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If ten or more persons will form a Club, we will send our Magazine, Postage-paid, to any address in the United States each one may name, at Two Dollars each per year.

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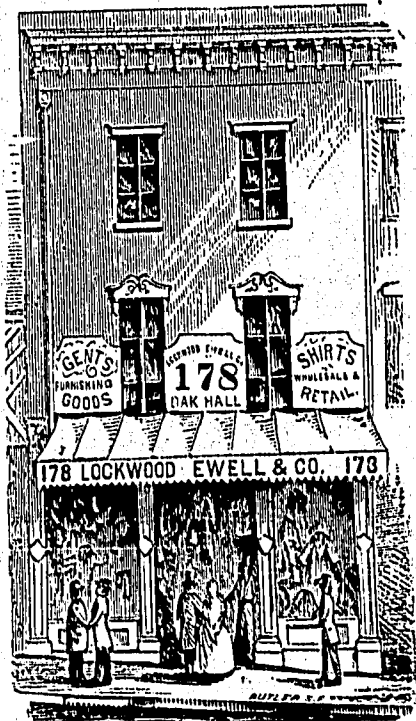
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VOL. IV.



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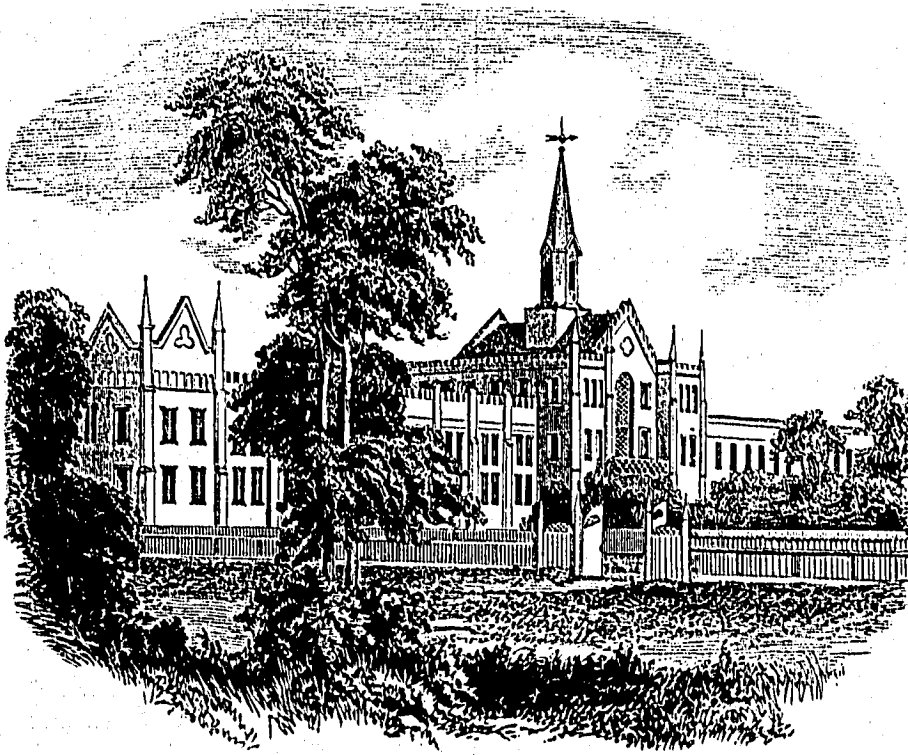
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HUTCHINGS' CALIFORNIA MAGAZINE.

VOL. IV. SEPTEMBER, 1859. No. 3.

STATE ASYLUM FOR THE INSANE.



VIEW OF THE WEST FRONT OF THE STATE ASYLUM.

IF ANY person would fully realize the untold blessedness of a sound mind, let him pay at least one visit to the Asylum for the Insane. The vessel that left our port but yesterday with every timber sound, and every rope and

sail in order, her captain skillful and her crew able seamen, spreads her canvas to the breeze and rides in majesty past the rocky shores of the Golden Gate, and out to sea, may, even when the pilot is at the helm, and after braving in safe-

OAK HALL!

EWELL & CO. 173

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BATTERY STS., S. F.

ers were writing, in one or another of the rooms opening on the main corridor; and the rest were walking up and down, as if meditating. From here we passed into the yard, where some were sitting beneath the shade of a tree, amusing themselves with a game well known among children as "Fox and Geese"; others were looking on, or seeking the shade of the doorways and walls. Here also was a wooden tower, and a water tank capable of holding 7,000 gallons, into which water is pumped up by steam power, and from thence distributed in pipes to every part of the building. Here also is the dining-room, and hot and cold baths for the men, each one of whom is required to bathe once a week, some twice a week, and others every day, just as their case requires.

From the yard we re-entered the building, and examined the store-rooms, kitchen-range, and other apartments on the ground floor, and found them very conveniently arranged; after which, we ascended to the second story, where the corridors were divided into several compartments by a strong lattice-work, the doors of which were kept locked. As might be expected, here the countenances of the patients indicated a more malignant form of the disease; and although a few were employed in some useful or amusing occupation, a large proportion were wandering up and down, talking to themselves; others, as though glad to see strange faces, sought us for their auditors, while they descanted upon the pastimes they were about to enjoy; the vessels they owned, and hourly expected from some prosperous voyage, with very valuable cargoes; the noises they heard; the apparitions they saw, &c.; but as it would be impossible to give scarcely a brief epitome of these things in this article, we shall refer to them in some future number.

What was our astonishment here to

hear our name several times pronounced by different persons, with the inquiry—"Don't you know me, Mr. —?" and from some of those, too, whom we had known under very prosperous circumstances, several long, long years ago. How Change, Disappointment and Misfortune sometimes do their work! We noticed, too, that although their hands were extended to us in warmth and kindness, and their faces were lighted up with a gleam of brightness, it was but momentary.

From this point, we passed to the female department, and which was as cleanly kept as that of the males. Here, one woman, who had passed the prime of life, was engaged in working a sampler, on which a rude attempt was made to give it the resemblance of a planet, under which she persisted she had been born; some nodded and smiled; others looked solemn and melancholy; others, again, were sewing, and knitting, and reading.

It is a depressing sight, indeed, to witness either man or woman when reason is dethroned; but it is a wise provision of the State that such should be well cared for, and by kind and suitable treatment, both physical and mental, restored to their former sanity.

The most prolific causes of insanity, we regret to learn, are masturbation and intemperance, especially the former; next to these, want of chastity and incontinence is another very productive source of this malady; to these add physical debility, loss of property, disappointment in love, puerperal fever, spiritualism, religious excitement, epilepsy, fright, and various other evils, both mental and physical.

The number of patients now under treatment in this institution, are two hundred and eighty males, and sixty-six females, making in the aggregate three hundred and forty-six.

PEN AND PENCIL SKETCHES OF BEAR VALLEY,

ITS SURROUNDING SCENERY, AND MINERAL RESOURCES.

BY A. SCHWARTZ.



VIEW OF WYATT'S BRIDGE, ON THE MERCED RIVER.

It is a fact well known to California, to the Atlantic States, and even to Europe, that the great "Johnson Vein, of Mariposa County," is one of the largest and richest leads of gold-bearing quartz known to exist in any part of the world. And many suppose that it will prove, on closer examination, either to connect with others, or extend throughout the entire length of the Sierra Nevada Mountains; for which reason it has been called the "Golden Backbone of California," and which may be the source of all the auriferous wealth distributed over the State.

EARLY in 1851 this gold region was visited by Richard G. Killaly, Esq., who, in company with John F. Johnson, Esq., the discoverer of the same, examined some of the principal points, and described the geological character of the country in a letter of February, 1851.

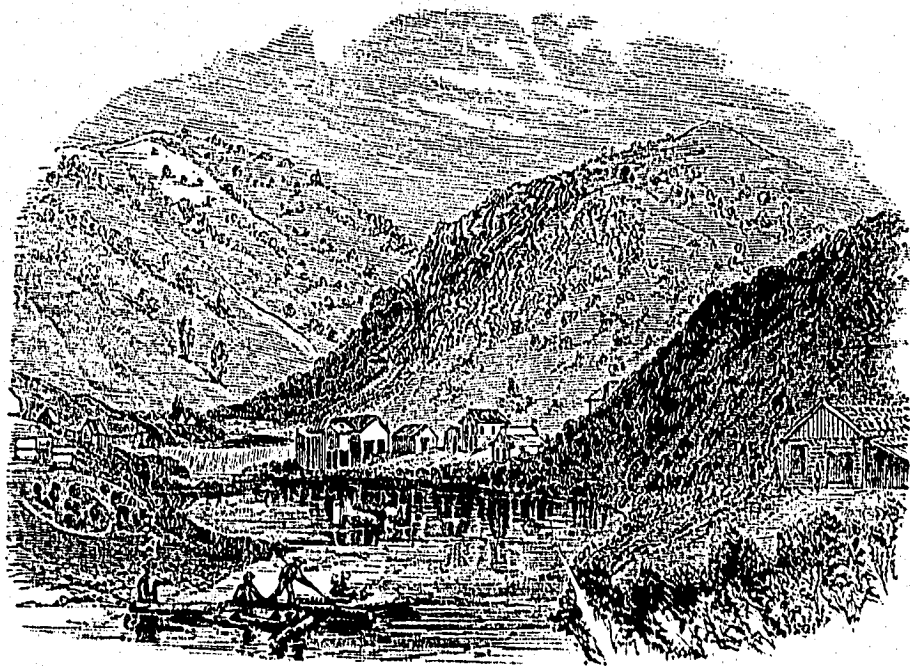
"About four miles, a little east of north from Quartzburg, in Mariposa county," says Mr. Killaly in his letter, "the country becomes respectably mountainous, and thinly covered with goodly pines and very decent oaks. Greenstone, greenstone porphyry, greenstone slate, clay slate, talc slate, gneiss, and other metaliferous rock formations are here visible, and delight the way-worn geologist.

"Ascending a high mountain, and journeying about three miles farther, you arrive in Bear Valley, which is a most splendid one, with a delightful climate. The valley runs the same as Mount Bullion, which is nearly parallel with the course of the Merced River, and in this mountain is a part of the Great Johnson Vein, a grand mother vein, a huge and truly mighty auriferous quartz deposit. It is easily traceable for leagues. Its di-

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RIDLEY'S FERRY ON THE MERCED, SHOWING THE "BENTON" QUARTZ MILL AND DAM.

roction is northeast by southwest, and dips seventy-five degrees southeast. It is about ninety feet in width, and in one place one hundred and thirty feet. In one direction it crosses the Merced, and extends northward for an unknown distance; and, after running on in the other direction for many miles, throws off various branches, some to Agua Frio and others to Mariposa; thus supplying immense districts with the means of acquiring wealth. It is a mammoth vein, like a huge metalliferous artery passing thro' an immense region of country.

"The general compound of the vein is milk-white quartz, and there is much less iron pyrites than in other veins. Many specimens, although they look very poor, will yield some fine gold when tested in the hornspoon. In this vein there are large flakes of quartz, of about a foot thick, and divided from each other by a soft dark red earthy iron ore, and frequently stratified with liver-colored iron ore; passing through the flakes there are strings of decomposed iron pyrites, in

which much gold occurs. The quartz is, also, sometimes highly ferruginous and honey-combed, and in the cavities much gold is found; but there is no indication that leads a person to say, with any degree of certainty, which stone is auriferous and which not; often in the heart of a milk-white piece you find a nest of gold; often in the glassy, splintering kind of stone; but generally the brownish breccia kind of rock gives the steadiest yield of gold."

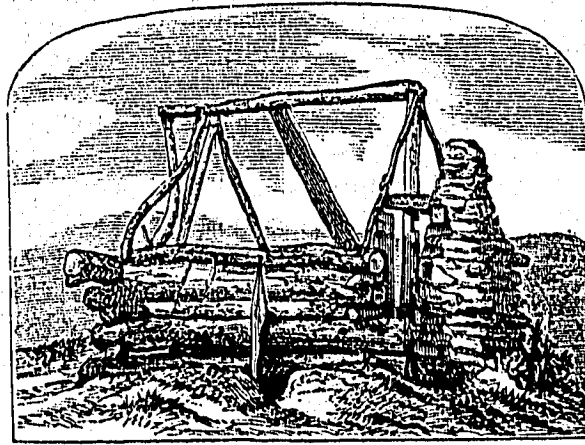
Properly speaking, the "Great Johnson Vein" consists of three main divisions: the Northern, the Central, and the Southern Division. The Central Division commences at the foot of Mount Bullion on the Merced River, where Ridley's Ferry is situated, and extends towards the south to the extreme end of Bear Valley, all through Mount Bullion. This division, the most explored of the three, contains the quartz works of Col. J. C. Fremont, and is subdivided into smaller sets or subdivisions, which, commencing at the Merced river, are called as follows,

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viz.: Jane, Catharine, Pine Tree, Ridley, Josephine, and Spring.

The Northern Division, commencing on the opposite side of the Merced River at Ridley's Ferry, extends to the northeast for many leagues; and going down the river, we find that the white quartz crops out on the hill-sides opposite Wyatt's Store," where the vein is called Emily Division. Following the vein in this direction, a quartz cap is seen on the apex of a very high and steep mountain, (say 2500 feet above the Merced River,) where the large blocks of white quartz are in places spotted with gold. Through those massive stones, which may weigh six or seven tons, numerous strings of gold can be easily seen meandering over the surface. This part of the vein is called the Adeline Division, and it has the same direction and dip as the Central Division. For many leagues the North-



"SIC TRANSIT GLORIA."

ern Division runs on in the same direction, and is easily traceable by large outbursts of quartz. The different sets, or subdivisions, following the Emily and the Adeline, are also distinguished by various names, of which we shall give a description at some other time.

In a southern direction from the Central Division, over Mount Ophir, extends the third main or Southern Division of this great vein. About five miles to the

southeast of the town of Bear Valley, we find the vein again highly developed; it has the same run and dip as before, and presents the same matrix, which is nearly as wide. It runs over a tolerably high hill, and extends thence to Agua Frio and Mariposa, in various branches.

In our present pen and pencil sketches, we intend to represent chiefly the Central Division, or the part commencing at Ridley's Ferry, extending southwestwardly through Mount Bullion, and comprising the Jane, Catharine, Pine Tree, Ridley, Josephine and Spring Divisions, as well as the Oso Mine, also a branch of the great Johnson Vein.

Coming from Coulterville by the trail, we strike a very fine view just before crossing Wyatt's bridge across the Merced River, which gives us a general idea of the situation and relative height of Col. Fremont's quartz works and the surrounding country. Elsewhere is a very correct sketch of this scene; in the foreground we remark the improvements of Mr. Mark Wyatt, consisting of a bridge, a fine store-building, a dwelling house, and other buildings, situated on the left bank of the river at the foot of a steep mountain. These mountains rise here nearly from the water's edge, and the river upwards, as well as for some miles

down, is walled in by steep ranges, covered with the usual California shrubbery and a few single nut-pines. In the distance, Mount Bullion makes its appearance with its tunnels and shafts, that are distinctly marked by large piles of snow-white quartz, lying loose on the outside of the mountain. The old wagon road leading down to the river is also distinctly visible, and appears to be very steep.

Traveling along the trail, after crossing

Wyatt's bridge, the white quartz mountain side the vein up sight of Ridley's Ferry, where the vein crosses the course through Mount Bullion.

Here another view appears before us, which, for its grandeur, is to mother Nature. The mountains, by steep and sharp corners, are cut into large curves and tunnels.

The Bentons, comprising by houses, for a shop, cabin, and the (late Sagehen) situated on the bank and Fremont's the Merced, fall of abundance give life to it, particularly most beautiful most agreeable the travel here a splendid dam across the river, Fremont not sixteen staves forty-eight put in operation.

The dam is a magnificent project well as the dents, Mr. Smith, cut

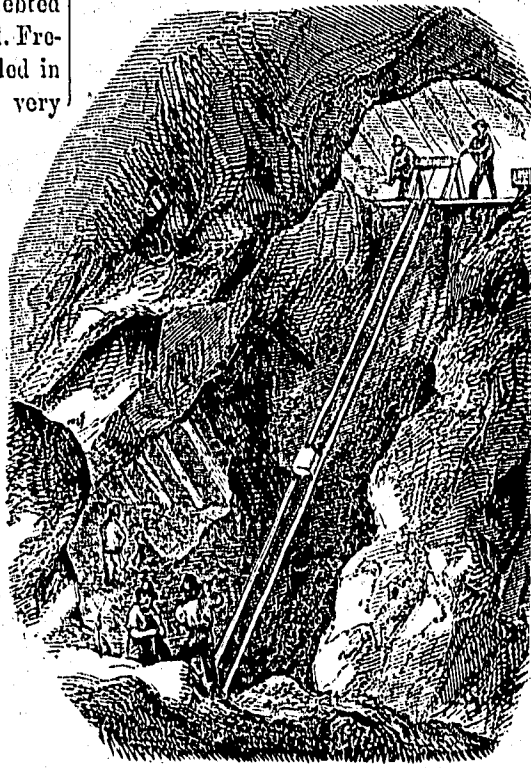
Wyatt's bridge, we frequently find the white quartz cropping out on the opposite mountain side, which enables us to follow the vein up the river, until we come in sight of Ridley's Ferry, and Col. Fremont's new "Benton" mill, where the vein crosses the Merced, and takes its course through the center of Mount Bullion.

Here another most splendid view appears before the astonished traveler, which, for its beauty, is partly indebted to mother Nature, and partly to Col. Fremont. The river is perfectly walled in by steep mountains, and turns a very sharp corner around the foot of Mount Bullion. Various trails are cut into the mountain sides; and two wagon roads wind up, in large curves, to the mouths of the tunnels.

The Benton mills, with accompanying buildings, as boarding houses for workmen, carpenter shop, cabins of workmen and others, and the store of Wm. Smith, (late Sagendorff's), are finely situated on both sides of the river; and Fremont's new dam across the Merced, which causes a perfect fall of about twenty feet high, give life to the landscape, which is, particularly in spring time, a most beautiful one, and makes a most agreeable impression upon the traveler. The Merced is here a splendid stream of water, and the dam across the river enables Col. Fremont not only to work his new mill of sixteen stamps, but a still larger one of forty-eight stamps, which will soon be put in operation.

The dam as well as the mills, are specimens of beautiful workmanship, and the projector and owner of the same, as well as the constructors and superintendents, Messrs. Silas Williams and M. W. Smith, can be proud of such a work. The

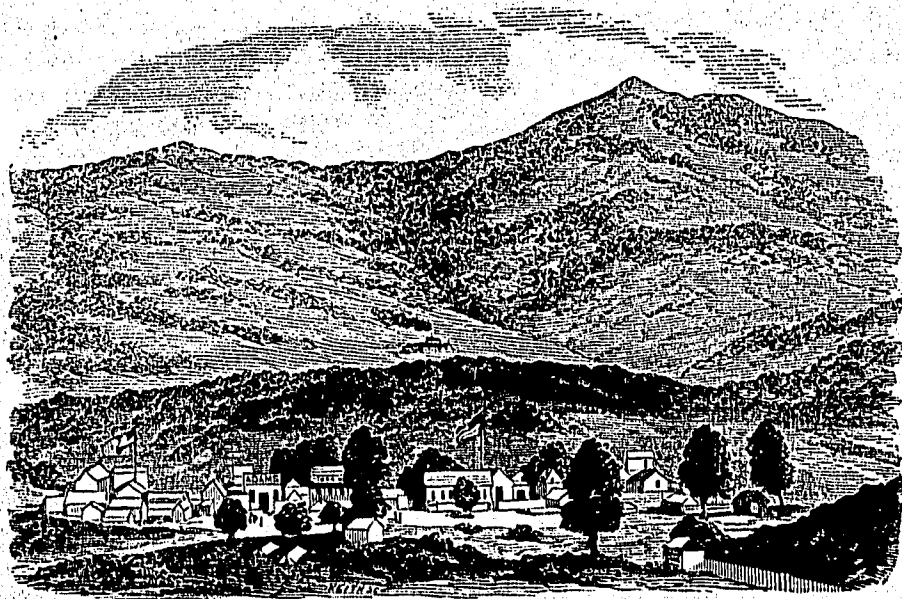
battery of the mill, propelled by a horizontal iron wheel, (Turbine), works admirably fine, and crushes, in the average, twenty-five tons of quartz rock per twenty-four hours! When the amalgamating apparatuses will be completed—the present ones are only for trial—this mill will be one of the finest in the State. The costs for building the dam may be estimated at \$25,000; for the mill, at \$15,000; and for the new road, at \$15,000.



WORKMEN WITHIN THE MINE.

Leaving Ridley's Ferry, we ascend Mt. Bullion—the great golden treasury of Mariposa county—by the old wagon road, and by which, at present, the quartz from the tunnels above is brought down to the mills in large six-ox-teams.

This road is not in the very best condition, and not much calculated for quartz hauling on a large scale. It will do for the present, but not for the future, for after the erection of the forty-eight stamp mill, other arrangements will



VIEW OF THE TOWN OF BEAR VALLEY, MARIPOSA COUNTY.

be made for furnishing the mills with the immense quantities of rock which they will be able to crush.

At many points, along this road, the traveler meets with beautiful views. First, he can follow the downward windings of the river for several miles, and can form an idea of the mountains, composing the foot of the great Sierra, through which the Merced River cuts its way to the valley of the San Joaquin. Further up, on the road, he remarks the short turn of the river around Mount Bullion, sees the upward course for a short distance, and all the chains lying between Mt. Bullion and the main range of the Sierra Nevada; on the crest of the mountain, at the highest point of the road, the far-off and snow-capped mountain peaks are in sight; and, on clear days, particularly in the evening when the sun descends, the entrance to the renowned Yo Semite Valley, with its towering rocky masses, presents a beautiful spectacle.

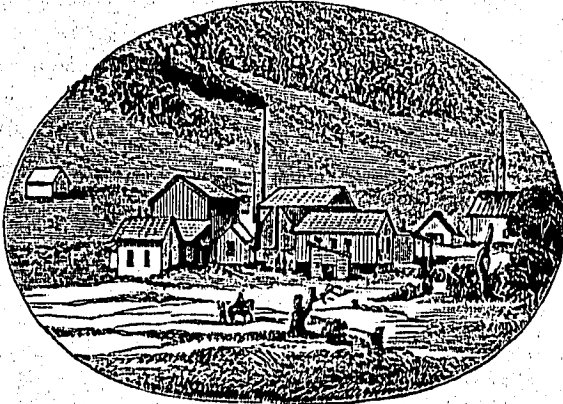
We have now arrived at the quartz works that we saw from Wyatt's Bridge, about 2000 feet above the Merced. We first notice a tunnel, running into the

mountain directly from the road, and connected with a shaft from above: as it is an undertaking of late date, we will pass by without exploring it. This is called the Specimen Vein, and where most beautiful pieces of gold-bearing quartz were found at different times. Walking on for a short distance, we see some boarding and lodging houses for the workmen, blacksmith shops, etc., and arrive at the mouth of the other tunnel, in connection with which is a shaft from above. This is the Pine Tree Vein, as a few pine trees are standing near by. Here one end of a railway is seen, that extends from the inside works to a shed on the outside, where some workmen are engaged in breaking up the quartz brought out, to the size of a man's fist, ready for the stampers of the mill; and others are shoveling it into heavy duck-cloth bags, ready for loading on the wagons. To the right and left, on the outside of the tunnel, there seems to be a complete network of roads and trails, cut in the steep mountain sides, and running in various directions; upon which teams and men are in motion, and make it a very lively scene.

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To get an idea of the subterranean works, we visited the tunnels and shafts of what is called the Josephine Vein. Through the kindness of Mr. Katten, the foreman of this vein, we were furnished with candles, and accompanied by him on our journey through the catacomb-like interior of Mt. Bullion. We entered on the rail-track, and came to a place where workmen were engaged in raising the quartz



THE FREMONT MILL.

that had been quarried out at the bottom of a shaft, about one hundred and fifty feet deep. Here, by means of a windlass and a slide, the quartz was being drawn up, as seen in the engraving; and from this spot the rock is put on the car and taken to daylight, outside the tunnel. On ladders we descended into the depths of the vein, and visited the different chambers, tunnels, and shafts, already opened. Here we found workmen engaged in blasting the rock, by which means the quartz is broken loose from the lead, which is in this place about thirty feet wide. A large amount of gold in quartz can be seen in the Josephine vein, especially after a blast of rock, the nature of which is the same as described before, when speaking of the "Great Johnson Vein" in general.

Just below the Josephine, and about 250 feet distant from the mouth of the tunnel, we arrived at the so-called Black Drift, worked by the Merced Mining Co. The tunnel runs nearly in the same direction as the Josephine, and the quartz is brought on a rail-car to a shed, in a similar manner to that before mentioned, with this difference: the bags, when filled with the precious mineral, are put on a slide, about 150 feet long, and by this means sent down to the lower wagon road, from whence they are taken by mule-teams to the mill at Mt. Ophir, or the

Oso mill at Bear Valley. In other spots on this mountain side, drifts are worked by Col. Fremont's men, but the most remarkable of all, are the tunnels and shafts just described.

We now follow the wagon road leading to the quartz mill of Col. Fremont at Bear Valley. This road is about two miles long, and runs along the side of Mt. Bullion, through a light-timbered section of country, and reaches its point of destination, in a direct line, without passing through the town of Bear Valley, (or Simpsonville, as it is called on the map of the Surveyor General of California in 1855.)

This quartz mill was built, and for some time superintended by Mr. Johnson himself. It is a fine eight-stamp mill, worked by steam; and here are two improved arrastras, one Chili mill, and several Hungarian bowls, all propelled by steam. The battery crushes about fourteen tons of quartz rock in twenty-four hours, and the results obtained by the amalgamating and separating machinery have always been most satisfactory. The number of workmen employed in this mill, is in the average ten; the quartz crushed per week is about eighty-four tons; and the proceeds may be averaged at \$1,800 per week. These data are perfectly correct, and we are obliged for the information to the gentlemanly book-



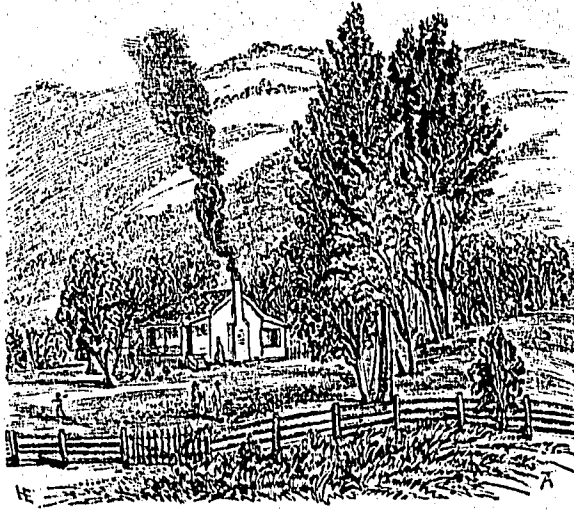
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keeper, J. Hopper, Esq., as well as to the employes at the mill, Mr. Darling, Mr. Morrison, and Mr. Philipps.

Starting for the residence of Col. Fremont, about half a mile to the south we pass the snowy piles of tailings, from the above named mill, the immense quantity of which gives us a correct idea of the work performed since its establishment; and after visiting the vegetable garden of an Italian, who makes a comfortable living by raising potatoes, tomatoes, beans, lettuce, cabbage, &c., we enter the park-like grounds that surround the modest, but lovely residence of the Colonel and his family.

The difference between spring and summer is here most remarkable. When



RESIDENCE OF COL. J. C. FREMONT.

we first visited this spot, it was last March, and the scene was perfectly bewitching. The beautiful groups of oaks and pines contrasted, in the differing colors of their foliage, to the greatest advantage; the shrubbery was in flower, and the grass plots covered with a soft, green, velvet-like carpet, were here and there interspersed with spring flowers of all hues; and in the center of all these natural beauties, on a little eminence, the rather small white cottage is located. How different this place appears at the present

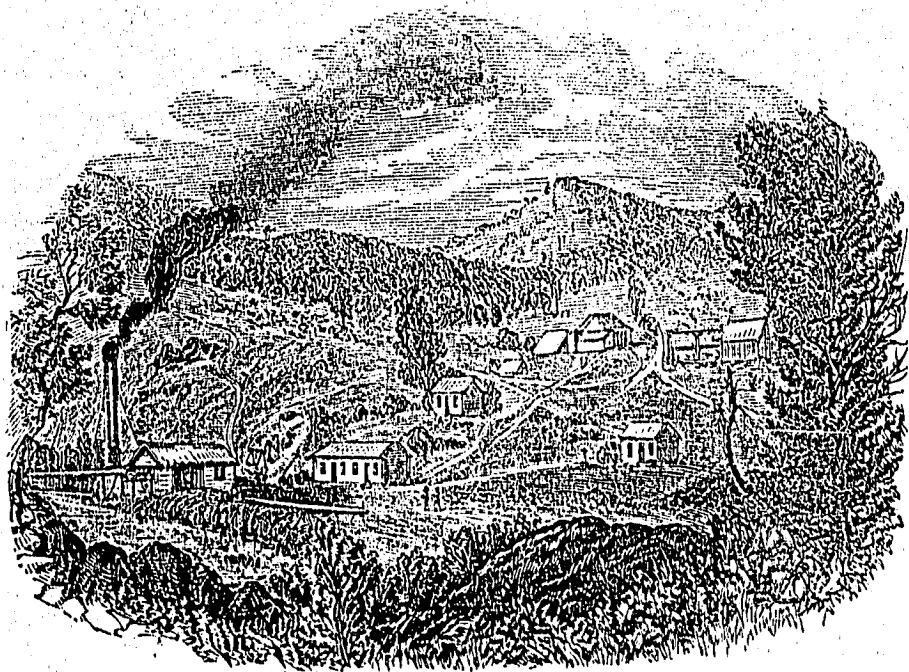
summer season! But we will not describe the change originated by the burning beams of "Old Sol"; nor will we destroy the first impression that this quiet spot made upon our mind, and this point alone we will leave to the imagination of the reader: but we can assure him that every person in the valley and abroad is well aware that, although our mountains have lost their bridal garments—although the searching eye cannot discover a single flower—the roses in that little white cottage never lose their loveliness and charm.

Over hills and intervening creeks we wind our way through the bushes, and after a walk of half a mile arrived in the town of Bear Valley, sometimes called Simpsonville.

Although small, and at present quiet and dull, we find here as good hotels, and as fine a company as at any place in the southern mines—cities, even, not excepted. The St. Charles Hotel and the Oro House are kept well, and Mr. Shoppard and Mr. Bates are first-rate hosts. The merchants, mechanics, and other business men are persons of the highest character; and the laborers and miners constitute a set of robust, energetic and driving workmen.

Taking the stage-road in the direction towards Quartzburg, and then following the course of a small creek, we arrive, after a walk of half a mile, at the Oso Mine and mill. This mine was discovered in October, 1851, by Cristobal Ortega, and created a great excitement throughout the State. The Alta California of June 27th, 1855, says in regard to this discovery: "Many of our readers will remember the excitement produced throughout the southern mines, in the fall and winter of 1851, by the discovery

of very rich neighborhood of in the vicinity of cherish a vivid mendous influx. In one week a la was calculated t the time that th its leaked out, were encamped The gold was fo called, at the t was in reality a the layers of wh quartz pebbles v tity of gold ext enormous; but, give out, and at and the surround ed, a large body seized with the fever. Within mine fell into th Esq., of this city making prepar afresh."



THE "OSO" QUARTZ MINE AND MILL.

of very rich deposits of gold in the neighborhood of Bear Valley. We were in the vicinity ourselves at the time, and cherish a vivid remembrance of the tremendous influx of people into the valley. In one week a large town arose, and it was calculated that within a month from the time that the discovery of the deposits leaked out, three thousand persons were encamped in the neighborhood. The gold was found in veins of what was called, at the time, rotten quartz, but was in reality a talcose schist, between the layers of which, burnt clay and small quartz pebbles were found. The quantity of gold extracted was, for a time, enormous; but, by degrees, it began to give out, and at last the original mine and the surrounding country was deserted, a large body of miners having been soiled with the celebrated White River fever. Within a year or two past, the mine fell into the hands of P. N. McKay, Esq., of this city, who is now engaged in making preparations for working it afresh."

At the present time a fine quartz mill, with one of Howland's patent rotating batteries, is in operation, crushing quartz from the Black Drift, which is worked by the Merced Mining Co. We also find here the dwelling house of the proprietor, as well as boarding houses for the workmen, and other buildings. The well-timbered and nicely shaped hills of the back-ground; the various trails and roads running up the hill sides; and, in the spring time, the whole surrounding country, like a beautiful Brussels carpet, from the variegated hues of the flowering bushes and the green sward, constitute a most perfect landscape, particularly when viewed from the opposite hill, from whence our sketch was taken.

The veins in this mine are composed of talcose schist, containing large quantities of iron, with the rock thickly bespangled with gold in minute particles, running through a channel of greenstone, which is the northern flank of a long, mountainous ridge. During the excitement of 1851, this vein yielded nearly

\$200,000 in about four months. The mine will supply the works with water throughout the year, and there is abundance of wood in the neighborhood. It is the intention of the proprietor, Mr. Mc Kay, to sink the shaft, which is at present only fifty feet, to a depth of 200 feet, which will enable the mine to be properly developed; and, from the former well-known richness of the vein, it is but just to suppose that the operation will yield a most handsome profit.

Such are the main features of Bear Valley, and its surrounding country, which is destined to become, by the immense and truly inexhaustible wealth of its mountains, one of the most important and flourishing districts of California.

MINERS' SONG ON FRAZER RIVER.*

BY W. H. D.

AIR—"Home Again."

Where mighty waters foam and boil,
And rushing torrents roar,
In Frazer River's northern soil,
Lies hid the golden ore.

CHORUS.

Far from home, far from home,
On Frazer River's shore,
We labor hard, so does our bard,
To dig the golden ore.

Far, far from home we miners roam,
We feel its joys no more;
These we have sold for shining gold
On Frazer River's shore.

Each mountain height is shrouded white
From the Snow-King's icy store;
At them we gaze, thro' storms and haze,
And wish the winter o'er.

At times we hear, with startled ear,
The avalanche's roar,

*I have not drawn on my imagination for this song; it is truthful. Every feeling, incident or scene has come within my observation or experience, except what relates to the future, and that I trust will.

As thundering down from the mountain's
Its crashing billows pour. [crown,

In cabins rude, our daily food
Is quickly counted o'er;
Beans, bread, salt meat, is all we eat—
And the cold earth is our floor.

Lonely our lives—no mothers', wives',
Or sisters' love runs o'er,
When home we come at set of sun,
To greet us at the door.

No woman's smiles our hearts beguile,
No books, with wisdom's lore;
Silent we sit, while visions flit
Of loved ones seen no more.

At night we smoke, then crack the joke,
Try cards till found a bore;
Our good-night said, we go to bed,
To dream of home once more.

Home's dearest joys Time soon destroys,
Their loss we all deplore;
While they may last, we labor fast
To dig the golden ore.

Early and late it is our fate
To toil for Fortune's store;
We find it hard, so does our bard,
To get the shining ore.

With luck at last, our hardships past,
We'll start for home once more,
And greet the sight, wild with delight,
Of California's shore.

And when on shore, we never more
Will roam through all our lives;
A home we'll find, just to our mind,
And make our sweethearts—wives.

LAST CHORUS.

Then home again, home again,
From a foreign shore, [light,
We'll sing how sweet our heart's de-
With our dear friends once more.

Emory's Bar, Frazer River, July, 1859.

DES

TRANSLATED

THE English being a language barbarous in its comes it that this or charm over m The secret mag such a power it comes not from phrase and struc excellencies, fr cance of express often eccentric, acterises it; and that every naive of attraction to flective. All th guage furnish in ulation, but the the magical cha I seek for it in t for which the la ed and vilified.

I am not the merits of the F language. This monious, solely reason that the unceremonious unblending tone in the protract before vowels, i gated outlawry soft pronounci ingly, you ent which arises fro indopendent m appointed in cor of the French i natural. Let u Italian with the countenance of symmetrical; n the east of the

DESULTORIA.

From Salet.

TRANSLATED BY JOHN COCHRAN.

THE English enjoys the reputation of being a language somewhat harsh and barbarous in its tones. But tell me, how comes it that this language exerts a greater charm over me than any other does? The secret magical power it has, and such a power it undoubtedly possesses, comes not from that aptitude and pith in phrase and structure, which form its chief excellencies, from that pointed *significance* of expression, always telling and often eccentric, which remarkably characterises it; and let it be borne in mind, that every *naive* eccentricity is a source of attraction to the imaginative and reflective. All these qualities of the language furnish interesting matter for speculation, but they by no means explain the magical charm itself. Where is it? I seek for it in the *sound*, the very thing for which the language is blamed, censured and vilified.

I am not here going to discuss the merits of the French, as a fine sounding language. This tongue is soft and harmonious, *solely out of politeness*, for the reason that the ears of others may not be unceremoniously grated by harsh and unblending tones. The design is obvious in the protraction of the final consonants before vowels, in the stern and unmitigated outlawry of the aspirated *h*, in the soft pronunciation of the *z*, &c. Accordingly, you entirely miss the euphony which arises from internal fullness and independent movement, and you are disappointed in consequence. The harmony of the French is conventional—it is not natural. Let us, however, compare the Italian with the English. Here I see a countenance of features most regular and symmetrical; noble and yet gentle, in the cast of the expression; full, but not

to redundancy; there is the rolling eye, which can throw out the soft or the impassioned glance; there are the rosy lips, where voluptuousness sits enthroned and smiles upon you. I am enchanted with the first gaze, but it is just on this account, that the first gaze is enough. I lazily abandon myself to the feeling of delight it awakened, and I give myself no farther trouble to explore the secrets of this fine face. I believe I have discovered them all, and perhaps I am not wrong.

How different is it with the English! I see here a countenance bearing sharp, angular features; wanting the oval fullness and glowing complexion of its sister; of its irregular, nay, positively wayward outlines. It comes before me as a strange phenomenon, for the mind, which can easily understand the regular—is at a loss to comprehend the irregularly beautiful. A strange, irresistible, but yet not disagreeable sensation, overmasters me. I imagine those singular traits are abhorrent; yet I am compelled, by a certain irresistible power, to observe them with increased attention, just as I can not keep myself from conning over a difficult riddle—though the solution of it should give me a world of trouble. What I regard as repulsiveness, however, is nothing but a secret charm and magic, for, I quickly perceive that the pale and transparent cheek is as sensitive to the blush of love, as it is to the flush of anger; that those thin lips can just as well set themselves in lines manifesting noble and joyous emotion, as quiver in the fitful movements of grief and agony. In the forehead and nose, I see a lofty intellectual dignity, that escaped me at first; and from the light gray eyes, that appeared void of expression, there stream rays of sensibility, there dart flashes of wit and hasty passion. The *form*, which at first seemed invested with a certain disagreeable irregularity, now comes be-

from the mountain's
pour. [crown,
daily food
o'er;
eat, is all we eat—
is our floor.
mothers', wives',
o'er,
at set of sun,
door.
our hearts beguile,
wisdom's lore;
visions flit
no more.
then crack the joke,
and a bore:
we go to bed,
once more.
Time soon destroys,
deplorable;
we labor fast
no more.
our fate
o'er's store;
does our bard,
no more.
our hardships past,
me once more,
wild with delight,
no more.
we never more
in all our lives;
just to our mind,
heartbeats—wives.
CHORUS.
in, home again,
in shore, [light,
sweet our heart's de-
friends once more.
River, July, 1859.

fore me, when the spirit that animates it is perceived, in all the beauty of exquisite symmetry; nay, the sharp and angular lines appear softer and more charming than any regular lines could be, when lighted up by the gleam of sensibility and intelligence—in a word, what is wanting in the *form*, is more than supplied by the *expression*; and, just as I love a man because I wish quietly to seek his pardon for an injustice done him, just as I am willing to recognize and seek out the excellencies and good qualities I formerly ignored, so is it in respect to the English face. I did it a wrong, in my first estimation; I am now, therefore, the more attracted by it, and love it all the better for the injustice I did it. But, as I have no intention to write a regular treatise on the subject, let me hastily pass from generalities to particulars, and note these just as they occur to me.

The English *th* is usually made a subject of reproach to the language. Now, truly, we Germans make such very wry faces in the pronunciation of this sound, and when all is done, bring forth so uncouth and ear-splitting a tone, that we might fancy we had undergone a dislocation of the tongue in the process of articulation. Yet it is very different with the Englishman. The *th* escapes softly and gently from between the teeth and tongue of a native, and forms a soft, sibilating tone, which is not weak, and which, by a stronger effort of the voice, can be raised to a powerful sibilating tone. The *th*, though perhaps occurring too often in English, appears to me upon the whole to form a much more agreeable, at all events a much less objectionable sound, than the ever recurring, wet, spongy and clashing *ci cci gi* of the Italian; which, in some words—as, for example, *bacio*, (pronounce *batshio*), “a kiss”—savors of sheer sensuality. The Spanish is freer from slobbering tones of

this kind; its accents drop into the soul full and clear, like flowing gold: on the other hand, this language has so majestic and imposing a gait, that it can rarely divest itself of its “*grandezza*” to express the jest with ease and naturalness—a faculty which the Italian possesses in a high degree.

When I find in Italian a word whose beauty strikes me, I can in every case explain the cause of it. There are to be found in it such and such full-sounding vowels, united to such and such weak or strong consonants; it consequently must be beautiful from the very nature of it. The Italian words appear to have been invented for the purpose of sounding well, and this undisguised intention of the language gives to it the air of an immodest coquette, who sufficiently exposes her charms to excite the voluptuousness of passion, but too much to excite the sensibilities of the soul. It is the characteristic of this our nobler part to search and investigate, and the hidden charm will always better awaken its activity than what lies patent on the surface.

It is quite different with genuine English words. These are natural. They spring from the depths of the soul void of art and pretentiousness. Many of them I might brand as ill-toned, if I were to enter into a critical analysis of their mere sound, without regard to their sense. Yet there is a charm about them that affects us all the more deeply, the more mysterious and inexplicable it is. The word “*sky*” exerts this mysterious and inexplicable charm upon me. What a clear, sunshiny, serene joy is expressed in the very sound of this monosyllable! I shall make the attempt to analyze the beauty of it, though I am aware I shall only land in paradoxes. A main charm, however, lies in the diphthong. *Ei* or *igh* is the clearest, brightest, cheeriest, of all the tones of the human voice. For this

reason,
“light,
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war.
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armor,
rustling
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reason, the English have it in "delight," "light," "bright," and we Germans have it in the word by which we express cheerfulness itself. It constitutes our interjection *Ei!* which was originally a sportive and glad some exclamation, and it is to be found, with the addition of *h*, in the wildly-joyous battle-cry, *Hei!*—How singular! *Ei* and *Hei* differ from each other by a single letter; yet how widely different is their signification. The *Ei!* is the sportive exclamation of peace; the *Hei!* is the terrible cry of war. The aspirated *h* works this change on the word. It spreads its heavy sound over the interjection of joy, and gives to it the whizzing of swords, the rattling of armor, the snorting of chargers, and the rustling of banners. Thus the innocent *Ei!* is transformed into the war-cry *Hei!* which breathes of joy, but the joy of battle. In the English word "sky," however, there is a greater charm than that which lies in the mere vowel. There is an unspeakable charm even in the consonants. The preceding and somewhat extended hissing of the *S* has a wondrous significance in it. In the first place, it calls the listeners to silence, to prepare them for the word of lofty and sublime meaning which is coming. It is equivalent to "Hush! listen to me; I am going to give utterance to a word of sublime import!" In the second place, it expresses the tremulous lingering of the speaker, who will not at once and hastily give utterance to a thing so grand—who, with a certain voluptuous avarice, delays the enunciation of the sound, that he may enjoy beforehand a full foretaste of the glory which it embodies, and revel in the anticipation of it. But the heart overflows, the stream of emotion pours forth, and discharges itself with impetuosity on the stout consonant *K*, which stands there like a rock to receive it; having made this rapid movement, it dissolves and melts away, as if in unbounded rap-

ture, in the joyous *Y*. You have some analysis of the feelings at work in the formation of the English word "sky."

It occurs to me that in German we have this vowel in the word for sorrow, suffering, (*leiden*). This is a fine trait of noble, real German tenderness. When we cannot relieve the pain of the child of misfortune, we give to it at least the softest, gentlest name that our sweetest German can yield, that he may not perchance recoil from the sound of his exclamation, that he may learn to bear his grief with tranquility, and in truth to regard it with as little mental effort or disturbance as his lips can let fall and express the beautiful word *leiden*. It must not be regarded as accidental, that the structure of the word reminds us of the one for love, (*liebe*.) In both there is the same soft, insinuating initial consonant; then a similar long-extended clear vowel; in the middle a similar weak consonant, just firm enough to give the word consistency, but not so hard as to impart to it any notion of strength, and finally a like ending with the mute *E*. This similarity in the setting of the two words, affords a ray of sorrow to the afflicted one; it pours a few drops of consolation into his wounded breast; it whispers to him—"See! thou hast not lost all; think of the love thou bearest in thine own heart; think of the love which others devote to thee here on earth; and, should thy lot be never so bitter, O think of the absolute, the eternal love of the All-Loving, which thou shalt never lose!"

Again, what a sportive, leering, roguish gracefulness lies in the English word "girl." I see it chiefly in the ending *rl*, in the sudden and unexpected, not ungainly or awkward, but graceful, playful spring from a consonant of one kind to another of a totally different character; in the funny, comical escape from the tone of the *r*, which we think we

drop into the soul
ing gold: on the
age has so majesti-
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grandezza" to ex-
and naturalness
Italian possesses

an a word whose
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There are to be
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ill-toned, if I were
l analysis of their
regard to their
charm about them
more deeply, the
inexplicable it is.
rts this mysterious
m upon me. What
ne joy is expressed
this monosyllable!
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I am aware I shall
s. A main charm,
pthong. *Ei* or *igh*
est, cheeriest, of all
an voice. For this

hold fast, till we find ourselves suddenly whirled upon the sweet and liquid *l*. The word conjures up, to the mind's eye, a joyous, open-hearted, romping girl indeed, who only puts the rattling, rollicking *r* before her as a screen, lest you scan her all too deeply, and should, perchance, discover the tender *l* that lurks there; which yet, through all her waywardness, reveals itself in the soft and chastened cast of the eye—a singular being, which we cannot understand, for she is always changing, fast as the *r* will roll into the *l*, but, withal, one which we cannot help loving. According, we close our contemplations on the subject, by ending with the soft and liquid *l*. On the other hand, in the Italian "fanouilli," I can never think of anything else but some fleshy, sensuous creature, who is thoroughly competent, on her setting herself down in a chair, to make it fall a-sighing—if not for her, at least under her.

What a manly, nervous word, is warrior! It speaks home to every one. Though human invention were racked, it could not find a fitter sound to express the fiery son of Mars. Upon the whole, the English *w*, it must be admitted, has, in strong expressions, a wonderful power. Take the word *wind*. It is a condensed and very exact imitation of the thing expressed by the word. This will be very readily observed, if the sound of the *w* be prolonged in the pronunciation. In the hollow *u*, which makes the first part of the *w*, the wind threateningly collects breath, and then pours itself forth in the strong and unchocked expiration blown away from the open lips of the *w*; it whistles and pipes in the *i* which follows, gets suddenly caught in the narrow, confining *n*, as the wind is caught by gullies or buildings, and it finally knocks itself hard against some brick wall or rock, in the short *d*.

You generally detect, in the English

language, the characteristics of a nautical and warlike people, as it at least once was, accustomed to the tempest, the roaring of the waves, and the clashing of swords; while in the Italian, we rather see a people that dwell amid the ringing of bells; that cradles itself amid voluptuous dreams, enjoyed under orange trees, and that looks lazaroni-like up and smiles in the blue heaven. In the English, we chiefly observe the imitative harmony in words, which relate to sea and tempest, and that not in affected, full, or majestic tones, but in rough, abrupt, and natural ones; in the Italian, we observe it more in those that relate to the murmuring of brooks, the whispering of leaves, &c.

GOD HELP US TO BE PATIENT.

BY G. T. SPROAT.

God help us to be patient,
Bravely to meet and bear
The thousand vexing ills of life
It is our lot to share!
To faint not in the toilsome field
Of labor and of strife;
To shrink not on the battle-plain
In the fierce fight of life!

God help us to be patient!
To meet the long array
Of little, busy, rankling cares,
That throng life's dusty way.
The little insects goad us most;
The lion, that could dare
A nobler foe, foamed at the flies
That stung him in his lair.

God help us to be patient!
To say, to feel indeed,
"This is the very discipline
That most of all we need."
Children at school, our Teacher knows
How best to choose our rod—
The kind of training most we need
To lead us up to God!

THE
Through the
Along the
With shinin
Arc armie
With martial
Up to th
light
Past the pu
Affrighted
What! seek
For some
Shaded with
And crow
Do they in d
Wander t
With flower
And glim
Around me
In the d
wind
And all the
Is buried
As from my
With tor
and
I watch to
One mou
I think to-
On those
Aret
Kept their
Broken t
Where only
And the
While the f
Oft pierc
Not amid is
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Turning th
The wan
But 'mid th
And the d
Before the
In the fa
To-night I
Along th
Thoughts d
Before m

THE NORTHERN LIGHTS.

Through the dark gateways of the evening
 Along the verges of the icy north, [sky,
 With shining spears and banners waving
 Are armies marching forth; [high,
 With martial step the bright battalions climb
 Up to the star sown Heaven in twi-
 light gray;

Past the pale moon that from her azure
 Afrighted shrinks away. [shrine,
 What! seek those phantoms, like the fire
 For some far radiant home, [and dew,
 Shaded with hangings of the rarest hue,
 And crowned with jewelled dome?
 Do they in distant and enchanted bound,
 Wander though pillared halls,
 With flowers of fairest beauty all around,
 And glimmering water-falls?

Around me lies the winter's frozen rime,
 In the dark firs the homeless night-
 winds blow;

And all the glory of the summer time
 Is buried 'neath the snow: [night,
 As from my casement upward through the
 With torch and spear and banners white
 and red,

I watch to see the weird procession pass.
 One moment, they are fled!
 I think to-night how those battalions shone
 On those who watched them through the
 Arctic night:

Kept their dread vigil hushed and deeply
 Broken by no sunlight: [lone
 Where only lay the white fox in his lair.
 And the blue icebergs solemnly arose;
 While the fierce cry of the great Polar Bear
 Oft pierced the deep repose.

Not amid islands of rare tropic green,
 Laden with vines and bloom,
 Turning their vision from the fairy scene,
 The wanderers longed for home;
 But 'mid the dreariness of Arctic seas,
 And the dread rushing of the fearful flocs,
 Before the voyagers welcome lights, like
 In the far North arose! [those,

To-night I see the bright battalions climb
 Along the sapphire verges of the skies;
 Thoughts of the lost for whom they no more
 Before me sadly rise: [shine,

And I forget without me lies the cold—
 How the hound crouches in his cosy lair,
 And the young lambs are covered in the fold
 As I gaze up the air. [high,
 Oh! wondrous train of phantoms passing
 Coming and vanishing to realms unknown,
 We may not trace your footsteps to the light
 That circles God's high throne.

Along the waste cathedrals of the sky
 Ye softly pass as twilight's shade appears,
 And if ye sing a hymn for us too high—
Jehovah only hears!

ANNA M. BATES.

SUNCOOK, N. H.

HOW CAME THEY THERE?

ON the Pacific coast, some forty miles
 below San Francisco, and seven or eight
 from Half-Moon Bay, there are ledges of
 rocks extending out into the ocean for
 several hundred feet. These are covered
 by water, except at low tide. They vary
 in hardness; those which are never sub-
 merged are very hard, while the others
 are much less so. In the former, perfect
 specimens of petrified shell-fish may be
 found; and, in the latter, those that are
 living. Those are mostly of the bivalvular
 species known as long clams; the others
 are the round variety. The living clams
 differ from those found on the shores of
 Long Island Sound, in having their shells
 marked with rather prominent longitudi-
 nal ridges, and in being, invariably, of a
 white color. There are small cylindrical
 cavities, by which they communicate with
 external things; but they are never able
 to move their bodies a half inch. They
 are from three to six or eight inches below
 the surface. It would appear that they
 wear away the rock, to make room for
 their growth, by the attrition of their sides
 against their casing. In this case, the
 ridges must be of much utility. The debris
 may be carried away by the motion of the
 water. These rocks are situated at the
 mouth of the Purissima Creek. The peo-
 ple in the vicinity are accustomed to resort
 thither, with picks or sledges, and secure
 the fish in considerable quantities.

N—K.

Gentle Nellie.

Words by J. C. MORRILL.

Music by JAS. C. KEMP.

Affettuoso con espressione.

1. I'll miss thy gen-tle love, Nel-lie, When

thou art o'er the sea; Thy absence long will prove, Nellie, How

dear thou art to me! Thou'lt find old friends at home, Nel-lie,

Faithful, true and kind, Yet oft thy tho'ts will roam, Nellie, To

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 Pe
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 U
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 O

C. KEMP.

one thou leav'st be - hind. But smiles and tears, And hopes and fears, Are

all life's jour - ney through ; And life, at best, Is

Ritard.
but a test Of wheth - er hearts are true !

2 I grieve to say good-bye, Nellie,
Perhaps forevermore ;
I mourn, and know not why, Nellie,
Upon this golden shore !
The shadows o'er my heart, Nellie,
Are falling day by day,
And tears unbidden start, Nellie,
For friendships passed away !
But smiles and tears,
And hopes and fears,
Are all life's journey through ;
And earth, at best,
Is but a test
Of whether hearts are true !

3 Many an earnest prayer, Nellie,
I'll breathe to heaven for thee,
To keep with chary care, Nellie,
Thy heart from sorrow free ;
And when life's journey's o'er, Nellie,
Its joys and sorrows flown,
We'll meet on heaven's shore, Nellie,
Where farewells are unknown !
Though smiles and tears,
And hopes and fears,
Are all life's journey through,
In Heaven, the blest,
There is a rest
For faithful hearts and true !

MEMORIALS OF JUAN DE FUCA;
Discoverer of Oregon.

BY ALEX. S. TAYLOR.

THE character and veracity of this great navigator, after whom the straits that separate the American continent from Vancouver's Island is called, has been one of the most contested questions in the history of maritime discovery. The fact of there having even lived such a man as Juan de Fuca, has been denied and affirmed over and over again for two hundred and sixty eight years, without writers or governments having ever seemed to have taken the small trouble to endeavor to verify the plain record, in the country where direct reference was made by the first chronicler of his meritorious services had to Spain and to mankind. Moreover, *that* chronicler was a highly respectable English consul, and evidently a capable, intelligent and educated man.

It is not a little singular that so many of the first discoverers of the California countries should have had such unfortunate ends. Cortez was always in hot water and disputes, and died, as historians say, of broken hopes and spirits, in Spain, in 1547. Of Francisco de Ullon, an officer of Cortez, who first completely explored the Gulf of California, and who discovered the ocean coast of Lower California as far up as Cedros Island in 1540, nothing certain is known whether he died at sea or returned to Mexico, or what became of him. Of Juan Rodriguez Cabrillo, who discovered and coasted the shores of Alta California from the Coronados Islands to Cape Mendocino, (died of fatigue and exhaustion, as some say, at the Island of San Bernardino, or Juan Rodriguez, called now San Miguel, in February, 1543; or, others affirm, returned to Mexico), nothing certain is known of his death or of his family. Sir Francis Drake, who discovered the Puente de

los Reyes, or New Albion country, in 1579, died of fatigue, etc., and was buried at sea, while attacking one of the towns of the Spanish Main, in the wars of the Great Armada, about 1590. Sebastian Viscaïno, who explored and mapped the coasts of California, (as some suppose to the Columbia River), in 1602, died in the city of Mexico of disappointment and long waiting on Viceroys, about 1610. This list might be greatly added to, from 1610 to 1859—particularly as touching our old California pioneers, mountaineers, sailors and first emigrants. They all, *who have died*, seemed to have died in the prime of life—the prize they grasped turned to Dead Sea Apples. Now, they can neither hear our praises, nor heed (of latter) our curses for the fine lands and moneys some of them acquired with years of toil, danger and strife.

The following memorials of the old Greek pilot, Juan de Fuca, for the first time in American history, verify and identify *beyond a doubt*, the life and actions, and the final death of the ancient navigator in his own native island of Cephallonia, where his descendants, as will be seen, still live as sailors.

To make the whole matter understandable by California and Pacific Anglo-Saxon readers, the account of Juan de Fuca, taken down by his friend Locke, and published in Purchas' Pilgrims a few years after de Fuca's death, is herewith appended, together with other matter connected with the countries of the Straits which bear his now well known name, (all of which are but little known to general readers), and are brought down in a condensed, magazine form, to the year 1859.

The English have had, during the last few years, very warm discussions with their protected Greek islands of the United States of the Ionian Republic. The feeling seems very pungent against John Bull, particularly at Cephallonia,

the finest island in the latter part most celebrated to enquire into the of the growls of of Homer; of scholar had lat and famous boos much wild land. Fuca, and many ants of John, at "follow the sea mighty, pussy, junction with th Esq., give these for their great- sand gold due lands to make sail on the north up probably families.

CEPHALONIA
MR. ALEX. S. TAYLOR,
Monterey

Sir: Yours with pleasure which I have with perused. thing in my previous inquiries about Fuca, and to read as possible. I moments in my individual, which I wish for you. trait it is impossible probably send village of Elia and his ancestors

Several written Hume, Camas, and others, I to Mr. Vancouver English Admirer discovered by the 29th April Geography, page

A genealogical family still exists and examined. Foccas still existing, as genealogical family. Every individual

the finest island of the group. Mr. B., in the latter part of 1858, sent one of his most celebrated scholars and statesmen to enquire into the whys and wherefores of the growls of these modern children of Homer; of whose progenitors said scholar had lately published a critical and famous book. Now as Mr. B. has much wild land on the Straits of Juan Fuca, and many of the Foccas, descendants of John, still live on Cephalonia and "follow the seas," could not the rich, mighty, pussy, plethora old man, in conjunction with the cute U. S. Jonathan, Esq., give these Greek sailors, in return for their great-grandfather's sixty thousand gold ducats and his discoveries, lands to make farms, build vessels and sail on the north Pacific waters and build up probably again their impoverished families.

CEPHALONIA, 7th September, '53.

MR. ALEX. S. TAYLOR,

Monterey, California,

Sir: Yours of the 15th May, I have with pleasure received, the contents of which I have with much care and attention perused. I will not fail to do anything in my power to make the necessary inquiries about the Greek pilot, Juan de Fuca, and to remit them to you as soon as possible. I have already several documents in my hand regarding this individual, which I am translating into English for you. His autograph and portrait it is impossible to find; but I will probably send you a landscape of the village of Elio at Cephalonia, where he and his ancestors lived.

Several writers, as Eyries, Gaspari, Hume, Camas, Flourian, Purchas, Ross, and others, I think mention his name. Mr. Vancouver also was ordered by the English Admiralty to examine the straits discovered by Fuca, where he arrived on the 29th April, 1792. (See Gaspari's Geography, page 112, year 1790.)

A genealogical catalogue of Fuca's family still exists here, which I have seen and examined. There are *hundreds* of Foccas still existing in Cephalonia, *all descending*, as I have observed in the genealogical catalogue, from John's family. Every information relative to this

individual, I shall willingly remit you as soon as I will be able to select them; but about Michael Locke, the English consul at Aleppo, in 1596, I am sorry to say I can do nothing.

J. de Fuca died, I presume, before entering Queen Elizabeth's service. All these informations you will have by next mail.

Sir, I shall always feel very happy and highly honored to do anything for the welfare of a government and of a nation which is evidently to exert so great an influence for good on the destinies of Europe and of the world.

I remain, sir, with due respect,

Your obedient servant,

A. S. YORK.

ARGOSTOLI, 6th February, 1854.

My dear Sir: I hasten to answer your enquiries about De Focca, which I am sorry do not answer my expectations to meet your wishes.

There are in this place many families bearing the surname, but those who claim themselves as descendants of the bold navigator, live at present in the village of Mavrata, district Eleo. I possess lands there and have been able to ascertain certain traditional facts.

Three old men of the advanced age of eighty years, and upwards, assured me of having heard from their fathers and grand-fathers that the descendants of De Focca are the various families bearing this name and residing at the village of Mavrata.

The total want of regular church registers in the country at that epoch, hinders me from ascertaining the birth, baptism and death of De Focca.

With the highest consideration, I remain, my dear sir,

Yours, very truly,

(Signed,) G. COUNT METAXA.

I certify that this is a true and faithful copy of the original.

A. S. Y.

U. S. Consul.

Zante, 10th October, 1854.

ALEXIUS IN CRISTO REX ET IMPERATOR

GRECORUM COMMUNI.

Per infinita et immensa misericordia d' Iddio et Salvator nr. Gesù Cristo, della santissima Vergine sua Madre et della Spirito Santo vivifante. Jo potente sopra la terra Re di tutto l' Universo Mondo dell'

inclita Constantinopoli dominante di tutte le città da Dio custodita, et difesa, padre et capo delli Artodoxi Cristiani, che onorarono et credono la veneranda et consostantiale Trinità che confessano un Dio Trino, che venerano i Dogmi del Santo et Ecumenico pmo. Consiglio convocato, et Composto p. apera degli santissimi et amantissimi di Gesù Cristo nostri Re et conjugali che Apostoli Costantino et Elena et delli rimanenti santi consilij Alexio Comenino cognominato Porfirogenito Re di Constantinopoli, Nuova Roma et leggitimo suo successore dei beati Re di Giordano di tutto Egitto, Arabia, Frigia, Asia, Mesopotamia, et di là del Mar Eusino, insino alle Isole di Bertogna, di Europa, di tutta l' Armenia, Sicilia, Grecia, e di tutto l' Universo dell' Oriente insino all' Occidente, et dal Meriggio insino al Settentrione.

Fattori del santissimo sepolero di Gesù Cristo nostro Salvator della veneranda et vivifica Croce delli rimanenti santi luoghi di Gerusalemme, et difensor dei fedeli et Ortodoxi Cristiani et propegnitor contro li avversari della nostra santa et Ortodoxa Fede.

Scrivo a voi popoli Candiotti habitanti nella ns. Isola di Candia, che come stolti, et sfortunati, che di propria vostra volontà vi costituite, come che i vs. progenitori habitanti nella med^{ma} Isola si fecero del ns. Imperio li quali furono distrutti dal potente Cap^{mo} Belissario spedito dal ns. Preces santissimo Re Basilio Profirogerito et poi dal fortissimo et Costantissimo nella guerra darda il Thobosino Patricio et viegerente del ns. Ortodoxo Re Romano Argiropulo per causa della provariaz^{ra} et rebellion loro come che voi facciate al presente disubbidendo al ns. Imperio, dominando detta ns. Isola di Candia non dando i tributi, et gabelle Reggie, et che non accetaste li rappresentanti da me mandati, anzi con gran vituperio et disprezzo et li mandaste indietro. Per ciò col consiglio sinodico delli santissimi ns. Patriarchi et Arcivescovi con parer di tutto l' Ordine Senatorio si risolve la total distruzione di voi che abitate nell' Isola di Candia d'nomini Donno et figli; et della sostanza vs. Spediamo perciò una piccola parte delle potenze del ns. Imperio cioè Navigli Galere cento, et principalmente la Gallera Reggia nella quale mando p. Re et vico mio Gerente come la ns. propria mia persona l' amatissimo ns. figlio Isachio assieme con li presenti dodici nobili senatori del ns. Imperio in forma risoluta et con determinato esterminio di guerra perché un tal sorte di forza la qual ne li progenitori vs. ne voi la videro né p. voi l' udiste et vinceranno tutti voi, con le forze ns. et finché

siete puniti con morti crudeli et totale distruzione, essendo voi med^{mi} la causa p. l' inconsideratezza della vs. rebellion. Di tutto queste cose v' amonisco impero che se v' umilierete subito che giungerano ad ogni estremità dell' Isola avrete qualche picol perdono ma se farete altrimenti sarete distrutti affatto con sentenza del presente che è inalterabile. Nell Anno 1182.

In Cristo Re il mio amatissimo figlio et nostro Vo. gerente Isachio et Alessio di lui Padre.

Li Benevali nostri Nobili.

Soani Focca,	Demetrio Vlasto il
Leon Massuro,	Coregite,
Thoma Arcolo	Matteo Costato,
Eustathio Cartuzzi,	Constant ^{no} Voraca,
Marino Scordilli,	Andrea Melissino,
Filippo Gavalá,	Lucea Littino,
Nicosoro Argirepulo detta Arginostifaniti.	

In tutti No. 12.

I certify that this is a true and faithful copy of the original, found among the family papers of George Focca, from Argostoli, Cephalonia.

A. S. York,
U. S. Consul.

Translation of the above from the Italian.

ALEXIS BY THE GRACE OF GOD KING AND EMPEROR OF THE GREEKS COMMENT.

By the infinite and endless mercy of God, our Savior Jesus Christ, of the holy Virgin, his Mother, and of the Holy Ghost. I, powerful on the earth, King of the whole universal world of the renowned Constantinople, Dominator of all the cities protected and defended by God, Father and Head of the orthodox christians, who honor and believe the venerable and consubstantial Trinity, who confess one God in three, who venerate the Dogmas of the holy and (ecumenical) universal first Council convoked and composed, by the most holy and most loving of Jesus Christ our Kings and (conjugali che?) Apostles Constantine and Helen and of the other holy councils Alexio Comenino (cognominato) surnamed Porfirogenito King of Constantinople New Rome and his legitimate successor of the blessed Kings of Jordan, of all Egypt, Arabia, Frigia, Asia, Mesopotamia, and beyond the Euxine sea to the Islands of Bertogna (Britain?), of all Europe, of all Armenia, Sicilia, Greece and of the whole Universe of the Orient to the West and from the North to the South.

Followers of the of Jesus Christ our rable and vivifying places of Jerusalem faithful and orthodox propaguer against the holy and orthodox

I write to you peritants of our Island ish and unfortunate, will constitute your fathers inhabiting the Empire did who we valiant Captain Bel most holy Procebas racorcito and since constant in the (da Patiricio and vicege King Romano Arg of their provaricati as you are doing no our Empire, govern Candia, not paying taxes, and not accetives (deputies) sen trary sending them and contempt. T radical advice of archs and Archbis of the whole Sen destruction is resol on the Island of C and children and c that purpose we se our imperial strong war boats (galley the royal galley in and my vicegeren our most beloved s the present twelve Empire, with firm predetermined des mination with suc your forefathers n saw or heard of a you all with our may be punished with total destructing the cause of i your rebellion. C monish you for if selves as soon as t extremity of the some pardon but ently you will be the present senten In the year 1182.

In Christ King our vicegerent Isa

Followers of the most holy sepulcher of Jesus Christ our Savior, of the venerable and vivifying cross of the other holy places of Jerusalem, protector of the faithful and orthodox christians and propaguer against the adversaries of our holy and orthodox Faith.

I write to you people of Candia, inhabitants of our Island of Candia, who foolish and unfortunate, with your own free will constitute yourselves as your forefathers inhabiting the same Island of our Empire did who were destroyed by the valiant Captain Bolisarium sent by our most holy Predecessor King Basilio Profiracereito and since by the powerful and constant in the (darda) war Thobosino Patiricio and vicegerent of our orthodox King Romano Argicopulo in consequence of their prevarication and rebellion even as you are doing now, thereby disobeying our Empire, governing said our Island of Candia, not paying the royal tributes and taxes, and not accepting the representatives (deputies) sent by me, on the contrary sending them back with dishonor and contempt. Therefore with the synodical advice of our most holy Patriarchs and Archbishops with the opinion of the whole Senatorial body the total destruction is resolved of you who dwell on the Island of Candia, of men, women and children and of your property. For that purpose we send a small portion of our imperial strength, viz.: One hundred war boats (galleys) and more especially the royal galley in which I send as King and my vicegerent, as my own person, our most beloved son Isaac together with the present twelve noble Senators of our Empire, with firm resolve and with a predetermined design of a war of extermination with such power that neither your forefathers nor you yourselves ever saw or heard of and they shall vanquish you all with our strength and that you may be punished with cruel death and with total destruction, you yourselves being the cause of it by the imprudence of your rebellion. Of all these things I admonish you for if you shall humble yourselves as soon as they shall arrive at each extremity of the Island, you shall obtain some pardon but if you shall act differently you will be destroyed entirely by the present sentence which is immutable. In the year 1182.

In Christ King, my most beloved son our vicegerent Isaac and Alexis his father.

Our good Noblemen.

Soani Focca, Demetrio Vlaste, (il
Leon Massuro, Coregite),
Thoma Areole, Matteo Costato,
Eustathio Cartuzzi, Luca Littino,
Marino Scordilli, Costant^{no}. Voraca,
Fillippo Gavala, Andrea Melissino,
Nicosoro Argirepulo detta Argenostifuniti.
In all No. 12.

*Account of John Focca, partly from manuscripts and from Rev. A. Masarachi's Biographia Cephalonia, Venice, 1843.**

John Focca, the navigator, was born in the island of Cephalonia about the beginning of the 16th century, towards the close of which he distinguished himself for his daring voyages in the Pacific ocean, as well as for his discoveries on the north-western coast of America.

The ancestors of this intrepid navigator were among the number of those who, to preserve their liberty, fled from Constantinople, and sought refuge, some in the Peloponesus, and others in the Ionian Islands.

The brothers, Emanuel and Andronicus Focca, were among those who proceeded to the Peloponesus, whereat Andronicus remained and became the progenitor of the family Focca in that place; whilst Emanuel passed over to Cephalonia about the middle of the 15th century, and settled there in a delightful spot called Eleon. Thus originated the present numerous families of Focca in Cephalonia, from which, at different periods, emanated learned and skillful men, lawyers and intrepid sailors.

According to the genealogical catalogue of his family, (which is, and I have seen, in the possession of Mr. John Focca, of Angelo), the aforesaid Emanuel had four sons, Stephen, Emanuel, Hector, and James the father of John Focca, the subject of this narrative, and from his residing at Valeriano, in the neighborhood of Eleon, he was surnamed Focca Valeriano, probably to distinguish him from the other Foccas residing at the town of Argostoli.

The extension of the Spanish dominion on the neighboring shores of Italy, and the consequent commercial intercourse carried on with the Ionian Islands by Spanish vessels, offered opportunities to

*NOTE. Masarachi's Cephalonia Biography seems to be entirely unknown to all the writers I have consulted.—A. S. T.

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ri Nobili.

metrio Vlasto il
Coregite,
Matteo Costato,
Costant^{no} Voraca,
Andrea Melissino,
Luca Littino,
Nicosoro Arginostifuniti.

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ge Focca, from Ar-

A. S. YORK,
U. S. Consul.

from the Italian.

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the Ionian sailors to enter the Spanish ships as part of their crew. Ponce, urged by the same motive, sailed for Spain, and thence in Spanish ships for the Ocean, where, in a short time, he acquired such a perfect knowledge of navigation, and commanded his ship sailing on those boisterous seas with such skill, that he attracted the notice of the King of Spain, who shortly after appointed him Pilot to his fleet at the West Indies, which trust he held for upwards of forty years.

In order to condense this narrative into as small a space as possible, we shall omit much of the fortunes and misfortunes of Ponce—which are so intimately united with the historical part of the Spanish conquest in America—and state nothing but that which is strictly essential to be known: the origin, life and death of this navigator.

The discovery of the Straits of Anian, or rather the communication of the two Oceans, and the exploration of the north-western parts of America, till then unknown, was offered by the Viceroy of Mexico to Ponce. The success and shipwrecks attending all those who had previously undertaken voyages to those parts; the imperfect mode of navigation, owing to the little progress that had been made in nautical instruments and astronomy at that time, and, in short, the want of that assistance which is absolutely necessary to the navigator on those seas, rendered the accomplishment of this daring voyage very dangerous and uncertain.

Notwithstanding all these difficulties, Ponce courageously accepted the offer, and taking three ships, equipped for the occasion by the Viceroy, sailed for the great Pacific Ocean. He intrepidly faced all the dangers and difficulties which he met with, but the incapacity of the Captains under his command, and the little courage of his crew, gave him great anxiety. Their ignorance of the places towards which they were sailing, and the fear of being taken to regions from which former explorers never returned, intimidated them to such a degree that their excited fancies represented the undertaking in the worst light—fraught with all imaginary dangers. The daring character of Ponce, and his nautical skill, encouraged them for a time, but at last they mutinied, and he was obliged to return to Mexico, but with the fixed intention of attempting the voyage once more.

Not discouraged by these disasters, he

after a while prepared a second expedition of two vessels, which he manned with a more efficient and experienced crew, and again set sail. He left the harbor of Acapulco in 1592, and intrepidly continued his voyage to the 47th and 48th degree north latitude, and there observed that the land extended towards the northeast and presented a wide opening, which he entered. He sailed up this unknown strait for upwards of twenty days, and observed that the land in some parts diverged from the northeast towards the northwest, that the strait from its mouth became gradually wider, and studded at intervals with small islands.

He landed at different parts, and noticed that the natives, who were very numerous, were all dressed with skins of beasts, and everywhere the soil appeared to him as fertile as that of New Spain, and rich with gold, silver and pearls; he had also observed that this strait, in all its length, was wide enough for vessels to beat through, and the entrance by which he had come appeared to him from thirty to forty leagues wide. Continuing to advance, he reached the end of the strait, which led into the Atlantic. Ponce would have continued his voyage across the Atlantic ocean, but he was obliged to return by the same route for two reasons: first, because he had fulfilled the object for which he was sent by the Viceroy of Mexico, that is to say, he had discovered the famous Straits of Anian, had made on it the necessary observations, and had found the communication of the two oceans by means of a passage across the continent; secondly, he was afraid of being attacked by the natives, while he was not strong enough to make the least resistance; for these two reasons he determined to retrace his course. On his homeward voyage, he observed that the cape, which extended towards the north, was very lofty, and had on its summit a very high rock, in shape resembling a pillar.

He arrived safely at Acapulco and communicated his discoveries to the Viceroy, from whom he expected to receive a reward suitable to his services. But Ponce was not more fortunate, in this respect, than Columbus and other celebrated men had been before him, to whom the Spanish court had shown such ingratitude.

Two years had elapsed, and he had not received the slightest recompense from

the Viceroy, when, by returning to Spain to the Court his long he had undertaken discoveries which communication between he should receive labors, leaving Mexico Spain; but experienced the Spanish Viceroy the policy of the Minister, with gold for a long time in fulfilling any of the gusted at the ingratitude being now very far determined to return try, there to end the ous existence, and the sorrows of his of his family.

Deprived of his being captured by turning from the worn both in body gratitude and had and he died in mis his arrival at Cephalonia added to those befalls

ZANTE

MR. ALEX. S. TAYLOR

Sir: Your most 25th Nov., 1853, d contents of same notice

I am extremely work on the discovery I have not yet received the U. S. Dispatch it is too bulky to be The "San Francisco" have received, for thanks.

According to propose a synoptical biography, which from old manuscripts a work published of our Lord 1843, chi, from Cephalonia the eminent man nexed you will also ter forwarded to me iting Cephalonia G. Mataxa, M. P., son with my son

the Viceroy, when, flattering himself that by returning to Spain, and representing to the Court his long services, the voyages he had undertaken in her behalf, and the discoveries which he had made of the communication between the two oceans, he should receive a just reward for his labors, leaving Mexico he departed for Spain; but experience taught him that the Spanish Viceroy had exactly imitated the policy of the Capital. The Colonial minister, with golden promises, kept him for a long time in Madrid without ever fulfilling any of them. Thoroughly disgusted at the ingratitude of Spain, and being now very far advanced in years, he determined to return to his native country, there to end the period of his laborious existence, and alleviate in some way the sorrows of his heart in the embraces of his family.

Deprived of his estate of money, thro' being captured by Cavendish, whilst returning from the Phillipine Islands, worn both in body and mind, neglect, ingratitude and hardships laid him low, and he died in misery a few years after his arrival at Cephalaria—another victim added to those before him and to come.

A. S. YORK,
Consul U. S. A.

ZANTE, 10th October, 1854.

MR. ALEX. S. TAYLOR,
Monterey,

Sir: Your most esteemed favor of the 25th Nov., 1853, duly came to hand; contents of same noticed with thanks.

I am extremely obliged to you for your work on the discovery of California. This I have not yet received from Mr. Miller, the U. S. Dispatch Agent, in London, for it is too bulky to be forwarded by post. The "San Francisco Weekly Herald" I have received, for which accept my best thanks.

According to promise, I herewith enclose a synoptical sketch of J. Focea's biography, which I have extracted partly from old manuscripts and partly from a work published at Venice, in the year of our Lord 1843, by Rev. A. Macharachi, from Cephalaria, biographer of all the eminent men of his country. Annexed you will also find a copy of a letter forwarded to me, previous to my visiting Cephalaria on this effect, by Count G. Mataxa, M. P., which is in perfect unison with my sentiments. Also a copy

of a letter addressed by the Greek Emperor, Alexius Comneni, surnamed Porfirojenito to the Candiots, who, in the year 1182, revolted against his government. In this you will perceive that a certain John Focea was one of the twelve Senators then sent by the Emperor Comneni to punish the insurgents; and whose descendant, Emanuel, and progenitor to J. Focea the navigator, about the middle of the 15th century, fled from Constantinople to Cephalaria to preserve his life and liberty.

Elcon is a beautiful valley at the southwest of the Island of Cephalaria, covered with beautiful olive groves and currant plantations, defying the burning sun and the parched earth to deprive them of their rich, soft verdure. Almost in the midst of this valley lies the neighborhood of Valeriano, the birth-place of J. Focea, where, on a little elevation, rises a very old building, commanding a fine view of the circumjacent country, as far as the eye can reach. This, as I have been informed by the inhabitants of the place, is supposed to have been the abode of J. Focea, where he, after his toilsome life, retired to enjoy the comforts of domestic peace and happiness.

Half a mile distant lies the village of Mavrata, where the descendants of J. Focea reside; the most part of whom are still pursuing the profession of their old progenitor.

According to the informations given to me by the Primate of the village, and several other authorities, it seems that the true and only descendants, in a direct line, of J. Focea, are the following:—

Elia,	-	son of quondam John,
Gerasimo,	"	" Battista,
Nicholi,	"	" Caralambo,
Nicholi,	"	" Constantini,
Spiridione,	"	" Panajotti,
Nicholi,	"	" Luko,
Panajotu,	"	" Antonio,
Luko,	"	" John,

(All very poor.)

I have not been able, in spite of all my endeavors, for the reason cited in Co. Mataxa's letter, to find his autograph or portrait.

About Mr. Locke, nothing more is known here but that he was an intimate to J. Focea.

This is all, my dear sir, I have been able, after many troubles and expenses, to do for you regarding this interesting

and a second expedition which he manned and experienced sail. He left the year 1592, and intrapage to the 47th and 48th, and there obtained a wide opening. He sailed up or upwards of twenty that the land in from the northeast east, that the strait was gradually wider, carved with small

rent parts, and noticed who were very numerous with skins of the soil appeared that of New Spain, silver and pearls; he at this strait, in all enough for vessels and the entrance by appeared to him from wide. Continuing had the end of the the Atlantic. Focea his voyage across at he was obliged to oute for two reasons; fulfilled the object t by the Viceroy of, he had discovered Anian, had made observations, and had cation of the two passage across the he was afraid of natives, while he to make the least two reasons he de- is course. On his observed that the towards the north, ad on its summit a hape resembling a

Acapulco and com- ries to the Viceroy, ed to receive a re- services. But Focea ce, in this respect, ber celebrated men to whom the Span- such ingratitude. sed, and he had not recompense from

subject, and I hope it will prove satisfactory.

I have the honor to be, sir,
Your most humble servant,
A. S. YORK,
Consul of the U. S. A.

CEPALONIA, June 20th, 1855.

Esteemed Sir: I have the pleasure to enclose the bill of expenses incurred on your account in Cephalonia about the business of J. Pocca and paid by your order. The total amount of this debt of yours I place in a separate account, not including it in your general one.

Always ready at your commands, I have the honor to be

Your humble servant,
(Signed) G. TOMOPILOS.

Three voyages from Zante to Cephalonia,.....	\$12 00
Two carriages hired to Eleon,.....	4 00
Compensation to the different families Pocca, for the permission to examine their private papers,.....	10 00
To the person who was occupied 20 days in examining the archives of Cephalonia,.....	15 00
Sundry other small expenses and letter postage,.....	4 33
	<hr/>
	\$45 33

ZANTE, 26th July, 1855.

ALEX. S. TAYLOR, Esq.,
Monterey,

My Dear Sir: Yours of the 25th November, 1854, duly came to hand. Gabriella's Voyage I have not yet received. This, I understand, still remains at London, at the hands of Mr. Miller, the U. S. Dispatch Agent. The documents forwarded to you through my brother, John York, of Charlestown, Massachusetts, I understand you have received, and hope they prove satisfactory.

Enclosed herewith you will find a copy of the account of expenses incurred by my agent at Cephalonia; for which sum, I to-day take the liberty to draw upon you, order Messrs. P. Van Lennep & Co., at five days' sight, and I hope you will be pleased to honor my draft.

I have the honor to be, sir,
Most respectfully yours,
A. S. YORK,
Consul U. S.

[To be continued.]

WHAT I THOUGHT.

I.
I thought, as I walked in the street,
Where hustled the crowd to and fro,
"How little that's truthful we meet
In this false-hearted world here below."
So I said—"I will study the heart,
That intentions are good I may know,
Before I make up my mind
Who to trust in this sad world of woe."

II.
The men who the bravest talk,
Who boast of their courage true,
Are not the men who DARE,
Are not the men who DO.
"Bravado" goes rushing along
O'er channels shallow and wide;
True courage runs deep and strong,
And naught can turn it aside.

III.
The men who the finest dress,
From waistcoat to fob-chain and seal,
Are not the men who THINK,
Are not the men who FEEL.
"Foppery" is gaudy and gay,
Concise and polite—at a ball;
Politeness every day
Finds some kind action for all!

IV.
The men who the most profess,
Who make the most pretense,
Are not the men of WORTH,
Are not the men of SENSE.
"Pretension" stalks abroad
With banner and drum and sife;
True worth seeks its high reward
In the daily duties of life!

V.
The men who live for praise,
Who court the flatterer's nod,
Are not the men of TRUTH,
Are not the men of GOD.
"Policy" is wreathed in smiles,
But is selfish and always in fear;
Principle, that nothing beguiles,
Is truthful, brave and sincere.

So I said—"I will study the heart,
That intentions are good I may know,
Before I make up my mind
Who to trust in this sad world below!"

OUR FRIEND

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OUR FRIEND, THE GOVERNOR.

An Episode of San Francisco.

BY ROLLING STONE.

OUR FRIEND, THE GOVERNOR—our patronizing, distantly polite, but still unassuming friend, the Governor! How his arrival in San Francisco was welcomed by sundry not wholly disinterested parties. How many, how constant, were the attentions,—polite, sycophantic, or pecuniary, according to the payer—which were showered upon him.

How condescendingly yet dignifiedly, he, the accredited Governor of a British colony, received these attentions, and even unbent so far as frequently to breakfast or dine in the dark, dreary cabin of an old store-ship, with his new admirers.

How his praises echoed from their lips after each visit: "So gentlemanly"—"So reserved, as became his position, yet how polite"—"How careful not to bind himself by promises he might be prevented from fulfilling, yet how hopeful his words to each and all"—"How evidently anxious to promote their interests in his capacity of Governor"—"How the British Government must have appreciated his talents to appoint one so young."

Ah! how visions of future fortune from gold mines, silver mines, coal mines, &c., floated before us like an "*ignis fatuus*" glimmering on the horizon of the enthusiast's imagination—and oh! how suddenly our friend, the Governor, disappeared, leaving a blank which nothing could fill,—and how the Governor and his colony turned out to be a hoax, and how we sapient mortals had been most gloriously humbugged.

Is not this known to many in the Bay City? Those who do *not* know it, will find it in the following relation.

In 1852 the firm of Ray & Yeaster dispatched a small vessel, of 150 tons, to search for gold in the British Possessions,

north of Vancouver's Island. Several other parties, likewise, at the same time fitted out expeditions, and visited the same locality, but with little results.

The schooner first alluded to, however, was commanded by an Irishman of considerable activity, who held an interest in her, together with the owners, Ray & Yeaster. Whatever the shortcomings of Capt. Loomey may have been, most assuredly lack of energy was not one of them. The consequence was, he made several discoveries as to the existence of valuable minerals, at a point seldom ever visited by the Hudson's Bay Co.'s vessels.

Unfortunately, on her second trip, the Indians captured the schooner, stripped and burned her, and made the captain and crew prisoners. They were, however, subsequently ransomed by the H. B. Co.'s officers, and returned to San Francisco.

There does not appear to have been any fighting to protect the schooner; the surprise had been so sudden, as to be successful before a blow was struck or a gun fired.

The ease with which the Indians accomplished this capture, showed the total incapacity of those in charge to carry on communications, or trade, with savages. They had allowed them to board the vessel, in unlimited numbers, without apparently even the precaution of having every man armed. It is a singular fact, that the same captain has since, on the coast of China, had a large vessel plundered, in a very similar manner, by an attack of shore boats, whilst at anchor.

To come back to our tale, however, after the return of Captain Loomey to San Francisco, papers, reports, petitions, and so forth, were forwarded to the British government, praying for certain charters and privileges. Pondering the interval that must elapse ere an answer from the slow moving *Red Tape* of the old country could possibly be looked for, the ex-

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skipper purchased interests in certain store-ships, which necessarily detained him in San Francisco, boarding, meanwhile, on board that hospitable old store-ship, the Ned Winn, belonging to Ray & Yeaster.

Many San Franciscans will remember that vessel, and her whole-souled owners, when she lay from 1849 to 1854 at a point not a hundred miles from Front and Pacific streets. Mr. Yeaster was at the time on a visit to Europe, or I rather think he would not have been as easily gulled as we were, in the case I am relating.

One evening, after a late dinner, three of our party were enjoying cigars and other *creature comforts*, on board the Ned Winn, ruminating on things in general, and Captain Loomey in particular. That gentleman had gone out, after entertaining us with an account of how he had once put the head of his ship's cook into boiling water for some offence, and with sundry other pleasing anecdotes, illustrative of his gentleness, amiability, and fatherly care of his crew and passengers, and which being somewhat in the Munchausen style ("nihil quod tetigit non ornavit") afforded ample scope for reflection on the subject of egotism.

Whilst thus seated, Captain Loomey, after an absence of over an hour, returned with a quiet, gentlemanly looking and reserved individual, whom he introduced with considerable deference as Mr. Nahill, the newly appointed Governor of Queen Charlotte's Island.

The appearance of the British official was decidedly in his favor; he was tolerably well looking, polite and dignified in manner, excessively neat and tasteful in his dress, but youthful, apparently three or four and twenty, though he afterwards told us he was nearly thirty. In person he bore a striking resemblance to a certain well known Milesian U. S. official, whose great acts in Vancouver's Island are yet fresh in the memory of all.

Mr. Nahill disclaimed the honor of Governor; he was in the meantime only superintendent of the Island and Commissioner, but should it be made (as he anticipated it shortly would be) a separate colony, most probably he would be appointed to that higher office. His object in desiring the acquaintance of Messrs. Ray & Yeaster, he stated, was to obtain from them all the information he could with regard to the harbors Capt. Loomey had visited, and the minerals of that Island, of which he understood they had notified the home government. He did not wish to press for such particulars as they might deem it to their interest to withhold. He thought it right to mention this, because he could give no pledges as to the granting of charters for the working of the said mineral deposits, the granting of which would be confined to the authorities at home, dependent, doubtless, in a great measure, on his reports and recommendations, but still confined to them as *Regium donum*. They, Ray & Yeaster, might be sure he would be glad, particularly after the losses they had incurred in making their discoveries, to meet their views in every way, when consistent with the strict performance of his duty to the Government he had the honor to represent; that duty was, of course, paramount, and consequently at this early stage he could pledge himself to nothing further than a warm interest in their success in the future arrangements that might be made between his government and themselves.

Having premised this much, he awaited any information which Capt. Loomey and his employers and partners were disposed to give him.

This address was neatly replied to by Mr. Ray, who would be happy to afford him all the information in his power, as would his friend, Capt. Loomey, and he could not but express his pleasure and admiration at the straight-forward, manly and yet kind manner in which he had

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expressed himself, and which was far more satisfactory to him than implied promises and vague hopes held out which might never be fulfilled. Capt. Loomey having gone to get his charts, tracings and other memoranda, the Governor informed us that he had just arrived from the Sandwich Islands, whither he had gone in H. M. steam frigate *Virago*, en route for Queen Charlotte's Island, but that being thrown from his horse and having broken his collar bone, he had preferred remaining behind till he recovered, and that he was going to meet the *Virago* in six weeks at Vancouver's Island, as he had arranged with her Captain; from thence he would proceed in that vessel to Queen Charlotte's Island, and erect, at such point as he found most advisable, store and other houses, surrounding them with a fort or stockade, sufficient to insure safety from Indian attacks. That there was now awaiting him in Vancouver's Island iron store-houses and frames of other buildings, ten twenty-four pound guns, with ammunition and small arms, which, with the other necessities, he should have to charter a vessel to carry. But these initiatory steps being completed, the *Virago* would sail from Queen Charlotte's Island, her duty being fulfilled. His establishment in the mean time would consist of a government store-keeper, store-keeper's clerk, his own private secretary, six government messengers or porters, and twenty marines with a sergeant and two corporals, and such servants as were necessary. As soon afterwards as other arrangements could be completed, efforts would be made by the Home Government to facilitate the development of the mineral and other resources of the new colony. For the first twelve months he would be very lonely; but he had, when in the Hudson Bay Company's service, been often so situated. He also informed us that it was the experience he had had in dealing

with and treating Indians, that was the proximate cause of his present appointment to the colonial office, and not from any interest, political or family, nor, indeed, any merit he himself could lay claim to. All this was delivered in a modest but perfectly self-reliant manner. He then examined the tracings, borrowed them to take copies, took notes from the memoranda of Capt. Loomey, and at a late hour left us.

After his departure, I ventured to remark that I thought it strange, the appointment of one so young, when more experienced men could have been selected from the Hudson Bay Co.'s servants; but I was told that any one could see that he was a very superior man, and as such appreciated by a discerning government.

I suggested that it was strange Mr. Yeaster had not mentioned his appointment in his letters from England; but I was answered, that Mr. Yeaster had not yet had time to hear the result of, and to reply concerning, Capt. Loomey's discoveries.

Again, I observed "that his manner scarcely seemed natural; at times he appeared inclined to be lively, like an Irishman, as he was, and then changed his manner to the dignified, as if he had forgotten himself."

"*Honores mutant mores,*" quoth the classic of our party. So, finding myself in a solitary minority, I held my tongue; wondering, possibly, at my own stupidity in doubting.

How far my doubts were subsequently obliterated, by the Governor offering me the private secretaryship, or store-keeper's appointment, at a liberal salary, it behoves me not to say.

Our friend, the Governor, for the next fortnight gave us a good deal of his company, and we did all in our power to cement so promising a friendship; dinners, drives and parties, were arranged to moot

his convenience. Ray introduced him to friends in every direction, amongst others, to a young and very handsome widow, whose husband had been dead some twelve months.

The stay of our friend, the Governor, in San Francisco was, however, to be but short, and he had to make the most of it; *and he did.* He became enamored of, and proposed to the young widow; gave her a gold watch and chain and much flattery; she hesitated whether to say yes or no, on so short an acquaintance, but was advised by relatives and friends, on all hands, not to miss so good a chance. But, when she had about made up her mind; when she was considering how best to cut the acquaintance of those ladies suddenly discovered to be hardly fit associates for a Governor's wife; when she was deciding on the material and make desirable for her wedding dress; when she was considering what furniture to take to Vancouver's Island, where she was to reside till the Governor's own houses and fort were built; when she was reflecting whether to take her son with her, or leave him at school; when, in fact, she was arranging everything to her own satisfaction—alas! for the mutability of human affairs—our friend, the Governor, suddenly disappeared. For days he was not seen. Whispers of murder and robbery were circulated—horror was depicted on the face of his friends—appetites were lost for the time, and consolatory whisky punches imbibed. Some felt for him not only in their hearts, but in their pockets, for among the favors he had received and bestowed, his drawing bills and borrowing money must not be forgotten.

At length it became pretty well known that he had *voluntarily vamoled*, leaving some to lament their cash, gone forever; Capt. Loomey lamented his secrets told, and the copies of tracings given, which would betray the localities of his much

valued discoveries; I, myself, lamented the loss of my private secretaryship; Ray lamented that he had been so egregiously fooled, and, *possibly*, (though he never would own to it) also sundry advances made to the Governor. Lastly, the handsome young widow lamented over the downfall of her promised greatness. The gold watch he had given her, she smashed in a pot, but afterwards sold the damaged article, she clearly being thereby the only pecuniary gainer by OUR FRIEND, THE GOVERNOR.

We subsequently heard that he had actually arrived, as he had stated, in H. M. steam frigate *Virago* at the Sandwich Islands, a free passage having been given him from Valparaiso; that at the former place he had victimised the Hudson Bay Co.'s agent, to a considerable amount, and then left for San Francisco. From the time of his disappearance till this hour, we have never more heard from or of OUR FRIEND, THE GOVERNOR.

ELLEN ASHTON; OR, HOW I CURED HIM.

BY G. T. S.

"THE fact is, Ellen, you are altogether too tame a wife. You sit here at home, moping over the fire, till two or three o'clock in the morning; while my brother, that nice husband of yours, is out spending his time with his gay companions, carousing, gambling, theatre-going, or something worse. You sit here, I say, and wait for his return, keeping up the fire, with his wrapping gown and slippers placed before it, to keep the dear man warm, who comes home just when he pleases to thank you for it. And, then, you dare not say your soul is your own; and if he tells you that he has been to a Lyceum, or a religious lecture, you believe it all, just because he says it. P'ic upon you! Sis. Lyceums and religious lectures at two o'clock in the morning! Pray, what time was he in last night?"

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"About half past one," I replied.

"Isn't that a pretty time for a man to come home to his family! Oh! I am out of all patience with him. If he were my husband I'd tune him! I'd cure him of some of his tricks, or die for it!"

"What would you do, Julia?" I quietly asked.

"Do? Do just as he does. Go out and spend my time when and where I pleased. Whose business is it? Not his. *He* does not seem to think it *your* business how late he stays out, or where."

"Sister," she said, after a pause, and assuming a more serious tone, "could not you contrive to make him jealous?"

"I don't know, Julia. I know that George loves me, and is still kind in all things but these you mention. I have never heard an unkind word from his lips. But I know he is given to dissipation, and I fear, sometimes, that the end must be ruin. I have tried to win him back to me, by kindness and attention. When he has come home late at night, he has never seen a frown upon my face. I have received him with a smile, and I know that smile has sometimes been to him like a dagger. I have often kept up little Harry, to a late hour, that his innocent prattle might plead for me with his father. "Naughty papa!" he said, the other night, for the child was weary with watching, "naughty papa! to stay away so late!" "Oh, no! good papa! God bless papa!" I said. "God bless naughty papa," said the child. And so I live, and hope, and wait. Perhaps there may be—but I know no better way."

Julia sat and looked seriously at the fire for some moments. She had evidently been touched by my words, and she pitied me, at the same time that she loved and blamed her brother. She then sprang suddenly up and exclaimed:

"There, Ellen, I have hit it! I have had a thought—'tis a good one—not from Lucifer, so you need not be afraid! You

know your brother Charles will be home from his eastern tour next week. George has never seen him. Let him stop with me, at my house. He alone shall be let into the secret. Every night I will contrive a meeting between you and him, say at half past one o'clock, on the street by which George comes home from his midnight carousals. He shall see you together, and oh! won't he stand on tip-toe, as if he had received a shock from an electrical battery! I would like to see the sight, wouldn't I, Ellen?"

"Oh, Julia! I cannot consent to it. The sight would kill him."

"Kill him! Trust me. These men are not so easily killed. Set your mind at ease, Sis. Leave me to manage the plot, and all will be well."

I reluctantly gave my consent, and waited patiently for the time when brother Charles should come home.

He came the next week, and his arrival was kept a profound secret from George. Julia had planned all the preliminaries for our meeting, and one Saturday morning, precisely at half past one o'clock, Charles and I met—he being let into the secret—on the sidewalk of the street by which George was accustomed to come home.

I shall never forget with what impatience I waited for his appearance, or with what tremor I heard the sound of his footsteps at a distance, and knew that they were his. He drew near—passed us—then, stopping and turning suddenly round, looked us directly in the face. I had drawn my veil aside, so that he might the more easily recognize me, and not be mistaken in what he saw. We appeared to be in earnest conversation for some moments together, and then moved slowly away.

I saw George go home, and heard him close the door as he went in. In about fifteen minutes I followed. George was sitting by the fire, with his head leaning

on his hand, at the table. His eyes were fixed on the fire, as if he would have looked it through, and he did not rise or stir, as I entered. I pulled off my shawl and hat, and seated myself at the other side of the table.

"A pleasant evening, husband."

No answer.

"Beautiful moonlight, and very pleasant in the streets!"

Still no answer.

"Hope you have enjoyed your evening as well as I have!"

No answer still.

Soon I got up, took the candle, and went to bed.

George retired soon after, and not one word was spoken by either of us.

The next day he was very silent and abstracted. I treated him with the same marked kindness that I had always done; and he was, as usual, gentlemanly, but reserved and silent.

The next evening I went out again, but not to meet Charles. I did not think it safe. I stopped with Julia till I knew that George had returned. He came home early that night—at half past ten o'clock. I came in soon after, pulled off my shawl and hat, and sat as usual by the fire. George was sitting there, too, in the same position that he was the evening previous, looking steadily at the fire; but with a sterner gaze, and a paler face.

I commenced—"Good evening, husband; I hope—"

George sprang from his seat as though he had been shot.

"Good God! Ellen, what ails you? Are you mad? or am I myself distraught? Last night I met you, at half past one o'clock, on the street, linked arm-in-arm with an unknown man! Tonight you are out till nearly eleven o'clock, I suppose on the same business. Ellen, Ellen, what has got into you! Do you mean to drive me mad, and ruin my

home? Think of your child! Have some pity on him, if you do not on me!"

"Ay, that is it!" I said, calmly rising, and looking him full in the face. "That is the very prayer I would plead—which I have pleaded, with my looks, at least—with you, my husband! I have seen the ruin coming on our home! I have marked its sure hastening downfall! I have heard our little one sobbing in his sleep, and saying, 'Why does not papa come home? naughty papa!'—and when I taught him to pray for you, he would still say, 'God bless naughty papa!' Heaven had taught the child. And, George, it has been all wrong. You have neglected me, neglected your business, neglected your child. I bore it all. I opened not my lips to reproach you. You know it. I endured all in silence. I even met you with smiles, when my heart was breaking.

"My brother came home from his eastern travels. He learned my history. By his and Julia's arrangement, I met him in the street last night. George, in doing this, have I done wrong?"

He rose, covered his face with his hands, and walked towards the window. I heard his prayer for strength; and I saw, as it were, "an angel from heaven sent to strengthen him." I knew that as a prince, he had power with God, and had prevailed.

He said—"Ellen, you have conquered! Good angels have come and met me tonight. I will grieve you no more. By the help of God we will strive to make each other happy. I will try to be as you have been, my wife. May I never have to learn so stern a lesson as you have been taught, of long and patient endurance. Henceforth let us live in happiness and peace!"

And bright angels stooped and heard that prayer, that night; and in the Book of Life a new name was written by the Recording Angel. Behold, it is that of a "great sinner, who repenteth!"

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CHINADOM IN CALIFORNIA.

BY REV. J. C. HOLBROOK.

IN TWO PAPERS.—PAPER THE FIRST.

Among the peculiarities which distinguish California from all the other States of our Union, is the large element in its population of emigrants from the "Celestial Empire." What portion of its inhabitants belong to that class, at this moment, it is impossible to say; but probably there are not less than sixty thousand Chinamen among us. The State Register, for 1859, estimates the number in the State in 1857 at 38,687, and there have been large additions since that date. All other foreigners are put down at 67,000. In the city of San Francisco, the latest edition of the Directory gives us the number of Chinese as follows:

Males, over 21,.....	2,510
Females, over 18,.....	540
Children, under 5,.....	100
Total,.....	3,150

This we believe to be very far beneath the true estimate. Nothing is said of persons between five years and eighteen, in the case of females, and twenty-one, in that of males. Some judicious individuals have calculated that there are not less than 10,000 Chinese, of all ages, in the city.

Two things are worthy of special notice in respect to this portion of our population: first, the large proportion of males, and secondly, the very small proportion of children. The fact is, few females come to this country, partly because of want of employment, and partly because the great majority of these immigrants are brought here as serfs, or employes of others, for whose benefit they labor, chiefly in the mines, and they are generally young and unmarried men.

The small number of children is thus accounted for, in part, also, and in part by the fact that nearly all the females

are dissolute and loose in their character and habits. A large proportion of the houses of ill-fame in this city, are inhabited by Chinese women. A respectable family is scarcely to be found. The few men of the better class, who come to reside here, do not bring their wives with them. It is a singular peculiarity of the Chinese females, seen here, that they are extremely diminutive in their stature—scarcely one equalling in size the medium average of American women. It is said that they are transported hither, by individuals whose object is to reap pecuniary profit from their prostitution.

The manners and customs of the Chinese, as exhibited among us, are very singular, and, in some respects, amusing. It may interest many of your readers, who are not familiar with them, and especially the large number at a distance, to know something of the appearance, habits, and notions of these singular people.

Their dwellings and places of business, are generally congregated in one spot, in the suburbs or in two principal localities in the city. Most of them are poor, and occupy very humble dwellings; some of them in the outskirts of the city, being mere huts, or hovels. In their dress they are generally neat, but their houses are filthy and unpleasant—the odors which salute the olfactories of visitors and passers-by, serving to remind them of anything but "celestial" regions. Their food is largely composed of rice, but they consume, also, large quantities of crabs, fish, and the entrails of animals. As a general thing, they adhere rigidly to their national costume, which is familiar to Americans from the numerous prints which are in circulation. Now and then one, however, is seen wholly, or partially, dressed in American fashion. Sometimes, instead of the usual skull-cap, a soft hat adorns the head; or in place of the thin trowsers, tied at the ankles or

knees, woolen pants are substituted, while all the rest of the costume is Chinese; or, for the pointed clogs, thick Yankee boots are adopted. Very rarely a Chinaman is seen in full American dress. Here and there one allows his hair to be cut, or if left long, it is wound around the head; but, generally, the foretop is shaved off and the back hair allowed to grow very long, and is braided into a queue, terminated by a silk tassel, which dangles down to the heels.

A Chinaman is seldom seen at work out of doors in the city, or as a common laborer, as a drayman or porter, or in repairing the streets, or using a carpenter's tools. They are mostly occupied in lighter in-door labors, as mechanics, shopkeepers, laundrymen, &c. They are generally industrious, are seldom seen intoxicated with liquor, or smoking tobacco, or engaged in any scenes of violence. Some of them are addicted to theft, and are quite expert in the art.

The Chinese are met with everywhere in the streets of the city, although there are certain quarters, as we have said, which they inhabit. There are parts of two or three streets where it is said one may get a very good idea of Canton, not in respect to the buildings, but the internal appearance of the shops, with their goods and occupants. Here are prosecuted various arts and employments, and exposed a variety of articles of merchandize. Over the doors, such strange signs as these are seen: "Hob Kee & Co.," "Ah Sing," "Tung Foo," "Beo Lee," &c. At the windows and by the sides of the doors are lists, in Chinese characters, of goods for sale, and sometimes tablets, with mottoes, to bring good luck, or act as charms against evil spirits, of whom they have great dread.

There are a few trading houses composed of intelligent and enterprising men, which carry on an extensive and profitable business in importing and jobbing

Chinese goods. Individuals have in this way, it is said, accumulated considerable fortunes. At the head of one of these houses is "Ho Cheony," a convert to christianity and member of the first Presbyterian church, a very intelligent and gentlemanly person. Ho speaks English fluently. He adheres to his native costume, and mingles with his own people.

We have said the Chinese have a mortal fear of demons, and to drive them away they are in the habit of letting off great numbers of fire-crackers, such as boys use on the Fourth of July. These, they suppose, will frighten and scatter the evil spirits that infest the air. Discharging these is also an important accompaniment to all their holiday services and celebrations. They are manufactured in China and imported here in great quantities.

Their great holiday is New Year, which occurs in February, and is always observed with great excitement and many ceremonies. Another notable day in their calendar, is their "Feast of the Dead." On this occasion they prepare great quantities of food, which they carry in procession to the cemetery, for the refreshment of the departed, who, it is supposed, appear in spirit and regale themselves upon the substantial that are thus provided for them. It is a part of the religious belief of the Chinese, that "departed spirits have entered upon a new life, which is, in many respects, a counterpart of the old one; they still own the ties and feel the wants of their earthly existence; they maintain intercourse with their living descendants, and are able to confer blessings upon them, while they are also accessible to their pious attentions, and even in a measure dependent upon them for support in the land of shadows. Such was the belief also of the ancient Hindoos, a race the most widely removed from the Chinese in place, origin and character; and the

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pious Brahmin still holds monthly the ancestral feast, at which the fathers are invited to assemble and partake of the food set forth for them."

From such views arises the practice of the Chinese of carrying food to the grave on their funeral occasions—balls of dough, or cakes, roasted animals, &c.—for the benefit of the deceased. Another of their superstitions is, that the spirits of the departed will not rest in peace while their bones remain in a foreign land. And hence they are carefully removed as soon as possible to their native country. In the Lone Mountain Cemetery, near this city, there is a vault, where the bodies of the dead are deposited, inclosed in leaden or other coffins, to be kept until a favorable opportunity offers to send them to China. They are often shipped in great numbers in vessels bound to that country, where they are piously interred. It is said that whole regions, where the Chinese have resided in this State, have been raked over—ravines, old camps, banks of rivers, &c.—for relics of the dead, which are forwarded hither, to agents, to be sent home.

There is a Chinese Temple, or place of worship, in this city, where religious rites are celebrated, the only one in the State, and probably on the western continent. It is a singular fact that such an institution should be found anywhere in this christian land. San Francisco has the distinction of being the only place in the United States where, professedly, heathen idolatry is practiced. The edifice is an unpretentious one, built of brick, and was erected by a company, organized for the purpose, consisting of 9,000 Chinamen, with some contributions from the citizens of San Francisco of other classes.

It is used, in part, for an asylum for the poor and sick, a storehouse for property, and as a place of business for the officers of the company. The main building stands back from the street, and is

approached by a narrow and tortuous passage, on one side of which are doors leading to rooms used for various purposes, and which ends in a court, on which the edifice fronts. In the lower story is a large sitting room, with chairs ranged at the sides, cushioned and covered with embroidery. A narrow stairway leads to the next story, where is a large room for religious services, and where the idol is set up.

The following is a description of the room, and of the services enacted in April last, on the occasion of a great festival:

Near the entrance of the room is a large table, upon which are three huge wax candles burning, and three metallic urns, of a material resembling Britannia ware in lustre. The central urn has a dragon on its lid, through whose ugly mouth a stream of smoke rises from incense burning within. Beyond the incense-table is the offering-table. On this are several large plates, one containing a half-grown hog, either roasted or varnished to imitate the appearance of that condition. Another plate contains a whole ram, with legs, hoofs, head, ears, eyes and horns, cleaned apparently by the aid of boiling water. On another plate is a boiled hen. A great variety of indescribable esculents are also arranged on this table on smaller plates. To the west of this is a long, narrow table, supporting a number of plates heaped high with cakes, and a sacred lamp, which is supposed to be burning for all eternity. Here also, are several metallic vessels containing *joss sticks*, which burn very slowly, without flame. Each stick is dedicated to some saint or sacred personage.

West of this table are a number of wooden carvings, painted with strong and brilliant colors, black, blue, scarlet, yellow and green, and covered with Chinese writing and drawings in profuse gilding and colored smalts. The carved works gradually recede at the centre to the western wall of the room, against which, at a height of four feet from the floor, sits the idol of Ching-Tai, a famous Chinese warrior, who lived about 1500 years ago, and conducted himself so bravely on

earth, that at his death he was elevated to divine honors. The idol is the size of a large man, and is in a sitting posture. The face is of a very strong red color, exceeding in intensity the most blushing of bricks. A magnificent moustache, of very long horsehair, adorns his upper lip, and his eyes sparkle with a glary lustre. He is clothed in very rich garments, and his knees are adorned with jewels and precious stones. The ceiling is partly hidden by five variously colored boards, about twelve feet long and two feet wide, which are hung by the sides, and at such an angle that all can be seen from the door. Upon each is inscribed a sacred maxim, in Chinese writing. The aspect of the room from the front is imposing. Several flags hang at its sides and near the alcove, and although the colors are more brilliant than harmonious, yet they produce a strong effect. The furniture of this chapel cost \$12,000 in China.

Every morning, during the continuance of the festival, a religious ceremony took place, which might be likened to high mass in the Roman Catholic service. Half a dozen Chinamen, apparently priests, dressed in long robes of dark violet and light blue silk, entered the room, while one of their number chanted some monotonous words. The priests took places before the incense-table, kneeled upon cushions, and bowed successively a number of times to the idol. After rising, they moved around the room in procession, and took places again before the incense-table, where they kneeled towards, and made motions as if to embrace, each other. They then marched in procession about the room, kneeled before the hindmost table, and kneeled and bowed to the idol and each other, when one of them poured out a libation before the deity. Another march and they are again before the incense-table. One of the priests then read from an unbound Chinese book on pink paper, several passages, occasionally bowing. Then there was a chant by a number of persons, and, after several other processions about the room, chantings, kneelings, bowings, &c., the worship of Ching-Tai was suspended for several hours. During the greater portion of the ceremony, which lasted thirty or forty minutes, there was a chant conducted by one of the priests, or instrumental efforts at music in an adjoining room, on gongs, cymbals, and a shrill

ringing instrument, for which Christian tongues have no name. The sounds were endured by the Chinese with a placidity perfectly unaccountable to "outsiders."

THE BURIAL.

The train has passed;
The slow-paced train, with solemn tread,
And downcast eyes. No banners marked
Its course, fluttering gaily in the air;
But there were standards folded,
Draped in mourning. No joyous shout
Was heard; but silently, to the slow wail
Of funeral dirges, passed the train.
There were waving plumes—but they were
Plumes of sable. There was the tread
Of noble chargers, prancing impatiently,
But the tightened rein restrained them.
There were gallant men in panoply
Of war, and naked swords and
Burnished arms threw back the sunlight—
But they went not forth to battle.
There were lines of citizens,
Moving solemnly and slowly;
There were rows of carriages, and [see
Through the curtained windows you could
The bowed form and sable veil of mourners.

Along these streets the bridal train
Has passed joyously and lightly,
And the merry laugh has sounded—
How different now! The tolling bell—
The measured tread—the dark train, slowly
Moving as it bears its dread burden
Onward to the lone mountain of the dead.

It is ended;
The weary mourners seek their lonely homes,
And the suicide sleeps in his grave.
He was a noble man—full of
All generous impulses, loving, kind,
And he could not bear dishonor.
Misfortune met him, and he fled from her,
Even to the forbidden shades of death.
Rashly, in his fierce haste, rending
With his own hand the dreadful veil.
Great Heaven, protect us, even from our-
selves! LEIGH.

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LEGEND OF THE TURNIP-COUNTER.

Translated from the German,
BY P. F. JOHNSON.

[BIOGRAPHICAL NOTE.—The author of this interesting story is John Augustus Musæus, who was born in Jena, Saxony, 1735. At an early age he entered his University for the study of theology, where he remained for about three years and a half; but, having danced at a rustic festival, his superiors thought this a sufficient impropriety to justify them in excluding him for ever from taking holy orders.

Musæus was no less excellent as a writer, than estimable as a man. Serenity of mind and kindness of heart threw about his character the never-failing charm of making friends. It is said of him that he belonged to the few happy mortals, who, during their lifetime, never had an enemy. Actuated mainly by his scanty income, he betook himself to literary pursuits; and was the last one to find out the beauties of his own works. His earnings he freely shared with his poorer brethren. Nothing could induce him to cringe servilely before rank, or gold, craving for patrons or wealth. He died, as he had lived, a righteous and good man, a loving father, a sincere and true friend, and one who was contented with the little that Heaven bestowed upon him. The present Legend is the first, in a series of five, to be found in his "Stories of the German People"—the work by which he became so great a favorite with the public. He died on the 23th of October, 1797, aged 52 years; and before the completion of the last work upon which he was engaged, entitled "Ostrich Plumes." A simple but beautiful monument was erected over his grave by some unknown hand. If the sparkling gems scattered throughout the original, have here lost any of their brightness, the translator would be very sorry, as the desire of his heart—the better appreciation and more general diffusion of German literature—would be defeated, and injustice done its able author.]

THE Sudets, though often feebly lauded in verse and prose, are considered the Parnassus of the Silesians. On its lofty crown Apollo and his muses dwelt in peaceful harmony, side by side with the famous mountain goblin, named The Turnip-Counter. He it was who immortalized the great and world-famed Riesengebirge more, by far, than all the Silesian poets put together. This sovereign of the gnomes owns only a small dominion on the world's surface, as the spot, enclosed by a high mountain chain, is but a few miles in circumference. Besides,

two powerful monarchs each put in their claim to the estate, disdaining to acknowledge the goblin, even as a silent partner. Yet, several fathoms below the rich crust of 'mother earth' his undisputed title, and his reign commences. Unabridged by any treaty of partition, it extends to the very centre of our planet. At times the subterranean Starost, always restless, takes pleasure in roaming over his far-stretching provinces in the caverns below, inspecting their inexhaustible treasures of valuable veins and stratas, reviewing the company of his mining gnomes, and directing their work.

Now they check the ravages the fiery fluid occasions in the bowels of the earth, by throwing up a substantial dam; then they seize the mineral vapors to impregnate barren rocks with their copious exhalations; a process by which the worthless stone becomes changed into rich ore. At other times, Turnip-Counter divests himself of the trouble his reign in the lower world imposes on him, and ascends the fortification on the frontier, fully bent on having his own way in the mountains of the Riesengebirge.

How he delights in playing off gambols and odd tricks on mankind generally, like some wanton fellow who, to enjoy a laugh, tickles his neighbor to death! For, let it be understood, friend Turnip-Counter is imbued with the attributes of eccentric genius, being capricious, impetuous, queer, clownish, rough, saucy, proud, vain, and fickle; a firm friend to-day, while to-morrow he is cold and distant; at certain moments kind, generous and sentimental, yet always at paradoxes; foolish and wise; often soft and hard in the same minute—like an egg dropped in boiling water; roguish and honorable; stubborn and tractable; humorous or otherwise, just as his disposition becomes worked upon at first sight.

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north as to make the country habitable, Turnip-Counter haunted these dreary mountains, baited the bear and the urus until they waged war against one another; or frightened the timid game in his path, with terrible noises, and hurled it down steep declivities into the sombre valley below. Tired of the chase, he turned anew to the dark passages of the lower world, and stayed there for centuries, until he took a fancy, once more, to bask in sunshine, and enjoy the view on the outside of creation.

How he was startled on his return to light, while looking down the snow-capped mountain-peak, he beheld a complete change of scenery around! The forest, sombre and impenetrable before, had vanished before the woodman's axe, and over the fertile soil the harvest had matured in abundance. From among the nurseries and orchards peeped forth the thatch of cottages and thriving villages of happy homes, whose curling smoke quietly cleft the air. Some solitary watch-tower might be seen on a far-off mountain-slope, for the protection of the surrounding country; sheep and cattle fed in the flowery meadows, and melodious psalms sounded out from the young groves of trees. The astonished lord of the territory beheld something new to him; pleased and delighted, he forgot to pout at the arbitrary settlers, who had conducted their squatter business without having asked him for a grant; nor did he intend to disturb them in the enjoyment of their assumed rights to property. Yes, he even meditated an introduction to mankind—this mongrel race, between spirit and animal—to study its habits and court its society.

The shape of a robust farm laborer suited his purpose, and, as such, he hired himself to the first farmer, at random. All he took in hand, turned out well, and Rips, the plowman, was soon considered the best laborer in the village; however,

his master, being a prodigal, squandered the earnings of his faithful servant, without thanking him for his drudgery; therefore he left, and went to a neighbor, who entrusted a flock of sheep to his care. These he attended industriously, and drove them into the wilderness, or upon steep hills to feed. The flock prospered under his eyes, and increased in numbers—none broke their necks by tumbling down the precipice, or became torn by the wolves. Yet, his master turned out a miserable miser, who did not compensate the faithful worker as he deserved, but even went so far as to steal his own ram, and then took its value out of the shepherd's wages. So Rips deserted the niggard, and served the Judge of the district as hostler; hoping that he would scourge the thief and horsewhip the unjust with vigorous zeal; but the Judge was a corrupt man, spurning right, favoring parties, and insulting the law. Rips, not willing to act as the tool of injustice, declined his services, and was thrown into a dungeon, but escaped, in the usual way of spirits, through the key-hole.

His first attempt at anthropology had not developed his philanthropic propensities. He returned, vexed, to his eyrie, looked down on the smiling fields, perfected by human industry, and wondered how nature could have thrown away her gifts on such a bastard brood. Nevertheless, he risked another expedition to complete his former study. Invisibly he glided to the bottom-land of the valley, lurking around in copses and hedges, when before him stood the form of a charming maiden, radiant to behold, like the Venus of Medici, who divested herself of her drapery, in seeking the pleasures of a bath. In front of a grass-grown cascade, which threw its silvery stream into an unassuming water-basin, her play-companions rested, railing and carressing their mistress with innocent gladness.

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This sight had a wonderful effect on the caves-dropping mountain goblin. He became unmindful of his ethereal nature and properties, and wished his lot had been cast among common mortals, that he might behold the daughters of Eve with the same human concupiscence. Still the organization of spirits is so subtle, that, to receive fixed and lasting impressions, the gnome felt he lacked a grosser body, which prevented him from viewing the bathing beauty with human eyes, and through them to fix her picture in his imagination. Therefore, he borrowed the mask of a raven and flew into the boughs of a tall ash tree, in view of the bath. This transformation was not a happy one, because he now beheld everything with the eyes of the raven, and felt like the raven; a nest of wood-mice had, under the circumstance, more attractions for him than the bathing nymph, as the soul is always actuated, in its thoughts and desires, by the body in which it is encased.

No sooner was this psychological discovery made, than the fault was remedied. The raven flew into a thicket; and, for his model, took a good looking youth, such being, undoubtedly, the right way to embrace a maiden-ideal in all her perfections. Passions possessed his bosom, which, from his very existence, he had no anticipation of; all his ideas became aroused, and a certain restlessness took hold of him; his desires struggled with, and coveted something, to which he had no name to give. An invincible impulse dragged him, like a pulley, mechanically forward to the cascade; yet, an opposing feeling produced a certain timidity, which would not let him pay his homage before the Medici in this embodiment, nor let him burst forth from the bower, whose leaves his eyes endeavored to pierce.

The pretty nymph was the daughter of the Silesian Pharaoh, who reigned in the environs of the Riesengöbige. She was

in the habit of walking among the groves and bushes that dotted the mountain chain, with her maids of honor, to collect flowers and fragrant herbs, or gather a basket full of wild cherries and strawberries—in that frugal era considered worthy to adorn the table of her father. On a sultry day, she would drink at the rocky spring under the cataract, or refresh herself in its limpid water. It seems that, from time immemorial, watering-places were selected as the rendezvous for gallant adventurers, and even at the present date, the same claim must be accorded them.

The inoculated mountain goblin became chained to the spot, through the sweet magic of love. Without absenting himself, he waited, daily, with impatience the return of his charmer, and her train.

The nymph tarried long; but at noon of a warm summer day, she visited again the cooling shade at the cataract. Great was her astonishment, in noticing the change of the spot; the rough rocks had been encased with marble and alabaster; the water, from tumbling down the steep declivity in a foaming stream, broken by many gradations, now leaped, with gentle murmurs, into a wide marmorean basin, from the center of which a water-spout went up, dissolving itself in a rain-shower, turning from one side to the other at the breath of a zephyr, till the shaken column dropped into its reservoir. Maple trees, daisies, and the romantic little flower, Forget-me-not, grew on its margin; hedge-roses, mingled with jasmine blossoms, surrounded this beautiful spot, at some distance, enframing the most fascinating picture. To the right and left of the fall, opened a double entrance to an imposing grotto, whose walls and arches were covered with Mosaics, made up of colored pieces of ore, rock-crystal, and muscovy talc, so sparkling and glistening that its reflection momentarily blinded

the sight. In different niches were served nice comfitures, temptingly inviting some guest to take part of them.

The princess looked on in amazement, without knowing whether it would be well to trust her senses; or, better still, to fly the enchanted haunt. But she was a daughter of Eve, and could not neglect the opportunity to look at the objects around, and nibble from the splendid fruit that seemed to stand there expressly for her own appropriation. Having herself, with her suite, enjoyed the best in this miniature temple, she desired to step into the basin, and commanded her maids to be watchful, lest audacious loungers should be abroad.

The pretty child had hardly slipped over the polished edge of the font, when down she went, in a bottomless depth, although the deceitful pyrites, that shone on the seemingly shallow bottom, whispered no danger. Quicker than the hastening girls could seize the golden locks of their mistress, the deep pit had swallowed her. The virgin band, in consternation, commenced their cry of anguish when the lady vanished before them; they wrung their snow white hands, implored the Naiads, although in vain, to have pity on them; and ran up and down the bank in great distress; while the spring water, by his contrivance, saturated their dresses with its showers. None of them dared to follow the lost one besides Brinhild, her former favorite, who, without delay, jumped into the whirlpool, expecting the same fate. But she floated on the surface, like a cork, where she had to stay, in spite of all her opposing endeavors. There was nothing left for them, but to notify the King of the heart-rending affair. The faint-hearted lasses, with wails and lamentations, met him and his sportsmen at the outskirts of the forest. He tore his robe with grief and consternation; took from his head the golden crown; covered his

face with the royal purple, and cried and groaned aloud over the loss of his darling Emma. The first tribute of his tears he offered at the altar of a father's love, then steeled his courage and hastened to reconnoitre the ground where the adventure had happened. But the pleasing enchantment had vanished; nature, rough and sombre, stood there in all its savage grandeur; there was no grotto, no marmorean basin, no hedge of roses, nor jasmine bower. Happily, the simple-hearted King had no anticipation that his daughter could have been carried off by a foreign knight, as elopements were not then in fashion. Without forcing the girls, either by menaces or the rack, to a confession, he took their account in good faith; thinking that Thor, Woden, or some other god, was at the bottom of the affair. He then went on with the chase, and, after a while, became reconciled to his loss, as the Kings of this world feel no real affliction except at the loss of their crown.

Meantime, Emma was under the care of her lover, and not entirely without comfort; he having, by some stage-jugglery, managed to withdraw her from the sight of her followers, by a subterranean passage conducted her to his magnificent palace, which was far above any comparison with the residence of her father. On waking out of her trance, she found herself on a comfortable sofa, dressed in a robe of rose colored atlas, fastened by a girdle of azured silk. A young man, possessed of insinuating physiognomy, kneeled at her feet, telling, with passionate sentimentality, the story of his love, to which she listened with modest blushes. The enraptured gnome went on to state his rank and descent, described the subterranean dominions which he reigned over, and led her through all the rooms and halls of the castle, showing her their splendor and riches. On three sides of the building, there were stately

pleasure-ground could enjoy the the turf and the trees bore apples with gold, or a style as no a nature out of teamed with grand sympathy. Under the leaf the sentiment eyes rested on in the mellow voice; every liquid honey he had never as those, witnessed him.

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pleasure-grounds, where the young lady could enjoy the shade that played upon the turf and the flower-beds. The fruit trees bore apples, purple, red, sprinkled with gold, or gilded in part, and of such a style as no artistic gardener could cheat nature out of afterwards. The bushes teemed with singing-birds, executing a grand symphony in a hundred voices. Under the leaf-woven arches of the trees the sentimental couple took a walk. His eyes rested on her rosy lips, his ear drank in the mellow tones of her melodious voice; every word he swallowed like liquid honey; in his immeasurable life he had never enjoyed such blessed hours as these, with which first love now presented him.

Emma did not feel the same happiness. A certain sadness overshadowed her brow; gentle melancholy and tender languishing, that throw so great a charm around a female, showed that her heart's most secret wishes were not sympathetic with his own. He soon made the discovery, and anxiously sought, by thousands of caresses, to scatter the clouds, and cheer up the pretty lass, but in vain.

Man, he argued, is a social animal, like the bee or ant, but given to diversity. Man and wife may become, in time, very tedious company to each other. With whom, then, shall madam chat? For whose special satisfaction arrange her toilet? With whom consult on such a theme, and wherewith feed her vanity? Is it not plain, that the first female, in the garden of Eden, thought her stern consort a tedious fellow, when she took the serpent into her confidence?

Soon he went into the field, extracted a dozen of turnips, from an acre, laid them in a nicely wrought basket, and presented them to his beautiful Emma; who, in solitary musings, nibbled at the leaves of a rose, in the shady bower. "Fairest daughter of earth," the gnome commenced, "drive away from you all pensive-

ness; let your heart be open to social pleasure, as you will be no longer a sad recluse in my dwelling. This basket contains all that is necessary to make your stay here agreeable. You need only to touch, with this checkered stick, the vegetables in this basket, and they will assume any form you may please to give them."

(Concluded next month.)

WHEN WE SAILED AROUND THE HORN.

BY G. T. SPROAT.

The day dawned bright, and the morning
Revealed the hills afar; [light
And the Cross shone high in the southern
And glowed in beauty's star; [sky,
And Magellan's clouds rose high o'er the
On that delightful morn, [shrouds
When with shout and song we glided along,
And sailed around the Horn.

Old Staten Land stood just at hand,
As we passed the deep straits o'er;
And high arose, with crest of snows,
Terra del Fuego's shore.
Far, far behind, borne by the wind,
We left them on that morn,
When with hearts of glee we skimmed the
And sailed around the Horn. [sea

"Ho! ho! the land!" cried all that band—
"Now for the southern seas!
Spread every sail, and catch the gale,
And drive before the breeze!"
On, on we passed before the blast,—
How the ship flew on that morn,
When with pennon high, in the southern
We sailed around the Horn! [sky,

Brave band and gay, who on that day,
Came with me o'er the sea;
How my heart burns, while the past returns,
And again ye are with me.
Again your voice makes hearts rejoice,
As on that gladsome morn,
When, hand in hand, that joyful band
Went sailing round the Horn.

Our Social Chair.

DEAR, kind, social-hearted reader, we know you have felt, with us, what a blessing, beyond all price, it is to have *Sunday*, a day of rest and peace, apart from the religious veneration and observance of the day that many accord to it. You look upon it as a time when the ledger and cash-book are locked up and forgotten; when the axe, pick-axe, chisel, and jack-plane, are all laid aside; and when every sign of the employments by which a living is earned, are shut out from the mind's eye; and, when Saturday night comes, you say, "Thank God, this week's work is at an end, and to-morrow is Sunday." Blessed day.

Next to this, in its elevating and refining tendencies, is the Social Circle, where the day's fatigues or anxieties are forgotten; where life's energies are recuperated; its cares receive a balm, and its disappointments find an antidote. Then again, how pleasant it is, in such a circle, to find a little nest of social hearts, whose sympathies beat in unison with your own; and whose social and socializing (if we may coin a word) influences make you feel that you are perfectly at home.

It is thus we wish our friends to feel around our Social Chair; and where, although we cannot meet in person, each one may in spirit, to receive and give their little mite, or large donation, of such social pleasures as may make the giver and receiver the better for the meeting. *All*, with social natures, are welcome to a seat.

Last month we gave some correspondence, brief—and social, too—from several Chairs, and the Camp-Stool. Since then, the following has been received from a Teacher's Chair, at Sacramento, and which will prove the truth of our assertion, that although "contentment is great gain," (for thus the Scripture teacheth), so few, in this, have found 'good diggings,' but are still out on a 'prospecting trip' for some

snug seat, in hopes to strike a lead of happy ease. But to the epistle:

BELOVED SOCIAL CHAIR:—

It is with tottering steps and a very rickety constitution that I present my claims to the notice of my better-to-do sisterhood, who so enlivened the "gossip with correspondents" in your last number. I am a relic of the feudal ages; you would know that, without being told, could you witness the difficulty I sometimes have in maintaining an upright position in the world, and the weakened understanding with which I bear up under a weight of grievances that ought not to oppress an old chair like me. Then my arms are both out of joint, and my right side all stove in from the hard knocks I have received from the various "rulers" in this nominally Christian republic; who inflict upon my ribs blows that should descend upon those of the incarnate rebels over whom they make a show of presiding.

Of my ancestry it becomes not an old chair, now in its dotage, to speak. That I am of ancient lineage no one can doubt, or question my right to a heritage as noble as any chair in Christendom; for my whole exterior is "elaborately carved," (with pen-knife sketches,) and emblazoned with heraldic devices, (done in ink); a coat-of-arms more significant of deeds of chivalry than any other chair can boast. My life has been spent in the service of the public—I belong to everybody, and yet to nobody in particular.

I have endeavored to sustain a character unblemished, kind and considerate; but, (and I blush to say it,) I have not always done it. We all have our failings, but that of ingratitude is not in my nature. Those whom I have known longest—who have leaned upon me the heaviest—whom I have supported amidst the darkest hours their hearts have ever known—are the first to forget their old and tried friend; or, if

they cast their eyes upon the years which told it is with no feeling of solicitude for my chair is seldom memories, or pili- tions; and the were their occu- and the dews h- no part or lot w- Nothing give- tion as the w- hearty cry, and it, *ad nolens vo* question my I- though I'm ex- from A to th- But I never co- and so I told- "set" on me.

Oh dear! I would give next year's some friend- good blubbe- it was a "ro- a plain "W- the latter, "camp-stoo- "last legs,"

I wouldn't you, "Mis- pleasant be- your sweet- all day in- that lively- ty-clippit- buzz-z-z- then—

the Chair- od "set" vies the- ness in- heaven- numer- intellig- of ciga- of conf- momet- place i-

they cast their eyes back over the waste of years which told of our close relationship, it is with no feeling of affection or tender solicitude for my welfare. The old school chair is seldom cushioned with pleasant memories, or pillowed with gentle recollections; and the bright day-dreams which were their occupants before the darkness and the dews had fallen around them, have no part or lot with my existence.

Nothing gives me such a suicidal reflection as the wish to indulge in a good hearty cry, and being obliged to postpone it, *ad nolens volens*. I hope you will not question my Latin. I'm no Latin scholar, though I'm expected to know everything, from A to the last word in Revelations. But I never could learn the dead languages, and so I told the "committee" when they "set" on me.

Oh dear! my poor head does ache so! I would give all my old city scrip, and my next year's salary, if I could lean it against some friendly, loving breast, and have a good blubber. I would n't care whether it was a "rosewood, velvet-cushioned," or a plain "Windsor chair." I would prefer the latter, or even a good, substantial "camp-stool," provided it was not on its "last legs," and had good "bottom."

I wouldn't mind exchanging places with you, "Miss Sewing Chair," it must be so pleasant being all alone—especially when your sweetheart is with you—and you sit all day in a cosy little room, and listen to that lively little tongue going rippity-tippity-clippity-skipity-hippity-rip-whir-r-r-r-buzz-z-z-z, until the thread breaks, and then—well, I guess the fire flies. But the Chair Family seem to be a discontented "set"; even the "Chair of State" envies the poor "Social" its mite of happiness in a miserable attic, midway between heaven and earth, crammed in with an innumerable score of "old exchanges," unintelligible manuscript, soiled linen, stumps of cigars, unpaid bills, and a chaotic mass of confusion "lying around loose"; thermometer at ninety-eight in the coolest place in the country, and an idea trying in

vain to gain admittance to the "apartments to let" in its upper story. I have an idea that we might all be worse off than we are; but, whatever be your lot, never wish yourself a

TEACHER'S CHAIR.

Other kind and spirited epistles from different "Chairs" have been received, and more we hope will come, that we may find the philosopher's stone in one or the other.

The correct and expressive sentiments that breathe through the following paragraphs, will commend themselves to every man and woman in the State, who have a greater desire for the happiness of themselves and others, than the indulgence of a thoughtless or wanton selfishness, at the expense of domestic joy, and will be welcomed in the Social Chair:

MATRIMONIAL MANNERS.—The husband should never cease to be a lover, or fail in any of those delicate attentions and tender expressions of affectionate solicitude which marked his intercourse before marriage with his heart's queen. All the respectful deference, every courteous observance, all the self-sacrificing devotion that can be claimed by a mistress is certainly due to a wife, and he is no true husband and no true gentleman who withholds them. It is not enough that you honor, respect, and love your wife. You must put this honor, respect, and love into the form of speech and action. Let no unkind word, no seeming indifference, no lack of the little attentions due her, remind her sadly of the sweet days of courtship and the honeymoon. Surely, the love you thought would have been cheaply purchased at the price of a world, is worth all your care to preserve. Is not the wife more, and better, and dearer than the sweetheart? We venture to hint that it is probably your own fault if she is not.

And has the wife no duties? Have the courteous observances, the tender watchfulness, the pleasant words, the never tiring devotion, which won your smiles, your spoken thanks, your kisses, your very self, in days gone by, now lost their value? Does not the husband rightly claim as much, at least, as the lover? If you find him less observant of the little courtesies due you, may this not be because you sometimes fail to reward him with the same sweet thanks, and sweeter smiles? Ask your own heart. Have the comfort and happiness of your husband always in view,

and let him see and feel that you still look up to him with trust and affection—that the love of other days has not grown cold. Dress for his eyes more scrupulously than for all the rest of the world; make yourself and your home beautiful for his sake; play and sing—if you can—to please him; try to beguile him from his cares; retain his affections in the same way you won them, and—be polite even to your husband.

To a social nature, like ours, it is a very agreeable satisfaction to have the pleasure of shaking hands, at least once a week, with our editorial brethren "up country" through the medium of our exchanges; God bless them. And, in addition to their being doves from mountain arks, with the olive branch of peace and of friendly intercourse, (such as should always exist in every member of the same family and profession), they are the aorta and pulmonary arteries of the great intellectual body politic, and, as such, tell of a healthy and vigorous throb, that is in excellent accord and sympathy with the free air and careless life of the mountains; and which give new life and vigor to that portion of its organization that is found in these lower cities. Besides, they are mirrors that reflect not only the facts but the phases of mountain life, to all outside. As an instance of what we mean, we clip the following from the *Tuolumne Courier*, entitled

THE BUTCHERS.

What's "up," with the butchers? Again meat is *down*; so say many hand-bills stuck up in the town. What a glorious time now for a gourmand and glutton,—for *one bit a pound* they can feast on fat mutton. And beef, too, Lord bless me! how cheap it is now—only *eight cents a pound* for an ox or a cow! And then, oh how low is the meat with the "vine,"—for twelve and a half we can buy a fat swine. Now the beeves are all frightened, soon expect to be killed; the sheep, too, each hour, think their blood will be spilled; and the swine fear and tremble when the boiler it hums, and fat puppies look shy when the sausage-man comes. The butchers! the butchers! vile men that they are! on innocent brutes they have now begun war; determined to slay all, from bullock to sheep, and so they sell meats now most wonderful cheap. But they, like the rest of mankind, have their

changes,—from eight up to twenty the meat market ranges. One day it is up, and another it's down; so the meat market's zig-zag all over the town. Now, when they sell cheap, and the prospect looks brighter, the next thing you know they will nip you the tighter; get all hands a buying their cheap meats a plenty, then whack goes the price clear from eight up to twenty. Oh, the butchers! the butchers! a merciless crew! there are many, oh many vile things that they do! they slay all God's cattle, have other bad vices, not the least of them is, they have no steady prices. But still, ye of the blood! *only keep the price down*, soon you'll be the best "fellers" that dwell in the town. We'll purchase, with *cash*, all the brutes that ye kill, and thus we'll *atone* for the blood that ye spill. So up with your cleavers and sharpen your knives, of all eatable brutes now just take the dear lives; give us flesh, fat and wholesome, for twelve cents and ten, and we'll ne'er stick our fork in the *butchers* again. SLUCE-FORK.

Columbia, Aug. 10th.

We give the following forcible elucidation of the naturalization question, from the *Sierra Democrat*:

If naturalized citizens, born in France, [or any where else], must consult French law to ascertain whether or not they are liable to military impressment on return to France, [or their native country], would it not be the part of simple justice to change the naturalization laws, and make the distinction before requiring an oath of allegiance to the United States? Inform the applicant that he was incapacitated, by the laws of another nation, for full citizenship in this; that he could be made a *half-citizen*—that is, we would let him fight for this country when he has none to do for France—and that if found fighting in our army *against* France or her ally, he would be hung. That might be *some* satisfaction to a chivalric fellow, and would be simple fair dealing with all.

Let us also add the following chaste and pretty stanzas from the *San Juan Press*, entitled

A SPRING SIGH FOR HOME.

In the style of Burns.

Now violets bloom on Berkshire braes,
An Berkshire woods are green;
The young May moon now hings her horn
O'er ilka winnup stream.

Wee daisies white, the lee lang night
Play bopeep through the grass,

An snowdrops sweet, and
Of early skelpin' lass.

The swallow twitterin' ro
Awakes the merry mo
The lark to sip the early
Gaes blinkin' through

Sweet clover banks perf
Sweet birds attune th
Sweet buds on flowers
To golden kilted bee

Oh! there's my hame, m
But hame no mair fo
Yet when I die o' let
Beneath some rocks

A CONTRAST—was
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say! he may be rich
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there—he is poor!

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As I stood by
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An snowdrops sweet anoint the feet
Of early skelpin lass.

The swallow twitterin' round the byre
Awakes the merry morn;
The lark to sip the early dew
Gaes blinkin through the corn.

Sweet clover banks perfume the air,
Sweet birds attune the breeze,
Sweet buds on flowers are beckonin there
To golden kilted bees.

Oh! there's my hame, my dear, dear hame—
But hame no mair for me;
Yet when I die oh let me lie
Beneath some Berkshire tree.

A CONTRAST—I was walking out yesterday when I noticed among other things, one of those pitiful sights that I am sorry to say, are so common in this state—a poor lone bachelor's cabin. Poor did I say! he may be rich—yesterday perhaps he picked up a ten pound nugget! His sluice boxes every day may be lined with fine gold!—that fifty vara lot his shanty stands on, may be worth a fortune, as fortunes go in this world. Yet see him alone sweeping his floor—watching his bacon over that fire in the corner—rough and shaggy are his clothes, and a desolate homeless look haunts his cabin like a genius of evil, the wind moans through the cracks; the windows are greasy and broken, and the spiders weave their dusty webs there—he is poor if that is his wealth.

Further on is a nice little cottage half hidden by the fast growing trees, and surrounded by pyramids of bright tinted flowers that offer their sweetness a free gift to the wind—how grateful their perfume like incense ascending from the altar of home.

As I stood by admiring, a bright little girl came up and inquired "should she pick me some flowers?" "One or two if you please," and the white armed little angel flew round through the beds picking whole hands full of roses and jessamines and the sweet scented balm, and with an innocent smile, came and offered them over the gate.

I have no comments to make, the two pictures speak for themselves; only this, Cal-

ifornia's *hopes* are her *homes*. Like her drifting sands the lone ones float away, but her granite hills are not more firm than hearth-stones where the Lares and the Penates are placed—California homes are the bulwarks of the State. L.

The Fashions.

Bride's Toilet.

The material for the dress is plain white silk—Gros de Naples or Poul de Soie—with three flounces entirely covering it, and each flounce edged by three narrow (1½ inch wide) ruffles, pinked; or, instead of ruffles, three puffings of tulle, with an edging of blond. The puffings should be interspersed with flowers of orange and clematis. The corsage high and plain, with long point, back and front; with a berth to drop from the shoulder half way to the waist, trimmed to correspond with the skirt. The sleeves are of the pagoda style, and very wide, trimmed to match. Veil of tulle, very long, and trimmed with quilled ribbon. Wreath of orange flowers and roses. Handkerchief trimmed with a frill of rich lace, set on full, the corners being round. Slippers are more elegant than gaiters, and at present are preferred for all suitable occasions, among which none more so than a wedding.

Party Dresses.

White Tarleton is thought highly of, just now, and the more expensive tissues and grenadines are eclipsed by it; colored is much used, also; but the plain white, relieved by colored ribbons, is preferable. Both plain and double skirts are approved.

Monthly Record of Current Events.

THE receipts into the State Treasury, for the tenth official year, which ceased June 30th, were \$1,176,494, and the expenditures, \$1,141,777.

Samples of rock, taken straight through the vein, of the newly-discovered silver mine near Honey Lake Valley, yielded \$450 in gold, and \$15 of silver, to the ton.

The Bensley Water Company have erected several fine hydrants at the street cor-

ners of San Francisco, to which drinking-cups are attached, for the convenience of the public—especially for the use and encouragement of the new temperance organization named the Dashaways.

The Pitt River Indians have again committed acts of robbery and violence, and the U. S. troops under Major Kibbe are there upon active duty.

The brig "Floyd" left San Francisco for Fort Yuma, with a detachment of Company C, 6th regiment, and Quartermaster's stores, to relieve Companies I and H, 3d Artillery.

The famous Allison Ranch quartz lead is said to have yielded 2100 pounds of gold since Jan. 1st; which, at \$18 per oz., would make the snug little sum of \$453,000.

Horace Greeley, the editor of the New York Tribune, arrived by Overland Stage, at Placerville, El Dorado county, on the 31st June, via Pike's Peak and Salt Lake City.

A considerable number of spurious Mexican dollars, dated 1854, are in circulation in this State. They are supposed to have been made in China.

A miner named H. Steele, fell 185 feet down the Gouge-Eye shaft, at Sebastopol, Nevada County, without being seriously injured.

The ladies of Michigan Bluff's raised \$300 towards the Mount Vernon Fund.

The Alameda County Herald, F. F. Fargo, editor and publisher, made its first appearance July 27th.

By the Sonora, Orizaba, Pacific, and Northerner, on their last trips, nearly two thousand passengers arrived in San Francisco.

On the 31st July, the Oakland and San Francisco ferry boats ceased their opposition, and now run regularly at the same price, starting from each side at the same hour.

A copper pitcher, shaped like a gourd with the neck off, was recently found by Mr. James Patterson, at Red Hill, El Dorado County, imbedded in cement, several hundred feet beneath the surface of the mountain.

A new weekly paper has just been issued at Knight's Ferry, San Joaquin county, entitled "The Ferry Bee." J. B. Kennedy, editor and publisher.

A miner at work on Coyote Creek near Vallecito, took out of his sluices a lump of gold mixed with quartz. After separating, there were forty ounces of pure gold.

The Pacific and Atlantic Telegraph, via Los Angeles, was completed to San Juan on the 12th ult.

The California State Telegraph Company have reduced their rates one half.

The amount of treasure shipped by the John L. Stephens, on the 5th ult., was \$2,144,976.

On the 5th ult., the J. L. Stephens carried away 510 passengers for Panama, and the Orizaba 737. First cabin tickets sold as low as \$85 each, by both lines.

Stalks of corn twenty-three feet high, and having fine ears of corn on each, are growing at Parker's Ranch, on the Mokelumne River.

Richard H. Dana, the author of the spirited nautical narrative, entitled "Three Years Before the Mast," arrived in San Francisco on the 13th ult., by the steamer Golden Gate;—twenty-three years after his first visit to California.

The San Jose Telegraph is now published semi-weekly.

The members of the Episcopal Church and congregation of the Rev. F. C. Ewer, have commenced the erection of a fine brick building, for public worship, at the corner of Stockton and California streets, San Francisco.

Peaches have become so plentiful and cheap in all the principal cities of the State, that they are being ground down for the manufacture of peach brandy.

The first number of the San Andreas Democrat, published by H. Marlette, was issued on the 11th ult.

A daily stage line has been established between Oakland and Stockton, and the news of the morning at the latter place is received in San Francisco by five o'clock of the same day.

A large assemblage of printers was convened in San Francisco, on the 14th ult., for the purpose of forming a Typographical Association for California.

The 'Placer American' is the name of a new paper issued on the 6th ult. at Auburn, Placer county.

The new diggings recently discovered near Mariposa still continue to yield abundantly. On Friday last, says the *Star*, three men made a division of the proceeds of six days' labor. They divided between them 101 lbs. 9 oz. and 2 dollars, in coarse gold, which they had pounded out with a hand mortar—equal to 1221 oz., which, at \$17 an ounce, amounts to \$20,757. The fine gold contained in the siftings will probably amount to over \$3,000 more.

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Editor's Table.

WHAT a pity it is that we cannot get up a good war with some respectable maritime power, (like England or France, for instance,) by whose blockading fleet of war vessels on the Pacific Coast, all communication with the Eastern States could be entirely cut off by sea, for four or five years; during which time, of course, the overland method of transport for freight would be altogether too expensive to admit of heavy goods arriving in California by that route. How such a blockade would stir up the spunk and mettle of our people, and drive them to—what? Why, to the manufacture of a large proportion of the goods they now import, and the use of the four millions of dollars, monthly sent out of the State, for the erection and fitting up of manufactories for the fabrication of goods before imported!

Of course, it is not to be expected that Congress need be at all anxious to lend us any assistance, in men or arms, to defend our country or ourselves against such a power; or to open up any other system of overland communication than the "long tried" and "fast-sailing" one known as the Governmental Mule and Ox Team Express! through from the Missouri River to the Sacramento in the unprecedentedly quick time of one hundred and eighty-two days and twelve hours! A Pacific and Atlantic Railroad would be out of the question, as the dream of those who live fifty or a hundred years before their time, (*vide* Horace Greeley's speech in San Francisco on the 17th ult.) Besides, if we could but wait long enough, it is possible that some enterprising philanthropists might be found, who would be generous enough to construct the Pacific Railroad across U. S. territory—providing the sovereign States at either end of the road would construct their quota to the State line.

It is true that we might be able to obtain a few letters by the present overland stage lines, providing Congress, in its economical wisdom, did not see fit to cut those off also. Yet, in the perpetuation of those lines, it is out of the question that a full mail could be carried, inasmuch as no less than from fifty to sixty dray-loads of mail matter are conveyed from the San Francisco Post Office to every steamer bound for Panama and the east; and any one who has had the least insight into matters pertaining to overland mail communication, may readily form some idea of the probable cost for transportation of fifty dray-loads of letters, books and papers, by that route.

One fact is certain: In the event of such a war—and may it come soon!—it would teach us the noble and elevating manliness of self-reliance, not only in the production of the "dogs of war," but for the creation among ourselves of the arts of peace; and give Minerva supreme sway over the future destiny of the glorious lands of this confederation on the Pacific Coast.

It is not our province, and is much less our inclination, to mingle in the muddy stream of party politics, nor to intrude upon our readers any ideas respecting the individuals of that august body of politicians who are now parading our State; but simply to offer congratulations to the people, who have elected, or are about to elect, from their number, the exponents of the various doctrines and opinions we espouse, and to thank those gentlemen for the high-toned and manly sentiments, and the choicest language used on every occasion; which must not only raise us in our own estimation, but in that of our sister States, and place us on a pedestal of admiration to the wondering gaze of our foreign admirers, and even enemies, if we

have any. Surely, such force, vigor, politeness, and general urbanity, as that which has characterized the political addresses of the day in this State, is rarely heard or read of in any country,—Oregon perhaps excepted—and as good things are not always for the million, let us hope that foreigners at least did not understand them; for the flowers of the English language (luckily for us) are said to be but imperfectly understood by them.

The style, too, of the language used in this, will also form an excellent precedent for future campaigns, and be something for the young aspirant after fame to remember and emulate. "Liar," "thief," "robber," "villain," are expressive old Saxon words, and should be used, not with caution, but with spirit, gesticulation, and energy; and though they are the usual accompaniment of oaths, they may be used with or without them; for young men, and not unfrequently old ones, will occasionally get themselves into a labyrinth of difficulties, and a good, forcible sentence, with such additions as suggested—true or untrue, it matters not—will relieve them of considerable embarrassment.

Tallyrand was a statesman, in his day; Chesterfield a courtier, in his; but neither of them knew the simple art of extrication practiced in ours; and though it might seem, at the first glance, dangerous to high-spirited natures, there is nothing to be dreaded from the method. Should any one stand in the way of another's political advancement, the harmless and amusing sport of traducing his character seems to be the most popular and approved method of getting him out of the way. The reply and defence will most probably be in the use of such Saxon words as we have named, and to the former will give the decided advantage of having the opening and closing remarks—providing such playthings as revolvers and bowie-knives should not be prematurely used in too close a proximity to the persons of those engaged in this scholarly discussion. We do not know that this can be called a plank in any plat-

form, so much as a well worn plank in all—especially for the last few months. How such men reflect the high moral standing of a country like ours? [and show the immense advantage possessed over older States and countries, where urbanity, gentlemanly deportment, and respect is accorded those who differ; and such language as that mentioned, is entirely monopolized by the lowest blackguards and outcasts from society.

To Contributors and Correspondents.

I. Try.—We like the spirit and drift of your communication; which, although very fair, is not quite fit for publication. Carry out your doctrine by "trying again."

S. P.—You had better not attempt anything, the consequences of which you may fear. In such a case, decide immediately in the negative.

Marie.—We are pleased to know that we have your good opinion.

"Italy versus France."—Is too spitefully censorious, without possessing merit of composition or facts to support the position taken; nevertheless, we are of the writer's opinion, that but few are satisfied with the conditions of the peace just concluded between the Emperors Francis Joseph and Napoleon.

John G.—Nevada.—True democracy, as we understand it, means "the greatest good for the greatest number," and if a man votes for one whom he knows to be dishonest or incapable, even though he be on a ticket headed "Democratic," he violates the great principles of democracy, and proves that he loves a party better than he does his country; and consequently, in our estimation, is no true democrat or patriot.

Japhet.—You must not credit the sentence, "God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb," to the Bible, but to Storno's "Sentimental Journey." This error has, unfortunately, had too wide a circulation.

Lime Point.—Thank you. We will endeavor to preserve all Spanish and Indian names of places, to the best of our ability. Shall be happy to hear from you in some good California article for this Magazine.

RECEIVED—My Trip to the Moon—Letter to Miners, &c., &c.

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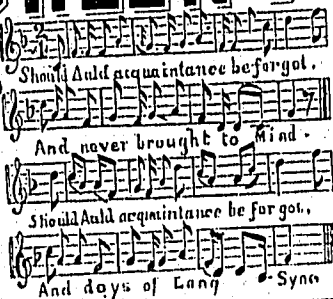
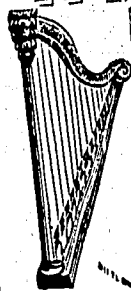
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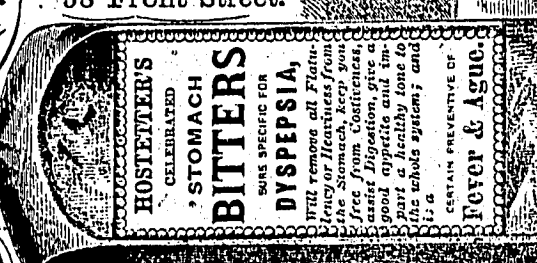
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