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NUMBER XXXV.]

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CALIFORNIA  
VOL. I  
SCENES

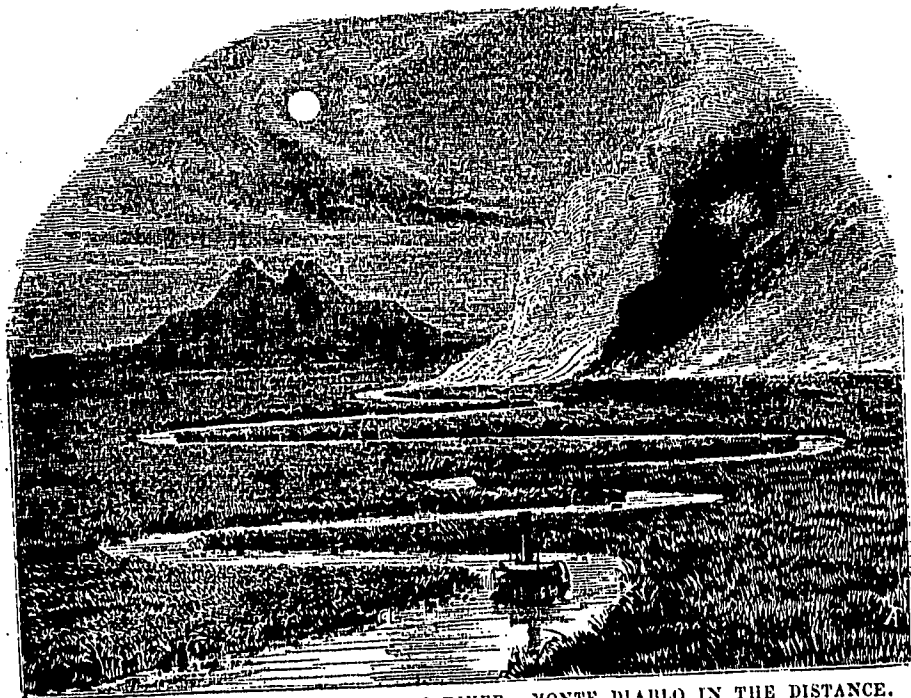
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# HUTCHINGS' CALIFORNIA MAGAZINE.

VOL. III.      MAY, 1859.      No. 11.

SCENES IN THE VALLEYS AND MOUNTAINS OF CALIFORNIA.



NIGHT SCENE ON THE SAN JOAQUIN RIVER—MONTE DIABLO IN THE DISTANCE.

There are but few persons to whom the admiration of the beautiful in nature is not an innate inspiration to a greater or less degree. With different habits of thought in different mental organizations, it may assume various forms and qualities, but the principle is the same.

movement of an animal, or the face, figure and carriage of a beautiful woman or handsome man, may be the most attractive style of beauty in existence. Others will look upon a broad meadow carpeted with flowers, or a quiet stream and placid lake, whose burnished bosom reflects the image of every object upon

To some, the graceful form or lithe

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its margin; and, as they watch the shadows chasing each other across it, think it the most charming of any ever witnessed: while to others, the impetuous torrent, as it dashes and foams and eddies among rocks, or rushes over a precipice, and at one bold leap breaks itself into myriads of atoms, is the embodiment of all that is grand and lovely and beautiful. Yet to others, no sight is so creative of delightful emotion as the examination of the minute and wonderful; such, for instance, as the downy petals of a flower, or the numerous scales and shades of color that blend into each other on the body of an insect or crest of a bird.

The love of everything beautiful may be possessed in an eminent degree by a single individual; but we never knew one to whom every form of beauty was alike inviting. Control our tastes as we may, there are some individuals whom we like in a greater degree than we do others, and often without being able to assign a reason. It is thus with the beautiful in nature; preferences for this or that particular class will exist, and often we do not know why. Yet it is well.

The engraving given on the first page of this number of the magazine will present one of those beautiful scenes that are sometimes to be witnessed in the valleys at night, from the deck of a steamboat. The serpentine course of the San Joaquin, lighted up by the moon and the tales on fire, every voyager to or from Stockton can perhaps remember. In the foreground of the picture is the boat from whence our sketch was taken. In the shadowy distance looms up Monte Diablo.

Almost every Californian has seen Monte Diablo. It is the great central landmark of the State. Whether we are walking in the streets of San Francisco; or sailing on any of our bays and navigable rivers; or riding on any of the roads in the Sacramento and San Joaquin val-

leys; or standing on the elevated ridges of the mining districts, before us, in lonely boldness, and at almost every turn, we see Monte del Diablo. Probably from its apparent omnipresence we are indebted to its singular name, *Mount of the Devil*.

Viewed from the north-west or south-east, it appears double, or with two elevations, the points of which are about three miles apart. The south-western peak is the most elevated, and is 3,760 feet above the sea.

For the purpose of properly surveying the State into a net-work of township lines, three meridians or initial points were established by the U. S. Survey, namely: Monte Diablo, Mount San Bernardino, and Mount Pierce, Humboldt County. Across the highest peaks of each of these, a "meridian line" and a "base line" were run; the latter from east to west, and the former from north to south. The boundaries of the Monte Diablo meridian include all the lands in the great Sacramento and San Joaquin valleys, between the Coast Range and the Sierras, and from the Siskiyou Mountains to the San Bernardino meridian, at the head of the Tulare Valley.

The geological formation of this mountain is what is usually termed "primitive;" surrounded by sedimentary rocks, abounding in marine shells. Near the summit there are a few quartz veins, but whether gold-bearing or not has not yet been determined. About one-third of the distance from the top, on the western slope, is a "hornblende" rock of peculiar structure, and said by some to contain gold. In the numerous spurs at the base, there is an excellent and inexhaustible supply of limestone.

At the eastern foot of the mountains, about five miles from the San Joaquin river, three veins of stove coal have been discovered; and are now being worked with good prospects of remuneration, as



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always be preferred, in honor of the illustrious California pioneer, Gen. John A. Sutter.)

This mountain towers boldly out like a large island above the plain on which it stands, to the height of 1800 feet, and is almost as great a landmark to the residents of this latitude, as Monte Diablo is to those of San Francisco. For a circumference of fifty miles, its uneven and hazy tops are visible above the belt of timber that grows in the valley and apparently girdles its base. From its shape, as much as from the scoria and other similar substances in great abundance upon and round about it, there can be but little doubt that this mountain is of volcanic origin, and of no recent date. It is moreover upon the same line as Monte Diablo and Mount Shasta. Trap, quartz, trachyte, and porphyry rocks are found at its base. Its circumference is about twenty-five miles.

Although we have tarried in the valleys a little too long, perhaps, we hope to have the pleasure of the reader's company on an excursion in the mountains, at least to a few of the localities; and in the first place pay a visit to

#### COLOMA,

Which is the euphonious name of one of the prettiest, and cleanest little towns in the mountains of California; and moreover of one that has the honor of being the mother of all the others! At first sight we are aware that the reader may possibly open his eyes with astonishment, and seem disposed very much to question the correctness of ascribing so large an amount of maternal fecundity, to so insignificant an object; but when we remind him that *at Coloma the first piece of California gold was discovered*, he will, we think, concede to us the parentage claimed.

It is a fact that in this beautiful valley, so pleasantly located on the south bank of the south fork of the American river,

James W. Marshall, E. Pierson, John Wimmer, W. H. Scott, A. Stephens, H. Bigler, J. Brown, Peter L. Wimmer, C. Bennett, and several others whose names we have not learned, were engaged in constructing a saw mill (seen to the left of the engraving, near the bank of the river) for Gen. John A. Sutter, when gold was discovered by Mr. Marshall, Jan. 19, 1848.

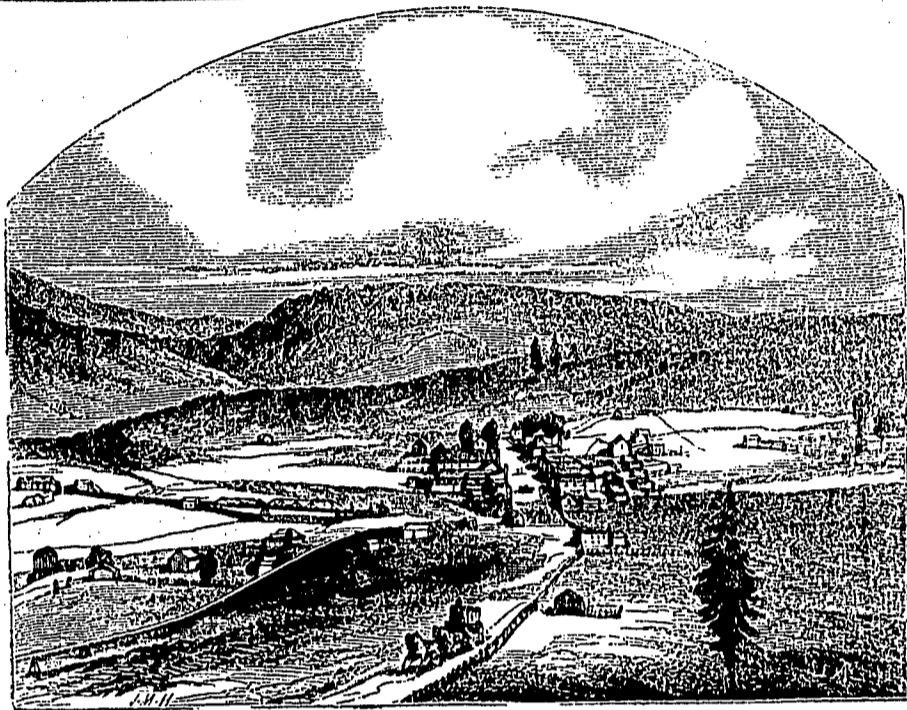
As our readers are well aware, this news was soon trumpeted abroad, and large numbers of persons flocked to the new El Dorado, (from this originated the name of the county in which Coloma is situated, and which became the county seat of El Dorado) and Coloma, from containing only a double log cabin and about eighteen persons, exclusive of Indians, became a large town with a population of between two and three thousand.

When we first became acquainted with Coloma, late in the fall of 1849, it contained several hotels, the principal of which was Winter's; and a long street of stores and dwelling houses. On the opposite or north side of the river, John T. Little formed the nucleus of a small settlement, by erecting a large hotel and other buildings. At that time the principal part of the village (as those on both sides of the river were called Coloma), on the south bank, was nearly as large as it now is, but of course was not as substantially built. Although there were some good diggings being worked near the village, and many persons were making money at mining, its principal support was from those persons who were passing through it to other places, on prospecting trips, to diggings supposed to be rich, between the south and middle forks of the American river, the principal of which were those in the vicinity of Georgetown and Oregon Cañon.

At that time meals were \$2.00 each, and barley for mules sold at \$1.00 per pound: other grains and hay, none.



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VIEW OF COLOMA, EL DORADO COUNTY. THE LOCALITY WHERE GOLD WAS FIRST DISCOVERED.

From that time to the present, Coloma has experienced the ups and downs usual to most mining settlements where the population is ceaselessly changing. Nevertheless she now has a steady resident and flourishing people, who are the owners of some of the finest fruit orchards, vineyards and gardens, to be found in any of the mountain towns; and the possessors of some of the most extensive, and in many cases some of the most profitable mining claims in the State. Remunerative diggings are even found beneath the very houses of the town.

The removal of the county seat to Placerville in 1857, was a serious check to her prosperity for a time; but she is now rapidly regaining her former position. The activity seen in the long street of stores, offices and hotels, will tell their own story to the visitor. Churches and school houses; Masonic, Odd Fellows and Sons of Temperance Societies are all said to flourish here. Then, though "last yet not least," must be included among her most

useful institutions, one of the best conducted newspapers in the State, "The Coloma Times," edited and published by G. O. Kies, which has our best wishes for the prosperity it so well deserves.

#### MARIPOSA

Is the most southerly of all the mining towns of importance in the State. Although it has suffered more, perhaps, than almost any other mining district for the want of water for mining purposes, owing to its quartz leads and rich flat, gulch, and hill diggings, it has generally been prosperous; and being the county seat, as well as the trading centre of numerous small camps around, its streets at certain seasons of the year present a very lively appearance. Two ably edited and spirited papers are issued weekly; one the "Mariposa Gazette," and the other the "Mariposa Star."

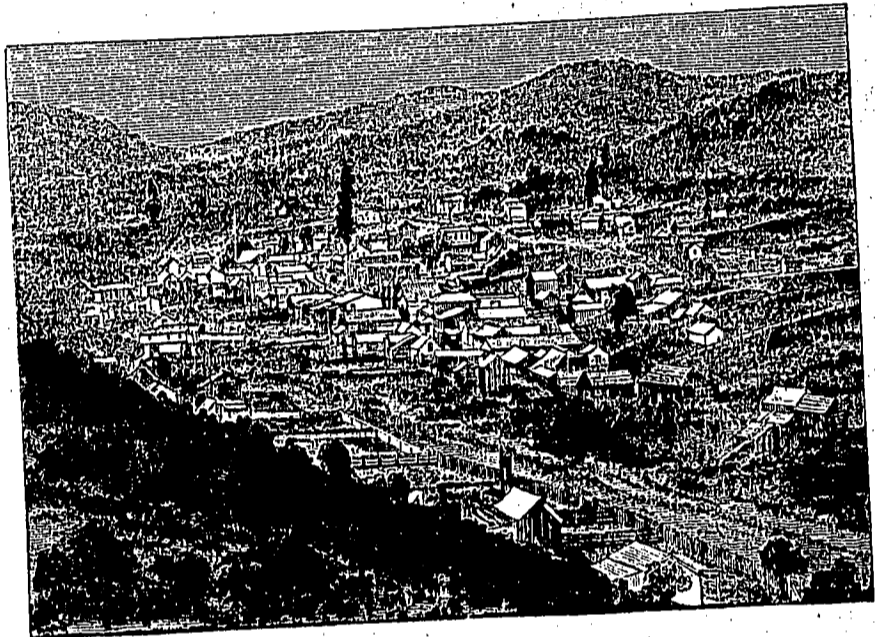
The population is about thirteen hundred, or about one seventh of the entire county.

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It is here that the celebrated Fremont Grant is located.

Being an excellent starting point to the Yo-Semite valley and the Mariposa Grove of mammoth trees, it is likely to become a place famous to history and the note books of travelers. The neat, and taste-

fully cultivated gardens in the vicinity, give an air of freshness and home-like brightness that some other places we might mention, would do well to imitate. The distance from Stockton to Mariposa is 91 miles, and the road good, upon which a line of stages is running daily.



VIEW OF MARIPOSA.

## MOKELUMNE HILL.

HOWEVER much one mining town in California may be said to resemble another, generally speaking, Mokelumne Hill must certainly be considered an exception. If a stranger enters town, whether by the Stockton or Sacramento roads, the impression is almost invariably the same, "what an oddly situated and singularly constructed town this seems to be?" This in a great measure was unavoidable as the rich diggings discovered here in the fall of 1849 created the necessity of a settlement, and as the town was located upon the most eligible spot that could be found, its builders were left but little choice in the matter; yet, standing as it does upon an elevated bench of the mountain, some eighteen hundred feet above the Mokelumne river; its position is very

commanding and picturesque, especially from the trail between Jackson and the hill.

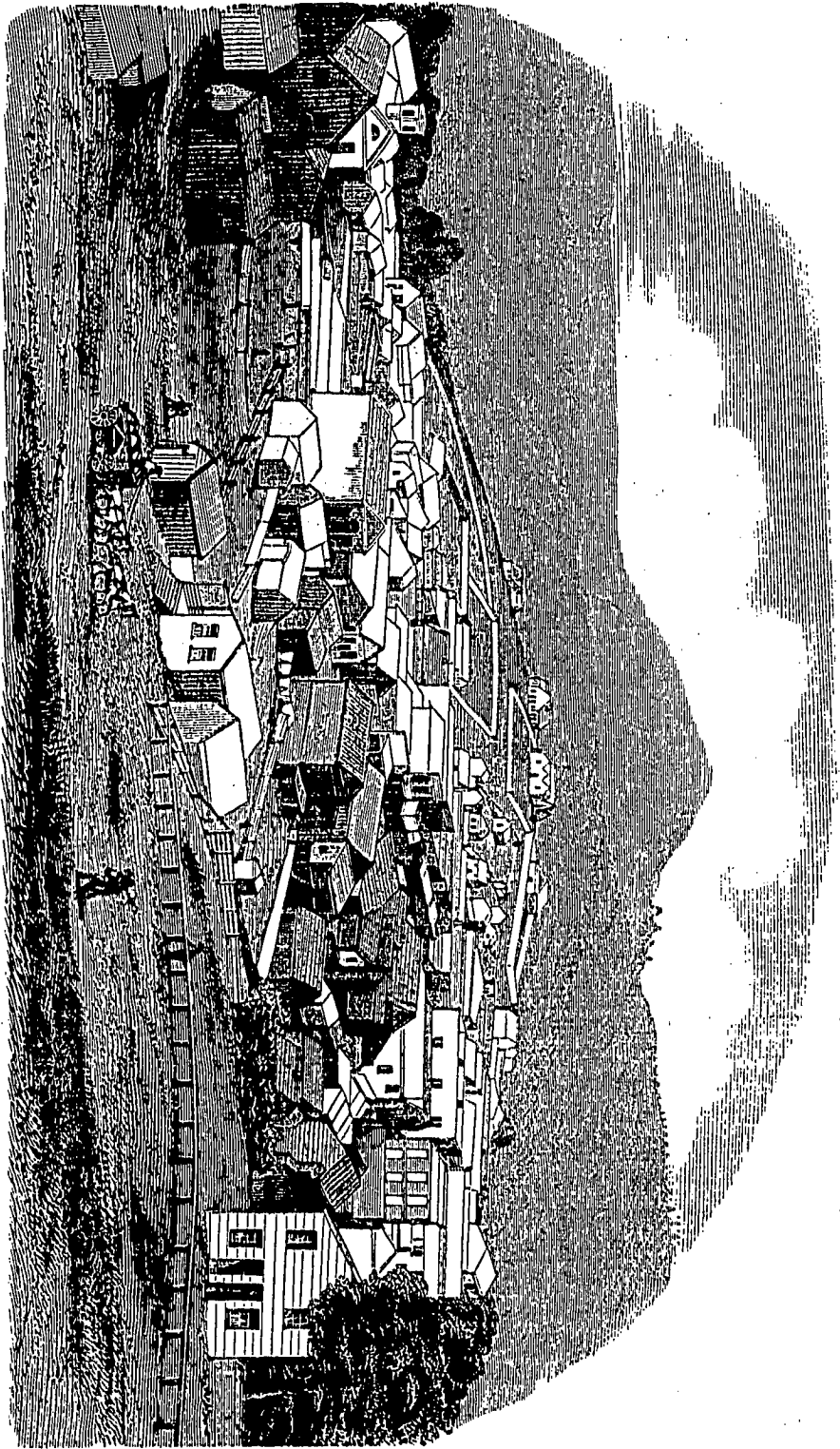
The rich gulch claims worked here in the winter of 1849 and '50 attracted a numerous population, many of whom were Mexican and Chilian. In the spring of 1851, diggings of almost fabulous richness were discovered and worked in Negro, French, and Stockton hills. From one claim on the former, of only fifteen feet square, over seventy-eight thousand dollars were taken out. Of course such profitable employment could not long remain a secret, and men began to flock there in great numbers; but, as in many other cases, when they arrived, they found to their regret that all the good claims were taken up.

Many of our readers will call to mind the exciting scenes connected with the

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MOCKELUNNE HILL, CALAVERAS COUNTY.



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long-to-be remembered "French War" which took place in 1851, under the following circumstances:—A Frenchman sunk a shaft on a spot which since then has been known as French Hill, and struck diggings of extraordinary richness, and which excited him to such a degree that nothing but the firing of numerous rounds of powder from an old musket could sufficiently satisfy his enthusiasm in demonstrating his joy. This very naturally called a crowd together to know what was going on: when, in hopes of being equally fortunate, several other persons, among whom were a number of Americans, staked off claims adjoining the Frenchman's. One of these persons whose name was Blankenship, having struck the same lead as the Frenchman, was not content with the product of his own claim, but must "follow the lead" into Frenchy's. When this was discovered the latter very loudly and bitterly, yet justly, complained in broken English, and a number of his countrymen flocked around him, who upon learning the facts would not allow Blankenship to remain there.

He immediately went to town and by unfair representations influenced a large party of Americans to go up with him to "clean out the Frenchmen;" when all their tents and tools were burnt, and the owners obliged to leave. Now, being discomfited, they went to Happy Valley, San Andres, and other places, and obtained reinforcements of their countrymen, who threatened to destroy the town of Mokelumne Hill, and lay violent hands upon everybody. By this time as the defenders of Blankenship had learned the true facts of the case, their enthusiasm had entirely cooled off and the Frenchman were allowed to discharge their chivalrous valor in their own way, and reinstate their countryman in his rightful claims, while the disconsolate cause of the whole, was required "to take his pick and his pan,

his shovel and his blankets, with all that he had, and go prospecting;" and it served him right.

The construction of the Mokelumne Hill Canal to the north fork of the river, in 1852, '53 and '54, at a cost of \$600,000; a large proportion of which proved to be but a sorry investment to the original stockholders—attracted several thousands of miners to the vicinity, a few hundreds of whom found and worked tolerably remunerative diggings, and the others went empty away. This influx caused a comparatively large addition to the buildings and area of the settlement.

On the night of the 20th of August, 1854, the whole of this town, with the exception of a few buildings on Lafayette street, was reduced to ashes; but was speedily rebuilt, and in a much more substantial manner.

It is the county seat of Calaveras county, and the business centre of a large district, from whence miners draw most of their supplies.

Its resident population is about eleven hundred; with fewer families in proportion, perhaps, than any other town of the same size in the State. There are three churches—Methodist, Presbyterian, and Catholic—and one public school-house. A weekly paper, entitled the "Calaveras Chronicle," is here, edited and published by Mr. John Shannon; and, but for the too frequent and lengthy discussions of political questions, to the exclusion of much valuable local news, it is a faithful advocate and exponent of the interests of the county.

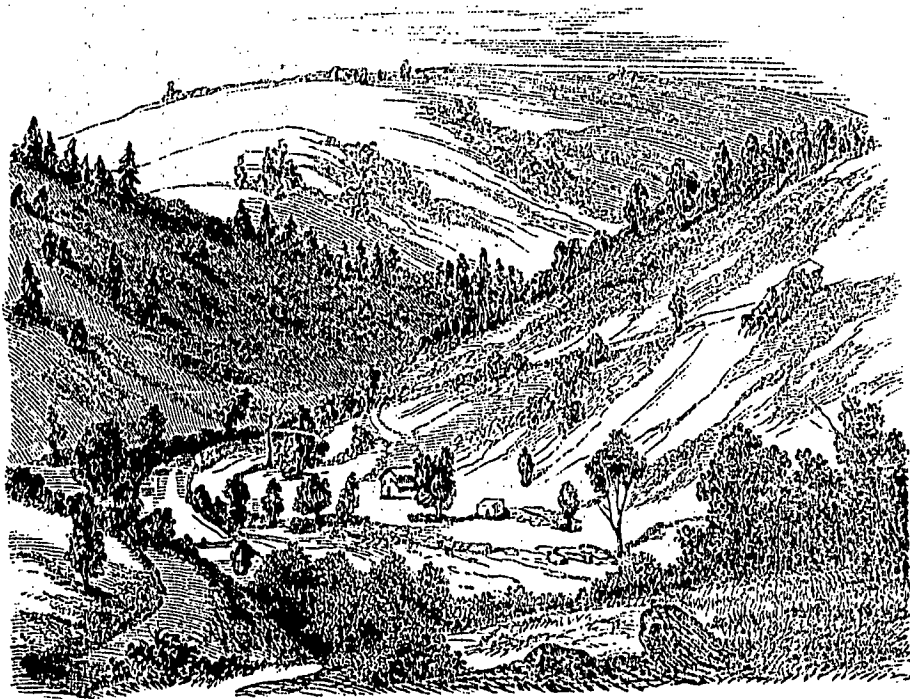
Mokelumne Hill being the county seat of Calaveras, and the business centre for Jesus Maria, West Point, Rich Gulch, Poison Gulch, El Dorado Cañon, Independence, Esperanza, Buckeye, Big and Middle Bar, and several other mining camps, it is destined to survive the ups and downs pertaining to mining towns in general, and will be Mokelumne Hill as

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ong as mining is known. Besides, in addition to its hill and gulch mining, it has numerous quartz leads that are among the richest in the State. From a quarry of lava, or soft freestone, large blocks of excellent building material are easily hewn with an axe, which hardens when exposed to the atmosphere, and being unaffected by heat, could be made to supersede fire-brick. The court-house, and nearly all the fire-proof buildings in the town and vicinity, are constructed of this material.

In 1855, the flume of the Mokelumne Hill Canal was extended to Campo Seco, and other mining localities between the Calaveras and Mokelumne rivers, and supplied water to a large mining district, that before was without water, and consequently barren of results to the miner. In addition to this, large supplies of lumber are floated down the flume, from the company's saw-mills above, to the different camps upon the line of the canal.



ABBEY'S ROAD AND FERRY ACROSS THE STANISLAUS RIVER.

Those who have never crossed one of the deep cañons or rivers of the State, from one mining camp to another, in the upper mountain range, can form no idea of the difficulties and labor attending such an undertaking, especially before good stage roads were made. To the initiated we need give no description; but to others, perhaps, it is well that we should briefly describe them, that they may exercise some little sympathy for those who many times have had to per-

form the task; often, perhaps, in early mining experiences, with a sack of flour or a load of tools at their backs.

It is impossible for us to give the actual elevation of any of these mountain ridges above the beds of the streams where they are crossed, as they have not to our knowledge been measured with any pretensions to accuracy. Many persons have doubtless given rough estimates of their probable height, that might perhaps approximate to correctness; but, of

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FERRY SCENE ON THE COSUMNES.

course, such cannot be considered reliable authority, in the absence of actual measurement. From the height of the mountains that surround the great Yosemite Valley, which have been measured, and are from three thousand five hundred to four thousand five hundred feet, we should think that from two thousand five hundred to three thousand five hundred feet for those we are now considering would be a fair estimate. To cross these high ridges and deep cañons with vehicles, roads have been cut in the sides of the mountains, from the bottom to the top, at a low and regular grade, so that heavily-freighted wagons, as well as light carriages, can ascend and descend with comparative ease and safety. At some points excavations have been made for the road in solid rock, and often where the mountain side is nearly perpendicular. Of course the cost of such undertakings is very large; but, owing to the tolls collected, and the number of persons and vehicles passing and re-passing, the investment has generally proved a profitable one.

When riding in a carriage or stage on such roads, there is generally an anxious though perhaps silent hope that the horses are steady and trustworthy, the harness sound and in good order, the running gear strong, and the coachman not only sober, but an excellent and careful driver; lest a mishap should take us on a sudden and undesired journey to that land where, although many of our acquaintances have preceded us, we are not desirous of joining their pleasant fellowship by such a hasty and unprepared introduction.

On one occasion, a merry company of travelers who had been to Columbia, Tuolumne County, to witness some combative entertainment—whether political or pugilistic we are not going to state—and on returning to Vallecito, Calaveras Co., via Abbey's Ferry, while descending the hill, the driver, having imbibed a little too freely, and formed a habit of seeing double, mistook the side hill for the road, and the horses, coach and passengers were furiously hurried over the embankment. Two of the horses were killed,

and a fourth was reduced and yet injured. ly a scra

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and a third badly injured, while the fourth escaped almost unhurt. The coach was reduced to infinitesimal fragments, and yet only one person was seriously injured. The driver escaped with scarcely a scratch; which would seem to en-

dorse the correctness of the old adage—  
 "A fool and a drunken man for luck."  
 Had this accident occurred in one part of the descent, not one could have been saved to relate the story.



KODIACK INDIANS WHALING IN THE NORTH PACIFIC.

KODIACK INDIANS WHALING IN THE NORTH PACIFIC.

The above spirited illustration will show the manner in which the Kodiack and Alleconté Indians attack the whale in the North Pacific. Seated in small canoes, called by them *baidarkas*, which are constructed of seal-skins, and are the most perfect life-boats in the world, nothing equals the fearlessness and skill with which they sally out, often to the distance of several miles from land, when they catch the first sight of the whale blowing in the distance.

Armed with lances, they approach their victim; and when they have driven home the first weapon, he generally dives down at a furious rate: but, soon having to seek the surface for breathing, his foes await his rising, and then drive in a second or a third, until he is conquered, and afterwards floats ashore.

Being very good swimmers and divers, they sometime provide themselves with plugs; and, awaiting their opportunity, throw themselves into the sea, and insert a plug into one of the blow-holes of the whale, and beat it in with great force and speed before the animal can help himself. He then sinks down as before, and when he again rises, the other blow-hole is served in the same manner, and the whale suffocated. It then floats ashore, and the oil, grease and flesh are used for food in preference to any other. These Indians are not allowed to marry, before they can make and guide the canoe, and take seals and fish in sufficient quantities, to enable them to live well without the possibility of their families ever suffering through the indolence or incapacity of the husband. Duties of equal importance are also enjoined upon the wife. With all of these precautions it is with the utmost difficulty that poverty is averted.

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## SONG—SWEET INDIAN MAID.

BY JOHN R. RIDGE.

Oh come with me, sweet Indian maid,  
 My light canoe is by the shore—  
 We'll ride the river's tide, my love,  
 And thou shalt charm the dripping oar.  
 Methinks thy hand could guide so well  
 The tiny vessel in its course;  
 The waves would smoothe their crests to  
 As I have done my spirit's force. [thee,

How calmly will we glide, my love,  
 Thro' moonlight floating on the deep,  
 Or, loving yet the safer shore,  
 Beneath the fringing willows creep!

Again like some wild duck we'll skim,  
 And scarcely touch the water's face,  
 While silver gleams our way shall mark,  
 And circling lines of beauty trace.

And then the stars shall shine above  
 In harmony with those below,  
 And gazing up and looking down, [glow.  
 Give glance for glance and glow for

And all their light shall be our own,  
 Commingled with our souls, and sweet  
 As are those orbs of bliss shall be  
 Our hearts and lips that melting meet.

At last we'll reach yon silent isle,  
 So calm and green amidst the waves,—  
 So peaceful, too, it does not spurn  
 The friendly tide its shore that laves.

We'll draw our vessel on the sand,  
 And seek the shadow of those trees,  
 Where all alone and undisturbed,  
 We'll talk and love as we may please.

And then thy voice shall be so soft  
 'T will match the whisper of the leaves,  
 And then thy breast shall yield its sigh  
 So like the wavelet as it heaves!

And oh! that eye so dark and free,  
 So like a spirit in itself!  
 And then that hand so sweetly small  
 It would not shame the loveliest of!

The world might perish all for me;  
 So that it left that little isle;  
 The human race might pass away,  
 If thou remainedst with thy smile.

Then haste, mine own dear Indian maid,  
 My boat is waiting on its oar;  
 We'll float upon the tide, my love,  
 And gaily reach that islet's shore.

## A CHAPTER ON ALBUMS.

BY JOHN S. HITTELL.

ALBUMS may be divided into three classes, poetic, autographic and photographic.

The poetic album, the old-fashioned school girl's album, full of stolen poetry and original doggerel, is more than old-fashioned; it has become antiquated and is well nigh obsolete. It is an album not worth having; there may be a precious name here and there, but the value of the book as a whole is destroyed by the great predominance of trash. Away with it.

The autographic album, on the other hand is gaining more and more in favor. There are two species of this album; one is the friendly, the other the notorious. The friendly autographic album is devoted to near relatives and dear friends, whom we see almost daily in society, and to whom we devote much of our time. All these should inscribe their names in one book, so that when they may be absent, or after they shall have passed away, we may still have their signs-manual to serve as mesmeric or magic talismans in calling the spirits of the writers up before our minds. This is a species of witchcraft of which we can all approve.

The friendly album must be guarded strictly; not every acquaintance must be allowed to put his worthless name in it; the book as well as our friendship will be likely to possess value in proportion as we are stingy with it.

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The notorious autographic album is a matter of curiosity, and is intended to contain all obtainable autographs of notorious individuals; whether notorious for good or ill, matters little. Members of congress, murderers, legislators, robbers, judges, thieves, authors, forgers, preachers, mountebanks; philosophers and actresses, all excite our curiosity and interest, and we all want to see them in person and action if possible; if not, then in picture and autograph. Some persons would shudder at the thought of having the name of a celebrated criminal in their books, but they show a sad lack of discrimination. The criminal is a man, like the rest of us; his human nature, though distorted, is of the same kind with ours: and we should look at him to see what we might have been, or what in moments of ungoverned rage or insane frenzy we may be. To such persons, however, as have weak nerves, it will be permitted to exclude from their albums such murderers, robbers, forgers and thieves, as have been caught; those who have not been caught, if otherwise notorious, will be admitted.

The third class of albums, which is of my own devising, and is now first mentioned publicly, the photographic, includes three kinds, the family, friendly, and notorious.

The family photographic album should be devoted to your relatives. It should be a quarto, not less than eight inches square, better if it were ten. It should contain the photographs of your parents, grand-parents, brothers, sisters, uncles, aunts, cousins, &c. all obtainable of them. Of very near relatives you should have photographs representing them in different positions—full face, profile, at full length, standing and sitting, and at different ages, taking good care to have all your pretty female cousins in the bloom of youth and beauty. Love is an intensified or exaggerated affection for a person

about whom our thoughts dwell with delight, and whose image always gives pleasure, the pleasure being increased and prolonged by seeing the image in different positions. In a family album a great multitude of these pictures can be collected, more than could be hung about a room with good taste.

Besides the likenesses of your relatives, your family album should contain photographs of the birth-place and dwellings of your parents, grand-parents, brothers, and sisters. It should also contain a genealogical record of your family, and of all its members far as known to you; not because your family is more noble than your neighbors, but simply because you belong to it. Here there is abundant material with which to fill an album: precious material too, unless you and your relatives are Ishmaelites, and are lost to the affections.

The friendly photographic album is devoted to friends, and the notorious to notoriousities. Pretty women may be put in either, for it is to be presumed that they belong to both classes; their beauty should make them celebrated, and the goodness which ought to accompany beauty, should entitle them to your friendship. But beauty of expression is worth more than beauty of feature, and even where there is no beauty of expression, if a person has an admirable character, his or her face must fill your mind with the thought of it. The person who deserves your friendship in society, must, whether handsome or ugly in feature, also deserve a place in your album.

In old times, when it was a serious business to have a portrait taken, involving a number of tedious "sittings" in an uncomfortable posture, and when one or two portraits were supposed to be as many as anybody could have taken without displaying great vanity, it was only in cases of extreme intimacy that a lady could give her miniature to a gentleman or he

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to her; but circumstances having changed, that rule should be abandoned, and friends of both sexes should exchange their photographs, not quite so freely as they would their autographs, but without attaching any other idea to the exchange than one of friendship. [Mem.—Ladies of my acquaintance will please take notice that my 'friendly' and 'notorious' photographic albums are ready for the reception of their pictures, which they will please send along with an intimation as to where they wish them to go.]

Photographic albums need not be expensive. Everybody has his likeness taken; and when you go to the photographer, let him take a half dozen or a dozen pictures. The chief expense is incurred in preparing for the first one; six pictures will cost only twice as much as one.

Some persons, attaching a great value to the coloring of portraits, may object, that the class of pictures which they consider the most elegant and valuable—namely, oil paintings—cannot be kept in an album. To this I shall reply by denying the superior value of oil pictures—at least, of such as would ordinarily be put in competition with plain photographs. A good photograph, such as can be obtained of the best artists in San Francisco or New York, is, as a work of art, and as an accurate representation of nature, superior to any oil painting, unless made by a painter of very high and unusual ability. A connoisseur can always see and appreciate the main merits of a great picture in a good engraving of it. These merits, such as the expression, life, relief, general effect, and drawing—which last does not consist entirely in making the outline of the figures—are all obtained, not by the colors, but by the light and shade. Coloring is an ornament to a picture; *chiar' oscuro* is its substance. The former is desirable when it can be obtained without injury to the latter; but this is very rarely the case, particularly with the class of artists who make a business of coloring photographs.

The painter must obliterate the accurate light and shade of the original, and he will rarely replace them as well with his variegated colors. These may please the uncultivated taste by their gaudiness, but the connoisseur demands above all things a correct *chiar' oscuro*.

Wishing to give an idea of the cost of such an album, I have made enquiries in regard to the cost of pictures and book. The blank album will cost from \$3 to \$5 in this city; though none can be found exactly suited to the purpose. The book should contain none save white paper, and should have no engravings in it.

The photographs, to appear to the best advantage, should be as large as the book, and should be pasted in as are ordinary leaves. Care should be taken that photographs, intended for this purpose, be not pasted on card-board, as photographers usually fix them. The picture, as first taken, is on thin paper; and this may go into the album as an independent leaf, or may be pasted on a leaf of the album with flour paste—not with gum arabic, which latter would cause it to pucker up.

The cost of the pictures will depend on the size of the paper. The ordinary charges of the photographers of this city, for half a dozen pictures, are, \$20 for paper 13 by 17 inches; \$15 for 8 by 13; \$10 for 6 by 8; and \$6 for 4 by 6 inches; the price varying considerably according to circumstances, and decreasing proportionately with the increased number of pictures. The faces in pictures for photographic albums should be large—two or three inches long. In California, where money is spent like water, if you have a likeness taken at all, you should have it made large; by a good artist, and have a number of copies made. Then keep one or two for yourself, and distribute the remainder among your relatives and friends, intimating that you expect like favors in return. You will thus soon have enough pictures to fill an album, which will have cost you in the end but a trifle, and will have a permanent value. It will be less expensive than an oil portrait, will be far more valuable to you, because it contains the likenesses, not of one, but of many, and they will be correct likenesses, and will be valuable to your children; whereas probably an oil picture would be thrown away.



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# The Miner's Song.

WORDS BY J. SWETT.

MUSIC BY JAS. C. KEMP.

*Allegro.*

The east-ern sky is blushing red, The distant hill-top

glowing, The riv-er o'er its rock-y bed In i-dle frolics

flow-ing; 'Tis time the pick-axe and the spade Against the rocks were

ring-ing, And with ourselves the golden stream A song of labor sing-ing.

The mountain air is fresh and cold,  
Unclouded skies bend o'er us;  
Broad placers, rich in hidden gold,  
Lie temptingly before us.  
We need no Midas' magic wand,  
Nor wizard rod divining;  
The pickaxe, spade and brawny hand  
Are sorcerers in mining.

When labor closes with the day,  
To simple fare returning,  
We gather in a merry group  
Around the camp-fires burning,  
The mountain sod our couch at night,  
The stars keep watch above us,  
We think of home and fall asleep  
To dream of those who love us.

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### HOW THE YO-SEMITE VALLEY WAS DISCOVERED AND NAMED.

In the early settlement of Mariposa county, the inhabitants were very much annoyed by the robberies committed by the Indians. These were continued, from time to time, until at length, emboldened with the success with which their excursions were attended, they came to the conclusion that the white man could not follow them to their mountain fastnesses, and told Major Savage that they intended to drive from the mining region every white man in it. Savage, seeing that they really meditated war, and hoping to intimidate them, took a party of the chief men and women of some of the war-disposed tribes to San Francisco, where he hoped a view of the numerous sights to be seen there, and in other cities of our State, together with a better knowledge of our numbers, would induce a change of policy, if not of feeling.

But, contrary to all expectations, soon after their return to their tribes, a grand council was called, and it was decided to drive out the whites, and take from them their mules, horses, &c. The Indians who had visited the city with Maj. Savage, gave to the council assurances that the people of San Francisco and Stockton were of a different tribe from those in the mining regions of California; said that they dressed differently, wore great high hats, and that even if any did come to aid the white tribe in the mountains, (the miners), they could do nothing, as most of them were such poor walkers that they had to use sticks, even on a smooth road. The Major's informant told him to flee; that he did not want to hurt him, but there were men in his tribe who would, if he remained. At that time Savage had one trading post on the Fresno and another on the Mariposa, near the plains.

Satisfying himself that an outbreak

would soon be made, he came in and apprised Maj. Burney, Capt. Boling, and others, of what had been threatened; and preparations were being made for defence, when news came of the sack of Savage's place on the Fresno; two men killed, and one wounded; and close on this report came another, of the murder of four men at Dr. Thos. Payne's place, at the Four Creeks; one of the bodies being found skinned. The bearer of the news was one who had escaped the murderous assault of the Indians by the fleetness of his horse, but with the loss of an arm, which was amputated, soon after this event, by Dr. Leach, of the Fresno. These occurrences so exasperated the people, that a company was at once raised and dispatched to chastise the Indians. They found and attacked a large rancharia, high up on the Fresno. During the fight, Lieut. Stein was killed, and Wm. Little severely wounded. It is not known how many Indians were killed, but the whites assert that in that battle they did nothing to immortalize themselves as Indian fighters. Most of the party were very much dissatisfied with the result of the fight; and while some left for the settlements, others continued in search of the Indians. In a few days it was ascertained that some four or five hundred Indians had assembled on a round mountain, lying between the north branches of the San Joaquin, and that they invited attack. They were discovered late in the afternoon; but Capt. Boling and Lieut. Chandler were disposed to have a "brush" with them that evening, if for no other reason than to study their position. Their object was gained, and the Captain, with his company, was followed by the Indians on his return from reconnoitering, and annoyed during the night. In the morning volunteers were called for, to attack the rancharia. Thirty-six offered, and at daylight the storming commenced with such fury as is seldom witnessed in

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Indian warfare. The rancheria was fired in several places at the same time, in accordance with a previous understanding, and as the Indians sallied from their burning wigwams, they were shot down, killed, or wounded. A panic seized many of them, and notwithstanding the fear in which their chief, "Jose" was held; at such a time his authority was powerless to compel his men to stand before the flames, and the exasperated fury of the whites. Jose was mortally wounded, and twenty-three of his men were killed upon the ground. Only one of Capt. Boling's party (a negro who fought valiantly) was touched, and he but slightly. It is not my purpose to eulogise any one, but it is right to say, that that battle checked the Indians in their career of murder and robbery; and did more to save the blood of whites, as well as Indians, than any or all other circumstances combined. In a subsequent expedition into that region after the organization of the battalion, which was in January, '51, the remains of Jose were found still burning among the coals of the funeral pyre. The Indians fled at the approach of the volunteers, not even firing a gun or winging an arrow, in defence of their once loved, but dreaded chief.

It will not, I think, be out of place in this connection, to repeat a speech delivered by Capt. Boling on the eve of the expected battle. The Captain's object was to exhort the men to do their duty. He commenced:—"Gentlemen—hem—Fellow citizens—hem—Soldiers—hem—Fellow volunteers—hem"—(tremblingly)—and after a long pause, he broke out into a laugh, and said: "Boys, I will only say in *conclusion*, that I hope I will fight better than I speak." It was during the occurrence of the events that have been mentioned above, that the existence of an Indian stronghold was brought to light. When the Indians were told that they would all be killed, if they did not

make peace, they would laugh in derision, and say that they had many places to flee to, where the whites could not follow them, and one place they had, which if the whites were to enter, they would be corralled like mules or horses. After a series of perplexing delays, Maj. Savage, Capt. Boling and Capt. Dill, with two companies of the battalion, started in search of the Indians and their Gibraltar. On the south fork of the Merced, a rancheria was taken without firing a gun; the orders from the commissioners being in "no case to shed blood unnecessarily," and to the credit of our race, it was strictly obeyed throughout the campaign, except in one individual instance.

As soon as the prisoners had arrived at the rendezvous designated, near what is now called Bishop's Camp, Pou-watchie and Cow-chit-ty, (brothers) chiefs of the tribes we had taken, despatched runners to the chief of the tribe living in the then unknown valley, with orders from Maj. Savage for him to bring in his tribe to head quarters, or to the rendezvous. Next morning the chief spoken of, Tenie-ya, came in alone, and stated that his people would be in during the following day, and that they now desired peace. The time passed for their arrival; after waiting another day, and no certainty of their coming manifested; early on the following morning, volunteers were called for, to storm their stronghold. The place, where the Indians were supposed to be living, was depicted in no very favorable terms, but so anxious had the men become, that more offered than were desired by Capt. Boling for the expedition. To decide who should go, the Capt. paced off one hundred yards, and told the volunteers that he wanted men fleet of foot, and with powers of endurance; and their fitness could be demonstrated by a race. By this means he selected, without offence, the men he desired. Some in their anxiety to go, ran bare-footed in the snow.

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All being ready, Ten-ie-ya took the lead as guide, very much against his inclination; and we commenced our march to the then unknown and unnamed valley. Savage said he had been there, but not by the route that we were taking. About half way to the valley, which proved about fifteen miles from the rendezvous, on the south fork, seventy-two Indians, women and children, were met coming in as promised by Ten-ie-ya.

They gave us an excuse for their delay the great depth of the snow, which in places was over eight feet deep. Ten-ie-ya tried to convince Maj. Savage that there were no more Indians in the valley, but the whole command cried out as with one voice, "let's go on." The Major was willing to indulge the men in their desire to learn the truth of the exaggerated reports the Indians had given of the country, and we moved on. Ten-ie-ya was allowed to return with his people to the rendezvous, sending in his stead a young Indian as guide. Upon the arrival of the party in the valley, the young Indian manifested a great deal of uneasiness; he said it would be impossible to cross the river that night, and was not certain that it could be crossed in the morning. It was evident that he had some object in view; but the volunteers were obliged to content themselves for the night, resolved to be up and looking out for themselves early in the morning, for a crossing, or way over the rocks and through the jungle into which they had been led. Daylight appeared, and with it was found a ford. And such a ford. It furnished in copious abundance, water for more than one plunge bath, and that too to some who were no admirers of hydropathy; or, judging from their appearance, had never realized any of its bounties.

In passing up the valley on the north side, it was soon very evident, that some of the wigwams had been occupied the night before; and hence the anxiety of

the young Indian, lest the occupants should be surprised. The valley was scoured in all directions, but not an Indian could be found. At length, hid among the rocks, the writer discovered an old woman; so old, that when Ten-ie-ya was interrogated in regard to her age, he with a smile, said, that "when she was a child, the mountains were hills." The old creature was provided with fire and food, and allowed to remain. It having snowed during the night, and continued to snow in the morning, the Major ordered the return of the command, lest it should be hemmed in by snow. This was in March, '51. Ten-ie-ya and others of his tribe asserted most positively that we were the first white men ever in the valley. The writer asked Maj. Savage, "have you not been in the valley before?" he answered, "no, never; I have been mistaken, it was in a valley below this, (since known as Cascade valley,) two and a half miles below the Yo-sem-i-te."

On our return to the rendezvous where the prisoners had been assembled, we started for the commissioners' camp on the Fresno. On our way in, about a hundred more Indians gave themselves up to Capt. Dill's company. When within about fifteen miles of the Commissioners' camp, nine men only being left in charge, owing to an absolute want of provisions, the Indians fled; frightened, as it afterward appeared, by the stories told them by the Chowchillas. Only one of their number was left; he had eaten venison with such a relish at the camp fire of the whites as to unfit him for active duties; and on his awaking and finding himself alone among the whites, he thought his doom sealed. He was told that he had nothing to fear, and soon became reconciled. Upon the arrival, at the Commissioners' camp, of Capt. Boling and his nine men, Von-ches-ter, (!) a chief, was despatched to find, and bring in the frightened Indians. In a few days he succeeded in bringing

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HOW THE YO-SEMITE VALLEY WAS DISCOVERED AND NAMED. 501

in about a hundred; but Ten-ie-ya with his people said he would not return. After a trip to the San Joaquin, which before has been alluded to, it was resolved to make another trip to the Yo-sem-i-to valley; there establish head quarters, and remain until we had thoroughly learned the country, and taken, or driven out, every Indian in it. On our arrival in the valley, a short distance above the prominent bluff known as El Capitan, or as the Indians call it, To-tock-ah-nu-la, which signifies in their language, the Captain, five Indians were seen and heard on the opposite side of the river, taunting us. They evidently thought we could not cross, as the river was so very high, (this was in the early part of May) but they were mistaken, as six of us plunged our animals in the stream, swam across, and drove the Indians in among the rocks which obstruct the passage of animals on the north side of the valley; Capt. Boling in the mean time crossing above the rocks, succeeded in taking them all prisoners. Three of these were kept as hostages, while two were sent to Ten-ie-ya with an order for his immediate presence. Of the three kept as hostages, two were sons of Ten-ie-ya, while the two sent with a message, were a son, and son-in-law.

The writer was despatched by Capt. Boling to guard them against the fire of any scouting party they might encounter in the valley, and succeeded in saving them from an exasperated individual who was met returning with C. H. Spencer, Esq., (now of Chicago) who had been wounded while tracing out the hiding places of the Indians. When the two sent for Ten-ie-ya left, they said he would be in by ten o'clock the next morning, and that he would not have ran away but for the stories told by the Chowehillas. On the morning of the day Ten-ie-ya was expected, one of the three Indians escaped, having deceived the guard. Soon

after, the two remaining were discovered untying themselves. Two men, instead of informing Capt. Boling, that he might make more secure their fastenings, placed themselves near their arms to watch their movements, in order if possible to distinguish themselves. One was gratified; for as soon the Indians bounded to their feet, freed from their fetters, they started to run; Ten-ie-ya's youngest son was shot dead—the other escaped. While this was occurring, a party was reconnoitering the scene of Spencer's disaster, and while there, discovered Ten-ie-ya perched upon a rock overlooking the valley. He was engaged in conversation while a party cut off his retreat and secured him a prisoner. Upon his entrance into the camp of the volunteers, the first object that met his gaze was the dead body of his son. Not a word did he speak, but the workings of his soul were frightfully manifested in the deep and silent gloom that overspread his countenance. For a time he was left to himself; but after a while Capt. Boling explained to him the occurrence, and expressed his regrets that it should have so happened, and ordered a change of camp, to enable the friends of the dead boy to go unmolested and remove the body. After remaining inactive a day or two, hoping that the Indians might come in, a "scout" was made in the direction of the Tuolumne. Only one Indian was seen, and he evidently had been detailed to watch our movements. After various scouts had been made to little purpose, it was concluded to go as far up the river as possible, or as far as the Indians could be traced. The command felt more confidence in this expedition from the fact that Cow-chit-ty had arrived with a few of the tribe mentioned before as having been taken on the south fork of the Merced. They knew the country well, and although their language differed a little from that of the Yo-sem-i-to tribe, yet by means of a

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mission Indian who spoke Spanish and the various Indian tongues of this region, Ten-ic-ya was told if he called in his people they were confident that we would not hurt them. Apparently he was satisfied, and promised to bring them in, and at night, when they were supposed to hover around our camp, he would call upon them to come in; but no Indians came.

While waiting here for provisions, the chief became tired of his food, said it was the season for grass and clover, and that it was tantalizing for him to be in sight of such abundance, and not be permitted to taste it. It was interpreted to Capt. Boling, when he good humoredly said that he should have a ton if he desired it. Mr. Cameron (now of Tulare county) attached a rope to the old man's body, and led him out to graze! A wonderful improvement took place in his condition, and in a few days he looked like a new man. With returning health and strength came the desire for liberty, and it was manifested one evening when Mr. C. was off his guard, by his endeavor to escape. Mr. Cameron however, caught him at the water's edge as he was about to swim the river. It was then that in the fury, inspired by his failure to escape, he cried: "Kill me if you like, but if you do, my voice shall be heard at night, calling upon my people to revenge me, in louder tones than you have ever made it ring." (It was the custom of Capt. B. to make him call for his people.) Soon after this occurrence, it being manifest to all that the old man had no intention of calling in his people, and the provisions arriving, we commenced our march to the head waters of the Py-we-ah, or branch of the Merced on which is situated (in the valley) Mirror lake, and fifteen miles above the valley lake Ten-ic-ya. At a rancheria on the shore of this lake we found thirty-five Indians, whom we took prisoners. With this expedition Capt. B. took Ten-ic-ya, hoping to make him useful as a guide;

but if Cow-chit-ty, who discovered the rancheria, had not been with us, we probably would have gone back without seeing an Indian. In taking this rancheria no Indians were killed, but it was a death blow to their hopes of holding out longer against the whites, for when asked if they were willing to go in and live peaceably; the chief at the rancheria, (Ten-ic-ya was not allowed to speak) stretching his hand out and over the country, exclaimed: "not only willing, but anxious, for where can we go that the Americans do not follow us." It was evident that they had not much expected us to follow them to so retired a place; and surrounded as they were by snow, it was impossible for them to flee, and take with them their women and children. One of the children, a boy five or six years old, was discovered naked, climbing up a smooth granite slope that rises from the lake on the north side. At first he was thought to be a coon or a fisher, for it was not thought possible for any human being to climb up such a slope; the mystery was soon solved by an Indian who went out to him, coaxed him down from his perilous position, and brought him into camp. He was a bright boy, and Capt. Boling adopted him, calling him Reub, after Lieut. Reuben Chandler, who was, and is, a great favorite with the volunteers; he was sent to school at Stockton, and made rapid progress. To give him advantages that he could not obtain in Mariposa county at that time, he was placed in charge of Col. Lane, Capt. Boling's brother-in-law. To illustrate the folly, as a general thing, of attempting to civilize his race, he ran away, taking with him two very valuable horses belonging to his patron.

We encamped on the shores of the lake one night. Sleep was prevented by the excessive cold, so in the gray of morning we started with our prisoners on our return to the valley. This was about the fifth of June; we had taken at the lake

four of our Ten-ic-ya's family except the one who remained in the Mojo country—we saw while on the way, and being satisfied that all could be seen and not be seen in the country to the Fresno. The latter disabled, and one of the turbulent Ten-ic-ya pillager Indians (who once more to go had the promise of good report come of their of white who visit from Cow-se Gold ty. Two men of Shurbon were killed Tudor wounded.

In July, Lieut. by one of Maj. Sava and some other valley with a company troops, for the purpose of murdering. Five and immediately ex apparel of the murderer upon them. This abilities of some, but it was necessary in upon the murderous lawless band, who various tribes. Aff ic-ya, to escape the him, fled to the Mojo of the Sierra. In they returned to the for the hospitality a lot of horses from them in the Yo- allowed to enjoy the time, before the Mojo them like a whirl surprised in his w dying the very poor heart—stated in this magazine—he crushed by stones

four of old Ten-ie-ya's wives, and all of his family except those who had fled to the Mono country—thro' the pass which we saw while on this expedition—and being satisfied that all had been done that could be, and not a fresh Indian sign to be seen in the country, we were ordered to the Fresno. The battalion was soon after disbanded, and nothing more was heard of the turbulent Ten-ie-ya and his band of pillager Indians (who had been allowed once more to go back to the valley upon the promise of good behavior) until the report came of their attack upon a party of whites who visited the valley in 1852, from Coarse Gold Gulch, Fresno County. Two men of the party, Rose and Shurbon, were killed, and a man named Tudor wounded.

In June, Lieut. Moore, accompanied by one of Maj. Savage's men, A. A. Gray, and some other volunteers, visited the valley with a company of United States troops, for the purpose of chastising the murderers. Five of them were found and immediately executed; the wearing apparel of the murdered men being found upon them. This may shock the sensibilities of some, but it is conceded that it was necessary in order to put a quietus upon the murderous propensities of this lawless band, who were outcasts from the various tribes. After the murder, Ten-ie-ya, to escape the wrath he knew awaited him, fled to the Monos on the eastern side of the Sierra. In the summer of 1853, they returned to the valley. As a reward for the hospitality shown them, they stole a lot of horses from the Monos, and ran them into the Yo-sem-i-te. They were allowed to enjoy their plunder but a short time, before the Monos came down upon them like a whirlwind. Ten-ie-ya was surprised in his wigwam, and instead of dying the very poetic death of a broken heart—as stated in the first number of this magazine—he died of a broken head, crushed by stones in the hands of an in-

furiated and wronged Mono chief. In this fight, all of the Yo-sem-i-te tribe, except eight braves and a few old men and women, were killed or taken prisoners, (the women only taken as prisoners,) and thus, as a tribe, they became extinct.

It is proper to say, what I have before stated, that the Yo-sem-i-te Indians were a composite race, consisting of the disaffected of the various tribes from the Tuolumne to King's River, and hence the difficulty in our understanding of the name, Yo-sem-i-te; but that name, upon the writer's suggestion, was finally approved and applied to the valley, by vote of the volunteers who visited it. Whether it was a compromise among the Indians, as well as with us, it will now be difficult to ascertain. The name is now well established, and it is that by which the few remaining Indians below the valley call it.

One of them—in presence of Col. Ripley, U. S. A.; Mr. Forbes, P. M. S. S. Co.; Mr. Easton, Mr. Holliday, and Mr. Ayres, who first sketched the valley for this magazine—said that Yo-sem-i-te was the name by which they had called it. It is not denied that it is called Yo-hem-i-te, (not Yo-ham-i-te,) by the Indians living on the Fresno; but it is denied most emphatically that it is so called by any of the original Yo-sem-i-te tribe, or that any of them are now living on the Fresno, or have been since 1852. Having been in every expedition to the valley made by volunteers, and since that time assisted George H. Peterson (Fremont's engineer,) in his surveys, the writer, at the risk of appearing egotistical, claims that he had superior advantages for obtaining correct information, more especially as in the first two expeditions, Ten-ie-ya was placed under his especial charge, and he acted as interpreter to Capt. Boling.

It is acknowledged that Ah-wah-no is the old Indian name for the valley, and that Ah-wah-no-chee is the name of its

original occupants; but as this was discovered by the writer long after he had named the valley, and as it was the wish of every volunteer with whom he conversed that the name Yo-sem-i-te be retained, he said very little about it. He will only say, in conclusion, that the principal facts are now before the public, and that it is for them to decide whether they will retain the name Yo-sem-i-te, or have some other. L. H. BUNNELL.

We, the undersigned, having been members of the same company, and through most of the scenes depicted by Dr. Bunnell, have no hesitation in saying that the article above is correct.

JAMES M. ROANE,

GEO. H. CRENSHAW.

[We have cheerfully given place to the above communication, that the public may learn how and by whom this remarkable valley was first visited and named; and although we have differed with the writer, and others, concerning the name given, as explained in several articles that have appeared at different times in the several newspapers of the day, yet, as Mr. Bunnell was the first to visit the valley, we most willingly accord to him the right of giving it whatever name he pleases. At the same time, we will here enter the following reasons for giving the preference to Yo-ham-i-te, the name by which we have been accustomed to call it.

In the summer of 1855, we engaged Thomas Ayres, a well-known artist of San Francisco, (who unfortunately lost his life not long since, by the wreck of the schooner *Laura Bevan*), to accompany us on a sketching tour to the Big Trees and the valley above alluded to.

When we arrived at Mariposa, we found that the existence, even, of such a valley was almost unknown among a large majority of the people residing there. We made many inquiries respect-

ing it, and how to find our way there; but, although one referred us to another, who had been there after Indians in 1851, and he again referred us to some one else, we could not find a single person who could direct us. In this dilemma we met Capt. Boling, a gentleman referred to above, who, although desirous of assisting us, confessed that it was so long ago since he was there, that he could not give us any satisfactory directions.—“But,” said he, “if I were you, I would go down to John Hunt’s store, on the Fresno, and he will provide you with a couple of good Indian guides, from the very tribe that occupied that valley.”

We adopted this plan, although it took us twenty-five or thirty miles out of our way; deeming such a stop the most prudent under the circumstances. Up to this time we had never heard or seen any other name than Yo-sem-i-te.

Mr. Hunt very kindly acceded to our request, and gave us two of the most intelligent and trust-worthy Indians that he had, and the following day we set out for the valley.

Towards night on the first day, we inquired of Kossum, one of our guides, how far he thought it might possibly be to the Yo-sem-i-to Valley, when he looked at us earnestly, and said, “No, *Yo-Sem-ite*; *Yo-Ham-ite*; *sabe*, *Yo-Ham-i-te*.” In this way were we corrected not less than thirty-five or forty times on our way thither, by those Indians. After our return to San Francisco, we made arrangements for publishing a large lithograph of the great falls; but, before attaching the name to the valley and falls for the public eye, we wrote to Mr. Hunt, requesting him to go to the most intelligent of those Indians, and from them ascertain the exact pronunciation of the name given to that valley. After attending to the request, he wrote us that “*the correct pronunciation was Yo-Ham-i-te*.” And, while we most willingly acquiesce in the

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name of Yo-sem-i-te, for the reasons above stated, as neither that nor Yo-sem-i-te is said to be the *pure Indian* name, we confess that our preferences still are in favor of the *pure Indian* being given; but until that is determined upon, (which we do not ever expect to see done, now,) *Yo-Semite*, we think, has the preference. Had we before known that Dr. B. and his party were the first whites who ever entered the valley, (although we have the honor of being the first, in later years, to visit it and call public attention to it,) we should long ago have submitted to the name Dr. Bunnell had given it as the discoverer of the valley.—*Etl. Mag.*]

## THE ERL-KING.

Translated from the German of GÖETHE.

BY PROF. JOHN COCHRAN.

Who is this riding hard in the dead of the night,

When the tempest is loud, and in heaven is no light?

'Tis a sire riding home with his child on his arm—

He shieldeth it well, and he keepeth it warm.

"My boy! why thy face thus in fear dost thou hide?"

"O! father, the Erl-King is there at our side!

I saw him, I saw him, with crown and with vail!"

"Hush! hush thee, my boy!—'twas a cloud in the gale!"

And the Erl-King says—"Come thou with me away!

Come with me, sweet boy!—we together shall play:

The garlands and roses are fresh in my hand;

My mother shall put a bright gift in thy hand."

"My father! my father! and dost thou not hear

That the Erl-King is whispering so close in mine ear?"

"Hush, hush, my dear boy! thou hearest the blast

That sighs in the leaves, as it fiercely sweeps past!"

Again the Erl-King: "Sweet boy, come with me;

My daughters so fair thy guardians shall be!

My daughters, that skip through the woodland so light,

Shall tend thee by day and watch thee by night!"

"The daughters, my father, the daughters appear!

In yonder deep glen I see them quite clear!"

"Hush, hush, my dear boy! thou hast nothing to dread—

'Tis a harmless willow that is waving its head!"

Then louder the King: "Thou art fair as the morn;

If come thou wilt not, away thou'lt be torn!"

"My father! my father! he has me quite fast!

The Erl-King, O father, has ta'en me at last!"

Then shuddered the sire. He rides, but a smile

Of horror he wears—the child moaning the while.

With whip and with spur, and hardly bestead,

He reacheth his farm—the child it was dead! \*

\* If you ask a German which is the finest of Goethe's smaller poems? he will probably answer you, "The Erl-King." Yet there is nothing remarkable in this poem, unless it be the simplicity of the form, as the Germans call it. The story is simple enough: it is that of a father riding home on a tempestuous night with his child, which dies on his arm, from the combined effect of fear and imagination. The story is doubtless exquisitely told in the original. We have endeavored to give a version preserving as far as possible the simplicity of the German; although we confess we have found this a very difficult task. We at least guarantee fidelity to the original. For the benefit of those unacquainted with German mythology, we may be allowed to state that the Erl-King is the king of the fairies, who as such exercises a powerful effect on the imagination of the child.

[Concluded from page 472.]

"DOINGS" OF '51.—CHAPTER X.

IS RATHER PUGILISTIC, AND TELLS HOW A FELLOW GOT WHIPPED.

The expected rain did not come, and the majority of the boys were becoming tired of idleness and dissipation. Prospecting tours were often proposed and carried out, and there were occasional periods when for several consecutive days no loafers were to be seen about the house. On one occasion, when all the others were away, I, being slightly indisposed, remained at home, and for a day or two amused myself with Capt. Hall and McLaughlin, spinning sea-yarns and listening to the checkered experience of those gentlemen.

Since my reconciliation with McLean we had been friendly—even quite intimate. His claim was paying well, and he worked most diligently; often did he tell me of his future plans, and reiterate his protestations of friendship. One evening of the quiet days spoken of above, he asked me if I would be willing to work for him a few days, stating that the water came into his claim so fast that it was with great difficulty he could accomplish anything, and that he must have another hand or give it up. I replied that I never had worked in the mines for hire, and did not intend to so long as I had any prospect of working for myself. "I would not ask you," he said, "but there is nobody about here idle but yourself, just now, and it is a matter of actual necessity that I have some one; if you will only consent, for a day or so, I shall esteem it as a great personal favor, and will pay you anything you ask, even double the amount I am giving others." After some little conversation I agreed, as an accommodation, to work for him until my partners re-

turned, and at the same rate as he was paying his other laborers. About noon of the second day following, the boys came in, and notified me to be in readiness to start the next morning with them, and prospect a flat about ten miles distant. I accordingly quitted working for Mac., in order to rest and be prepared to endure the fatigue of "prospecting." We were absent four days, and then returned, with the determination to content ourselves about the garden, until we could get water to work with.

McLean said nothing to me on the score of pay for labor done, nor did I mention the thing to him; so the matter stood over for several weeks, when we settled in the following manner:

One Saturday afternoon, I, with several others, was sitting in the bar-room on Capt. Hall's chest, when McLean entered the house, followed by his men. With a nod of recognition he passed us, and proceeding to the counter, asked for the scales. Untying his purse-strings, he proclaimed loudly that he was about to have a square settlement with everybody, and requested all to whom he was indebted to come up and receive the amount due them. One after the other, his employees walked up. I modestly retained my seat, to come up in the rear. My turn had come, and I was about to rise and go forward, when he exclaimed—"There, I don't owe another dollar in the world." He must have forgotten me, thought I, and so ventured to remark. He looked at me for a second with well feigned surprise, and then assuming what would easily pass for scornful indifference asked, "to what do you allude?"

I was really surprised, and hesitated before replying: "You doubtless remember that I worked for you one day and a half, for which you was to pay me at the rate of six dollars per day—the amount is nine dollars."

"I don't owe you a cent, nor never did."

"You are jesting, Mac. I don't have me to believe you."

"I repeat, I don't owe you a cent."

"You are a — and —"

the gentle reply was: "I am in readiness to defend myself against anything very wicked."

eyes of McLean just as I was about to speak, which usually by so

lips, trembled, as those of a man who is

As he did not name me, I added, "you are a —"

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you'd fight." Furious and a severe contest ensued.

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"I understand it."

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"You are jesting Mac., you would not have me to believe you speak in earnest."

"I repeat, I don't owe you a cent!"

"You are a —, and you know it," was the gentle reply, as I arose from my seat in readiness to defend myself. There was something very wicked playing about the eyes of McLean just then, and the smile which usually lay so placidly upon his lips, trembled, as those lips grew pale. As he did not immediately resent the epithet, I added, "you are not only a liar, but you're a thief and a coward — was there the least spark of a man about you, you'd fight." Furiously he sprang at me, and a severe contest ensued, in which for a time I had the advantage, but refused to avail myself of it; but when on the first occasion he found himself possessed of a similar advantage to that which I had twice possessed, with both hands he encompassed my throat. I felt the vice-like grasp grow tighter and tighter—my tongue was fevered, and my eyes I thought would burst from their sockets. I knew nothing more until I revived in old Hall's bunk—a rough structure in one corner of the room. Several buckets of water had been thrown over me, and I was being rubbed down in no gentle manner. The first words I heard were those of Armstrong—"good for a thousand dead men yet!" The next I listened to was from old Hughes. "You hunderstand, h'I bet han 'undred dollars 'e whips you hin ten minutes—hit's to be houtside, hin a heighteen foot ring, heach of you to choose ha friend, hand they shall select ha judge."

"I understand it," replied Mac, "and accept the terms; go see if he is ready." Before I had time to speak, Armstrong confronted Mac., saying, "he shall not fight you." Quickly I jumped from the berth, and facing Mac. said, "I confess you got the better of me, whether fairly or not I leave for others to say, but though I were whipped ten times, and ten times

over again, it would not alter my opinion of you as expressed. I despise and feel nothing but contempt for you—'tis well enough for a man to fight in self-defense, or to avenge an insult, for when blood is hot, reason and sense are wanting, but when a person willingly enters a ring to fight for money, he ceases to be a man, he is a brute. I thought that Hughes was a friend of mine, and am sorry to be obliged to change my mind."

"Bless my hoyes," exclaimed old Hughes, "so hi ham, aven't hi bet hon you?"

"To be sure," chimed in Mac., and we'll now find out who the *Coward* is.

I felt then as though I weighed a thousand pounds, my fist clenched, my arm drawn back to strike, when Armstrong pulling moback, quickly jumped between us. Folding his arms quietly on his breast he said, "Mac, if you are anxious for a fight, take a man of your size and weight. I am just about your size and build—all that he has said I endorse, you are a liar and you are a thief, you are a little the meanest man I ever knew—come, I am waiting! Gentlemen," said he, addressing the spectators, "who is the *Coward*?"

Turning again to Mac., he continued, "Well, if you'll not fight, go up stairs, take your blankets, and whatever else you have there, and leave—we don't want your kind about here; and let me add, that if ever you try by word or deed to injure this *our* Doings, you shall regret it to the end of your days. Go!"

Sullenly and without a word he gathered his traps, and made Sonora his home, bringing every morning his dinner with him, and returning at night. Only once afterwards did he and I speak again.

#### CHAPTER XI.

MORE, AND ALL OF OLD MAN HALL.

Some two weeks after the events of the preceding chapter, I was taken suddenly ill, and put to bed with a terri-

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ble fever, I was very sick for several weeks, my strength entirely left me, and I laid helplessly upon my back. A physician visited me once and often twice every day; from the boys I received every possible attention, my slightest wish was complied with almost before 'twas uttered, and by turns they sat by, watching over me day and night.

Old Hall had been growing worse and worse, at times he was himself, but oftener insane beyond a doubt. One night during my illness, and a dreadful night it was: the rain poured down in torrents, and the wind came in tremendous gales; I was hovering 'twixt life and death; Henry sat beside me moistening my lips and speaking words of cheer. I always did love the music of a storm, and that night I lay entranced, half conscious, half dreaming; I was weak and helpless, yet happy—suddenly above the storm I heard the voice of old Hall in strenuous tones cry out "Call the watch! call everybody! Mr. McLaughlin, call all hands to shorten sail—she can't stand it, by morning there won't be a stick in her. Mr. McLaughlin, why don't you hurry up the men? by — sir, here's breakers dead ahead—about ship—are you ready—hard a lee—let go and haul—main-top-sail, haul—lively, boys, lively—there now, steady your braces—mind your helm there, jam her up—Mr. McLaughlin! sound the pumps—good heaven sir, here's breakers all around—I must see Doings!" He came tumbling up the stairs, and staggering to where I lay, knelt beside me. "Poor fellow, poor fellow," he said, "but it don't make any difference." A terrific blast of wind and rain came upon the house just then. "Do you hear that!" he exclaimed, "she's struck! good bye, keep your grit, we're all going together."—Clasping his hands devotionally upon his breast, he closed his eyes, and there he remained until removed by McLaughlin. To the skill of an excellent physician

and the kind and fostering care of friends, their efforts being blessed by the will of Providence, am I indebted for my recovery. Shortly after, I left the garden, my departure being somewhat hastened by the following incident.

One chilly October morning, long before day, when all nature was hushed, and even all about the house was quiet,—the night howlers having drunk themselves to sleep,—a most terrific and piercing cry awoke the slumberers—again it came, and like the *Banshee* so much dreaded in old Ireland, at first low and dull, then gradually increasing in volume and shrillness 'till its hills echoed and reechoed the terrible wail. So full of anguish were those notes, that I shook as I knelt upon my blankets, and then the wail grew less distinct, and by degrees died, and died away.

"Old Hall," said one, "Coyotes," said another, and lying down they went to sleep again. So certain did I feel that those heart-rending tones came from the old man, and being desirous to learn the cause of so much bitterness, that I hastily threw on my clothes and hurried out of doors. The sky was black and threatening, it had rained sometime during the night, and the morning was so dark that I could see nothing around me. As I stood uncertain which way to proceed I caught the note of another wail, and as before it increased until the air was rent with the dreadful sounds. I stood holding to the door-latch, transfixed, while it swelled to the highest pitch, and then receded until a gust of wind bore it all away. When it was gone I felt relieved, as if some heavy weight had been lifted from my breast, and my breath came free once more. I felt my courage come again, and cautiously felt my way in the direction from whence I caught the first note. After groping several rods from the house, I was conscious of being near some object, and just then I saw a flash, and then

another, a steady blaze toward and I cognized of the smoldering fire, covered he hugged and his chin I laid my hand not notice him by name cast upon me forget, such a terrible face, that I gaze—those and I can see light of the mess all around asked the mournfully upon the fire lence he exchanged the is over," he me now but never again basin."

"Oh yes, always lower full again to "Never! "But why Tell me about so bad."

He drew him, and he neath it, compared to narrate was firm as voice would his words be

"Last night by the spring began to rain made a fire now. With red the bra

another, which continued a small but steady blaze—boldly now I walked forward and by the dim uncertain light recognized old Hall—he sat upon a log by the smoldering embers and remnants of a fire, covered with an old blanket which he hugged about him with folded arms, and his chin hung heavily upon his breast. I laid my hand upon his shoulder, he did not notice it, I shook him gently, calling him by name; raising his head slowly, he cast upon me such a look as I never shall forget, such despair, such anguish, such a terrible expression was there in that face, that I trembled as I returned the gaze—those features are before me now, and I can see them as I did then by the light of those brands and with utter darkness all around. I sat beside him, and asked the cause of so much distress; mournfully he turned his head and looked upon the fire. After a few moments silence he spoke, but his voice was so changed that I scarcely knew it. "All is over," he said, "there is nothing left me now but to die; the spring is lost, never again will the water flow into the basin."

"Oh yes, it will," I said, "the spring always lowers at night, the basin will be full again to-day."

"Never! never!! never!!!"

"But why not, has anything happened? Tell me about it; I cannot believe it to be so bad."

He drew his tattered covering closer to him, and holding one of my hands beneath it, commenced in a tremulous whisper to narrate the following; at times he was firm and wildly earnest, then his voice would grow deep with pathos, and his words broken with emotion.

"Last night I was in the older grove by the spring till long after midnight. It began to rain; and feeling very cold, I made a fire here, and sat by it as I do now. With that stick lying there I stirred the brands and coals, and as the

sparks flew up, I laughed to see them take all kinds of shapes and dance about. When the air was full of figures, a puff of smoke burst from the fire, and amid the sparks and smoke I saw a female form beautiful beyond description. She was robed in pure white, and her hair fell in ringlets to her waist. She wore upon her head a wreath made of young green elder sprigs; in her hand she held a wand of elder, studded with dew-drops. She waved the wand, and pointing to the hollow between the road and spring, said in a voice full of melody—rich and sweet with music—"Thy reward is there!" I found a pick and shovel, and running to the spot, commenced to work. Six feet below the surface I removed a rock, and water came rushing in upon me. At the same instant I heard an exultant and derisive laugh. Looking up, I saw on the bank above me the same form I saw in the smoke, but her face was old and wrinkled, her hair disheveled. Then came a chorus of a thousand voices, shouting, "*The evil genius of the garden!*" and the form was gone. I sprang upon the bank, and rushed to the elders. Just as I reached them, a wail, piercing, loud and sorrowful, burst forth, and the hill caught up that mournful cry and sent it back again; then all was still. 'Twas the lament of the Water Spirit—it came, and the spring was dry."

His head dropped upon his breast, and he was silent. I did not care to disturb him; gathering some fuel, I threw it upon the dying embers, and then sitting again beside him, I also for a time remained quiet. At length I ventured to address him; he made no reply. The fire was blazing cheerfully, and we sat within a halo of light. He must be sleeping, I thought; and bending down, I looked up into his face. An involuntary shudder came over me. Seizing a lighted brand, I held it near, and looked again. Alas! the spring *was* lost—the



old man's oath was to the letter kept—the destroyer was dead!

## CHAPTER XII.

## GOOD-BYES.

In my own mind I have no doubt that the old man, when dozing dreamily over the fire, in fancy saw the vision. Facts show that he had dug a hole between the elders and the hill-side, which cut off the supply of water from the basin; and doubtless becoming alarmed at the result of his operations, his mind, not being well-balanced, was turned—imagination pictured the hag upon the bank, and made the echoes of his own wild cries fill out the measure.

To arouse the inmates of the house occupied but a moment's time. Daylight was just coming when we carried the body into the house, and the same afternoon we buried it upon the slope of a wooded hill. Few and short were the prayers said there, but many were the tears that fell, heavy was the beating of these hearts: for, although in his latter days Capt. Hall was no general favorite, yet all knew something of his history; and there were those who knew him in his palmy days, when upon the quarter-deck of his gallant ship he trod with stately mien, bidding defiance alike to the ocean's wrath and angry winds. There were also there many who knew him when he first came to the garden, ere misfortune piled adversities upon him—when he was a man, one to command respect and gather about him a host of friends. There were none there who did not pity more than blame.

With his death came a new era to the "Garden." McLaughlin closed his bar, with a determination never to sell or drink a drop of anything that would intoxicate, and so far as I know he was true to his resolution. There was no more revelry, no more night-howling, no more hideous singing, no more such hor-

rid imprecations uttered in or about the garden-house. All was as quiet as a perpetual Sunday.

It would seem as though that little spring really did have a wondrous influence on the destiny of the garden and the occupants of the house; for with it died old Hall, and three weeks after, with the exception of here and there a man, the garden was deserted and the house nailed up.

The week following the death of Capt. Hall, I received from San Francisco a letter from "Ned." I had previously written to him of my sickness and misfortunes in general. His letter, besides expressing his sympathies, advised me to return, and held out very flattering inducements for me to do so. Some rain had fallen, but not in sufficient quantity to benefit us much, and after some deliberation I concluded to visit San Francisco. I accordingly picked up my traps, and borrowing money to pay my expenses down, engaged passage in a wagon which passed our door, bound for Stockton. I think I never heard "God bless you" expressed with more fervor than I did when leaving the Garden House; the parting was with sincere sorrow upon both sides; we had suffered together, and together had traveled a rough and thorny road; from them I had been the recipient of much kindness, and with pride do I say I was the favorite in those large hearts beating beneath rough gray shirts. As one after the other came up, and shaking my hand, faltered out—"Good bye, old boy," "Take care of yourself," "God bless you," &c., McLean stood near by, a looker on. Just as the last hand was shaken, he came timidly up, and holding something out towards me, said tremulously, "Doings, here's a—here's—here's a package for you."

"For me! What is it?"

"It's—it's the—the—the money I owe you for working."

I felt my and with a I said, "Keep  
"But won't  
to you."

"No! Tid age, and ma et as a token as to how you

With another I jumped in drew up his and away we for another boys were still ing the last my own, and

Some weeks cisco one of who told me ed, and the ho er seen him of the others.

The greatest TRUTH, and I followed me month after sketch again, terest to reward once is not un others who hav of hypocrisy, a holy light of tr those who like learned, I most

## REVERIES OF

BY MR

I am an old v back through years, all seems on memory's dus it is the era of my else seen through and changeful; b

I felt my lip curling with contempt, and with a disdainful wave of the hand I said, "Keep it!"

"But *won't* you take it?—it belongs to you."

"No! Tie a string around the package, and mark it; carry it in your pocket as a token to keep your memory fresh as to how you earned it."

With another "good bye" to the boys, I jumped into the wagon; the driver drew up his horses, cracked his whip, and away we went. I turned my head for another look at the old place. The boys were still there, and hats were waving the last adieu; in return I swung my own, and thus I left the "Garden."

Some weeks after, I met in San Francisco one of those boys, and he it was who told me that the garden was deserted, and the house nailed up. I have never seen him since, nor know I anything of the others.

## CONCLUSION.

The greatest merit my story hath is TRUTH, and I trust that those who have followed me from page to page, and month after month have taken up my sketch again, have found sufficient of interest to reward them. My own experience is not unlike that of thousands of others who have suffered by the wounds of hypocrisy, and been blessed with the holy light of true friendship; and to all those who like me have suffered and learned, I most cordially give my *adieu*.

## REVERIES OF AN OLD WOMAN.

BY MRS. E. McDONALD.

I am an old woman, now, and looking back through the deserted avenues of years, all seems dreamy. Only one spot on memory's dust-covered tablets is clear; it is the era of my first great sorrow. All else seen through the gloomy mist is hazy and changeful; but that one spot is fixed

and always visible. It may be that intense agony of soul endured then, blunted my feelings for all other afflictions, past or to come.

When I saw a loved companion, white cold and rigid before me; when for the first time the eye gave no response to mine; when the pressure of the hand was unreturned, when the voice that subdued my stubborn will by one low, kind word, was dead on the stiffened tongue; when the lips that never refused me kiss for kiss, were cold and motionless, then I realised that I was alone in the world, and then the certainty of desolation fell upon me. It swept over my heart like a desolating sirocco, where a few weeks before all was fresh, green and fragrant. Silent, lifeless and isolated I became; I had but one intense desire—to reach the end of life. The world was a desert—a dreamy, measureless desert; no green spot, no cooling spring to rest the soul or quench the heart-thirst. I longed for death; life seemed only beyond the limits of the tomb to which I followed my companion, the first of a long train of mourners. I heard the clay rattling on the coffin-lid, and shuddered, but did not weep; I turned away heart-sick and hating the man who was covering up the form of one so dear to me. I think reason trembled on its throne, yet stood. Bitter thoughts were in my heart; I hated all the world, and trusted none. My heart grew cold and stern, but I never betrayed to the world the inward storm that shook my soul, until it reeled and reeled, but fell not. They wondered at my coldness; they called me unfeeling and heartless, but I was not; and oh, how keenly I felt the supreme of human agony! It pleased me to revel in the desolated past. My dead companion was ever before me; I believed him ever present when compelled to mingle with the gay and happy; but, when alone, all the agony of a sensitive, bereaved heart came upon me. But that was long ago, and now all is

subdued to a quiet, earnest longing for companionship beyond the grave. More than three score winters have bleached my hair; their winds have shrivelled my face, and their burdens have bent the form which they used to say was stately and beautiful. Age presses his icy fingers upon my brow; each year Time, with its iron graver, digs new furrows, and the eye, once so bright and sparkling, is dim and filmy with watching for the messenger who will unlock the chamber of rest.

#### PETER LASSEN.

##### *Supplementary Biographical Particulars.*

[From the Red Bluff Beacon.]

"Hutchings' Magazine, for February, 1859, contains a very good likeness of Peter Lassen, and a short sketch of his life. Peter being an old resident of this county, and having many acquaintances hereabouts, we deem it proper to state a few of the more prominent features of his truly eventful life.

\* \* \* \* \*

"In 1842, Governor Micheltorona made him a grant of land known as the Lassen Grant, (now Gerkes',) on Deer Creek, in this county; where, in 1843, he removed with a band of cattle that he had earned by blacksmithing for Capt. Sutter. In 1847, Uncle Peter crossed the Plains to Missouri, with Commodore Stockton, and again returned (in 1848,) to this country, with several families, among whom was William Myers, the pioneer of Red Bluff, and now a farmer in this neighborhood.

"In the spring of 1850, Peter Lassen, having disposed of one half his ranch and stock to Palmor, took several teams of oxen, and went to Sacramento City to purchase provisions; and while there, conceived the idea of selling his cattle and buying a steamboat, which proved to him the most unfortunate speculation of his life. Mr. Palmer sold his interest in the concern to Gen. Wilson; and whilst Peter, with his purchase, (the little steamer Washington,) was cordelling up the river with his Indians, other parties were taking away and selling his cattle. The steamboat project proved a failure—his cattle were all gone—the parties to whom he had sold half his ranch and

stock had paid him nothing, and he had incurred a debt that nothing short of the sale of the balance of his ranch would pay. He accordingly sold to Henry Gerke, of San Francisco, his remaining interest in the place, together with his claim against Wilson, which enabled him to pay up his debts, and remove, with a few head of cattle, to Indian Valley, in Plumas county, and afterwards to Honey Lake, where he still resides, making an occasional visit to Red Bluff for provisions, and to his old ranch, where he is allowed to help himself to whatever pleases his fancy.

"Peter is now engaged in the erection of a mill at Honey Lake, where, if Providence spares his life for a few years, we have no doubt he will again accumulate a handsome property.

"We have prolonged this sketch of the life of a man whose character we admire, for the reason that the account, as published in Hutchings', omits several important events connected with his life, among which are his return to the States in 1847-8, his steamboat speculation, &c."

[We take this opportunity of saying, that we shall always welcome any additional information on any interesting subject connected with California, as in a new country like ours, the best informed have much to learn; and if all will assist in communicating information on subjects of general interest, they will confer a public good, while they enjoy a personal pleasure.]

#### THE SONG MY MOTHER SANG.

He sat within the festive hall,  
Where flowed the sparkling wine—  
"Tell us—what song shall we sing to thee,  
Thou pilgrim from the Rhine?"  
Up rose that warrior at the word,  
And gazed on that festive ring—  
"Sing me a song of old—the song  
My Mother used to sing!"

He had roamed through many a burning  
O'er many a frozen shore; [clime,  
And heard, on many a bloody field,  
The battle thunders roar;  
But, all unchanged, within his heart,  
Still holy memories sprung—  
"Sing me the song I sung of old—  
The song my mother sung!" G. T. S.

## ELBANA, THE MEXICAN BEAUTY.

BY CLOE,

[Authoress of "The Redeemed Handkerchief"]

[Continued from page 469.]

She remained in an unconscious state all night, McAdams watching the return of reason with intense anxiety. It was late in the forenoon when she awoke from the stupor of unconsciousness. McAdams was bending over her, his face bleached with alarm. At sight of him, she remembered the conflict, and again closed her eyes to shut out the horrible vision.

"Elbana, open your eyes, and in mercy forgive me. I have most shamefully imposed upon you." Taking her hands in his, he pressed them to his lips, and wept his first tears since boyhood.

"Do not weep, McAdams, I forgive you, but—"

"May my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth, if I ever offer you another insult." Grasping his hand in joyful delight, a flood of tears relieved her almost bursting heart, as she replied:

"God help you, in your repentance, is the prayer of Elbana."

"You have conquered me, Elbana; now I will protect your innocence with my life. Happy is Alfred Bruner in possessing such devoted affection—an affection that I would give worlds to possess. Should he ever prove false to you, will you remember McAdams?"

"Do not press this subject further, I pray you; my brain is almost on fire."

Kissing her hand, he turned sorrowfully away, and prepared for another day's travel. Neither had any appetite that morning for breakfast.

A long and tiresome day's journey brought them to San Pedro. McAdams' heart was ill at ease, for he loved Elbana almost to madness. His hands were imbrued in her father's blood, and he would have given worlds to have blotted out

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from his memory the fatal results of his trip to Montes Valley; but it could not be, his conscience was not as flexible as he had imagined it. His mental sufferings were pressing upon him, and impairing his health, for he awoke the next morning after his arrival in San Pedro, with a severe pain in the head—his breakfast was untouched. As Elbana entered his room to enquire if he intended traveling on, that day, he replied:

"No, I think not, to-day, as I feel quite unwell."

"Try a cup of coffee, perhaps you will feel better after it."

"No, I think not; I need rest; a quiet day or two will, perhaps, effect a cure." But no, he rapidly grew worse.

For three weeks Elbana watched by the bedside of McAdams, tending him with sisterly care. In moments of delirium he talked wildly of his unrequited love, his despair of happiness, his being lost, irretrievably lost. Thus raving, he sank into a deep sleep, and, his fever cooling, it was evident his disease had passed the fatal crisis. He was better. He awoke to consciousness, but so weak as to be unable scarcely to raise his head. Elbana put her finger on his lips, forbidding him to speak. He smiled; and again his eyes were closed in sleep. Again he stirred. Raising his head with her hand, she gave him some nourishing soup, smoothed his pillow, and wiped his feverish brow. Her kind attentions, and the remembrance of his attacks upon her unprotected womanhood, caused him an agonizing groan.

"Are you worse, my dear friend?" kindly enquired Elbana.

"No, Elbana, but my unkindness to you is killing me."

"Think no more of that, I beseech you. I look upon you now as a dear brother."

"It is very kind of you, my dear Elbana; it is a balm indeed to my wounded spirit."

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## MY MOTHER SANG.

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thunders roar;  
anged, with his heart,  
memories spring—  
e song I sung of old—  
my mother sang!" G. T. S.

Her unwearied attentions to his every want, soon restored him to convalescence. With feelings of pleasure she saw him able to take a short morning walk, and tiring of San Pedro they made another start for Monterey; and after a pleasant journey of a few days they arrived, in good health, at this little port, but not liking Monterey, they proceeded to San Francisco. Here, in a first class hotel, they engaged rooms, when McAdams, for the first time, informed Elbana that he had ten thousand dollars of her money in his possession, and subject to her order and disposal.

"You can keep it," was her reply, "and use it, and when I need money I will call on you."

"Very well; I will never abuse your confidence. There is often but little safety in investing money in California, as business is too fluctuating."

"My knowledge of business is very limited, so that I will leave it entirely to your better judgment," replied Elbana.

The conversation was now dropped, and McAdams sallied forth to see if there were any letters for him, as a steamer had arrived the day before. He found three from his mother, each of which informed him that his father was dead, and his presence was much needed at home. His mother was quite infirm. Deciding at once to obey his mother's call, he sought Elbana, to inform her of his plan, and suggested, "you could not be more pleasantly employed than to accompany me, as you have but little idea of American life; in four days the steamer leaves for New York; will you go?"

Tears glistened in her lovely eyes as she replied, "You seem to be my only friend; yet, perhaps we had better separate."

"No, Elbana, I understand you; I can as well control my feelings in your presence as in your absence. Come, you have no excuse."

Upon consideration, she concluded that, as she was friendless and alone, no better step could be taken. Packing her trunks, she was ready for the voyage. The steamer safely carried them to New York. Elbana was both pleased and surprised at all she saw. They stopped but a short time in the city, as McAdams was anxious to see his mother.

It was a beautiful day in April, when our travelers arrived at the venerable old homestead of Mrs. McAdams, near Charleston, Virginia. The old lady was sitting in her large rocking-chair, reading a California paper, to see if possibly she might see her son's name mentioned, when one of the servants, whose name was Rose, called out:

"Oh! missus, dare is visitors a comin'."

"Who can they be, Rose?"

"Oh! missus, I don't know."

"There is the bell, go and admit them."

Rose did not recognize her young master; the old lady rose to meet them—"Mother, don't you know me?" cried McAdams, taking her in his arms.

"Oh! my son, my son. Thank God, my eyes again behold you; but, who is this that you have brought with you, John—is it your wife?"

"No, mother, I am not so fortunate. Miss Miramontes, let me present you to my mother."

The old lady kissed her a hearty welcome to Virginia, as she listened to her history, while McAdams went in search of the negroes, to catch the welcome given by their bright eyes and dark faces. "Massa John! Massa John!" was shouted in glad glee. Hoping to give them a merry holiday, "Massa John" distributed the presents among them, that he had brought, as he had remembered each one individually.

"Who is dat young lady, Massa John?" asked all at once.

"A young Spanish Queen," he replied, "who comes with me to see our country."



"De laws a marcy," they delightedly cried out, "neber seed a Spanish Queen afore; she is white as you is, Massa John."

"Yes, Rose, and a great deal whiter. You must all be very kind to her; and Ann, you must be her waiting maid."

"Lor, Massa John, can she talk so I can tell what she says?"

"Oh, yes. Now prepare for her a nice room."

We will now leave Elbana and "Massa John" with the old lady, while we take a look at another party.

Alfred Bruner, after parting with Miramontes and Mr. Bullard, in San Francisco, took passage on the steamer for New York, having his brother's remains with him. Arriving at that city, his father and mother were plunged in the deepest of grief; tears, bitter and sad, were shed for the fate of the unfortunate son and brother.

The funeral at length was over, but everything appeared changed; instead of the happy joke and cheerful laugh, sobs and tears had taken their place. Alfred had not the heart to leave his bereaved parents until their grief had somewhat subsided. Weeks wore away, and still they mourned. His father's sorrowing grief made sad havoc upon his effeminate constitution, and a visit to Saratoga Springs was recommended, but the water did not effect a cure. Now they concluded to try the efficacy of traveling through the western States, all of which interested the old gentleman very much.

A year had elapsed since they left the city of New York. Alfred remembered, continually, his promise to Elbana with painful anxiety. He had written many letters, but it was doubtful whether she ever received them. He once mentioned to his father his desire of returning to California, and it shocked the old gentleman's nerves to such a degree that Alfred

dared not press the subject, while his father's health was in such a precarious condition, although the year had expired that was to see him at Montes Valley. Still, he could not leave. Time kept stealing away, month by month, until another year had almost fled. No answer to his letters was ever received. One day he was sitting in front of a favorite hotel, after the arrival of a California steamer, engaged in reading a San Francisco paper, when, to his surprise, the following dialogue took place: "Did you come on the last steamer, Hogan?" "Yes, and a rough old time we have had of it." "Why, what was the matter?" "A perfect hurricane was blowing, ever since we left the Isthmus; and, with my lame leg, walking was out of the question, so that I sat enough to hatch forty broods of goslings." "Your lame leg, Hogan, how comes that?" "Oh, when I was with Captain McAdams we had a skirmish with a robber, a Mexican named Miramontes, (the deceitful imp), and if it had not been for the warning of a Mr. Bullard, we should all have been killed."

The paper dropped from Alfred's hand, as he looked up and addressed the speaker, "Will you be so kind, sir, as to relate minutely all the circumstances of your adventure, in the skirmish you have just mentioned?"

"Yes, certainly, but let's have a cocktail, boys, before I begin, as I hate a dry throat."

Alfred ordered the liquors. Hogan, after draining the glass, related all the particulars of the fight at Montes Valley, with a full account of the death of Miramontes, and their return; also of Mr. Bullard's death, and of Elbana's accompanying McAdams; of his being in love with the Spanish beauty; with the reasons for the four hunters leaving McAdams, to engage with Dave Simmons, and concluded by saying: "Back we went to Montes Valley; we found the house al-

most deserted; strung up two Greasers for crow bait; made two more of the chocolate colored cusses tell us where they had driven Bruner's cattle, and where, after arriving among them, we found over three thousand head, with his brand on them; there were about as many more, and we drove them off also—wasn't that getting cattle cheap? Well, when we reached San Francisco, Dave sold them all, offering us only our wages, saying that he was going to find Bruner and pay him for his cattle; and, likewise, that the other cattle belonged to the Spanish gal, the robber's daughter. But we raised a particular rumpus, and he gave us our wages and fifty head of cattle each."

"Do you know what became of the robber's daughter?"

"No, not exactly; but I think that devil, McAdams, has her for his mistress."

Alfred called for another drink, as he enquired, "Where is McAdams, now?"

"Oh, at home, in Virginia."

"Are you sure, Mr. Hogan, that the young lady accompanied McAdams to Virginia?"

"Yes; I found out at San Francisco that they left on the same steamer, and I don't know what else could take her there."

Had Hogan thrust a knife into Alfred's heart, he could not have produced a more severe pain; the cold sweat stood in large drops on his noble and intellectual forehead.

"What's the matter, stranger?" Hogan exclaimed, as he saw the emotion of Alfred.

"Nothing, much. I am Alfred Bruner; it was my brother that was killed, and my cattle that were stampeded."

"Can it be possible? Give us your hand, old fellow; you go immediately and make that Dave Simmons pay you for your cattle."

"Where is he, Mr. Hogan?"

"At the Astor House. God bless you, if you will go with me, Mr. Bruner, I'll introduce him to you."

"Come, then," said Alfred; and they jumped into a cab and drove to the Astor House. There sat Simmons, carelessly smoking his Havana.

"Here yet, Hogan?" he good-naturedly enquired.

"Yes, and let me introduce you to Mr. Alfred Bruner."

"Mr. Bruner! it gives me great pleasure, indeed, to find you so soon," and honest Dave immediately adverted to the cattle subject, offering Mr. Bruner the sum total of what he had received for the whole drove; but Alfred handed the noble Simmons back one half of the entire proceeds.

"No, Bruner, this is too much; I can not conscientiously take all this."

"It is your just due, my dear sir; say no more about it. And here, Hogan, are a few seeds for your trouble," and a purse well filled with the yellow metal was handed to him.

"Where did you say McAdams lives, Hogan?"

"Some where near Charleston, Virginia."

Wishing them good afternoon, Alfred was about to leave, when Dave Simmons called out to him: "I am going to visit McAdams, to see if I can find out where that Spanish girl is, as I have money of hers, and she may need it; shall I remember you to her?"

"When are you going?"

"I think of starting in the morning, on the 10 o'clock cars, for Washington."

"Mr. Simmons," said Alfred, "when you find McAdams, ascertain whether or not Elbana is living with him in disgrace; inform me of her exact position with him, and you will confer a favor on me that I shall ever remember with gratitude."

Simmons looked astonished. "I will most willingly grant the favor that you

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ask, but I think you wrong that pretty lass, by thinking her guilty of such things, for she looked the picture of innocence when I last saw her; and McAdams ought to be banished from society, if he has not married her."

Alfred could not reply; his heart was too full, from the conviction that his every hope seemed blasted. He at length said: "Farewell, Simmons, till I hear from you."

Alfred returned home, sick at heart, while Mr. Simmons was rolling away towards Charleston.

[Concluded next month.]

THE FALLS OF THE YO-HAMITE.

Night! night upon the hills!

Darkness upon the shore!

The mountain winds went moaning by—

The traveler laid him down to die,

By the torrent's thundering roar!

"Must I perish here alone?

Without one pitying eye?

While near me the torrent hurls its foam,

And the red wolf howls from its mountain

And the moaning winds go by! [home,

Must I perish here alone,

With none to hear or see?—

E'en now for me my children wait,

And my wife looks out at the cottage gate,

At eventide for me.

Oh! for one cry, to rise

O'er torrent roar and blast!

One prayer, to pierce the midnight sky,

Up to the ear of God on high,

My mightiest, and my last!"

Darkness had left the hills,

The red wolf sought his lair; [by,

And the mountain stream went sounding

But it only flashed on the sunken eye

Of a silent sleeper there.

G. T. S.

GEORGE SOMERVILLE.

BY ORDELLE C. HOWK.

CHAPTER I.

I saw her and I loved her;

I sought her and I won;

A dozen pleasant summers,

And more, since then have run

And half as many voices,

Now prattling by her side,

Remind me of the autumn

When she became my bride.

T. Macketta.

TWELVE years ago last fall, when the autumn wind was strewing the earth with red and yellow leaves, and decay was writing its annual mandate upon the vegetable kingdom, there was a wedding in an old, dilapidated house, on one of the back streets of St. Louis. As with many other weddings, the great pulse of creation throbbed on, as ever, and the great world outside sneered and laughed, as usual, as though they knew nothing, and cared less, for the connubial felicity of George Somerville and Ilda Parsons. Their love, and their domestic paradise, was only such as hundreds have felt and enjoyed before; so there was nothing very singular in the whole affair.

Young Somerville was captain, and part owner, of the Highland Mary, which made her regular trips between Louisville and St. Louis—which city, every Missourian in christendom may be justly proud of. Before Ilda Parsons could remember, her father, who boasted of belonging to an aristocratic English family, had paid the last debt of nature, and from that sad event forward, all the money the widowed mother could save, by doing odd jobs of sewing, and by taking boarders by the week, was grudgingly given to educate her only child, who, by a near relative's request, was taken to Louisville; where a goodly share of fastidious airs, and boarding-school attractions, were indiscriminately lavished upon a poor girl who had nothing in the

wide world to recommend her but an easy, winning manner, an amiable disposition, and a handsome face.

George Somerville saw her passing and repassing, from time to time, on the boat, during vacation weeks, and very naturally fell in love—desperately in love—with the blue eyes and golden curls which belonged to the beautiful Ilda. Being very artless, she had never once thought of a marriage alliance with any one out of her own sphere. And when George—the noble, self-sacrificing George—asked her tenderly, and frankly, to be Mrs. George Somerville, like a sensible girl she consented, without any *ifs* or *buts*; and who could blame her for doing so, as she could sit by the hearthstone, and help to bear the joys and sorrows of a great heart that loved her.

Ilda Parsons resembled her father in features, which long ago, had been considered the beau-ideal of a vigorous and sprightly manhood; and one would have thought her a sylph—a woodland nymph—beside her mother, Maggie Parsons, who was built after the Meg Merrilies pattern, a long, gaunt, bony, masculine specimen of womanhood. She always wore her faded hair short, crisped, and uncombed as it was, under a black cap. Her selfish heart corresponded exactly with her rough and uninviting exterior. The "almighty dollar" that Washington Irving talked so much about, was the only friend she loved in this world, and which grew brighter and larger as she descended the plane of life. The pearls of her affection were laid upon the altar of Mammon; and the god of riches never had a more zealous devotee than old Maggie Parsons. Her yellowish gray eyes lost some of their cat-like expression, and beamed more softly upon her child than any other living object, and her naturally harsh, shrill voice, softened down to a rich mellow cadence as she said, "Ilda, darling," and no one could

quiet old Maggie, in her passionate fits, like her "ain born." But who could wonder at Ilda's ascendancy over her parent, when they saw her purity and loveliness? How could vice and sin thrive amid so much that was lovely and pure?

I remember Ilda as I saw her in 1846,—not as I know her now. She was slightly below the medium height, and as plump as an apple; the wavy tresses of her rich golden hair, partly covered a sweetly fascinating face, as beautiful as a Helen's or a Haidee's; her eyes, half hidden by her gleaming curls, were the rich color of a light double lark-spur, or the bright blue vault of heaven. There was a passive languishment in the dropping lids that made you love Ilda Parsons in spite of yourself. Her cheeks wore the rich tinge of a ripened peach, which rounded, gradually, till they met with a fascinating dimple at the chin; and this was *double*—which nearly all good natured people have. A placid smile just parted two twin lips, as red as the blush of innocence; and when she walked two small feet were seen peeping from beneath the ample folds of her dress, and her chubby yet tapering hands looked white and fat: while Maggie's arms looked thin and emaciated, and red at the elbow; and Maggie's face wore the hue of a rusty coated apple, with deep lines of care and avarice drawn about her mouth and forehead. Though there existed no similarity of appearance or taste between them, yet, like a sweet girl, Ilda loved her mother; while others turned away from her with aversion. I have thus sketched Ilda's portrait and described all but her voice—which was as soft and as sweet as a blue bird's song; its music, as in days ago, yet lingers in the oratorios of my soul like an angel's vesper from paradise.

When George Somerville married Ilda, he removed his sweet wife and her mother to a more respectable and commodious dwelling than the old one, and where Ilda

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planted flowers, which the gladness-giving sunlight matured into little buds of promise. The cglantine twined itself round about the door-way, and ran riot over the white casements of their snug little parlor.

Every body thought the Somervilles well to do in the world, and happy, and so they were; but a change came in their affairs, and George Somerville, in one night, when the Mississippi was swelling its banks with its spring floods, and carrying every impediment before it, lost all his hard earnings. The Highland Mary, freighted with a cargo of human lives and rich merchandise, struck a snag which lay like a water demon beneath the surface of the hurrying current, and the little craft went down before proper assistance arrived, and all was lost save the passengers, who floated ashore upon fragments of the ill-fated vessel.

George bore these heavy losses like a man with iron nerves, and in the spring of 1850 he suggested to Ilda the idea of going to California, where, by industry and rigid economy they might repair their shattered fortunes; and with the spirit of adventure urging him forward, he wished to see that spot which was alike attracting the wonder of the old and new worlds. Old Maggie rejoiced at the prospect, as she considered it the right kind of a place in which to drive a good bargain; besides sewing and boarding were lucrative pastimes, and just in her line of business, and as she was very strong, in her imagination, as well as her body, she eagerly clutched large bags filled with the glittering dust. Golden visions filled her dreams by day and by night; so, accordingly, Ilda Somerville and her two little girls, with indispensable Maggie, turned their faces toward California, the Mecca of their future hopes.

CHAPTER II.

Gold! gold! in all eyes the curse of mankind,  
Thy fetters are forged for the soul and the mind,  
The limbs may be free as the wings of a bird,

And the mind be the slave of a look and a word,  
To gain thee, men barter eternity's crown,  
Yield honor, affection, and lasting renown.

Park Benjamin.

After toiling in dust and heat, and traveling through some of the most enchanting scenery in the world, George Somerville, with his two little girls, his wife, and her mother, arrived safely at Marysville, Yuba county, California.

The reader who in that year journeyed from Marysville to Nevada, will doubtless remember a canvas tent that stood by the road-side, about two miles above the city, near the banks of the Yuba, that was used as a wayside groggery. Old Maggie Parsons kept that institution, and dealt out poison without license from God or man. In this young Pandemonium, while on their way above, gamblers and others would take their brandy smashes and mid-day *siestas*, and sometimes pass both day and night at the gaming-table in Maggie's tent. In those days, most people gambled more or less; it was the prevailing fashion of the day; many preferring such roads to wealth or poverty, (oftener the latter,) to the hard work of mining in the mountains, through heat, and cold, and rain, for the hidden treasure; and any man who dared to offer a remonstrance to this favorite pastime, was laughed at, and gratuitously advised to procure a "boiled shirt," and turn to preaching.

Gamblers, merchants, jewelers, drivers of pack trains; and numerous other travelers going to and coming from the mines, stopped at Maggie's stand to take a glass. The old lady was doing a smashing business, and many a fight and drunken brawl was seen and heard in front of Maggie's liquor stand.

George Somerville, possessing a fine, high-minded, gentlemanly nature, disdained such a mode of living. He disliked the bragadocio, swearing, and the constant fumes of tobacco and whiskey; and moreover, his energies were rusting



out while leading such a life of inactivity. He had heard of the wondrous yield of gold in the northern mines, and felt that he could not be satisfied until he had taken a hand in such a game of chance as mining was said to be. The free and glorious life of a mountaineer, the pure invigorating air of the snow-covered hills, all had their strange fascination for him. It was not George Somerville's nature to wait for dead men's shoes, or sit quietly down for Plenty to empty her horn of treasures into his lap.

One night he went quietly into Ilda's room, which was situated in one of the remotest corners of their cloth house; (even there, away from the riotous bar-room, the bacchanal song and drunken orgies disturbed the domestic quietude of every inmate) and sat down, leaning his forehead in the open palm of his hand, to indulge in some golden fancy or gloomy reverie, when Ilda glided like a sprite into the room, and wound her dimpled arms about his neck; her golden ringlets falling over his face and shoulders, while her warm red lips met his; and she rallied him lovingly about "the blues;" and administered a smart slap on his shoulder, as she said, in a rich, gay tone of voice:

"George! what on earth are you sitting here dreaming about in this hubbub? Why these little witches have turned the room upside down, and are making as much noise as though they were the chief mourners at a Digger's funeral."

Catching Kate, the eldest, she playfully threw her upon the bed, and then held little Nina's hands while she nearly smothered her with kisses; Nina struggled to get away. Ilda in the exuberance of her joy, clasped her two dainty hands and laughed such a young, girlish laugh, that George thought her again his beautiful Ilda in the cabin of the "Highland Mary" instead of the Ilda in the cloth house by the way-side, and the mother of his two

romping girls. He half regretted that he had made up his mind to be a gold hunter; yet, on the morrow, he must start for the mines; and how to trust himself to break the truth to them he knew not; but the sacrifice must be made; Ilda and her fragile babes must never toil; he loved them too well; he had rather his hands were like horn than to see Ilda's soiled by helping old Maggie cook for a dozen boarders; who by this time had taken lodging in the cloth pavilion. He bent his eyes searchingly upon Ilda; he had never seen her look so beautiful before, and how constant and loving she had always been; not a cross word or look had ever passed between them; she had been his only adviser; and how pure and innocent the dear little group looked to him, now dearer than ever when about to part; and what if Ilda, when he became a miner, should forget him, and with her girlish beauty love somebody else? No! what a preposterous and unworthy idea; he was wronging himself and his idol by a thought so sacrilegious.

"Kate," said George, "to care for his little darlings, shall papa go and be a miner and bring back gold for mamma and little Kate and Nina? Nina can have dolls, and picture books, and she will not cry as she sometimes does now, because papa is poor and cannot buy the little fairy candy, plenty of dolls, and nuts, and raisins." Ilda looked up and saw the manly features of her husband. Nina clung to him, and said, "oh! papa, dear mamma would cry; nobody would love her when you were gone away; and who would tell her pretty stories after she had gone to bed." He then soothingly told Ilda that he intended to start early in the morning for Downieville, and that he had already engaged a pack train to carry his blankets; she must try to reconcile herself for awhile to the separation, as it was necessary; and this was the first and last separation they should ever know. Ilda

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could take care of the girls and help her mother 'till he sent her down some money in the fall; then by and by he would come down with several thousand dollars, as the diggings were rich up north. Then they would buy a good ranch, where they could all live comfortably again, and be happy.

Ilda was finally reasoned into his belief, though that night she had strange misgivings with regard to the propriety of leaving her unprotected in such a community as that, and wept herself to sleep upon his bosom.

The next morning, the sad good-byes were said, and farewell kisses given. Ni-

na and Kate were yet sleeping, and George wondered, as he fondly gazed upon them, if he should know the little gipsys when he returned; they would grow so fast. With the promise of sending down his earnings, George was watched out of sight, through burning tears, by Ilda, who was then tasting the deepest grief her heart had ever known. O! George Somerville, better had you remained at home and protected your little household from temptation, and still have been poor, than listened to the golden siren that lured thee to the mountains to await thy doom.

[Concluded next month.]

## Our Social Chair.

**T**HE Home and Social circle with their sacred and jovial greetings and happy thought-exchanges are the great civilizers of the world. Their absence in California have been her most potent bane, —their introduction in later years, her most glorious antidote. Gold has been gathered in fortune-making heaps, and scattered in vice-producing wantonness; owing to the absence of these. Heart-burnings and strugglings, toiling and sweatings for the precious metal have been unrewarded when the goal of happiness, for which they have been borne, has not been reached by their hoped for possession.

Good manners teach us that all business subjects should be carefully excluded from the social circle; and love for its endearing and cheery relief from business cares should make us most cordially to endorse the sentiment.

When we enter a circle, it is well for us to remember that we have to contribute our share to the social repast. To go to be amused without seeking to return the favor, smacks of selfish thoughtlessness. Let us give as well as receive, remember-

ing the scriptural aphorism, that "it is more blessed to give than to receive."

Through the exercise of this principle by some of our kind friends, we are enabled to present the following to the readers of Our Social Chair.

DEAR SOCIAL CHAIR: As you recently expressed to me a wish to hear some of the (what shall I call them, curious or ludicrous?) incidents that sometimes will happen, even in the gloomy life of an undertaker, I will briefly note down a few.

One day a gentleman called at our office saying that "a connection of his had just expired," and ordered a coffin to be prepared, and, in the evening, sent home; at the same time giving directions for the funeral obsequies which were to be performed the following day. As he had left the measure of the body for whom the coffin was intended, we had no cause to go to the house until the coffin was taken there, and which was attended to that evening. To our astonishment, we then and there found that a well known Doctor had been called in to witness her last mo-

ments and sign a certificate, and who, by administering restoratives, had managed to keep her alive.

Of course the coffin was carried away again; and the next day disposed of to another party, and one more prepared for the lady. A call at the house in the evening showed us that she was still alive; and the second coffin was again disposed of, and another one prepared, which also met the same fate. For six days, successively, we prepared each day a coffin for the old lady, and each time to find that she was not yet dead; and the article sold to some other customer.

The seventh day, however, and which in this case, was the Sabbath, the gentleman came in again, and told us that during the night she had finally died, at the same time requesting us to have another coffin made, and a plate engraved, with her name, age, date of death, &c., upon it. This was accordingly done, and the certificate filled out, with the exception of the Doctor's name, which was then unknown to us.

Late that afternoon I saw the Doctor, and requested him to sign his name to the certificate. Imagine my surprise when he told me that he had just come from the house and had left her still alive. There was the coffin, with a fine silver plate upon it, stating she had died that day, &c., and there was the Doctor who persisted in declaring that she was not yet dead; and moreover, that he was going again that afternoon to see her, and had strong hopes (not of saving her life exactly, as that was impossible,) of deferring her death for some days yet.

I now saw that prompt measures must be at once taken, and immediately invited the worthy "M. D." to dinner; and where over roast turkey and its accompaniments, aided a little by some genuine Otard, the visit was forgotten, and at a few minutes to twelve that night,—barely in time to save the coffin-plate,—she finally expired.

This is a true tale; but, lest you should feel in any way shocked at what might seem a lack of consideration on our part, I

will explain that at no time could any but a doctor tell that there was yet life in the body.

At another time a Chinaman came in, telling us that a "John" had died, and wished a coffin immediately. A couple of men accordingly took one to the house, and on entering the room where the defunct John was (in this case) *living*, prepared to place him in his last abode.

They had scarcely touched him when, with a "ugh-hi-wah," John jumped up, of course to the astonishment of the men, and utter consternation of the Johns. Of course the coffin was carried away again, and a gentle admonition given to John to make sure of the fact the next time; but they had scarcely returned to the office, when down came a message from them that "Chinaman keep dead this time," which proved to be the case.

In my next I will give you the particulars of the apparently dead coming to life again, together with the only infallible rule to ascertain if life yet exists in the body.

S. P. O.

ONE of the coolest items for a warm subject that we have lately seen, and which is altogether too good to be lost, is from the *San Jose Tribune*; and is well worthy a place in this or any other Chair.

Rev. Moses Clampit, an eccentric preacher of the Methodist church, south, was preaching in Santa Clara valley; a young man rose to go out, and the preacher said: "Young man, if you'd rather go to hell than hear me preach, you may go!" The sinner stopped and reflected a moment, and saying, respectfully, "Well, I believe I would!" went on.

Born within and without the halls of legislation in this State, our readers are aware, there has been a large amount of agitation, during the past month, for and against a Bulkhead or sea-wall for the city of San Francisco; also, that several heavy storms have, at different periods during the past winter, half-deluged districts that for eight months out of twelve are perfectly dry. Among the latter must be includ-

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Maniposa Gazette.—

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(Herald, March 17.)

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ed Mariposa Creek. Now, if the reader who has never visited that locality will put the above facts together, he can appreciate and laugh at the following, from the *Mariposa Gazette*:—

**THE BULKHEAD.**—We must have a Bulkhead. The mind stands paralyzed—astounded—at the audacity and wickedness of any honest citizen who could stand upon the bank of our noble river on Tuesday morning last, and seriously oppose such an institution. "It would be an unparalleled piece of unmitigated effrontery." (*Herald*, March 17.)

The many beautiful gardens which enamel the borders of our majestic *Creek* are being washed away; once flourishing fields of cabbages and onions are being cut off in their young innocence by the muddy and encroaching tide. A fleet of *sluice-boxes* was seen madly dashing down the turbulent waters at the rate of ten knots, with a band of frantic and bewildered Chinamen in full pursuit, their tails streaming wildly in the opium-scented air. A disconsolate cow was standing upon an island of *tailings* in the midst of the tossing billows, and surveying the terrific scene around her with cowardly and Crusoe-like resignation. And we much fear that our absent principal will "fail to connect" for some days yet; for we all know his repugnance to *taking water*, and his naturally *dry humor*. But what is the cause of all this suffering—this heart-rending catalogue of woes? Why, simply the absence of a suitable "Bulkhead" along our water-front. If we cannot have the Pacific Railroad, give us, O! give us a *Bulkhead*; and we hope to see the day when our oppressed but lovely city will be the Queen of Commerce upon the Mariposa.

In connection with this Bulkhead question, we take occasion to congratulate our mining and agricultural friends on the bright prospects which a real forty-eight hours steady and copious rain has opened to them, and through them to the *short* public generally. Even we, as we snugly ensconced ourself under our virtuous and semi-editorial blankets, and listened to the merry music of the rain-drops upon our humble shingles, dared to indulge in ecstatic visions of new and gorgeous apparel.

We offered our thanks to heaven for its grateful dispensation, and with a sincere prayer for the success (pecuniary, especially,) of our patrons, passed quietly into the land of Nod, and dreamed that Holmes had got home with a beautiful—*new hat*.

Now, fellow-citizens, as to this Bulkhead—but no more on that *head*.

The *Placerville Observer* thus amusingly discourseth on the same theme:

**WE'VE STRUCK IT.**—After a vast deal of serious reflection upon the Bulkhead question, we have at length hit upon a plan which cannot fail to meet with general approbation. Our plan is simply this: Let the Legislature send down a committee with instructions to inquire into the practicability of building a sea-wall across the Golden Gate, or entrance to the Bay of San Francisco. Let the wall be built upon the mouse-trap principle, so that everything may float in, and nothing escape out again. The benefits which will accrue from such an enterprise will be of incalculable value not only to San Francisco, but to the State at large. In the first place, the wall will dam in the waters of the Bay, and thus deepen the soundings around the wharves; in the next place, it will materially affect the price of water-lots, and secure the city front in its present picturesque condition; and, above all, it will keep millions of dollars and thousands of people from leaving the State, and of course this will make us all rich in a very short time. Then dam the Golden Gate.

We shall not now discuss the question, interesting as it might prove, whether woman or whisky is the most potent and intoxicating; certain it is that both have their influences on peculiar natures—especially the latter named—and have elected many men to office in this State, as in many others. *The Trinity Journal*, after giving the result of a recent election of city officers in Marysville, thus good-humoredly accounts for the success of the presiding magistrate:

"We believe that a couple of pretty daughters elected Mayor Singer over one of the best of Marysville men."

Another question might naturally arise from this (and we throw out these hints for the benefit of Lyceums) whether the latter or the former is the most desirable of the two "evils?"

The following from the *Placerville Observer* tells its own story:—

Nearly a year ago, T. Hodge, of Coon Hollow, buried a junk bottle containing 55 ounces of gold dust. Subsequently he went to the place for the purpose of ex-

huming his hidden treasure, but to his great astonishment and mortification it had disappeared and was no where to be found. After an immense deal of useless digging, Hodge at length gave it up for lost, and in a fit of disgust went off for Fraser river. In that adventure he was again doomed to disappointment, and after going through the usual vicissitudes of the elephant hunter he finally made his way back to Coon Hollow. On Saturday last a youth named Van Logan was prospecting in the vicinity of Mr. Hodge's old claim, when lo! the long lost bottle of gold was dug from its hiding place. The honest lad did not even touch the bottle until he posted off to tell Hodge of the discovery; nor would he accept a magnificent present which the owner generously offered him. Such honesty is almost unparalleled in these degenerate times, and henceforth, the name of Van Logan should be the synonym for manly virtue.

#### Dramatic.

During the past month but little change has taken place in this department that is worthy of mention. Antiquated pieces, worn perfectly thread-bare by perpetual use, have been performed to thin houses.

Theatrical managers must either be destitute of professional invention, or lamentably deficient in their appreciation of public taste, or they would be better up to their parts and present some new pieces that would be worthy of the liberal patronage of the public.

Mrs. Wood closed the American—the best theater in the State—on the 9th, owing to some misunderstanding with Mr. Collins, the delineator of Irish character.

Maguire's Opera House was closed for alterations, during a portion of the month and opened on the 21st ult. with Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Baker, Mr. Stark, Mrs. Judah, and the usual stock company; which, with three or four exceptions, is one of the poorest in the State, and requires careful pruning by the manager.

Several new plays are on the tapis, among which is "Our American Cousin;" concerning these we shall have something to say in our next.

#### The Fashions.

THE "Pattern Bonnets," minutely described in our last number, we are happy to say have been accepted. Fashion's self (capricious jade!) cannot change them for the next three months.

In shape they vary little from what is known as the Marie Stuart style; having soft puffed crowns, puffed brims, pointed and nearly flat on the top, and very open at the sides."

The above repetition is for the benefit of any who were not fortunate enough to receive our April number, and from those who were we respectfully solicit a "good mark" for being one month in advance of any other publisher of fashions on the Pacific Coast. Indeed, the New York Magazines—especially Harper's, and the Ladies' American—tell us nothing new, or that we did not tell you a month ago.

The most becoming style of wearing the hair with the new-shaped bonnet is curls, or braided on the temples.

The Bloomer Hat will be as popular as ever for the watering-places.

#### Head-Dresses.

No article of the toilet is so "fancy free" as head-dresses; only wear something; let it be feathers, flowers, or ribbon, or all three combined. No dress is complete without one, for morning or evening.

#### For Dress Material.

See the fashionable black "taffeta silk," 60 inches wide, at \$7 and \$10 per yard. Four to five yards is sufficient for a dress. Stewart charges the same as first-class houses in this State.

In our next, we will speak of mantles, and children's toilet, both boys and girls. Any information that may be omitted here, on the subject of fashions, owing to a necessary brevity, will be furnished to country subscribers, by addressing "Fashions Department," care of Hutchings' California Magazine, San Francisco.

#### Monthly Record.

There is reported to be called for deposits in the Branch Mint, that has since 1854.

During the few last rivers of the State were previous time since 1854.

An American journal at Tubac, Arizona, *Arizona*.

A new post office at Antonio, Monterey county.

A large number of discharged at the Island, owing to the make appropriations.

The ladies of Pinelago in Sierra county in favor of the when \$230 were raised through Mrs. William for California.

The State Legislature the 26th to the 29th pose of visiting with reference to the ital from Sacramento.

The White Sulphur county, was destroyed Loss, \$65,000. Ins being rapidly rebuilt.

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The largest and exhibition ever place at Musical the superintended Mrs. A. A. Haskett.

A semi-weekly *City Sun* made city on the 1st.

An exhibition place at Petaluma.

Seven persons wounded on the



## Monthly Record of Current Events.

There is reported to be \$313,600 of uncalled for deposits in the San Francisco Branch Mint, that have been accumulating since 1854.

During the few last days of March the rivers of the State were higher than at any previous time since 1852 and '53.

An American journal has been started at Tubac, Arizona, under the title of the *Arizonian*.

A new post office was established at San Antonio, Monterey county.

A large number of workmen have been discharged at the Government works, Mare Island, owing to the failure of Congress to make appropriations.

The ladies of Pine Grove, a mining village in Sierra county, gave a donation party in favor of the Mount Vernon Fund, when \$230 were realized, and forwarded through Mrs. Williams to the Vice Regent for California.

The State Legislature adjourned from the 26th to the 29th of March for the purpose of visiting and examining Oakland with reference to the removal of the Capital from Sacramento to that city.

The White Sulphur Springs Hotel, Napa county, was destroyed by fire March 31st. Loss, \$65,000. Insured for \$50,000. It is being rapidly rebuilt.

A flock of 65,000 sheep arrived at Monterey, from New Mexico.

A difficulty having been experienced to make up a full crew on board of the clipper ship *Adelaide*, the practice of drugging and kidnapping sailors was resorted to.

A contract for the construction of a road from Napa City to Clear Lake Cañon, was given to J. W. Walmer, at \$5,000.

J. Y. McDuffie, the newly appointed Superintendent of Indian affairs for California, in the place of T. J. Henley, arrived on the 30th of March.

The largest and most successful school exhibition ever given in Petaluma took place at Musical Hall on the 1st ult., under the superintendence of Mr. and Mrs. Varney Mrs. A. A. Haskeil.

A semi-weekly paper entitled "*The Napa City Sun*" made its first appearance in that city on the 1st.

An exhibition of blooded horses took place at Petaluma on the 2nd.

Seven persons were killed and a number wounded on the 3d ult. by the explosion of

the boiler of the *Contra Costa* ferry boat, while running between San Francisco and Oakland.

The steamship *Golden Age* sailed on the 5th with 803 passengers and \$2,081,765.42 in treasure. Also, the *Uncle Sam* with 775 passengers, but little or no treasure.

The rates of passage to the East on the 5th, by the *Golden Age* were cabin, \$175; Second Cabin, \$100; steerage, \$50. By the *Uncle Sam*, upper saloon, \$200; lower saloon, \$175; second Cabin, \$100; steerage, \$50.

The peach crop has been severely damaged by the frost in several districts of the State.

Some laborers who were engaged in repairing the road near Turner's Saw Mill, Nevada county, says the *Journal*, struck dirt near the surface that paid fifty cents to the pan.

The stage running between Visalia and Hornitos, while crossing Mariposa creek at McDermott's was overturned in the middle of the stream, during the freshet, when the stage was broken to pieces, the mail and express bags lost, and two horses drowned; but the passengers were saved.

The submarine cable of the Alta Telegraph company was successfully laid across the straits of Carquinez, between Martinez and Benicia, on the 8th.

Several of the principal business men of North San Juan entered into an arrangement for closing their stores on Sunday, on and after the 17th ult.

The Napa and Vallejo Telegraph was completed, and is in good working order.

Seventy thousand dollars (less than the product of a couple of weeks in a single county) was brought down by the Brother Jonathan from Fraser river—the savings of the whole fall and winter.

The California Christian Advocate commenced its eighth year on the 8th ult.

A new vein of excellent coal has been discovered in Amador county, which is considered to be inexhaustible.

The first number of the *San Mateo Gazette*, Wm. Godfrey, editor and proprietor, made its appearance at Red Wood City on the 9th.

The corner stone of a new M. E. church, on 6th street, Sacramento city, was laid on the 12th.

The British propeller, "*Forwood*" from Liverpool, after putting in at Vigo, Montevideo, Talcahuana, Lota and Valparaiso, arrived at San Francisco in 140 days.

The Tenth Session of the State Legislature closed at 12 o'clock, on the 19th ult.

Mrs. L. Lovejoy arrived in San Francisco by the Overland stage from St. Louis, on her way to her husband in Yreka, and was the first female passenger.

The Hibernian Savings and Loan Society was formed and organized in San Francisco.

A tri-weekly line of Concord coaches has been established between Red Bluffs and Yreka, to go through in two days.

### Editor's Table.

**H**OWEVER reluctantly an unsuspecting and religiously charitable nature may be disposed to admit the fact, it must nevertheless be patent before all, that a system of blind religious fanaticism is secretly seeking to reestablish in Utah the espionage and murder of the French, Italian and Spanish Inquisitions. The so-called Church of Latter Day Saints has, in the nineteenth century, revived and reenacted the bloody scenes of the Church of Rome from the thirteenth to the eighteenth centuries; and the massacres of Narbonne and of Saint Bartholomew are paralleled at Springville and the Mountain Meadows. God help us.

The soul sickens with indignation and disgust, as the eye runs over the sad catalogue of victims enumerated by Judge Cradlebaugh, of the U. S. 2d Judicial District of Utah Territory, in his charge to the Grand Jury of Provo City, on the 8th of March last.

In a matter of so much importance, and from which so great an issue must result, we feel it our duty to place some portions of the charge before our readers:

I will say to you, gentlemen of the Grand Jury, that from what I learn it has been some time since a court has been held in your district, by a judicial tribunal having cognizance of criminal matters. No person has been brought to punishment for crimes committed, for more than two years. From what the Court learns, crime after crime has been committed.

The Legislature has not given that aid that is desired to enable the courts to do their duty; neither have they provided means to carry on the courts, but, on the contrary, have so legislated as to embarrass and prevent the courts from bringing public offenders to justice. There is no legis-

lative enactment to authorize a justice of the peace, or other committing magistrate, either to commit a prisoner, or to recognize him to appear before this court. Legislation seems to be skilfully drawn, so as to prevent the District Courts from discharging their duties; but, as though it had been insufficient to accomplish that object, we find the late Executive of the Territory joining in the crusade against the Courts, and denouncing the judges, jurors and members of the bar in the vilest terms; that, too, while the Governor was the sworn executive officer of the Territory—sworn to take care that the laws should be faithfully executed. I learn these facts from a sermon of his, published in the Deseret News, the church organ.

I said to you, in the outset, that the commission of a great number of crimes in this district had come to my knowledge. I shall call your attention to a few of them. The perpetrators of these crimes have not been prosecuted. The reason why, I cannot tell. It strikes me, however, that certain outside influences have prevented their prosecution. If you do your duty, you will not neglect to inquire into these matters—nor will you allow the offenders to go unpunished.

I may mention to you the massacre at the Mountain Meadows. In that massacre a whole train was cut off, except a few children who were too young to give evidence in Court. It has been said that this offence was committed by the Indians. In committing such an outrage, Indians would not be so discriminate as to save only such children as would be unable to give testimony of the transaction in a court of justice. In a general slaughter, if any were to be saved by Indians, they would have been most likely those persons who would give less trouble than infants. But the fact is, there were others there engaged in that horrible crime.

A large, organized body of white persons is to be seen leaving Cedar City late in the evening, all armed, traveling in wagons and on horseback, under the guide

and direction of that place. The secret to all but all others the mystery. They ized band from two bands are made to them by regard to their the direction. In two or three turning from them an immense sisting of mules as the spoils of Out of a train persons, fifteen are too young Indians were doubt; but the it by white me

I might give ing white per dictates that I the Chief, Kan amenable to led. The India vision of the s share—that th did not divide them the refus

I will also near here, at Potter and th and Potter, n condition of leave for Calif to leave in th the evening. the south gat Parrishes (at most brutally lad of seven is with then his escape, n his uncle's testimony yo persons who mission of t tell you wh his uncle. the 14th. M. village of n are three p inhuman m whipt of ju

At the s Henry Forb from Califo was also m ter the diffi

and direction of the prominent men of that place. The object of their mission is a secret to all but those engaged in it. To all others the movement is shrouded in mystery. They are met by another organized band from the town of Harmony. The two bands are consolidated. Speeches are made to them by their desperate leaders in regard to their mission. They proceed in the direction of the Mountain Meadows. In two or three days they may be seen returning from that direction, bearing with them an immense amount of property, consisting of mules, horses, cattle and wagons, as the spoils of their nefarious expedition. Out of a train of one hundred and forty persons, fifteen infants alone remain, who are too young to tell the sad story. That Indians were engaged in it there is no doubt; but they were incited to engage in it by white men, worse than demons.

I might give you the names of the leading white persons engaged, but prudence dictates that I should not. It is said that the Chief Kanosh was there. If so, he is amenable to law, and liable to be punished. The Indians complain that in the division of the spoils they did not get their share—that their white brothers in crime did not divide equally with them, but gave them the refuse.

I will also call your attention to a case near here, at Springville—the murders of Potter and the Parrishes. The Parrishes and Potter, not being satisfied with the condition of affairs there, are about to leave for California. Not deeming it safe to leave in the day-time, they start out in the evening. Within a short distance of the south gate of the city wall, two of the Parrishes (father and son), and Potter, are most brutally murdered. Owen Parrish, a lad of seventeen or eighteen years of age, is with them at the time. Owen makes his escape, and succeeds in getting back to his uncle's house in the village. By his testimony you will learn the names of the persons who were identified in the commission of the offence. He will be able to tell you who followed him to the house of his uncle. These murders took place on the 14th March, 1857. Springville is a village of a few hundred inhabitants. Here are three persons butchered in the most inhuman manner, and the criminals go unwhipt of justice.

At the same place, about a year ago, Henry Forbes, a young man who came in from California on his way to the States, was also murdered. He arrived there after the difficulties arose between this com-

munity and the General Government. While there he made his home at Partial Teroy's, and had been there but a week or two, when his horse and revolver were stolen. *Of course that was done by the Indians!* He afterwards made his escape, tried to get over the mountains to Bridger, was caught, brought back, and murdered; and that is the last of Henry Forbes. No investigation was made, and the body has been removed several times since it was first interred, so that its whereabouts probably could not now be discovered. Shortly after the Forbes murder, Teroy trades off his horse, (*which the Indians had stolen!*) for sheep. Forbes is said to have left a wife and two children in the State of Illinois. They may even yet know nothing of his fate.

Henry Jones was also murdered at Pond Town, about a year ago. He was castrated up at Salt Lake City. Having recovered from the effect of it, and gone to Payson, he is there set upon, chased to Pond Town, about three miles distant, and there shot. It is reported that he had committed some sin which is looked upon in the church as unpardonable. His mother was also murdered for some cause. Jones was taken back to Payson, pitched into the house, called a dug-out, in which they had lived, by the side of the murdered body of his mother; and the house pulled down over them for a common tomb, in which both lay buried without coffin or shroud.

There is another matter to which I wish to call your attention. A few days before the murder of the Parrishes and Potter, Parrish's stable was broken into in the night, and his carriage and horses taken out. Two of these horses have never been returned. Lysander Gee, of Tovele City, has these horses. He says that they were brought to him, placed in his possession, and he was directed not to part with them but to keep them at all hazards. Now, does it not look strange that a person should go to Parrish's stable, break it open, rob Mr. Parrish of his horses, take them to Lysander Gee, and tell him to keep them? Does it look reasonable? Is it not more reasonable to suppose that Lysander Gee was himself engaged in committing this outrage?

Here is a case of public notoriety, where the private property of a family is taken; the party taking it with the sanction of the community, and brazenly and boastfully carrying it with him through the Territory. I say, bring that man up; compel him to restore those horses; give back the

property to the widow of the murdered man. Do not allow her to live in poverty, while such scoundrels are driving about with the property of her husband to which she is entitled.

It is not pleasant to talk about crimes that have been committed, but it is my desire that you shall investigate them. My object in particularly calling your attention to these crimes, is, that the responsibility shall be with you, if the offenders are allowed to go unpunished. The Court will do its duty, and the question is, whether you will bring these offenders to trial. I might have called your attention to many other crimes which have been committed in the District. For the present I have deemed it unnecessary.

To allow these matters to pass over gives a color of authority for the commission of crime. The very fact that such an affair as the Mountain Meadow Massacre should so long have been left uninvestigated, shows that there is some person, high in the estimation of the people, by whose authority crime is committed. Such is the view that will be taken of it, unless you do your duty fully and fearlessly. You can know no criminal code but the laws of Congress and of this territory. No person can commit crimes and say that they are authorized by the authorities. If such notions are entertained here, they must be dispelled.

Polygamy has been winked at, and treason overlooked or pardoned by the Government of the United States; and now rapine and murder stalk about defiantly at noon day in the very settlements of Utah; countenanced by, and even originating with the executive department of the territory; and that which is most to be deplored is that these acts are the offsprings of the system—the fruits of the (so-called) religion of the Mormon church, as publicly propagated by all her ministers.

God forbid that we should ever desecrate these pages with illiberal or sectarian views of any kind, but if the words of the Great Teacher, "By their fruits ye shall know them" suggest to us aught, we cannot close our eyes to the fact that the fruits of the death-giving exhalations of the Upas tree of Mormonism, as scattered abroad in practice as well as in precept, by leaders and followers, are licentiousness, robbery

and murder, and which are evidently doing their work: and the end is not yet.

Self-protection, however, should teach us that any system of religion or code of morals that abridges or interferes with the religion or morals, or rights and privileges of others, is dangerous to any community, and consequently should be instantly suppressed, or promptly driven from American soil. Be it thus with Mormonism.

It is foolish, if not positively knavish, to prate about "liberty to worship God according to the dictates of our own consciences," when every act committed is suggestive of that principle being violated and utterly disregarded by persons who write L-i-b-e-r-t-y in blood, and desecrate her altars by the profanity of bigoted vindictiveness, and would even bind Freedom herself in the chains of sectarian uncharitableness, to advance the interests of a people or the propagation of a creed.

#### To Contributors and Correspondents.

*M. B., Suisun.*—If you will be good enough to inform us if yours is intended as the manuscript of some article, or the drawing of a post and rail fence, you will relieve us of a strong doubt, and confer a favor on—the editor.

*T.*—Certainly we will.

*L. M. T.*—Yes! we will publish it, seeing that you "are a subscriber," (!) if you will consent to its being interlined thus—

"My heart is full of love"  
[My head is void of sense]

\* \* \* \* \*

My aching brow is sore!

[Then lay it on the floor,  
And put your foot upon 't.]

"My," &c.—but that is doubtless enough for one dose. A change, or a visit to Stockton is inevitable.

*E. R.*—"Patience, good lady."

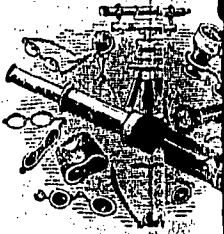
RECEIVED.—Two Famous Women—Lines from the Forecastle—What I Thought—Ellie Dee—The Merrimac—The Raft on Frazer River—Chronicles of California—Heart songs set to Music—Tho' Absent, still Near, &c., &c.

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Billiard Balls, &amp;c.

&amp;c.

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Instruments made and repaired.

Why are energetic men successful?  
Because you can not keep your  
Corkscrews, Pipe caps, Cork-jackets, &c. over

SING SEWING M

ARE the Best adapted for any kind of use. Many others are used by the

THEY W

The Lightest &amp;

WITTEQU

Making a stitch alike to the original, at the discretion of the operator, and are more simple in other descriptions.

At the Great Falls, Ex. all other machines—White & Baker's included—the

GOLD

And the patents have been granted, and a reward has been given to the FIRST INVENTOR.

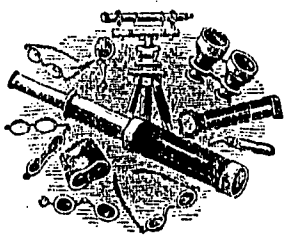
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J. H. I. UN

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OPTICIANS,  
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Gold, Silver and Steel Spectacles, and Tortoise Shell  
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Because you cannot keep them down.

Corkscrews have sunk more people than  
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**SINGER'S  
SEWING MACHINES,**

ARE the Best adapted to all General Sewing of  
any kind in use, as evidence of which, hardly  
any others are used by Tailors.

THEY WILL SEW

**The Lightest & Heaviest Fabrics**

WITH EQUAL FACILITY,

Making a stitch alike on both sides, or not, at the  
discretion of the operator. They are never out of  
order, and are more simple in construction than any  
other description.

At the Great Paris Exhibition, in competition with  
all other machines—Wheeler & Wilson's and Grover  
& Baker's included—they took the

**GOLD MEDAL,**

And the patents were purchased by the French Gov-  
ernment; and at various State Fairs they have tak-  
en the **FIRST PREMIUM.**

Our Family Machines are now selling at a little  
more than *one half* the price they have hitherto been  
held at, and are as superior for family use as our  
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MACHINES** took the **FIRST PREMIUM** at  
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**WHEELER & WILSON'S SEWING  
MACHINES** are simple, not liable to get out of order,  
make a stitch alike on both sides of the fabric sewed,  
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ogist, "that it is only the female mosquito  
that torments us." A bachelor says that it  
is not at all "curious."

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SEWING MACHINES,**

ARE the Best adapted to all General Sewing of  
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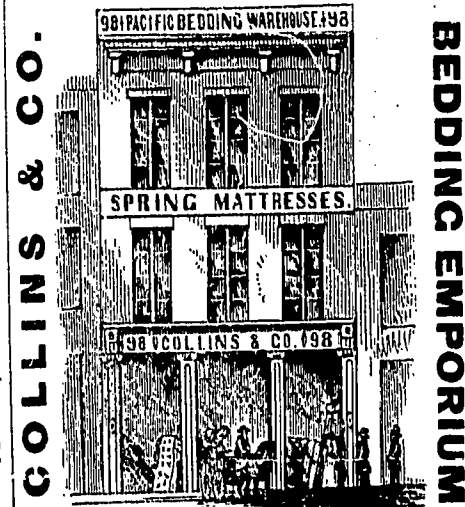
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lic generally is respectfully invited.

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MAGAZINE.

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and the end is not yet.  
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**Contributors and Correspondents.**

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ou—the editor.

tainly we will.

—Yes! we will publish it, seeing  
ou "are a subscriber," (!) if you  
onsent to its being interlined thus—  
heart is full of love"  
head is void of sense]

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" &c.—but that is doubtless enough  
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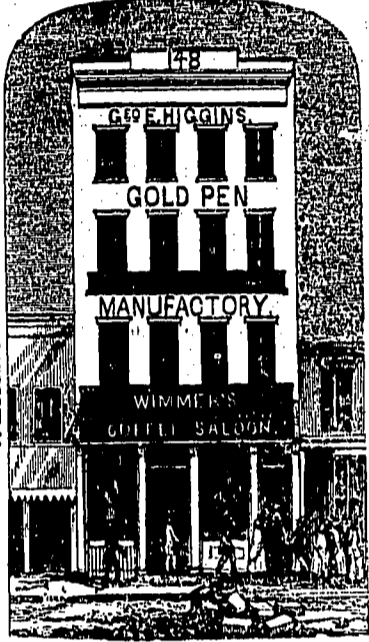
"Patience, good lady!"

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the Forecastle—That I Thought—  
Dec—The Merrick—The Raft on  
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Near, &c., &c.



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"It is a thing," replied the philosopher, "which can give a rascal the advantage over an honest man."

With gold in his pocket, silver in his tongue, brass in his face, and iron in his heart, a man is sure of worldly success. Nothing establishes confidence sooner than punctuality.

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