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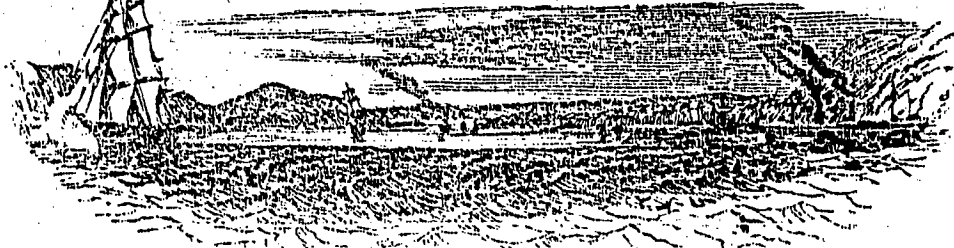
HUTCHINGS'

CALIFORNIA

MAGAZINE



No. 28. OCTOBER, 1858.



PUBLISHED BY HUTCHINGS & ROSENFELD  
140 Montgomery Street, second door north of Clay, San Francisco.  
POSTAGE PRE-PAID, ONE CENT TO ANY PART OF THE UNITED STATES.

#8322

NUMBER XXVIII.]

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RETAIL—PRICE 25 CENTS EACH.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1855, by HUTCHINGS & ROSENFELD, in the Clerk's Office of the United States District Court, for the Northern District of California.

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

CALIFORNIA  
VOL. I



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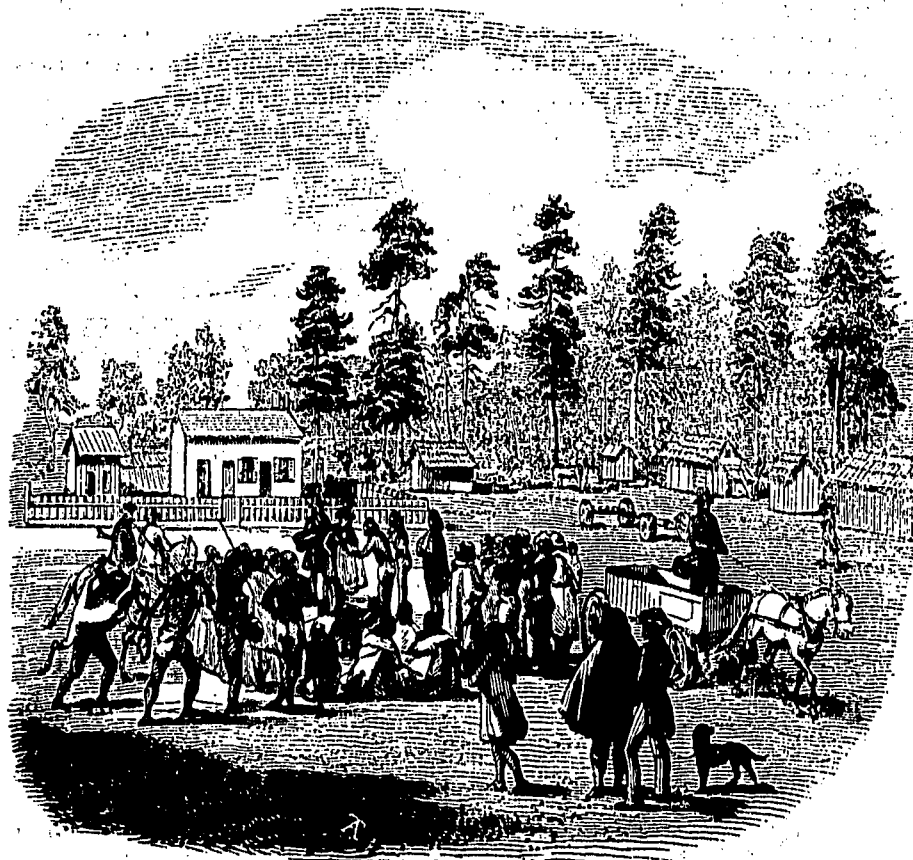
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# HUTCHINGS' CALIFORNIA MAGAZINE.

VOL. III. OCTOBER, 1858. No. 4.

REMINISCENCES OF MENDOCINO.



THE HEADQUARTERS OF THE MENDOCINO RESERVATION. DISTRIBUTION OF RATIONS TO THE INDIANS.

## REMINISCENCES OF MENDOCINO.

Extracts from a Manuscript in German, entitled "TEN DAYS IN MENDOCINO."

On the mountains is freedom! the breath of decay  
Never sullies the fresh flowing air;  
Oh! Nature is perfect wherever we stray;  
'Tis man that deforms it with care.

[SCHILLER'S *Bride of Messina*.]

### PART I.—TRIP FROM PETALUMA TO THE COAST STATION OF THE INDIAN RESERVA- TION.

In the early part of 1852, three friends, visiting Clear Lake Valley, had an opportunity of becoming acquainted with the beauty of the country north of the Bay of San Francisco.

They would have found sufficient inducement for a second excursion in their impressions of the first trip; all that they had enjoyed of nature in its silent grandeur and charming contrast; the picturesque character of the mountain region, crowned by Mount St. Helen, (on the summit of which stands a cross of bronze, erected there by a Russian surveying party from Bodegas); but more especially the sudden transition from the volcanic chaos of the declivities of Black Mountain to the park-like Edon of the shores of the Lake yet lying in almost the same quiet repose as in the early days of the Spanish conquest, when it was known to but a few as the "Laguna Grande de Napa;" but, moreover, the exciting adventures connected with the first visit; the acquaintance formed with several of the Nimrods of that mountain region and their glowing descriptions of the hidden beauties of the adjacent country and the abundance of game, proved irresistible to the early visitors and several other friends, to escape at least once a year from the wearing excitement of a business life in San Francisco, and to dedi-

cate a couple of weeks to the further exploration of that region.

As the country around Clear Lake had lost all charms of a *terra incognita*, since it had become peopled by settlers attracted from all parts by its advantages for farming, it served but as a place of rendezvous for wider excursions; for the delights of the wilderness had to be sought in other directions, more remote from civilized life, even in the almost inaccessible haunts of the Red man himself.

Mendocino, the mountainous region south of the cape of that name, discovered in 1543 by Juan Rodriguez Cabrillo, and by him named after Don Antonio de Mendoza, then Viceroy of Mexico, was the rallying cry of the hunting party of 1857.

The trio of horsemen who first threaded their way through the mountain passes to Clear Lake, had annually gained in number, until the present company amounted to fifteen persons, but mostly comprising employees of the federal government and members of the bar. Three or four of the party, either from changes incident to life in America, or by their own roving dispositions, were enthusiastic amateurs of the noble art of woodcraft; and some had passed a great portion of their lives in the solitudes of the Rocky Mountains. Though so many professional men were of the party, and there was no lack of varied knowledge,

yet there was no scientific pre-eminence.

In point of complete provision for joyment, both monetary and artistic, not easily equalled, the artist's sketchbook; several of them their which was an orchard, and not the conviviality of the

All being and forget for a while everything was luck; trusting to between the humor which is the happy freedom.

As the present need for a wide requirement at least was forced, though to decline a friend extended to me when the day of arrival, I could accompany for a few days, at least I was thereby pator in some event.

The subjoined under my own some little idea more fortunate reached the distance.

On looking back in such had member must satisfaction. The mountain to refresh the body that all tions and dutifulness and cheerfulness.

The grouping

yet there was no pretension whatever to scientific pre-eminence.

In point of practical aptitude and complete provision for improvement and enjoyment both mental and bodily, the party could not easily be surpassed. Mons. Edouart, the artist, had with him his sketch-book; several amateurs brought with them their musical instruments, which, as an orchestra to the merry choruses, tended not a little to increase the conviviality of the party.

All being animated by the resolve to forget for a while the cares of existence, everything was left to the star of good luck; trusting to the good understanding between the members and that festive humor which is sure to develop itself in the happy freedom of the mountains.

As the present excursion, planned for a wider circuit, would require at least three weeks, I was forced, though reluctantly, to decline a friendly invitation extended to me. However, when the day of departure had arrived, I could not refrain from accompanying the party for a few days, at least, at their outset. I was thereby made a participator in some very amusing events.

The subjoined sketches of what came under my own observation may give some little idea of the enjoyment of my more fortunate companions after they reached the distant hunting grounds.

On looking back to the few days passed in such happy companionship, each member must consider it as one of great satisfaction. The invigorating effect of the mountain air and scenery tended so to refresh the energies of the mind and body, that all returned to their occupations and duties with redoubled power and cheerfulness.

The groupings of the several camping

grounds, offering the richest variety of the attractions of nature, furnished subject for the artist, seldom, if ever surpassed: Now in some secluded valley on the banks of a murmuring brook, surrounded by grotesque rocks; now on the green sward of some splendid forest, under the protection of a lofty pine or wide spreading oak; now on the shores of the Pacific, whose waves, with mysterious and never-ceasing music, lulled to a repose as quiet and refreshing, as could have been obtained on beds of softest down. Sometimes it chanced that the party should be suddenly overtaken by night. Then camp would be made at the first spot affording water and pasture to the animals, and to the men sufficient space to stretch their limbs.



PAECHTEL'S FARM, AT THE HEAD OF  
LITTLE LAKE VALLEY.

At the various camps frequent visits were received from the hardy pioneers of those regions. Shouldering their rifles, they would accompany the party a day or two for the purpose of pointing out spots where game was abundant and of enjoying the conviviality of the camp-fire. By a recital of their adventures with that mingling of romance and reality for which mountain men are famous, they would add greatly to the general entertainment.

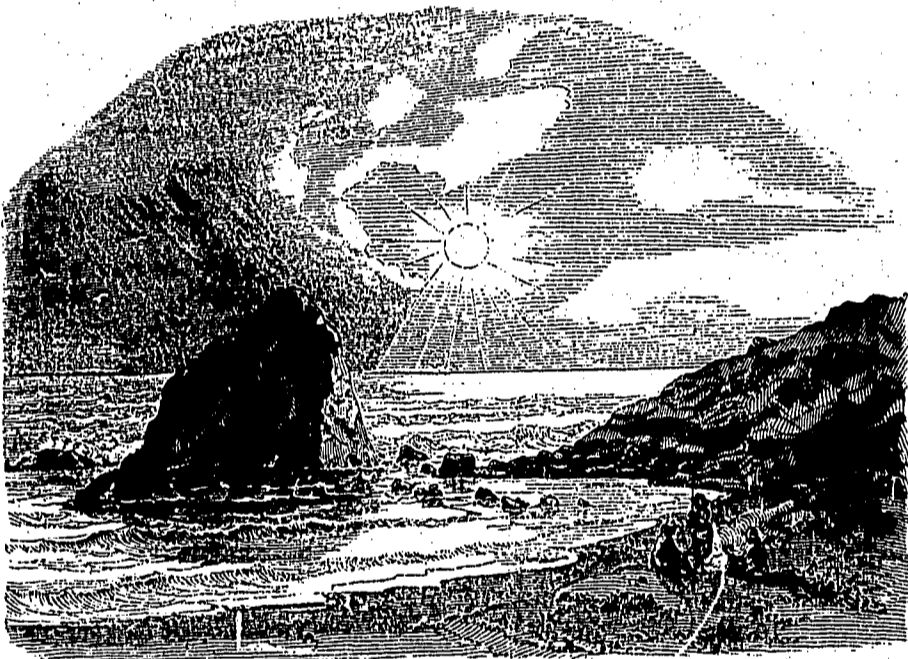
The Indians, too, with whom we chanced to meet, were always ready to become our followers. They considered themselves amply repaid for any drudgery they might

undergo by receiving the cast-off clothing of the members of the party, and a liberal supply of substantial food, to them an unaccustomed luxury.

Bountifully provided as were the party with a variety of good things from the city, and almost daily receiving a fresh supply of game, fish and other luxuries of the wilderness, "Plenty" was the prevailing feature of our camp. Although vieing in keenness of appetite with the mountaineers themselves, there was always a sufficiency to satisfy all. No one

was called upon to test his powers of abstinence in the way of eating or drinking.

The outfit was excellent—probably a little too complete—requiring, as it did, the use of a number of pack animals, which often delayed our progress. However, viewed in the light of a running picnic, all was marvelously well arranged. Besides, while traveling through a region yet so little known, there was pleasure in the novelty of exploration; and delays, which might otherwise have



VIEW OF CAPE MENDOCINO.—THE CAPE ROCK, INDIAN FISHING CAMP.

proved vexatious, afforded opportunities of indulging in predilections for natural study, richly compensated by a variety of objects, and especially the floral beauties of the hills.

The incidents relating to one night's resting place deserve more than a general notice, on account of the hospitable reception given to a portion of the party—a reception as unexpected as it was welcome.

On the way out of what is called Ukiah Valley, owing to some detention of the

pack-animals, the party became separated. The greater portion took a trail leading to a high range of mountains on the right. The remainder, some half-dozen in number, deceived by numerous tracks, took a trail leading in a different direction. The latter, supposing their companions to be ahead, hastened forward to overtake them, and reach the place appointed for that night's rendezvous, before dark. After following the tracks for some distance, they found that they were becoming fewer and fainter. At last, nothing was

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left to guide them but the general direction of the ridge, which ran towards the valley they were anxious to reach.

Twilight was fast yielding to the deeper shades of night, when, hearing the crack of a rifle near at hand, they felt confident that at last they had reached their companions. But for some time no living soul was met; and it was long after dark that, descriing a bright light and hastening forward, they soon reached a large log-house. The brothers Paachtel, the owners, attracted by the noise of arrival, welcomed the weary travelers with all the heartiness characteristic of mountain settlers.

The genuine spirit of hospitality, which is the never-failing accompaniment of true independence, is sure to make a stopping place in the mountains one of the most pleasing recollections of a man's life.

On the borders of the wilderness the tourist has the best opportunity of enjoying hospitality in the fullest acceptation of the word. This virtue exists, no doubt, among the farming class in the valleys; but, as the settlements increase, inns and places of refreshment are opened, with all the accompaniments of traffic and travel. Genuine hospitality, then, retires modestly to the log-cabin of the pioneer, in the more remote districts.

The brothers Paachtel, three in number, are of German descent. They are in the prime of life, with intelligent and interesting features, and, as yet, unmarried. By dint of industry and economy, they have built up quite a snug establishment. A comfortable, spacious log-house, surrounded by several out-houses, serves as a dwelling for themselves and accommodation for their help. Although devoting considerable attention to agriculture, their main object is the raising of cattle. Having the advantage of an extensive range and abundant pasturage all the year, their stock, of which they have

several hundred head, is in excellent condition.

On returning to the house, after providing for the horses in an excellent pasture, well enclosed, we met a relative of the Paachtels, who had just come in from his evening hunt. It was then ascertained that it was the report of his rifle that had been heard in the early part of the evening. As a trophy, he had with him the quarter of a fine, fat buck—leaving the balance to be brought in by the Indians.

Ablutions in the neighboring brook having greatly tended to our comfort, seats were taken at a bountifully-spread board. The abundant supply of warm bread, (made by one of the brothers himself,) broiled venison, fresh milk and butter, disappeared almost as rapidly as it was provided.

After satisfying our almost ravenous appetites, pipes were lighted and seats taken around the huge fire-place. A number of large logs had been brought in, and soon a bright fire was burning, which added not only to the cheerfulness, but also to the comfort. The company gave themselves up to social converse, alternately listening to and recounting whatever of interest or excitement occurred to each one.

The groupings of the party, with the addition of the dusky Indian attendants, lighted up by the glare of the blazing fire, formed a picture as original as it was complete.

Some cattle-dealers arriving in the early part of the evening, had been received with the same hospitable welcome as was the lot of the later guests. To them had been assigned all the regular sleeping accommodations of the house. Not at all at a loss, however, the worthy entertainers, bringing from the storeroom a bale of new blankets, opened and spread them upon the floor.

The party would have been in a sorry

test his powers of eating or drink-

ellent—probably a quiring, as it did, of pack animals, our progress. How- light of a running- lously well arrang- raveling through a known, there was ty of exploration; ight otherwise have



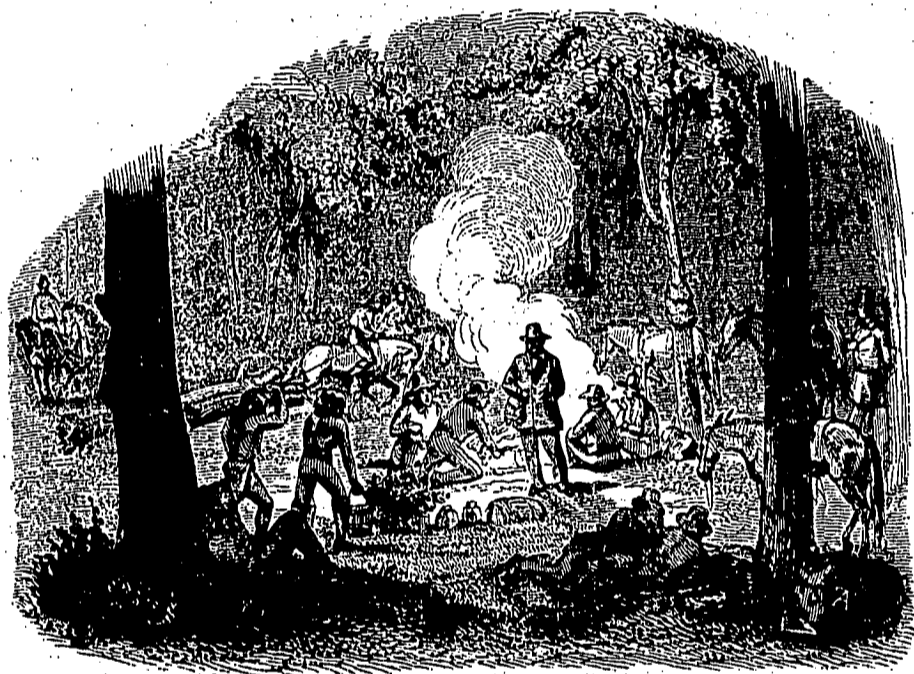
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plight to camp out that night, having left everything on the pack-horses. The idea of being separated from them never once entered the mind of any one. At last Morpheus claimed his votaries. One by one emptying his pipe, retired to their blankets. The large room, occasionally illuminated by the rekindling flame, offered a tableau of a within doors camp.

To one of the party the balsamic moun-

tain air had become a luxury, nay, almost necessity; so, arranging his bed a short distance from the house, he slept soundly in single blessedness 'till dawn. A motion at his side having awakened him, on looking up, he found himself surrounded by the three dogs of the farm, having unconsciously enjoyed their company during the night. On seeing the lonely sleeper, imitating the hospitality



AROUND THE CAMP FIRE. CAMP BELL, MATONKA VALLEY.

of their owners, they had undertaken the friendly task of watching over his safety and warming themselves at the same time. Had he been at all susceptible to visions, he might have imagined a visit from three young bears; and with as much reason, too, as one of the prominent members of the party thought he had been bitten by a rattlesnake, a few nights previous—his faithful dog, induced by the chilliness of the night, having crept between the blankets of his master, and applied his cold nose to some uncovered part of his person, which invited that canine homage. Being much startled,

he jumped up with a shout, supposing that he had been bitten by a rattlesnake; notwithstanding the precaution he had taken of surrounding his couch with a rope of hair, as the most effective scare-crow to the reptile.

The following morning, while at breakfast, the remainder of the party made their appearance. It was then learned that they had camped several miles back on a plateau on the mountains. They, of course, were well provided with everything to make themselves comfortable, having with them all the camp equipage.

At sunrise, from their lofty resting

place, they were presented with a magnificent panoramic view as far as the eye could reach.

Next morning the cavalcade came up, all themselves of Paachtels, with personages ordered to make a party us to which, by our halting

We had hours, chiefly dispersed with ternately the extent, a few notwithstanding bruins' presence of two, of rifle-shot distance.

Traversing a deep valley, flanked by isolated rocks, rising above with the lofty pyramids of the wilderness, which covered the ravine, for beneath the clear mountain basin seemed to be a paradise.

But only a few miles from the ridge.

The reaction of noble fir; the rivaling

Here obstructed ground had covered our eyes



place, they were regaled by a magnificent panorama, extending from their feet as far as the eye could reach.

Next morning, about breakfast time, the cavalcade of our companions having come up, all were in high glee to avail themselves of the kind invitation of the Paehtels, who, to do honor to the chief personages of our party, readily consented to make a holiday, in order to accompany us to a famous hunting ground, which, by general selection, was to be our halting place for several days.

We had an agreeable ride of a few hours, chiefly through underwood, interspersed with the manzanita tree, and alternately through chapparal of miles in extent, a favorite resort of bears; though, notwithstanding abundant evidence of bruins' proximity, we only caught sight of two, of a cinnamon color, far beyond rifle-shot distance.

Traversing a ridge, we descended into a deep valley, literally studded with isolated rocks. Several of these rocks, towering above the rest, vied in elevation with the sides of the cañon itself, their lofty pyramideal peaks emerging from the wilderness of exuberant vegetation, which covered the whole bottom of this ravine, forming a dense dome of verdure beneath the shade of which a brook of clear mountain water, leaping from basin to basin and bordered with green sward, seemed to invite us to a real hunter's paradise.

But our prospective resting place was a few miles higher up on the opposite ridge. Pursuing our course in that direction we entered a magnificent forest of noble oaks, intermixed with pine and fir; the luxuriant growth of underwood rivaling the former in beauty and variety.

Here we halted and selected a spot unobstructed by bushes for our camping ground for several days. Our pack train had come up, thanks to the good care of our excellent Chileno, in spite of impro-

vised roads; in less than a quarter of an hour the kitchen apparatus was set up, the kettle on the fire and our black cook in a state of bustling activity. At a short distance from the fire, each one, following his fancy, selected the foot of some lofty tree for his anchoring place. Our animals, as if aware of the prospective rest and leisure, scampered off briskly to the neighboring glade; a few of them only were staked out on long ropes, so as to afford a kind of rallying point for the rest, who were soon enjoying unbounded freedom and all of them luxuriating in the waving sea of wild oats. With the help of so many hands all arrangements were soon completed. No one was more indefatigable than the Paehtels themselves, who, in order to come to the aid of our committee for firewood, with the help of their reatas and the combined strength of their horses brought branches and limbs of an immense size in sufficient quantity not only to provide us for several days, but also to surround us on the windward with a huge rampart of logs, affording us a most comfortable shelter.

It being yet early, there was for us ample scope for roving about, which all of us availed ourselves of, especially the hunters, who soon gave evidence of their pursuits by the report of their rifles. As to myself, taking the course of a ridge, I enjoyed a beautiful panorama of the surrounding valleys. On returning to camp I found all in bustle and high glee. The game brought in by the hunters was made over to the cook and the gentlemen who volunteered to assist him; and soon, in the midst of the plates and covers laid on the green sward, the most delicious meal was spread that ever tempted sharpened appetites. It is superfluous to mention that our cooking committee were gratified in finding love's labor *not* lost on this occasion, and that there seemed no end to new editions.

luxury, nay, although his bed a house, he slept till dawn. Having awakened himself and his companions of the farm, they enjoyed their com-

On seeing the hospitality



out, supposing a rattlesnake; caution he had couch with a effective scare-

while at break- the party made s then learned ral miles back ntains. They, ed with every- s comfortable, amp equipage. lofty resting

We were yet in the midst of our social meal (and what more delicious morsel can there be than venison broiled after the fashion of California hunters!) when three dusky figures, enthusiastically welcomed, made their appearance. It was easy to see that this welcome was tendered to personages of mountain celebrity, who had left impressions not easily to be forgotten; the intrepid Ben, chief-tain of the Showallapancees, one of the

wild mountain tribes, known to all who had been there before as the redoubted bear-killer, whose last victory had been purchased with the loss of his left eye—the right one being also distorted, and his face lacerated to an extent that hardly permitted any recognition of the features of the human race. Though welcomed at once by half a dozen of our company, (for strangers must be shocked by his appearance,) he never for a mo-

the mountain welcome of recommendation of Indians as was Ben's provided bear-mals being exhausted, behind, had ple to carry

While Be extremely res enthusiasm, ward in ava success of but skin and found on ha

It was in first time since, that broke forth days' march fatigue of so By this time awoke to the dom of the lins and a cases, and movement; choruses an ple of hours one bethou a few at a or the prom to the quiet of convers in towns, an even from retrospecti the most r vourous.

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SHERWOOD VALLEY. THE HUNTING PARTY EN ROUTE.

ment lost the calm and dignified manner that characterizes an Indian Chief. He had returned only three days previous from the war-path against the Kamelaponees, with whom there existed a feud since the assault and murder of several of his tribe. With the moderation for which he was proverbial, he left them

the choice between contest and an amicable settlement, which latter was accepted on conditions to offer "compensation for the past and guarantees for the future."

To our party the apparition of Ben and his followers was welcome also in point of information with regard to game in

the mountains; as to myself it offered a welcome opportunity, through recommendation of Tobin, to obtain one of his Indians as guide; and furthermore, it was Ben's fertility of invention that provided bearers for our dogs—the poor animals being by this time so thoroughly exhausted, that they must have been left behind, had we not been able to find people to carry them.

While Ben and his people were extremely reserved in demonstrations of enthusiasm, they were by no means backward in availing themselves of the good success of our hunters, leaving nothing but skin and bone of all the venison they found on hand.

It was in this night's camp, for the first time since starting from San Francisco, that the true spirit of conviviality broke forth, which, during the first few days' marches find a drawback from the fatigue of some members of the company. By this time every one seemed to have awoke to the true independence and freedom of the mountains. A couple of violins and a flute were started from their cases, and soon all was set into electric movement; and with music and dancing, choruses and burlesque speeches, a couple of hours passed pleasantly before any one bethought himself of retiring; then a few at a time, grouped by predilection or the promptings of the moment, retired to the quiet of their lairs in that abandon of conversation which is never to be found in towns, and which inadvertently gleams, even from the most reserved, occasional retrospective glimpses, such as afford the most racy reminiscences of these bivouacs.

The life of men like Jack Hays and Caperton, who have gone through the most daring tasks as well in guerilla war as in difficult reconnoissances, proving their valor on the field of battle as well as in the most desperate conflicts of the wilderness, but whose modesty and un-

pretending manner is the very stamp of true merit—is a living book, that, however, only opens under congenial circumstances.

Besides, there was abundance of topic for interesting discussion, an inexhaustible source of material, which, under the clever polemic and acumen of our legal stars could not fail to create enthusiasm; albeit, their discussions never suffered by pedantic display, and the material for such rhetoric generally obtained healthy nourishment from the immediate accompaniments of scenery, groupings, etc.

For me this was the greatest attraction of those evenings under the starry canopy of heaven; and often, after having for a while enjoyed the conversation of my friends, on retiring to my couch, a world of reminiscences of the past rose up to commingle with the rich impressions of the day's journey.

On that evening there was certainly enough in the natural excitement of the scene to keep my thoughts riveted to our entourage. The effect of the camp-fire—which, to enliven the banquet, was fed with huge logs—was splendid. Obscured for a while, whenever a fresh supply of trees and branches subdued the glare and circumscribed it to the immediate group of our bivouac, the flames broke forth again with redoubled force, and illuminated the lofty dome of branches over us, enabling us to trace out each branch and cluster of foliage; and sending its lightening flashes far into the labyrinth of reddened colonades, whose magic effect filled our minds with the interminable extent of the virgin forest.

At length quiet prevailed, and the crackling of the charred trunks and rustling of the wind in the lofty crowns of trees were the only sounds which disturbed that majestic solitude.

From Sherwood Valley, the scene of Mr. Edouart's spirited tableau, we gained the first view of Bald Mountain, tow-

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ering over the coast range, which has to be traversed to enter the district along the sea-coast forming the Mendocino Reservation.

When, after a toilsome ascent of a couple of hours, we reached the summit, a panorama burst upon our view, which every one of our party must ever remember as an object of sublime grandeur.

Our range of view over a vast segment of the Pacific Ocean, and a corresponding extent of some fifty or sixty miles of sea-coast before us, considering the distance yet separating us from it, must have comprised an area of at least 1,000 to 1,200

square miles; and yet, as far as the eye could reach, a seemingly interminable forest lay at our feet. A forest covering ridges and valleys in all the natural undulations of that mountain region, and receiving from the inequalities of the ground such lights and shades that, agitated by the breeze, it seemed a sea of foliage, and contrasted beautifully with the deep blue ocean fringed with its silvery surf.

Each and every one of us was impressed with the grandeur of this scene; and yet only a part—a very small part—of the Mendocino Coast Range lay before



VIEW OF THE COAST RANGE, FROM THE SUMMIT OF BALD MOUNTAIN.

us. It was sufficient to convince me that California will for centuries have virgin forests, perhaps to the end of Time!

An Indian trail, the only practicable path, follows the course of a mountain ridge running west, over gently undulating, yet never broken ground, though deep ravines lay on either side. Wherever the position of the trees offers an opening there are magnificent views, with sea and forest as the only object for the eye to rest on; scenes comparing in extent with that of the sandy desert, only that inexhaustibleness of matter is here combined with richness in form and color.

These Redwoods of themselves are a fit subject for contemplation; trees of immense size that, combining strength and elegance, rise to the skies; and some of which rival the cedars of Calaveras in age, attaining, when full grown, an elevation of three hundred feet, and a diameter of twelve to fifteen feet near the root.

The base of most of these trees show the effects of the conflagrations which year after year devastate the undergrowth of these forests, and to which one of these giants occasionally falls a victim; but many, in spite of large excavations in the trunks, capable of affording shelter to a

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horse and his rider, stretch their victorious crowns to the clouds, and in others the reproductive power of nature has obliterated all traces of such fires by reclothing them with rind. Here and there the offshoots of trees (fallen centuries ago) have formed a rotunda or colonnade of eight or ten independent trees round the centre of the old root, each of them of full height; and the space in the centre is wide enough to serve as encampment to a caravan. Among the many bushes that form the undergrowth there are ferns of gigantic size; one species, by its overhanging wings, reminding one of the palm of the tropics, luxuriates profusely on the Medusa heads of the roots of up-torn trees. Owing to an optical deception not unusual in mountain scenery, it seemed as if we were advancing on a parallel with the sea-coast instead of traversing the intervening ridges; although gaining a free view, I could not doubt our progress—the sea being nearer—and we seemed to be equally surrounded by forest in advance as well as in the rear.

A deep gully of barely sufficient capacity to afford passage to Ten Mile River, separated us from the next ridge, which, by an ascent of similar steepness, receives the continuation of this trail. This is Strawberry Valley, if a ravine deserves the name of a valley. The stream glides in crystal clearness over a bed of pebbles clothed in delicious *clair obscure* by the overhanging branches, which only permit access to the meridian sun. A number of dead giant trees of sufficient circumference to appear like the ruins of some antique castle, stand as remains of by-gone ages in the depth of this gully, forming a venerable contrast with the exuberant growth of the new generation, by which both walls of this secluded spot are covered from the depths to the very summit.

About sundown we reached a small

valley in the shape of a delta, with fine bottom land; the first clear spot this side of the coast range, and the only place since leaving Sherwoods, that exhibited any signs of cultivation.

Here we halted for the night; and all of us, overwhelmed by the grandeur of the scenery we had passed, as well as satisfied with the exercise of the day, were glad to stretch our wearied limbs upon the green sward. We enjoyed an unbroken rest in anticipation of a pleasant morning ride, to take us to the Mendocino Reservation.

#### PART II.—INDIAN RESERVATIONS AND THE MENDOCINO RESERVATION.

The term "*U. S. Reservation*" (Government Reservation) applies, in the United States of America, to tracts of land selected from the general mass of the domain and set apart for special purposes by the administration; all the land not covered by private claims, and therefore called "*public land*," remains open to settlers, at fixed prices, under the Pre-emption Law.

*Indian Reservations* are districts by act of Congress made over to the Department of Indian affairs, for the carrying out of special purposes, more fully explained in the following pages.

The system of these institutions, under the direct control of the Federal Government, and managed by U. S. officers, under the denomination of Indian Agents or Superintendents, is highly praiseworthy, and based on principles as humane as they are liberal. It is intended to accomplish a double purpose: to assist the growing requirements of the steadily progressing colonization, by removing the Indians from those districts where the white settlements have already increased to such an extent as to make the presence of the Aborigines a serious drawback and an increasing source of annoyance; and to concentrate in other remoter dis-

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tribes, best suited to their wants, the straggling tribes, already greatly reduced in numbers, to make for them a new home, where the natural elements of their subsistence are sufficiently abundant to ensure to them, under moderate labor, a maintenance from the farming establishments formed for that purpose, and liberally aided on the part of Government. The Indians are thus protected and provided for within the limits assigned to them, under a salutary control, while, by their removal, the white settlers, secured from their incursions, have

free scope for extending their improvements. Thus have favorable results been generally obtained in the Atlantic States; and though, with the exception, perhaps, of the Cherokees, (where, by the mixing of races, a prosperous nation of agricultural half-breeds has sprung up,) I know of no instance of the difficult problem of conservation and civilization of the red men having been solved; their lot, considering the circumstances, has been very much alleviated, and their transition to a kind of industrial existence has stayed the annihilation of the race.



THE FISHING STATION ON THE RIVER NOYO, MENDOCINO.

The system, in itself, is comprehensive and highly beneficial; though it has been asserted in this respect, as in other branches of public service, that practice falls short of theory, and that the Indian appointments, through the management of Uncle Sam's farms, are some of the richest morsels in the gift of the leading party, to reward political merit. It is to this source (the envy arising from such assertions) that most of the invectives, and even vile aspersions, are to be attributed which repeatedly have been heaped upon Indian Agents.

Considering the remoteness of the field of action, the large contracts to be carried out for supplies of every kind to large communities, at first wholly dependent on them; the management of rations; the providing materials for buildings, bridges, and unlooked-for emergencies; the position of an Indian Agent certainly embraces a large scope for action and power, in which control is almost impossible; the more acknowledgement is due to the faithful fulfillment of the arduous duties in this particular branch of the public service. For the welfare or

suffering, minute communication of the entire onness of the fillment of a great cap knowledge disregarding above all, the indispeaging the in the wild.

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suffering, the comfort or misery of this mute community, as well as the preservation of the stations themselves, depend entirely on the aptitude and trustworthiness of the Indian Agents; and the fulfillment of so important a trust requires a great capacity for business, a thorough knowledge of details, untiring activity, disregarding fatigue and danger, and, above all, moderation and self-command, the indispensable qualifications for managing the rude elements of a settlement in the wilderness.

The doom of the red man is once for all irrevocably sealed, as soon as the white pioneer sets foot upon his hunting grounds. And it is difficult to say, with regard to California, whether more victims have fallen to the barbarous, half-fanatic, half-military expeditions of the Californians during the Mexican times, (to subdue certain tribes, and capture their women and children for menial service, under the pretext of Christianization,) or to the irresistible wedge of the American settler, who, impatient of restraint, in his contempt for other races, remorselessly scatters all that stands in his way; or, lastly, whether deeper injury has not resulted from apparently friendly intercourse, which has introduced to the tribes the evils of intoxication, small pox, and many other diseases previously unknown to them. Compared with the misery and abjection into which most of them have sunk, by being deprived of or disturbed in their hunting and fishing grounds, and even made dependent upon their ruthless intruders, by wants they have introduced and accustomed them to, their removal to the protection and discipline of the Reservations is to be considered a great blessing!

The system is not one of compulsory labor, nor forcible conversion; and there is little if any restraint as to the exercise of their primitive rites; but the most stringent measures are taken against in-

toxication. The able-bodied men are kept to regular employment, while provision is made for instructing the rising generation. A small military force, to represent the mighty arm of the Federal Government, is sufficient to protect the establishment and to avoid conflicts, which, left to the workings of human passions, would, as they have done in other parts, involve whole districts in devastating warfare.

The institution of the Reservations seems to be the best mitigation under existing evils. It provides a refuge for the hunted-down sons of the wilderness; and if a prosperous future cannot be built up for them, their actual wants are at least provided for. But, within half a century, the existence of the red race will be reduced to an object of historical retrospect!

THE MENDOCINO RESERVATION.

This Indian Reservation, the largest of California, fully deserves a circumstantial description. Its principal station is on the sea-coast, near the river Noyo, which, for the first few miles from its mouth, is navigable for small craft. The outlet of this river presents a double harbor. The outer one is sufficiently sheltered, during the greater part of the year, by almost parallel promontories, projecting on both sides. Above it, a sandy spit of land, extending from the north bank nearly to the opposite shore, leaves a narrow entrance to the inner harbor, which is the usual place of anchorage for the little schooner belonging to the station. This schooner serves for fishing, and for communication with the harbor of Big River, situated about ten miles to the south.

The buildings of the station stand on a slightly elevated plain, about a mile from the sea, and nearly the same distance from the mouth of the Noyo; they consist of a spacious store-house, offices

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and mess-rooms, the dwelling of the Agent and some smaller cottages for the employees. There is also a physician's and apothecary's department, and a number of work-shops. The Indians regularly employed, together with their families, live close by in block-houses, arranged in an open square. In the midst of this rises what seems to be a large mound. It is a mud-plastered roof, covering a round excavation, and the whole is a good specimen, though on a very large scale, of the usual Digger Indian style of architecture. On one side is a small hole, for entrance; and another hole in the roof serves for a chimney. The Indians use this wigwam as a Temascal or sweat-bath, in which they shut up their sick to pass through an ordeal of heat and smoke, sometimes for hours on a stretch. It also serves as a council-chamber and as a banquet-hall, and for the performance of their religious rites. In it the bodies of the dead are reduced to ashes, the whole community keeping up a most doleful howling meanwhile.

Not far from the buildings, on the edge of the woods, are the Rancherias of those tribes which still live in their primitive condition. Each tribe has a separate camp, and some of their wigwams are so hidden in the bushes, that their whereabouts is only betrayed by the smoke.

Two miles further on is an outpost of about 20 soldiers, whose duty it is to aid the Agent in maintaining order. They would have an easy life of it, indeed, if they had nothing else to do. But, unfortunately, their services are very frequently required to protect the Indians against the cruelty and oppression of the white men who have settled on the outskirts of the Reservation.

The Indian tribes of the Reservation chiefly belong to those generally known in California as "Diggers." They lead a roaming life, and their temporary dwellings are circular excavations, cov-

ered with a roof of rushes, plastered over with mud—the whole looking like a hillock.

In disposition they are more peaceable than warlike, although petty feuds are continually kept up between the tribes, and they have their fighting-men and war-chieftains. They subsist chiefly on roots, acorns, seeds, grass, earth-worms, ants and grasshoppers, according to the season; but their principal food is fish from the sea or rivers. They are good fishermen, very expert in the use of spears, nets and fishing-baskets.

Their arms are too imperfect to allow them to kill game, except at a short distance; this is therefore only an accidental source of support. The mountain tribes, however, taking advantage of ravines and gullies, sometimes manage to drive a large quantity of game into some corner, from which there is no escape, and thus slaughter great numbers, and for a while revel in abundance. But the supply does not last long, as the power of the Indians to dispose of meat and to gorge themselves is truly astonishing.

The Indians, when brought into the Reservation, deliver up their arms, and they are not allowed to carry any, except when on a temporary furlough in the mountains.

The tribes of the valleys of Sonoma and Napa, and those who lived near Clear Lake, have held intercourse with the settlers for the last thirty years, or since the first settlements sprung up north of the Bay of San Francisco. Food and covering was a sufficient inducement for them to help the Spaniards during harvest. An imperfect knowledge of the Spanish language is therefore common among them, though, latterly, English has begun to take its place with those who have come in contact with American settlers.

Among the tribes of the North, which have had but little intercourse with the whites, the number of idioms is very

great, and the dialects include almost entirely different languages. But it has been the object of philological investigators in Lower California, to ascertain the numbers of speech existing in the region, and to find out how many more than the same languages, and to determine the difference between the case in the North, though it would be difficult to prove the fact.

The tribes living in Oregon are more numerous, and the fact which they have on occasions, when they have been provoked by our men, to kill them by the whites.

Hitherto, the tribes were only peaceable, and were closely pressed by the advance of civilization. But living in the North sooner or later, so in under its protection.

The Mendocino in many respects abundant elements of the Indian tribes exist in the North—Nome, which I purpose to time.

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great, and the diversity is such as to preclude almost entirely all verbal communication. But it has been proven by the philological investigations of the Jesuits in Lower California, that the diverse manners of speech of the Indians were nothing more than dialects of a few stock-languages, and it is therefore a fair inference that the same will be found to be the case in the northern part of the State, though it would require laborious research to prove the fact.

The tribes living on the borders of Oregon are more athletic and warlike, a fact which they have proved on several occasions, when their resentment has been provoked by outrages committed on them by the white settlers.

Hitherto, the Reservation has received only peaceable tribes, and those which were closely pressed upon by the advance of civilization; but all the tribes now living in the north of California will, sooner or later, be induced to seek refuge under its protection.

The Mendocino Reservation, favored in many respects by nature, possesses abundant elements for the maintenance of the Indian tribes. Two other stations exist in the interior and further to the north—Nome Lakee and Nome Cult—which I purpose to visit at some future time.

The latter possesses excellent pasture land, and a stock of cattle has already been placed on it. The usual rate of increase in California is such that it will soon furnish beef cattle enough for all the stations of Mendocino—thus affording one of the principal means of supporting the Indians.

Game, though abundant, cannot be relied upon as a means of subsistence. A single hunter, roaming through the woods with his rifle, can live on the fat of the land. But a wider tract of country has to be scoured to furnish a large settled community with game; the transporta-

tion becomes onerous, and the thing is found to be impracticable.

The Reservations mainly depend for subsistence upon agriculture. The rolling lands between the coast and the mountains are covered by an abundance of wild oats, beans, clover and other nutritious grains, affording excellent pasture.

The bottom lands, along the water-courses of the valleys, are eminently adapted for cultivation. The working force of the station, under judicious direction, will soon bring out the producing qualities of these lands, which have an advantage over the heavy clay soils bordering the Bay of San Francisco, in so far that they can be ploughed at almost any season. Large tracts are already prepared for sowing. Potatoes yield abundantly, and are one of their principal resources.

The sea-fishery furnishes another main element of support. Every morning the schooner is sent out with an Indian crew, commanded by an employee. It returns towards noon with several tons of cod, rock fish, etc., together with a number of nondescript fishes—strange, uncouth denizens of the deep. The river also affords its quota as well as the sea.

The Indians are very dexterous in fishing with nets within the bar, so that the supply of fish never fails.

Our bivouac at Ten Mile River was shared by Col. Henley, the Indian Superintendent, by Lieut. Gibson, Commander of the post, by several attaches of the Reservation and by some hunters who had determined to join our party. A strong fog came in from the sea, and the atmosphere was by no means as agreeable as the balmy air of the mountains; but a good fire, aided by inward applications of "anti-fogmatics," enabled us to forget the chilliness of the nights. We had become accustomed to exercise in the open air, and, in a measure, indif-

ferent to changes of temperature. An hour's ride in the morning was sufficient to drive away any feeling of stiffness.

While at the Reservation, we enjoyed the warm hospitality of Col. Henley, who, as far as his manifold occupations permitted, made our stay very agreeable. He gave us a hearty welcome, and afterwards, in his turn, called at our camp to participate in our convivialities.

Curiosity attracted many of the Indians from their wigwams, and the groupings of their dusky forms afforded a novel and interesting back-ground to the tableau of our camp.

The number of Indians on the Reservation is about 4,000, but, at the time of our visit, it was considerably reduced. It was their harvest season, and most of the able-bodied men had received leave of absence to collect seeds and to gather their crops, while others had gone on fishing expeditions. In this manner, by allowing them, occasionally, to return to their old mode of life, they feel less sensibly the subordination and restraint under which they necessarily live on the Reservation, and they also, without perceiving it, contribute to lessen the burden of the administration.

The many camp-fires we passed in the mountains bore evidence of the temporary scattering of the Indians.

The Reservation was, therefore, not as animated as it is usually, but there was still evidence enough to show the improvements which the Indians have received. There is a striking contrast between their former rude and almost animal state and their present improved condition. Instead of roaming about, listlessly, in the woods, and eking out a precarious life, they are now occupied in agricultural pursuits—have become acquainted with many of the usages and objects of civilized life, and no longer depend for sustenance on the uncertain results of the chase or on the scanty pro-

duce of the wild vegetation of the mountains.

The guide I had brought from the mountains could not converse with the Indians of the station; his native language was entirely different. As a free and independent son of the wilderness, he looked somewhat superciliously at the doings on the Reservation. I had promised him a shirt and a blanket, as a reward for his services, and he was only waiting for them to return to his brother, the bear-fighter, Ben, in Matompka Valley. His aged father now made his appearance, and he was soon put in good humor by partaking of some of the good things at our camp. Standing upon the stump of a tree, he began talking to the winds, and gave us a specimen of Indian speech-making. He was asked to give an Indian name to the several members of our party; complying, without hesitation, he began the distribution of names, all expressive of some peculiarity of dress, voice, appearance or manner, which he caught with wonderful readiness. Some of them were translated to us, and they were appropriate and droll enough to afford us amusement at the expense of the recipients of this gratuitous baptism. He was rewarded with a black dress coat for himself, and a pair of kid gloves for his son, the bear-fighter, and perfectly satisfied with this compensation for the trouble of two days' march. An Indian will at no time shun fatigue, if it enables him to partake of the game and receive some of the cast-off clothes of the white men.

A fine specimen of the Indian was old Antonio, chief of one of the half-domesticated Bodega tribes. His four daughters—very fair specimens of young squaws—had all formed alliances with white men, and the old chief appeared to be very proud of their exalted fortunes, and to discern in perspective the perpetration of his race in a long succession of half-breeds.

[Continued on page 177.]

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 [continued on page 177.]

GOLD LAKE: A TALE FOR THE FRAZERITES.

BY MRS. L. FOUTS.

"Philosophizing, footizing, or regret-  
 ting—which, my pretty cousin?" said  
 young Frank Besoir, as he emerged from  
 the luxurious depths of a crimson easy  
 chair, and approached the vine-clad west-  
 ern window. The fairy form of seventeen  
 and the infantine dimples of Clare did not  
 belie her words.

"You are pleased to be ironical in your  
 two first accusations, Mr. Frank, and to  
 pay you for it, I can assure you I was not  
 indulging in the latter mood. No; I was  
 castle-building, as usual"—

"Laying the foundations of those in-  
 vincible towers in California, I'll wager,"  
 interrupted Frank.

"To be sure; where else should I lo-  
 cate them, unless I took a contract for  
 you? How stupid for you to stay in this  
 country of drones, and not be married,  
 either! Now own up, Frank, ain't you  
 envious, to think that I have made a  
 match first? you wear such an 'all-alone'  
 look since you came back."

"And shan't I be all-alone for friends  
 when you leave, Clare?"

"Oh, fie! don't look so sad! I will be-  
 queath you the valued friendship of all  
 the old and young maids of my acquaint-  
 ance, who will not give a thought once a  
 year, after the wedding is over and the  
 steamer sailed, though now they tire me  
 to death with their alternate condolence  
 and croakings. That reminds me, as you  
 came, I was wishing that Oscar and I  
 could charter yonder fleecy cloud for our  
 bark; I know where it is bound, by the  
 golden banners furled towards the setting  
 sun. How deliciously could we rest  
 'mid its downy depths—how swiftly sail

over mountain and sea, until it softly de-  
 scended through the realms of air upon  
 some lovely vale of our El Dorado, where  
 the last burning rays of the sun have lin-  
 gered and turned to gold!"

"Beautiful! Clare, Oscar will mak-  
 you a poetess, yet," and Frank stood for  
 a moment, his ardent eyes drinking in  
 the fresh beauty of the young enthusiast.  
 But his expression of almost idolatrous  
 admiration suddenly changed to one of  
 deepest sadness: as the sparkle of the  
 sun-loving wave is darkened by the swift  
 storm-herald; as our own hearts, ere  
 now, even as they stood in youthful love  
 on the pinnacle of Happiness, have turn-  
 ed faint and dizzy, to mark that on one  
 side was a precipice, and its dark abyss  
 was Misery. "Clare, dear Clare," he  
 said, "but whither is this wild romance  
 leading you? will not the syren lure you  
 into a desert from which there is no re-  
 treat? But I need not use metaphor—  
 are you not, indeed, resting all your fu-  
 ture, all your young hopes as on a cloud  
 —on the vague tales of gold-crazed men  
 —substantiated only by the restless as-  
 pirations of your restless lover? What  
 surety have you that, when that cloud  
 disperses, it will not lower you to pov-  
 erty, sickness and death on that strange  
 shore?"

"Now, Frank," replied the sweet sad-  
 dened voice, "this is not only unkind of  
 you, but unwise. You know my heart is  
 irrevocably claimed, my destiny irrevoca-  
 bly written, and no thought of mine can  
 change it."

"And so Oscar has imbued you with  
 his wild fatalism, too!" cried Frank.



"Clare Mordaunt, as to the election of your heart, I would have it pure and irrevocable; but, believe me, your future is in your own hands. If Oscar loves you, why should the sacrifice be all on your side? If he loves you, why does he implant in your pure heart the seeds of distrust and scepticism?—why drag you from a luxurious home—from a circle refined and appreciating—a victim to his unbridled fancies? No, Clara; if he loves you, bid him consider *your* happiness, and if he flies from the hearthstone of your gentle sphere, seek not to mate with his flight, and leave the schemer to plot his own ruin!"

"Now, Frank, if you were not my own dear brother, you should repent those bitter words of poor Oscar, just because he is not disagreeable and hum-drum. And besides," she continued, rallying, "you are an artist, and poet, too, and I never saw *you* sad in my life, until you talked of parting with your pet cousin."

"I might have been happy," said Frank, "had I seen your happiness insured; but though I left the sick bed of a mother, and traveled hundreds of miles without rest to meet you, it is only to spend a few days in bidding a sad adieu. How little did I think, when, six months ago, you pronounced Oscar Moreland's name after me for the first time, that I was introducing to you the arbiter of your happiness! that this reckless enthusiast, whose vagaries had so often enlivened our college-days, was to victimize the fairest and purest in his snares of accursed fatalism!"

"Frank Besoir, are you insane, to address such language to me, and on the very verge of marriage, too!" exclaimed Clare, her great brown eyes flashing anger.

"Forgive me, forgive me! perhaps I *am* insane. Listen, Clare: you say I am a poet; every poet has his idol, whose divine inspiration tunes his lyre. I had

mine. You say I am an artist; the same idol was there enthroned queen of beauty, and mocked the creations of my pencil. She was my world—my thought—and look at me! am I now happy?" And the girl's gaze fixed in mournful wonder on the mighty sorrow of that face; the eyes she had ever seen sparkling with rich quaint fancies were now piercing hers, darkened with a fathomless grief; the lips, formed like her own, to express the sunniest and brightest emotions of the heart, lost their soft outlines in the firm pressure with which the strong man crushes his weakness. "No," he continued, vehemently, "my darling hopes so tenderly cherished, my beautiful dreams so fastidiously painted, are rudely trampled and tarnished—my world, my all—gone in one hour!"

"Poor dear Frank," murmured the pitying voice, artlessly; "have you indeed been so miserable, and your own Clare not knowing it? how I have mocked your sorrow with my wild gayety! Why did you not tell me before, dear cousin?"

"I never meant to tell you, Clare; honor and generosity alike forbade me, and it would have passed in silence, had I been sure of your welfare; but to lose you"—

"Me! me! oh, do not say you mean me!" cried Clare, clasping her hands in woe. She saw the truth in Frank's downcast face. "Oh, Frank, this is dreadful! you, that have always been a brother to me, why did you tell me?" and she sobbed in mingled grief and shame.

"Clare," said the young man, bitterly, "I am now unworthy even of your sisterly love. I have been ungenerous, selfish and ungrateful; but the fear for your happiness, and the sudden death of mine own, drove me beside myself. Forgive me, some time, and then forget me; for, when you are gone, I shall be yet more unworthy and lost." He turned to go, but she recalled him.

"Stay, stay; that is sad. I love has supposed You are noble or—my ever her little snow like a child.

"God bless you. I will not when all forsake or!" cried Frank.

"Most an enigma a low voice beset

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"Stay, stay; we will both forget all that is sad. I am an orphan, and your love has supplied the place of all to me. You are noble, Frank; be still my brother—my ever true friend!" and she held her little snowy hands pleadingly to him, like a child.

"God bless you, Clare! you are an angel. I will never, never leave you; and when all forsake you, I will be your savior!" cried Frank, embracing her.

"Most an enchanting tableau," sneered a low voice beside them.

"Oscar!" exclaimed Clare, and both starting, turned to see a splendid young man, his majestic figure drawn to full height. Mingled rage and scorn flushed the classic features and curled the crimson lip; over the lofty forehead fell masses of light locks; but the power of that striking face was centred in the large, expressive eyes, that now gleamed like fiery balls as they scanned Frank's averted face in contemptuous scrutiny. He continued in a voice of concentrated scorn:

"Dear brother of my college days—faithful friend of youth, and most esteemed cousin in future—allow me, in the name of my affianced bride"—and he took Clare's trembling hand—"to thank you deeply for the flattering interest in her welfare and highly honorable protestations; but, allow me, sir, for myself, to add, that, though *astounded* at your masterly sketch of my character, I must decline all assistance in the care of my wife, or any other equally delicate tokens of regard. But, to terminate this touching scene," he added, hastily, as Clare sank almost fainting on his arm, "we will unite in a last adieu; after this occurrence, your friendship and presence are equally disgraceful."

"S'death, sir," retorted Frank, roused from his confusion by this bitter taunt; "because I have erred in a rash moment, I have yet to learn your right to order me from my Uncle's house."

"Oh, Frank, go! go!" almost shrieked Clare, as she caught the angry defiance of each brow. Her piteous tones pierced his heart, and with a lingering look at her pale, fear-stricken face and trembling form, he left that room for ever. For many minutes Oscar held the weeping girl in his arms, vainly endeavoring to assuage her grief and excitement with the fondest regrets and tenderest endearments. And what woman's nature shall resist the tenderness of love? there is a magic choral in her heart that will ever, through time and change, and alas, even through coldness and cruelty, still respond to the master's hand.

Clare's first words were: "Oscar, for my sake, pardon poor Frank; he was wild—he knew not what he said; he has ever been the kindest, dearest brother to me."

"For your sake I forgive him, my darling; but his dastardly attempt to snatch you from me, and his reproaches of my poverty, I shall never forget. Poor fool! does he not know that ere the light was born to earth the angels had sent you from their throng to be my gentle spirit my better nature? and that we, wedded in immortality, *he* cannot sever in the cycles of time? United we will follow the voice of fate, and then united we will rise to some brighter sphere. But come, little Clare, I would fain 'wipe the tear from the eye of beauty;' let us drown this sadness in the music of your harp, and then I have a splendid poem for you." Contrast the strained, stiffened sinews of old age with the pliant elasticity of the dimple-bounded muscle of youth, and you shall mark the distance wider between the poor old heart, where sorrow cankers unrepulsed, and the joyous rebound from youthful grief. Ah, surely,

"There never another dream can be  
Like that early dream of ours,  
When Hope, like a child, lay down to sleep  
Amid the folded flowers."

Clare Mordaunt was orphaned so young

that she remembered neither of her parents; but a wealthy bachelor uncle received the child to his solitary home, and of the actual cares and sorrows of life she had heard as of a fable. Her uncle's heart was divided between two pursuits—business and his laboratory—and as each, in its turn, asserted an absolute monopoly of his time, he had no thought of little Clare, beyond supplying her with the best of masters and shielding her from any evil influence. So the child's life passed monotonously amid the grandeur of the old house, and the flowers of her heart unfolded not their fragrant petals in the absence of the sun of domestic love. When she was nearly twelve, a brighter era dawned upon her. Frank Besoir, her cousin, came from his rich southern plantation to prosecute the study of law at his uncle's house. The native kindness of the boy's heart (for he was only twenty) instantly felt for the lonely situation of the lovely orphan; but this principle of pity soon grew into a most earnest devotion. The uncle, knowing well Frank's noble nature, was but too glad to let the young people take their own course. Clare's life was now as bright as youth, beauty and wealth could make it. She had some one now to listen to her harp, to criticise her drawings and to discuss with her the "airy nothings" of the poet. Each feminine grace and gentle charm flourished—for Frank had an artist's eye and a poet's pen—his sunny nature naturally reflecting the beautiful things of earth. But, to Clare, he was only the dear brother. Even after her *entree* into the gay world, when the old uncle querulously insisted on the closing of inner doors to exclude the sounds of the light laughter and dancing of the parlor from the gloomy laboratory, it never entered the gay beauty's head to class Frank among her troupe of adorers. Nor was he in the least her ideal; for, though his features were by no means

plain, and his sparkling eyes looked a jest and his delicate lips curled a satire, in stature he was small, and Clare, with the perversity of little women, admired tall men. Her hero must be gigantic, both in soul and strength. Nor did Love lay siege to the pretty maid till, on the last "New Year's Day," Frank introduced the splendid Oscar Moreland, with many a tale of his fitful fancies and eccentric genius, as he had known him at a southern college. Oscar, with his handsome face and irresistible address, scarcely needed Frank's warm recommendations to secure him immense popularity in the social circles; though it was known that already he had squandered two inherited fortunes in travels and extravagant luxuries, and was almost even with the world again. Of course a ready friendship was established with Clare on the ground of Frank's regard for him; and this deepened into a warm intimacy, when in February, her cousin was called home by his widowed mother. And now, we would fain trace the progress of awakening love in those two hearts—as we love to watch the first pale pink of morning deepen into crimson glory—as we linger over the bursting buds of our favorite flower. But, suffice it to say, that the love of Oscar and Clare was as beautiful as these, and pure and deep. So fascinated was her ardent imagination with his witching eloquence, and so completely did he enthrall her gentle spirit with the power of his love, that she consented to bid adieu to the harvest moon of her native home, and accompany him in his wild search for wealth in the far regions of gold. Her uncle, in his faint objections, was vanquished to his counting-room with a few tears and by a strange fatality. Frank only received Clare's last letter on the subject, which was an invitation to the wedding.

For the far future Oscar drew, with burning words and thrilling voice, the

glowing picture of some southern where their souls, elevated to the medium of the senses, most would revel in a forest of tal. It was not strange that love's fancy loved to roam amid did creations and write the beautiful dreams round her. they became to her the mirror certain future. Then wonder the charmed society of him as her laughter rung in mellow moonlight, where, an hour before wept away the twilight. No give one thought to Frank until, in her own room, ed the setting of that moon for time as Clare Moreland.

Now, shall we paint you a the brightness of the wedding, the bride's brilliant beauty in robes and gleaming jewels—of groom's joy and pride—of the of the ritual that cemented lives forever? No; we would re some hearts back to the same, like trembling earnestness, the same heart-pledge, and some the fond dream of that golden son, that ever haunts the young sad thought divided the joy of and groom or the admiration seemed guests, it was the departure of Frank, without adieu, the day before. And and Oscar dropped a few part over the hand of the old uncle barked, with a thousand other watery path to the Land of Gold.

Two weeks later they were in an old hotel in the ancient ama. Here they were detained days, much to their delight, for grown ruins of the most magnificent scenery of the tropics, liant-hued flowers and endless verdure, were to them the ever-fresh subjects of admiration.

glowing picture of some southern Eden, where their souls, elevated through the medium of the senses almost to Paradise, would revel in a foretaste of joys immortal. It was not strange that his lady-love's fancy loved to roam amid his splendid creations and wrap the web of his beautiful dreams round her heart, until they became to her the mirroring of a certain future. Then wonder not if, in the charmed society of him she adored, her laughter rung in mellow peals on the moonlight, where, an hour before, she had wept away the twilight. Nor did she give one thought to poor heart-broken Frank until, in her own room, she watched the setting of that moon for the last time as Clare Mordaunt.

Now, shall we paint you a picture of the brightness of the wedding sunshine—the bride's brilliant beauty in her airy robes and gleaming jewels—of the bridegroom's joy and pride—of the solemnity of the ritual that cemented those two lives forever? No; we would rather send some hearts back to the time when, with like trembling earnestness, they gave the same heart-pledge, and some forward to the fond dream of that golden bridal season, that ever haunts the young. If one sad thought divided the joy of the bride and groom or the admiration of the assembled guests, it was the mysterious departure of Frank, without a single adieu, the day before. And soon Clare and Oscar dropped a few parting tears over the hand of the old uncle, and embarked, with a thousand others, on their watery path to the Land of Gold.

Two weeks later they were ensconced in an old hotel in the ancient city of Panama. Here they were detained a few days, much to their delight, for the moss-grown ruins of the monasteries, the gorgeous scenery of the tropics, with brilliant-hued flowers and endless vistas of verdure, were to them never-failing subjects of admiration. Charmed were the

hours spent beneath the palm trees, feasting on the luscious fruit, and amusing themselves with the natives, monkeys and parrots, equally grotesque. Here, too, they formed more intimate acquaintance with their fellow-passengers. They were a motley crowd, representing almost every people on earth, and varying as much in degrees of intellect. Among the most interesting to Clare were two Indian youths, said to be twins, the sons of a western chief, and inheriting their French speech and lightened complexion from their mother. As they only spoke that language they were excluded from general intercourse, while Clare, amused with their naive manners and quick observations, soon learned to call their names—Sago and Comanche—and quite won their hearts, by the present of a pair of coral bracelets, which they wore on their brawny arms with pride. They were familiarly known as the "half-breeds," and won the respect of all by their modest independence.

But the most intimate friend of the Morelands was a lawyer—Mr. Cole—who appeared to be partly the guardian of the Indians. He was lively and intelligent, so he made a most agreeable companion.

The evening before the steamer sailed, after a supper of rich fruits, Oscar complained of being chilled; on retiring to his room he was violently sick, and then fell into a deep stupor, with his eyes half opened. For hours his bride anxiously watched him, vainly essaying to rouse him at intervals, when, becoming alarmed, she determined to send for Mr. Cole. A tall Spaniard answered her ring; but, on hearing her errand, to her dismay, he pushed past her into the room and snatched Oscar's rich gold watch that lay on the table. Naturally intrepid, Clare sprang for the bell-rope as he turned to leave, but his quick eye detected the movement, and he dealt her a sav-

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age blow, which made her shriek and reel. Then she heard, faintly, the clash of knives and a scuffle, and when she aroused, Mr. Cole was bending over her and the Indians were holding the thief, who Sago had disabled by a well-aimed blow, as he chanced to see him escaping from the window. Mr. Cole had no difficulty in recognizing in Oscar the symptoms of a virulent attack of the Panama fever. Enforcing upon all the necessity of keeping it secret, or he would not be admitted on ship-board, he diligently applied all the remedies within his knowledge; still, on the morrow Oscar was almost carried on board, only half roused from his stupor. For days his kind friend nursed him with the devotion of a brother, when he too sickened, and then the Indian brothers divided their time between the invalids. Clare's fortitude through this was heroic; not a tear fell as she bathed the fevered brow of her adored husband and heard his incoherent words; nor did physical weakness triumph till on the fourth morning of Mr. Cole's illness, she was summoned to his death-bed. As the waves closed with a mournful roll over the form so lately replete with health and goodness, the first bitter tears gushed from her eyes; for she felt that, though many were kind, he was their only friend, and the loss of a friend she had never known before. It was then that the Indian brothers besought her to take that needful rest which anxiety had long driven from her pillow; at last, representing that for her husband's sake she must keep her strength, she yielded to the deep sleep of intense fatigue, and when she awoke, late the next day, the faithful pair still kept watch. Thenceforth on these rude sons of the forest Clare looked as her kindest aids, and their devotion as unequalled.

Just as they began to hope for Oscar's recovery they entered that gulf of storms, "Tehuantepec," and his fever increased

to an alarming degree, amid the horrors of the tempest at sea. Ah, those were sad days; wild waves tossed the ship unmercifully; from pelting rains they closed the port holes and excluded fresh air; their water grew scarce, till at length the little given was thick and warm. During the long days and dark nights, varied only by the occasional jerk of the steamer, as she paused for an instant to lower a corpse to the water, Clare sat patiently by the couch of pain, when all other women sought their berths in fear and sickness. One awful night, when every heart was panic-stricken, and every strong arm called to save the ship from its threatened doom, the brothers disappeared from their station by her door, and she was left, for the first time, alone. Oscar was in high delirium; his cries for the "water, water—just one drop of water" she had not for him, were heart-rending. Twice did the fragile creature creep the length of the rocking vessel to beg for a little water or tea, ere she obtained the half-bowl of tea. Oscar seized it wildly from her as she entered, and drank it almost at one swallow; then, in the midst of that fierce storm, sank into a deep sleep. Clare was not skilled enough to know that the disease was at its crisis, but, utterly exhausted, slept by his side. Next morning the tempest cleared, and when Sago awakened them with breakfast, he told them, with saddened voice and downcast head, how Comanche, his brother, had been swept away by a mighty wave, and how, in trying to save him, he nearly lost his own life.

Oscar awoke that morning, for the first time in many days, to reason and returning health; and when they at length entered the famous "Golden Gate" he brought the smile again to Clare's dimpled cheek, with his whispers of hope and love, as they stood in the breeze and sunshine. In their joy, Clare espied the Indian Sago, sadly listless when all others

were excited, gazing at the wake, which led to his brother. In her heart, she tried her own drawings of her mournfully into her steps on the water he fervently pressed. saw him no more. For many, succumbed of the Morelands, told tale of fortune, marked the historic period. Gold, they the mere necessities, them, for in the long health obliged, they and seek boarding, too, as Oscar was Clare's angelic, boarded shipped by the men, women, and those hardened stamp. God of a people is hold but little sympathy.

Many times, his spirit led him to and make the rash, earned means, in culture, and almost as unfortunate. It failures, that even sat at Clare's feet, stant paling of her painful sitting, of despair and remorse eyes. "Oh! my, how I have dared, when I would lay you happy. Why me, and tell me, saw with prophetic misfortune?"

"My dear, he sweetly, "what a pay to woman's rash cousin might

were excited, gazing into the waves of the wake, which had received the form of his brother. In the earnest gratitude of her heart, she tried to cheer him with her own drawings of hope, but he only looked mournfully into her face, and when they stepped on the wharf at San Francisco he fervently pressed her hand, and they saw him no more.

For many succeeding months the life of the Morelands is told in the oft repeated tale of fortune and privation that marked the history of the miners of that period. Gold they found, but oft times the mere necessities of life took it from them, for in the long rainy season, Clare's health obliged them to leave their tent and seek boarding. Friends they made, too, as Oscar was ever generous, and Clare's angelic beauty was almost worshipped by the miners, who saw but few women, and those generally of the most hardened stamp. But, alas! when the God of a people is "gold," their hearts hold but little sympathy for the unfortunate.

Many times had Oscar's speculative spirit led him to abandon good mines, and make the rash investment of his hard earned means, in experiments and adventure, and almost as often had they proved unfortunate. It was after one of these failures, that even his hope bowed, as he sat at Clare's feet and marked the constant paling of her cheek, and the slow, painful flitting of her smile. Tears of despair and remorse suffused his splendid eyes. "Oh! my poor darling," he said, "how I have darkened your young days, when I would lay down my life to make you happy. Why do you not reproach me, and tell me that your cousin's love saw with prophetic eyes my folly and misfortune?"

"My dear husband," replied Clare, sweetly, "what a poor compliment you pay to woman's love, and my heart. My rash cousin might convince you of an er-

ror, but never me, that you were erring. Don't you know that we women only see with heart eyes?"

"Alas! Clare, I have done but little to merit this devotion, except that you are more to me than life, which God knows, and with His will, I will earn enough to take you to your own home, and there expiate my errors, if devotion can do it."

A shadow falling across the door, prevented Clare's reply, and with a half cry of delight she clasped the hand of Sago, the Indian.

"Welcome, welcome, Sago!" exclaimed Oscar, and warm greetings passed between the three, who mutual peril and suffering had once united. It seemed as if Sago could never cease gazing pityingly on Clare's pale face.

"Your pretty red rose is fading in this country," he said, reproachfully, to Oscar.

"Aye! true, Sago, I know it but too well: how blooming she was when you first saw her!"—and Oscar sank into a train of remorseful reverie.

"You always appear in our hour of trouble, Sago, and perchance relief will accompany you, as it did twice before," said Clare, soothingly.

"It is I that am the weak one now," replied he, displaying a wounded, bandaged foot: "This was hurt in my mining, and the white men are not all kind to the Indian."

"Poor Sago! have you been unfortunate?" said Oscar, warmly, "you shall live with us always, and share the little we have; we can never forget your kindness in the dark hour."

"I have made much money—more gold than I shall ever use," said Sago, throwing an Indian purse full at Clare's feet; "but I am feeble now—I heard of your cabin, and the 'Great Spirit' sent me hither."

"Ever welcome, good friend," replied Clare, "we will all go home together, if fortune ever favors us again."



The Indian turned distinctly to Clare and said: "I left a place yesterday where the white brother can make heaps of money, if he will go."

"Heaven bless you!" cried Oscar, fervently, "tell me where it is, and I will work night and day, but that poor angel shall see home and health again—and God's wrath be upon me if I waver in my purpose."

"Amen!" This English word came in a deep voice from the Indian. Their previous converse had been, as usual, in French, and both started to look at him, for the emphatic utterance made it sound as a malediction; but Sago was looking at Clare with the same earnest pity. Arrangements were made on the spot, for it was found that Sago was the owner of the lucrative situation he had been forced to abandon, and the Indian was to live with them. Thenceforth Clare's household cares were light, for he assisted her with the aptitude of a woman. He told her how he had often done the same for his white mother in the wild woods, and of his deer hunts with Comanche, and then they would speak of his untimely end. And Clare, happy because Oscar's fortune smiled again, loved to picture to her humble listener her once happy, luxurious home, and her kind uncle and cousin brother. When they dwelt on fraternal love, Sago would grow sad, and Clare would think she had been cruel to thus remind him of his lost Comanche.

About two months after Sago's appearance he brought Clare a letter from her home, and, with eager delight, watched the smiles and tears of joy chase each other over her lovely countenance.

"Oh, kind, faithful Sago!" she cried, "rejoice with me. My good old uncle, who I supposed had long forgotten me, writes that his dearest wish is to see his children, Oscar and I. Yes, yes; we will go home to him immediately, and devote ourselves to cheering his last days. Os-

car, dear Oscar," and she sprang to meet her husband at the door, "I have such a splendid letter from home!"

"Mrs. Moreland, this is my friend Mr. S—," said Oscar, presenting a swarthy man of medium stature, who Clare recognized as a miner she had met some months before, while visiting a sick man.

"Fine days now, Mrs. Moreland," remarked the miner, seating himself.

Clare's heart was full of home; she longed to tell Oscar of their good news; but seeing their visitor was determined on a chat, she thought the easiest way to shorten his visit was to introduce at once the favorite topic of the miners, and that exhausted, he might go.

"Yes, very pleasant, sir; but you seem to have abandoned your good claims here."

"Forever, Mrs. Moreland, I don't work such diggings as them," said the miner, crossing his feet.

"Why, I thought they were excellent," rejoined she.

"They might be for the uninitiated; but I don't suppose you would work them; if you could pan out a thousand dollars an hour."

"Indeed, no," laughed Clare, with a curious glance at their speaker. He was dressed in the common mining costume; his face wore a strange look of candor and earnestness, but his eyes were bright and restless, and the continual motion of his fingers indicated excitement.

"Mr. S— has just returned from a trip north, my dear," remarked Oscar.

"Yes, ma'am, I have been north, and I don't suppose you will believe it, but I own a secret that is worth thousands, millions, to you or I, or him, or any one that knows it; that's so."

"Why, you must be a magician; and I am afraid the price of this mighty secret is a soul," said Clare, now amused, for she was convinced that their new friend was slightly deranged.

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"No, I aint no magician; I am nothing but plain 'Old Kentuck,' and all the price is—is confidence; but you don't believe me—no one will," excitedly returned he, rising to his feet.

Clare was astonished to see Oscar look perfectly serious and interested in spite of herself; she urged their guest to sit down and tell them of this wonderful secret.

"Yes," said Old Kentuck, "I come in to tell your husband. Well, there is just acres and acres of gold out where I was; I saw it with my own eyes."

"What, on the surface?" asked his listener.

"No—not on the surface exactly."

"Well, is there water near?"

"Yes, *sir*; God Almighty has put a big hydraulic basin right over. It's a lake, madam, and the gold is on the bottom!"

"What! is the water clear—did you see it?"

"Clear! the prettiest clear crystal water you ever saw; just such a lake as my old mother lived on, at home, only here the bottom just glitters with lumps of gold. Oh, do you suppose I'd sit here and lie to you?" and his eyes grew intensely brilliant.

"How far is it from here?" they questioned.

"I was two weeks coming, and marked the way well; I'll show twenty mon the path, step by step, and we will be millionaires. I could do nothing alone."

In her excitement, Clare had dropped her uncle's letter, and Sago now replaced it in her hand, with a meaning look; it recalled her to herself.

"Oh, Oscar, don't go!" she cried, impetuously.

"Well, if he don't, others will—and he'll lose his chance, that's all," said old Kentuck, marching off.

She read her answer in her husband's face, for his strange eyes were lighted

with that weird future look, as if gazing at some charming object in the far distance—that fatal expression that had so captivated her girlish heart. Yet she used reason, prayers, tears, to dissuade him, but she might as well argue with a madman; for, with hundreds of others, he had all day been listening to Old Kentuck's wonderful reports, and the contagious gold fever was sending his blood thrilling through his veins.

"Oh, let us go home," sobbed Clare. "We have wealth now; our uncle has just said all his fortune was ours. Dear husband, do take me home!"

Vainly, in return, Oscar endeavored to mirror his hopes in her heart. In vain painted lively pictures of that fairy lake—"how the gold rays would dart up through the crystal waves and wage war with the sunbeams, and how the stars would look down and find themselves rivaled in number and lustre."

The Indian, who had been sitting with his head bowed between his hands, rose, and drawing purse after purse of gold dust from a concealed hole in the floor, handed them to Oscar, saying, briefly: "Take them—they are yours, if you will not go."

"My good friend Sago," said Oscar, rising, with the native dignity so noble in him, "I cannot degrade myself by taking from any man gift gold. Stay you here with my wife while I am gone. Clare, I do not ask you to accompany me; but to return to our friends penniless, and be a scoff and derision when this fortune is offered by fate, I will not refuse it."

"Then, my own dear husband, I will go with you," said Clare, drying her tears and reaching up to embrace him. "You have said that nothing should separate us."

"And I will go too, for I will never leave you," spoke the Indian.

The rapid accumulation of wealth, and

sudden "great freaks of fortune" peculiar to California, alone justified in any degree the intense excitement that filled the hearts of hundreds with regard to the "Gold Lake." Soon they formed into trains, packed tools and provisions on their hardy mules, and piloted by "Old Kentuck," were climbing the mountains towards their El Dorado. It was a strange sight to see that multitude traveling the unbroken wilderness, climbing rocky steeps in the burning heat, and to know that their pulses all throbbed to the same mad worship of Gold, Gold. Ah, where shall we find another shrine with devotees like these? To their impatient steps the days of travel seemed long and weary, and Clare was wasting to a shadow with fatigue, but "Old Kentuck" confidently urged them on, as he would meet with some of his land-marks. At length they reached the summit of a splendid hill, and there burst upon their view the refreshing scene of a sheet of limpid water, environed by fine hills and lofty crags, that cast the shadow of their frown over the laughing waves. Their leader, in ecstasy, pronounced it to be the—*Gold Lake*.

It was determined that the main body should camp where they were, and a party of the least weary press forward to explore.

Clare, forgotten for an instant in the excitement, was attempting to dismount from her horse, unassisted, upon a great log, when the accidental firing of a pistol near his head startled him, and she was thrown violently forward upon the sharp, broken branches. They raised her and were in vain applying the usual remedies, when from her pale lips there burst a small, crimson stream. "Great Heaven, she is dying! Clare! Clare!" shrieked the Indian in English, throwing himself wildly by her side. That voice paralyzed Oscar's heart, and roused Clare to life. "Frank," murmured the dying woman,

choking with blood, but fixing her languid eyes on the Indian, who, after a moment's hesitation, tore off the coarse black wig that concealed part of the forehead and the brown curls of Frank Bessoir. "Do not curse me," faltered Oscar. Clare looked at him with a smile of ineffable sweetness, and joined their hands. The bleeding ceased for a few moments, and she revived sufficiently to hear Frank's brief story:

When he rushed from his uncle's house, almost broken-hearted, he was accosted by Comanche, an Indian boy he had attempted to educate. The youth had run away from college and now appeared before his benefactor to beg for money to take him to California, promising never to trouble him more. Comanche, though several years younger, was just the size of Frank, and governed by one of those wild freaks that come to the reckless, he determined to assume the character of the Indian's brother. They imparted the secret to no one but Mr. Cole, and by constantly speaking the French language, the disguise was perfect. Fortune, with her usual caprice, had showered wealth upon him who cared not for it—for his only object was to be near Clare, whom he had never lost sight of for a single day.

Just as he was concluding his tale, several men rushed to them with the intelligence that there "was no gold in the Lake, or about it, and that "Old Kentuck" was beside himself, declaring that he had lost the way, and pleading for his life, as the great cry was "Lynch him, hang him on the spot, who has so betrayed us!"

Clare looked at Oscar, but so filled was his heart with remorse and anxiety for her, that he scarce heeded their words, "Oscar, Frank," said she, "hear my last request. Go to those frantic men and tell them poor "Old Kentuck" is a lunatic. I over felt that he was. Save him

from this brutal, but pose the two with crowd. The human their belief, and the nest representations, the majority and ed lence.

When they re- this cheering ingol them to raise her the "Gold Lake." w rare beauty, and n told her that herri turned their goston the gold-hunter, as having duped "old lovely lake," she sa with gold; Heavy n of health and create on its borders- th money cannot be y. band, I feel now in the wild fatalists w ery to the Sun- of seeking His sex te been wrapt in a

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from this brutal death." With this purpose the two went among the excited crowd. The humane willingly adopted their belief, and at length, by their earnest representations, he was pardoned by the majority and led away in sullen silence.

When they returned to Clare with this cheering intelligence, she desired them to raise her that she might see the "Gold Lake." It was, indeed, a lake of rare beauty, and in its lucid waves they told her that myriads of shining fish turned their golden sides mockingly to the gold-hunter, as if they triumphed in having duped "Old Kentuck." "It is a lovely lake," she said, "and if not filled with gold, Heaven may send the wealth of health and content to those who dwell on its borders—those blessings which money cannot buy. Oh, my dearest husband, I feel now in my dying hour, that the wild fatalism we embraced was mockery to the Supreme Being—instead of seeking His service and glory, we have been wrapt in a mad human worship.

God is taking me from you now, Oscar, because my heart made you its idol. Dear Frank, Heaven will reward your devotion. Oh, God, forgive —" and her faltering prayer was checked by the life current in rapid tides from her mouth.

For some moments they caught her whispered ravings of home, love, gold, mingled with prayers. Then suddenly she raised and exclaimed, "Oscar, Frank; let us go—I see the city with golden streets!" and her gentle spirit thither winged its flight.

Sadly they laid the pure, the beautiful, the devoted, in her lonely grave, in the pine shade, on the shores of that fatal lake, and the two mourners parted without a word. The splendid Oscar Moreland, broken-hearted, lives the lonely life of a miner. Frank Besoir, the embryo artist and poet, roams over the mountains preaching the truths learned from Clare's dying lips. Yet, on the anniversary of her death, they meet at the little green mound, where their earthly idol sleeps, the three victims of—"Gold Lake."

## THIS LITTLE LOCK OF GOLDEN HAIR.

BY G. T. SPROAT.

This little lock of golden hair!

'Tis all that's left me now,  
Of one that was so dear to me, [glee,  
With his light blue eye and his laugh of  
And polished and ivory brow.

This little lock of golden hair!

Oh! how it speaks to me!  
Of prattling lips, now heard no more,—  
Of light feet skimming the nursery floor,  
In merry and childish glee.

This little lock of golden hair!

I sit o'er it and weep; [fast  
And thoughts come thronging thick and  
From out the darkness of the Past,  
Where silent memories sleep.

This little lock of golden hair!

'Tis changed an angel's now!—  
How beautiful the gems are set  
Within the sparkling coronet,  
That glitters on his brow!

### PROFESSOR C. C. SHELTON.

Turning over a file of "Gleason's Pictorial, for 1854," in the number for September 16th, we observed an excellent portrait and a brief sketch of the distinguished California botanist and geologist, whose name stands at the head of this communication. His death had occurred sixteen months previous, but was probably unknown to the editor. It is believed some further particulars of this gentleman will be read with interest, by the numerous friends he made in this city, during his visit in the winter of 1852.

It was impossible to be much in his society and not become deeply interested in the man; and in his projects for the agricultural improvement of California, he always spoke with remarkable ardor.

In stature he was of medium height and of slender form; but the enthusiasm of his spirit sparkled in his bright black eye, and infused itself in every limb and muscle; he did not speak or act as other men do, especially while descending on his favorite theme; then, his language was uttered in a voice often unconsciously, as it seemed, above an ordinary tone, and was accompanied by earnest, and even violent gesticulation.

He was a passionate lover of nature. The natural sciences, especially horticulture and agriculture, had been the study of his life; and the years he had spent in California he had employed not in digging for gold, but in learning, by observation and experiments, what might be expected from the cultivation of its soil; the results had been so satisfactory, that he was far more sanguine of reaping a golden harvest from such labors than is the most successful adventurer in the mines, with his shovel and pick.

He had come East, filled with eager

enthusiasm on this subject, and certain that he could make others realize, as he did, its importance, and enlist other persons of ample means to co-operate with him in carrying out extensive schemes for the agricultural improvement of California. He saw, but a little way in the future, an immense State, densely populated, depending on Chili, the Sandwich Islands, Mexico, Oregon, and even the Atlantic States, for produce to sustain life, which, with little trouble, could be raised, of better quality and far cheaper, at their own doors; he brought with him numerous well attested proofs of the peculiar excellence and extraordinary size of a variety of vegetables, grown in that virgin soil, which scarce needed to be turned with the spade before receiving the seed.

Shelton had spared neither pains nor expense to acquaint himself fully with the agricultural resources of California; he had traversed much of its extent on foot, leisurely examining and comparing its various soils, and collecting specimens of plants and other natural products. The rare and beautiful flowers which everywhere grew spontaneously, especially excited his admiration; he worshipped flowers, and as he could not, in his Herbarium, preserve their beautiful tints, part of the time he employed an artist to become the companion of his lonely wanderings, who, with superior skill, copied their beauties on paper.

He favored us with frequent opportunities to examine these pictures of flowers, many of them surpassingly beautiful, and unlike any seen on this side of the continent. In many sections these flowers grow so profusely that they resemble vast gardens, laid out with every

variety of plants of Nature has are flowers the tion of this wor leagues together urious growth wild, are excell animals that them.

Shelton's rest attended with n ships, and frequ ger from hosil and they were powerful incont to brave as m Beauties of nat State were the spired him to let Shelton was an far-famed land, tunities for gat hidden at his quite eclipsed to his nature, sons, were w quently, he w

When San populous city natural curios and neighbor to have been acquisition to gold was the people then ing also, and attract suffici penses; his collection and lessly sentent ures he had ended his money-making

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variety of plant, though the handiwork of Nature has only been employed; nor are flowers the only spontaneous production of this wonderful soil; hundreds of leagues together are covered with a luxurious growth of oats, which, though wild, are excellent food for the numerous animals that roam at liberty among them.

Shelton's researches in California were attended with much toil and many hardships, and frequently with imminent danger from hostile Indians or wild beasts, and they were prosecuted without the powerful incentive which prompted some to brave as much for pecuniary gain. Beauties of nature and the welfare of the State were the nobler motives which inspired him to labor and endure. Though Shelton was among the first to visit that far-famed land, and had peculiar opportunities for gathering the gold which lay hidden at his feet, this attraction was quite eclipsed by those more congenial to his nature, and which, by most persons, were wholly overlooked; consequently, he was poor.

When San Francisco had become a populous city he founded a museum of natural curiosities, gathered from that and neighboring counties, which ought to have been considered an invaluable acquisition to the State; but gold, gold, gold was the engrossing thought of the people then; they could appreciate nothing else, and Shelton's museum did not attract sufficient patronage to pay expenses; his sordid landlord seized the collection and sold it for the rent, recklessly scattering to the winds the treasures he had so laboriously obtained; this ended his principal, perhaps his only money-making operation in California.

While in this city also his sanguine hopes were doomed to serious delay; he was introduced to many individuals who favored his plans, but who were not ready at once to aid them; and thus the

weeks passed on in fruitless efforts to interest persons who could, had they been so disposed, have assisted him, until the time fixed for his return was near at hand. His funds were exhausted, and most men would have been discouraged; but undying hope sustained him still. Fortune at length smiled auspiciously; by advice of friends he visited a gentleman in the vicinity of Philadelphia, and submitted his views to him in detail. This gentleman owned a large tract of land in California, and had himself noted the peculiar fertility of the soil. He regarded Shelton's plans favorably, and having had some personal knowledge of him in California, had full confidence in his ability to execute them, if properly assisted; he corresponded on the subject with another large California landholder, living in New York city, and they, together, entered into a very liberal arrangement with Shelton, allowing him unrestricted permission to cultivate their land for five years, in the manner he judged best. They advanced means for the purchase of large quantities of seeds, roots and trees to carry there; paid his expenses back, and those of an experienced farmer to assist him, and were to defray all subsequent expenses incurred for labor and other incidental items, and Shelton was to have half the profits.

This arrangement promised much for Shelton, and was so much better than he had expected to effect, that he was greatly elated by it. The necessary purchases were soon made, and all preliminary matters adjusted, and a few days were still on his hands before the sailing of the steamer; then he just awoke to the fact that two favorite objects which he had in anticipation in coming to the States, were unattended to: the one, to visit a dear sister in Texas, and the other, to get a good wife. The first he must now abandon, for he must take the steamer to be in time for the Spring.



planting; the other, he was so enthusiastic as to suppose he might yet effect, and seriously solicited the agency of a friend to introduce him to some worthy young lady, who might listen favorably to his proposal. He very reluctantly abandoned it on her representations that no young lady who was worthy of him would accept him on so short acquaintance. He decided, finally, that he would come back in a year, and then he would take time to attend to these matters.

Being at leisure now, he entertained us occasionally with an episode in his eventful life. We give one here, as near as can be remembered, in his own words:

"I was residing in Texas when gold was discovered in California, and many of my friends and neighbors were induced to leave their homes and travel to that far-off land, by the brilliant prospect of speedily amassing wealth. I was often solicited to join these expeditions, but my much-honored, widowed mother and sister were residing with me, and dependent on my protection. My sister had recently lost her husband, and her little fatherless boy I had adopted; and I loved him, even as my own life.

"By an inscrutable Providence, my mother and this dear boy suddenly fell victims to cholera, which had broken out in our locality. This blow fell so heavily upon me as almost to deprive me of reason. Home seemed home to me no longer, unblessed by their presence; and I wandered forth, scarce knowing or caring whither I went. I made my way into Mexico, and there formed the purpose to earn the means, if possible, and take passage in a vessel from Mazatlan for California.

"I found means to bring my skill in gardening into notice among wealthy Mexicans, and soon had as much demand for my services as I could meet, and was well remunerated. Consequently, in a few weeks I was prepared to start for

California, and scarce knew why I was postponing my departure, when suddenly, as a thunderbolt from a clear sky, the cholera broke out with fearful virulence in the town where I was stopping, and in adjacent towns and villages.

"I remembered now a circumstance which I had well nigh forgotten. Just after my mother's death, a soldier who had been in the East India service, and who had seen much of the ravages of cholera in the East, gave me a prescription which had there proved very effectual in curing the disease. I procured the medicine, had it compounded into pills and laid them in my trunk, but I had never had occasion since to try their virtue; I resolved to do so now. Accordingly, I put the medicine in my pocket and went out, purposing to go to the suburbs of the town, where I might probably find some unfortunate, neglected sufferer on whom I could test my remedy.

"I had scarce reached the street, when a man accosted me, in Spanish, as '*Medico Americana*,' and begged me, in most imploring terms, to go with him to his wife, who was just attacked. It was in vain that I protested I was '*no medico*,' and directed him to the hospital across the street to find a physician; he would not let me off; he wanted '*none but Americana medico*,' so I suffered myself to be hurried along by this poor man. But, strange to say, before I reached his house, which was in a remote part of the town, I was addressed by forty as urgent petitioners for medical service for their suffering friends, and could only get off with promises of immediate attention to their wants.

"I approached the bedside of the sufferer, took her cold hand, bade her be of good courage, for she would soon get well, administered the pills, set the wailing by-standers to rubbing her limbs and abdomen with warm liquor—keeping up

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a rapid but gentle friction—and stood by, encouraging the sick woman and watching the effect of the medicine; and I soon had the gratification to discover an improvement in her symptoms." (Those who know Professor Shelton can well understand how his inspiring words and manner—so peculiar to himself—might infuse new life, as it were, into the desponding one; and very likely to this characteristic of the man, as much as to his remedies, may be attributed his marvelous successes hereafter related.) "The medicine was repeated, and a few hours saw the poor woman convalescent."

Numerous opportunities offered in all directions for my services and medicine; and almost invariably, a rapid cure was the result of my treatment; my fame spread throughout the town, and neighboring towns, until I had far more patients than I could attend to, day and night, for many weary weeks, scarce allowing myself time to eat or sleep; arduous as these labors were, and harrowing to the mind, this constant exhibition of distress—the good, which, by a kind Providence, I was permitted to effect, wonderfully sustained me; finally I was attacked, myself, with the disease; but, through the blessing of God, the medicine speedily triumphed in my own case, even as with others.

"The poor Mexicans, at length, came to look upon me as something more than mortal; and crowded round me as I was walking or riding through their streets, prostrating themselves before me, and rendering thanks, and worship, which I tried to convince them was due only to God."

This marvelous statement, was corroborated by numerous certificates, which he showed us, given to him by the "Alcaldes" of the towns where he had been, and bearing their official seals; each certificate stated the number of cures he had effected; the numbers ranging from one

hundred to five hundred in a town, until in the aggregate they reached thousands! Efforts were made to convince him of the importance of making this remedy public; but as he had encountered much opposition, and even persecution from physicians, and as there was no present fear of cholera, he had very little faith that it would be received with favor, and therefore did not yield to our suggestions.

The time for Shelton's departure arrived; the evening previous, he came in, bringing a characteristic parting gift; two flourishing, beautiful plants, in pots, for his hostess and her daughter; (his gifts were always bouquets, or growing plants,) and his last, in their brief existence, proved painfully emblematic of his fate. Adieus were spoken, and promises exchanged to correspond; he was to send early information of his arrival, etc. A first and second steamer came, bringing no tidings; the third brought us the melancholly intelligence that Shelton was among the victims that were hurried to an untimely death, April 11th, 1853, by an explosion on board the *Jonny Lind*, which had been plying between San Francisco and Santa Clara. This sad catastrophe happened about six weeks after he landed in San Francisco, from New York.

Alas! Poor Shelton! His glowing plans and prospects he buried with him in the dust, when life was just opening before him, with fairest promise; and he seemed about to realize the fulfillment of his cherished hopes, and to reap the reward of his persevering efforts; suddenly, the pall of death covers all! How mysterious are the ways of providence! How calculated to hide pride from man, and teach him that earth is not his home!

A gentleman who knew Prof. Shelton in California, has added the following interesting particulars of him:—

The first time I met Mr. Shelton was

in the fall of 1851, at Sacramento City; he, as well as myself, had just returned from a tour in the mountains; we met at a late breakfast, both of us being pretty well used up by our tramp. We were introduced by our host, Mr. Paul Emort, who was then proprietor of the "Bear Hotel" in Sac. City, and who subsequently became his traveling companion, and artist, to sketch the beauties of California horticulture. Like all active Californians, he was uniquely costumed, sunburned and ragged, as well as somewhat begrimed; he appeared excited and full of business, but while at table our host asked him a few questions which awakened his enthusiasm and our interest to such a degree, that, before we had concluded our meal the servant commenced preparing the table for dinner,—with a gentle hint for us to withdraw to the sitting-room, to continue our conversation.

To this proposition he dissented, but invited me to take a look at his "recent collection," which comprised plants, flowers, roots, seeds, grasses, grains and vines. To say I was astonished, would be saying little; I felt that I was in the company of a man of no common character: one of those rare men who have genius, perseverance, and penetration to discover, and make known to the world many of its hidden mysteries, as well as its revealed beauties; but who had not a particle of that tact which could turn his discoveries to pecuniary profit to himself.

He had, in the course of about six weeks, collected hundreds, if not thousands of specimens of the different natural productions of California; one room he had as completely filled as it could well be, but in the most glorious confusion. After we had spent an hour in examining them, we retired to the yard, where he had barrels, boxes, bags and piles of plants, which his room would not contain, and which the landlord would not make other provision for, on

account of their bulk and dirt. All these, and many more that he had at other places of deposit, he told me he intended to "arrange, select, assort and classify, and then exhibit to the public."

The dinner-bell now sounded, and reminded him that he had an engagement at 9 o'clock, A. M. So intent and eager had he been to explain his object and wishes to one who was interested in the productiveness of the soil of California, that all other matters were for the time forgotten by him.

At this time he had not a dime in his pocket to meet his expenses; and although he had been in the locality of the diggings, where men were taking out gold at from ten to fifty dollars per day each, he did not look for gold, but would gather the beautiful floral specimens abounding around him, until he had accumulated as many as he could convey to his depot; and as he had to climb the hills or descend to the valleys, where he could not drive a mule, he would carry back-load after back-load to him, until the overloaded animal would resemble a mammoth boquet, and still much would be left behind, to his regret, for which, however, he always purposed to return.

He found some few men who entered into his views and afforded him means to continue his investigations. Then he employed an artist to accompany him, to make drawings of the beautiful flowers he met with in his explorations, which were too delicate to preserve in his crude method of gathering them. He was so completely captivated by the beauties he met with, that he could not resist the desire to let the world know of them—believing he would then be richly paid for all his trouble and expense, and acknowledged as one of the benefactors of mankind. After three days' tarrying in Sacramento city, he again started on his explorations for further discoveries. This was the last I saw of him until I met him in the subsequent year in San Francisco, making arrangements for a "State Agricultural Fair." Our next and final interview was in New York city, in 1852, when, poor fellow, he seemed beginning to realize the fulfillment of his buoyant hopes. Alas! poor fellow! M. D.

New York, June, 1858.

[Continued]

These half-bred nature for a life in are expert hunter combine the ene back-woodsman w ity and stoical end they are very Ni good specimens of tion the brothers ( Englishman by an are young men o their manner is ple One of them serv

roy's party; he w as a free American I found a kind of Reservation in a yo Lake, who for a lo wild guide with lo then invited me to me his young wife as an aid to the bla not a little proud of the employees of th saddling my horse to me with a fine no flowers.

The officers of the the Indians in a le able-bodied men are labor for the benefi When not employed ing, or as herdsmen. ble liberty to indul habits, and to dispo they please. The old as the women, are e but they enjoy no sim part of their own y being saddled with drudgery.

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## REMINISCENCES OF MENDOCINO.

[Continued from page 160.]

These half-breeds seem intended by nature for a life in the wilderness. They are expert hunters and horsemen; they combine the energy of the American back-woodsman with the intuitive sagacity and stoical endurance of the Indian; they are very Nimrods by nature. As good specimens of this race I may mention the brothers Greenwood, sons of an Englishman by an Indian mother; they are young men of stalwart figure, and their manner is pleasing in its frankness. One of them served as guide to Godfrey's party; he was proud of his rank as a free American citizen.

I found a kind of acquaintance at the Reservation in a young Indian from Clear Lake, who for a long while observed my wild guide with looks of curiosity, and then invited me to his wigwam to show me his young wife. He was employed as an aid to the blacksmith, and seemed not a little proud of his position as one of the employees of the station. As I was saddling my horse to depart he presented me with a fine nosegay of choice wild flowers.

The officers of the Reservation govern the Indians in a lenient manner. The able-bodied men are occupied by turns in labor for the benefit of the establishment. When not employed in agriculture, fishing, or as herdsmen, they have reasonable liberty to indulge in their roving habits, and to dispose of their time as they please. The old and infirm, as well as the women, are exempt from labor; but they enjoy no similar privilege on the part of their own younger generation, being saddled with all the household drudgery.

The labor imposed on the Indians is

light. Their number is so great, that many of them may be employed upon an undertaking which, in other parts of the world, would be accomplished by a few hands; and the work is greatly facilitated by a proper distribution and intelligent direction of the forces. Their exertions for the Reservation are incomparably less than those they had to undergo in their savage state, when, besides defending their lives against the attacks of enemies, they had to subsist on the scanty and uncertain resources of the wilderness.

Their physical conformation fits them for labor. They are strong and active; an Indian easily carries a hundred weight for twenty miles over a rough mountain path, or a dead elk for miles into camp; and some of them are so fleet of foot that they can run down a deer on the plains. The chiefs sometimes dispatch Indians on messages to incredible distances; it is said that on such occasions they eat or chew certain narcotic plants, which have the effect of conquering fatigue and allaying hunger. Their power of enduring fatigue without food is in curious contrast with their listlessness and voracity when they have nothing to do and plenty to eat. They sometimes pass several days alternately eating and sleeping, until the venison gives out and hunger compels them to new exertions. To serve as guides to hunting parties is therefore to them a pleasure, and in occupations suited to their own inclinations they become eminently useful to the Reservation.

Their deference towards the whites is not abject, and it is therefore easily seen that the manner of governing them on the Reservation is not despotic. It is sometimes amusing to observe the con-

contrast between the stoic apathy of the newly arrived Indians and the unwearied patience and activity of Colonel Henley. Sometimes he takes a plough or a spade into his hands; or jumps into a saddle or into a skiff, endeavoring, by personal example rather than by commands, to incite the Indian to imitate his efforts. He mentioned to me with visible gratification the progress which some of the tribes have made in the several departments of field-labor.

He also extolled their skill in fishing, and offered to us an opportunity to witness the deep sea fishing with ground lines; but I could not, unfortunately, avail myself of the offer. The schooner was to start at 3 o'clock the next morning; but this was rather too early for the Isaac Waltons of our party, whose habits were not as early as those of our Nimrods, and who, when roused in time for embarking, objected strongly to leave their warm bear-skins. The suitable moment for crossing the bar was thus lost, and the fishes may thank our indolence for a respite.

We therefore made up a fishing party to the River Noyo. A road newly cut through the underwood brought us to a charming spot in the wilderness about three miles from the mouth of the river. Here we found the remains of a mill, partly carried away by the floods; and the old mill-dam afforded an excellent spot for angling. A huge raft of drift-wood, brought down by the powerful spring floods, had lodged between the banks of the river. The trunks of enormous trees, whitened by the sun, were heaped up in picturesque confusion, and the skeleton of one of these giants of the forests stretched across this chaos, forming a bridge from shore to shore. The anglers remained on the northern bank, and crossing the raft, I amused myself in gathering the beautiful ferns and mosses, which grow in profusion among the fallen timber.

Col. Henley had been saying that he would like to remove the obstruction caused by the raft, and that he thought the wood dry enough to burn. I had forgotten this; nor did he remember my position, and so he leisurely began to start half a dozen fires among the logs. A light breeze springing up soon fanned the flames into a roaring blaze, and the noise and smoke suddenly drew my attention to the fact that if I wished to reach my companions, I would either have to jump into the river, or else make a rush through the flames. I chose the latter, and barely got across the burning bridge without sustaining any damage, and after joining the party I sat down comfortably to enjoy the spectacle of the conflagration.

The anglers were sorely disappointed; their lines hung quietly in the water, and not a single bite could they get. One of them, J. K. Rose, the captain of our party, more knowing than the rest, put up his tackle after a short trial, and lighting his pipe, sat down quietly to enjoy the vexation of the impatient anglers, and a full view of any compulsory performance on the burning bridge. He had immediately discovered that the tide was coming in, and that the brackish water had driven the trout higher up the river. But it was only on the way back, and under the exhilaration of a brisk ride on the excellent horses furnished us by Colonel Henley, that he let out the secret, which was the cause of much merriment at the expense of the discomfited anglers. Those of our companions who had remained in camp rather suspected what would be the result of the trouting expedition; so they had prepared a supper of excellent sea-fish, and the three principal stars in the cooking department had done their best to out-do each other in the performance.

Our ride to Ten Mile River, after leaving the Station, was extremely pleasant. We first passed many picturesque groups

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of rocks, festooned with climbing plants, and then came out on a sandy beach. It was rather uneven and soft in the beginning, but it soon became smooth, compact and elastic, echoing under the tread of our horses. The waves of the Ocean rolled on our left; on our right rose the green hills of the coast, and this pleasant afternoon's ride brought to my mind many recollections of previous travel.

We found the waters of Ten Mile River very high, on account of the rising of the tide, and the getting across, though not without danger, afforded us much merriment. The first misfortune fell on the devoted head of our zealous and ever ready friend Carney, who managed to get himself into considerable danger among the quicksands, but escaped with a good ducking. Then came a comical wager between Major C. and Gen. A., who generally outdoes everybody in bantering and fun; but this time he had to pay forfeit in an icy bath. At last the Indians in charge of the ferry came to our relief in their canoes. In the meanwhile worthy Col. Hays quietly went up the river some 150 yards. Here he found a favorable place for crossing, where the current was less rapid, though the depth was greater. He tied up his clothes in a bundle, and holding them, together with his rifle over his head, gained the opposite shore by swimming his capital mule across the stream. On our arrival at the camping ground he surprised us with a fine buck which he had killed on the way, and which, under the care of our black cook, soon tempted our hungry party with its delicious fumes.

A new settlement, belonging to the Reservation, has been commenced at Ten Mile River, and we found a number of Indians encamped, with some wagons. A force of ten of them was forthwith detailed to escort our hunting party. These Indians made a favorable impression on us; they were distinguished for athletic forms and good physiognomies.

Next morning I took leave of my companions, and an hour later they disappeared in the deep shade of the forest which crowned the chain of hills.

Col. Henley spent some time in inspecting the farm-laborers of the new settlement, and then he led me back to the Reservation by a different road, ever varied by a succession of contrasting views, sometimes of far-stretching panoramas of the coast, and again of shady glens in the depths of the hills, where the exuberant vegetation recalled the jungles of the East or the tropical forests of Mexico, while a many-colored carpet of flowers, such as is only to be seen in California, covered the country far and wide.

We reached the Reservation in time for dinner, which was excellent, though composed entirely of vegetables, as neither the schooner nor the hunters had returned, and all the venison had been eaten up the day before.

An hour later the schooner discharged several tons of fine fish on the beach, and the next day the hunters came in with forty-two deer and elk, both men and beasts staggering under their loads.

These sudden alternations between scarcity and plenty are one of the peculiar features of life in the wilderness, and agriculture and cattle-raising must take the place of the uncertain pursuits of hunting and fishing, so as to insure regularity in supplying food to the large number of people collected on the Reservation.

PART III.—HARBOR OF MENDOCINO—THE STEAM SAW-MILLS—VISIT TO THE UP-RIVER CAMPS—RETURN BY MOONLIGHT—MOONLIGHT VISIONS AND THE JOLIAN HARP OF THE WILDERNESS.

An easy afternoon's ride brought me from the Noyo Station to the harbor of Mendocino, at the mouth of Big River, where a vessel, bound for San Francisco, lay at anchor.

Mendocino City owes its existence to

the abundance of fine timber on the shores of Big River, and to the large steam saw-mills there erected, which give life to the whole neighborhood.

The bay of Mendocino is of considerable extent, the coast on both sides receding so as to form an almost semi-circular bight, and presents the appearance of a spacious harbor; but it is partially obstructed by sunken rocks, which, combined with the strong currents, (prevailing especially in the winter season,) reduce the room for maneuvering, and even for anchorage. However, by suitable arrangements and heavy ground anchors and chains, half a dozen vessels at a time may ride in safety during the summer months, when most of the lumber shipments take place.

The harbor or anchorage itself is protected by a promontory on the north side, terminating in an almost perpendicular bluff of singular formation. Perforated in several directions it has a natural tunnel at its base, through which the sea on either side communicates, and all times flows to and fro with considerable force. But in stormy weather, particularly under the influence of a southwest gale, the mighty billows, dashing against the outer wall and rushing through the cave with unabated fury, are forced upwards through a perpendicular opening connected with the surface of the rock, similar to the blowing of a whale. The noise then becomes overpowering, resembling the thunder of heavy artillery; and the great body of water thus periodically spouted up twenty feet in the air, covers the top of the bluff with its angry foam.

The view of the bay, with its rock-bound coast and its many caves, and the fine background of the densely timbered shores of the river is very picturesque, and the scene is enlivened by the steam saw-mills and the great number of workmen, whose accommodations in barrack fashion present the aspect of a small town.

The vessel being detained, I had time to dedicate an entire day to the exploration of the river, and proceeded in a skiff to the uppermost camp, about ten miles from the mills. The favorite spots for felling trees are alluvial flats. A gang of fifteen or twenty men, furnished with the necessary oxen and implements, erect their log cabins on one of these flats and remain there until all the available timber is cut. This branch of the business is almost entirely entrusted to western men, who, reared in the best school, have made it their regular profession. They are extremely expert in guessing at the probable yield of a tree, and on felling one, know exactly how to make it fall to the best advantage for access and preservation of the timber. The logs obtained from the tree, cut into convenient lengths, are then hauled to the river's bank, and from thence rolled into the water, where, arranged into rafts, they are floated to the mills. It was not my good fortune to be present at the downfall of one of the real giants of the forest, but the immense *fracas* of the fall of one of the smallest size (only about 4000 feet) gave me some idea of the earthquake which must follow the laying low of one of the largest size; the concussion, I was told, can be felt for miles.

The river is in many parts obstructed by sunken logs and broken limbs, which only are cleared away by the high spring tides.

The forest scenery of the upper camp, where I tarried a couple of hours, is truly magnificent; and I was sorry indeed not to be able to delay my return until the next morning, so as to spend a night in that sublime wilderness.

The beauty of the evening made the return delightful, gliding down stream in our light skiff. The effect was enhanced when the soft tints of the setting sun were merged into the magical light of the young moon. On either side rose

the dark forest of the river very top of intervals by some of some mountains the fronds of graceful tape was under the light that the harp of the v

This phenomenon Mendocino, hardly accounted locality of about nearly half way and the mills brating according ny of the music fined to the chiefly heard the stillness music is heard of the compass no breeze stirring to the echo of the case it would be of the river, and the lower part The most natural the playing of the gle of the trees feet calm as we hypothesis will

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the dark forests which covered the banks of the river from the water's edge to the very top of the hills, only broken at intervals by some dark recess, the mouth of some mountain rivulet, overhung by the fronds of gigantic ferns, and by the graceful tapestry of the convolvulus. It was under the softening influence of twilight that the first strains of the æolian harp of the wilderness reached my ears.

This phenomenon, peculiar to the river Mendocino, has not yet been satisfactorily accounted for. It is confined to a locality of about half a mile in extent, nearly half way between the upper camp and the mills. Those mellow, softly vibrating accords, resembling the symphony of the music of the spheres, are confined to the borders of the river, and chiefly heard after sundown, or during the stillness of the night. This æreal music is heard with wind from all points of the compass, and also when there is no breeze stirring. It cannot be ascribed to the echo of the distant surf, as in that case it would be common to all portions of the river, and particularly audible in the lower part of it, near the harbor. The most natural explanation would be the playing of the winds in a certain angle of the trees; but being heard in perfect calm as well as in the breeze, this hypothesis will not stand its ground.

My friend once dedicated a whole bright summer night to the enjoyment of this wonderful phenomenon, the spot, in point of landscape alone, being framed for a fairy bower. He listened to the sublime accords, as with the fragrance of a thousand blossoms they were borne on the gentle breeze of the night, and he was well rewarded for the trifling sacrifice of passing a few hours in the open air.

His boat was rocked, gently as a cradle, by the rippling current, and the various denizens of the river and forest seemed to have banded together for the purpose of beguiling the hours of the lonely watcher. A sea-lion, enticed in the pursuit of his funny game from the briny sea into sweet water, displayed his huge maimed neck above the surface of the water; and the fish he was pursuing in vain tried to throw its enemy off the track by running up stream and by leaping high out of the water. On the green sward of the river bank a bear and her cubs were merrily rolling about in nocturnal gambols; and a majestic stag, traversing the river, proudly parted the current of the limpid stream.

A night thus passed in communion with Nature in all her primitive freshness, how sweet a relief from the pressure of worldly cares!

### HISTORY OF THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH CABLE.

Next to the invention of the electric telegraph itself is the success which has attended the laying of the great Atlantic cable between England and the United States. We feel assured that we can present nothing to our readers of greater interest than the history, from an eastern exchange, of this glorious wonder of the age:

Electro-magnetism was discovered by Prof. Oersten, of Copenhagen, in 1819. Although its applicability to the transmission of telegraphic messages was sub-

sequently conceived of and established by others, it was reserved for our countryman, Professor Samuel F. B. Morse, of New York, to make the grand and crowning discovery, which was patented in France in 1838, and in this country in 1840, by the name of the "American Electro-Magnetic Telegraph." Subsequently, Mr. Alexander Bain patented, in England, his claim for an improved electro-chemical telegraph, where the message was recorded by electricity upon paper chemically prepared; and in

1848-9, Mr. Royal E. House, of New York, obtained an American patent for a telegraph in which the message was recorded by types, and the circuit broken and resumed, by means of keys similar to those of the piano-forte, answering to the letters of the alphabet. The first electro-magnetic line in the United States was that between Baltimore and Washington, the distance forty miles, completed in 1844, Congress contributing \$30,000 towards its construction. From this inception the work has advanced until the present day, when there are more than 35,000 miles of telegraph lines in the United States, and in the world a total length exceeding 100,000 miles.

In 1850 the first submarine telegraph was laid. A line of cable, twenty-four miles in length, was stretched across the Straits of Dover, thus connecting England and France. Owing, however, to the chafing of the wire against the rocks on the French coast, it was severed in a month, and a now and stronger cable was laid down, and is in successful operation at this time. The immediate result of this success was the establishment of various lines of submarine telegraph in Europe, of which the line from England to Holland, (being one hundred and fifteen miles,) was the longest, until the laying of that 400 miles across the Black Sea. The idea of a Atlantic cable does not seem to have been entertained at this time. It was too stupendous to be grasped, or if entertained, the scientific and mechanical difficulties in the way were supposed to be insuperable. Chief among these was the difficulty which existed of transmitting a sufficiently powerful current of electricity through an insulated wire of so vast a length. But the march of genius could not long be stayed.

The plan of an Atlantic Telegraph was broached, and repeated electrical experiments were had, until perseverance was rewarded with success, and in 1856 telegraphic signals were successfully recorded through 2,000 miles of wire, covered with gutta-percha; the various lines of the English and Irish Magnetic Telegraph Company being joined for the purpose.

As the practicability of the now project was thus far gradually demonstrated, there was room for the application of capital. The American Company was therefore formed as far back as 1854, Messrs. Peter Cooper and Cyrus W. Field

taking a leading and energetic part in the organization. The first step was to secure a charter; this was obtained in April, 1854, from the Colonial Government of Newfoundland—the act being entitled “An Act incorporating a Company for the establishment of Telegraphic communication between Europe and America.” The Company was thenceforth known as “New York, Newfoundland and London Telegraph Company.” It received various grants from the government of Newfoundland, subsequently from that of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, and finally from the Crown of England and the Congress of the United States. Among these was the exclusive right for a term of fifty years of landing telegraphic cable on the shores of all the British North American Provinces, except Nova Scotia, or on the coast of Maine or Nova Scotia for twenty-five years. Great Britain further granted an annual subsidy of £14,000 sterling until the net profits yield six per cent. per annum on the whole capital of £350,000 sterling, the grant to be then reduced to £10,000 sterling per annum, for a period of twenty-five years. The United States granted a like annual subsidy \$70,000 until the net profits yield six per cent. per annum, then to be reduced to \$50,000 for a period of twenty-five years, subject to termination of contract by Congress on giving one year's notice. The next step of the Company was to connect St. Johns, Newfoundland, with the lines already in operation in the British North American Provinces, and in the United States, by immersing thirteen miles of cable across the Straits of Northumberland; and eighty-five miles in the waters of the St. Lawrence. England being already connected telegraphically with Ireland, there remained only the problem of trans-Atlantic communication. In 1856 Mr. Cyrus W. Field visited England, for the purpose of making final arrangements, and as a consequence thereof the “Atlantic Telegraph Company” was formed, with a capital of £350,000. The charter of the former company was then made over to the new one, with all its exclusive rights and privileges, present and prospective. The next step was to acquire an accurate knowledge of the geographical character of the bed of the Atlantic, and the selection of the most feasible route. The deep sea soundings of Lieuts. Maury and Berryman

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were mainly depended upon. The basin of the Atlantic was proved to be a long trough or groove, indented between the Old World and the New, and extended almost from the northern to the southern pole. The hollow of this basin is so great that the lowest depth of the Atlantic is nine miles beneath the highest peak of the Andes. In most places the actual bottom of the Atlantic is much broken up and very irregular, and of course if a route were selected where these sudden elevations and depressions were most decided, the cable would be suspended from submarine hill to hill, subject to a thousand disastrous contingencies. A route was finally decided upon, from information furnished by Lieut. Maury. He demonstrated that there was a practicable path north of the bank of Newfoundland, on a vast oceanic plain or plateau. This plain is scarcely 12,000 feet below the level of the sea, and extends in a continuous ledge from Cape Race, in Newfoundland, to Cape Clear, in Ireland. The greatest depression is in mid-ocean, whence it imperceptibly ascends to the shore on either side.

This plain was generally leveled, so deep as to be below the reach of disturbing superficial causes, and composed of particles of shells, so minutely triturated as to render their character undetectible save with the aid of a microscope. Their presence, examined by the lights of science, proved how little those profound depths had been disturbed in the course of uncounted ages, and encouraged the hope that the cable, when once laid along with them, might rest as tranquilly—perhaps as long.

The next thing in order, was to determine what sort of a cable should be used. It must not be so heavy as to break by its own weight, or so light that it would be at the mercy of the currents. After numberless experiments, the present form was adopted. The central conducting wire is a *strand* made of seven wires of the purest copper, of the gauge known in the trade as No. 22. The strand itself is about the sixteenth of an inch in diameter, and is formed of one straightly drawn wire, with six others twisted round it; this is accomplished by the central wire being dragged from a drum, through

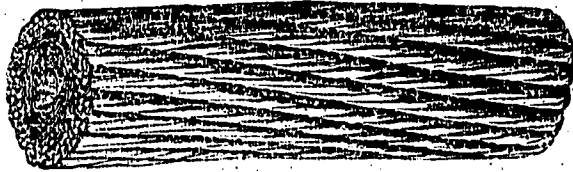
a hole in a horizontal table, while the table itself revolves rapidly under the impulse of steam, carrying near its circumference six reels or drums, each armed with copper wire. Every drum revolves upon its own horizontal axis, and so delivers its wire as it turns. This strand, having been wrapped in cotton, is heavily encased in gutta percha, and the whole fabric is covered with wire and coated with tar.

The mechanical construction of the cable having thus been settled upon, as also the character of the machinery for paying it out, it was determined to make the first attempt at laying it in the month of August, 1857. The steam-frigate *Niagara* was detailed for that purpose by the United States, and the English Government provided the frigate *Agamemnon*; while the necessary tenders were furnished jointly by the two governments. The plan was, for the *Niagara* (the cable having first been made fast on shore at Valencia Bay, Ireland,) to pay out her half of the cable, until mid-ocean being reached, the *Agamemnon* should effect a splice, and continue the laying of the same to Trinity Bay, on the coast of Newfoundland.

The fleet, comprising eight vessels, sailed from Valencia Bay on the 5th day of August. After three hundred and thirty-five miles of the cable had been laid, it parted, in consequence of an injudicious application of the brakes to the paying out machinery.

Though the attempt first to lay the great Ocean Telegraph was a disappointment, yet the people on both sides of the Atlantic had a firm faith in the accomplishment of the enterprise at some future period; and the directors of the Atlantic Telegraph Company, nothing daunted by the first failure of their great enterprise, at once commenced preparations for a Second Expedition, and no time has been fruitlessly spent in carrying them out.

Accordingly, by early in the fall of



SECTION OF TELEGRAPH CABLE—FULL SIZE.



1857, the Company held a series of meetings, at which many modifications and improvements, suggested by the first unsuccessful attempt, were brought under discussion. The result of these conferences was a thorough revision of their former plan, and the adoption of a new one, the leading features of which were:

1. Junction of the Telegraph Cable in mid-ocean.
2. The provision of a greater length of Cable.
3. The selection of an earlier season of the year.
4. An improvement in the paying out machinery.

A second attempt having been determined upon, the Niagara in the meantime visited New York, and having undergone the necessary repairs, was again detailed for this purpose, while Her Majesty's Government again assigned the Agamemnon to the service of the Company, and issued orders to the paddle-wheel steamers Valorous and Gorgon to accompany the expedition as tenders. The Gorgon acted subsequently as tender to the Niagara, and the Valorous waited upon the Agamemnon. In March, 1858, the fleet being in readiness, and the Company having provided an additional supply of Telegraph Cable, nothing remained but to proceed with the preparations for the sailing of the fleet.

The stowing of the cable on board the two vessels was then commenced at Keyham Docks, and was conducted with great care. It was finished on the 18th day of May, at which time there was about fifteen hundred miles of cable on board each ship. The shipment having been completed, the Niagara and Agamemnon sailed for Queenstown, Ireland, on Saturday, May 29th.

After a few days spent in experimental trips, the Second Telegraphic Expedition sailed from Plymouth for the rendezvous in mid-ocean, on Thursday, June 10th. The Niagara and Agamemnon were attended by Her Britannic Majesty's steamers Gorgon and Valorous.

The announcement of the departure of the Expedition revived the anxiety with which every step of this great enterprise has been received by the public during the period of the first attempt. Tidings from the fleet were awaited in painful suspense. Meanwhile, a stormier June than has been known on the Atlantic for many years, inspired fears for the result.

Days passed away, and still no news came. Weeks fled, and yet no tidings were received; until at last the unwelcome news came, that the mishaps of wind and weather had proved disastrous to the Expedition. Three distinct trials had been made, and all unsuccessfully. The vessels then returned to Queenstown, the Niagara arriving on the 5th of July, and the Agamemnon one week later.

Immediately after the return of the Telegraphic Fleet, the Directors of the Company in England held a special meeting, to take into consideration the expediency of making another attempt. A sufficient amount of cable still remaining perfect, on board the Niagara and Agamemnon, and the months of July and August being considered a suitable season, another trial was resolved upon, and the Expedition sailed on the morning of Sunday, the 18th of July last.

On the afternoon of Thursday, August 5th, the startling intelligence reached New York that the Submarine Cable had been successfully laid, and that the line was in perfect working order. The welcome news could scarcely be credited, until fully corroborated by subsequent dispatches. The public has since been gratified with full extracts from the log, as kept during the progress of the laying of the cable, by Cyrus W. Field, Esq., who has been the master-spirit of the enterprise, and identified with it from the beginning. It is peculiarly gratifying to Americans, that this enterprise was first conceived in this country. In spite of all the objections urged against it, a small company of New York capitalists persevered with a determination that was proof against all discouragement. Had they succumbed, the world would, in all probability, have been deprived of this great boon; for the numerous disasters and the enormous loss of capital, would have prevented a renewal of the enterprise until a very distant future.

The work is done. It is no wonder that popular enthusiasm has been raised to fever heat by this achievement, as glorious as it is unexpected—one destined to result in incalculable benefits to all mankind.

We trust that this union will bind the friendship of the two nations indissolubly together; and that as their language, hopes and aims are one, so may their interests and feelings ever teach them by peace and good-will, perpetually to be one.

## LINES

Home! old home!

What a voice!

That, sounding

Comes to this!

It comes from ev-

From every no-

And echoes o'er

Its tone of wo-

Here, in this dir-

I played thro'

When, in the m-

I danced my l-

The quaint old l-

The oaken m-

The dim recess

Have each a v-

'Twas here, with

Stood my fath-

And there, besid-

The place he

There lay the Bi-

And there tho'

From out whose

Such glorious

There sat my gen-

Time's tracery

Her meek, mild

I seem to see

It is astonishing

sometimes object

sume, that every

peculiar "vein"

## LINES WRITTEN ON VISITING THE HOME OF CHILDHOOD.

BY G. T. S.

Home! old home of childhood!  
 What a voice is thine!  
 That, sounding o'er the billowy years,  
 Comes to this heart of mine!  
 It comes from every room and hall,  
 From every nook and bower;  
 And echoes o'er the dreamless dead  
 Its tone of wondrous power.

Here, in this dim old parlor,  
 I played through many a day,  
 When, in the merry morning hours,  
 I danced my life away.  
 The quaint old hangings on the wall,  
 The oaken mantle-tree,  
 The dim recess and window seat  
 Have each a voice for me.

'Twas here, within this corner,  
 Stood my father's old arm-chair;  
 And there, beside the window seat,  
 The place he knelt for prayer.  
 There lay the Bible on the stand,  
 And there the books of old,  
 From out whose grand, poetic page  
 Such glorious music rolled!

There sat my gentle mother—  
 Time's tracery on her brow.  
 Her meek, mild eye, her angel face—  
 I seem to see it now!

Oh! I might roam through many a land,  
 O'er many a shore and sea,  
 But no'er shall meet another face  
 So dear as that to me.

There sat my little brother,  
 The youngest of the band;  
 Long years hath flown since he hath died  
 In a far distant land.  
 Strangers bent o'er his dying bed,  
 And strangers said the prayer—  
 Of all that dear and cherished band,  
 Not one was with him there.

There sat my gentle sister,  
 The loveliest of the train;  
 Oh! could I hear her silvery voice  
 Ring through these halls again!  
 Its music, even now, wakes up  
 The buried loves of years,  
 And stirs the fountain of my heart  
 To trembling and to tears!

Home! old home of childhood!  
 How thou speakest unto me!  
 Of those among the silent dead,  
 And those far o'er the sea.  
 Thou speak'st unto my throbbing heart  
 The words of hope and pain.  
 Here we have lived, and loved, and roved,  
 There may we meet again.

## Our Social Chair.

It is astonishing what a little thing will sometimes elicit a man to office. We presume, that everything depends upon the peculiar "vein" of the people. An instance of this sort came to our knowledge a few days since, which we think worthy of a place in the Chair.

In one of our interior towns there was

quite a spirited contest for the lucrative position of constable. We are aware, that in many of the up-country "precincts" the Constable is a big man. There were, on the occasion referred to, no less than five aspirants for the single office. Each candidate, as a matter of course, had his friends; and each, we might also add, felt equally sanguine of success. The day preceding the election, however, the fight became so terribly "mixed," that it was utterly impossible to tell who stood fairest in the eyes of the people. In this view of the case, it was suggested that the several candidates be trotted out before their "constituents," in order that his good points, if he had any, might be observed. The idea was well received by the friends of all parties, and immediately the gathering took place.

The first who took the stand, stated that he had voted for the "regular" Democratic ticket all his life, his last and crowning act being to help Joe Baldwin to the Supreme Bench. This was all very well in its way, but as Democrats were as thick in that locality as are blackberries about San Jose, the remarks produced but little effect.

The second, third and fourth speakers made desperate efforts to raise shouts of approbation. The first combined his exertions in the cause of Temperance with his well-known Democratic zeal; the second alluded to his long residence in the county, and his known honesty; the third had been to college, and was familiar with the Declaration of Independence. The fifth, *he* appeared. His remarks, which were taken down on the spot, are brief, and we give them entire: "Feller-citizens, I've hearn a great deal told 'bout Democraey and Temperance, and sich like. But I havn't hearn a word 'bout the great questions of the ago. I flatter myself I know a few 'bout the office of constable. [Sensation.] I

have had as much to do with constables as ary man in this county. Besides all this, feller-citizens! I'm in favor of *Earthquakes—the Comet—the Mormon War—and the great Telegraph Cable!*" That man was elected constable.

Nothing could be more *touching* than this little ditty, in prose, which reached us by the last steamer:

When Seth got home from mackereling, he sought his Sarah Ann, and found that she, the heartless one, had found another man. And then most awful tight he got, and so he went away, and bound himself to cut live oak all down in Floriday. He pined upon the live oak land, he murmured in the shades; his axe grew heavy in his hand, all in the wildwood glades. Musquitoes bit him everywhere, no comfort did he get, and oh, how terribly he'd scold whenever he got bit. At last, despairing of relief, and wishing himself dead, he went into the woods a-piece, and chopped off his own head!

A LITTLE flower grow alone among the rocks; it was the first floral offering of earth in gratitude for the life-inspiring sunshine that fell in golden floods about it. The woodman, who smote heavy blows at the root of the towering pine, sat down to rest, and, caressing the tender flower, shook the heavy rain-drops from its bending leaves. But a beast trod on a stone which rolled down and crushed the beautiful herald of uprising life and verdure. A bird gathered up the broken stem and drooping leaves, and had built them in a nest, over which he and his mate sang anthems to recreating spring. Other flowers came up and bloomed all about the ruins of the first-born of the year; and none knew or thought of it save the woodman, who saw in its short life and early death an emblem of a flower that once grew in the firelight of his hearth, and which death one day cut down with his sickle koon.

A child slept on its mother's breast,

with its hand  
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A smile of c  
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DONALD.

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Frost in the mi

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HEAR Mrs.  
Ocean Telegra  
"The line is  
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night-caps sw

with its hand half buried in a bosom white and yielding as yesterday's snow. A smile of exultation and hope played about her face, and she kissed it with a touch, tender and holy as the fraternal recognition of angels. But a silent mildew fell on her heart's hope; its cheeks grew hollow, its eyelids lifted heavy and slow, its wasted hand fell from her breast, and bending down to kiss it, she saw the last tremor of expiring life, and it was dead. Then the woodman came home, and lifting a white veil, she showed him "Beauty in Ruins," and that was the reason why he remembered the flower crushed by the rolling stone.—C. B. McDONALD.

## HATTY DEFOE.

BY CALVIN B. McDONALD.

Come with me, Hatty, dear,  
Come, sit beside me, here,  
For your cheek is as white as the colorless snow;  
For that wan, angel face,  
There is a resting-place,  
Here on my bosom, sweet Hatty Defoe.

Up in the mountain glen,  
Close by the puma's den,  
Where ice-fettered rivulets struggle below,  
There is the miner's home—  
Thither, my darling, come  
And rest in my cabin, my Hatty Defoe.

Down to the frozen branch,  
Thunders the avalanche,  
And cliffs in the sunshine with frost-fire glow;  
But, in that winter-spot,  
Hatty, I swear, there's not  
Frost in the miner's heart, Hatty Defoe!

Under you haughty fir  
There is a home for her,  
And a heart that will love her forever, I know;  
Till down on life's sunny tide  
Hatty and I shall glide,  
And at night camp in Heaven, with Hatty Defoe.

HEAR Mrs. Partington on the great Ocean Telegraph:

"The line is down," shouted Ike, as he swung open the front door. Mrs. Partington, thinking he meant the clothes-line in the back yard, darted to the window, and everything was right. The night-caps swung to and fro by their

strings, the dresses waved their long arms in the winds, and Ike's galligaskins, inflated by the breeze, seemed struggling to be free. "You should not tell such wrong stories, dear," said she, "when there is no occasion for it. The line is not down." "I meant the Atlantic Telegraph line," said he, with a face expressive of the joy of both hemispheres, "and Queen Victoria is going to send it to President Buchanan." "She is, is she?" said the old lady, "well, that is very kind in her. I wonder if she will pre-pay the postage before in advance?" "It is n't a letter," cried he, "it is a cable under the water from one country to another, over which messages can be sent." "I don't believe it can be done," said she, "for how can the messages come without getting saturated with water?" "I guess they'll be wrapped up in gutta serena," replied Ike. "Maybe so," said the dame, thoughtfully, "maybe so, but it would be a good deal safer to send 'em by the steamer, for what if they should get stuck half-way?" She pondered on it, and did not see that Ike had tied her bull of yarn to the tongue of the bell, and was even then in a remote position, preparing to send messages of mischief, that would send her running to the door to see who was ringing.

WHILE we were recently encamped on the shores of the bay of Benderas, situated near the mouth of the gulf of California, and shut out from the news of the world almost as effectually as one might be in the very centre of the African continent, the monotony of the scene one evening was broken by the appearance of the welcome shadow of a friendly sail. In a few minutes our canoe was at its side, when the novel visitor proved to be a Mexican vessel of war. The commander received us very courteously, and upon our inquiring the events that were passing outside the bay of Benderas, to our grateful surprise, he handed us a late date of the *California Farmer*. We little thought of seeing such a journal on board of a Mexican man-of-war—especially in such an out-of-the-way corner of the Mexican coast; and we relate this

more particularly for the amusement of the editor of that paper, who, whatever may be said or thought to the contrary, has, in our opinion, done much to cheer and inform the agriculturists and horticulturists of California, especially in their early labors here; therefore, we say—*imprimatur.*

Mrs. MATHEWS, in her "Anecdotes of Actors," gives an amusing instance of heroic devotion to art:

In that scene in the play of the "Committee," where Obediah has to swallow, with feigned reluctance, the contents of a black quart bottle administered to him by Teague, Munden was observed one night to throw an extra amount of comicality and vigor in his resistance, so much so, that Johnstone, ("Irish Johnstone,") the Teague of the occasion, fired with a natural enthusiasm, forced him to drain the bottle to the last drop. The effect was tremendous. The audience absolutely screamed with laughter, and Obediah was borne off half-dead, and no wonder. The bottle, which should have contained sherry and water, was by some mistake half-filled with the rankest lump oil. We will let Mrs. Mathews tell the rest:

"When the sufferer had, in some degree, recovered from the nausea the accident caused, Mr. Johnstone marveled why Munden should have allowed him, after the first taste, to pour the whole of the disgusting liquid down his throat.

"It would," Johnstone said, 'have been easy to have rejected it, or opposed a repetition of it, by hinting the mistake to him.'

"Mr. Munden's reply, by gaps, was as follows: 'My dear boy, I was about to do so, but there was such a glorious roar at the first face I made, that I hadn't the heart to spoil the scene by interrupting the effect, though I thought I should die every time you poured the accursed stuff down my throat.'

The following paraphrase is going the rounds of the newspapers:

The origin of the pugilistic phrase, "lam," is discovered in the following phrase from Scott's Peveril of the Peak, chapter 42—"In short, the tumult thick-

ened, and the word began to pass among the more desperate, 'Lamb them, lads, lamb them!' a cant phrase of the time, derived from the fate of Dr. Lamb, an astrologer and quack, who was knocked on the head by the rabble in Charles the First's time."

With all proper respect for Sir Walter's antiquarian lore, it would appear as if in this case he had not gone far enough back, for in Beaumont and Fletcher's King and No King, act 5, scene 3, Bucarius says—

'Not that I have  
Benten you, but beaten one that will be beaten,  
One whose dull body will require a LAMINA,  
As surfeits do the diet, spring and fall.'

#### MUSINGS OF A MINER.

I'm sitting on a rough oak-bench,  
By a camp-fire's flickering light,  
Whose varying shadows seem to tell  
Of fortunes dark and bright.

While sitting thus I musing fall,  
My elbow resting on my knee,  
Methinks I see an early home,  
Where hearts were blithe and free.

Methinks I see an old frame house—  
Two fir trees standing near—  
Methinks I hear those pleasant tones,  
That to me are so dear.

Methinks I see a father kind,  
An angel-mother's brow  
That I so oft were wont to kiss,  
Oh! could I kiss it now!

Methinks I see my sisters all,  
The pleasant spots we used to rove,  
I see them too—nor can't forget,  
Not e'en the little maple grove.

And oh! the past! 'tis sweet to view.

Brings, father, mother near,  
My sisters and my boyhood scenes,  
And early friends e'er dear.

Those happy days I then o'erlive—

Days that are past and gone—  
I've sometimes said, what would I give,  
Had they but never flown.

But my camp-fire is now waning low,  
The night-bird takes her flight,  
For cherished friends I breathe a prayer,  
God bless you all! Good night!

R. F. M.

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## Editor's Table.

The esteemed and able occupant of the chair editorial during our absence in north-western Mexico, has vacated his seat for a few moments, now we have returned, while we extend the friendly hand to our writers and readers with a most cordial "how do you do?"

After an absence of but a few brief months, it is no insignificant pleasure that leaps through the heart when the foot once more firmly treads that land which by accident or Providence we call our home. The spirit sings joy-songs of gratitude. The hallowed images of smiles from friendly eyes are newly daguerreotyped in memory's remembrance, while scenes of past pleasures move before us as distinctly as in a panorama, telling us that soon again the long missed, though often cherished, expressions of kindly interest and welcome will be renewed. While wandering far away among the beautiful scenes and singular sights of the ancient land of the Aztecs, where almost every face seen was that of a stranger, it was a great solace to the soul to call up the many familiar faces and warm hearts we had left behind us, among the golden hills of our beloved California. The sentiments so beautifully expressed by Oliver Goldsmith,

"Where'er I roam, whatever realms I see,  
My heart, untravel'd, fondly turns to thee."

were an ever present witness that "Heaven gives us friends to bless the present scene." We hope that the familiar hand-writings (and faces, too,) of old friends will continue to pay frequent visits to our sanctum, and that even new ones may find their way there, that we may produce a journal in every way worthy of our glorious and unequalled State.

Upon the eve of our departure on a visit to Mexico, in April last, attention was called to the similarity of a poem published in

this Magazine for the current month, written by an esteemed lady contributor residing in Nevada, entitled "The Ocean Burial," to another poem of the same name by G. N. Allen. Among our somewhat hurried explanations of various matters to the gentleman about to occupy the editorial chair during our absence, he received the impression that we had examined the poems in question, and were satisfied that the one sent us by our fair friend was a plagiarism. With this impression, in the number for May it was at once written down a "base plagiarism." The lady writer consequently felt that she would quite as willingly be accused of stealing other people's chickens as she would of stealing their thoughts, and sent us a very sensible letter to say as much. Since our return we have carefully examined and compared the two poems, and we find that in title, measure, tone, and two or three of the thoughts expressed they are alike, but we most cheerfully add that in laying the sin of "base plagiarism" at her door unintentional injustice has certainly been done her, which none can regret more sincerely than ourselves. Before finally leaving the subject, however, we wish to say that, from the poem being sent us in manuscript, we supposed that it had been written for the especial benefit of ourselves and our readers, when it was not having first appeared in an eastern paper several years ago, entitled the "Burial of Judson."

The successful laying of the telegraphic cable across the great Atlantic Ocean forms an era in the history of the world. We do not consider it of much importance in a commercial point of view, for commerce involves selfish feelings in its pursuit; it fosters avarice and panders to the ambition of the money-seeking classes. It is true

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Good night!

1850.

that the Atlantic Telegraph will have its effect upon the commercial world, for, by its prompt communication of facts from one point to another, it becomes the medium of narrowing down the chances of the selfish merchants to the pursuit of a system of trade founded upon well-known principles of political economy, which, if respected, the well-being and happiness of the human family would be greatly benefited. The great bond of union between the two continents of Europe and America is now complete indeed. The continents are now within speaking distance of each other, and, by means of the "great cable," language and thought is silently communicated through the Ocean's depth and proclaimed aloud at both extremes through magic power, science and philosophy. The event is a great one, and its accomplishment forms an era in the history of the world, commencing in the year 1858. It is almost impossible to conceive the extent of the effect of the success of the Ocean Telegraph enterprise. The human mind is lost in wonder and amazement at the greatness of the results which must follow the great work. We repeat, we are lost in wonder. It is like contemplating space, or considering the works of our Creator. It almost seems "too good to be true." The glorious announcement staggers our conception, and can only say that its importance can only be realized as the results follow its workings. We now await but one thing to render the telegraphic enterprise complete. The link is not yet complete. We must now have a line stretched from our State to the Atlantic side, and we are rejoiced to know that it will not be a very great while before this will be done.

The success attending the Fair of the Mechanics' Institute is an event of moment, and is one of the evidences of the rapid progress made by our citizens in developing the immense resources of our new and flourishing State. It is not five years since, when trudging over the sand-hills, we found the site of the Pavilion a large gul-

ly, or basin, used as a receptacle of odds and ends. Presently the work of cutting and filling was commenced, and now find the spot transformed into a level surface, and covered with costly improvements, including the Pavilion, wherein is exposed evidences of our skill and handicraft, as it were by magic, transforming a barren waste into a place of resort for fashion and skill. The Fair of the Mechanics' Institute is a noble evidence of progress, and it is impossible to find language to give utterance to our admiration of the skill and improvement in the arts and sciences, as evidenced by the various articles on exhibition at the Pavilion. We hope year after year will furnish the same evidence of the skill of our citizens. To the farmers and the mechanics we say God speed your efforts to advance the prosperity of our State by industry and skill, and to those devoting their energies to the light branches of artistic merit, we in like manner offer words of encouragement. May each succeeding year evince evidences of progress in the onward march of science and the mechanic arts, until skill ceases to be a matter of astonishment.

We present in this issue a highly interesting and instructive paper, entitled "Reminiscences of Mendocino." It is given in the lively, dashing style of a narrative, and will be recognized at once by those acquainted with the subject as being truthful in every respect. The illustrations, especially—which are from the original sketches by the well known artist, EDUARD—will strike such readers as being to the very life. The article contains a vast amount of reliable information.

As matter of record as well as congratulation, we give the first official messages sent across the Atlantic through the great telegraph cable:

#### THE QUEEN'S MESSAGE.

To the President of the United States, Washington:—The Queen desires to congratulate the President upon the successful completion of this great international

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work, in which the Queen has taken the deepest interest.

The Queen is convinced that the President will join with her in fervently hoping that the electric cable which now connects Great Britain with the United States will prove an additional link between the nations, whose friendship is founded upon their common interest and reciprocal esteem.

The Queen has much pleasure in thus communicating with the President, and renewing to him her wishes for the prosperity of the United States.

THE PRESIDENT'S REPLY.

WASHINGTON CITY, Aug. 16, 1858.

To Her Majesty Victoria, Queen of Great Britain.—The President cordially reciprocates the congratulations of Her Majesty

the Queen, on the success of the great international enterprise, accomplished by the science, skill and indomitable energy of the two countries. It is a triumph more glorious because far more useful to mankind than was ever won by conqueror on the field of battle. May the Atlantic Telegraph, under the blessing of Heaven, prove to be a bond of perpetual peace and friendship between the kindred Nations, and an instrument destined by Divine Providence to diffuse religion, civilization, liberty and law throughout the world. In this view, will not all nations of Christendom spontaneously unite in the declaration that it shall be forever neutral, and that its communications shall be held sacred in passing to their places of destination, even in the midst of hostilities!

(Signed) JAMES BUCHANAN.

Monthly Chat,

WITH CONTRIBUTORS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

*T. V. S.*—If your chances for obtaining even "an outside ticket" to the paradise you so exertingly describe were no better than in your becoming a poet, we should despair of ever meeting you on the other, and right side, of Jordan.

*Tippa, Red Dog.*—Stephen Massot has the honor of giving the first concert in California—the Digger Indians excluded!

*Ned J.*—Never be discouraged. We often are the unintentional manufacturers of the "cursed luck" you have such hard names for. Besides, "luck" is said to change every seven years.

*Mrs. L.*—There's a corner fenced off for your article in our next number.

*D. S., Oroville.*—Those who find the most faults are the least disposed, even if qualified, to correct them.

*P. L. P., Mariposa.*—Three lines in the first stanza, four in the second, and as many more in each of the other seventeen you have sent, require careful correction in measure, rhythm, and grammar; that being effectually done, you should re-write the whole, on better paper, and then immediately burn it; or, after placing them in a well corked-bottle, bury them, with-

out delay, as a curiosity for future generations.

*Ester N.*—Your "Uncle Spare that Cat" would set the whole *feline* race to caterwauling. We don't "concur."

*Aristides, Scott's Bar.*—You write like a Freeman. Glad to hear from you.

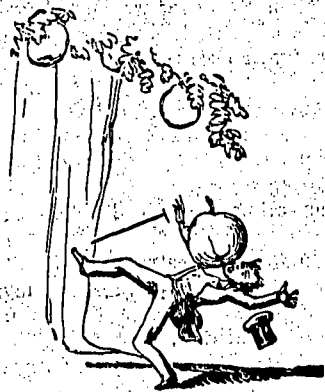
*Fippie.*—We are sorry that your beautiful thoughts came too late to be read in this month's Magazine; like a good housewife's preserves, however, they will keep for any reasonable time.

*T. A.*—On opening your letter we thought that you had made some mistake and sent us a picket-fence, instead of an article to be printed. Well, never mind; we'll try to climb it between this month and next, if we break our neck, as well as our patience, in trying.

*Oliver G.*—The "cable" is coated with tar, so that the steel wire, which covers and protects the gutta percha, may not be eaten off by the salt; and if it should be by the sharks, as you suggest, we think they would have a good time digesting it.

Several other favors received too late to be noticed this month.

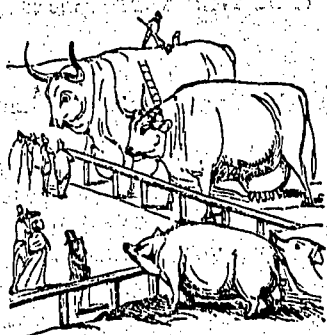
CALIFORNIA "PRODUCTS."



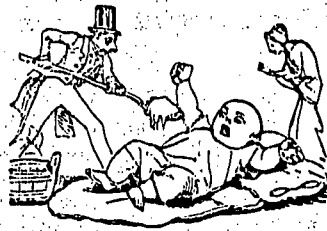
Binks, having heard so much about our wonderful products, visits an orchard. Is knocked down by a cherry.



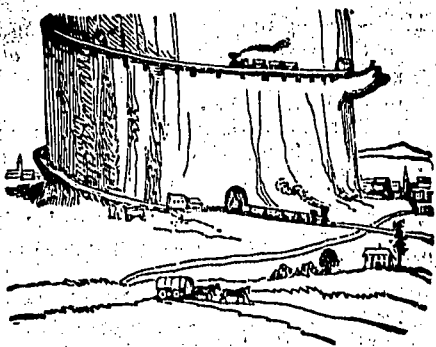
He removes the monster to his house, and makes a dinner of it. Helps his friend to a slice.



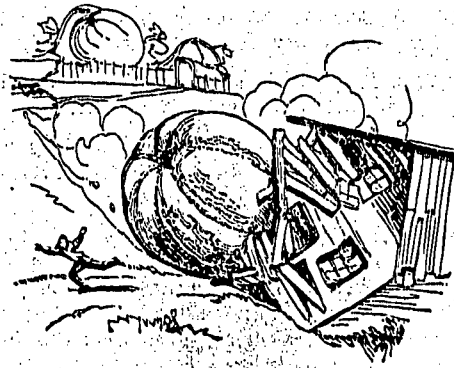
Binks then takes a look at our cattle and hogs. Never saw the like in his life.



Binks, being a man of family, imagined himself posted on the Baby Question; but he never saw anything like the California "specimen."



More stump of a tree, occupying half of an acre, or thereabouts.



A terrible calamity.— a small-sized pumpkin strikes a house.

## WATCH REPAIRING

— A T. —  
**NEW YORK PRICES,  
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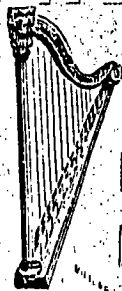
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### Sheet Music.

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# KOHLER'S



Should Auld acquaintance be forgot,  
And never brought to mind.  
Should Auld acquaintance be forgot,  
And days of Lang Syne.

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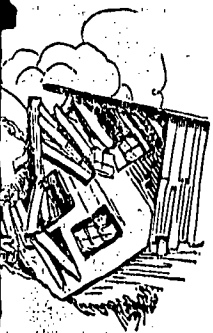
The far-famed CHRISTY'S MINSTRELS are now performing at this place of amusement.  
Immense rush every night. Prices of admission, 50 and 25 cts. T. Maguire, Pro



...ster to his house,  
...of it. Helps his



...of family, imagined  
...e Baby Question;  
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No. 132 Washington Street, between Sansome and Montgomery,  
SAN FRANCISCO.

Having resolved to stand UNRIVALED in the FAMILY MEDICINE business, have agreed with the Proprietors and Agents of all the GENUINE POPULAR PATENT MEDICINES, throughout the United States, to keep us constantly supplied with a fresh and ample assortment, at rates far below the usual market prices. By this arrangement we are enabled to offer for the inspection of Purchasers, the most extensive assortment of PATENT MEDICINES, PERFUMERY, FANCY SOAPS, which can be found on the Pacific Coast.

Also—A FULL ASSORTMENT OF ECLECTIC MEDICAL PREPARATIONS, Manufactured by WM. S. MERRELL & CO., CINCINNATI, together with a supply of MEDICAL WORKS, PERTAINING TO THE ECLECTIC AND BOTANIC SYSTEMS OF PRACTICE.



## Dr. Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry,

FOR THE INSTANT RELIEF AND RAPID CURE OF

### CONSUMPTION!

AND ALL ITS INCIPIENT SYMPTOMS, SUCH AS

**Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Croup, Influenza, Bleeding of the Lungs, Liver Affections, Pains in the Breast and Side, Night Sweats, Phthisic, Inflammation of Lungs and Throat, Whooping Cough, Asthma, and all Bronchial Affections!**

**BEWARE OF BASE IMITATIONS!** As there are quite a number of Counterfeit articles bearing the name of Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry, purporting to be the "Genuine and Original," we therefore deem it necessary, for the protection of ourselves, and for the public good to Caution all persons who purchase the Balsam of Wild Cherry, to look well at the Signature before Buying. The "Genuine Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry," has a FAC SIMILE of the signature of Henry Wistar, M. D., Philadelphia, and Sanford & Park, on a finely executed steel engraved wrapper. Therefore, be cautious, as none can be genuine without the signature of "Sanford & Park."

PARK & WHITE, PROPRIETORS FOR THE PACIFIC COAST,  
TO WHOM ALL ORDERS SHOULD BE ADDRESSED.

SOLE AGENTS FOR

### Hostetter's Celebrated Stomach Bitters,

And **BLUE LICK WATER**, receiving it direct from the Proprietor of the Blue Lick Springs, Kentucky, offering the same in quantities to suit—in bulk or bottles.