor-in-chief has gone to the Fair, and during his absence the presiding genius of the scissors and paste-pot has been left to occupy his place *pro tempore*. The air of mystery and romance which surrounded his *sanctum* has entirely vanished, and with it the *odoriferous* smoke which daily issued from the editor's old black pipe. Since his departure for the spot where the big turnips and squashes and big beets are displayed, a desperate effort has been made to fumigate the place with, alas, only partial success. The editor has an idea, too, that he sees all sorts of beautiful things through the smoke of his old black pipe, and his imagination loves to linger for hours together on tales of love, poetry and delightful fiction, bright reminiscences of the past and glorious prospects of the future, as the vapor lazily curls itself up in huge gray wreaths and gradually expands and fills the apartment. He has great affection for that pipe, or it would have been smashed into a thousand fragments long ago. He puffs and whiffs—and whiffs and puffs at it from early morn until late at night. He is inspired by its odor. Without it he would be lost in such immunity of thought, that the doctors think he would become confused, and congestion of the brain might follow, ending in premature death; therefore, they have advised him to continue its use. He dispense with it? why, as well might a starving man do without eating before a rich repast. It would be impossible. Since he has mizzled, the old arm-chair, which he so knowingly descanted upon in such glowing terms, has turned out to be nothing more than an empty nail-keg inverted. The editor's table is a pork barrel sat upright with a plank laid across the top, and our "fair contributor" which he so frequently eulogized as a charmingly witty and talented lady-writer, and withal so handsome, is only the daguerreotype of some homely young woman

about nineteen years old, which he purchased one day at a pawnbroker's sale some thirty years since. There could be other secrets divulged about this "delightful retreat" of his, as he so often very facetiously styles it, but as he is a large, heavy man, with a ponderous pair of fists, and we are naturally of a delicate constitution and light weight, we fear his wrath if this should come directly under his eye, so we let up on him. At all events, to be prepared for emergencies or a sudden attack, we have provided ourselves with some of the best deadly weapons in a gunsmith's shop round the corner, and will await the result and bide the issue. Our editor-in-chief is not what might be called a handsome man, but he is most decidedly eccentric. Many people suppose he is crazed on various subjects, but this is not so, as we can safely assure them. The only thing he appears insane about is the old black pipe, for to touch that would excite in him the most demoniac rage, never to be forgotten—always to be remembered. He carries it with him in his side pocket; so, reader, if you come across him in your rambles, beware of him. We write this explanation so that our readers may not be imposed upon by him hereafter, either by the remarks about his beauty, his elegant personal appearance, or his youthful age. He is possessed with fine social qualifications, however, can smoke to excess, out-drink the most inveterate drinkers in the State—though, strange to say, he is not given to intemperance—and out-brag any person on earth when speaking of himself. In every other respect he is like any ordinary human being that is big and clumsy, tall and gawky. If he should be lost, strayed or stolen in the interior, he may be known by the above description and the old black pipe sticking out of his side coat-pocket. If, after a reasonable time has elapsed, and he does not make his appearance, a liberal reward will be made for his return to the *sanctum*.

LOVEJOY, of the lively village of Quincy, Plumas county, is a great wag. He recently received from the Secretary of the State Agricultural Society a circular containing numerous questions, to which he begs leave to return the following answers:

*Ques.* What is your locality?

*Ans.*

Our home is on the rolling deep,  
We spend our time a feedin' sheep;  
And when the waves are high a runnin',  
We takes our dog and goes a gunnin'.

*Q.* What is your climate?

*A.* A combination of oxygen, hydrogen, nitrogen, electricity, spiritualism, Buchanan Democrats, frosty, cloudy, foggy, dry, hot, wet, and cold.

*Q.* What are the native productions of the soil in your neighborhood?

*A.* Diggers, grasshoppers, whisky-toddy and dried codfish.

*Q.* What is the character of your soil?

*A.* Desperate, quite so—the frost *kills* on it, the grain *shoots*, a species of worm *cuts* on it, and vegetation *dies* on it.

*Q.* What is your method of cultivation?

*A.* Principally with sharp sticks.

*Q.* What grains, grasses and fruits do you raise?

*A.* Hoop-poles, pumpkins, can-oysters and tickle-grass.

*Q.* What vegetables flourish best on the different soils?

*A.* Big dornicks and scrubby cedars.

*Q.* What fruits do you find adapted to the different soils, as alkaline, loamy, sandy, clay, &c.?

*A.* Certainly we do, and always did.

*Q.* What are the results of irrigation on fruit trees, &c.?

*A.* It has a tendency to wet 'em.

*Q.* What is the best method of making wine?

*A.* Port wine is made, we believe, from bad whisky, logwood, and dirty molasses;

and claret from vinegar and bar slops.

Ever prayerful for the success of all beneficial enterprises, I remain yours, till death.

Not long ago, while residing in a cabin in one of the deep cañons of the Sierras, looking over, one day, some books and papers, on a shelf, that had been left there by former occupants, I found several numbers of Hutchings' Magazine, and soon I was holding sweet converse with "Alice," "Bessie," and "Carrie D.," the latter portraying to the life the scenes at the San Francisco Post Office, while "Bessie" was telling of her pleasant visit to "Alice," and of honest little "Frank," when I was aroused from this pleasing communion by some one putting their head in at the door, and saying, "You must be very lonesome here, I should think." At first the remark seemed absurd; for, was I not holding converse with congenial and intelligent minds? nor had I thought but that they were personally present. But, on looking up, distance instantly intervened, and I was truly alone; but returning for answer that I did not feel very lonely, he passed on to his work, and I was soon again oblivious to all around, and felt I was not alone.

Have you not seen persons sometimes sitting and gazing into vacancy, deep and insensible to all around, while faint shadows of grief and joy flitted across their features? And when you have repeated their names, perhaps for the third time, seen them start as from a dream, and with an effort regain their composure and resume the conversation interrupted by their abstraction? If questioned, they would tell how vivid some scenes, of former times, had passed before them? But, call it memory, or what you will, it is one of the greatest blessings of Heaven, that the spirit can never be chained or held captive, even though

the body be immured in  
the light of day is not  
The mind is free and  
roams at will over every  
to memory; and in sl  
vict in his cell is as free  
his throne. And, can  
said to be alone, since  
great magnetic chain o  
from the lowest order o  
gence up to the eternal  
dom, every electric t  
through the whole?

McDONALD'S paper, th  
always brings us som  
good. "Mary Brown,"  
a recent issue, is re  
*Journal* truly says, th  
appeared originally in  
ly, they would speedily  
the ears and hearts  
would pause to listen  
steps that go out from

MARY B

BY L. F. V

She dwelt where long t  
Hold undisputed swa  
Where frowning April  
Far down the lane of  
A simple, rustic child o  
Reared in a chilling  
The idol of a household  
The cherished one of  
None sang her praise, o  
Beyond her native to  
She bore no fancy-wov  
'Twas simply Mary B

Her eyes were not a sh  
Nor yet a heavenly  
They might be hazel, o  
Some less poetic hu  
Indeed I mind me, lon  
One pleasant summe  
A passing stranger ca  
I think he called the



the body be immured in a dungeon, where the light of day is not permitted to enter. The mind is free and unfettered, and roams at will over every loved spot dear to memory; and in sleep, the poor convict in his cell is as free as the king upon his throne. And, can the spirit ever be said to be alone, since each is a link in the great magnetic chain of mind, reaching from the lowest order of created intelligence up to the eternal fountain of wisdom, every electric thought vibrating through the whole? LUNA.

McDONALD's paper, the *Trinity Journal*, always brings us something fresh and good. "Mary Brown," which we find in a recent issue, is really a gem. The *Journal* truly says, that "if such poems appeared originally in the *Atlantic Monthly*, they would speedily find their way to the ears and hearts of thousands, who would pause to listen to the musical footsteps that go out from the mine.

## MARY BROWN.

BY L. F. WELLS.

She dwelt where long the wintry showers  
Hold undisputed sway,  
Where frowning April drives the flowers  
Far down the lane of May.  
A simple, rustic child of song,  
Reared in a chilling zone,  
The idol of a household throng—  
The cherished one of home.  
None sang her praise, or heard her fame  
Beyond her native town;  
She bore no fancy-woven name,  
'Twas simply Mary Brown.

Her eyes were not a shining black,  
Nor yet a heavenly blue,  
They might be hazel, or a lack!  
Some less poetic hue;  
Indeed I mind me, long ago,  
One pleasant summer day  
A passing stranger caught their glow,  
I think he called them gray.

Yet when with earnestness they burned  
'Till other eyes grew dim;  
Their outward tint was ne'er discerned  
The spell was from within.

A novelist with fancy's pen  
Would scarcely strive to trace  
From her a fairy heroine  
Of matchless mein, and grace.  
A model for the painter's skill,  
Or for the sculptor's art  
Her form might not be called; yet still  
It bore a gentle heart;  
The while it fondly treasured long  
Love's lightest whispered tone,  
In other hearts she sought no wrong—  
She knew none in her own.

Though never skilled in fashion's school,  
To sweep the trembling keys;  
Or strike the heart by studied rule,  
A listening throng to please;  
Yet still when anguish rent the soul,  
And fever racked the brain,  
Her fingers knew that skillful touch  
Which soothed the brow of pain—  
And widow thanks, and orphan tears  
Had owned her tender care,  
While little children gathered near  
Her earnest love to share.

I might forget the queenly dame  
Of high and courtly birth,  
Descending from an ancient name  
Among the sons of earth;  
I scarce recall the dazzling eyes  
Of her, the village belle,  
Who caused so many rural sighs  
From rustic hearts to swell;  
Yet never can I cease to own  
While future years shall roll,  
Thy passing beauty, Mary Brown—  
The beauty of the soul.

He who writes what is wrong, wrongs  
what is right.

LEARN to govern thy tongue. Five  
words cost Zacharias forty weeks' silence.

WHEN is the weather favorable to hay-  
makers? When it rains pitchforks.

WHEN are writers like cattle? When  
they are driven to the pen.

NE.

inogar and bar slops.  
the success of all ben-  
I remain yours, till

While residing in a cabin  
cañons of the Sierras,  
day, some books and  
f, that had been left  
cupant, I found sev-  
Hutchings' Magazine,  
olding sweet converse  
Bessie,' and "Carrie  
traying to the life the  
Francisco Post Office,  
as telling of her pleas-  
" and f honest little  
was aroused from this  
on by some one putting  
the door, and saying,  
ery loomsome here, I  
At first the remark  
or, was I not holding  
genial and intelligent  
thought, but that they  
resent. But, on look-  
instantly intervened,  
one; but returning for  
not feel very lonely, he  
work, and I was soon  
all around, and felt I  
en persons sometimes  
g into vacancy, deep  
all around, while faint  
and joy flitted across  
and when you have re-  
perhaps for the third  
start as from a dream,  
regain their compos-  
ne conversation inter-  
abstraction? If ques-  
tell how vivid some  
times, had passed be-  
all its memory, or what  
of the greatest bless-  
at the spirit can never  
captive, even though

## Editor's Table.

THERE are probably as many different inventions or plans adopted in this State for getting a living without daily labor as in any other place of double or quadruple its size. It is amusing to see the resorts of human ingenuity. The mind seems to be continually upon the utmost stretch to find something new to attract attention—with which to acquire money—the great object, of course, which, when honestly got and value given, is right and honorable; but here every manner and kind of "dodge" is resorted to—no matter how dishonest may be its aim—if it will only bring to the inventor *money*. If he succeeds in acquiring a competency, he is extolled as being a shrewd, smart man, and receives the congratulations of "toadies" and sycophants accordingly; if he fails in his dishonest practices, justice is not slow in ferreting him out and sending him to the State Prison. There is no disguising the fact that our great prosperity in former years was unreal and made us all reckless—led to extravagance, to rampant speculation and a fictitious idea of prosperity. Real estate advanced to enormous prices; every man expected to make a fortune in a day; money was plenty and credit still more so. Under this state of things every class of people rushed madly into speculation and trade, purchased property at enormous prices, erected houses on credit, borrowed money at an enormous rate of interest, rode "fast horses," gave champagne parties, and in many other ways lived and fared sumptuously. Such a state of things could not last long. It was a fictitious and unreal prosperity, and when the bubble did burst, it was but natural that the country would feel the dread effects of it. From several gentlemen who have recently been through the interior of the State, we learn that the preparations for mining is on

a more gigantic scale this season than on any preceding one. There is no complaint of hard times with them as with us. The quartz mines now in operation in the State yield a handsome profit on the amount invested, and the rich placer diggings still continue to contribute their full supply to the golden stream. The interior country has resumed its prosperous condition, but we cannot say as much for its commercial emporium. The city has never fully recovered from the great financial shock it received in 1854 and subsequent years. Our citizens still harp on hard times, and in the rush and scramble for gold, far too many of them appear lost to the means by which it is acquired, so it is obtained. If we would advance again in social and commercial prosperity, we must not altogether lose sight of those cardinal principles of honor, truth and justice between man and man in their daily intercourse in business life, the real and essential requisites to a sound, healthy social condition. Without them we shall retrograde. With them we have much to hope for in the rising grandeur of our emporium, and shall have no occasion to complain of hard times in the future. A man of modest merit will find ample space in the interior wherein to exercise his abilities; a man of industry, firmness and rectitude of principle will see spread before him scope and channels sufficient to satisfy. The emigrant, the day he arrives, should seek employment in the mining districts. If he does not wish to mine—if he is a mechanic, he will there find field enough to occupy his attention and well repay him for his labor. By far the best class of our population are in the mines, and if the "new comers" would hope to succeed in this country they should make up their minds, before starting from their homes, to go to work immediately

upon their arrival, in preference to the case of hanging Micawber-like, waiting until they "turn up" in the way of the destination and poverty in this city is owing to the want of anything else. Mere college-bred men who have been doing nothing for themselves have been shipped off to California to find cities, to build roads laid out, canals and aqueducts conveying water while the sound of business is on all sides—everywhere filled up by men of industry and enterprise. How soon the notions in regard to the "gold fever" will vanish! They prefer opportunity presents itself in professions and habits of cities, with its gay and dissipated life rather than work. In an hour like this, without a sufficient amount of industry, the "gold fever" will soon overtake the "gold fever" never enter into the mind. We have heard that to be successful in the economy of work is the economy of work. Upon such sentiments a man's native parts of speech are adopted, is to do—is a child's estimation. Their gold fever must be realized as did the early pioneers do now by delving for gold they anticipated, and frequent complaints of hard times of to-day are no more than the flush times of the past, and to obtain our success at the sacrifice of years by strictly adhering to principle and honor.

The political horizon is threatening. For the principles of stump-speakers and wire-pulling

upon their arrival, in preference, as is very often the case, of hanging around cities, Micawber-like, waiting anxiously for something to "turn up" in their favor. Much of the destitution and poverty which prevails in this city is owing more to laziness than anything else. Merchants, fresh from college—who have been found incapable of doing anything for themselves elsewhere—have been shipped off by relatives and friends to California to *make a fortune!* When they arrive, what is their astonishment to find cities, towns and villages built, roads laid out, canals dug, immense aqueducts conveying water to the miners, while the sound of busy labor reaches them on all sides—every occupation in life filled up by men of indomitable energy and enterprise. How soon their new fangled notions in regard to the wants of the country vanish! They prefer waiting until an opportunity presents itself to practice their professions and habituate themselves to the cities, with its gay and fashionable life, rather than work. In an expensive country like this, without a sufficiency of means, want soon overtakes them; labor and enterprise never enter into their minds; they have heard that to be frugal and industrious is the economy of wealth, but they look upon such sentiments as being merely figurative parts of speech—to plan is easy, to adopt, is to do!—is a chimerical idea in their estimation. Their golden dreams of California must be realized—to work, to labor, as did the early pioneers and as thousands do now by delving for gold, was not what they anticipated; and hence we hear their frequent complaints of hard times. Fortunes of to-day are not so easily acquired as in the flush times of California's greatness, and to obtain one now must be done at the sacrifice of years of honest labor and by strictly adhering to the path of rectitude, principle and honor.

The political horizon looks dark and threatening. For the past fortnight the oracles at stump-speaking and the skillful adepts at wire-pulling have been unable to

foresee how the election would go. These prognosticators have been entirely lost in their mode of calculation. They have endeavored in vain to sum up the result beforehand. One goes his pile on Curry—not the "Frazer River Elephant" man—and another seems determined to back Baldwin. Curry and Baldwin. Baldwin and Curry has been on everybody's tongue until their names are as familiar to the reader as old Buck himself. The great State steeplechase race for the Supreme Court, even, occupies more attention than the Kansas imbroglio, which has tended to distract the dominant party of the Union and divided it into discordant factions past all hope of its being again united for some time to come. Who is to be returned elected will be known in a few days. Whoever it is we opine that the country will be safe and the Union still hang together. Until then we'll hope for the best.

The quiet denizens of San Francisco were considerably alarmed on the night of the 18th August, by a sudden and violent shock of an earthquake, which caused a general stampede among the inmates of nearly all the lofty buildings in the city. A few minutes before 11 o'clock, p. m., on the eventful night, there was a loud rumbling noise heard, not unlike the rolling of a heavy baggage-wagon, or "Pike county clipper," over the streets, immediately followed by an oscillating movement of the earth, evidently proceeding from south to north. There were several vibrations, sudden and distinct, as if nature, muttering and growling at her long pent-up confinement, was determined to shake herself loose and have a little sport on her own account, at the expense of the peaceful dwellers on the earth's surface on that part of the globe. Those who had retired to rest, after the labors and cares of the day, beat a hasty retreat from their bed and made a sudden exit into the streets, dressed in all sorts of habiliments, many of them almost in a state of nudity. It was extremely ludicrous to notice the chagrin and mortification of some

of these persons as they stood quaking and shaking in the midnight air, when the first unexpected shock to their nerves had passed, and they realized their unpleasant predicament. In the language of an obscured "poick,"

"As dressed in neither broadcloth, silk or hose,  
Hat, car—nor boots, nor any other clothes,  
Yet in full Nature's raiment,"

they presented a picture fit only for the pencil of a Hogarth or the immortal Cruikshank. Many laughable incidents are related:—of how nervous old women and bashful maidens sought the protection of sober-minded bachelors and staid young men, for fear some unaccountable, unforeseen danger was to be apprehended, and they had been selected as the victims. Of course the males did all that laid in their power to comfort the weaker sex. An habriated individual imagined that the long looked for millenium had, at last arrived, and that those who were flitting and dodging about the streets and doorways, dressed in their night-clothes, were resurrectionists, or spectres of the dear departed, robed in the sacred vestments of the grave. The individual in question was only reminded of his error by feeling a "brick" about his head, but whether it was one in his hat or came toppling down from a chimney, we were unable to learn, but very likely it was the former. To an observation addressed to him by a by-stander as to how he felt, he replied he "felt kinder quakey," but whether it was an earthquake, "or a weakness about his knees, he couldn't exactly say." He was used to seeing the lamp-posts and houses dancing around him nightly; but he attributed that phenomena to deep potations of "old corn;" he, however, had never seen before the entire people of San Francisco laboring under a similar impression. Another unfortunate individual thought, by the vivid flashes of lightning which preceded the shock, that that fell destroyer, "the comet," had at last arrived, and was about to smash up all sublunary things and come-it over him, among all others. He was supposed to be

insane. Others, too, believed that the hour of their last reck'ning had come, and sought to make atonement for their sins by muttering a hasty prayer. The "break-o'-day boys," and those whose business requires them to be up late o' nights, enjoyed the fun amazingly. Some rich scenes transpired in several of the hotels, of persons dressed in female apparel taking a hasty departure from the wrong room, while their liege lords were absent, but it will scarcely do to relate them. After the trembling had subsided, and vaunted courage taken the place of fear in the minds of those who had rushed affrighted and impetuously into street, they all sought their way in doors again, and the city by gas-light once more resumed its wonted quiet.

We introduce to our readers in this issue a new contributor—"Millie Mayfield." We make this announcement with no ordinary degree of pleasure. The productions of this child of genius have long since attracted the attention of the literary world, and certainly her efforts in this number of our Magazine are not inferior to anything that ever emanated from her sparkling pen. Her recent charming volume, entitled "Sketches in New Orleans," stamped "Millie Mayfield" as one of the leading writers of the age.

We heard a serenade a few evenings since, which went far to support the Sicilian theory of a hoarse voice. A seedy-looking individual, rather the worse for liquor, was singing "I would I were a boy again," with a melo-dramatic effect, about midnight, under an old woman's window, on Powell street. He only got through the first verse, when out popped a head with a night-cap on from a window, and a weazel voice asked, "Young man, if you can't sing any better than that, you'd better leave. I don't like *shrieking* at this time of night." "Oh, yes, marm—hic—anything to oblige you—hic," replied the serenader. To get rid of him she called a policeman, who took the *lover* into custody.

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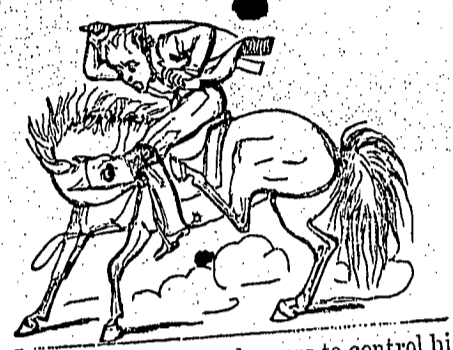
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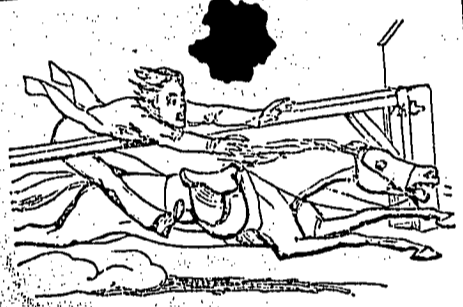
### THE HORSE TAMER IN SAN FRANCISCO.



Mr. Fitzwigglo endeavors to control his animal by the use of a "persuader." The effect of it is plainly demonstrated.



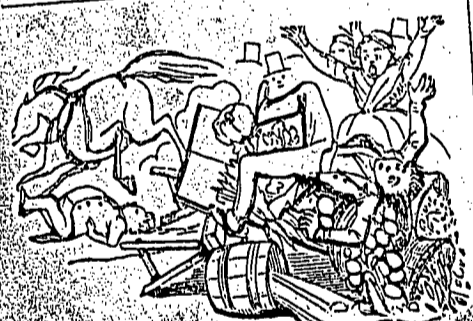
Finding the experiment somewhat doubtful, he dismounts and undergoes another operation, as laid down by Rarey.



The result is far from being satisfactory.



The vicious brute becomes frightened and appears insensible to kind treatment.



He continues along in his headlong career—shies at a vegetable stand near the market and forces Fitzwigglo, much against his will, to perform a "break-neck act." The consternation among the bystanders is easily accounted for.



The fearful denoument was never anticipated, even by the most ardent admirers of Rarey's system. The hat and boots of poor Fitzwigglo are to be preserved (for exhibition) in a glass case, as the last remains of this unfortunate hero.

## Monthly Chat,

WITH CONTRIBUTORS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

*A. D. S.*—If on the day appointed you send us the manuscript, we shall then have leisure to examine it carefully; and make of it the proper disposition.

*Mountain Canon*—Of course you must have been surprised. Accept our thanks for your kind wishes.

*W. McM.*—We are awaiting impatiently for you to complete the set. Send them along when finished!

*X., Grass Valley*—It is a well accredited fact that such a visitation did take place, but from what we learn it was no fault of L's, but from an entirely different source.

*A Friend*—No such sketch ever came to hand. If you mailed it properly, we should have received it ere this. Let us hear from you again.

*Marenzo*—The inquiries which you make will be answered in our next. There are so many of them that it will take some little time to overhaul our mining statistics. As they are matters of general interest, we will take pleasure in so doing. To the fourth inquiry we will give an emphatic Yes! "Them's 'em."

*Emma, Shasta*—As we have no space to devote to fashions, and think that our readers, as a general thing, care little about them, we must respectfully decline your contributions. Any other subject suitable to our Magazine would be welcome. You write easy and fluently. Try again. We trust, ere long, to add your *nom de plume* to our list of immortal female contributors.

*L. T. W.*—The poetry is declined. The measure is incorrect and the subject worn out.

*J. P. C.*—Anything from your humorous pen is always acceptable. Many thanks for your kindness. Send the sketch along as early as possible.

*C. T. W., Sierra*—You will find the information you ask for in the second volume of the American Encyclopædia.

*Hazleworth*—The origin of the word *puff*, as applied to newspapers, is a French invention. In France, at one time, the *coiffure*, or head dress most in vogue, was called a *puff*. It consisted of the hair raised as high as possible over horse-hair cushions placed on a woman's head, and then ornamented with objects indicative of the taste and history of the wearer. This advertisement—the *puff*, for such it certainly was—is the origin of the present word *puff* applied to the inflations of the newspapers.

*McP.*—The present population of the United States is estimated at 27,000,000, of whom 4,000,000 are colored.

*H. J., Sacramento*—The lines are beautifully written and very expressive. They shall appear in our next number. Too late for this one.

*M. J. E.*—The order will be filled by our agent at Sonora. We have written him on the subject.

*Alameda*—Must respectfully decline your proposition. The price is altogether too high.

*H. G. B.*—We shall commence in the Magazine for October.

*John O. C.*—The story you allude to runs through too many pages for our Magazine.

*M. W. C., Marysville*—No answer has been received. If lost, send a duplicate.