

Published Monthly.

Price 25 Cents.

HUTCHINGS'

CALIFORNIA

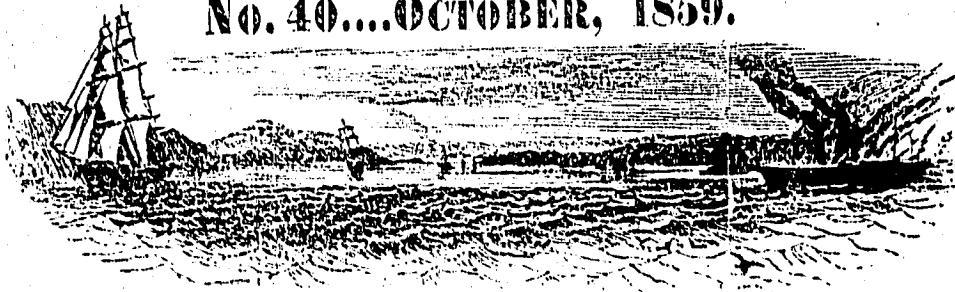
MAGAZINE

P. 145-160
Description
Yosemite
Trip of

June 1859



No. 40...OCTOBER, 1859.



PUBLISHED BY HUTCHINGS & ROSENFELD

148 Montgomery Street, second door north of Clay, San Francisco.

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.

THE GREAT YO-SEMITE VALLEY.....145
 ILLUSTRATIONS—The Yo-Semite Fall, Two Thousand Five Hundred Feet in Height.—Bots Leaving the Wharf; the Antelope for Sacramento, and the Bragdon for Stockton.—The Start from Coulterville.—Bower Cave.—Camping Scene at Deer Flat.—Descending the Mountain to the Yo-Semite Valley.—Distant View of the 'Pohono' (Indian Name), or Bridal Veil Waterfall.—River Scene in the Yo-Semite Valley, at the Foot of the Trail.
 MEMORIALS OF JUAN DE FUCA, DISCOVERER OF OREGON.....161
 THE FEAST OF LANTERNS.....167
 OUR PLAY.....168
 THE MINERS'S DEATH.....172
 CHINADOM IN CALIFORNIA, SECOND PAPER.....173
 THE MERRIMAC.....168
 LEGEND OF THE TURNIP-COUNTER, CONTINUED.....178
 OUR SOCIAL CHAIR,.....184
 Laughing Animals—Sample Clerk Wanted—Indian Preference—Provisions for a Trip to the Yo-Semite Valley—An Incurable Witness—Horace Greeley's Visit to the Yo-Semite Valley—A Strange Voter—Newly Arrived Emigrants—Undignified Proceeding.
 THE DRAMA.....188
 THE FASHIONS,.....186
 MONTHLY RECORD OF CURRENT EVENTS,.....189
 EDITOR'S TABLE,.....190
 The Pacific Railroad, again—The State Fair an Illustration of our Progress.
 TO CONTRIBUTORS AND CORRESPONDENTS,.....192

**LAWRENCE & HOUSEWORTH,
 OPTICIANS,
 177 CLAY ST.**

ESTABLISHED IN 1851.

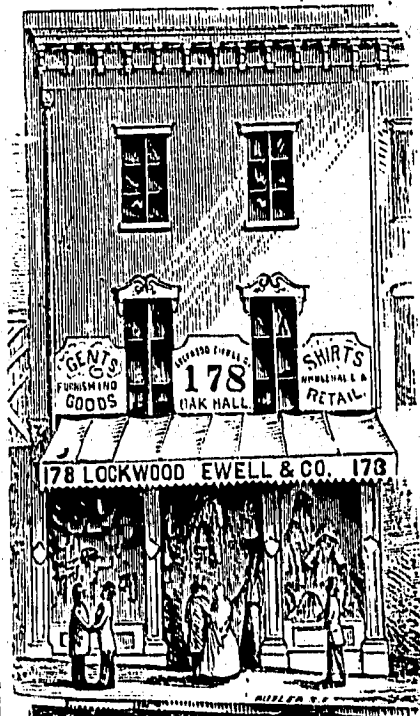
Gold, Silver and Steel Spectacles and
 Tortoise Shell Eye Glasses, with
 Brazilian Pebbles, and the
 best quality of Glass.

*Particular Attention given to this Branch
 of our Business.*

**STEREOSCOPES AND VIEWS,
 MARINE GLASSES,
 OPERA GLASSES,
 SPY GLASSES,
 MAGNETIC MACHINES,
 DRAWING INSTRUMENTS,
 MICROSCOPES, &c., &c.**

Direct Importers of Joseph Rodgers &
 Son's

**CUTLERY,
 WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.**



OAK HALL!

LOCKWOOD, EWELL & Co.
 Clothing and Furnishing Goods
 178 Clay and 107 Merchant St., San
 Francisco, & 173 Broadway, N. Y.

C. F. ROBBINS & FREEMAN, PRINTERS, COR. CLAY AND BATTERY STS., S. F.

FEBR, 1859.
145
 ect in
 ad the
 Camp-
 Val-
 Water-
161
167
168
172
173
168
178
184
 visions
 (Grea-
 l, Emi-
 188
188
189
190
 press.
192
 OAK HALL!
 173
 L & Co.
 g Goods
 e St., San
 y, N. Y.
 TS., S. F.

WHEELER & WILSON'S
FIRST PREMIUM
FAMILY SEWING MACHINES
AT REDUCED PRICES.

The highest premiums were awarded these Machines in 1858, at the following Fairs and Institutes:—

MISSOURI, NEW JERSEY, KENTUCKY, CHICAGO,
 ILLINOIS, MARYLAND, WISCONSIN, ST. LOUIS,
 MISSISSIPPI, VIRGINIA, MICHIGAN, BALTIMORE,
 NEW YORK, PENNSYLVANIA, INDIANA, RICHMOND,
 CALIFORNIA, MECHANICS' INSTITUTE, *San Francisco.*

These Machines having taken the First Premiums at all the State Fairs held last Fall (1858) throughout the Union, in every instance where they have contended, over all other Sewing Machines, must be received as

Conclusive Evidence of their Unqualified Superiority.

Among the undoubted advantages of these Machines, are—

1. Elegance and simplicity of construction, and consequent freedom from derangement and need of repairs.
2. Durability.
3. Unexampled ease and rapidity of operation.
4. Noiseless Movement.
5. Beauty of stitch and firmness of seam.
6. Economy of thread.
7. Applicability to a variety of purposes and materials.

"They are applicable to every variety of Sewing for Family wear, from the lightest muslins, to the heaviest cloths. It works equally well upon Silk, Linen, Woolen, and Cotton Goods: Seaming, Quilting, Hemming, Gathering, and Felling,—performing every species of Sewing, except making Button Holes, Stitching on Buttons, and the like. Various appliances are furnished for regulating the width of hems. The "Hemmer" is an appendage by which the edge of the fabric as it passes through, is turned down and handsomely stitched. Thousands of these Machines are used by FAMILIES, Seamstresses, Dressmakers, Tailors, Manufacturers of Skirts, Cloaks, Mantillas, Clothing, Hats, Caps, Corsets, Ladies' Gaiters, Umbrellas, Parasols, Silk and Linen Goods, with complete success; sometimes from one to two hundred are used in a single manufactory.

See what the SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN says:—"We are having a great many inquiries for Sewing Machines from various parts of the country, and as we cannot conveniently reply to them all by mail, we have thought it proper to state our opinion in regard to them in this public manner. We have used Wilson's patent, manufactured by the Wheeler & Wilson's Manufacturing Company, No. 505 Broadway, and we can say in regard to it, that it is without a rival. It is simple, not easily put out of order, and in point of effectiveness and finish no other machine stands ahead of it. We state this much in regard to the excellent machine on our own responsibility.

An ample supply of these *FIRST PREMIUM MACHINES* will be received by every steamer from New York; and for sale at the **ONLY DEPOT** of

WHEELER & WILSON'S SEWING MACHINES,
 Corner Montgomery and Sacramento Sts.,
SAN FRANCISCO.

H. C. HAYDEN, Agent.

GROVER & BAKER'S
CELEBRATED
FAMILY & MANUFACTURING



SEWING MACHINES.

NEW STYLES! REDUCED PRICES!

We are receiving several new and elegant patterns of our FAMILY MACHINES, in which are embodied many new and valuable improvements. An examination will verify our assertion that

THEY WILL STITCH, HEM, FELL, GATHER, AND EMBROIDER,

more beautifully, operate more rapidly, with less noise, less exertion, and less trouble, and will execute better work upon a greater variety of fabrics, than any other.

The strength and elasticity of the GROVER & BAKER STITCH, is unquestionable. From its peculiar formation the strain upon it is equally divided throughout, and it possesses more elasticity than the fabric through which it passes. Its strength is such, that by cutting the seam at every fifth or sixth stitch, it will be found impossible to rip. This is the only stitch made by any machine sewing from the ORIGINAL SPOOLS, and on which cotton can be used to advantage on the under side with silk above.

From their extreme simplicity, the mechanism and principle of operation can be understood, and a thorough knowledge of their practical application and execution acquired, in less time than on any other machine. For the varied requirements of a family our machines are peculiarly adapted, being equally capable of sewing on every variety of fabric, without special adjustment.

Our MANUFACTURING MACHINES are in general use throughout the country, and their advantageous merits have become acknowledged facts.

Prices from \$75 to \$175. . . . Send for a Circular.

GROVER & BAKER S. M. CO.

R. G. BROWN, Agent,

118 Montgomery Street, San Francisco.

CA

VOL

Got it
"I see you
the sil
Straining
a foot
Follow yo
charge
Ory"—lio

T

spring a
much d
among t
miners
Joaquin
Frezno
utaries,
frequent
ted upon

HUTCHINGS' CALIFORNIA MAGAZINE.

VOL. IV. OCTOBER, 1859. No. 4.

THE GREAT YO-SEMITE VALLEY.

CHAPTER I.

How it came to be Discovered.

"I see you stand like grayhounds in
the slips,
Straining upon the start. The game 's
a foot;
Follow your spirit; and, upon this
charge,
Cry"—Ho! for the Yo-Semite!

THE early California
resident will remem-
ber that during the
spring and summer of 1850,
much dissatisfaction existed
among the white settlers and
miners on the Merced, San
Joaquin, Chowehilla, and
Fresno rivers and their trib-
utaries, on account of the
frequent robberies commit-
ted upon them by the Chook-



THE YO-SEM-ITE FALL, TWO THOUSAND FIVE HUNDRED FEET IN HEIGHT.
[From a Photograph by C. L. Weed.]

chan-cie, Po-to-en-cie, Noot-cho, Po-ho-ne-chee, Ho-na-chee, Chow-chilla and other Indian tribes on the head waters of those streams. The frequent repetition of their predatory forays having been attended with complete success, without any attempted punishment on the part of the whites, the Indians began seriously to contemplate the practicability of driving out every white intruder upon their hunting and fishing grounds.

At this time, James D. Savage had two stores, or trading posts, nearly in the centre of the affected tribes; the one on Little Mariposa creek, about twenty miles south of the town of Mariposa, and near the old stone fort; and the other on Fresno river, about two miles above where John Hunt's store now is. Around these stores those Indians who were the most friendly, used to congregate; and from whom, and his two Indian wives, Kokino and Homut, Savage ascertained the state of thought and of feeling among them.

In order to avert such a calamity, and without even hinting at his motive, he invited an Indian chief, who possessed much influence with the Chow-chillas and Chook-chances, named Jose Jerez, to accompany him and his two squaws to San Francisco; hoping thereby to impress him with the wonders, numbers, and power of the whites, and through him, the various tribes that were malcontented. To this Jerez gladly assented, and they arrived in San Francisco in time to witness the first celebration of the admission of California into the Union, on the 29th of October, 1850,* when they put up at the Revere House, then standing on Montgomery street.

During their stay in San Francisco, and while Savage was purchasing goods

for his stores in the mountains, Jose Jerez, the Indian chief, became intoxicated, and returned to the hotel about the same time as Savage, in a state of boisterous and quarrelsome excitement. In order to prevent his making a disturbance, Savage shut him up in his room, and there endeavored to soothe him, and restrain his violence by kindly words; but this he resented, and became not only troublesome, but very insulting; when, after patiently bearing it as long as he possibly could, at a time of great provocation, unhappily, was tempted to strike Jerez, and followed it up with a severe scolding. This very much exasperated the Indian, and he indulged in numerous muttered threats of what he would do when he went back among his own people. But, when sober, he concealed his angry resentment, and, Indian-like, sullenly awaited his opportunity for revenge. Simple, and apparently small, as was this circumstance, like many others equally insignificant, it led to very unfortunate results; for, no sooner had he returned to his own people, than he summoned a council of the chief men of all the surrounding tribes; and, from his influence and representations mainly, steps were then and there agreed upon to drive out or kill all the whites, and appropriate all the horses, mules, oxen, and provisions they could find.†

Accordingly, early one morning in the ensuing month of November, the Indians entered Savage's store on the Fresno, in their usual manner, as though on a trading expedition, when an immediate and apparently preconcerted plan of attack was made with hatchets, crow-bars, and arrows; first upon Mr. Greoley, who had charge of the store, and then upon three other white men named Canada, Stiffner,

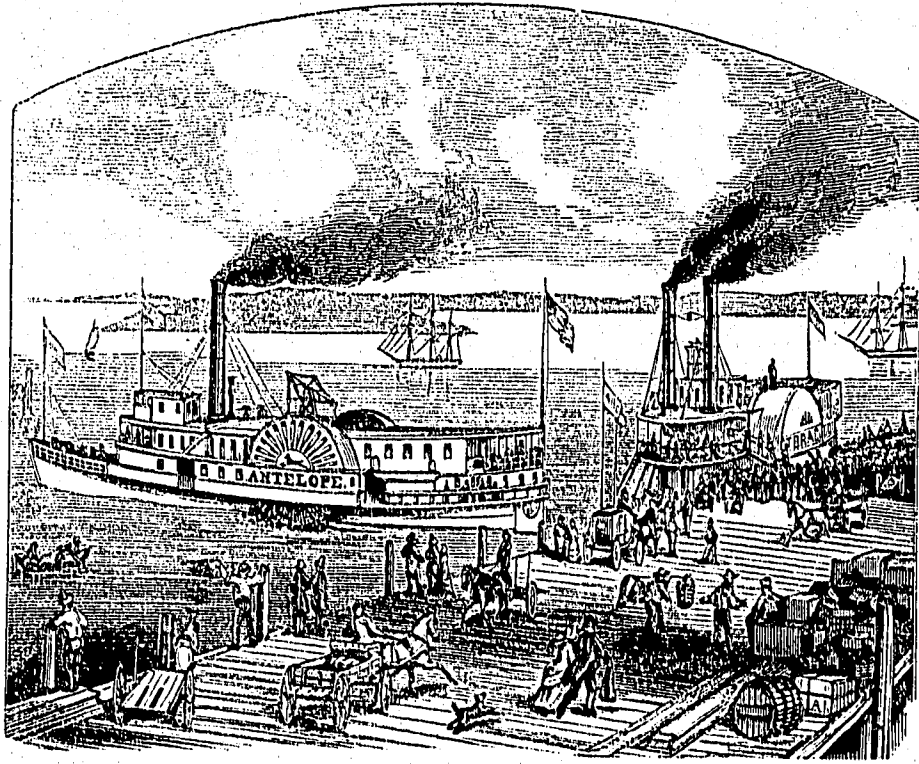
*The news of the admission, by Congress, of California into the Union, on the 9th of Sept. 1850, was brought by the mail steamer "Oregon," which arrived in the Bay of San Francisco on the 18th of Oct. 1850, when preparations were immediately commenced for a general jubilee throughout the State on the 23rd of that month.

†These facts were communicated to us by Mr. J. M. Cunningham, (now in the Yo-Semite valley,) who was then engaged as clerk for Savage, and was present during the altercation between him, and the Indian.



BOATS LEA

and Brown was made time or were killed saved by (thus christened between the risk of affording which he the way his speed. Simultaneously Fresno, dence on during his India slaughters points of Fresno, concluded about of



BOATS LEAVING THE WHARF — THE ANTELOPE FOR SACRAMENTO, AND THE DRAGON FOR STOCKTON.

and Brown, who were present. This was made so unexpectedly as to exclude time or opportunity for defence, and all were killed except Brown, whose life was saved by an Indian named "Polonio," (thus christened by the whites,) jumping between him and the attacking party, at the risk of his own personal safety, thus affording Brown a chance of escape, and which he made the best of by running all the way to Quartzburg, at the height of his speed.

Simultaneously with this attack on the Fresno, Savage's other store and residence on the Mariposa was attacked, during his absence, by another band, and his Indian wives carried off. Similar onslaughts having been made at different points on the Merced, San Joaquin, Fresno, and Chow-chilla rivers, Savage concluded that a general Indian war was about opening, and immediately com-

menced raising a volunteer battalion; at the same time a requisition for men, arms, ammunition, and general stores, was made upon the Governor of the State (Gen. John McDougal,) which was promptly responded to by him, and hostilities were at once begun.

Without further entering into the details, incidents, and mishaps of this campaign—as a full account of this Indian war will make a very interesting and instructive subject of itself, for future consideration—we have thought it necessary to relate the above facts as they occurred, inasmuch as out of them originated the Mariposa Indian war, and the discovery of the great Yo-Semite valley. Therefore, with these introductory explanations, and the reader's consent, we will at once proceed upon our tour to that wonderful, mountain-bound valley of waterfalls.

ins, Jose Jo-
e intoxicated,
out the same
of boisterous
t. In order
disturbance,
is room, and
him, and re-
y words; but
ame not only
lting; when,
s long as he
great provo-
pted to strike
with a severe
exasperated
in numerous
he would do
his own pec-
concealed his
ian-like, sul-
munity for re-
arently small,
like many oth-
it led to very
no sooner had
eople, than he
e chief men of
s; and, from
ations mainly,
e agreed upon
e whites, and
mules, oxen,
nd.†
orning in the
the Indians
e Fresno, in
gh on a trad-
mediate and
an of attack
ow-bars, and
ley, who had
n upon three
ada, Stiffnor,

to us by Mr. J.
the valley,) who
e, and was pres-
in and the In-

CHAPTER II.

Off for the Mountains.

'Tis a dull thing to travel like a mill-horse.
QUENEN OF CORINTH.

The reader knows as well as we do that, although it may be of but little consequence in point of fact, whether a spirit of romance; the love of the grand and beautiful in scenery; the suggestions or promptings of that most loveable of all lovely objects, a fascinating woman, be she friend, sweetheart, or wife; the desire for change; the want of recreation; or the necessity of a restoration and recuperation of an over-tasked physical or mental organization, or both;—whatever may be the agent that first gives birth to the wish for, or the love of travel; when the mind is thoroughly made up, and the committee of ways and means reports itself financially prepared to undertake the pleasurable task; in order to enjoy it with luxurious zest, we must resolve upon four things—*first*, to leave the "peck of troubles," and a few thrown in, entirely behind; *second*, to have none but good, suitable, and genial-hearted companions; *third*, a sufficient supply of personal patience, good humor, forbearance, and creature comforts for all emergencies; and, *fourth*, not to be in a hurry. To these, both one and all, who have ever visited the Yo-Semite valley, we know will say—Amen.

Now as we cannot in this brief series of articles, describe all the various routes to this wonderful valley, from every village, town, and city in the State; as they are almost as numerous and as diversified as the different roads that christians seem to take for their expected heaven, and the multitudinous creeds about the way and manner of getting there, we shall content ourselves by giving the principal ones; and after we have recited the following quaint and unanswerable argument of a celebrated divine to the querulous and uncharitable members of

his flock, in which we think the reader will discover a slight similarity between the position of Yo-Semite travelers, to that of the various denominations of christians; we shall then proceed to explain how and when we journeyed there, and who were of the party.

An aged and charitable christian minister had frequently experienced much painful annoyance from an unmistakable bitterness of feeling that existed between the members of his church and those of a different sect; and as this was contrary to the word and spirit of the Great Teacher, and a great stumbling block to the usefulness and happiness of the members of both denominations, he notified them that on a certain Sunday, he wished his brother minister to close his doors, as he wished to address the members of both churches at the same time, on a very important subject. This was accordingly granted him. When he ascended the pulpit, he looked affectionately at his hearers, and thus began—
 "My christian friends, there was a christian brother—a Presbyterian—who walked thoughtfully up to the gate of the New Jerusalem, and knocked for admittance, when an angel who was in charge, looked down from above and enquired what he wanted. 'To come in,' was the answer. 'Who and what are you?' 'A Presbyterian.' 'Sit on that seat there.' This was on the outside of the gate; and the good man feared that he had been refused admittance. Presently arrived an Episcopalian, then a Baptist, then a Methodist, and so on, until a representative of every christian sect had made his appearance; and were alike ordered to take a seat outside. Before they had long been there, a loud anthem broke forth, rolling and swelling upon the air, from the choir within; when those outside immediately joined in the chorus. 'Oh!' said the angel, as he opened wide the gate, 'I did not know you by your

names, but
 come in!
 or the way
 the moment
 able to re
 will show

words of
 Semite
 hope that
 nition of
 note of
 reader of
 proceed e
 The
 have hi
 Stockto
 land by s

F'm S. I.
 F'm Oakl

names, but you have all learned one song, you will experience.'—As you my brethren, come in! come in!! The name you bear, the good man continued, "as you expect to live peaceably and lovingly together in heaven, you had better begin to practice it on earth. I have done." As this allegorical advice needs no



THE START.

words of application either to the Yosemite traveler or the christian, in the hope that the latter will take the admonition of Captain Cuttle, "and make a note on't," and with an apology to the reader for the digression, we will now proceed *en route*.

The resident of San Francisco can have his choice of two ways for reaching Stockton; one, for the most part, overland by stage, as follows:—

	Miles.
F'm S. F. to Oakland, by ferry, which is	8
F'm Oakland, by stage, to San Antonio,	2
" San Leandro.....	7
" San Lorenzo.....	11
" Hayward's.....	13
" Alvarado, or Union City,	18
" Centreville.....	22
" Mission of San Jose.....	27
" Hart's Station.....	30
" Livermore's.....	34
" Mountain House.....	44
" Harland's Ferry.....	60
" French Camp.....	66
" Stockton.....	79

Whole distance from San Francisco to Stockton, by this route, 79 miles.

Or, making his way to Jackson street wharf, a few moments before four o'clock, he can take one of the California Steam Navigation Company's boats, and arrive in Stockton, by water,—distance 124 miles—in time for any of the stages that leave that city for the mountains. We chose the latter route; and, on the evening of the 14th of June of the present year, found ourselves on board the Helen Hensley, Captain Clark, (one of the oddest looking, and at the same time one of the most intelligent specimens of steamboat captains we ever met.)

As the steamboat Antelope, bound for Sacramento, was heavily freighted, we had the advantage of taking and keeping the lead, and arrived at Benicia at twenty minutes to seven o'clock—distance thirty miles, from San Francisco—at least half an hour ahead of her; a circum-

stance of very unusual occurrence, and which seemed to afford considerable satisfaction to the more enthusiastic of the passengers; for, whether a man may be riding on any four legged animal, from a donkey to a race-horse, or in any kind of vehicle, from a dog-cart to a train of cars; or in any sailing craft that floats, from a flat-bottomed scow to a leviathan steamer, such is his perverse desire to be able to crow over something or somebody, that if he breaks his neck in the attempt to pass a fellow traveler; or runs the risk of losing a wheel, or his life, while driving furiously; or takes an extra and speedy, though not always the most popular, method of elevation, upon the broken fragments of an exploded boiler, he is sure to wish for the success of that particular animal, vehicle, or craft, on which he may for the time be a passenger! We do not say that *we*, (that is, our boat), were "racing," for we were not; nor do we say that we were in any danger, for the officers of the boat—and of all these boats—were too careful to run any risks, especially as all "racing" is strictly prohibited by the Company.

The run across the straits of Carquinez, from Benicia to Martinez, three miles distant, took us just ten minutes. Then after a few moments delay, we again dashed onward; the moonlight gilding the troubled waters in the wake of our vessel, as she plowed her swift way through the bay of Suisun; and to all appearance deepened the shadows on the darker sides of Monte Diablo, by defining, with silvery clearness, the uneven ridges and summit of that solitary mountain mass.

At twenty minutes past eight, P. M., we entered the most westerly of the three mouths of the San Joaquin river, fifty-one miles from San Francisco and twenty-one above Benicia—after passing the city of New York on the Pacific, the intended "Eden" of speculators and castle-

builders—without performing the fashionable courtesy of calling.

The evening being calm and sultry, it soon became evident that if it were not the height of the mosquito season, a very numerous band were out on a free-booting excursion; and although their harvest-home song of blood was doubtless very musical, it may be matter of regret with us to confess that, in our opinion, but few persons on board appeared to have any ear for it; in order, however, that their musical efforts might not be entirely lost sight of, they took pleasure in writing and impressing their low refrain in red and embossed notes upon the foreheads of the passengers, so that he who looked might read—mosquitoes! when, alas! such was the ingratitude felt for favors so voluntarily performed, that flat-handed blows were dealt out to them in impetuous haste, and blood, blood, blood, and flattened mosquitoes was written in red and dark brown spots upon the smiter, and behold! the notes of those singers were heard no more "that we know on."

While the unequal warfare is going on, and one carcass of the slain induces at least a dozen of the living to come to his funeral and avenger his death, we are sailing on, up one of the most crooked and most monotonous navigable rivers out of doors; and, as we may as well do something more than fight the little bill-presenting and tax-collecting mosquitoes, if only for variety, we will relate to the reader how, in the early spring of 1849, just before leaving our southern home on the banks of 'the mother of rivers,' 'the old Mississippi,' a gentleman arrived from northern Europe and was at once introduced a member of our little family circle. Now, however strange it may appear, our new friend had never in his life looked upon a live mosquito, or a mosquito-bar, and consequently knew nothing about the arrangements of a good

femme de char
able night, with
more numerous
morning he so
fast-table, his
wounds, receive
boschis, when
the lady of the
the night pl
replied, with
er-a-bly pleas
—fly—apao
this confession
selves no lon
heartly laugh
hostess, who
"Mosquitoes
dreamed that
your face, or
I thought the
a rash, or so
kind. Why
er-downy fur
But as this
to a bed, in
lands of a
was a great
than any
known, the
lem had to
solved, and
sweet.

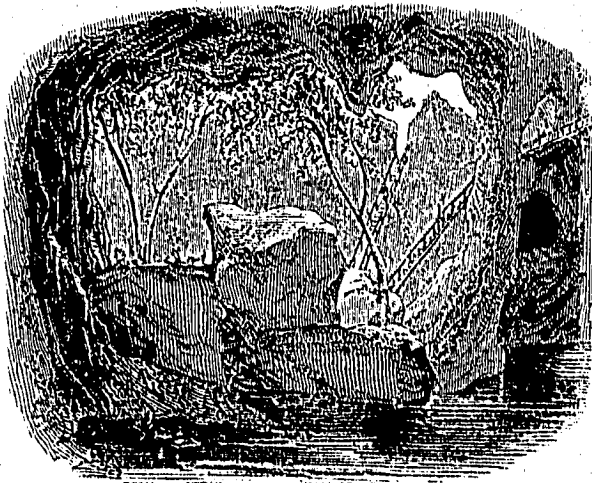
Perhaps I
mark, that
vided into
ively as the
nels; the
the main
the steam
to and from
in about
which poin
The east, or
for small, s
as Fresno
channels o
tioned, the
the princip

femme de charge for passing a comfortable night, where such insects were even more numerous than oranges. In the morning he seated himself at the breakfast-table, his face nearly covered with wounds received from the enemy's proboscis, when an enquiry was made by the lady of the house, if he had passed the night pleasantly? "Yes,—yes," he replied, with some hesitation, "yes—tolerably pleasant—although—a—*small fly*—annoyed me—somewhat!" At this confession, we could restrain ourselves no longer, but broke out into a hearty laugh, led by our good-natured hostess, who then exclaimed: "Mosquitoes! why, I never dreamed that the marks on your face were mosquito bites. I thought they might be from a rash, or something of that kind. Why! didn't you lower down your mosquito-bars?" But as this latter appendage to a bed, on the low, alluvial lands of a southern river, was a greater stranger to him than any dead language known, the "small fly" problem had to be satisfactorily solved, and his sleep made sweet.

Perhaps it would be well here to remark, that the San Joaquin river is divided into three branches, known respectively as the west, middle, and east channels; the latter named, being not only the main stream but the one used by the steamboats and sailing vessels, bound to and from Stockton—or at least to within about four miles of that city, from which point the Stockton slough is used. The east, or main channel, is navigable for small, stern-wheel steamboats, as high as Fresno City. Besides the three main channels of the San Joaquin, before mentioned, there are numerous tributaries, the principal of which are the Moquel-

umne, Calaveras, Stanislaus, Tuolumne, and Merced rivers. An apparently interminable sea of tules extends nearly one hundred and fifty miles south, up the valley of the San Joaquin; and when these are on fire, as they not unfrequently are, during the fall and early winter months, the broad sheet of licking and leaping flame, and the vast volumes of smoke that rise, and eddy, and surge, hither and thither, present a scene of fearful grandeur, at night, that is suggestive of some earthly pandemonium.

The lumbering sound of the boat's machinery having suddenly ceased, and



BOWER CAVE.

our high-pressure motive power having descended from a regular to an occasional snorting, gave us a reminder that we had reached Stockton. Time, forty-five minutes past two o'clock, on the morning of the 15th. At day-break we were again disturbed in our fitful slumbers by the rumbling of wagons and hurrying bustle of laborers discharging cargo; and before we had scarcely turned over for another uncertain nap, the stentorian lungs of some employe of the stage companies announced that stages for Sonora, Columbia, Murphy's, Mokelumne Hill, Sacramento, Mariposa, and Coulterville, were just about starting. The moment

that "Coulterville" was included in the list it recalled us to wide-awake consciousness that as we had come on purpose to go by that route, we had better be moving in the premises. Therefore, hurriedly making our toilet, and hastily going ashore, we each deposited seven dollars in the palm of the agent as our fare to the Crimea House, at which point another deposit of five dollars was to insure us safe and speedy transit in some other conveyance from that place to Coulterville.

A portion of our pleasant little party having joined us in Stockton; and, as we are now all snugly ensconced in the same stage, we will proceed to initiate the reader into the dramatis personæ of this (to us) deeply interesting performance. Rev. F. C. Ewer, and lady; (and when we mention "Rev." we hope that no one, at least in this instance, will associate it with anything prosy, or heavy, or dull, otherwise we wish at once to cut his or her acquaintance at the outset,) Miss Marianna Neill, Mr. L. C. Weed, our excellent photographer, and your humble servant, J. M. H. "All aboard!" cried the coachman; "all set," shouted somebody, in answer.

"Crack went the whip, and away went we."

There is a feeling of jovial, good-humored pleasurable that steals insensibly over the secluded residents of cities when all the cares of a daily routine of duty are left behind, and the novelty of fresh scenes opens up new sources of enjoyment. Especially was it so with us, seated as we were, in that comfortable, old stage, with the prospect before us of witnessing one of the most wonderful sights that is to be found in any far-off country either of the old or new world. Besides, in addition to our being in the reputed position of a Frenchman with his dinner, who is said to enjoy it in three different ways; first, by anticipation; next, in action; and third, on re-

flection; we had new views perpetually breaking upon our admiring eyes.

As soon as we had passed over the best gravelled streets of any town or city in the State, without exception, we threaded our way past the beautiful suburban residences of the city of Stockton, and emerged from the shadows of the giant oaks that stand on either side the road, the deliciously cool breath of early morning, laden as it was with the fragrance of myriads of flowers and scented shrubs, was inhaled with an acme of enjoyment that contrasted inexpressibly with the stifling and unsavory warmth of a lilliputian state room on board the steamboat.

The bracing air had partially restored the loss of appetite resulting from, and almost consequent upon, the excitement created by the novel circumstances and prospects attending us, so that when we arrived at the Twelve Mile House and breakfast was announced, it was not an unwelcome sound to any one of the party. This being satisfactorily discussed, in eighteen minutes, and a fresh relay of horses provided, we were soon upon our way. At the Twenty-five Mile House we again exchanged horses. By this time the day and our travelers had both warmed up together; and before we reached Knight's Ferry, as the cooling breeze had died out, and the dust had begun to pour in, at every chink and aperture, the luxurious enjoyments of the early morning were departing by degrees—in the same way that lawyers are said to get to heaven!—and when a group of sturdy, athletic miners was seen congregated in front of the hotel, and the bell and its ringer had announced that Knight's Ferry and dinner were both at hand, it would have been the height of preposterous presumption in us to attempt to pass ourselves off for "white folks" before we had made the acquaintance of clean water and a dust-brush.

After
our ap-
not on y
found
changed
and bet
tained
route, a

a very g
ing wh
Mr. Bro
route a
journali
with th
persons
were lin
miles ou

Here
was tak
Coulter
ed, we
sion of a
reached
o'clock
ber of
here sub
now, for
would n
change
delay of

After taking refreshments with loss of our appetites and forty-five minutes, we not only again "changed horses," but found both ourselves and our baggage changed to another stage—as the newest and best looking ones seemed to be retained for the level, and city end of the route, while the dust-covered and paint-

worn are used for the mountains. As we shall probably have something to say concerning these towns on our return, we will respond to the coachman's "all aboard," by calling out "all set," and thus leave it for the present.

At the Crimea House, our bags and baggage were again set down, and after



CAMPING AT DEER FLAT—NIGHT SCENE.

a very agreeable delay of one hour, during which time the obliging landlord, Mr. Brown, informed us that errors of route and distance had been made by journalists who were not quite familiar with their subject, and by which those persons who travel in private carriages were liable to go by La Grange, some five miles out of their way.

Here a new line as well as conveyance was taken, known as the "Sonora and Coulterville," and as that had now arrived, we lost no time in obtaining possession of as good seats as we could find, and reached Don Pedro's Bar about six o'clock, P. M. But for an unusual number of passengers, we should have been here subjected to another change of stage; now, fortunately, the old and regular one would not contain us all, so that the only change made was in horses, and after a delay of twelve minutes, we were again

dashing over the Tuolumne river, across a good bridge.

Now the gently rolling hills began to give way to tall mountains; and the quiet and even tenor of the landscape to change to the wild and picturesque. Up, up we toiled, many of us on foot, as our horses puffed and snorted like miniature steam-boats, from hauling but little more than the empty coach. The top gained, our road was through forests of oaks and nut pines, across flats, and down the sides of ravines and gulches, until we reached Maxwell's Creek; from which point an excellent road is graded on the side of a steep mountain, to Coulterville, and all that the traveler seems to hope for, is that the stage will keep upon it, and not tip down the abyss that is yawning below. Up this mountain we again had to patronize the very independent method of going 'afoot'; and while as-

ending it, our party was startled by a rustling sound being heard among the bushes below the road, where shadowy human forms could be seen moving slowly towards us. Hearts beat quicker, and images of Joaquin and Tom Bell's gang rose to our active fancies. "They will rob and perhaps murder us," suggested one. "We cannot die but once," retorted another. "Oh, dear! what is going to be the matter," was sent in a loud, shrill whisper from the owner of a treble voice in the stage. "Let us all keep close together," pantomimed a fourth, an outsider. "I shall faint," (another sound from within.) "Please to postpone that exercise, ladies, until we reach plenty of water," respectfully and cheerfully responded a fifth, and who evidently had some particular interest in the speaker.

"That's a hard old mountain," exclaimed the ringleader of the party that had caused all our alarm, as he and his companions quietly seated themselves by the side of the road. "Good evening, gentlemen." "Good evening." Why, bless my soul, these men who have almost frightened us out of our seven senses, are nothing but fellow travelers!" "Could'nt you see that?" now valorously enquired one whose knees had knocked uncontrollably together with fear only a few moments before. At this we all had to laugh; and the driver having stopped, said, "got in, gentlemen," we had enough to talk and joke about, until we reached Coulterville, at a quarter to ten o'clock, P. M. Here, by the kindness of Mr. Coulter, (the founder of the town,) our much needed comforts were duly cared for; and, after making arrangements for an early start on the morrow, we retired for the night, well fatigued with the journey; having been upon the road fifteen and one-half hours.

As we wish to make these sketches of use to future travelers, we have been particular in noting time, cost, distance, and

numerous other particulars, and as we have reached the end of our journey by stage, we append the following:

TIME AND DISTANCE TABLE FROM STOCKTON TO COULTERVILLE.

	Time made.	Miles.
Left Stockton at 1-4 past 6, A. M.		
From Stockton to 12 Mile House.....	1.35	12
From " to 25 Mile House.....	4.15	23
From " to Foot Hills.....	4.35	30
From " to Knight's Ferry.....	5.40	37
From " to Rock River House, (including detention for dinner).....	7.40	44
From Stockton to Crimea House.....	8.40	48
Here we exchanged stages, and delayed one hour.		
From Stockton to Don Pedro's Bar, (including delay at Crimea House)....	11.30	60
From Stockton to Coulterville, (exchanged horses and was delayed 12 min.)	15.30	71

Our first considerations the following morning were for good animals, provisions, cooking utensils, and a guide,—the former (all but the *good*) were supplied by a gentleman who rejoiced in the uncommon and somewhat ancient patronymic of Smith, at twenty-five dollars per head for the trip of eight days, almost the original cost of each animal, judging from their build and speed, so that the bill run as follows:—

5 saddle horses, one for each person,	\$125
1 pack mule.....	25
Guide.....	25

We hope before the next traveling season commences that reasonable arrangements will be made for a daily line of *good* saddle animals, both here and at Mariposa, (a most excellent starting point,) for it is much to be regretted that such exorbitant charges should preclude persons of limited means from visiting this magnificent valley. For the supply of provisions and cooking utensils, Mr. Coulter and the guide relieved us of all anxiety; and, at a quarter to nine the next morning, we were in our saddles, ready for the start. How we were attired or armed; what was the impression produced upon the bystanders; or, even what was our own opinion of appearances, "deponent saith not."

Life, so
In ones
Of sam-

For the
road lay
thro' de
that were
sides of
ridge; a
obtained
comprehe
foot-hills
of the
this point
forest of
and oaks
ly among
freshing
ally pas
ox-teams
logs or
reached
about ha
twelve n
Coulterv
This is
like for
hundred
length,
width, a
ed by a
than the
wide, at
of an op
feet long
wide, ne
running
trees, th
within t
these ar
deep ab
small sh
mysterio
trees.

CHAPTER III.

The Route to the Valley.

Life, so varied, hath more loveliness
In one brief day, than has a creeping century
Of sameness.

BAILEY'S FESTUS.

flight of fifty-two steps, to a newly constructed wooden platform, and from whence you can either pick your way to the water below, or ascend another flight of steps to a smaller cave above. But

For the first three or four miles, our road lay up a rough, mountainous point, thro' dense chaparral bushes that were growing on both sides of us, to a high, bold ridge; and from whence we obtained a splendid and comprehensive view of the foot-hills and broad valley of the San Joaquin. At this point we entered a vast forest of pines, cedars, firs, and oaks, and rode leisurely among their deep and refreshing shadows, occasionally passing saw-mills, or ox-teams that were hauling logs or lumber, until we reached "Bower Cave," at about half past one, P. M., twelve miles distant from Coulterville.

This is a singular grotto-like formation, about one hundred feet in depth, and length, and ninety feet in width, and which is entered by a passage not more than three feet six inches wide, at the northern end of an opening some seventy feet long by thirteen feet wide, nearly covered with running vines and maple trees, that grow out from within the cave; and when these are drawn aside, you look into a deep abyss, at the bottom of which is a small sheet of water, made shadowy and mysterious by overhanging rocks and trees. On entering, you walk down a



DESCENDING THE MOUNTAIN TO THE YO-SEMITE VALLEY.

although there is a singular charm about this spot that amply repays a visit, we must not linger too long, but pay our dollar, (fifty cents too much), and renew our journey.

ars, and as we
our journey by
owing:

FROM STOCKTON
MILE.

	Time made.	Miles.
M.	1.35	12
e.	4.15	23
e.	4.35	30
y.	5.40	37
ouse, (in-		
er).....	7.40	44
e.....	8.40	48
l delayed one hour.		
Bar, (in-		
ouse)....	11.30	60
(exohan-		
d 12 min.)	15.30	71

ons the following
animals, provis-
nd a guide,—the
) were supplied
oiced in the un-
t ancient patro-
fifty-five dollars
of eight days, al-
of each animal,
ild and speed, so
ows:—

each person, \$125
..... 25
..... 25

ext traveling sen-
sonable arrange-
er a daily line of
both here and at
xcellent starting
be regretted that
should preclude
ans from visiting

For the supply
ng utensils, Mr.
believed us of all
arter to nine the
e in our saddles,
w we were attired
e impression pro-
nders; or, even
ion of appearan-
ot."

As the day was hot, and the ride a novelty to most of us, we took a long siesta here, not fairly starting before a quarter to five o'clock, P. M. From this point to "Black's Ranch," our five miles' ride was delightfully cool and pleasant, and for the most part, by gradual ascent up a long gulch, shaded in places with a dense growth of timber, and occasionally across a rocky point to avoid a long detour or difficult passage. This part of our journey occupied us two hours. After a short delay, the ladies and a portion of our party started on, while Mr. Ewer and the writer having found one of the discoverers of the mammoth trees of Mariposa county, remained behind to glean some interesting facts concerning them, which will appear in due season before this series of articles is finished. While thus engaged, we had not noticed the fast gathering night shadows; and, when we made the discovery, we gave the spurs to our horses and hurried off.

On account of the steep hill-side upon which our trail now lay, and the pious habits of one of our horses, as the night had become so dark that we could scarcely see our hands before us, this ride was attended with some danger, and required that in consideration of the value, on such a trip, of a sound neck, if only for the convenience of the thing, we remembered and practiced too, the Falstaffian motto concerning discretion, and took it leisurely; arriving at Deer Flat, six miles above Black's, at a quarter past nine o'clock, P. M.

As our absence had created no little anxiety to at least one of the ladies of our party, on account of a husband being among the missing, our safe arrival in camp was welcomed with rejoicing exclamations. A good hearty meal was then discussed, and preparations made for passing the night, as comfortably as possible, in our star-roofed chamber, but on ac-

count of the novelty of our situation, to several, in camping out for the first time, it was long past midnight

"Ere slumber's spell had bound us."

Deer Flat is a beautiful green valley of about fifteen or twenty acres, surrounded by an amphitheatre of pines and oaks, and being well watered, makes a very excellent camping-ground. By the name given to this place, we thought that some game might probably reward an early morning's hunt, and accordingly, about day-break, we sallied out, prepared for dropping a good fat buck, but as no living thing larger than a dove could be started up the amount of fresh meat thus obtained was not very troublesome to carry.

A few minutes after seven o'clock on the morning of the 17th, we again started, and although not in the possession of the brightest of feelings, either mental or physical, we had no sooner become fairly upon our way than the wild and beautiful scenes on every hand made us forget the broken slumber of the night, and the unsatisfactory breakfast of the morning, as we journeyed on towards Hazel Green, which point we reached in two hours,—six miles distant from Deer Flat.

From this point the distant landscapes began to gather in interest and beauty, as we threaded our way through the magnificent forest of pine on the top of the ridge. Here, the green valley deep down on the Merced; there, the snow-clothed Sierra Nevadas, with their rugged peaks towering up; and in the sheltered hollows of the base, Nature's snow-built reservoirs, were glittering in the sun. These were glorious sights, amply sufficient in themselves to repay the fatigue and trouble of the journey without the remaining climax, to be reached when we entered the wondrous valley.

At ten minutes to eleven o'clock, A. M. we reached Crane Flat, six miles from Hazel Green; where, as there was plenty of

DISTANT

grass and
rest of a

From
grove of
this route
ious to l
terfalls,
at our re
brook ha
lowing a
may hap

"From
detour
a half,
found th
on the s
species
celebra
They ar
ible siz



DISTANT VIEW OF THE "POHONO," (INDIAN NAME,) OR BRIDAL VEIL WATERFALL.
 [From a Photograph by C. L. Weed.]

grass and water, we took lunch and a rest of about two hours.

From this point parties visit the small grove of mammoth trees, to be seen on this route, but as our party was too anxious to look upon the great valley of waterfalls, we did not go down to see them; at our request, however, Rev. J. C. Holbrook has kindly favored us with the following extract from his note-book, which may happily supply the omission:—

"From Crane Flat we made a little detour to the right of about a mile and a half, to see some "Big Trees." We found them to consist of a little cluster on the side of a deep cañon, of the same species of cedar as those which form the celebrated grove in Calaveras county. They are monsters, and of almost incredible size. Two of them grow from the

same root, and are united near the base, and hence we call them the "Siamese Twins." They are virtually one tree, being nourished by the same roots. We paced the distance *around* them at the bottom, close to the bark, and found it to be thirty-eight paces, or one hundred and fourteen feet, which would give as the *diameter* of both, thirty-eight feet!

The bark on one side has been cut into, and it measures twenty inches in thickness. At a few rods distance, interspersed among other trees, are four or five others of these monarchs of the forest, of which two or three are twenty-six paces each in circumference, or seventy-eight feet, with a diameter of twenty-six feet. They are perfectly straight, and tower up heavenward from 150 to 200 feet.

These trees are well worth visiting by

our situation,
 for the first
 night
 found us."

l green valley
 y acres, sur-
 re of pines and
 ered, makes a
 ound. By the
 e, we thought
 obably reward
 t, and accord-
 ve sallied out,
 good fat buck,
 or than a dove
 ount of fresh
 ot very trouble-

ven o'clock on
 e again started,
 ssession of the
 her mental or
 or become fairly
 ild and beauti-
 made us forget
 e night, and the
 of the morning,
 ds Hazel Green,
 n two hours,—
 er Flat.

stant landscapes
 est and beauty,
 ough the mag-
 the top of the
 lley deep down
 e snow-clothed
 r rugged peaks
 sheltered hol-
 snow-built res-
 in the sun.
 ts, amply suffi-
 pay the fatigue
 ey without the
 e reached when
 s valley.

on o'clock, A. M.
 six miles from
 ere was plenty of

any one who has not seen the groves in Calaveras and Mariposa counties. Such dimensions seem almost too marvelous for belief to persons at a distance. I sent the above statement to a daily paper in a western city, and in publishing it, the editor said: "We call particular attention to the statement relative to California forest trees. It would be accounted apocryphal had it a less reliable source." The trail is very plain from Crane Flat to these trees, although the descent and ascent to and from them is rather laborious, especially on a day as intensely hot as was that on which I visited them."

It is difficult to say whether the exciting pleasures of anticipation had quickened our pulses to the more vigorous use of our spurs, or that the horses had already smelled, in imagination at least, the luxuriant patches of grass in the great valley, or that the road was better than it had been before, certain it is, from whatever cause, we traveled faster and easier than at any previous time, and came in sight of the haze-draped summits of the mountain-walls that girdle the Yo-Semite Valley, in a couple of hours after leaving Crane Flat—distance nine miles.

Now, it may so happen that the reader entertains the idea that if he could just look upon a wonderful or an impressive scene, he could fully and accurately describe it. If so, we gratefully tender to him the use of our chair; for, we candidly confess, that we can not. The truth is, the first view of this convulsion-rent valley, with its perpendicular mountain cliffs, deep gorges, and awful chasms, spread out before us like a mysterious scroll, took away the power of thinking, much loss of clothing thoughts with suitable language.

And I beheld when he had opened the sixth seal, and, lo, there was a great earthquake; and the sun became black as sackcloth of hair, and the moon became as blood,

and the stars of heaven fell unto the earth, even as a fig tree casteth her untimely figs; when she is shaken of a mighty wind.

And the heaven departed as a scroll when it is rolled together; and every mountain and island were moved out of their places.

And the kings of the earth, and the great men, and the rich men, and the chief captains, and mighty men, and every bondman, and every freeman, hid themselves in the dens and in the rocks of the mountains; and said to the mountains and rocks, Fall on us, and hide us from the face of him that sitteth on the throne, and from the wrath of the Lamb: for the great day of his wrath is come; and who shall be able to stand?

These words from Holy Writ will the better convey the impression, not of the thought, so much, but of the profound feeling inspired by that scene.

"This verily is the stand-point of silence," at length escaped in whispering huskiness from the lips of one of our number, Mr. Ewer. Let us name this spot "The Stand-point of Silence." And so let it be written in the note-book of every tourist, as it will be in his inmost soul when he looks at the appalling grandeur of the Yo-Semite valley from this spot.

We would here suggest, that if any visitor wishes to see this valley in all its awe-inspiring glory, let him go down the outside of the ridge for a quarter of a mile and then descend the eastern side of it for three or four hundred feet, as from this point a high wall of rock, at your right hand, stands on the opposite side of the river, that adds much to the depth, and consequently to the height of the mountains.

When the inexpressible "first impression" had been overcome and human tongues had regained the power of speech, such exclamations as the following were uttered—"Oh! now let me die, for I am happy." "Did mortal eyes ever behold such a scene in any other land?" "The half had not been told us." "My heart is full to overflowing with emotion at the sight of so much appalling grandeur in

RIVER
the glorious
satisfied,"
of labor,"

A young
had fallen s
and whi, c
behind his
ours; and
day out, ex
quested us
we express
nothing of
ience to hi
slowly non
quietly and
started in t
as I have d
dollars?
point, and
ders preson
'I am a hu



RIVER SCENE IN THE YO-SEMITE VALLEY, NEAR THE FOOT OF THE TRAIL.

[From a Photograph by C. L. Weed.]

the glorious works of God!" "I am satisfied." "This sight is worth ten years of labor," &c., &c.

A young man, named Wadilove, who had fallen sick with fever at Coulterville, and who, consequently, had to remain behind his party, became a member of ours; and on the morning of the second day out, experiencing a relapse, he requested us to leave him behind; but, as we expressed our determination to do nothing of the kind, at great inconvenience to himself, he continued to ride slowly along. When at Hazel Green, he quietly murmured, "I would not have started on this trip, and suffer as much as I have done this day, for ten thousand dollars." But when he arrived at this point, and looked upon the glorious wonders presented to his view, he exclaimed, "I am a hundred times repaid now for

all I have this day suffered, and I would gladly undergo a thousand times as much, could I endure it, and be able to look upon another such a scene."

Admonished by our excellent guide, (whom everybody called "Sam,") we were soon in our saddles, and again on our way, never dreaming that we had spent more than a few brief minutes here, although our time-pieces told us that we had delayed forty-five, but which ought to have been prolonged to at least one day.

About a mile further on, we reached that point where the descent of the mountain commences; and where our guide required us to dismount, while he arranged the saddle blankets and cruppers, and straightened the saddle girths. Some were for walking down this precipitous trail to the valley, but as the guide

unto the earth,
untimely figs;
thy wind.
ed as a scroll
d every moun-
l out of their

and the great
the chief cap-
very bondman,
mselves in the
ountains; and
rocks, Fall on
ee of him that
om the wrath
y of his wrath
ble to stand?

Writ will the
on, not of the
the profound
one.

rd-point of si-
in whispering
of one of our
us name this
Silence." And
he note-book of
in his inmost
ppalling gran-
alley from this

st, that if any
alley in all its
m go down the
a quarter of a
e eastern side
undred feet, as
all of rock, at
n the opposite
much to the
to the hight of

"first impress-
no and human
power of speech,
following were
ne die, for I am
eyes ever behold
land?" "The
" "My heart
omotion at the
ng grandour in

informed such that it was nearly seven miles to the foot of the mountain, the desire, for the time being, was overcome; yet, in some of the steepest portions of the trail one or two of the party dismounted, neither of whom, we are proud to say, was a lady.

About two miles from the "Stand-Point of Silence," while descending the mountain, we arrived at a rapid and beautiful cascade, across which was a bridge, and here we quenched our thirst with its delicious water. Here we will mention that there is an ample supply of excellent cool water, at convenient distances, the entire length of the route, whether by Coulterville or Mariposa.

Soon, another cascade was reached and crossed, and its rushing heedlessness of course among rocks, now leaping over this, and past that; here giving a seething, there a roaring sound; now bubbling, and gurgling here; and smoking and frothing there, kept some of us looking and lingering until another admonition of our guide broke the charm and hurried us away.

The picturesque wildness of the scene on every hand; the exciting wonders of so romantic a journey; the difficulties surmounted; the dangers braved, and overcome; put us in possession of one unanimous feeling of unalloyed delight; so that when we reached the foot of the mountain, and rode side by side among the shadows of the spreading oaks and lofty pines in the smooth valley, we congratulated each other upon looking the very picture of happiness personified.

But as the sun had set, and a ride of six miles was yet before us ere we reached the upper hotel (Hite's) to which we were going, we quickened our speed, and reached the ferry. Here a new difficulty presented itself, inasmuch as the ferryman had left it for the night, and lived nearly half a mile above. This however, was overcome, by bringing a fowling-

piece into excellent play, (nearly the only one called for on the entire route,) on account of the scarcity of game, and after a delay of nearly one hour we were ferried across, at the rate of thirty-seven and a half cents per head, for men as well as animals, and at half-past nine o'clock, P. M., we arrived at the end of our day's journey. We feel confident that we express the sentiment of each when we say that this day will be remembered among the most delightful of our lives.

TABLE OF DISTANCES, AND TIME OCCUPIED BY OUR PARTY IN GOING TO THE VALLEY.

	Time of travel, h. m.	Rest'g & camp'g, h. m.	Dist. miles.
From Coulterville to Bower Cave,.....	1 25		12
Rested at the Cave,.....		3 40	
From the Cave to Black's Inn,.....	2 00		5
Rested at Black's,.....		20	
From Black's to Deer Flat,.....	1 45		6
Camped for the night at Deer Flat, from 9 p. m. till 5 min. of 7 a. m.,.....		9 55	
From Deer Flat to Hazel Green,.....	2 00		6
Rested at Hazel Green,.....		10	
From Hazel Green to Crane Flat,.....	1 30		6
Rested and lunched at C. Flat,.....		2 15	
From Crane Flat to "Stand-point of Silence,".....	2 10		9
Stopped at "Stand-Point of Silence,".....		45	
From Stand-Point of Silence to 2d Cascade Bridge,.....			2
From 2d Cascade to foot of Trail, into Valley,.....			5
From foot of Trail to upper Hotel,.....			6
From Stand-Point of Silence to Upper Hotel,.....	5 15		
Total time of Travel,.....	19 5	17 5	
Total time of resting and camping,.....	17 5		
Total time from Coulterville to Hotel in Valley,.....	36 10		
Total distance,.....			57

In our next number we shall continue this series of articles on the Yo-Semite Valley, and present some of the most skilfully drawn and finely executed engravings of all its most remarkable scenes that have ever appeared in this work, from photographs and sketches taken from nature.

MEMORIAL

[Co

Original
Greek
north
Extract
Purchase
1625.
Oregon

"A note
elder, t
Fretun
through
Meta I

"When

haply ar
sixty yeu
de Fuca,
Valerian
Cophalon
an ancien
ing come
at Leghu
where h
Englishm
coming f
otian shi
ny they
And Joh
me befor
Grock p
speech, a
between
this Gree
and Spa
effect as
had been
forty yea
many pl
the Span
in the Sp
from the
Nova Sp
the Cape
[Cavendi
lost sixt
goods.
three sm
Mexico
one hund
iards, to
along th
fortify in
and pro

MEMORIALS OF JUAN DE FUCA;
Discoverer of Oregon.

BY ALEX. S. TAYLOR.

[Continued from page 122.]

Original account of the Voyage of the Greek Pilot, Juan de Fuca, along the northwest coast of America, in 1592. Extracted from the Pilgrims of Samuel Purchas, page 849, Vol. third, London, 1625. Vide Greenhow's California and Oregon, 4th edition, on page 408.

"A note made by me, Michael Lock the elder, touching the strait of sea called Fretuna Anian in the South Sea, through the North West passage of Meta Incognita.

"When I was at Venico in April 1596, haply arrived there an old man, about sixty years of age, called commonly Juan de Fuca, but named properly Apostolos Valerianus, of nation a Greek, born in Cephalonia, of profession a mariner and an ancient pilot of ships. This man being come lately out of Spain, arrived first at Leghorn, and went thence to Florence, where he found one John Douglas, an Englishman, a famous mariner, ready coming for Venico, to be pilot for a Venetian ship for England, in whose company they came both together to Venico. And John Douglas being acquainted with me before, he gave me knowledge of this Greek pilot, and brought him to my speech, and in long talks and conference between us, in presence of John Douglas, this Greek pilot declared in the Italian and Spanish languages, thus much in effect as followeth:—First he said that he had been in the West Indies of Spain forty years, and had sailed to and from many places thereof, in the service of the Spaniards. Also he said that he was in the Spanish ship which, in returning from the Islands Phillipinas, towards Nova Spania, was robbed and taken at the Cape California by Captain Candish [Cavendish], Englishman, whereby he lost sixty thousand ducats of his own goods. Also he said that he was pilot of three small ships which the Viceroy of Mexico sent from Mexico, armed with one hundred men, under a captain, Spaniards, to discover the Straits of Anian, along the coast of the South Sea, and to fortify in that strait, to resist the passage and proceedings of the English nation

which were feared to pass through those straits into the South Sea; and by reason of a mutiny which happened among the soldiers for the misconduct of their captain, that voyage was overthrown, and the ship returned from California to Nova Spania, without anything done in that voyage; and that after their return, the captain was at Mexico punished by Justice.

"Also he said that shortly after the said voyage was so ill ended, the said Viceroy of Mexico sent him out again in 1592, with a small caraval and a pinnace, armed with mariners only, to follow the said Voyage for the discovery of the straits of Annian, and the passage thereof into the Sea, which they call the North Sea, all along the coast of Nova Spania and California, and the Indies, now called North America, (all which voyage he signified to me in a great map, and a sea card of mine own, which I laid before him) until he came to the latitude of 47 degrees; and that there finding that the land tended north and northeast, with a broad inlet of sea, between forty-seven and forty-eight degrees of latitude, he entered thereinto, sailing therein more than twenty days, and finding that land trending still sometime northwest, and northeast, and north and also east and south eastward, and very much broader sea than was at the said entrance, and that he passed by divers islands in that sailing; and that at the entrance of this said strait, there is on the northwest coast thereof, a great headland or island, with an exceeding high pinnacle, or spired rock, like a pillar thereupon.

"Also, he said that he went on land in divers places, and that he saw some people on land clad in beasts' skins; and that the land is very fruitful, and rich of gold, silver, pearls, and other things, like Nova Spania. And also he said that he being entered thus far into the said strait and being come into the North Sea already, and finding the sea wide enough everywhere, and to be about thirty or forty leagues wide in the mouth of the straits where he entered, he thought he had now well discharged his office; and that not being armed to resist the force of the savage people that might happen, he therefore set sail, and returned homewards again towards Nova Spania, where he arrived at Acapulco anno 1592, hoping to be rewarded by the Viceroy for

y the only
to,) on ac-
and after
were fer-
irty-seven
mon as well
ne o'clock,
of our day's
hat we ex-
mon we say
ered among
s.
E OCCUPIED
THE VAL-
Rest'g &
camp'g. Dist.
h. m. miles.
12
3 40
5
20
6
9 55
6
10
6
2 15
9
45
2
5
6
17 5
57
hall continue
the Yo-Semite
of the most
executed en-
rkable scenes
n this work,
etches taken

this service done in the said voyage. Also he said that, after coming to Mexico, he was greatly welcomed by the Viceroy, and had promises of great reward; but that, having sued there two years, and obtained nothing to his content, the Viceroy told him that he should be rewarded in Spain, of the King himself, very greatly, and willed him therefore to go to Spain which voyage he did perform. Also he said that when he was come into Spain, he was welcomed there at the King's Court; but, after a long suit there, also, he could not get any reward there to his content; and therefore, at length he stole away out of Spain, and came into Italy, to go home again and live among his own kindred and countrymen, he being very old. Also, he said that he thought the cause of his ill reward had of the Spaniards, to be for that they did understand very well that the English nation had now given over all their voyages for discovery of the northwest passage; wherefore they need not fear them any more to come that way into the South Sea, and therefore they needed not his service therein any more. Also he said that, understanding the noble mind of the Queen of England [Queen Elizabeth] and of her wars against the Spaniards, and hoping that her Majesty would do him justice for his goods lost by Captain Candish, he would be content to go into England, and serve her majesty in that voyage for the discovery perfectly of the northwest passage into the South Sea, if she would furnish him with only one ship of forty tons burden, and a pinnace, and that he would perform it in thirty days' time from one end to the other of the strait, and he willed me so to write to England. And, upon conference had twice with the said Greek pilot, I did write thereof, accordingly to England unto the Right honorable the old Lord treasurer Cecil, and to Sir Walter Raleigh, and to Master Richard Hakluyt, that famous cosmographer, certifying them hereof. And I prayed them to disburse one hundred pounds, to bring the said Greek pilot into England with myself, for that my own purse would not stretch so wide at that time. And I had answer that this action was well liked and greatly desired in England; but the money was not ready, and therefore this action died at that time, though the said Greek pilot perchance liveth still in his own country,

in Cephalonia, towards which place he went within a fortnight after this conference had at Venice.

"And in the meantime, while I followed my own business in Venice, being in a lawsuit against the company of merchants of Turkey, to recover my pension due for being their consul at Aleppo, which they held from me wrongfully, and when I was in readiness to return to England, I thought I should be able of my own purse to take with me the said Greek pilot; and therefore I wrote unto him from Venice a letter, dated July, 1596, which is copied here under:

"To the magnificent Captain Juan de Fuca, pilot of the Indies, my most dear friend in Cephalonia. Most honored Sir, being about to return to England in a few months, and recollecting what passed between you and myself at Venice, respecting the Voyage to the Indies, I have thought proper to write you this letter, so that, if you have a mind to go with me, you can write me word directly how you wish to arrange. You may send me your letter by this English vessel, which is at Zante, (if you should find no better opportunity) directed to the care of Mr. Elezar Hyckman, an English merchant, St. Thomas street, Venice. God preserve you, sir.

Your friend,
MICHAEL LOCK, of England.
Venice, July 1st, 1596."

"And I sent the said letter from Venice to Zante in the ship Cherubim; and shortly after, I sent a copy thereof in the ship Minion, and also a third copy thereof by Manca Orlando, patron de Navo Venetian. And unto my said letters he wrote me answer to Venice by one letter, which came not to my hands, and also by another letter, which came to my hands, which is copied here under:

"To the illustrious Michael Lock, Englishman at the house of Mr. Lazaro, English merchant, in St. Thomas street, Venice.

"Most illustrious Sir, Your letter was received by me on the 20th September, by which I am informed of what you communicate. I have a mind to comply with my promise to you, and have not only myself, but twentymen, brave men, too, whom I can carry with me; so I am waiting for an answer to another letter which I wrote you, about the money

which I asked you know well, sir, the consequence of being taken from me sand ducats, as you will send me what you, as well as I ask no more from you by your letter. C. illustrious Sir, for
Your friend

Cephalonia, Sep

"And the said hands in Venice, the 15th of September, 1596; but my company of Turkey was the son of Sir John S. England, and at the company, see money discharged in Venice for my by my own purse the Greek pilot.

"And nevertheless the said suit would have I wrote another letter from Venice, dated the 15th of September, 1596, which came to his hands, and also another letter in January, 1596, [I] came to his hands, no answer, dated which I received 1597, by Thomas merchant, yet I promised still England, to perform discovery of the northwest passage into the South Sea, if money for his former writing, which said he could not be undone utterly. The Santa Anna, which was robbed at Cilif afterwards, I wrote from Venice, where answer by a letter, in language, dated the which I have promised still to go and perform the discovery of the northwest passage into the South Sea by the said Greek pilot. The Strait of Novosmith is but thirty straits, if I will see could not yet send

which I asked you to send me. For you know well, sir, how I became poor in consequence of Captain Candish's having taken from me more than sixty thousand ducats, as you well know. If you will send me what I asked, I will go with you, as well as all my companions. I ask no more from your kindness, as shown by your letter. God preserve you, most illustrious Sir, for many years.

Your friend and servant,

JUAN FUCA.

Cephalonia, September 24th, 1596.

"And the said letter came into my hands in Venice, the 16th day of November, 1596; but my lawsuit with the company of Turkey was not ended, by reason of Sir John Spencer's suit, made in England, and at the Queen's Court, to the company, seeking only to have his money discharged which I had attached in Venice for my said pension, and thereby my own purse was not yet ready for the Greek pilot.

"And nevertheless, hoping that my said suit would have shortly a good end, I wrote another letter to this Greek pilot from Venice, dated the 20th of November, 1596, which came not to his hands, and also another letter dated the 24th of January, 1596, [1597?—A. S. T.] which came to his hands. And thereof he wrote me answer, dated the 28th of May, 1597, which I received the first of August, 1597, by Thomas Norden an English merchant, yet living in London, wherein he promised still to go with me unto England, to perform the said Voyage for discovery of the northwest passage into the South Sea, if I would send him money for his charges, according to his former writing, without which money he said he could not go, for that as he was undone utterly when he was in the ship Santa Anna, which came from China and was robbed at California. And yet again, afterwards, I wrote him another letter from Venice, whereunto he wrote me answer by a letter written in his Greek language, dated the 20th October, 1598, the which I have still by me, wherein he promised still to go with me into England, and perform the said voyage of discovery of the northwest passage into the South Sea by the said straits, which he calleth the Strait of Nova Spania, which he saith is but thirty days' voyage in the straits, if I will send him the money I could not yet send him, for that I had

not yet recovered my pension owing me by the company of Turkey aforesaid; and so of long time I stayed any further proceedings with him in this matter.

"And yet, lastly, when I myself was at Zante, in the month of June, 1602, minding to pass from thence for England by sea, for that I had then recovered a little money from the company of Turkey, by an order of the Lords of the Privy Council of England, I wrote another letter to this Greek pilot, to Cephalonia, and requested him to come to me to Zante, and go with me into England, but I had no answer thereof from him; for that, as I heard afterward at Zante, he was then dead, or very likely to die of sickness. Whereupon I returned myself, by sea, from Zante to Venice, and from thence I went, by land, through France, into England, where I arrived at Christmas, anno 1602, safely, I thank God, after my absence from thence ten years time, with great troubles had for the Company of Turkey's business, which hath cost me a great sum of money, for which I am not yet satisfied of them."

Greenhow notes in his aforesaid work, on page 86, that Michael Locko was, for some time, English consul at Aleppo, and was an intimate friend of Richard Hakluyt, for whom he translated the Decades of Pedro Martir, [a work on the early history of America, etc., written by Columbus' friend, sometimes known in American and English books as Pedro Martyr de Anghiera.—A. S. T.] and furnished other papers published in Hakluyt's Collection of Voyages. Hakluyt was, at one time, Chaplain to the English embassy at Paris. In Greenhow will be found, also, the letters of Juan de Fuca in the original *lingua Franca*, as well as their translation inserted herein. Humboldt says, in his Essay on New Spain, that the Straits of Anian were so named from one of the brothers on board of Gaspar de Cortereal's vessel, in Cortereal's voyage of 1499 to Labrador.

The question of the discovery of the Straits of Juan de Fuca, is not only one of the most curious and celebrated in cosmography, commerce, and maritime

eds which place he
ight after this con-
ce.

ntime, while I follow-
in Venice, being in
the company of mer-
o recover my pension
e consul at Aleppo,
rom me wrongfully,
readiness to return to
I should be able of
ke with me the said
herefore I wrote unto
a letter, dated July,
ed here under:

ificent Captain Juan
the Indies, my most
halonia. Most honor-
at to return to England
and recollecting what
ou and myself at Ven-
e Voyage to the Indies,
oper to write you this
you have a mind to go
write me word directly
to arrange. You may
er by this English ves-
ante, (if you should find
unity) directed to the
r Hyckman; an English
thomas street, Venice.
sir,

ur friend,
er. Lock, of England.
st, 1596.

he said letter from Ven-
e ship Cherubim; and
nt a copy thereof in the
also a third copy there-
undo, patron de Nave
unto my said letters he
o Venice by one letter,
r my hands, and also
r, which came to my
opied here under:

trious Michael Lock,
e house of Mr. Lazaro,
e, in St. Thomas street,

us Sir, Your letter was
n the 20th September,
informed of what you
have a mind to comply
to you, and have not
twenty men, brave men,
carry with me; so I am
answer to another letter
you, about the money

discoveries, but entered, with great effect, into the political discussions on the Oregon Question between Great Britain and the United States, from 1840 to 1846, ending only on the 15th of June, 1846, at the conclusion of the treaty of Washington. It has been a vexed question in history, geography, biography, policy, lying, cheating, etc., etc., for 268 years, and wont be ended for 268 years more.

No doubt Sebastian Viscaïno's expedition of 1602 was made to verify the statements of Juan de Fuca, as well as other Spanish expeditions, prior to 1600, of some of which and of subsequent voyages thereaway, we have faint printed records, while others are either lost or may be found in manuscripts in Spain, Mexico, Manilla, or, as would seem from Mr. York's notes and Masarachi's Biography, are still to be found in Cephalonia.

The Straits of Juan de Fuca were specially searched for by Hecceta, from Mexico, in 1775, and by Cook, from England, in 1778, without result. It was finally found and re-discovered by Capt. Berkley, in 1787, in the ship *Imperial Eagle*, under the flag of the Austrian East India Company. This re-discovery was afterwards claimed by Capt. Meares, in his voyages published in London in 1790, as made by him before Berkley. It was entered by Capt. Robert Gray, of Boston, in 1790, in the trading sloop *Washington*, who sailed into it fifty miles in "an east southeast direction and returned southward, from whence, in the ship *Columbia*, he departed with a cargo of furs for China and exchanged for a cargo of tea, with which he entered the U. S., Boston, in 1790, having for the first time carried the flag of the United States round the world." His partner, Capt. John Kendrick, also of Boston, afterwards in the same trading sloop *Washington*, sailed in August of the same year of 1789, *through* the Straits of Juan

de Fuca, *in its entire length*; being the first vessel (after Juan de Fuca's) which had proved the truth of the geographical facts disputed since 1593. It was afterwards surveyed by Capt. George Vancouver, in 1792, under special orders from the government of Great Britain; the survey having been made by Lieuts. Cayetano Valdez and Dionisio Galiano in conjunction with Vancouver; these officers having been sent by the government of Spain, on a voyage from Mexico in the *Sutil* and *Mojeana*, to ascertain the existence and, if found, the extent of the aforesaid Strait of the Greek pilot.

The country of the Straits of Juan de Fuca was the great field of the American sea fur traders, who drove all other competitors out, till the Hudson's Bay Company and the American Fur Company eat them up. The fur trade made the fortunes of the richest mercantile houses of Boston, Salem, New York, and other American towns, and which has produced again, in our days, vast commercial and political results. These facts will be found related more at large, and in well digested compilation and collation, in Greenhow's work, before mentioned, and in the voyages of the different fur traders.

The discussion of the Oregon Question, between the American and the British governments, from 1843 to 1846, brought the Straits of De Fuca again into prominent notice, and *then* it turned on the pivot of the discovery and the possession for Spain, by Spanish navigators, of the countries of the straits, and so by sale of Louisiana, under Jefferson, to the United States, and by subsequent treaties with Mexico of limits and boundaries, and also the discoveries of Gray, Ingraham, and Kendrick, as American citizens; and on the part of the English by the re-survey of Vancouver, the hoisting of the British flag in various parts, and the claims raised by Meares, Colnet, *et al.*, and the Hudson's Bay Company. This

was finally settled in Washington.

In the best of Capt. Charles Wilkes's expedition, in exploring the circuit of the Straits of Juan de Fuca, and the Sound, and the at least, as much did the publish for his suits were on

Fremont's voyage, in 1844, the States government veys with the of Fuca, (to be able time, years ago, spent in, lawsuits, on all of them, intangible, to be crushed

After the thing corporation ifornia war is thing physical with California to be known word. The sent coast light-house more careful inations of rivers, bays, Fuca count which is no ritory. It may be found of the Report from 1852, Bache, Survey Office Report be of the

was finally settled by the Oregon treaty in Washington City, of 1846.

In the beginning of this discussion, Capt. Charles Wilkes arrived in the United States, in June, 1842, with his exploring squadron, which had performed the circuit of the globe. He made careful surveys and explorations, in 1841, of the Straits of Juan de Fuca—the Puget Sound, and the Columbia River country—at least, as careful as his instructions and his circumstances allowed; and much did this vilified navigator accomplish for his countrymen, too. His lawsuits were only ended about 1854.

Fromont was also in the Oregon country, in 1841, by order of the United States government, to connect his surveys with those of Wilkes in the Straits of Fuca, etc.; he also has had an agreeable time! which wrung out of him, four years ago, "My youth and prime were spent in toil and care." Neither are his lawsuits ended in 1859. Governments, all of them, seem to be queer things—intangible nonentities, "with no bodies to be crushed, and no souls for perdition."

After the golden epoch of 1848, everything corporeal and spiritual floated Californiawards, (as now, since 1848, everything physical and mental is pregnated with California,) and Juan de Fuca came to be known as a California household word. The United States Government sent coast surveyors, land surveyors, light-house surveyors, etc., who made more careful, special and detailed examinations of the islands, shores, sounds, rivers, bays, lands, etc., of the Juan de Fuca country; the continental part of which is now known as Washington territory. The account of these matters may be found at large in the five volumes of the Reports of the Coast Survey office, from 1852 to 1857, made by Prof. A. D. Bache, Superintendent, and the Land Office Reports. The country is found to

be of the utmost value to our naval, commercial and political influence and preponderance in the Pacific Ocean—because it has the best harbors and natural dock-yards in the world, a highly salubrious climate, immense quantities of fine agricultural lands, close to tranquil navigable waters, and no end of timber for ships and houses, and more fish than the Cape Cod people can ever catch, if they all turned sailors and fishermen, and cast nets and lines from now to eternity. It can contain millions of people, and supply all the deserts, valleys, and mines of California and Arizona with wood, and cover them with houses; and if burnt down twenty times, build them up again.

Finally, in the summer of 1858, to further confirm the simple account of the old Greek sailor in 1592, "that the land is very fruitful and rich of gold, silver, pearls and other things, like Nova Spania," a great rush of events took 30,000 people, in ninety days, "passing by divers islands in that sailing," to find the gold of Frazer River, which comes into the Northern Seas at the termination of the Straits of Juan de Fuca.* They found *the gold* and *they will always find it in abundance*, and be a great help to California in ten thousand ways, never mind what scribes think, pro or con, or who it makes, or who it unmakes. The result of which was, that two new Colonies and one Sovereign State were made, by people of our own race and language—the one, Vancouver's Island, the other, British Columbia, and the State of Oregon. And of great extent and value are the North Pa-

*The Spanish navigators of 1780-82 mention the existence of veins of lead, copper, and other minerals, on the northern coast. Species of the Monterey Mollusks, or Aulon, are found in the waters of the Straits of Fuca, and also Mussels, (*Mytilus*), and Clams, (*Lutrarius*); some of the two latter said to be of very large size. These, and other Mollusks, are often found in California, containing large numbers of coarse pearls; and it may be the same occurs in those of the north coast, straits and sounds, of Vancouver and Washington, whence, probably, De Fuca's assertion, though seemingly, before 1848, an extravagant one of his times.—A. S. T.

ire length; being the
uan de Fuca's) which
th of the geographical
e 1593. It was after-
y Capt. George Van-
under special orders
ent of Great Britain;
been made by Lieuts.
and Dionisio Galiano
with Vancouver; these
en sent by the govern-
n a voyage from Mexico
Mejicana, to ascertain
if found, the extent of
ait of the Greek pilot.

f the Straits of Juan de
ent field of the American
who drove all other com-
the Hudson's Bay Com-
merican Fur Company
the fur trade made the
richest mercantile houses
a, New York, and other
and which has produced
ys, vast commercial and

These facts will be
pro at large, and in well
ation and collation, in
k, before mentioned, and
the different fur traders.
n of the Oregon Question,
merican and the British
om 1843 to 1846, brought
e Fuca again into promi-
then it turned on the
covery and the possession
nish navigators, of the
straits, and so by sale
under Jefferson, to the
nd by subsequent treaties
limits and boundaries,
coveries of Gray, Ingra-
riek, as American citi-
e part of the English by
Vancouver, the hoisting
ag in various parts, and
by Meares, Colnet, et al.,
s Bay Company. This

cific Countries to our race; much greater than we or our children, for two generations, can have any idea of—peradventure to unravel the mystic net of human destinies and hopes—mayhap to subdue the shores of Eastern Asia; but certainly to govern the vast territorial and aqueous domain of the great Pacific Ocean; whereof, we may say with the poet, so strange has nature worked hereaway, continental and insular—

"Art, nature, earth itself to change is doomed;
Earthquakes have raised to heaven the humble vale,
And gulfs the mountain's mighty mass entombed;
And where the ocean rolls, wide continents have
bloomed."

Finally, the governments of Great Britain and the United States, always misunderstanding each other, formed a joint commission of civil and scientific officers, in 1858, to run the line west, through from Lake Superior, on the forty-ninth parallel of north latitude, until it touches "the middle of the channel which separates the continent from Vancouver's Island, and thence *southerly*, through the *middle* of the said *channel*, and of the Straits of Juan de Fuca to the Pacific Ocean." So the English language, in 1860, completely encircles and embraces the maritime commerce of the globe.

And, as Fruzer River turned out, it seems to be designed that the aforesaid commission may find a country fit to build a continental railroad, so that people may have the choice of a northern line thro' a wilderness of woods and rivers, or by a southern route, through deserts, sheep pastures and silver mines. Certainly, the joint survey will add greatly to every department of human knowledge.

The further discussion of this subject, is beyond the limits prescribed by the necessities of a California Magazine. The matter of Juan de Fuca and the Straits which bear his name, and the noble, beautiful countries they invest, may be found discussed in the Voyage of the

Sutil and Mejicana—in Humboldt's New Spain, and his other works—in Vancouver's Voyage—in the Voyages of Meares, Colnet, Gray, Kendrick, Ingraham, *et al.*—in Wilke's United States Expedition—in Greenhow's work on Oregon and California—in the U. S. Coast Surveys and Land Office Reports—in many French and Russian works, and in other books of the California Bibliography. Doubtless interesting matters relating to Michael Lock and De Fuca, may be found in the public and old corporation offices, and in the records of great families, in London, of Queen Elizabeth's time, which would well reward the industry of competent critics and writers.

Humboldt, in his essay on New Spain, vol. 2, page 359, London edition, says, in 1804: "We do not allude to the *apocryphal* voyages of Maldonado, Juan de Fuca, and Bartolome Font, to which, for a long time, only *too much importance* was given. The most part of the *impostures* published under the names of these three navigators, were *destroyed* by the *laborious and learned discussions* of several officers of the Spanish Marine!! Notwithstanding all my enquiries, I could never discover in New Spain a single document in which the pilot De Fuca or the Admiral Fonte were named." And yet, the learned author seems to have ignored the force of the evidently truthful, honest note of Lock, in Purchas, of 1625, which would have led him and the learned Spaniards to the very spot of his birth-place and death, to verify, in the main, the relations of the old Greek pilot. Probably for some political or personal spite, all record of De Fuca had been destroyed in the archives of Mexico and Spain, after the fact was discovered of his services being offered to Queen Elizabeth, who desperately hated the Spaniards, for more than ten thousand good reasons. Martinez de Navarotto, in his introduction to the Voyage of the Sutil

and Mejicana, (Ciriaco Ceallos) and Valdez-rid in 1802, by Spain, says that thorough search the archive of in Spain, without *least trace* of the ilar researches among the archi-der express orde-ernment in Spain. It is a pity, indeed take the pains to miles off to the prevent history competent for the partial critical v. The moral of of Juan de Fuca by showing, after eight years of li-putes, in the lay-ico is slow, but in the old Greek had have known, headed sailors, a value of the othe well ascertained—that "To the v-fits of the law," sixty thousand g and so worked l station, and not b busters nor ended poverty, with not the history of m years is a long ti man's memory. fornia lights after mation from our f can doubt the fact est, carefully pu note of Michael L at Aleppo, in 1590 pany of Merchan how he confurred

and Mejicana, (made in 1792, under Galiano and Valdez), and published at Madrid in 1802, by order of the King of Spain, says that the most diligent and thorough search was made by his friends, Ciriaco Corrallos and Ceau Bermudy, in the archives of Seville, and other places in Spain, without being able to find the least trace of the name of *De Fuca*. Similar researches were made in Mexico, among the archives of that country, under express orders from the King's Government in Spain, with the same result. It is a pity, indeed, these officers did not take the pains to send a few hundred miles off to the east, to Cephalonia, to prevent history setting them down as incompetent for the task of careful and impartial critical writers.

The moral of this cosmopolitan affair of Juan de Fuca, may be wound up here, by showing, after two hundred and sixty-eight years of literary and scientific disputes, in the lawyers' motto, that "Justice is slow but sure." *He* is in his grave in the old Greek island now, but if he had have known, like some other long-headed sailors, ancient and modern, the value of the other cunning law axiom—well ascertained every day in California—that "To the vigilant belong the benefits of the law," he might have left his sixty thousand gold ducats in Manilla, and so worked his way to wealth and station, and not been robbed by the fillibusters nor ended his days in care and poverty, with not even a secure place in the history of men's actions. But 268 years is a long time to do justice to a man's memory. And yet, with the California lights after 1848, and the information from our friend, Mr. York, who can doubt the facts of the evidently honest, carefully punctuated, and detailed note of Michael Lock, the English consul at Aleppo, in 1596, of the London Company of Merchants to the Levant; and how he conferred with such world-re-

nowned Englishmen as the Great Lord Cecil and the Great Sir Walter Raleigh, names so well known in the history of America?

Monterey, April, 1859.

THE FEAST OF LANTERNS.

BY G. T. SPROAT.

Once every year, the Japanese celebrate the Feast of Lanterns, in memory of the departed. Little boats, decorated with lanterns, and loaded with gifts of wine, olives, and honey, are sent out in the direction of the southern seas, whither they suppose their lost friends have gone. Every gift has on it written the name of some one they love, and bears to him a message from the friends he has left behind.

Go! to the friends we love,
O'er the dim southern sea;
To them our choicest offerings bear—
Grapes from the vineyards, olives fair,
And honied sweets from the bee.

Bear them these gifts, inscribed
Each with a name we love;
Fathers, and mothers, and sisters dear,
Brothers, who left us with many a tear,
O'er the distant seas to rove.

And, oh! for those, whose lives
Were borrowed from our own!
Who from our broken household bands,
Cling to us with their little hands—
With many a look and tone.

Oh! let these tokens tell
Our yearnings for them still! [years—
Of love that lives on thro' the changing
Of a place in the heart, now a fount of
Which only they can fill. [tears,

Go! o'er the distant seas!
Borne by the favoring wind;
Ye bear with ye rich treasures there—
Many a blessing, many a prayer,
From the hearts ye leave behind.

Humboldt's New
works—in Vancou-
Voyages of Meares,
k, Ingraham, *et al.*
ates Expedition—
n Oregon and Cali-
Coast Surveys and
—in many French
nd in other books
liography. Doubt-
ers relating to Mich-
ca, may be found in
poration offices, and
at families, in Lon-
beth's time, which
he industry of com-
riters.

essay on New Spain,
London edition, says,
ot allude to the *apoc-*
Maldonado, Juan de
he Font, to which, for
too much importance
most part of the impos-
der the names of these
were destroyed by the
ned discussions of sev-
the Spanish Marinelli
all my enquiries, I could
New Spain a single
h the pilot De Fuca or
e were named." And
author seems to have ig-
the evidently truthful,
ek, in Purchas, of 1625,
led him and the learn-
very spot of his birth-
o verify, in the main,
the old Greek pilot.
e political or personal
of De Fuca had been
archives of Mexico and
fact was discovered of
ffered to Queen Eliz-
ately hated the Span-
an ten thousand good
ez de Navarrete, in his
e Voyage of the Sutil

OUR PLAY.

I.—THE OCCASION.

WE had played "Proverbs," "Hunt the Slipper," "Button, button! who has the Button?" and all the other plays, to which innumerable forfeits are attached, and which are paid with innumerable kisses. Numerous pilgrimages had been made to "Rome," until finally the zeal of the votaries flagged, and still it was only eleven o'clock, and the entire company was eager for more amusement.

The scene was my father's farm-house; the time, a beautiful moonlight night in June; the occasion, a gathering of a dozen or fifteen neighboring boys and girls—young gentlemen and ladies, would be more proper, perhaps—who had met by chance, or agreement, as often happens in rural districts. They had strolled out in pairs, or groups, in the early part of the summer evening, and finally all congregated at Uncle Ben's—as the patriarchal mansion of my father was known, far and near—and there were enjoying themselves in rustic sports and merriment.

The amusements had all flagged, as I have said, and still the party was not inclined to separate. A dozen new games were proposed, but some one raised objections to them all. Finally, a theatrical entertainment was suggested, and met with general favor. But a serious difficulty offered itself to the plan; not one of the company knew a part in any play. The objection was apparently insurmountable, but was finally overcome by the brilliant idea of extemporizing a performance. Then there was a busy and noisy consultation concerning the plot, the characters and who should fill them, and what they should do, and all the other business appertaining to stage management. In all this, the girls had the most to say, and their imaginations kindled with the romantic subject, all

agreeing that there must be a beautiful and interesting strange lady, who must be shut up in some haunted old castle; and there must necessarily be a noble and courtly lover, who should rescue her from danger, and on whom she must bestow her hand; and then there must be a base and black-hearted rival, and ruffians, and a ghost—yes, a ghost! if nothing else. Order was finally restored from this confusion, and the plot and characters arranged. Kate Holden appointed herself stage-manager, and announced the following "cast" for the thrilling three-act drama of "The Lady of the Doomed Castle"—"Lady Isabella," the strange and beautiful heroine, Isabel Heath; the noble and gallant "Count Stefano," the favored lover, my humble self, Stephen Bland; the base and intriguing "Don Ignacio," the rival suitor, James Hardinge; the two ruffians, Robert Hardinge and John Heath; ghost, Albert Clark; "Juana," the maid of "Lady Isabella," Jane Clark.

Miss Holden was a mischievous little witch, and she had exercised her greatest powers of mischief in casting the characters of our play. In the selection of Isabel Heath as the heroine, and sustainer of that particular character, she had shown admirable judgment, though deserving little credit, as she was perhaps the only one of the company who could have acted the part. She was a strange and original character, naturally; her disposition a curious mixture of wild mirth and serious thoughtfulness. She possessed complete command over her rich voice, and had a wonderful power of language. These personal peculiarities fitted her admirably for her part. But the question was whispered, "would she accept it?" She was self-willed and capricious, we all know, and would suit her own fancy entirely. While the plan of the play was being discussed, she had been in one of her maddest spells of mor-

riment,
own wi
manager
the gaye
tures, an
piece, lo
tour of
features
Perhaps
ing tho
tendenci
of chara
barrasin
the rival
stood to
and the
promptu
as to pr
The wi
this opi
bel wou
ly to he
about h
"Come
the and
believe,
an inau
which o
and act
tumes,
iness.

Then
sion—r
ticles o
were st
curtain
two doc
porch.
other c
placed
for the
being p
with hi
of gloo
The
arrang
Heath
feature

ment, her black eyes laughing at her own wild suggestions; but when the manageress announced her arrangements, the gayety had vanished from her features, and she now stood by the mantel-piece, lost in thoughtful reverie, the contour of her gracefully bent neck and fine features clearly defined by the lamp-light. Perhaps she had sufficient reason for being thoughtful, for the mischief-loving tendencies of Miss Kate had made a cast of characters that might well prove embarrassing. Both I and James Hardinge, the rival lovers in the play, were understood to be suitors for Miss Heath's favor, and the words and actions of our impromptu drama might be so suggestive as to provoke merriment at our expense. The whole party appeared to entertain this opinion, and seemed to doubt if Isabel would play the part. Kate stole softly to her side, and gently placing her arm about her neck, I heard her whisper, "Come, Belle, don't let any caprice spoil the amusement—it's only play—all make believe, you know." And then followed an inaudibly whispered conference, after which our manageress directed the actors and actresses to proceed to fix their costumes, while she arranged the stage business.

Then followed half an hour of confusion—ransacking the whole house for articles of dress and scenery. Curtains were strung across the parlor, and side curtains hung at the farther end, where two door-windows opened out upon the porch. The audience was seated at the other end of the room, and the lights placed so as to leave the part fitted up for the stage somewhat darkened—a boy being placed by each light, to screen it with his hat to produce a sufficient effect of gloom for the appearance of the ghost.

The *dramatis personæ* had finished the arrangement of their costumes. Miss Heath was dressed in deep black. Her features, naturally pale, had received ad-

ditional pallidness from the application of flour, and the contrast with the darkness of her eyes and apparel, and the deep crimson of her lips, gave her the appearance of a fated being. A heavy veil, worn as a *robosa*, fell from her half-loosened hair upon her neck and shoulders; and a sprig of white lilac and a spotless snow-ball were fixed in the tresses of her raven hair. She looked admirable; and as she stood silent and thoughtful in the uncertain light of the porch, her appearance inspired a feeling of strange awe, well calculated to be awakened by her part of the play. The noble "Count Stefano" wore high, lace-topped boots, black doublet, black mantle, black plume—borrowed from his mother's bonnet-box—and a sword his father had used when captain of the militia. "Don Ignacio's" costume was very similar, lacking only the sword, which want was supplied by a huge horse-pistol, stuck in his belt. The ruffians were dressed carefully in character; the ghost wrapped carefully in a sheet, and the maid's toilet had undergone very little change from its every day appearance. The audience was seated, the actors were all in the "green-room"—the trellised, vine-covered porch. The bell rang, and the curtains were drawn aside.

II.—THE PLAY.

SCENE I. *A parlor. Lady Isabella sitting by the window, holding in her hand a faded flower.*

Lady Isabella singing—

What is the secret of the doom
That, like some vile enchanter's powers,
Blasts with its spell of blighting gloom
The brightness of this world of ours?
We bid the eye with smiles be bright,
But tear-drops in a torrent start;
We bid the breast with joy be light,
But grief weighs sadly on the heart.

The day is bright and clear at morn—
Ere noon the sky is overcast;
A summer-day the flowers adorn,
Then wither in the autumn blast.

A season hears the birds' glad strain—
Their merry warbled tones are hushed;
The fountains leap a day, and then
The place is arid where they gushed.

[Pauses, and idly picks the leaves of the withered flower, while she soliloquizes.]

"Ah, me! how sad the hours when one dare not think; for who, that feels themselves the weary curse of a demon, would rear even the tender offspring of fancy to have it share the same sad fate. My affection is fatal; I foster a flower, and it fades; I cherish some little songster, and it droops and its glad song dies. I dare not love a human being, for my love would blight their existence. And yet, I fear this wretched heart—despite my every effort—will doom a fellow-mortal, the noblest, the bravest. Ah! Stefano, how fondly, how fatally—"

[A slight noise at the lattice—she suddenly pauses.]

Count Stefano, without.—"Speak on, fair lady. So that thou lovest, nor death nor doom I heed."

Lady Isabella.—"What voice is that, whose accents send this thrill of soft emotion wandering through my frame? Its tones had scarcely echoed, ere they died; and yet, I should know it, did it but whisper one word amid a multitude of deafening sounds."

"I should think anybody would know Steve Bland's voice, it sounds so much like a pumpkin-vine trombone," said some one of the audience in a whisper, that was audible throughout the room.

[Count Stefano, not hearing the interruption, enters the apartment, and kneels at the feet of the Lady Isabella.]

Count Stefano.—"A thousand pardons, lady, for this rude intrusion; but bind love down to a set of formal rules, and then school lovers to formality."

Lady Isabella.—"I fain would chide thee, but my tongue lacks power; I fain would flee—my limbs have lost their strength. Your conduct, sir, is most uncivil; leave me, I pray you, on the instant."

Count Stefano.—"Thy slightest wish were a most potent command. But this full heart will not suffer me to go, till I have unladen some of its weight of love,

Hear me speak, fair lady; be gracious as the flowers, which listen to the pleasing love-tale of every rooping breeze. [Count Stefano's voice sank to an almost inaudible tone, as he continued]: Miss Heath, I have long wished for an opportunity like this, as I truly kneel in character at your feet, to tell you how much I adore you; to ask if my love—"

"Louder!" shouted Kate Holden, in her sauciest tone, "your reading of that fine passage is doubtless very pleasing to those who hear, but recollect your audience is not limited to one fair person, noble Count Stefano."

[Count Stefano, slightly embarrassed, resumes:]

"Fair lady, when first mine eyes beheld your heavenly beauty, its magic power seduced my willing heart, and I became a captive—thy loveliness my master. I struggled not to be free, but gladly submitted to a bondage-chain, whose links were golden and whose galling was pleasure. [*Sotto voce, again.*] Miss Heath, I do not exaggerate when I speak thus. The devoted love I have long cherished—"

At this moment the the accursed ghost stalked in upon us. I could have exercised my swordsmanship upon him with a gusto; but a general burst of approbation greeted his appearance. He had made a decided hit, and while he stood there, with a ghastly hand outstretched towards us, the curtain was drawn on the first scene.

The rest of the play passed off well. The ghost made numerous entrances, often at the most inopportune moment, but always with success. "Don Ignacio" played his part admirably. He became jealous of and enraged at "Count Stefano," and fired his pistol at him, which that intrepid individual returned by a sword-thrust through his mantle. "Lady Isabella's" maid sat on a foot-stool, and said nothing through the play, charmingly. But the grand thing of all, was the closing scene, where "Lady Isabella" was rescued from the hands of "Don Ig-

nacio"
her a
noble
threo
Immer
the au
peat it
former
and th

The
rapidly
autumn
One th
heart s
I had
"Lady
again
knelt t
and be
which
sport,
But I
self up
attempt
ice that
lover, w
that is
him pa
the gro
It wa
of the n
I stood
Mr. He
fraught
mighty
tions wh
sions, h
for a lon
haps she
approach
sessed n
Women,
under su
very nat
entirely
careless

nacio" and the ruffians, who were forcing her away, by the valiant arm of the noble "Count Stefano," who slew the three and bore the lady off in triumph. Immense applause greeted this act, and the audience *encored* until we had to repeat it; after which, the principal performers were called before the curtain, and the play was over.

III.—CONCLUSION.

The golden summer days had passed rapidly away, and the gorgeous days of autumn began to tint the sky and forests. One thought alone had engrossed my heart since the night of our play, when I had acted the lover and protector of "Lady Isabella." Could I but kneel again at Isabel Heath's feet, as I had knelt then, declare my passionate love and be rewarded with an approving smile, which I could be assured was not all sport, my happiness would be complete. But I had never been able to work myself up to sufficient courage to make the attempt. There is a dastardly cowardice that unnerves the heart of the bravest lover, when he thinks of the fearful scene that is to determine his fate, and makes him pause upon the very threshold of the great event.

It was on one of the bright evenings of the mild harvest-moon, that Isabel and I stood among the flowers in the yard of Mr. Heath's dwelling. My heart was fraught with the hopes and fears of a mighty resolution; but the considerations which bid us pause on such occasions, had made me silent and hesitating for a long time. Isabel was calmer. Perhaps she was wholly unsuspecting of the approaching crisis, or perhaps she possessed more mastery over her feelings. Women, I believe, are generally cooler under such circumstances than men; and very naturally, too, for the decision rests entirely with them. At any rate, she carelessly gathered, here and there, some

lingering summer flower, and chatted pleasantly and perfectly self-possessed.

"Miss Heath," I began, after a long silence, "have you ever thought since of our play of the 'Lady of the Doomed Castle?'"

"Oh, very frequently."

"Your part was charmingly acted—the character suited you exactly."

"Indeed? I will return the compliment by saying that you personated my conception of the part of 'Count Stefano' to the very life."

"If so, I owe it all to the inspiration of your presence. I own, the part pleased me; for to be your accepted lover and protector, under any circumstances, is what I would most desire."

I own that I felt a little complacency at this speech, for I thought it nicely turned. At least, I had broken the ice; and, as Isabel remained silent, with her head slightly inclined, I grew bolder, and proceeded:

"Yes, Belle, if you think the offer worthy of acceptance, my fate, my fortune, and the boundless love of a generous heart, are at your service, and I only wish, in return, this little hand as mine."

I took the little hand in my own. It trembled slightly, but seemed to remain willingly in my gentle grasp. I raised it to my lips, kissed the taper fingers and continued:

"Say if——"

"Isabel! Isabel!" rang out the sharp voice of Mrs. Heath, from the cottage-door. "Where in the world are you? The dew is falling, and you will surely catch your death out there without your shawl!"

The sharp cry of the regardful matron had startled us, and the trembling little hand was quickly withdrawn from mine. We were screened from the mother's view by a dense clump of lilac bushes.

"It isn't cold, mother; I'll come in a moment," answered Isabel.

"And my answer, Belle," I said.

She looked up, with the prettiest smile that ever played on the features of a maiden standing by a lilac bush under the mild rays of a harvest moon, and handing me a bunch of flowers, she said:

"There's a rose-bud among them, I believe; and——"

"And——?"

Our lips approached each other, just where the lilac sprays brushed our cheeks; and there was a faint rustle of the leaves, and another faint sound, well known to lovers' ears, and Belle darted away into the house. J. T. G.

THE MINERS' DEATH.

In a glen of the Sierras, where a rapid river rolled,
From the wild Nevada's summits, with offerings of gold—
On the banks where he had toiled for many a weary day,
Parched with a burning fever, a dying miner lay.

"Come closer to me, mother, put your hand upon my brow;
As you kissed me when we parted, my mother, kiss me now—
Life's dream is almost over, it shall waken soon in joy—
My mother, bless me softly, as you blessed me when a boy."

He died alone and friendless: but in his fevered dream
A mother, like an angel, came beside that golden stream;
But the hands of thoughtless strangers, as the sun sank in the west,
Without a tear, without a prayer, consigned him to his rest.

Wherever, in this western land, has rolled the living tide
Of emigrants with golden dreams, the mounds lie side by side—
In Nevada's rugged gorges, in every mountain glen—
On hill side and by river, are the graves of noble men.

The wild flowers bloom above them, in beauty, every spring—
Sweet offerings of nature's hand, which friends may never bring;
But far away, in other lands, fond eyes grow dim with tears,
And vainly wait the coming of the loved of other years.

The stars drift up the mountains into depths of azure skies,
And gaze upon the lonely graves like watchful spirit eyes;
But far away, in eastern lands, the bright stars beaming there,
Look down on faces, watching in tearful, midnight prayer.

In the western El Dorado, beside the mountain streams,
The hearts of weary men, at night, turn homeward in their dreams;
But far away, across the sea, how many hearts are breaking,
For those who sleep beside these streams, the sleep that knows no waking.

S.

CHINA

BY

IN TWO P

On one

a Chinami

temple in

voirs to th

joss sticks

some inse

room, he s

in front of

fire from a

the table, a

a long time

in the midd

idol throo

his forehea

and waved

the idol, a

again throo

to secure th

ual whom h

through his

erations.

Several y

commenced

ing this clas

Speer, who

of the Pres

who spoke

sent here,

chapel was

among our

\$20,000. T

tees. At len

and he retu

and hitherto

plied. Little

his labors, b

way to reno

this class, a

not be in vai

Mr. Shultz,

accomplished

enlightening

them to emb

with his chu

CHINADOM IN CALIFORNIA.

BY REV. J. C. HOLBROOK.

IN TWO PAPERS.—PAPER THE SECOND.

On one occasion we were present when a Chinaman from the interior visited the temple in this city and performed his devotions to the idol. Having procured some joss sticks and papers, on which were some inscriptions, from an adjoining room, he set up two of the former on end in front of the idol and lighted them with fire from a lamp which is always kept on the table, and they continued burning for a long time. He then prostrated himself in the middle of the room, in front of the idol three times, touching the floor with his forehead. He then lighted the papers and waved them while burning towards the idol, and then prostrated himself again three times. The object of this was to secure the favor of the deified individual whom he worshipped, and prosperity, through his assistance, in his mining operations.

Several years since some efforts were commenced in this city for christianizing this class of our population. Rev. Mr. Speer, who had labored as a missionary of the Presbyterian Board in China, and who spoke the Chinese language, was sent here, and under his auspices, a chapel was erected by subscriptions among our citizens to the amount of \$20,000. The property is held by Trustees. At length Mr. Speer's health failed and he returned to the Atlantic States, and hitherto his place has not been supplied. Little apparent good resulted from his labors, but a successor is now on the way to renew the effort for the benefit of this class, and it is to be hoped they will not be in vain. In Sacramento city, Rev. Mr. Shultz, a Baptist missionary, has accomplished something in the way of enlightening the Chinese and leading them to embrace Christianity and unite with his church.

A vast majority of the Chinese in this State are to be found in the interior, engaged in mining speculations. Great prejudice exists against them, however, among the Americans, and they are treated with much contempt and opposition. They are not allowed to labor with others, nor, as a general thing, in new diggings, but are compelled to confine themselves chiefly to re-working old placers that have been abandoned by the Americans. They live, however, very cheaply, and if they can earn from a quarter to half a dollar a day, it is five or ten times as much as they can realize at home. A few years ago a State law was passed forbidding the immigration of Chinese, and for a time none came here, but recently this act has been declared unconstitutional by the Supreme Court, and the tide has begun again to set in, and several thousands have arrived at this port, and many others are on the way.

It is well known that China is overcrowded with population, and there is a prospect that thousands of her surplus people will find their way to our shores, and some even fear that the State will be overrun by them. This raises the important questions, What shall be done with them? and How shall they be treated? By the laws of the State they cannot become citizens if they would, and by their customs, habits and language, they seem to be cut off from intercourse with our own people and prevented from amalgamating with the other portions of our population. At present, and with such prejudices as exist against them, they seem to be outcasts, like the Gypsies in Europe in former days. Here is a serious problem to be solved in reference to them, and it is not impossible that ere long the Chinese question will be as difficult and perplexing on the Pacific slope as is the Negro question on the Atlantic side of our continent. Certainly, humanity and philanthropy, to say nothing of

christianity, plead in behalf of this singular people, that they shall not be regarded and treated as dogs, but as rational, moral and immortal beings, who are to be instructed and elevated if possible in the scale of being and brought into a condition to share in the blessings enjoyed by us in this free and christian land. Has not Providence sent them here to imbibe our views in politics and religion, and thus to enable us not only to benefit them, but to act in their own land? Surely we are inexcusable if we practice the same principle of exclusion and contempt for them, for exercising which towards Europeans and Americans the whole civilized world has cried out against China, and to terminate which, fleets have been sent to batter down their fortifications and to drub them into respect for "outside barbarians."

There is no doubt that these people are accessible to salutary influences, and that enlightened and persevering efforts will tell at length in their character, views and condition. One thing is worthy of notice, viz.: that nearly all the men can read, and they can therefore be reached by books and tracts in their own language. In China many have been converted to Christianity, through the truth thus presented to them. "The Chinese," says a missionary, "are the oldest tract distributors in the world. Tracts in all forms, from the poster on the corners of streets up to the splendidly embellished volume, are everywhere seen in Chinese towns." Why should not tracts and books be furnished to the Chinese freely here?

Another thing is encouraging: parents desire that their children should learn the English tongue, and will send them to school if invited to do so. A few private individuals have recently caused a primary school for Chinese children to be opened in this city, and twenty-seven scholars are enrolled, of whom ten are

girls. The Board of Education has also recently, with enlightened liberality, voted a monthly appropriation out of the public funds to aid in sustaining this enterprise. This is a movement in the right direction, and if persevered in, the results cannot but be salutary. Teach the children to read and speak English, and ere long they will imbibe our ideas and cast off the errors of their parents.

In this connection and while speaking of the Chinese in our own State, it may be interesting to refer to some facts in reference to the character and condition of the nation at home. There is great danger of misconception on several points by judging of the Chinese people from those who emigrate to our shores. These are by no means a fair specimen of the Chinese nation, whether as to manners or intelligence, or capacity for improvement. They are generally of the very lowest and most stolid and stupid class of their countrymen. At a meeting recently held in London, the Chinese were alluded to by a speaker as being less civilized than the Hindoos, whereupon Rev. Dr. Legge, a missionary lately returned from China, expressed his astonishment and gave the following striking description of a literary institute in Canton. He said:

"I am glad that the Chinese with whom I am acquainted did not hear him. (Renowned laughter.) If they had done so, they might think there was some foundation for the name by which their countrymen describe us, that of 'barbarians.' (Laughter.) I look around upon this assembly—this vast multitude of men and women—I suppose we have here between three and four thousand souls. At the beginning of last year I went over the literary palace at Canton, on the occasion of a sort of anniversary meeting, at which the young men of the province of Canton assembled to compete for literary degrees. In that one building I counted no fewer I think than 7,242 distinct cells or apartments for the accommodation of the students. In fact this assem-

bly might be
and every lad
cell to himself
only a specimen
of the Chinese
their civilization
ours, but they
barbarism!
bear in mind
the people hav
ing there, grow
nations with
a higher char
Persian, the G
and more mod
and culminated
the Chinese on
four hundred
why, it is clear
the people cert
ciples of the g
(Hear, hear.)

In an able ar
Chinese, in the
ruary last, Prof
lege, says: "W
little ignoranc
popular estimat
the value of th
that in virtue
and still are, th
with more for
than has been v
wards them.
tude, are not v
us. Who can
cups the most s
the most harm
within him a
like affectiona
country which
continues to sup
and womankind
earth's surface
have cut itself
the rest, from
and efficiently
in so many and
fills the steaming
beverage? Wh
of the silk and
tions to the mat

bly might be put into that one building, and every lady and gentleman have a cell to himself or herself. Now, that is only a specimen of the educational spirit of the Chinese nation. It is true that their civilization is very different from ours, but they are far, far removed from barbarism! (Hear, hear.) When we bear in mind that for four thousand years the people have been living and flourishing there, growing and increasing—that nations with some attributes perhaps of a higher character—the Assyrian, the Persian, the Grecian, and the Roman, and more modern empires, have all risen and culminated and decayed, and yet that the Chinese empire is still there with its four hundred millions of inhabitants—why, it is clear that there must be among the people certain moral and social principles of the greatest virtue and power." (Hear, hear.)

In an able article on China and the Chinese, in the *New Englander* for February last, Prof. Whitney, of Yale College, says: "We believe there is not a little ignorance and arrogance in the popular estimate of the Chinese and of the value of their civilization. We hold, that in virtue of what they have been and still are, they deserve to be treated with more forbearance and generosity than has been wont to be exhibited towards them. * * * Feelings of gratitude, are not without their effect upon us. Who can sit over that cup, of all cups the most social and cheering, and the most harmless, withal, and not feel within him a warm glow of something like affectionate good will towards a country which has given, and which alone continues to supply, such a gift to man and womankind? Can that part of earth's surface, after all, be truly said to have cut itself off from communion with the rest, from contributing intimately and efficiently to their pleasures, which in so many and so widely scattered homes fills the steaming urn with its enlivening beverage? What shall we say, farther, of the silk and porcelain, as contributions to the material comfort of the race?

We will not insist too strongly upon the Chinese inventions of the Mariner's Compass, Gunpowder, and the Art of Printing, since we cannot trace their origin, as possessions of our own, directly and certainly back to China, [although they certainly were in use there before they were in Europe.] But a country which has bestowed upon mankind silk, porcelain, and tea, we might almost regard as having done its part, and allow to build up as high a fence as it pleases about itself, even at the risk of shutting out much sunlight, and to be happy within in its own chosen way."

The same writer remarks: "More discordant opinions than may be found recorded respecting China, the character of its people, the value of their institutions, their accessibility to trade, their capacity of adopting new ideas and new forms of social and political life, the possibility of their reception into the brotherhood of nations—more discordant opinions than have been expressed on such points as these, even by the well informed, it would not be easy to find put forth upon any other similar subject."

The history of China is remarkable, and presents an unparalleled spectacle of stability, and of the conservative power within the empire, that has been wanting *everywhere else*. What has thus preserved the integrity of that nation, while all others have undergone such changes, and many of the greatest empires of the world have commenced their being, culminated and passed away? "China was one people and kingdom a thousand years before that dire and half mythical period when the Greek heroes led their followers to the siege of Troy, and it has maintained ever since, unbroken, the identity of its language, its national character, and its institutions." *Four thousand* years have rolled away since we have credible evidence that the Chinese nation was in existence, and what rising and

falling of dominions have been witnessed in other parts of the earth, within that period?

Kong-fut-se or Confucius, as is well known, is the sage whose influence has been all powerful over this nation in forming their character and affecting their destiny. No other man has ever lived who has stamped his impress more extensively on others of his race. He was born in the year 551 B. C., and died B. C. 479, aged seventy-three. More than six hundred temples exist where he is honored. Yee the Great, was the head of the earliest dynasty of which there are any authentic accounts, and he flourished about two thousand years B. C. He dammed the furious Great Yellow River, the Hoang-ho, and rescued its immense and fertile valley, still the richest and most populous part of the empire, from inundation and waste, and commemorated his work by an inscription cut on the face of a mountain overlooking the valley. The Chinese people were at that far distant period essentially the same that they have ever since remained. About 225 B. C., lived Chi-hoang-ti, a great warrior and statesman, and one of the most remarkable characters that ever existed in China. He vastly extended the area of the empire, chased the Huns across the frontier, and built the Great Wall, one of the wonders of the world. This astonishing work traverses high mountains, deep valleys, and by means of arches, wide rivers, extending a distance of fifteen hundred miles! The foundation and corners are of granite, but the principal part is of blue bricks, cemented with pure white mortar. At intervals of about two hundred paces, are erected square towers, or bulwarks.

About the year 588 A. D. the art of printing from wooden blocks was introduced. Following this was a period of great prosperity and peace, when art and literature attained high perfection, and

the celebrated Chinese Academy was founded. "During the reign of 'Tong,'" about this period, says Prof. Whitney, "China was probably the most enlightened and happy country on the face of the earth."

In 1279, Keeblai Khan, grandson of the celebrated Genghis Khan, became the first emperor of the Mongol Dynasty, called Tuen. "From his throne in Peking, he swayed the affairs of all the countries from the eastern seas to the very borders of Germany. He was sovereign of the most enormous empire the world has ever seen. Keeblai Khan reformed abuses, executed great public works, and under him, literature wonderfully flourished. The Grand Canal is a monument of his wise and public spirited policy." This is fourteen hundred miles long, forming a water communication between Peking and Canton. But it was not our object to sketch the history of the Chinese nation, but simply to allude to some circumstances and events, which might serve to remind our readers that they are not to judge of China and the Chinese by the immigrants that find their way to our shores.

The population of the empire has been variously estimated at from two hundred and fifty to four hundred millions, the latter being probably nearest the truth. In fact, some official documents discovered by the English, demonstrate that this last named number is beneath rather than above the truth. Of course, the support of so immense a population, implies and demands that agriculture and horticulture be carried to high perfection, and such is the fact in China. The government confers great honor upon agriculture, and once each year, the Emperor goes forth into the field in state, and performs ceremonies and invokes the blessing of heaven upon the land, and the high priest of the empire offers up sacrifices.

The pri
wheat and
as yams,
hills are
artificially
the dwelli
ted, not be
scattered
utes great
agricultur
gates, nor
wild beast
silk worm
facture w
weavers.
mestic an
The came
try about
000, and
men.

The Ch
pay a kind
ancestors,
their tom
Prof. W
to such pr
tional reli
stituted, a
only relig
people, an
to displac
tral altar
rate build
poorer, it
corner, a
tive tablet
pointed ti
ments, fr
Distinguis
men, pat
for their e
ized, by
removed
mansion,
honored w
character
man who
temple in

The principal production is rice, but wheat and other grains are grown, as well as yams, potatoes, &c. Even the steepest hills are brought into cultivation, and artificially watered. The manner in which the dwellings of the peasantry are situated, not being collected into villages, but scattered through the country, contributes greatly to the flourishing state of agriculture. There are no fences, nor gates, nor any sort of preventives against wild beasts or thieves. The women raise silk worms, and spin cotton, and manufacture woolen stuffs, being the only weavers. The Chinese have all the domestic animals of Europe and America. The camel is the beast of burden. Poultry abounds. The revenue is \$150,000,000, and the army consists of 900,000 men.

The Chinese, as we have already said, pay a kind of religious homage to their ancestors, and perform ceremonies around their tombs. "Ancestral worship," says Prof. Whitney, "has nowhere attained to such prominence as a part of the national religion, as in China; it even constituted, and still constitutes, almost the only religious observance of the common people, and which nothing has been able to displace. Every family has its ancestral altar; with the rich, this has a separate building allotted to it; with the poorer, it occupies a room, a closet, a corner, a shelf. There the commemorative tablets are set up, and there, at appointed times, are presented offerings of meats, fruits, flowers, apparel, money. Distinguished philosophers and statesmen, patriots, who have given their lives for their country, are in a manner canonized, by having their memorial tablets removed from the privacy of the family mansion, set up in public temples, and honored with official worship." Of this character is the homage paid to the great man whose imago graces the Chinese temple in this city.

Infanticide has been charged upon the Chinese, as a national and authorized practice, but without foundation. A correspondent of the *N. Y. Observer*, writing from Peking, says:

"The 'dead wagon' still continues to frequent the streets of Peking, and I have seen them every morning proceeding at a slow pace through the two principal streets of the capital, and back again. Every one may throw his dead child into the wagon, without mentioning from whence it comes, or whose it is; he only pays a small copper coin to the driver. The corpse must, however, be either wrapped in a mat, or laid in a coffin, else it is not received. These wagons were, whenever I met them on their way back, filled up to the brim with small bundles and coffins, out of which often peeped the little hands or feet of the departed children. This is the garb in which Chinese charity appears. The cart with corpses thus collected, passed through the southwest suburbs of Peking, where a place with a temple is fixed for their reception, and where they are deposited, until there is a sufficient number for interring them. When this is the case, they open a large hole, into which the coffins and other combustibles, together with the corpses, are thrown, burnt, and then covered over, whilst a Buddhist priest reads the customary prayers for the dead. This practice of collecting the dead children is said to have commenced on the occasion of a small pox epidemic, during the reign of Kienlung, when so many children died, that the parents throw them into the streets, so that the police were obliged to collect and bury them. According to our religious notions, this may appear cruel on the part of the parents. The Chinese, however, have a different opinion of it; the human soul, is, according to their notions, not yet perfect before the eighth year,—therefore, children under that age are never buried in family cemeteries.

"Roman Catholic missionaries have concluded from this, and circulated in Europe, that infanticide was permitted in China. Infanticide is prohibited by law, and is punished like any other murder; even intentional abortions are visited with corporal punishment. If, therefore, among the children thus collected, there are some who died a violent death, this would only prove that those who

committed the murder, did it either from shame, or wished, from criminal motives, to conceal the child's birth. True it is, the police never inspect the children brought to be buried; just as little do they ask those who bring them from whence they come; hence it is very probable that the carts carry many murdered children out of the city."

In conclusion, we repeat, it is totally unjust to judge of the Chinese nation by the specimens which are afforded us among those who immigrate to this region. They are generally from the seaboard cities, where there is the most degeneracy and degradation, and where the native character is most altered for the worse by foreign trade and piracy,

Those who have known the Chinese most thoroughly, (the Christian missionaries and others,) by continued, wide extended, and familiar intercourse, are generally those whose opinion of them is most favorable.

THE MERRIMAC.

I.

Gently flowing,
Brightly glowing,
Ever onward, proudly free—
Fair isles darkling,
Bright waves sparkling—
Sparkling towards the waiting sea.

II.

Dark woods blooming,
Sweet vales blooming,
Mirrored as by crystal clear;
Wild birds singing,
Echoes ringing—
Ringing on the list'ning ear.

III.

Evening coming,
Insects humming,
Shadows falling through the air;
Zephyrs courting,
Naiads sporting—
Sporting on the billows fair.

IV.

Sunset glowing,
Breezes blowing,
Ripples breaking on the shore;
Night invading,
Daylight fading—
Fading as forever more.

V.

Sounds retreating,
Night-hours fleeting,
Rost descending from on high;
Dew-drops falling,
Softly calling,
Fragrance from the azure sky.

VI.

Stars outshining,
Rays combining,
Morning darting from above;
Pure thoughts swelling,
Ever telling—
Telling of a boundless Love!

VII.

Thus my dreaming,
Ever teeming
Is, with thoughts, fair stream, of thee;
Wild joy blending,
Upward sending,
Thanks to God that thou art free!

LEGEND OF THE TURNIP-COUNTER.

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

[Concluded from page 137.]

AFTER he had left the princess, she did not delay a moment to try the magic rod according to her instructions. "Brinhild," she cried, "dear Brinhild, appear," when, lo! Brinhild was at her feet, embracing her knees, shedding tears of joy, and lavishing caresses upon her as in former days. So complete was the illusion, that Miss Emma could not tell what to think of this, her own creation, whether or not it was Brinhild herself, that

she had conjured
ery of her
gave herself
intercourse
ing a walk
through the
ing ejaculat
the gold-shot
spective tr
ed her friend
In the word
contemplat
a degree th
sunset. The
with all the
on in success
a pleasing
in the select
toilet, that
she never
species.

The enj
having feel
man's heart
such happy
anthropolog
to him more
cheerful n
whole stoc
touch, tur
lasses wh
handmaid
turnips spr
and a pret
court agai
performed
and never
Her wishe
and winks
promptly
a social o
dancing, s
of the gro
when the
healthy co
ions were
marble sa
alone, was

she had conjured to her, or only a mockery of her senses. In the meantime she gave herself up to the pleasures of social intercourse with her pet companion, taking a walk with her, hand in hand, through the garden, enjoying her admiring ejaculations, and presenting her with the gold-spotted apples from their respective trees. The princess next showed her friend the rooms of the palace. In the wardrobe, the female spirit of contemplation became exercised to such a degree that they remained there until sunset. Veils, girdles, and pendants, with all the rest, were mustered and tried on in succession. Brinhild evinced such a pleasing manner and exquisite taste, in the selection and arrangement of the toilet, that if only a turnip, naturally, she nevertheless was the queen of her species.

The enjoying gnome felt delighted, in having fathomed the mysteries of woman's heart so well, and at having made such happy progress in his knowledge of anthropology. The lovely Emma seemed to him more beautiful, more affable, more cheerful now, than ever before. The whole stock of turnips, under her magic touch, turned out and brought to her the lasses who had formerly acted as her handmaids; and from two remaining turnips sprung up a gentle Cyprian cat and a pretty lap-dog. She opened her court again, when each of her maids performed their special duties as of yore, and never was a noble lady better served. Her wishes were anticipated; her nods and winks obeyed, and her commands promptly executed. For several weeks a social entertainment was kept up of dancing, songs, and music, in the harem of the gnome, from morning until night, when the mistress perceived that the healthy colored cheeks of her companions were waning, and the mirror in the marble saloon notified her that herself, alone, was an opening rose-bud among

the dying flowers, to which her dear Brinhild, and the rest of the maids, might well be compared. Every one, however, pretended to be in excellent health; besides, the generous gnome kept a splendid table at his establishment. Yet, the girls faded more and more; life and activity vanished, and the fire of youth burnt low. On a beautiful morning, after a healthy night's rest, the princess entered the drawing room; her horror may be imagined at receiving the salutation of a number of wrinkled old crones, who supported themselves by sticks and crutches, while being suffocated with a consumptive cough. The Cyprian cat lacked power to move about, and Beni, the lap-dog, had stretched out his four legs. Terrified at such a spectacle, the princess hastened from the room, stepped out upon the balcony, and loudly called on the gnome, who quickly attended the summons and stood before her in deep humility.

"Mischievous spirit," she said, in anger, "why dost thou delight in spoiling the only pleasure of my harmless life, satisfied, as I am, in keeping the shadows of my former companions about me? Is the surrounding solitude not enough to torment me, or is it necessary for thy sport to make this place a hospital? Without delay give back my lasses' youth and beauty, or my hate and contempt shall revenge the outrage."

"Glorious daughter of earth," the gnome pleaded, "thy anger ought not to be without measure. All in my power is at thy disposal; yet crave not that which is impossible. The powers of nature serve me, although I am unable to change their immutable laws. While the turnips possessed vegetable strength, thy magic rod could produce from them any form thy fancy chose; but now, when the juice they contained has dried up, they are going to decay, because the life-retaining power of the composing ele-

ore;
e.
ng,
eting
on high;
ng,
sky.
g,
alabye;
swelling,
s. Ivo!
min
r stream, of thee;
ling
ng,
not art free!
TURNIP-COUNTER.
The German,
ANSO.
page 137.]
ho princess, sho
t to try the magic
structions. "Brin-
Brinhild, appear,"
s at her feet, em-
ding tears of joy,
s upon her as in
lete was the illu-
could not tell what
n creation, wheth-
hild herself, that

ments has vanished. However, let not this trouble thee, well beloved. Another full basket can repair the damage, by giving thee the power of creating thy pets at will. Return the earth her presents, which have given thee such excellent amusement; thou wilt find better company on the turf in the garden."

The gnome retired, while Emma, with magic stick, touched the wrinkled bodies, gathered up the shrunken turnips, disposed of them in the same manner that children are apt to dispose of their toys, when tired of them, or as princes do their favorites, when they become wearisome, and thought no more about it. Swift-footed did she skip over the sod, without finding the full basket she was in quest of, exercising all her faculties to account for its not forthcoming. At the vine-covered balustrade she was met by the gnome, whose embarrassment could not be mistaken, even from a distance. "Thou hast deceived me!" she said; "where is the basket? For an hour I have looked for it in vain."

"Kind mistress of my heart," the spirit answered, "excuse my indiscretion, in promising more than I could give. I have wandered all over the country in search of fresh turnips, but long since they were gathered, and are now withering in musty cellars. Nature is now dressed in mourning; winter is in the valley below, and your presence only has chained spring to these rocks, where flowers spring up beneath your footsteps. Only have patience until the moon has gone through her evolutions thrice, and never shall you again be disappointed in playing with your dolls."

The gnome had not finished, before the pouting beauty turned on him her heels, went into a closet, without deigning a reply, while he started off for the nearest market-town; and there, under the guise of a farmer, bought an ass, who carried on his back several sacks of seed;

enough to sow over a whole section of land. One of his ministering spirits watched the crop in prospective with care, started and kept up a subterranean fire, to hasten the growth of the turnip seed. Things went on satisfactorily to all appearance. Miss Emma reviewed the turnip field daily with a greater curiosity than she had done the golden apples, seemingly transported from the garden of the Hesperians, to her own; yet she became incommoded by her spleen and ill-humor, to the detriment of her bright, blue eyes. She tarried mostly in a sombre, melancholic mood of fire, throwing flowers into the spring, whose waters mingled with the river Oder, by which they were floated down to the bottom lands; such time-killing, trifling, being understood by all initiated into such mysteries, signify a secret sorrow of the heart. The gnome perceived the impracticability of his ever being able to steal away the heart of Emma by the thousand little attentions he bestowed on her. Nevertheless his patience did not give out or weary in the attempt of changing her prudishness in his favor. His inexperience in love affairs made him believe the trouble he encountered, might belong naturally to romances treating on such subjects; besides, he perceived very nicely and sagaciously that the resistance his ardor encountered, was not without a certain pleasure, well calculated to sweeten the reward of all his constancy. Yet this novice in anthropology mistook the true reason for the obstinacy of his mistress, in taking it for granted, that her affections were disengaged, and the unclaimed lot of her heart belonged to him as the first squatter.

Alas! this was a fatal mistake. A neighbor of his, residing on the banks of the Oder, the duke Ratibor, had been a favored suitor; he appropriated to himself Emma's first love, which, if report speaks correctly, is indestructible, like

the foundation of the happy couple look of their union, which was shattered. The terrible duke Ratibor, who had deserted his mistress, went into the rocks, where he committed all the able heroes, if they on them his proud sighed with his lightful prison, yet it was too well for it. Long since he to outwit him, in escape from the sleepless nights, worthy of an

Spring returned to the subterranean of the gnome. vegetable crop of winter, at last, he had finally extracted, tried experiment, as it was, the solution went much, induced a bee from her off, to get the knight.

"Fly, little east," she said, "I will retain of the oak into his ear, slave of the mountains. salutation, and love." The lady, on the swallow picked with such success, the use of the cricket, next time, and got the little cricket Ratibor, the ear, the faith

the foundation of the four elements. The happy couple looked forward to the day of their union, when the bride disappeared. The terrible news changed the gentle Ratibor into a furious Roland. He deserted his residence, turned misanthrope, went into the forest, complained to the rocks about his misfortune, and committed all the pranks of our fashionable heroes, if the malicious Amon plays on them his pranks. The faithful Emma sighed with her secret grief in her delightful prison, yet still guarded her secret too well for the gnome to account for it. Long since she had made it her study to outwit him, in some way that she might escape from her prison. After many sleepless nights, she had contrived a plan worthy of an experiment.

Spring returned to the mountain glens; the subterranean fire in the conservatory of the gnome became extinct, and the vegetable crop, unscathed by the severity of winter, attained its maturity. Emma slyly extracted several every day, and tried experiments every day for her amusement, as it seemed, although her intention went much further. Once she produced a bee from a little turnip, and sent her off, to gain information from her knight.

"Fly, little insect! fly towards the east," she spake—"to Ratibor, the chieftain of the country, and murmur softly into his ear, his Emma is alive yet, but slave of the goblin, who reigns over these mountains. Don't lose a word of my salutation, and bring back news of his love." The bee flew from the finger of the lady, on its errand, when a greedy swallow picked off the messenger, stuffed with such satisfactory dispatches. By the use of the magic wand she formed a cricket, next touching it a similar sentence, and greeting for her lover: "Jump, little cricket! over the mountains, to Ratibor, the chieftain, and chirp in his ear, the faithful Emma expects to throw

off her golden chains by the help of his strong arm." The cricket went on its way with speed, but a long legged stork, who was walking along the high road on which the former was traveling, took hold of it with his long bill, and buried it in the dungeon of his capacious craw.

The strong-minded girl, nothing daunted, transformed the third turnip into a magpie. "Flutter from tree to tree, talkative bird, till thou encounterest Ratibor, my betrothed; acquaint him of my captivity, and give him notice to wait for me, with steed and men, on the third day from now, beyond the boundary line of the mountains girting Marienthal; there he may give the fugitive help and protection." The bird knew her duty; she flitted onward, while Emma followed her with her eye till out of sight. The unhappy Ratibor strayed about the forest quite dejected; the arrival of spring and the activity of nature had only strengthened his grief. He sat under a shady oak, thought only of, and sighed loudly for, Emma! The echo retorted in flattering syllables; but at the same time, an unknown voice called out his own name. Listening, he considered it an illusion, when he heard the call repeated. At that moment he perceived the magpie fluttering in the boughs overhead, and understood it to be the intelligent bird, calling his name. "Wily prattler!" he called out—"how didst thou learn the name of a miserable being, wishing only to become annihilated, without leaving a vestige behind him?" Enraged, he picked up a stone, to cast it at the bird, when she sounded the name of Emma. This was a talisman, weakening his uplifted arms, he trembled with excitement, and in his soul it sounded softly, Emma!

Perched upon the tree, the speaker, with the eloquence belonging to her species, delivered herself of her lesson. Ratibor listened to the happy message, light broke in upon him; the terrible

grief beclouding his senses and unstringing his nerves, vanished; once more he found sensibility and recollection, and tried to gain some news in regard to the fate of Emma, although the gabbler did not know any more, but soon took her flight. The duke sought, with long strides his home, armed his horsemen, and went with his troops, for the sake of his good hope, to brave the adventures before him. In the mean time, Miss Emma prepared every thing for the execution of her scheme. She did not torment the patient gnome any longer by her indifference; her eyes sparkled hope, and her coyness grew more pliant. Such happy signs a sighing swain is not slow to improve; and the keen senses of the spiritual adorer soon became aware of the revolution going on; for a gracious look, a friendly gesture, a significant smile bestowed, was oil dropped into the flame, or electric sparks upon alcohol. Emboldened, he paid his court anew, having sued long in vain without being discarded. The preliminaries were as good as signed, only the young lady required a few days to consider, for the sake of decorum; those, the happiest of goblins, willingly granted.

Early the following morning, the beautiful Emma went forth, adorned as a bride, with all the jewels her casket contained. Her light brown hair was twisted in a knot behind, and was set off to advantage, by a crown of myrtle; the trimming of her robe sparkled with diamonds, and when the gnome, already in waiting, hastened to pay her his homage, she modestly covered her blushing face with the end of her veil. "Heavenly maiden!" he stammered, "grant me the favor to read my blessedness from thy eyes!" He attempted to uncover her face, to convince himself of his final success; not daring to extort from her a verbal acknowledgment of his suit. The lady however, veiled herself more closely,

answering modestly, "Can a mortal resist you, love of my heart? Your constancy has gained its object; only, in receiving such a confession from my lips, let my blushes and my tears become covered with a veil." "Why tears, oh dearest?" the spirit asked; "every tear of yours falls like a burning drop of naphtha upon my heart. I only ask a return of my love; but no sacrifice." "Oh! why misconstrue my tears?" Emma replied, "My heart repays your tenderness; even if dark forebodings harrass my mind. A wife preserves not always the attractions of a bride; age never will affect you; while beauty is only a flower of short duration. How shall I convince myself that in the bridegroom I may behold the same affectionate, kind, considerate and abiding husband?" The visitor asked: "Ask for a proof of my faithfulness and obedience in the performance of thy commands, or put my patience to the test, and judge by these of the strength of my unalterable passion." "Be it so!" the cunning Emma decreed. "I ask a single proof only in my favor. Go count the turnips upon the field; my wedding feast shall not be without witnesses; in giving to them animation, they will act as my bridemaids; yet, be careful in not deceiving me, and make no mistake in their number; because such shall be the evidence of thy immutability!"

Although the gnome went on his errand with reluctance, he nevertheless obeyed without delay, and jumped among the turnips with the same alacrity that a French physician of a lazaretto evinces at the contemplation of the number of sick his expediency brings to the graveyard. Soon, by his zeal, he had summed up the total amount; when, to be certain, the counting was repeated, but, with chagrin, he found a variation of one, in comparison with his first experiment. The third attempt differed again, from the former two; although it is not

very strange, after all, si
female face will bring confu
ablest mathematical cranio

No sooner was this faith
the crafty Emma out of si
preparations for fight co
large succulent turnip cha
able body to that of a no
dled and bridled quickl
ress was mounted, gall
heath and desert of the d
the back of the speeding
to the Marienthal and g
herself in the arms of
who anxiously awaited h

So far the busy gnome
the chaos of numbers, a
notice of passing even
than the calculating Ne
noisy trumpet under his
bration of the cattle a
had been able at last, a
less experiments to m
list of all the vegetable
the acre contained. He
to give his intended a
tion of his turning out
and obedient husband,
and caprice of a wife
subservient to. Comp
the turf, without findi
for; neither did he
object in the covered
walks; into every no
palace he sounded t
but the only answer
echo of the deserted
weary; and finding
wrong, he throw of
clumsy phantom of a
into the air, and dis
fugitive in the dista
clearing the limits o
doned, the furious s
clouds, peacefully p
a flash of lightning
only splitting an ou
standing; for; beyo

LEGEND

very strange, after all, since a pretty female face will bring confusion into the ablest mathematical cranium.

No sooner was this faithful subject of the crafty Emma out of sight, than her preparations for flight commenced. A large succulent turnip changed its vegetable body to that of a noble steed, saddled and bridled; quickly the enchantress was mounted, galloping over the heath and desert of the desolate hills, on the back of the speeding pegasus, down to the Marienthal, and gladly throwing herself in the arms of Prince Ratibor, who anxiously awaited her coming.

So far the busy gnome had dived into the chaos of numbers, as to take no more notice of passing events around him, than the calculating Newton did of the noisy trumpet under his window, in celebration of the battle at Blenheim. He had been able at last, after many fruitless experiments, to make out a correct list of all the vegetables, large and small, the acre contained. Happy, he returned to give his intended a practical illustration of his turning out the most gallant and obedient husband, the imagination and caprice of a wife ever made herself subservient to. Complacent he reached the turf, without finding what he sought for; neither did he behold the desired object in the covered bowers and garden walks; into every nook and corner of the palace he sounded the name of Emma, but the only answer he received was the echo of the deserted halls. He grew weary; and finding something to be wrong, he threw off without delay the clumsy phantom of a body, arose high up into the air, and discovered his beloved fugitive in the distance, her noble horse clearing the limits of his district. Mad-dened, the furious spirit compassed a few clouds, peacefully passing by, and hurled a flash of lightning after the runaway, only splitting an oak of a thousand years' standing; for, beyond the territorial line,

the revenge of the gnome proved harmless, and the thunder-cloud dissolved into a damp fog.

In despair he cruised through the upper regions, and complained of his blighted love to the four winds, until the violence of his passion had settled down, when he returned once more to his palace, and when his sighs and groans vented themselves undisturbed between the walls. He lingered in the garden, but the enchantment had lost its glory; a single footprint of her, the faithless, left in the sand, attracted his attention more than the golden apples and other curiosities. Sweet remembrances turned up everywhere on the soil, where formerly she passed, from which she had gathered flowers; in the places where he had watched her sometimes unperceived, or held such delightful conversations; all this depressed him to such a degree, as to throw him into the direst condition. By degrees his ill humor found vent in horrible imprecations as an offset to his stately parentation on "love's disguises," and he solemnly affirmed, to discard the study of mankind, and take no further notice of such a wicked and deceitful race. Twice he stamped upon the ground, and the magic palace, with all its splendor, turned back into its original nothingness. The abyss opened its dark jaws, the gnome precipitated himself into the pit, turning up at the other side of his dominion, in the center of our globe, where his spleen and hate of mankind followed him.

Prince Ratibor, at the catastrophe described, had secured the matchless booty of his fillibusterism. He conducted the beautiful Emma, in very triumphant pomp, back to the court of her father, there celebrated his nuptials, divided with her his crown, and built the town Ratibor, bearing his name unto this day. The wonderful adventure of the princess, encountered by her on the Riesongobirge;

her bold flight, and happy escape, became the talk of the land; and has been preserved from one generation to another, up to the latest times; for the ladies of Selesian, with many of their neighbors both right and left, took great interest in the stratagem of the cunning but successful Emma.

Our Social Chair.

ALTHOUGH human bipeds are sometimes accused of entertaining themselves and others with "a horse laugh"—which we suppose must be a cachination that approximates to a neigh—man is said to be the only animal that indulges in a laugh; and while we admit that the axiom may be true in its vulgar interpretation, we must demur to it entirely, if it excludes all muscular action of the face that is indicative of pleasure in other animals; For instance, if the favorite dog meets his master, after a long absence, there is not only a wagging of the tail to manifest his delight, but a partial drawing out and up of the eye-brows, and a general relaxing of the muscles of the face, especially about the eyes, almost in the same manner, yet of course, not to the same extent, as in a human face. It is thus with the horse, which, instead of wagging his tail to indicate his pleasure, as in the dog, lays down his ears and moves them now a little on this side and now on that, while the muscular action of the face is subject to a similar relaxation and expansion to that of the dog. Besides, dogs scowl, like some men, and if they can manifest their aversion, why not their delight also? We all know that nearly all kinds of animals have their time of sport and their method of playing; and while engaged in these, the close observer may discover a variety of changes in the muscles of the face.

We have been led into these reflections by an extract from an interesting work entitled the "Passions of Animals," which we here give as suggestive of enquiry, with an excellent hint that the love of "Fun" is not confined to the genus *homo*.

Small birds chase each other about in play, but perhaps the conduct of the crane and trumpeter is the most extraordinary. The latter stands on one leg, hops about in the most eccentric manner and throws somersets. The Americans call it the mud bird on account of these singularities. Water birds, such as ducks and geese, dive after each other, and clear the surface of the water with outstretched necks and flapping wings, throwing an abundant spray around. Deer often engage in sham battles or trials of strength, by twisting their horns together, and pushing for mastery.

The animals pretending to violence in their play, stop short of exercising it; the dog takes great precaution not to injure by his bite; and the ourang outang, in wrestling with his keeper, pretends to throw him, and makes feints of biting him. Some animals carry out in their play the semblance of catching their prey; young cats, for instance, leap after every small and moving object, even to the leaves strewed by the autumn wind; they crouch and steal forward ready for the spring, the body quivering and the tail vibrating with emotion, they bound on the moving leaf, and spring forward to another. Bengger saw young jaguars and cougars playing with round substances, like kittens. Birds of the magpie kind are analogous of monkeys, full of mischief, play and mimicry. There is a story of a tame magpie that was seen busily employed in a garden gathering pebbles, and with much solemnity and a studied air, buried them in a hole made to receive a post. After dropping each stone it cried 'currack!' triumphantly, and set off for another. On examining this spot, a poor toad was found in this hole, which the magpie was stoning for his amusement.

If the reader does not wish to laugh, let him skip the following, from the Clinton Courant:

Jem B—— is a wag. A joke to Jem, is both food and raiment; and whenever and

wherever there is an has it.

Jem was recently in a youth, apparently findings," entered the store, costed Jem, stating of a job.

"What kind of a wag."

"Oh, a'most any kind of a ginteele job an' kin turn my hand."

"Well, we want a healthy man, as same."

"What's the wage?"

"Wages are good man in that situation."

"What's a feller h'ing?"

"Oh, merely to get all. It requires a good constitution; and he dosen't mind it, particular about the cines, and before we parcel. You would say six or seven own days, with a few de Croton oil, and similar days you would no anything; but, as a count upon—say something daily. A not amount to much ment would be the person of you; and, as I sa person of very health dure it; but you lo you would suit ul (pointing to a very ing youth, who has has filled the post; but he is hardly st We should like to if you are ready, begin to-day; here tor oil, just come ounce—"

(Here verdant, tently upon the him with—)

"N-no, no; I g any how. I'll go an' of I c'nclude know."

As he did not he considered the

The following

Popo,) has been regard to cost," b to express the co the Digger abori

many of their neighbors
left, took great interest in
the cunning but success-

so each other about in
the conduct of the crane
the most extraordinary.
on one leg, about
in manner and throws
Americans call the mud
of these singularities.
s ducks and geese, dive
and clear the surface of
stretched necks and flap-
ing an abundant spray
engage in shallow battles
by twisting their horns
for mastery.
ending to violence in
of exercising it; the
caution not to injure by
lung outang, in vest-
er, pretends to throw
s of biting him. Some
their play the sem-
their prey; young cats,
ter every small and
to the leaves screwed
they crouch and steal
e spring, the body
vibrating with emo-
no moving leaf and
ther. Bengge saw
ugars playing with
kittens. Birds of
logous of monkeys,
d mimicry. There
epio that was seen
garden gathering
h solemnity and a
in a hole made to
opping each stone
nphantly, and set
ining this spot, a
this hole, which
g for his amuse-

wish to laugh, got
from the Clinton

A joke to Jem, s
and whenever an

wherever there is an opening for fun, he has it.

Jem was recently in a drug store, when a youth, apparently fresh from the "mountings," entered the store, and at once accosted Jem, stating that he was in search of a job.

"What kind of a job?" inquired the wag.

"Oh, a'most anything—I want to git a kind of a ginteel job; I'm tired o' farmin', an' kin turn my hand to most any thin'."

"Well, we want a man; a good, strong, healthy man, as sample clerk."

"What's the wages?"

"Wages are good; we pay \$1,000 to a man in that situation."

"What's a feller have to do?"

"Oh, merely to test medicines; that's all. It requires a stout man—one of good constitution; and after he gets used to it, he dosen't mind it. You see, we are very particular about the quality of our medicines, and before we sell any, we test every parcel. You would be required to take—say six or seven ounces of castor oil, some days, with a few doses of rhubarb, aloes, Croton oil, and similar preparations. Some days you would not be required to take anything; but, as a general thing, you can count upon—say from six to ten doses of something daily. As to the work, that does not amount to much—the testing department would be the principal labor required of you; and, as I said before, it requires a person of very healthy organization to endure it; but you look hearty, and I guess you would suit us. That young man, (pointing to a very pale faced, slim looking youth, who happened to be present,) has filled the post for the past two weeks, but he is hardly stout enough to stand it. We should like to have you take right hold if you are ready, and, if you say so, we'll begin to-day; here's a new barrel of castor oil, just come in, I'll go and draw an ounce—"

(Here verdant, who had been gazing intently upon the slim youth, interrupted him with—)

"N-no, no; I g-u-e-s-s not—not to-day, any how. I'll go down and see my aunt, an' ef I c'nclude to come, I'll let you know."

As he did not return, it is to be supposed he considered the work too hard.

The following, (not altogether from Pope,) has been "gotten up," "without regard to cost," but, "at a heavy expense," to express the condition and sentiments of the Digger aborigines of this country:

Lo! the poor Indian, who, untutored, feeds
On locusts, beetles, frogs, and centipedes!
His taste keen hunger never taught to sigh
For beef, veal, mutton, pork or pumpkin pie!
But thinks, admitted to that equal feast,
All things are good for man, as well as beast!

Or, in other words, "White man's beep (beef,) beeskit (biscuit,) and wheeskey, belly (very) good for chemuck. Heep wano. Grass-hoppers, acorns, mucho malo —Injun man no caree."

As the Yo-Semite Valley seems to be the great point of attraction to parties recreating, it may not be amiss to give, from the *Mariposa Star*, the following amusing list of provisions that four persons deemed necessary on such a trip! —

A party recently left Joe's store at Mormon Bar for the Valley, and a friend of the *Star* furnishes the following statistics—showing the amount of "the necessaries of life" which is required for an eight day's trip in the mountains:

- 8 lbs potatoes.
- 1 bottle whisky.
- 1 bottle pepper sauce.
- 1 bottle whisky.
- 1 box tea.
- 9 lbs onions.
- 2 bottles whisky.
- 1 ham.
- 11 lbs crackers.
- 1 bottle whisky.
- ½ doz. sardines.
- 2 bottles brandy, (4th proof.)
- 6 lbs sugar.
- 1 bottle brandy, (4th proof.)
- 7 lbs cheese.
- 2 bottles brandy, (4th proof.)
- 1 bottle pepper.
- 5 gallons whisky.
- 4 bottles whisky (old Bourbon.)
- 1 small keg whisky.
- 1 bottle of cocktails, (designed for a "starter.")

The party proceeded as far as Sebastopol, (about two miles,) and halted to rest under a tree. They were there met by a teamster, who took the following message to the Bar. "Tell 'Sam' that we are all right—have got all the provisions we want—our pack animals are doing well—we will return in eight days. About the sixth we will be at the South Fork, on our way home. Tell him to try and meet us there with some *whisky*, say about two gallons, just enough to lusc us home. One of our kegs *leaks*."

The following capital retort will assert its own claim to pun-gency, and prove to be well worth the reading:

We saw a good thing yesterday. In the Court of Quarter Sessions, a petty case was being tried. A well-known criminal lawyer, who prides himself upon his skill in cross-examining a witness, had an odd-looking genius upon whom to operate. The witness was a boss shoemaker.

"You say, sir, that the prisoner is a thief?"

"Yes, sir; cause why, she confessed it."

"And you also swear she bound shoes for you subsequent to the confession?"

"I do, sir."

"Then"—giving a sagacious look at the Court—"we are to understand that you employ dishonest people to work for you, even after their rascalities are known?"

"Of course; how else could I get assistance from a lawyer?"

The counselor said "stand aside," and in a tone which showed that if he had the witness' head in a bark-mill, little mercy might have been expected; the judge nearly choked himself in a futile endeavor to make the spectators believe that a laugh was nothing but a hiccough, while the witness stepped off the stand with all the gravity of a fashionable undertaker.

Not much made out of that witness!

In the annexed clipping from the *Mariposa Gazette*, an off-hand picture of Horace Greeley is given while visiting the valley of water-falls, and groves of mammoth trees, in company with the editor of that paper, and which will be found worth a dozen "dressed up" ones of that famous individual:

Hon. Horace Greeley left Col. Fremont's residence, in Bear River Valley, Thursday morning of last week, and reached Yo-Semite Valley the same night. He returned via the Big Tree Grove, which is a distance of ten miles [there and back] from the Yo Semite trail, reaching Bear Valley on Saturday night.

From Mariposa the party were absent fifty-five hours, fourteen hours being spent in the Valley. This is much the quickest trip ever made. Horace, though not by any means an elegant equestrian, possesses two important qualifications for making good time. He sticks to the saddle, or in other words, "hangs on to the crupper" with one hand, and "goes it"—shaking all over like a jelly. He would not, after this fatiguing trip was over, own up to soreness,

as it affected his *honor*, though we gravely suspect the *seat* of it was somewhat damaged, for at these times he evidently was seriously considering his latter end. He was very companionable on the road, discoursing upon light and heavy subjects with easy bluntness, and *naivete*. There is considerable of a dry comical quality in his composition, which unmistakably sticks out on suitable occasions. A peculiarity was noticeable in his manner of expressing wonder and admiration of the grand scenery of the Valley, Big Trees, &c. When anything remarkable appeared to view, he would break forth into whistling, which sounded like the wind blowing through a knot hole, or would roar on some "hime," or sort of *pot pourri*, in which all sorts of words and metres were beautifully intermingled, and set to most execrable music enough to charm the heart of a cat-head owl. He had likewise learned to yell or howl in coming across the plains in a manner that would astonish any aborigine on this continent to a dead certainty. On one foot he wore a cotton sock, and on the other a woollen one. Boots, number 14, which not many years ago cost as much as \$2,50. Pepper and salt pants, with the old white coat and hat completed his entire habiliments, the *tout ensemble* of which was very striking and antique. The old coat was much dilapidated, and pieces had been cut from it in sundry and divers places. The committee that met him at Placerville cut all the buttons off it but three, and the Yo Semite delegation got the rest with the most of its binding.

Notwithstanding Mr. Greeley's evident weariness, he addressed the citizens of Mariposa, Saturday evening, at some length. The subject matter of his remarks were relative to the Pacific Railroad, and to matters of a local character—the Yo Semite Valley, Big Tree Grove, &c. He was attentively listened to, and his remarks were well received.

Mr. Greeley started Sunday afternoon from Bear Valley for San Francisco, at which city he will pass a few days, and then take up his route for the Atlantic States.

The following amusing election item, from our spirited cotemporary, the *San Francisco Morning Call*, will shew that the "Johns" are rapidly becoming interested in our "Melican" institutions:

A STRANGE VOTER.—At one of the precincts a Chinaman presented himself yesterday morning, dressed *a la Americano*,

and offered a "straight." The hands commenced they would get a out of the Amer of them asked b you been in th "Seben year me another man, " what's your n moon-eyes to th closed his peep replied, "Melic wantche know? "Well," said J the crowd, "me aloped rapidly, which whizzed

The followin San Joaquin / emigrant, so m riving among u with peculiar p

It is quite a to see how m family appear is halted near mals are taken and fed. The mean time, kin branches, whic about the "c around, and enough, they case may be. and the omni bread is prod meal is eaten able restauru the day are se supper there perhaps, and the wagon, o and all hands posedly as i down, in a fi care that the or males, are the morning, and girls, ar and the boys animals, and fast. This d members of the wagon, horse and lo stock, if the and father o kee Doodle, next "homo

and offered a "Native American" ticket straight. The inspectors, judges, and all hands commenced giggling and thought they would get a regular rip-roaring laugh out of the Americanized Celestial, so one of them asked him, "John, how long have you been in the country?" Says John, "Seben year me lib here." "Well," said another man, "where were you born, and what's your name?" John turned his moon-eyes to the right and left, then half closed his peeper in a quizzical way, and replied, "Melican me—me name you wantcheknow?" "Yes," said another man. "Well," said John, as he turned to leave the crowd, "me name is, *Yew Bet!*" John sloped rapidly, dodging an Irishman's boot which whizzed past his ear.

The following graphic picture, from the *San Joaquin Republican*, of the way-worn emigrant, so many of whom are now arriving among us, we know will be read with peculiar pleasure:

It is quite a novelty to one not used to it, to see how much at home an emigrant family appear at night, when their wagon is halted near a brook or well. The animals are taken out, unharnessed, watered and fed. The wife and mother, in the mean time, kindles a fire from the chips or branches, which she is pretty sure to find about the "camp." The children play around, and if any of them are large enough, they help father or mother, as the case may be. The tea or coffee is made, and the omnipresent bacon is fried, the bread is produced, and a more grateful meal is eaten than at any of our fashionable restaurants, where all the luxuries of the day are set before the epicure. After supper there is a quiet talk, a little singing, perhaps, and then the bed is made upon the wagon, or, perhaps, upon the ground, and all hands lay down to sleep as composedly as if they were upon a bed of down, in a fine city brick house, taking care that their faithful friends, the horses or mules, are previously well secured. In the morning, father, mother, and the boys and girls, are up with the sun. Father and the boys, water, feed, and harness the animals, and mother and the girls get breakfast. This disposed of, all of the weaker members of the party stow themselves in the wagon, the sturdy boy mounts his horse and looks after the cows and loose stock, if there are any along, the husband and father cracks his whip, whistles Yankee Doodle, and away they start for their next "home."

We met a party of this kind on the French Camp road, on Sunday, while riding out a few miles with a friend. We happened to have a quantity of fine grapes in the chaise, as we had called upon a gentleman before starting, upon whose vines the luscious fruit hangs in tons. They were a welcome donation to the travel-worn family, trifling as may have been their value to a satiated Stocktonian. Had not the shadows of night settled, we should have been sorely tempted to have tried their appetites with a second edition, procured from town. If any of our citizens are puzzled to know what to do with their surplus fruit, this may be a useful hint to them. They will get a rich price for the luxury thus disposed of, one of these days.

You are quite right, worthy *confrere*. A kind action, though unremembered by the receiver, meets with an immediate return to the donor; besides, it may not be amiss to call to mind the words of the Divine Teacher: "It is better to give than to receive."

The following choice *moreceau*, from the *Bay State*, is so life-like and racy that we cannot resist the temptation of presenting it to the readers of the Chair:

By the way, what is there so derogatory to dignity, as chasing a hat? We saw a gentleman proceeding up street the other day in a most magnificent manner. A beautiful stove-pipe "Leary," and an awful dignity sat on his brow. Had he been in the interior of Africa, he would have been set up for a deity, hat and all. The wind is no respecter to persons; it bloweth whithersoever it listeth; it caught henceath the well turned brim of the "Leary,"—magnificence felt it going and tried to prevent it with both hands. But 'twas gone. Away over curb-stones, gutters and pavements it flew, on crown and brim. Magnificence immediately gave chase. Did you ever see the grace with which a dignified individual tries to run? A sort of genteel skip and polished hop. Once or twice his hands were almost upon it; but fresh breezes wafted it away. At last it met a horse drawing a job-wagon, dodged beneath the animal's fore feet, striking plump into it. With this novel shoe the beast made a few rods, when a vigorous kick sent it flying over the driver's head, and it fell into the street a misshapen thing, with a ventilator in it the size of a horse's hoof. Then it was that Magnificence stood still and "cussed."

The Drama.

Some changes have taken place in this department since our last notice. Miss Avonia Jones has left for Australia. The New Orleans Opera Troupe concluded their engagement at Maguire's, and have been making a successful tour among the principal mining towns of the State. The Italian Opera was revived at the American theatre for some three evenings, but owing to the lack of sufficient patronage, it was allowed to droop and die. Yet, on the 10th and 22d ult. complimentary benefits were given the principal artists, Senor and Senora Bianchi, at the American theatre, prior to their departure for Australia.

The Nelson Troupe, consisting of the Misses Carrie and Sara Nelson, Mr. Alfred Nelson, and Mr. J. Simmonds, arrived here from Australia; and, supported by Mr. and Mrs. Courtaine, and a fair stock company, have been performing at Maguire's Opera House. They opened to rather thin houses, partly occasioned, no doubt, by the very bombastic advertisement of their manager, Mr. Simmonds, which very naturally led people to suspect a lack of excellence in the troupe—but they have grown gradually into public favor, and which they certainly very well deserve. At first, these ladies strikingly reminded us of the Misses Goughenheims, but their superior singing as well as acting, soon convinced us that there the resemblance ended.

The pieces chosen, for the most part, have been in elegant extravaganza; Miss Carrie personating some dashing and high-spirited young gentleman, in which character her pretty face and good figure shew to excellent advantage, and with an easy grace of motion which is observable in every movement she may make, throws a charm upon her audience. Miss Sara has a less roguish looking and somewhat more amiable face than her sister; and although not quite so good an actress, she is a far better singer, and possesses great control of her sweet and well cultivated voice. Mr. Alfred thoroughly understands his part

and has an intensely comic style of humor, and a good voice; but, owing to his "rather over-doing it," and not giving sufficient change of manner to his change of characters, some of his acting is by far too monotonous for great success. Mr. Simmonds has also a very good vein of humor, but of an entirely different kind to that of Nelson, and but for a little too much of the bombastic in his performances, would be a great favorite with the public. The *mise en scene*,—a very important part of theatrical management—has been well attended to throughout the engagement of this troupe.

The Lyceum was opened by an excellent stock company; but not being attended with sufficient profit to the performers, it was given up to Mr. Andrew Torning, and reopened for the season, on the 10th ult.

Mr. Lewis Baker, an excellent theatrical manager, opened the American theatre on the 12th ult. Among the performers were Mrs. Alexina Fisher Baker, Mr. L. Baker—both old California favorites—Mrs. Judah, Miss Sophie Edwin, and Messrs. J. B. Booth, Geo. Ryer, Wm. Barry, and other well and familiarly known artists. Should Mr. Baker present a series of *new* as well as good pieces, it is our opinion that he possesses a company that is fully capable of placing them acceptably before the public, and his success will be certain.

The Fashions.

Ladies' Bonnets.

Shape of bonnets not so materially changed as was anticipated; still small, with a tendency to enlarge, and to flare more, and not so long at the corners; large size crowns, not sloped as much as the summer's fashion, with larger and very square tips, that bell in the back and half way up the side crown. Ladies may congratulate themselves on having once more a comfortable, fashionable bonnet. The "Leg-horn" is preferable to all others this fall, and next to it comes the chip and rice straws, trimmed with black and fancy col-

ors, blended. Ruches are more popular than during the season. White and melon are used for both street and at present, trimmed with ruffles—these are mostly spreading out at the bottom. The appearance of the capes require to be middle than at the sides. Much care is necessary to get the required style.

Misses Tuscan Flats for misses, lined with wreaths of pink, and out, with wide pink stripes, the hat being confined under the chin.

Monthly Record of

The Santa Cruz News, appearance August 24th, edited by William N. Stone.

The first of several auroras borealis, which was of a brilliant white with light and bright right angles of the horizon, zenith, and extending west of north over the compass, was visible from 9 o'clock P. M. of August 29th. The magnitude or splendor since California has seen. Several others equally visible during the month.

The old pioneer, S. J. Karsen, has removed his residence near the city, August 26th.

At a meeting of the Legislature, convened in San Francisco, of the Legislature of the following persons were elected from this county to the road Convention held on the 19th ult.: John A. McDougall, Lewis, W. B. Farwell, Holland, and H. M. Taylor.

Bayard Taylor, and wife, arrived in San Francisco on the 28th of August last.

On Saturday, August 28th, Charles Karsen and

ors, blended. Ruches all round inside are more popular than during the summer season. White and mellow colors, in crape, are used for both street and opera bonnets, at present, trimmed with blonde and flowers—these are mostly made cap crowns, spreading out at the bottom and sides, and present the appearance of an inverted fan; the capes require to be narrower in the middle than at the sides, and gathered in. Much care is necessary to give this cape the required style.

Misses.

Tuscan Flats for misses of fourteen, trimmed with wreaths of pink roses inside and out, with wide pink strings left to flow, the hat being confined by narrow elastic under the chin.

Monthly Record of Current Events.

The *Santa Cruz News* made its first appearance August 24th, edited and published by William N. Sloeum.

The first of several brilliant and beautiful Aurora Borealis, the colored ground of which was of carmine and silvery blue, with light and bright rays shooting up at right angles of the horizon nearly to the zenith, and extending north of east and west of north over eleven points of the compass, was visible throughout the State from 9 o'clock P. M. of Aug. 28, to 2 o'clock A. M. of the 29th. This is the first of any magnitude or splendor that has been seen since California has belonged to the U. S. Several others equally brilliant have been visible during the month.

The old pioneer, Samuel Neal, died at his residence near Chico, Butte county, August 26th.

At a meeting of the citizens of San Francisco, convened in accordance with an act of the Legislature on the 27th August, the following persons were appointed Delegates from this county to the great Pacific Railroad Convention held in San Francisco on the 19th ult.: John Middleton, J. B. Crockett, J. A. McDougal, H. S. Fitch, Wm. B. Lewis, W. B. Farwell, E. A. Crowell, N. Holland, and H. M. Pate.

Bayard Taylor, the celebrated traveler, and wife, arrived in the Golden Age on the 28th of August last.

On Saturday, Aug. 28th, two men named Charles Karsen and Girsell Peterson, were

at work in a tunnel, one mile from Monte Cristo. They discovered the blacksmith shop and a pile of charcoal and wood, at the mouth of the tunnel, to be on fire. They attempted to escape, but were forced to return. Karsen went back about six hundred feet, fell insensible, and lay from two to seven P. M., when he was carried out. Though severely affected, he recovered. Peterson was found about five hundred feet in, and was taken out dead.

The *Knight's Landing News* is the title of a new Yolo county paper, edited and published by Snyder & Howard.

The annual Fair of the Agricultural, Horticultural, and Mechanics' Society of the Northern District of California was held in Marysville, Aug. 30th, 31st, Sept. 1st, 2d and 3d, and was a triumphant exhibition of the progress made in Home produce in the arts, mechanics, agriculture, &c.

The Public Schools of San Francisco completed their examination on the 1st ult, prior to their vacation of two weeks.

An overland mail between Stockton and this city has been established, and the line went into operation on Monday, August 22d, when the first mail from Stockton via the new route was received at the post office in this city. The mail will be transported daily. The distance run is seventy-nine miles.

New gold diggings, says the *Beacon*, were discovered on the bars of the upper Sacramento river, about twelve miles above Red Bluffs, paying from \$6 to \$10 per day to the hand.

At the seventh annual examination of the students of the Benicia Seminary, Miss Mary Atkins, Principal, held Aug. 30th, 31st, and Sept. 1st, at the close of the academic year 1858-9, the following young ladies received graduating honors and a diploma: Miss Maria Barber, and Amanda Hook, of Martinez; Sallie G. Knox, and Josephine F. Sather, of San Francisco; Alida Wadhams, and Medora Wadhams, of Los Angeles.

The California Horticultural Society held its third annual Fair at Musical Hall, San Francisco, on the 6th ult., continuing four days, when a very large and choice variety of fruits and flowers were exhibited. The introductory address was delivered by W. Wadsworth, editor of the *California Cultivator*.

Bayard Taylor, the traveler, gave a course of four lectures before the Mercantile Library Association, for which they paid him \$1,500.

The *Territorial Enterprise* mentions a Pi Ute Indian who recently visited Genoa, who weighs 245 pounds, and measures 6 feet 3 $\frac{3}{4}$ inches in height. He is only 25 years of age, and is well featured.

The following were the rates of passage by the steamers which sailed on the 5th ult. for the East: Mail steamer Golden Gate, 1st cabin, upper saloon, \$107; 1st cabin, lower saloon, \$82; 2d cabin, \$50; steerage, \$45. Opposition steamer Uncle Sam, 1st cabin, deck state rooms, \$100; main saloon, \$80; second cabin, \$50; steerage, \$40.

At the annual celebration of the Society of California Pioneers, on the 9th ult.—the day of this State's admission into the Union, 1850,—W. B. Farwell, one of the editors of the *Alta*, delivered the Oration, and John R. Ridge, the talented editor of the *Marysville Democrat*, wrote, and was to deliver the Poem of the day, but which was read by Mr. J. C. Duncan.

The *San Andreas Independent* describes the largest strike yet. Mr. Isbel, of Vallejo, struck a wonderful streak of good fortune in his quartz ledge. He took out in two days \$15,000.

The Hon. David C. Broderick, U. S. Senator for California, was mortally wounded on the 13th ult. in a duel with D. S. Terry, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of this State, and died of his wound on the morning of the 16th, at San Francisco. Immediately after the news of his death was made known, all the flags of the city were lowered to half-mast, and public and private buildings were draped in mourning.

On the 17th his body was laid in state. On the 18th Col. E. D. Baker delivered a glowing eulogy to his memory, before a large concourse of people assembled on the Plaza, the corpse lying before him on a catafalque erected for the purpose. After the oration, a vast procession, numbering several thousand, followed his remains to their last resting-place in Lone Mountain Cemetery. It was a solemn day of earnest and melancholy feeling.

At the last election, held Sept. 7th, the following persons were chosen: for Governor, M. S. Latham; Lieut. Governor, J. G. Downey; Congress, J. C. Burch and C. L. Scott; Supreme Judge, W. W. Cope; Attorney General, T. H. Williams; Clerk of Supreme Court, C. S. Fairfax; Comptroller, S. H. Brooks; Surveyor General, H. A. Higley; Superintendent of Public Instruction, A. J. Moulder; State Printer, C. T. Botts. Those candidates who were nominated by the People's Committee, for the city and county of San Francisco, were elected, with one exception, the Superintendent of Public Schools.

The nuptials of Richard Williams and Mary Jones, both of San Juan, Nevada county, by Rev. O. C. Wheeler, were celebrated in the agricultural pavilion, on the 17th ult., in the presence of about 1,500 persons.

On the 20th ult. the John L. Stevens had 504 passengers for Panama, and the *Orizaba* 834. The steamer shipment was \$1,858,653.

A bar of gold that weighed 158 pounds, and valued at \$41,000, was exhibited at the State Fair.

Editor's Table.

WHATEVER subjects may for the time being usurp the attention of the California public, and however much we may risk the accusation of harping upon an exploded idea, and a worn-out theme, we nevertheless insist that no thought can command more practical importance to the people of the Pacific coast, than the Railroad—the PACIFIC AND ATLANTIC RAILROAD. Inch by inch has the subject been fought in past times, and not without a certain amount of success, inasmuch as various routes have

been explored and surveyed at different points from the Mississippi valley to the Pacific Ocean. That is something. Semi-weekly stage lines, that carry the mails in as expeditious a manner as the mail steamer, [and even anticipating a large proportion of the news] have been established and are in successful running order from that point to this. That again is something. It is much. By the former we ascertain a vast amount of valuable information concerning the country over which a railroad must pass; and by the latter we

have the pioneer of the loc
Yet, these are NOT THE

We candidly confess that
not seen a good, safe, econo
tical plan offered to the p
been sufficiently perfect an
its general construction an
to assume a tangible shape
the government could fee
adopt, and at the same tim
conservative character.

matter to say, "Give us th
it is not an easy matter fo
to be undertaken, or even
general government, witho
being well digested and
guarded to prevent pecula

The Pacific and Atlant
vention, now in session, e
ed as well as hoped, wi
perfect such a plan as sh
confidence and secure the
government—at least, so
aid to construct the re

States territory; and the
of the route to build it
State lines, either by p
or legislative enactmen
before the latter could l
us, the constitution w
amended; inasmuch, as
debt that exceeds three

dollars can be contracte
in case of the desirabi
should be very guardedl
most certainly is our g
prosperity. The mome
tical plan has been ado

tion, we would sugges
a large petition to the
well circulated throu
ment of the State, a
friend of the measure.
our belief in the im
the work, and compel
importance demands.

The recent exhibit
Fair, held in Sacrame
to the 23d, will speak

have the pioneer of the locomotive itself. Yet, these are NOT THE RAILROAD.

We candidly confess that as yet we have not seen a good, safe, economical and practical plan offered to the public, that has been sufficiently perfect and complete in its general construction and main details, to assume a tangible shape; and such as the government could feel at liberty to adopt, and at the same time maintain its conservative character. It is an easy matter to say, "Give us the railroad," but it is not an easy matter for so vast a work to be undertaken, or even assisted, by the general government, without its great plan being well digested and sufficiently well guarded to prevent speculation.

The Pacific and Atlantic Railroad Convention, now in session, it is to be expected as well as hoped, will originate and perfect such a plan as shall command the confidence and secure the assistance of the government—at least, so far as to enlist its aid to construct the road across United States territory; and the States at either end of the route to build it to their respective State lines, either by public subscription or legislative enactment. It is true, that before the latter could be carried out with us, the constitution would have to be amended; inasmuch, as it now stands, no debt that exceeds three hundred thousand dollars can be contracted by the State, and in case of the desirability of a change, it should be very guardedly done, as economy most certainly is our great hope of future prosperity. The moment that a good practical plan has been adopted by the Convention, we would suggest the desirability of a large petition to the government being well circulated throughout every settlement of the State, and signed by every friend of the measure. This will back up our belief in the immediate necessity of the work, and compel the attention that its importance demands.

The recent exhibition at the great State Fair, held in Sacramento from Sept. 13th to the 23d, will speak more for the progress

made in the manufactures, and all the wondrous and varied productions of the soil, than could be realized at a single glance at any other similar display. Self-reliance, backed up with strong common sense, refined taste, skill, indomitable perseverance and untiring industry, has proved, even to the doubtful and the wavering, that success is within the reach of those who toil for it.

From the work of the intelligent artizan and sturdy laborer to the refined and elevating exercises of gentler minds and fingers, Progress has been made self-evident at this exhibition. No one, we should think, could walk around the magnificent, well furnished, and tastefully arranged pavilion, and look upon the beautiful works of art—from an humble and unpretentious pencil or water-color drawing, to the most elaborately worked fabric of silk—and not see how much of earnest faith, and patience, and hope, have been called into being through the fair hands that wrought them; or examine into the wonderful contrivances and triumphs of mechanical skill, apparent on every hand—from an eyeless miner's pick to the complicated workings of the steam engine—and not feel proud and hopeful that the day of a brighter destiny is dawning upon the dwellers on this far western coast.

The display of fruits, vegetables, and grains, in their infinite variety, beauty and size, would not only compare well with that of any other State in our glorious Union, but far eclipse them, one and all; for, in these, our soil and climate enables us to throw down the challenging gauntlet triumphantly, knowing that they cannot equal, much less excel us.

Besides, it was but a few years since that we imported nearly all our breadstuffs, wines, cheese, butter, honey, pickles, preserved fruits, refined sugar, hops, printing paper, furniture, friction matches, brooms, glue, starch, soap, candles, perfumery, camphene, leather, stone-ware, drugs, essential oils, paints, cigars, chairs, tubs, buckets, willow ware, salt, wagons, bug-

in state. On
delivered a glow-
before a large
sembled on the
before him on a
purpose. After
sion numbering
l has remains to
L. Mountain
nn of earnest

ld Sept. 7th, the
hosh: for Gov-
ut, Governor, J.
C. Birch and C.
W. Cope;
Williams; Clerk
Fax; Comp-
vernor General,
ndent of Public
r; State Printer,
ants who were
Committee, for
Francisco, were
on, the Superin-

Williams and Ma-
n, Nevada county,
ere celebrated in
on the 17th ult.,
500 persons.

in L. Stevens had
a, and the Ori-
shment was

hed 68 pounds,
as exhibited at

ed at different
pi valley to the
nothing. Semi-
arry the mails in
the mail steam-
g a large pro-
been established
ning order from
again is some-
e former we as-
duable informa-
y over which a
by the latter we

gies, carriages, saddlery and harness, mining tools, agricultural implements and mechanical tools, churns, brass work, piano fortes, billiard tables and cues, book-binding, jewelry, sculpture, quicksilver, steam engines, and numberless other articles, now manufactured to a greater or less extent in our own State; and such has been the success in the production of cereals, that the quantity grown already exceeds our demands for home consumption, and consequently are becoming an important article of export. The healthy and almost incredible productions of the vine, and the flavor and fineness of our wines, have given them a world-wide celebrity. Our gold has supplied the coffers of nearly all the treasuries of the world with important additions to their stock of bullion. Quicksilver from the mines of New Almaden and Gaudalupe has for several years been a profitable article of export as well as of home consumption.

At one time, it was a matter of some anxiety whether or not the supply of beef cattle and sheep would not decrease to such an extent by over-consumption as to justify the expectation of a famine in fresh meats; but, although our population has been great, and the consumption heavy, such has been the ratio of increase, that our markets have been well supplied, and yet the number of animals of the finest breeds, has been nearly doubled. Many of our horses will already compare favorably with the celebrated stock of Kentucky and Tennessee: if any person doubts this, let him go and examine for himself. Recently a fine assortment of French and Spanish Merino sheep were imported, and such was the fineness and weight of the fleeces taken from them, that they were sold at almost fabulous prices—some even as high as one thousand five hundred dollars each. Quietly, but surely, has been the progress made in live stock of all kinds; the raising and improving of which has been attended with very profitable results. Therefore let us all take courage to renew our efforts and assist in that progress that shall be lasting.

These, and many more that might be enumerated not only illustrate the progress we are making as a State and people, but tell of the gradual retention among us of a portion of that wealth which formerly passed out semi-monthly for the benefit of the exporter. Therefore, every one of both sexes who devotes his or her talents to the development or production of any article of consumption or of export, be it ever so simple, becomes a public benefactor, and as such, is entitled to the gratitude of a commonwealth.

With this view, we consider that an unsuccessful competitor for a premium at these annual exhibitions, contributes as much to advance the interests of a State, and often to his own fortunes, as the successful one. Actual success is not to be measured, in our estimation, by the gain or loss of a prize. Besides the hope and aim that stimulate the attempt for success, secures the possession of the dignifying principle of self-reliance, as much to the one as to the other; and to the true man, defeat this time will be nothing more than the creator of a determined resolve by renewed efforts on his part to place his success next time beyond the possibility of defeat.

To Contributors and Correspondents.

Miss T.—Well, we should think you would object to such a name as Tar— (we will not write it in full.) Anybody would who has any pride for euphony in their nature; but ladies can generally have their names corrected much easier than gentlemen, providing they can prevail upon some one who will assume the responsibility. Try it; you're not too old yet.

Prof. Horn.—No. We could not find room for no such "lines of contents" in our columns. We could not. We have a kink on the inside of our neck from reading them, that may result in lock-jaw; and supposing such an effect to be upon all our readers, the result of printing them would be fearful to contemplate.

SINGER'S SEWING MACHINE

ARE the Best adapted to all any kind in use, as evidenced by others are used by Tailors.

THEY WILL
The Lightest & Healthiest

WITH EQUAL EASE

Making a stitch alike on both sides, and in the discretion of the operator, and are more simple in order, and are more simple in other description.

At the Great Paris Exhibition of 1855, all other machines—Wheeler & Baker's included—they too

GOLD MEDALS

And the patents were purchased by the Government; and at various State Fairs, they have won the FIRST PREMIUM.

Our Family Machines are more than one half the price of the others, and are as superior in standard as to all others.

J. H. DUNN

151 Sacramento

BLACK NO.

Hutchings & Rosenfeld paid bills for Magazine rates.

Wm. D. Wilson, Cosumnes
T. Kline, Park's Bar, ...
A. Henry Stevens, Marysville
D. G. Martin, Brush Creek
F. W. D. Kautzow, Toiyabe
E. C. Ferguson, Green Valley
Cook & Co., Downeyville
Silas Oaulkins, Oroville
N. D. Plum, Forbestown
R. Diver, Bidwell's Bar
A. J. Barnham, Yolo
T. W. Smith, Montezuma
Emery, Emery's Cross
A. Bailey, Cox's Bar,
J. A. Rogers, Pike Creek
D. G. Turney, Dutch Flat
H. K. West, Little York
Thos. McOabe, Snowflake
S. E. Ladd, Smart's Bar
G. J. Lansing, Washoe
Lennan & Wilber, Placerville
Rudolph Wurttemberg

With our next issue, our faulters will be

SINGER'S SEWING MACHINES,

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

THEY WILL SEW

The Lightest & Heaviest Fabrics

WITH EQUAL FACILITY,

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

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

GOLD MEDAL,

And the patents were purchased by the French Government; and at various State Fairs they have taken the **FIRST PREMIUM.**

Our Family Machines are now selling at a little more than *one half* the price they have hitherto been held at, and are as superior for family use as our standard is to all others. Hemmers attached.

J. H. DUNNELL, Agent,

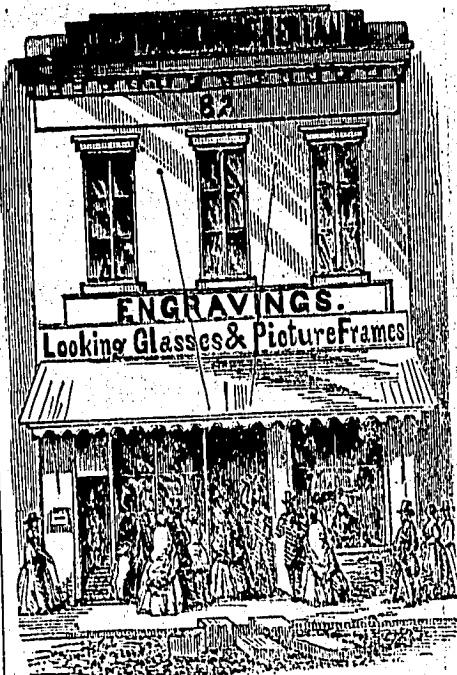
151 Sacramento St., San Francisco.

BLACK LIST, No. 2.

Hatchings & Rosenfeld will sell the following unpaid bills for Magazines, Etc., at exceedingly low rates.

Wm. D. Wilson, Cosumnes,.....	\$ 0 00
T. Kline, Park's Bar,.....	3 00
A. Henry Stevens, Murphy's Camp,.....	15 00
D. G. Martin, Brush Creek,.....	14 50
F. W. D. Kautzow, Told's Valley,.....	22 65
E. C. Ferguson, Greenwood,.....	10 50
Cook & Co. Downsville,.....	25 00
Silas Caulkins, Oroville,.....	15 00
N. D. Plum, Forbestown,.....	3 00
R. Diver, Bidwell's Bar,.....	15 15
A. J. Barnham, Yolo,.....	6 30
T. W. Smith, Montezuma,.....	4 40
Emery, Emery's Crossing,.....	2 65
A. Bulley, Cox's Bar,.....	3 00
J. A. Rogers, Pike City,.....	5 44
D. G. Turney, Dutch Flat,.....	14 70
H. K. West, Little York,.....	10 05
Thos. McCabe, Snow Point,.....	15 15
S. E. Ladd, Smart's Hill,.....	9 00
G. J. Lansing, Washington,.....	10 30
Lennan & Wilber, Folsom,.....	7 50
Rudolph Wurtemburger, Chipps' Flat,....	8 00

With our next issue, other names of defaulters will be published.



ORNAMENTAL FRAMES,
GILT AND ROSEWOOD MOULDINGS,
Artists' Materials, &c. &c.,
82 MONTGOMERY ST.

B. F. STERETT,
BOOK AND JOB PRINTER,

145 Clay St., near Leidesdorff,

SAN FRANCISCO,

RESPECTFULLY calls the attention of the public to his establishment. Being well provided with all the modern improvements in presses and materials, he can turn out work at very short notice and at very low rates.

Interior Merchants, visiting the city, will make a great saving by having their CARDS, BILL-HEADS, POSTERS, &c., &c., done here, as the rates are very little in advance of those in the Eastern States.

Orders by express promptly attended to, and all work guaranteed to give entire satisfaction.

Fine Enamelled Business Cards, \$5 per thousand; Bill Heads, \$5 to \$6; and a reduction of 25 per ct. for each additional thousand.

All other Kinds of Printing at the same Low Rates.

Remember the number,

145 CLAY STREET,

Six doors below Montgomery.

B. F. STERETT.

ZINE.

more that might be
illustrate the progress
a State and people, but
attention among us of a
which formerly pass-
for the benefit of the
every one of both
her talents to the
of any article
of sport, be it ever so
benefactor, and
to the gratitude of a

we consider that an un-
for a premium at
bitious, contributes as
the interests of a State,
a fortune, as the suc-
success is not to be
stimulation, by the gain
Besides the hope and
the attempt for success,
sion of the dignifying
liance as much to the
; and to the true man,
be nothing more than
determine resolve by re-
part to place his suc-
and the possibility of

and Correspondents.

ould thank you would
me as T—, (we
ull.) Anybody would
for euphony in their
can generally have
ed much easier than
ng they can prevail
will assume the re-
; you're not too old

could'n find room
of contents" in our
t. We have a kink on
k from reading them,
ock-jaw; and sup-
t to be upon all our
printing them would
late.

THE
IMMENSELY INCREASING DEMAND
— FOR —
FISH'S INFALLIBLE
HAIR RESTORATIVE

Unquestionably proves it to be all the proprietor claims.

THE REASON WHY, is, it restores the natural color, by nature's own process, permanently, after the hair becomes gray; supplies the natural fluids, and thus makes it grow on **BALD HEADS**; removes all Dandruff, itching and Pain from the Scalp; quiets and tones up the nerves, and cures all Nervous Headache, and may be relied upon to cure all **DISEASES OF THE SCALP AND HAIR**; it will stop and keep it from falling off; makes it soft, glossy, healthy and beautiful.

Principal Depot, 139 Sacramento St., San Francisco,
Where specimens of its power can be seen.
N. MILLS, General Ag't.

HODGE & WOOD,
IMPORTING STATIONERS

And Wholesale Dealers in

BLANK BOOKS
AND
Cheap Publications,
116 CLAY STREET,
SAN FRANCISCO.

EVERY article pertaining to our trade constantly on hand, and sold at the very lowest market rates.

We would particularly call the attention of Country Dealers to our stocks, assuring them of entire satisfaction.

ORDERS FROM THE COUNTRY
RESPECTFULLY SOLICITED.

NEW MUSIC STORE.

GRAY & HERWIG,
NO. 176 CLAY STREET,
Between Kearny and Montgomery.

PIANO FORTES & MELODEONS,
MUSIC,
MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS
AND MUSICAL MERCHANDISE,
ROMAN VIOLIN AND GUITAR STRINGS.

INSTRUMENTS TUNED AND REPAIRED.

Old Instruments taken in Exchange.

Dealers in the Interior will find it to their advantage to give us a call.

FIRE! FIRE! Look to your Safes!
See that you have one of Tilton & McFarland's Fire and Burglar-Proof Safes.

READ THE FOLLOWING.

MURPHY'S, Aug. 29, 1859.

F. TILMAN, Esq., 90 Battery street, San Francisco: The safe purchased of you, one of Tilton & McFarland's, withstood the fire nobly. In answer to your letter, concerning the lock, we will say that the lock was so injured that we were obliged to cut the rivets which held the strap of iron around the back; and so intense was the heat, it sprung the bands, so that by cutting the strap we could spring the lock open. If we do anything with the lock, we think it best to send all below and have it properly repaired. The papers and books came out all right and safe. The coin was all right, and in the safe was a large amount. The fire was a shocking one. The safe fell to the cellar, where our liquors were, and the lower regions could have been but little warmer. The roof was secured by heavy tarring, and the two feet of water from a reservoir standing on the roof, kept the heat below for a long time, until the roof fell in, then the burning of the roof threw out an awful heat. There was a large safe of another make in this fire, and it did not stand anything—the papers and everything in it were destroyed; and unless we can have one all right, of your make, we would sooner have none.

You will please write to us in regard to the lock, and we will ship the whole to you, provided you think advisable.

Yours, Respectfully, SPERRY & PERRY.

Receiving by every clipper from New York, and have in store, a large assortment of the above celebrated safes. For sale by F. TILMAN,
90 Battery street, San Francisco.

PUBLISHER
AND
DEALER
In New and Popular
Sheet Music.
AND
ALL KINDS
OF
Music Books.

TURNER

FOR

TURNER'S FOREST WIND
ness or Heaviness, Gen
Prostration, Neuralgia, Rheu
by all not only a CURATIVE,
These MATTERS, manu
warranted to be the best no
all ages and conditions.

CAUTION TO
unequaled popularity it has
Beware of these bas
as none is genuine save s
prepared by TURNER U

Manufacturer

HAAS & R
IMPORTERS

CLOTH

Fancy Dry Goods, 11

No. 86 CA

Bet. Sansome and

PLAIN AND

OF EVER

C. F. ROBI

Corner of CL

SAN

Maguire's
STRELS are n
Price of A

Lycum
Stock Company
Prices of

America
LEWIS BAKER
and other pap
Prices of

Music
mission, 50

MENT.

MUSIC STORE.

Y & HERWIG,

CLAY STREET,

Kearny and Montgomery.

PIANOS & MELODEONS,

MUSIC,

INSTRUMENTS

ALL MERCHANDISE,

AND GUITAR STRINGS.

TUNED AND REPAIRED.

taken in Exchange.

for will find to their ad-

ok to you Safes!

on & McFarland's Fire

LOWING

er's, Aug. 21 1859.

street, San Francisco:

of Tilton & McFar-

In answer to your

will say that the lock

used to cut the rivets

and the back; and so

the bands, so that by

the lock open. If

think it best to

ly repaired. The

it and safe. The

is a large amount.

is safe fell to the

the lower regions

The roof was

to feet of water

kept the hat

in, then the

al heat. There

is fire, and it

nd everything

n have one ad-

ive none.

to the lock

provided you

& Pennv.

York, and

above cele-

MAN.

Francisco.

PUBLISHER
AND
DEALER

In New and Popular
Sheet Music.

AND
ALL KINDS
OF
Music Books.

KOHLER'S



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

IMPORTER
of
MUSICAL

Instruments

FANCY GOODS,
AND

TOYS,

178

Washington Street,
SAN FRANCISCO.

TURNER'S GINGER WINE
— AND —
FOREST WINE BITTERS.

TURNER'S FOREST WINE BITTERS are a cure for Fever and Ague, Flatulency, Dyspepsia, Costiveness or Heaviness, General Debility, Nausea, Headache, Irregularity of the Digestive Organs, Nervous Prostration, Neuralgia, Rheumatic Affections, and most of the ills that flesh is heir to. They will be found by all not only a CURATIVE, but also the best PREVENTIVE ever introduced in California. These BITTERS, manufactured from the choicest medicinal roots, bark and herbs, by Turner Brothers, are warranted to be the best now in use on the Pacific Coast, and can be taken with perfect safety by persons of all ages and conditions.

TURNER'S GINGER WINE.

CAUTION TO THE PUBLIC.—The reputation awarded to **TURNER'S GINGER WINE**, and the unequalled popularity it has received, has been the means of putting into the market many spurious articles. Beware of these base counterfeits! We caution all consumers of **GINGER WINE** to examine the label, as none is genuine save such as have our portraits in a circle, on a steel plate—**TURNER'S GINGER WINE**, prepared by **TURNER BROTHERS**, New York, Buffalo, N. Y., and San Francisco, Cal.

Manufactory and Salesroom in San Francisco,
Corner Broadway and Front Streets.

HAAS & ROSENFELD,

IMPORTERS AND DEALERS IN
CLOTHING,
Fancy Dry Goods, Hosiery, Yankoo Notions, &c
No. 86 CALIFORNIA ST.
Bet. Sansome and Battery, San Francisco.

PLAIN AND FANCY PRINTING,
OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

EXECUTED BY
C. F. ROBBINS & FREEMAN,
Corner of Clay and Battery Streets,
SAN FRANCISCO.

S. H. WADE & CO.,

**BOOK, CARD AND DECORATIVE
PRINTERS**

ERA BUILDING, 151 CLAY ST.,
SAN FRANCISCO.

All work turned out in a superior style. Moderate prices, extra fine work, punctuality.

AMUSEMENTS.

Maguire's Opera House.—At this unique Theatre "**BILLY BIRCH'S MINSTRELS**" are nightly delighting the audience with new popular Songs, and a droll Budget of Curiosities.
Price of Admission, \$1.00, 50 and 25 cts.

Lyceum.—The **WEBB SISTERS**, and other eminent artists, supported by a good Stock Company, are performing nightly at this popular Theatre.
Prices of Admission, 50 cts. and 25 cts.

American Theatre.—At this commodious and beautiful Theatre, Mr. and Mrs. **LEWIS BAKER**; Mrs. **JUDAH**; Miss **SOPHIE EDWIN**, and Messrs. **J. B. Booth**, **Geo. Ryer**, **Wm. Barry**, and other popular artists, perform each evening.
Prices of Admission, \$1.00, 50 cts. and 25 cts.

Musical Hall.—Miss **CARRIE HIFFERT'S** series of Promenade Concerts. *Admission, 50 cents.*

RE-OPENED!



R. H. VANCE,

Corner of Montgomery and Sacramento Sts.,
SAN FRANCISCO,

HAS AGAIN RE-OPENED HIS FIRST PREMIUM GALLERY,

With all the improvements of the day.

Having greatly enlarged the same, and made extensive additions to the arrangements of his lights and operating rooms, he feels confident of being able to execute pictures as well, if not better, than can be obtained in any other part of the world. He intends to improve on his former work, which has been pronounced, throughout the United States, inferior to none. It has been acknowledged by all, that, during the past FIVE YEARS, I have far excelled all other artists in California, in the perfection of my pictures, and there are thousands who claim that they are unsurpassed in the world.

Being the owner of JAMES A. CUTTING'S PATENT RIGHT for Atmospherically Sealing Ambrotypes, I shall continue to give my patrons the

GENUINE

PATENT AMBROTYPES

At the Reduced Prices.

Plain Photographs, of the size of the largest Daguerreotype, only \$3.00 each, if five are taken. Who will not give a large frame picture to a friend, when it can be obtained for only \$3.00? We guarantee as good a plain Photograph, if not better, than can be obtained in the United States; and a hundred per cent. better than those taken by any artist on the Pacific Coast.

Very large size Photographic Views for only \$5.00 each, if three are taken. Think of the pleasure which it would give friends at home, to receive a correct picture of the place where you reside! Improve the fine weather while it lasts, and send in your orders.

I have arranged my business so that hereafter I shall be at my rooms at all times, to attend personally to my patrons; and with the assistance of my operators, who have been with me for years, and of the other attaches of my establishment, I can safely guarantee that all who favor me with a call, will receive the best of work with dispatch, as I have four Operating Rooms and FIVE distinct Lights, which enables me to suit the light to the various styles of features, by which PERFECT LIKENESSES of all may be obtained, and without detention to my numerous customers, having four times the capacity of any other room in the State.

**REMEMBER THE PLACE,

R. H. VANCE,

Corner Montgomery and Sacramento Sts., San Francisco.