

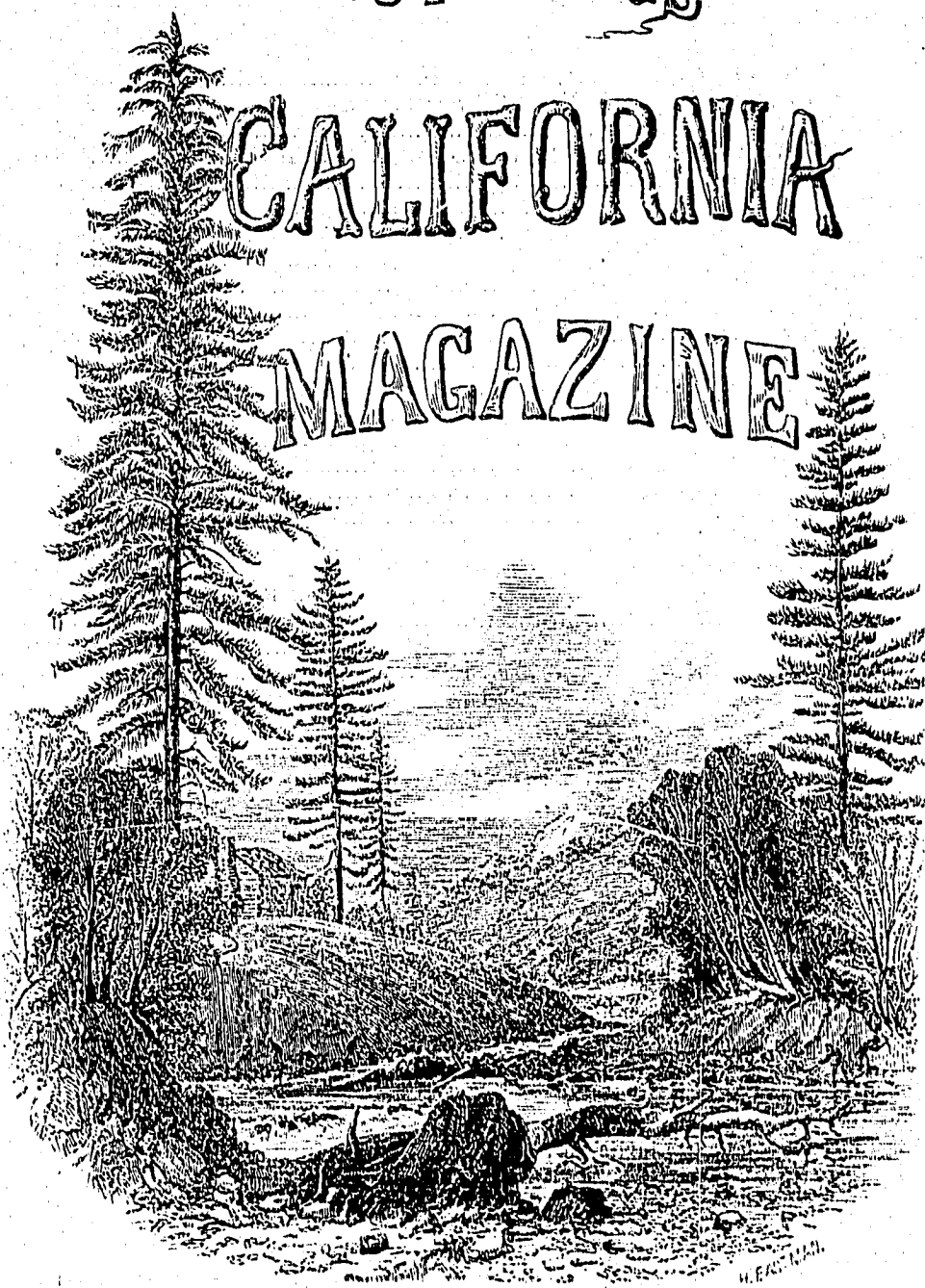
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HUTCHINGS'

CALIFORNIA

MAGAZINE



No. 46... APRIL, 1860.



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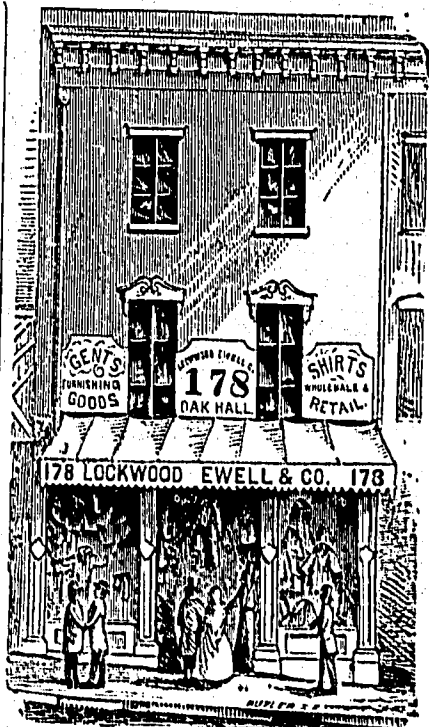
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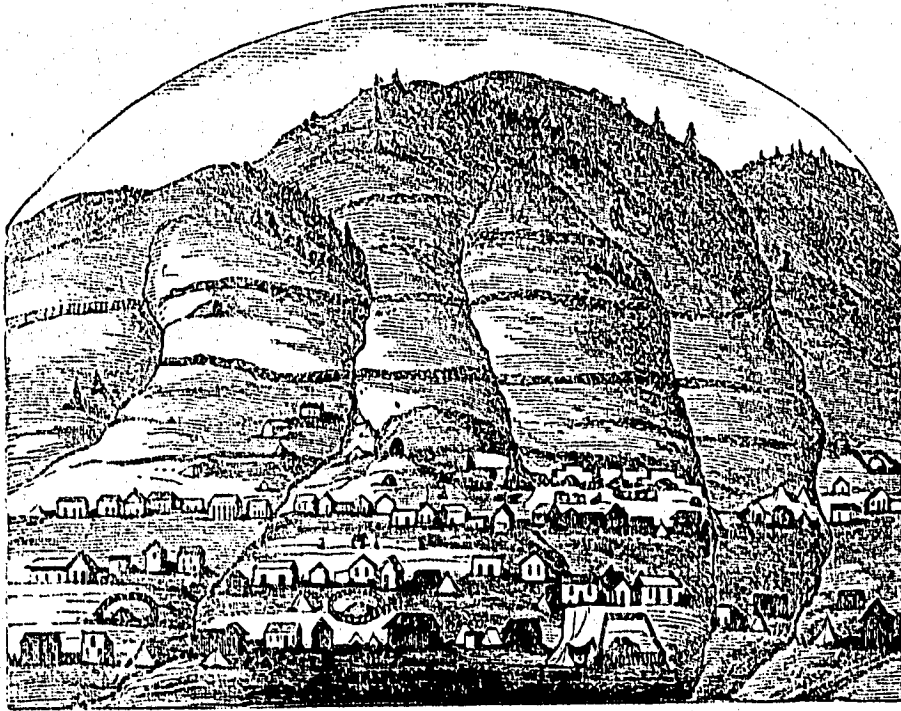
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HUTCHINGS' CALIFORNIA MAGAZINE.

VOL. IV. APRIL, 1860. No. 10.

NOTES AND SKETCHES OF THE WASHOE COUNTRY.



VIRGINIA CITY AND THE COMSTOCK LEAD.

A VAILING ourselves of the topographic knowledge and artistic skill of a gentleman recently returned from the rich silver mines, east of the Sierra Nevada, we present the patrons of our magazine with a life-like view of several important localities in

that region. The first of these is a sketch of the celebrated Comstock lead, with the adjacent mining hamlet of Virginia City. This lead, at the point exhibited in our cut, being that at which the rich silver ore was first struck, is about fifteen miles in a direct line north of Carson City;

and nearly twenty miles, going by the wagon road. It is situated nearly half-way up the eastern slope of a mountain spur branching off from the Sierra, near Carson City, and running north to the Truckee river. This spur has since been very appropriately named the Silver Range. It is about 2,500 feet high, and separates the main Carson from Washoe Valley. It is almost entirely destitute of vegetation, there being but little grass and only a few stunted pines and cedars scattered over it, with a small grove of tall trees at two or three points along its summit.

Running along its sides are numerous ledges of quartz rock, cropping out in places for a considerable distance. Some of these are much decomposed on the surface, and by being worked, either by means of washing or crushing, yield various amounts of the precious metals, being a mixture of gold and silver. It was while working one of these veins, last spring, that James Finney, better known as "old Virginia," came upon the rich silver ore which has since been taken out in such large quantities and rendered the Comstock lead so famous. Finney worked the vein as a placer claim, taking out a species of gold dust depreciated with silver, and making twenty or thirty dollars a day to the hand. But, coming at length upon the worthless *blue stuff*, as he termed it, but in reality the rich sulphurets, he became disgusted with his luck, and not being longer able to make whiskey money, parted with his claim, selling it to five men, named Comstock, Penrod, Corey, Reilly and McLaughlin, the consideration being an ancient horse, with thin flesh and a short dock. Most of these men with hardly a better appreciation of the property they had acquired than the original vendor, shortly after parted with their interests in it for a mere nominal consideration. McLaughlin, who sold to Hearst and Morrison, getting

\$3,500; Penrod and Comstock, who sold to Walsh, getting the former \$5,000 and the latter \$6,000; and Corey, who sold to Beard & Co., getting \$7,000 for his share. Reilly, who did not sell until five months after, got \$40,000, besides his share of the ore previously taken out. The entire claim of these parties as it originally existed, was eighteen hundred feet long and one hundred feet wide — being fifty feet on each side the vein, and running downward as far as it extended, or they might choose to go. This claim was afterwards reduced to fourteen hundred feet, so that they conveyed at the time of selling, two hundred and thirty-three and one-third feet a piece; of that portion parted with prior to the sale, one hundred feet was given to Comstock and Penrod, as their exclusive property, in exchange for a small water privilege owned by them and necessary to the working of their united claim by the Company. This one hundred feet, situated four or five rods north of the excavation from which the rich ore was first taken, was afterwards sold to some Mexicans, and was thenceforth known as the Mexican or Meldonado claim. It has since proved exceedingly valuable, and being in a more satisfactory condition as to title and possession, commands a higher price in the market than any other portion of this lead. It is the most northerly point on the Comstock vein, at which the rich sulphurets have been struck in any quantity, though about one-half of this claim lies beyond it.

Going south, we have next to the Mexican, the Ophir Company — two hundred feet, about the center of which the first discovery of silver was made; next the Central Company, one hundred and fifty feet; then fifty feet, a part of the original Corey claim, and finally the California Company's Claim of two hundred and fifty feet, which disposes of the Comstock Claim as it originally existed; though

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the same vein has since been traced some distance, both north and south, and a great number of claims have been located on this supposed extension thereof. For more than a mile towards the south, the Comstock lead can be easily traced and identified, both by its continuity and the rich character of the rock. Beyond the California Claim, in this direction, very valuable outcroppings have been met with at several points, more especially on what is known as the Gould and Curry, and on the Hale and Norcross Claims. Here better surface rock has been obtained than was first met with on the Comstock Claim itself. In consequence of these discoveries, the prices of these claims have gone up to enormous figures—even so high, it is said as \$700 per foot.

Not only has this wonderful silver lode been found to extend itself longitudinally, but parallel veins have been formed in close proximity, proving that the argentiferous deposits of this locality spread in every direction. Amongst these lateral veins, the Grass Valley, Winnemucca, Sacramento, Bryan, Hagen, &c., are reported valuable; the four last mentioned showing every evidence of being genuine silver lodes, of a similar character to the Comstock vein. That they possess substantial merit, is shown by the high prices they readily command in the market; some of them selling for more than the Comstock claim, for a period of several months after it had been opened and the quality of its ores determined. The belt of these rich parallel veins does not seem to be confined to the immediate vicinity of the Comstock lead; on the Rogers vein, several miles to the east, the rich sulphurets have been struck and traced south across Six Mile Canon into the Yankee claim, where they reappear in all their richness. At other points in the neighborhood, and at those still more remote, not simply traces of silver, but ore

assaying hundreds of dollars to the ton has been met with. There is therefore good reason to believe that this entire portion of western Utah abounds in argentiferous deposits, many of which will be brought to light the present season, others perhaps being reserved for future exploration.

The mining hamlet seen in our cut, and ridiculously called Virginia City, as if in derision of the man whose ill-luck it seems designed to perpetuate, sprang up during the past summer, but grew slowly, owing in part to its unfavorable situation, and still more to the difficulty of getting lumber for building. It is expected to grow more rapidly this spring, though the entire absence of wood, and water fit for drinking, in the neighborhood, will operate as a great drawback on its prosperity. It is also, owing to its elevation and exposure, an exceedingly cold and dreary place during the winter. With water, and fuel, for reducing the ores, this could hardly fail to become a town of some magnitude. As it is, it would be difficult to say much about its future. It at present contains about a dozen stone houses, two or three times as many built of wood, of every size and description, with a number of tents, shanties, and other temporary abodes. Owing to the scarcity of lumber, and the difficulty of hauling stones, not a few, on the approach of cold weather, dug excavations in the side hill and, covering them with earth, passed the winter there.

In front of the rich mining claims are arrastras, at work crushing the decomposed quartz and the poorer class of silver ore, that will not pay to be sent to San Francisco. Here, also, are to be seen workmen wheeling out, through the open cuts made at the top, the refuse rock, earth, quartz, and the rich sulphurets; the latter of which are boxed up, preparatory to transportation. Scattered about the place are the usual para-

phernalia of a mining camp, while at various points in the vicinity, are to be seen prospecting tunnels, open-cuts and shafts, nearly every important claim having had some work of this kind performed upon it. Cropping out along the hills are numerous quartz ledges, some of them so prominent as to be seen for several miles, others barely coming to the surface and showing themselves only at intervals. The famous Comstock lead is of the latter class, and is made conspicuous in our picture only because of its great intrinsic value.

About four miles south of Virginia City, is another locality, of such striking characteristics that our artist has thought worth while bringing it into notice. This place is known as the "Devil's Gate," being a pass in Gold Cañon, about twenty feet wide, with perpendicular rocky walls, running to a great height. Through this the toll road leads, and besides being noticeable for its striking and rugged features, it has other, and, to the utilitarian, greater attractions, as the center of an extended district rich in auriferous quartz. In the immediate vicinity of the "Gate" are several veins of well known value, prominent among which are the "Twin Lead," the "Bench," the "Badger," &c. A few rods below the "Gate" a town has recently been laid out, called "Silver City." It now contains a dozen or two houses, of a temporary character, the growth of the place having been retarded, as have all the towns in this region, from scarcity of building material. It is situated on both sides of the ravine known as Gold Cañon, which is here narrow, affording but little room for a town, unless it be carried up against the adjacent hill sides. Several arastras have been introduced into the out, these being in constant use for working up the rotten quartz, found in most of the surrounding claims, and frequently yielding large amounts of deteriorated gold. A great

number of tunnels are being run into the hills, hereabout, some of which have already struck rich quartz, and the others are going on with good prospects of success. Standing below the "Gate," and looking west up the cañon, a great number of parallel knolls run north, forming the base of a rugged mountain in that direction. Running horizontally over these are numerous quartz ledges, all taken up and held at high prices, since nearly all have exhibited more or less gold. In the back ground, to the west, we get a glimpse of the "Silver Range," the base about three, and the summit five miles distant. It is a bold and barren chain of hills, about 2,500 feet above the level of Carson Valley, which it separates from Washoe Valley, lying along the western base of this "Range." On the left, stretching south from the "Gate," are two bluff mountains, between which runs the west branch of Gold Cañon. The lower, and more prominent of these, rises to a height of near 2,000 feet, and having been called by some Mexicans, prospecting about it, the "Cerro Alto," it still bears that name. About half way up it, on the side next Gold Cañon, is a "bench," or table, across which runs a quartz lead, which, having been taken up, it was afterwards called the "Bench Claim."

It is a singular circumstance, that two brothers, Englishmen, having gotten the idea that silver existed at this spot, proceeded there some three or four years ago, sunk a shaft on this "bench," and erected a small furnace for smelting the ore. One of the brothers dying, the other, disheartened, left the place after filling up the shaft they had dug, by placing timbers transversely across it about twelve feet below the mouth, and covering them with earth. This would seem to have been done that their labors, should they ever be discovered, might not give the impression that they had gone far down.

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Their furnace, a rude affair, probably at best, had also been demolished, and when the writer visited the spot last summer, nothing but a heap of stones and some fragments of charcoal remained of these pioneer silver works, thus erected by these ill-fated brothers, so far beyond the

confines of civilization. The grave of him who perished, is still to be seen by a cedar on the hill side, all trace of the survivor having been lost; nor would it ever have been known whose work this was, but for this faint tradition, known only to a few of the older residents in these



THE "DEVIL'S GATE."

parts. That any one should have went there at that early day in search of silver, seems strange enough, when taken in connection with the little that was then known of that remote region, and with the astounding discoveries of that metal that have lately been made so near by. Whence these brothers got their notion of silver at that point, what discoveries they may have made, or why nothing further was ever known of them or their labors, remains, as it no doubt ever will, a mystery. The most likely solution of it is, that they derived the idea from one of those legendary tales of mineral wealth, so often heard and so little heeded, though not always devoid of some foundation in fact; while, as to the brother who came

away, he may have since followed his kinsman to the unknown land; or surviving, have left the country, and perhaps never yet so much as heard of the fabulous treasures since, found fast by his mountain home.

The next place exhibited by our artist is *Carson City*; a town that, having wholly grown up within the past year, has already attained a very respectable magnitude; not only eclipsing its older and politically more favored rival, Genoa, but advanced rapidly towards the position it must hereafter hold, as the great central depot, and distributing point of Western Utah. This beautifully located and promising town is situated on the west side of Eagle Valley, about eighteen miles south

of Virginia City, and twelve north of Genoa. It stands immediately at the foot of the Sierra, which rises behind it to a height of more than three thousand feet, being covered with pine forests from its base to its summit. Coming down from the mountain, and crossing the valley below, are numerous rivulets of pure cold water, which, with the springs found on the margin of the plain, afford ample supplies for the use of the town, (through which it courses in channels dug for the purpose,) as well as for irrigation.

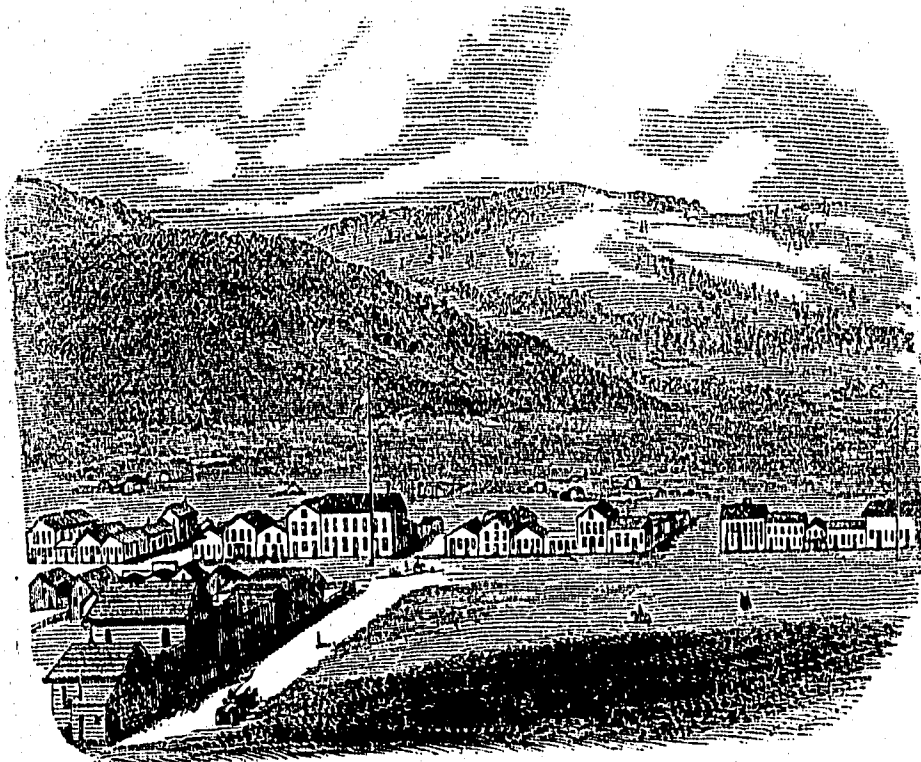
Eagle Valley, containing an area of nearly one hundred square miles, is itself one of the most beautiful in a long series of mountain vales that skirt the eastern base of the Sierra. Watered by the Carson River on the one hand, and by the many rills mentioned on the other, with numerous springs, hot and cold, pure and mineral, scattered over its surface; covered with green sward along its western margin, and environed by hills, it seems the perfection of landscape scenery, and every way fitted for the abode of man. Nature, in fact, seems to have destined this for an important point in the future of this country. Here, by the configuration she has impressed upon the country, all the great highways seem compelled to center. Standing at the gateways of the Sierra, and on the threshold of the Desert, Carson City commands the passage, trade and travel of both; while her central position as to the mines makes her the supplying agent for them; leaving her future growth to be determined only by that of the mineral districts around her. Which way soever we would proceed from this point, a comparatively good natural way opens itself to us. Westward, leading out toward Placerville, a good route is found by the old Johnson Trail, over which a wagon road, much shorter and better than that now traveled by way of Genoa,

could easily be opened. Going northward through Washoe, Steamboat and Truckee Valleys, by the Henness Pass, into the populous mining counties of California, we follow nearly all the way along a natural depression with a smooth surface, and even surmount the Sierra, scarcely being conscious of the rise. This town is also on the great Emigrant Trail across the Plains; while southward it communicates with Carson Valley, the Walker River and Mono districts, by means of roads, over which, with very trifling expense, heavily laden teams might be made to pass.

Here, also, the entire country to the east, and for some distance north, must come for lumber, this being the nearest point from which supplies of this indispensable material can be drawn. Intervening between the country along the Lower Carson, including most of the mineral region, so far as discovered, and the Sierra Nevada, on which alone trees suitable for lumber abound, is the Silver Range, a rugged chain, destitute of timber.

Carson City is laid out in regular squares, the streets being straight and wide; and, as the surface is perfectly level, no grading or other labor is required to prepare the lots for building. The soil about it is of such a nature that neither the mud or dust become excessively troublesome at any season of the year. Water of the best quality is abundant, running through the town in small ditches dug for the purpose. It is procured both from the springs adjacent, and the streams coming down from the mountains, which never fail, winter or summer. There were but two or three houses on this spot, one year ago; now there are over one hundred, and there would have been more than double that number, had lumber been plenty, even at the high prices men were willing to pay for it. Some of the houses are built of adobe, several of them large and sub-

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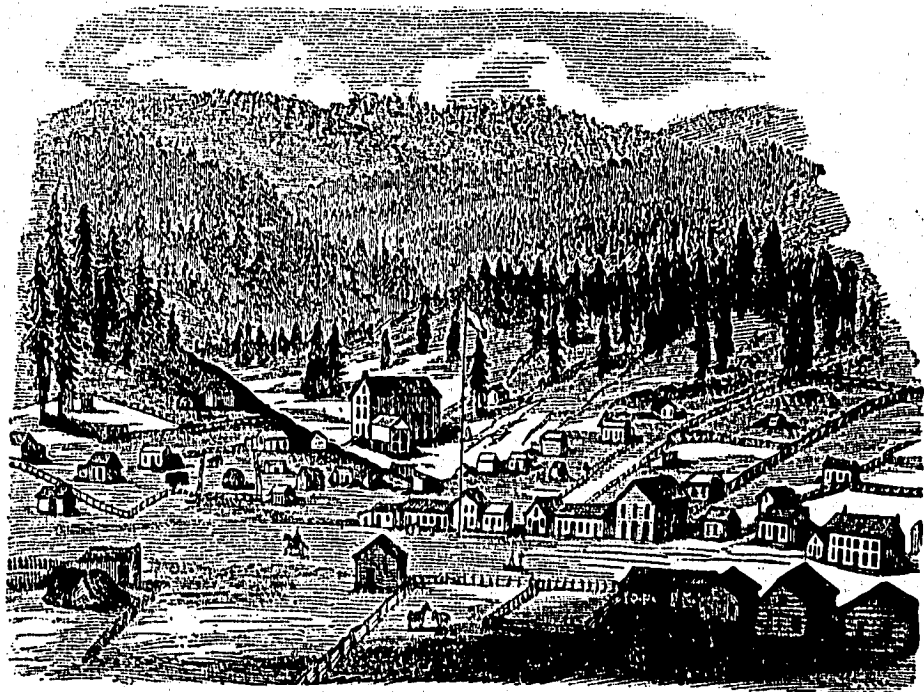
CARSON CITY.

stantial; suitable material for making these, as well as brick, being abundant in the neighborhood. Several kilns of brick were burnt within a mile of the city last summer. Most of the houses, however, are of wood, and some few of even less durable substances. The permanent and floating population of this place reaches from ten to fifteen hundred, and is rapidly on the increase. Property has also advanced at a corresponding rate, but is still far from having reached such a figure as the situation and prospects of the town seem to justify. It would of course be too much to affirm that this must positively become a large and opulent city; but it may safely be said, if any town of magnitude is to spring up in this transmontane region, nature, as well as the mineral developments being made, clearly indicate this as the site of it.

In a ravine two miles west of the town,

in the midst of fine timber, a steam saw-mill was erected last fall, but it could not supply one tithe of the demands made upon it, being of only moderate capacity, and not kept constantly running at that. Other mills of like kind are about being put up, and the prospect is that lumber will be both cheap and plentiful before the summer is far advanced. When this shall be the case, aided by brick, sandstone and adobe, with not only lime-rock, but a species of natural cement near at hand; with improved roads, and the prospect of a heavy immigration meeting here next season, and a rich mineral district unfolding itself all around her, Carson City must become a large and thriving City, if there is to be any such within the limits of Western Utah; and everything considered, it may justly be said to have a promising future before it.

The next and last place depicted by our artist is Genoa, the oldest, and until



GENOA.

recently the largest town in Western Utah. It was first settled by the Mormons; who, as early as 1850, erected some cabins here, and afterwards more substantial houses, mills, &c. It is handsomely located on the west side of Carson Valley, right under the Sierra, which rises abruptly over it, being covered from top to bottom with pine trees, not very large or suitable for lumber, yet, being the best to be had, they are made to answer every purpose. Genoa, like Carson City, is well watered, by a number of rills coming from the mountains and flowing through the streets. One of these is made to drive both a flour and saw-mill, situated in the edge of the town, as seen in our picture.

Genoa contains about fifty houses, mostly frame, a few being of logs or adobe. At the time Carson County was organized, Genoa was made the county seat, which it has continued to be nominally ever since. The U. S. District Court was also held here last fall by Judge Cradlebaugh; but there is a talk

of all these courts, as well as the other offices, whether territorial or belonging to the general government, being removed to Carson City on the opening of spring. Property has recently advanced somewhat in this place, but not at such a rate as in its more fortunate and progressive rival.

Genoa has a resident population of about 200. Amongst these are a number of Mormon families, some of whom have never left since their first settlement here; others are a part of those who having repaired to Salt Lake, at the time of the calling in of the Saints, and becoming disgusted with their experience there, returned to their old homes, much poorer, but hardly wiser for their melancholy journey. Adhering to their peculiar notions, and still cherishing in secret the fatal dogmas of their religion, they do not readily affiliate with the Gentiles around them, nor is there a likelihood of any cordial feeling ever existing between the two classes.



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CALIFORNIA FLOWERS.

BY A. KELLOGG.

In the foregoing beautiful group of California flowers, executed by Mr. Nahl, from our drawings from nature, No. 1 represents the largest and most common Iris of this coast—*Iris longipetala*; the flowers pale blue, or whitish, with deep blue veins. There are many species of the Fleur de Lis found here, some of which may prove to be new. No. 2 is the Western or Pacific (False) Honey-suckle, *Azalea occidentalis*. The flowers are perfectly white, except the lower division of its border, which is creamy, or ochreous yellowish. Some specimens we have seen with pink flowers; others of a

beautiful yellow color. These plants vary much in form; but, when properly studied, we are satisfied that several distinct species may be identified.

This most ornamental under-shrub of the American forests "brings the light of other days around us," and our affections still linger fondly in the pictured past, when we searched the wild woodlands and the shady swamps for the Swamp Apple, or Honeysuckle Apple, as we designated a kind of delicious excrescence found upon them.

After the June shower, what inspirations of fragrance did we then enjoy! Hark! do you not hear celestial melody in the rolling numbers of the sweet Swamp Robin? Heaven has blest us

with the sweet hermit of the grove, and the song and the flower are wreathed around our hearts in a melodious garland.

No. 3, the Rice Root of the miners, wild Guinea Hen Flower, Checkered Lily, &c. *Fritillaria mutica*. A dark brown or purple checkered, nodding lilaceous flower; plant about two feet in height, with four to eight, or even as high as twenty, flowers. The glandular and beautifully crenulated margins are not noticed in the descriptions. A very common bulbous plant of California. The single

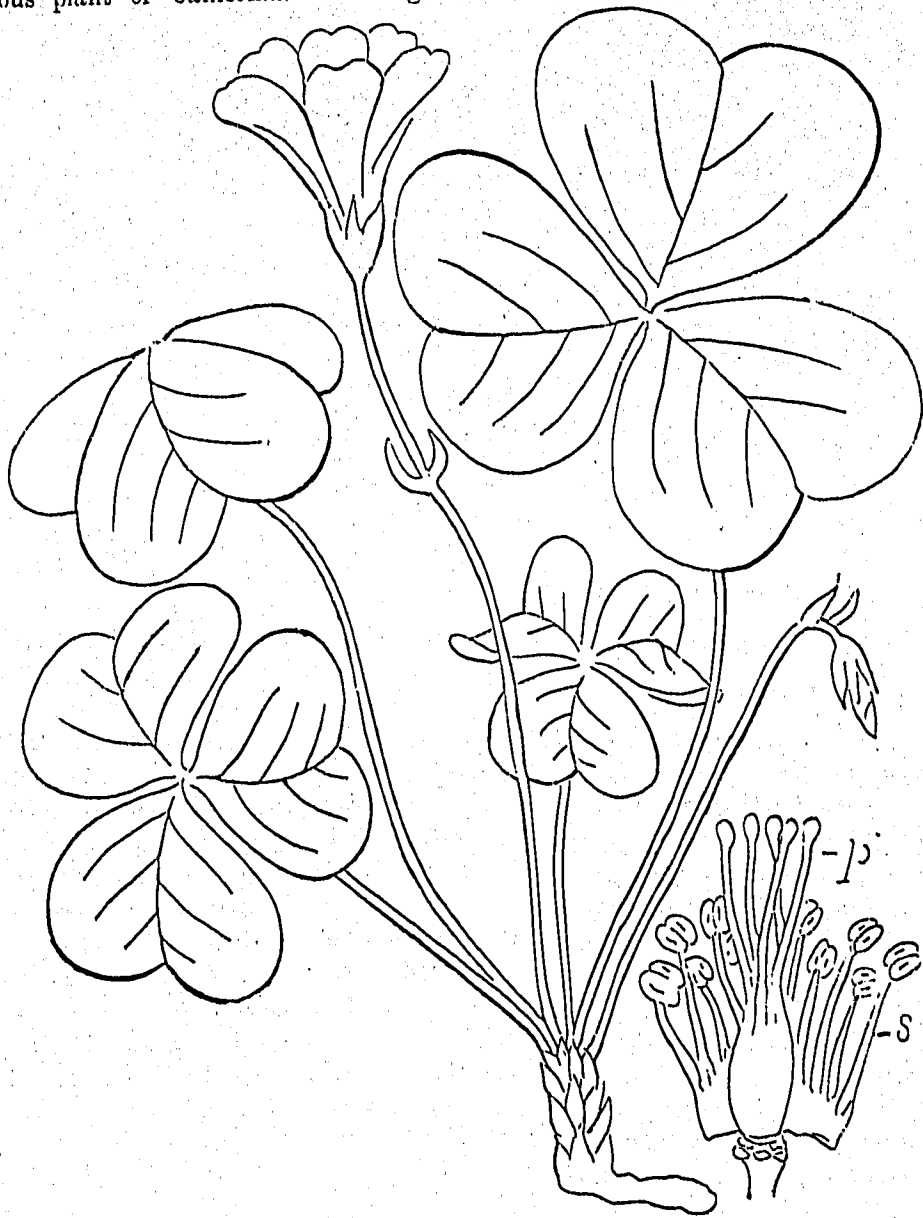
radicle fleshy leaf, as large as the palm of one's hand, is absent when flowering.

No. 4, *Oenothera arcuata*, (Kollogg.) Sickle-Leaf Primrose.

No. 5, *Anemopsis Californica*. A beautiful scarlet flower, found in wet places.

No. 6, Downing's Beauty—*Downingia pulchella*. In honor of the late A. J. Downing, Esq., well known to horticultural and rural fame.

No. 7, *Specularia*, a species of Venus' Looking-glass.



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* *Oxalis* c

OREGON SORREL.*

The foregoing figure is the Sour Clover of the miners, from the juice of which they make an extemporaneous lemonade-like beverage, said to be very cooling and refreshing to the thirsty palate in the hot season. It is believed to possess many other useful properties, e. g. as a palliative in the miner's scurvy—in fevers, diarrhoeas, dropsies; and is anti-bilious in general.

The expressed juice of this plant when left standing for some time, deposits a whitish sediment, (an oxalate?) which when applied to chronic, indolent, or putrid ulcers, will speedily heal them—but the practice we think is rather more cruel than the red-hot-iron remedy. It is doubtless a "rouser" upon the disturbing method of our Æsculapians.

The plant is found in this vicinity growing in shady Red-woods.†

Were it a foreign plant, it would be esteemed worthy of cultivation. The flowers are large and bright red; some are also pale purplish. In all our specimens, the flower-stem is longer than the leaves. For the lack of space, we have chosen to figure one as short as any we can obtain—will our friends please inform us if the flower-stem is "always manifestly shorter than the leaves?" A brownish pubescence covers it.

The separate figure is designed to illustrate the internal structure of an oxalis. It will be seen that there are five pistils; the largest threads in the center, and ten stamens; five long and five short, alternating. "P" represents the pistils—"S" the stamens. The leaves expand during the day and droop at nightfall. This is probably owing to the effect of the light of the sun, as well as humidity.

* *Oxalis Oregona*. † *Sequoia Sempervirens*.



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No. 2, in the preceding cross group, is an outline of the *Buckhorn-leaved Gilia*, or as it is mostly known in the Southern and Southwestern Atlantic States, *The Standing Cypress Flower*.*

We seldom see any plant of our gardens of such exquisite beauty as this splendid native species. We have seen and admired it in many of the Southern States, especially in Texas. In California it flourishes at a higher altitude.

Wherever it is found, it never fails to extort the most enthusiastic expressions of delight. The downy stem is erect and tall, from 3 to 5 feet in height; the leaves are pinnatifidly parted and densely clustered; the flowers are racemously pinnicled into a conic top often a foot or more in length. The flowers as seen in the outline are long, tubular, with a five parted border, of a brilliant scarlet color, bright straw yellow within or delicately shading into white; they are beautifully dotted with red, or spotted with white and red, mixed.

It flowers from July to September. This is a biennial species; most of them are hardy annuals, of easy culture. The seeds should be sown in open sunny borders, as soon as vegetation starts in the winter of our climate. Many of them crowded together are exceedingly showy. Heaven bless the hand that tills them!

No. 1, of the same group is the *Three Colored Flowered Gilia*.† This plant is very abundant in California, flowering from June to September; about one foot in height; stem erect and smooth, flowers wand-like, arch-clustered in parcels of three to six. The outline exhibits the flowers of the natural size. No. 3 shows the opened, somewhat bell-funnel formed flower, with its five-parted border; the five stamens are inserted into the throat near the tube. No. 4, the seed vessel and pistil, with its three-parted

* *Gilia coronopifolia*.

† *Gilia tricolor*.

stigma. The flowers are pale purple, or white with a blush of blue; the center and tube yellow, and separated by a deep purple circle. "Nothing can be prettier than this, when thickly covering a bed a few feet in length and breadth." There are also many other native species in California; but these represent the two extreme sections of this family so well one may pretty readily distinguish the remainder.

ORIENTAL EPISODES AND INCIDENTS.

BY NAUTICUS.

[Continued from page 403.]

LET us return to our cuddy supper table.

Mercy on us, there is Mrs. Cutts having another bottle of beer; that's the ninth she has had to-day—seven is her regular allowance, and to-day she is exceeding it. She says it makes her limbs supple; if it does, it is a blessing, for she has much need of it. Her husband, Doctor Cutts, gets drunk twice a week, or so, to the great annoyance of everybody; and, under the influence of mania-potu, fancies himself the Pope of Rome; makes his wife alternately kneel and kiss his toe, and rise to bathe his head with vinegar, and this for two or three hours upon the stretch. Unfortunate couple!—he died shortly after our arrival, of delirium tremens, and she followed him in six months. Some wag, with more fun than good taste, wrote on her tombstone, with a pencil,—

"Of drinking ale, died Mrs. Cutts—
Perhaps you'll think it queer;
She lived to drink some forty butts
Of Hodgson's bitter beer."

That stout, red faced man, helping her to the ninth bottle, is Major Golding, formerly of the Punglepoore Fencibles; he is not in the army now. He has made a fortune by insuring the lives of healthy,

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ruddy faced, fair haired cadets. Of seventeen that he insured, nine died in two years, and he pocketed the policies.

The Major says the game is up, for insurance companies require a direct interest on a life now, before they will grant a policy. Moreover, availing themselves of his experience, one of the large companies have made him their Indian agent, at a liberal salary; that's how he is here now. He will take premiums from thin, dark, or sallow men, or even consumptives, in India; but you must pay high to insure such men as he speculated on in olden time.

One more sketch, and I come to the one with which the happiest epoch of my life is associated. The tea things have been removed, but wine is on the table. Observe that tall, handsome man, with that fragile, but very lovely girl by his side. He is proposing the health of Captain Lecchline and his officers, in a neat and appropriate speech. There is no awkward hesitation; no humming and hawing, so common on such occasions; he speaks fluently, easily, and all he says is in good taste, and to the point. That is Mr. Nathan King, and the lady beside him is his sister. They are from New York; they came together, but they went go back together. Mr. Nathan King went to England with his mother, sister, and younger brother—they to make a European tour, and *he* to proceed to Calcutta on commercial business connected with his New York firm. He proposed going out in an English vessel, because of the superior comforts of a first class passenger ship, and the pleasure of educated society on board. But how comes his sister there? Well, thus it happened: they were the guests of Mr. Hadley, a large merchant in London. His son, Captain Hadley, of the Bengal artillery, was at home on leave. Of course Miss Lizzie King wished to know all about Calcutta, where her brother was

going. Now Capt. Hadley was a polite man—a very polite man—and he afforded her every information in his power, until the subject got threadbare. Then he found her voice so sweet, that he must needs enquire a great deal about New York; not that he cared so much about that, as the manner it was told, and so it came about that he persuaded her that Calcutta, *with him*, was better than New York, *without him*; besides, she would be able to see to her brother, who was delicate, whilst he was there. This last settled the matter, and so—and so—they got married; and she is to have her European tour when Hadley next gets leave. That is he, huzzaing so vociferously in answer to his brother-in-law's toast. Look at the merry sparkle of his clear blue eyes, the frank expression of his face, and how tender his glance, when he turns towards her. I had but little fear for their future, and so it has proved. I dined with them since he retired, at their pretty place in Devonshire, twelve years ago, and found that indeed "*they twain were one.*"

The next morning all was anxiety to have a fair view of Madras, and soon after daylight the poop was thronged by passengers, wholly occupied with the novel scene around them. Masoolah boatmen, catamaran men, in a state of almost perfect nudity, raising blushes on fair cheeks, albeit soon to become inured to the spectacle; native servants, with their tasteful, snowy garments, contrasting with their gay colored, close fitting jackets and fancy turbans, flitted to and fro, soliciting employment from the passengers, and, with humble but graceful salaams, producing their testimonials of character. Who can account for that wonderful grace of motion, characteristic of the inhabitants of the immense Indian peninsula. Is it innate? is it the result of early training? or, is it that the extreme exclusiveness of the many

castes renders each desirous to study and acquire an appearance that shall be creditable to his people? We hold that it arises from the natural delicacy of their physical organization, added to pride of caste, and aided by the total absence of restraint from any of the torturous appliances of civilized costumes. That the extreme poetry of motion, observable in the females, is mainly attributable to their habit of carrying light vessels of water on the head is indisputable, and has been proved by the dignity of carriage that some European ladies have acquired, in late years, by adopting such exercises as a main element of calisthenics.

A party of us were, by nine o'clock, approaching in one of the native boats the outer line of the fearful and continuous surf, which rages at Madras. Be it known that the whole force of the sea of the Bay of Bengal breaks on this line of coast, without protection of any kind. The result of the undertow is the formation of a sand bank, about one hundred and fifty yards from the beach; and which would probably become, in time, higher, but that the strong currents running along the coast and inclining somewhat from it, carries off the higher particles of sand which are in agitation from the action of the surf. Inside of this bank the water is tolerably deep, till the edge of the steep beach is reached. Now when the swell which comes in is light, the impediment of this outer bank causes but a slight break on the crest of the incoming wave, and the risk is consequently small. When, however, the rise of the wave, (from the blowing of the north-east monsoon, from October to March), is enlarged, in precisely the same proportion is the danger increased. Then the sea, meeting the obstruction, breaks with terrible force, cresting with a height of many feet, and then dispersing itself in the boiling foam in the deeper water

inside. When this point is reached, the danger may be said to be past; although the violence of the blow the boat receives, on striking the beach, is often the cause of much inconvenience and considerable amusement—the more so as if, before another surf strikes her, the boat is not hauled sufficiently high up, the result is a cloud of spray, enough to half drown the unlucky wights who are seated in her.

Terrible as the aspect of this surf is, yet were it not for the formation of the bank, landing would be impossible; but for the dispersing of the heavy wave, before it approaches the beach, by the means thus provided by nature, the volume of it would be sufficient, when it struck the shore, to break at one blow the very strongest construction of human ingenuity.

As we came close to the *outer* break, the ten boatmen laid on their oars, watching the waves as they rolled in, and just rowing a little or backing a little, so as to keep stationary. Seeing a smaller wave approaching, the steersman suddenly urged them ahead, and, with frantic yells, every muscle was strained to keep the boat on the *shoulder* of the wave, as it rolled in. By their wonderful judgment the bow of the boat, carried by the curling swell, with fearful velocity, was but three or four feet behind the crest when it broke. A few more strokes, and we were beyond the reach of the next following wave when it should break. Had we been but a few feet further on, and the wave broken *under* the boat, then the stern being lifted up by the last part of it, would have caused the bow to strike on the bank and upset her endways, landing the passengers in the hissing foam inside. On the other hand, had the boat been too far behind the break of the swell, before she could have got beyond the reach of the next wave, it would overtake her, break over her, and fill if not capsizes her.

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A few seconds more, and, with a blow that threw most of us into the bottom of the boat, we struck the beach, were hauled up a few feet, and on the shoulders of all but nude boatmen, carried from the boat and placed on dry land.

Miss Palmer, myself, and Miss Crown, whom I had persuaded to accompany us, together with a married lady, Mrs. Southwick, who played propriety, were soon seated in a carriage *en route* to the house of Capt. Geddes, four miles from town. Capt. Geddes was a cousin of mine, an artillery officer, holding a staff appointment at the presidency.

The extreme flatness of the country, with the exception indeed of St. Thomas Mount, and Armegon Hill, in the distance, detracts much from its beauty; still the pretty houses, embosomed in a perfect garland of flowers and tropical trees, the classic simplicity of the female costume, and the waving of the garments of the males, formed a picture at once enlivening and novel. As we passed through a portion of the outskirts, where the natives most do congregate, and where a small bazaar is situated, the noise, the jabbering in different dialects, made a perfect Babel of sounds. The dust and hubbub, despite the attractive strangeness of the scene, was almost unbearable, and glad we were when we emerged from the crowded district.

Leaving the ladies, who were most cordially welcome, to pass the day in the manner usual in India—i. e., doing nothing—I returned to the town to make the few visits allowed by our limited stay.

Land of unbounded hospitality; it is indeed difficult to refuse the many kindnesses so freely pressed upon you on every side. Capt. Geddes, who had been off to the ship to see me, and had missed me, I saw at his office; and, being much engaged, he entrusted me to the care of a friend till dinner time. Mr. Brooke, the name of the gentleman, proved a per-

fect paragon of a cicerone, and to some of the notabilities to whom he introduced me we will presently refer, certain that some amusement may be gleaned from their histories.

[To be continued.]

CURIOSITIES OF SCIENCE.

PREDICTION OF THE WEATHER.

M. Arago is decidedly of opinion that the influences of the moon and of comets on the changes of the weather are almost insensible; and, therefore, that the prediction of the weather can never be a branch of astronomy, properly so called. And yet our satellite and comets have, at certain periods, been considered as preponderating stars in meteorology. Again, M. Arago believes that he is in a condition to deduce from his investigations this important result:—*Whatever may be the progress of sciences, never will observers, who are trustworthy, and careful of their reputation, venture to foretell the state of the weather.*

DECAY OF THE TEETH.

Mr. Alexander Nasmyth considers that, in addition to the ordinary diseases of teeth, called decay, the effeminacy of social life, the almost exclusive and unremitting exercise of the mental faculties, and a consequently superinduced morbid, nervous susceptibility, cause disease to appear in the sockets of the teeth, which produces their expulsion, although the bodies of the teeth themselves may be perfectly sound. That peculiarity, of which both modern and ancient social life affords abundant examples, is frequently found to have existed in the sockets of the ancient Egyptians, but never to have been observed in races of men who have followed a natural course of life.

MINING LAWS OF THE "FLOWERY DISTRICT," NEVADA TERRITORY.

[From the Territorial Enterprise.]

ARTICLE 1. The bounds of this district shall be, on the south and west by the Seven Mile Cañon; on the north by the Iron Mountains; and on the east by Carson River. All quartz claims located in this district shall be two hundred feet on the lead, including all its dips, angles and spurs.

ART. 2. All discoverers of new quartz veins shall be entitled to an additional claim of two hundred feet.

ART. 3. All claims shall be worked within thirty days after location, to the amount of two days to each claim per month, and the owner can work to the amount of fifty dollars as soon after the location as he may choose, which amount of work being done, shall exempt his claim from work for six months thereafter.

ART. 4. All rights of the claimants of a ledge shall always be the whole width of the said ledge, extending a sufficient distance on each side of the ledge, the entire distance of his claim to enable him to work to the best advantage, and if the corner stakes are not at first placed on the ledge by the location, on account of the ledge not being distinctly marked they may be changed so as to correspond to the course of the vein when that shall become known.

ART. 5. All claims shall be properly recorded within five days from the time of location.

ART. 6. All surface or placer claims shall be one hundred feet square, and be designated by stakes and notices at each corner.

ART. 7. All ravine and gulch claims shall be one hundred feet square, and be designated by stakes and notices at each corner.

ART. 8. All surface and ravine claims shall be worked within ten days after

sufficient water can be had to work said claims.

ART. 9. All claims not worked according to the laws of this district, shall be forfeited, and subjected to relocation.

ART. 10. There shall be a Recorder elected who shall be entitled to the sum of one dollar for each claim recorded. It shall be the duty of the Recorder to go on the ground, and see that stakes are set in their proper places, before recording the claims.

ART. 11. Every company shall, within ten days of the time of location of its claims, survey their ground and place good substantial marks at each end of the same, and define by notice the direction which they claim. Said lines shall not debar the owners of claims from the benefit of all dips, angles and spurs; provided, that such dips, angles and spurs be clearly shown; and all ground within the bounds of said marks shall be the lawful property of the first locator.

ART. 12. All persons holding claims in this district, shall, within ten days of the passage of these laws, survey their claims and set their stakes and marks.

ART. 13. The Recorder shall keep a suitable book or books in which the laws of this district shall be plainly written, and all records of claims, deeds, transfers and surveys shall be registered distinctly, and said records shall at all times be open to the inspection of the public, and said Recorder is required to post in two conspicuous places a copy of the laws of this district.

ART. 14. It shall be the duty of the Recorder to duly record the original notices in letters instead of figures, where figures occur, and shall give to each locator of claim or claims a certified copy of the same.

ART. 15. These laws shall be applicable to companies as far as practicable, and in all company claims, work in accordance with these laws on any portion of their ground, shall be sufficient to secure the whole.

ART. 16. All laws and parts of laws heretofore made in conflict with the spirit and meaning of these laws, are hereby repealed.

Passed March 2d, 1860.

CASTLES IN THE AIR.

BY W. R. FRISBIE, A. B.

"This is death in life; to be sunk beneath the waters of the Actual, Without one feebly-struggling sense of an arrier spiritual realm."

PROVERBIAL PHILOSOPHY.

EVERY hope, every aspiration after the unattainable; every passion ungratified, has its castle in the air. We all build them. In childhood, they are generally like the cottage in "Hop-o'-er-my-Thumb;" walls, rafters, and furniture of sugar and cake; windows of crystal candy; their occupants having nothing to do but amuse themselves the live-long day. Their construction then is comparatively simple, and if never absolutely realized, a fortnight of holidays, with an occasional ounce or so of building materials console the architect. Not so in riper years—when longings expand into wider fields of possessions, if it be but seldom we turn aside from the active present, so much the dearer are our etchings of the future.

There is a class of men styled "day dreamers," and such the world justly condemns. Extremes are reprehensible; yet are we all day dreamers to some extent, and no more to be censured on that account, than for enjoying a due amount of recreation.

Castle-building has its good and bad effects, according to the character and foundation of the structure. It is valuable as an index and moulder of the disposition, an incentive to labor, and a consolation for disappointment. We have defined these aerial realms to be soul-longings. As good fountains pour forth sweet waters, so the aspirations of a noble soul are the highest expressions of its refined nature. A mere common-place, practical man, however much such a disposition may avail for the acquisition of worldly esteem or property, is constructed on too small a scale; what "filthy

lucre" will buy, comprises all his ideas of the true, beautiful or good.

The materials of the individual's "castle," then, are drawn from his nature. We can judge of each from the other, and shall find the characteristics of both endlessly varied. The world is full of men, and each with his peculiarity; moreover, should we subdivide characters into classes, the number would be well nigh infinite; from these, then, let us pick up specimens as they occur to us at random. Some we shall drop suddenly with a shiver, or glance at only partially, hiding as much of the filth as is practicable: upon others, the mind will dwell lovingly and lingeringly; we would fain hold them in a perpetual embrace, and, as it is, only let them go when we have prayed long and hoped that we have appropriated some of their excellencies.

We have already referred to childhood's golden edifice, rosy with mirth, and boundless in its supply of unsatiating sweets. Who does not recognize it (if he deign not *now* to look so far back, one day this shall be his sole delight), as his own fairy ideal? One who cannot, is to be pitied; he is either that hard-faced, purse with no outlet individual, who prides himself on his contempt for poetry and sentiment, or worse yet—a thorough, self-acknowledged rascal;—when a boy, one could warrant he was famous for grand bargains, and petty thefts too occasionally; he had the faculty of getting himself bravely out of scrapes at the expense of a school-mate, and was never so absurdly honest as to own up boldly, "I did it!" and take the deserved flogging. Not he! He was too *sharp* for that, and much preferred to see the innocent suffer. We should find his "castles" preceding him all along, filled with self, and bright dollars, and but the reflection of his life-motive. That they are not fully realized, all the better for him; but, alas! they are enough so to make the stream of his ex-

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istence turbid, and its outflow—we shudder to think *whither*. Policy has been his motto, inscribed on his air-castles, and still deeper in his heart. Who contributed so munificently to orphan asylums and relief funds, yet turned the fatherless and the widow from his doors? True, he belonged to the church on earth, but not of such, we fear, is the kingdom of Heaven.

Then, again, there is the man of ultra piety. His title, though not a just one, is sufficient to designate him. It is intended neither to class him with the former, nor yet present him as the converse. We chauce upon him as upon some misshapen stone, valuable for little else than as a specimen. While innocent of evil intentions, he is an injury to society, by exhibiting religion in a false aspect. In childhood his heart structures were ruthlessly torn down; substitutions were made; select chapters from the Old Testament, in place of fairy tales—for such pictures as "Goody Two Shoes," the bears that eat up naughty children. In the case before us, (rare exception!), riper years have not brought about a reaction. If his eyes had been opened, they would have looked too far in an opposite direction; and, for the bigot, we should have had the atheist—for the gloomy christian, (!) the reckless libertine. As he is, so are his "castles." Sometimes, perhaps, what he crushes as wicked inspirations, build for him afar off—so far that his hope cannot attain unto it—a mansion where joyous laughter, unrestrained, is the music and pleasures to him denied the fire upon the hearthstone. Seldom does he anticipate happiness in this life. "Across the river" is his home, "planned by Infinite Benevolence"—a vast church, on the mundane order, where songs of gloom re-echo through one perpetual, dreary Sabbath. Not a ray of sunshine, not a note of joy, not a breath of freedom?

'Tis false! Better deny God's existence, than his holiest attribute.

Look at the lazy man's "castle"—filled with servants, every thing done at his behest. In it, he pictures himself rich, without labor; learned, without study; righteous, without the pangs of self-denial. *He* live thus? If he build on strong resolution, with perseverance and industry, he may find the wealth, be the sage and the saint too. But this is not he. With such foundations, the castle belongs to some one else. And to whom, but the man of energy and will? He builds but for to-day; fills with giant purpose, and spends less time in prayer than work. To-morrow, his ideal exists as a reality. His home is larger than had been his hopes.

How many "castles in the air" the lover builds—and how grand! Each is peerless, in his eyes, as a casket from the rich jewel it contains. Of all men he buildeth most recklessly; thinking overmuch of his queen, he chooses but a cottage for her palace—tears down this merely for the pleasure of reërecting that; and, after all, his structure is so shabbily put together that, were it more earthly, we should fear for the health of its fair occupant. Within is provided naught but *love*—naught else for food or drink. Over his cottage clouds are never to hang—the moon never to wane.

But enough. Select any individual, study his habits and motives, and you can readily picture his ideal.

This is eminently a practical and systematic age. No science is regarded worthy the name, which cannot be reduced to first principles; no operation, physical or metaphysical, worth performing, reasons and rules for which can not be stated. To suit the times, then, we conclude with some general hints, in regard to aerial architecture, which may serve for a moral.

First, never build on too grand a scale

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—materials are abundant; every wish adds a wing to the structure—every hope a dome or a turret; all the more reason for regarding the rule. 'Tis sad, as you are looking with straining eyes, towards your fairy palace, to find the clouds, where the sunlight was shining, fading away, and with them your picture. Sadder still, if your building has been too lofty, to see it crumbling into ruins. Always count the cost, and then build upon probabilities.

Secondly, build upon faith. This rule is a check upon running to extremes, and may be regarded as a corollary of the preceding. It is not the part of wisdom, in planning for the future, to forget the substantial duties of the present.

Finally—which should have been first—build conscientiously. As a man thinketh, so is he. We are as responsible to moral law for our hopes as our acts. If wrong be one of the materials of our "castle," even if the hoped for be realized, we shall find true enjoyment absent. The world is full of disappointment. What a blessing that we can picture for ourselves a brighter future! With conscience for the corner-stone of each "castle in the air," whatever fate assails, we can still be confident of "a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

THE WANDERER'S DREAM.

BY G. T. SPROAT.

I sit and dream in my cabin door—
I stand in my native home once more;
I hear the music of the bees,
The song of the birds in the orchard trees,
The breezy whispering of the limes,
The music of the Sabbath chimes,
The song of the brook by the cottage door—
I hear them all, in my dream, once more.

And I hear sweet voices in my dream—
Like some sweet song to my ear they seem.

The shouts of children in their glee,
Ringing aloud in the meadows free;
The sound of the scythe, and the waken-
ing horn,
Calling them to the fields at morn;
The plow-boy, whistling, wildly gay,
"Over the hills and far away";
Or mocking at the black-bird's song,
Briskly caroling all day long; [stream—
The notes of the thrush, by the meadow
I hear them all again in my dream.

I dream once more;—'tis the hour of mirth,
And groups are gathering 'round the hearth;
And many a song, and legend old,
And tales of wondrous length are told.
My mother sits and sings so clear,
A song for my little brother's ear;
I know that song, and with spirits light,
Have sung it oft in the fields at night.

My father listens;—no minstrel's art
Like that could stir his echoing heart:
" 'Tis the same that in youth came warb-
ling to me,
"Sitting beneath the linden tree.
"We were lovers then—we are lovers now—
"Time changes naught save the locks on
the brow."

My grandsire talks, in his easy chair,
Of the seven years' war, and the heroes
there.

"Aye, those were giants, boys,—brave men,
"Who dared the lion in his den.
"God-like above them all was one,
"It was our glorious WASHINGTON!"

The granddame sits and smiles to hear
That tale, oft told, yet still so dear,
And oft a tear on her cheek appears,
As she wanders back through the misty
And thinks of one, her idol boy, [years,
Who left her one morn with a soldier's joy;
"God bless you, mother!" the last he said—
That night that fair young head was laid,
With eyes all death-glazed, among the slain,
Staring up to the stars, on Monmouth's plain.

Then comes a sound like a battle's roar—
I start,—and my sleep and my dream are
o'er.

DRESS AS A FINE ART.

A RECENT paper in the "Atlantic Monthly," entitled "Daily Beauty," advanced some ideas, not altogether new, perhaps, on the subject of dress and personal appearance, which we would like to see generally circulated and adopted. Some may sneer at a deliberate attempt to make dress the subject of a magazine article, but we ought to promise that it is not our intention to say anything to encourage extravagance in dress, but rather to deprecate and crush, if possible, that *efflorescence* of gay attire which glorifies the drawing-room and illuminates the sidewalk.

I have faith in dress, as I have in whatever will make God's handiwork more personable, more attractive, more beautiful; and he, or she, who dresses meanly when they can afford to dress well, does violence to the purest instincts of our nature, and insults that innate sense of propriety which all have.

But how to dress well, how to so array ourself in ordinary garniture, which shall be in keeping with one's personal appearance, habits, character, and vocation, and be also attractive; how to group colors and forms in real harmony, to dress richly and yet "o'erstep not the modesty of nature"; these are things, the knowledge of which is not intuition to all, nor is their practice general, in our own country at least.

One of the principles of true taste, most frequently violated, is that of harmony of colors. The great Architect of the Universe has laid down certain unalterable laws, which regulate the juxtaposition of colors, just as those of music regulate the chords which produce harmonious or inharmonious sounds; and these laws can not be violated without inflicting pain upon the esthetic sense of the observer.

In the glory of the sunset sky, you see

no brilliant azure jarring against the glowing purple, orange and gold, of the vapory shapes luminous on the horizon. Search the whole floral kingdom through, and you will find no flowers in which decided blue and yellow are contrasted. Yet, how frequently do we see these colors worn, in odious discord, by both men and women. I remember once seeing a woman, richly and expensively dressed, with a blue gown, green shawl, yellow bonnet, and sky blue gloves. The force of contrast could no farther go—no law of harmony was left unoutraged—yet, she doubtless considered herself tastefully and elegantly dressed.

Now, it should be known that there are certain colors which should never be grouped with others; as, for instance, black and pale yellow are incongruous; blue with yellow or green are detestable. Blue, with black, white, or red, is good; and, as a general thing, black and white harmonize with all positive colors. Red, with buff, yellow, or bluish colors, is bad, but with a strong blue or green, is good; but a bright pink, with any yellow or yellowish color, is false and painful. The same principle holds good as applied to all the shadings of positive colors. Women of a sallow complexion should never wear light or pale pinks, as it obscures the complexion; nor should they wear blue, which imparts an unpleasant green tint; but they should wear strong reds, deep, rich browns, or neutral shades. Blue, in fact, is fatal to all complexions but the fair blondes. Nature has stamped this rule with her approval, by giving to such the bright blue eyes. Women of a florid complexion, should never wear white, especially white head-gear, as the contrast is too broad; but they should let their complexion be shaded off into quiet tints, neutral or secondary. Pale people, of a pure complexion, should wear bright colors, especially near the face, making a warm reflection there,

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which is better than *rouge*. Such are very apt to affect white muslin and blue ribbons, which give them an icicle appearance—agreeable, if a hot day, but unnatural and false.

But, after all, the great sin of the fashionable world, is that of wearing too many positive hues, especially in the street. When will our women learn that glaring colors, flaunting plumes, streaming ribbons, and the like, seen in the street, on the railroad, or the steamer, are unmistakeable signs of inbred vulgarity, however sanctioned by fashion or by position? A woman who appears on the street in a brilliant dress, loaded with furbelows, or meteor-like bonnet, a flower-bed shawl, doth greatly fool herself if she thinks that she is anything else than a walking lay-figure to advertise her dry-goods dealer, withal. Let the women, to be dressed beautifully, choose quiet, rich shades; use sparingly all positive colors; eschew a redundancy of "trimming," and they will achieve a success before unknown. They may not attract the attention which would be directed to a red poppy in a bed of violets, but people would say, "how becomingly Mrs. Bushlen was dressed," and not "what a splendid dress she had on, it must have cost ten dollars a yard." Of low necks, bare arms, huge hoops, the fruitful themes of so many writers, I will say nothing, being convinced that the woman who has not grace enough to keep her from adopting the uniform of the courtesan, has not enough to heed any reproof, however severe.

One word about jewelry, and I have done with the women. It is ordained that everything on this fair earth shall have a useful end and aim. Even the humble flower, by the wayside, not only cheers the eye, but feeds the roving bee, purifies the air, and fills its little part in the great scheme of nature. So, also, no ornamentation should be merely for

show; flowers and bugles, spangles and the multitude of silken or grassy accessories, with which some women bedizen themselves, are of no earthly use, except to encourage extravagance and the dry goods trade. A bracelet upon a bare arm is a humbug, a dislocation, having no more propriety of place than the "barbaric pearl and gold" which some savages wear in their noses. Gold and precious stones posable from cruelly pierced ear-lobes, are either indicative of weak eyes or weaker heads; they are sad relics of a barbarous age. A pin should fasten something; a bracelet should keep, or seem to keep, something in its place; a chain should carry something valuable, or useful, which otherwise were in danger of being lost. But a jeweled coronet on a Yankee woman's head, a huge pin flaming on her bosom, or chains and bracelets loading arms and neck, all give to the wearer the same charm which belongs to a jeweler's show-case—valuable for their market price only.

In the coming millenium of poets and painters there shall be no more "dross," but all shall be habited in what is seemingly beautiful, and the "eternal fitness of things" shall be the only rule of practice. In my next letter I shall have a few words to say to the sterner portion of my readers.

EASELMANN.

THE CARPENTER AND THE MAGIC STATUE.

WHEN Titus was emperor of Rome, he promulgated a decree, that the birth-day of his son should be kept sacred, and that no one should presume to do any labor on that day under the penalty of death. The emperor soon found that it was far easier to decree than to obtain the concurrence of his subjects in the decree. The law was continually evaded, and the judges and officers were unable to discover the offenders.

Then said Titus, "Call hither Virgil, the magician."

Virgil came at the emperor's command, and stood in his presence.

"Mighty magician," said Titus, "I have promulgated a law that no one should presume to labor on the birth-day of my son under a penalty of death."

"Thou hast, my Lord."

"Know now, that this law is constantly evaded, and that neither my judges nor my officers can discover the offenders."

"What my lord says is true."

"Virgil, we desire you to frame an image; some curious piece of art, which may reveal to us every transgressor of the law."

"It shall be as my lord desires," said the magician.

Not long after this, Virgil constructed a magic statue, and caused it to be erected in the centre of the city. By virtue of its secret powers, it acquainted the emperor with whatever was done unmiss. Many and many were the persons convicted through the means of its informations, and no man was safe from its knowledge.

In Rome there lived a poor but industrious carpenter, named Focus, who cared little for the new edict, and every day pursued his laborious occupation.

"Misfortune take thee, thou tell-tale statue!" muttered he, as he lay in bed one night, and thought upon the numerous convictions procured by its means; "to-morrow thou and I must bandy a few words."

As soon as it was day-break, Focus arose, dressed himself, and went to the place where the statue stood; placing himself immediately before the figure, he then addressed it:—

"Statue! statue! many of our citizens die daily, by reason of your informations; now take this warning; if you accuse me, I will break your head."

Having thus spoken, Focus returned home to his usual work, though it was the prohibited day. About mid-day the king sent to the statue to inquire whether the law was being duly observed.

"Statue!" said the officers, "the emperor demands whether the edict is being strictly observed."

"Friends," rejoined the magic voice; "look up, see what is written on my forehead."

They obeyed the commands of the statue, and saw these lines on his brow:

"Times are altered.

Men grow worse.

He that speaks the truth has his head

"Friend," said the statue again, "go tell the emperor what thou hast read."

Now, when Titus heard what was written on the forehead of the statue, he was very wroth, and ordered his guards, and his officers, to watch before the statue, and see that no man did it injury. He bade them also require of the statue the name of the malefactor, and bring him before him directly.

"Declare, O statue!" said the officer of the emperor's guards, "who it is that threatens you?"

"It is Focus, the carpenter," rejoined the figure; "he cares not for the edict, and never remits his labor; moreover, he menaces me with a broken head if I disclose his crime."

The guards soon discovered Focus at work as usual, and dragged him before the imperial presence.

"Man," said the emperor, "what is this that I hear of thee? Not only dost thou break the law, but dost also menace the statue, should it declare thy crime?"

"It is even so, my lord; I cannot afford to keep the edict; a holiday to me is so much loss. Every day must I obtain eight pennies, and without incessant labor I have not the means of acquiring them. Holidays are well enough for the rich, but for the poor they are too often a curse."

"Eight pennies, Sir Villain—why eight pennies?"

"Every day throughout the year I am bound to repay two pence, which I borrowed in my youth; two other pence I lend; two I lose, and two I spend."

"Explain this," said Titus, interested in the man's replies.

"Two pence I repay that I borrowed in my youth; when I was a boy, my father expended daily upon me that sum: now he is poor and needs my assistance; therefore I return that which I formerly borrowed."

"Thou doest well."

"Two other pence I lend to my son, for his studies, even as my father did towards me, in the hope that hereafter he will do likewise."

"Again thou doest well; but how dost thou lose two pence a day?"

"I give them to my wife for her maintenance; she is wilful, contradictory, and passionate; these two, therefore, are lost to me on account of her disposition."

"Good again, Focus."

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THE FOUR SLAB STONES.

myself in meat, drink and clothing. With less than this I cannot exist, nor can I obtain these eight pennies without incessant and unremitting labor; therefore, O emperor, a holiday to me is no blessing, but rather a curse; and thy edict, I, for one, cannot obey. You know now the truth; judge dispassionately."

"Friend, thou hast well spoken; go labor at thy trade."

Not long after this the emperor and his son both died, and there was no heir to the throne. Then the people remembered the wisdom of the poor carpenter, and tendered to him the empire. He governed as wisely as emperor as he had lived as a carpenter; and, at his death, his picture, bearing on the head eight pennies, was deposited among the effigies of the departed emperors.

LAST GIFTS OF THE DYING.

A gift for thee, mother!—this volume dear,
 Cherished, and hallowed by many a tear;
 I go where I need its guidance no more —
 Faith becomes sight, on the heavenly shore.

A gift for thee, father! Thy Emma's face,
 By an artist's hand, thou didst love to trace.
 In the after years when thou scannest this
 brow,
 Think, father, thy child is an angel now!

A gift for thee, brother!—this lock of hair,
 With amaranths, that bound it there;
 When the brow that wore it is hidden from
 thee,
 Dear brother, this token may speak of me.

A gift for thee, sister!—this jeweled stone
 Thou wilt wear for my sake, thy cherished
 This ring, a token of love, that lies [one!
 Too deep for words, and never dies!

One gift, ay, one, I to all impart; —
 'Tis the deathless love of a trusting heart!
 Love, pure, enduring, changeless, free,
 Such as my Saviour gave to me!

THE FOUR SLAB STONES.

BY DOINGS.

I AM a great admirer of Tradition. I love to read Legends, and I love to hear them narrated. Anything connected with the history of the natives of America is particularly interesting, and there is much relating to the "poor Diggers," which, if sought out and brought to light, would astonish us with its natural beauties and delight us by its simple lesson; causing us at the same time to feel more compassion for, and to appreciate better the natures of, this poor, lost, rapidly dying out race. I know that there are many who feel and think as I do. Therefore, I take great pleasure in sending forth to the world the results of my own discovery, and, after the trouble and pains taken to obtain a correct and authenticated interpretation, I think that all will be pleased as they read, and give, as I do, the credit to "Sam."

One dull dreary day last fall — one of those days when the sun lies hid behind the clouds, and the air feels damp and close, when the light winds, as they murmur among the tree-tops, seem talking to us, and the roaring of the distant river comes dead and heavy, and mingling with the ivies of the woods, seem to endorse all that is said — such a day as timid persons, unaccustomed to the hills, see fancied forms in every stump and bush, and startle at any little rustle of the leaves — 'twas such a day, when, as Felix and myself were engaged in tracing out the lines of a quartz lead, we were led by its curve into a deep hollow, and among a thicket of chapparel. As we were twisting and turning, stooping and stretching, in order to work a safe passage through, and escape damage to either person or apparel, our attention was directed to an opening at the left, towards which we made our way. On breaking through the labyrinth of bushes into the

clearing — for such it appeared to be — we halted, and in no little amazement surveyed the scene before us. The open ground was in an irregular, circular form, and, in the centre, stood what seemed to be a cluster of shrubbery. That nature had no hand in the arrangement of things, as there exhibited, was very clear; and who could have done it, and what for? were questions which presented themselves and passed without satisfactory answers. Our first surprise over, we undertook to explore the ground, and if possible discover, by mark or sign, the object of this singular place. We first took the circumference, and finding nothing there to enlighten us, we approached the centre, and here we found within the shrubbery another clearing, — we discovered it by peeping through the bushes — and could also dimly see some object enclosed. Our curiosity increasing, we felt determined to have a thorough investigation, but our endeavors to force a way through were unsuccessful — the limbs and twigs refused to part for us — this led to a closer inspection, the result of which showed that the aforesaid limbs and twigs had at some time or other, probably in their youth, been twisted and interwoven together, and had so grown as to form an impenetrable barrier. Our desire now to see the whole grew stronger and stronger; we felt that to remove this mystery would be to make a great point, and as our vocabulary contained not the word baffle, we commenced a vigorous examination of the hedge for an opening. Four times did we traverse the circuit, each time unsuccessful, but each time more curious and determined than before; at length, the passage was found, overgrown with leaves and ivies, which we pushed aside and entered. Instead of passing directly through, we were obliged to crawl upon our hands and knees under and through the bushes half way round, when we sud-

denly emerged upon the inside. I cannot account for it, but this I assert: no sooner were we within, than a feeling of awe crept over us; we spoke in whispers and communicated by signs; it might have been imagination, but strange sounds seemed to fill the air, and echo followed echo through the hollow. That which we had so dimly seen through the bushes was located in about the centre, and more like criminals than honest men, we advanced to satisfy our yet craving curiosity. All that we saw were four SLAB STONES, about two inches in thickness, rough and irregular in shape, set in the earth so as to form a square about eighteen inches each way, and the same depth. That was all. We gazed but for a moment, and then hastily, in silence, and with our hearts thumping up to our ribs, we made the best of our way out and sought the neighboring hills. When fairly out of the hollow, and not till then, did we stop to draw a long breath, and compare notes.

"What the d—l is it?" said Felix. I shook my head in reply.

"Did you hear the noises?" continued he.

"Yes, did you?"

"Why of course; what do you suppose they were?"

"Owls."

"Well," said he, going off into a horse laugh, "I would'nt wonder if they were, and we a pair of fools to allow ourselves to get worked up in such a way. Let's go and get a shovel and dig the blamed stones up."

"No, no, no!" said I. "Don't touch them; there is something of interest connected with the place — something of Indian history, perhaps a legend, and oh, if it should be," continued I, brightening up, "I shall be made — I have long wanted to be the humble man of bringing something of the kind to light. 'Indian Sam' can tell us all about it,

and the first time he comes to camp we must take him with us down there, and I will write it out."

"Agreed," said Felix. "Now let's go home."

"Indian Sam" had heretofore been in the habit of passing our way and dropping in once or twice a week, and some times oftener; he had no particular days, but usually made his visit when going out or returning from hunting; his principal object in stopping seemed to be to inform us that he was very hungry, and to express a desire to partake of bread, and he rarely left without having his appetite, in some slight degree, appeased. A very friendly relation existed between "Sam" and ourselves. He could understand all that was said to him, and could speak our language well enough to be generally understood. He was always willing to do odd jobs, such as bringing wood and water, turning the grindstone, and other light work. He knew us all by name, and he had a wonderful faculty of knowing just when any of us discarded a garment. In short, we looked upon "Sam" as our "retainer," and to a great extent fed and clothed him.

I have thought proper to digress and mention the above facts, in order that you may know something of the character of the person I selected to interpret the mystery of the Stones, and to inspire you with confidence in his simple tale.

Our discovery was made in the early portion of the week, and each day after did I uniformly look for the coming of "Sam," yet he came not; the entire week passed, and his ugly visage had not smiled upon us — such was never known before. Sunday morning I arose with the determination to start out in search of his habitation, but when busily engaged over the fire with the fry pan, making preparation for breakfast, I heard not an unfamiliar grunt, followed with

"*Me mucho hungaly.*" The handle of the before-mentioned utensil went out of my hand like a hot coal, and springing to an upright position, I exclaimed, "Why 'Sam,' here you are! Where in thunder have you been?"

"Me hunt — plenty hunt — squirrel — say — me hungaly."

"All right, 'Sam,' *poco tiempo* — by and by you go prospect with me?"

"Si — yes — me prospect you — *poco tiempo* — bum by — plenty prospect me."

It is perhaps needless to say that that morning's repast was hurried over. I gave "Sam" an enormous slice of bread, and not only bread, but put butter on it, and syrup all over the butter. I also presented him with an old shirt, and a pair of pants — those pants with a little patching would have lasted me another month, but I gave them to "Sam," — and besides, a pair of boots which I had been saving up for the purpose of leath-ering pick-handles — yet, in the moment of frenzied generosity, I gave them to "Sam." Never was clothing and provision so bountifully lavished upon a Digger; and, as for the recipient, he must have thought the millenium had surely come, his grim and swarthy features lightened up, and his dull, bleared eyes actually sparkled with delight.

Fearing that, should we make known to our friend the immediate cause of so much liberality and kindness, some superstitious dread might prevent him from going with us, we had previously agreed to entice him near the place under the cover of prospecting, and then if he hesitated, we would with kind words and promises draw him to the spot, and coax from him all that he knew relating to the place either personally or traditionally.

'Twas early when we started — Felix, "Sam," and myself — all in excellent spirits; right glibly did we push along until just before reaching the place where we

intended to leave the trail and commence our descent into the hollow; here "Sam" began to lag—we called to him to come on, and resumed our way, turning off at the proper point, but "Sam's" pace was very slow, and his features serious—he scarcely seemed to move, and we halted for him to come up. He reached the turning off place in the trail, but kept on, at the same time increasing his speed. We called on him to come down, but he walked the faster, and turned not. Again we called, and this time he replied in his own language, and each word came like a volume of fear—each syllable came as though from a terror-stricken soul, and his gait became more and more rapid. We called once more, and made promises of reward, but the only response was those same Indian words, rather yelled than spoken, quivering as they came, and running at the top of his speed he passed out of sight behind the hill.

Remarkable as this may seem, 'tis true, and "Sam" has never been to our camp since.

My very dear and gentle reader, I have told you all I know about "these stones." You are not satisfied, neither am I, but if ever I do succeed in having the mystery unraveled, I pledge the honor of my pen to write it down.

SNOW-SHOES.*

It is interesting to notice the skill and contrivance with which man adapts himself to the different climates and physical peculiarities of the countries in which Providence has assigned him a dwelling. Places, which to us would seem utterly desolate, are not only rendered habitable, but are made to afford many of the pleasures and even luxuries of life. Natural difficulties are overcome with a readiness in the application of means which may well excite our admiration and esteem. In the chilly regions of the north, where the cold is too intense for the growth even of the rugged pine—where,

during a large portion of the year, the waters are bound up with frost, and the earth is hidden beneath deep snow, the Esquimaux uses both the ice and the snow in the construction of a dwelling, which he finds warm and comfortable, while the external air is often more than fifty degrees below zero. When the hunting grounds of the Indian are hidden beneath the same glittering mantle, on which we should suppose a foot heavier than that of a bird would find it impossible to tread with safety, the hunter and the traveler nevertheless fearlessly pursue their way by means of one of those skilful contrivances alluded to above. Experience has taught him that, by enlarging the surface of his foot, the slight cohesion among the particles of the snow beneath him is sufficient to support his body; and accordingly, he supplies himself with a pair of snow-shoes, with which he steps fearlessly forward over drifts which, without such aid, would prove fatal to him.

The snow-shoe in common use in the North American continent consists of two light bars of wood fastened together at their extremities, and bowed outwards by means of transverse bars inserted between them. The side bars are first brought into shape by means of a frame, and are dried before a fire. The front part of the shoe turns up like the prow of a boat, and the part behind terminates in an acute angle. The spaces between the bars are filled up with a fine netting of leathern thongs, except that part behind the main bar, which is occupied by the foot; the netting is there close and strong, and the foot is attached to the main bar by straps passing round the heel, but only fixing the toes, so that the heel rises after each step, and the tail of the shoe is dragged on the snow. Between the main bar and another in front of it, a small space is left, permitting the toes to descend a little in the act of raising the heel to make the step forward, which prevents their extremities from chafing. The length of a snow-shoe is from four to six feet, and the breadth one foot and a half to one and three-quarters, being adapted to the size of the wearer. The motion in walking in them is perfectly natural, for one shoe is level with the snow, when the edge of the other is passing over it. It is not easy to use snow-shoes among bushes without frequent overthrows, or to rise forwards without

* Reprinted from *Sharpe's London Magazine*.

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help. Each shoe weighs about two pounds. The Northern Indian shoes differ a little from those of the Southern Indians, having a greater curvature on the outside of each shoe; one advantage of which is, that when the foot rises, the overbalanced side descends and throws off the snow. All the superiority of European art has been unable to improve the native contrivance of this useful machine.*

It is not difficult to walk in snow-shoes, but one unaccustomed to their use is sure to suffer severely from a violent inflammation and swelling of the instep and ankles, called by the Canadians *mal a raquette*. This disease seldom excites compassion in the more experienced travelers, who push on as fast as they can, regardless of the pain of the sufferer.

Snow-shoes are apt to get dragged, especially in frosty weather, rendering frequent halts necessary, in order to get rid of the incumbrance. When there is water under the snow, and the cold is severe, large lumps of ice form on the snow-shoes, and the foot at every step seems as if it were chained to the ground.

In traveling to any considerable distance over snowy regions, the party must, of course, carry with them sufficient provisions for the whole journey. These are generally conveyed on dog-sledges, made of two or three flat boards, curving upwards in front, and fastened together by transverse pieces of wood above. They are so thin, that if heavily laden, they bend with the inequalities of the surface over which they pass. The ordinary dog-sledges are eight or ten feet long, and very narrow, but the lading is secured to a lacing round the edge. The weight usually placed upon a sledge drawn by three dogs at the commencement of a journey, is not less than three hundred pounds, which, however, suffers a daily diminution from the consumption of provisions. The sledge itself weighs about thirty pounds. When the snow is hard frozen, or the track well-trodden, the rate of traveling is about two and a half miles an hour, including rests, or about fifteen miles a day. If the snow is loose, the speed is, of course, much less, and the fatigue greater.

The general dress of the winter traveler is a *capot*, with a hood to put up under the fur cap in windy weather, or

in the woods to keep the snow from the neck. The trowsers are of leather; and the feet are protected by moccasins of ox-hide, or, still better, of the skin of the deer. The very best are of the hide of the moose deer, but this substance is very scarce. The foot is first wrapped in a piece of blanket, cut for the purpose, and then thrust into the mocassin, which is fastened by thongs of soft leather passing round the ankles. The upper part of the mocassin is composed of loose flaps which are passed under the stocking, which reaches no lower than the ankle; by this contrivance the snow is kept out, and the foot is made warm and comfortable. The traveler's costume is completed by a blanket or leathern coat, secured by a belt round the waist, from which hang his fire-bag, knife, and hatchet.

Captain Head has given a lively description of a journey in Canada, in the depth of winter, when the snow was lying deep on the ground. The district was a wild one, without roads or even a track; the ground was too rough, and the snow too deep for a sleigh; and the party chose the frozen surface of a river as the smoothest path. They marched in single file, moving heavily along upon their snow-shoes, seldom speaking, except at the end of every half hour the foremost of the party yielded his place to one of the rest; the duty of the leader being the most laborious, he having to open a path for the others. During the day, a snow-storm had been threatening: "Still, however, we went on, and it grew darker, till a heavy fall of snow, driven by a powerful wind, came sweeping along the desert track, directly in our teeth; so that, what with general fatigue, and the unaccustomed position of the body in the snow-shoes, I could hardly bear up and stand against it. The dreary howling of the tempest over the wide waste of snow rendered the scene even still more desolate; and with the unmitigated prospect before us of cold and hunger, our party plodded on in sullen silence, each, in his own mind, well aware that it was utterly impracticable to reach that night the place of our destination.

"But, in spite of every obstacle, the strength of the two Canadians was astonishing; with bodies bent forward, and leaning on their collar, on they marched, drawing the tobogins* after them with a

* Franklin's first journey to the shores of the Polar Sea.

* A small hand-sledge for carrying provisions.

firm, indefatigable step; and we had all walked a little more than seven hours, when the snow-storm had increased to such a pitch of violence, that it seemed impossible for any human creature to withstand it—it bid defiance even to their most extraordinary exertions. The wind now blew a hurricane. We were unable to see each other at a greater distance than ten yards, and the drift gave an appearance to the surface of the snow we were passing over, like that of an agitated sea. Wheeled round every now and then by the wind, we were enveloped in clouds so dense, that a strong sense of suffocation was absolutely produced." The party, therefore, halted, and sought the friendly shelter of a pine forest, where they leveled a maple tree, and having gathered some large pieces of bark, proceeded to shovel away the snow from a square spot of ground. "The fibrous bark of the white cedar, previously rubbed to powder between the hands, was ignited, and blowing upon this, a flame was produced. This being fed, first by the silky peelings of the birch bark, and then by the bark itself, the oily and pitchy matter burst forth into full action, and a splendid fire raised its flames and smoke amidst a pile of huge logs, to which one and all of us were constantly and eagerly contributing."

The place of encampment is usually called *the hut*, and as soon as the snow has been cleared away, is usually covered with pine branches, over which the party spread their blankets and coats, and sleep in warmth and comfort, by keeping a good fire at their feet, without any other canopy than the sky, even though the thermometer should be far below zero.

"The arrival at the place of encampment," says Franklin, "gives immediate occupation to every one of the party, and it is not until the sleeping place has been arranged, and a sufficiency of wood collected as fuel for the night, that the fire is allowed to be kindled. The dogs alone remain inactive during this busy scene, being kept harnessed to their burdens until the men have leisure to unpack the sledges, and hang upon the trees every article of provision out of the reach of these rapacious animals."

Similar in its uses to the snow-shoe is the snow-skate of the Norwegian, and is, indeed, a far more powerful and efficient machine. The *skies*, or snow-skates, consist of two thin, narrow pieces of fir, of

unequal lengths, and turned up in front. The longer skate, which measures about seven feet, is used on the left foot; the other, which is about two feet shorter, on the right. The width is about three inches and the thickness at the part where the foot is placed, about an inch. Strong loops of willow, or of fir root, are fixed to the sides, through which are passed the leather thongs for attaching the skate to the foot. The skates are smeared with pitch, and on the under side is a hollow groove to prevent slipping. The under side is also covered with seal-skin or rough bear-hide, for the same purpose.

During the wars between Sweden and Norway, two regiments were trained to the use of these skates, and were called *Skjelobere*, or skate-runners. These two battalions consisted of about six hundred men, and were drilled during winter. Their rifles were slung, and each man carried a staff, flattened at the end, to prevent it from sinking in the snow, and to assist him in leaping over such obstacles as stood in the way. They descended hills with wonderful rapidity; and in drawing up, they left room between the files to turn in the skates, which they did by changing the right foot by an extraordinary motion which would seem to dislocate the ankle. "An army would be completely in the power of even a handful of these troops, which, stopped by no obstacle, and swift as the wind, might attack it on all points; while the depth of the snow, and the nature of the country, would not only make any pursuit impossible, but almost deprive them of the means of defence, the *Skjelobere*, still hovering round them like swallows, skimming the icy surface and dealing destruction upon their helpless adversaries."

The skates are still in common use in Norway; the widely-dispersed inhabitants, without distinction of age or sex, making use of them in winter; traversing mountains, lakes, and arms of the sea, as well as level ground, and often saving several leagues of the distance they are obliged to travel at other seasons. On a common road, a good skater will travel faster than a horse in a sleigh. His progress up hill, however, is slow and fatiguing, and on hard snow he would slip backwards but for the rough skin on the under surface of the skates. But he descends the steepest mountains with astonishing rapidity, avoiding precipices,

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and guiding his flight with his pole. It is said that considerable skill and practice are required to become a good snow-skater.

SUNSHINE.

BY G. T. S.

BLESSED be God for sunshine! — and by sunshine I do not mean the mere shining of the natural sun; but that sunshine of the spirit that spreads its halo around him who possesses it, and makes him appear like one of those heavenly visitants sent to save and to bless. "A sunny spirit," said Dr. Johnson, "is worth more than a thousand pounds." He might have said *ten* thousand pounds, and then not have estimated it too highly — for indeed what is the wealth of all the world without it? The grumbler enjoys nothing with all his hoard of guins; his outward wealth is but a burlesque on his inward poverty. The cheerful man feels, as Frederica Bremer says, "like dancing with the whole world." His heart goes out, and leaps for joy among the green sunny highlands of existence; to him every spot, however waste, has its little oasis, with its bright rivulets and banks of flowers.

And then how every thing around him looks brighter for his smile — for he is like the sun, that brings joy and gladness wherever it goes. Every one feels happier for his presence,

"E'en children follow, with endearing wile,
And pluck his gown to share the good
man's smile;"

and the dumb animals seem to recognise him at once, and look up into his eyes as if to seek their friendly gaze.

"I know not why I am so happy," said Doddridge's little girl, "except that it is because I love every body, and every body loves me." Blessed be childhood! it had discovered a great truth, that it

takes many of us all our lives to learn — the power that dwells in that one word, — LOVE.

Some one said of a lady, remarkable for her equanimity, that her "smile was so sunny that it made the flowers bloom." I do not doubt it; and it was no miracle, either.

"But how can I possess cheerfulness?" says one, or "sunshine, as you call it, when it makes no part of my nature?" Believe me — like every thing else we possess, it requires cultivation.

If you arise in the morning with the disposition to make no effort during the day to bear and forbear, if you throw the reins on the mad neck of your passions, and suffer them to drive with you wherever they list, you must not wonder if they land you in a slough at last. Talk of sunshine to such an one? As well expect serenity in a mad man! As well expect that storms will not disturb the sea, as that passions, unchecked, will not disturb the sea of your mind. But if you start with the determination to keep cool and collected under provocation, you will find that every victory gives you fresh strength, and you will surely come off victorious, and you will do more than he who *taketh a city* — you will *rule a spirit*.

Our hearts should be like that fabled fountain of Anlethus, so beautifully recorded by the ancients, which, though it flowed out of the earth bitter and turbid at first, afterward, in its course, became sweet and pure, and transparent as crystal: —

"Out upon the calf, I say,
Who turns his grumbling head away,
And quarrels with his feed of hay,
Because it is not clover.

"Give to me the happy mind,
That will ever seek and find
Something good and something kind,
All the wide world over."

AMELIA OLDENBURGH.

BY CLOR.

[Continued from page 418.]

Mr. Tresto's vast property fell to a cousin, Mr. Richard Tresto, who was a fashionable and stylish man of the world. His wife was his counterpart. Every thing that was not in vogue among the aristocracy, was discountenanced by them; and this sudden acquisition of property greatly facilitated their love of luxury. The mansion was refitted in princely style. Mr. Richard Tresto had three daughters, at this time, young ladies. Miss Emma was a plump, chubby girl, short, and with red coarse hair; there was little beauty in her composition. Her disposition was as disagreeable as she was homely. Mary was rather tall, with fair hair, and passable face, rather intellectual, proud, and envious of any who possessed more beauty than herself. Lucy, the youngest—near fourteen—was like her sister Emma in looks, but indolent, and rather good natured. A maiden aunt, was also a member of the family—Miss Ruth Malford—who was past thirty. Ruth had been a beauty, and still was fine looking. There were marks of deep-rooted trouble on her countenance. These comprised Mr. Tresto's family, excepting numerous servants.

Amelia was retained in the family, as their pride would not let them suffer her to seek another home; but, notwithstanding this privilege was granted her, she was only looked upon as a menial, and compelled to give up her nice room for one among the servants. The Misses Tresto disliked Amelia at first sight, although she strove to please them. Miss Emma endeavored, in every way, to humble Amelia, and make her feel her dependence on their charity. Amelia was unprepared for this new treatment; she became melancholy and heart-sick; it

was not home to her now; the only pleasure she enjoyed was in rambling over the places where she and Caleb had gathered so many shells and flowers. How dear to her memory was the fond recollection of Caleb's kindness, and of his dear parents, who had been to her all that parents could be. "Oh! that I had died with them!" would often escape her lips.

She had lived with Mr. Richard Tresto about a year, and was in her fifteenth year. Her remarkable beauty attracted much attention; and, in consequence of this, she was kept out of sight as much as possible. Miss Ruth was always kind, and considerate of Amelia's feelings. Amelia soon perceived this, and her desolate and grateful heart loved her as if she were her only friend. Miss Ruth was not treated as one of the family, but as a servant. She received their ill treatment with mild patience and forbearance; she was always sewing for her proud relatives. Amelia was required to assist Miss Ruth in sewing.

"Miss Ruth," said Amelia, "you sew with as much diligence as if you were a hired seamstress."

"Yes, Amelia, I am always hurried with work; it comes in as fast as I get it out."

"I should think you would injure your health, sitting so much! Why don't you take a ride some times with the Misses Tresto? I know it would do you good."

"My dear," said Ruth, turning an inquiring look at Amelia, "why do you ask me such questions?"

"O, because I don't think they treat you quite right."

"I suppose it don't look quite right to you; but circumstances alter cases."

"Why, as Madam's sister, I should think you entitled to every privilege that sisters generally allow each other."

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and I am also dependent on her for my support, just as you are, Amelia."

"But you have a more natural right to their sympathy."

"I never presume upon our relationship," said Ruth, "and there are some things in my history which somewhat justify their conduct toward me; but you are not old enough to know my misfortunes. You have much to learn, dear Amelia—perhaps bitter lessons—but I pray God you may be spared—"

"Oh! I hope I shall never know more bitter trials than I have passed through," said Amelia, bursting into tears; and, putting her arms around Ruth's neck, she besought her to love, cherish and advise her. Ruth dropped the half-finished garment from her hands, and pressing Amelia to her heart, gave way to a flood of tears. The fountains of her long pent up grief were broken up; hidden sorrows burst forth afresh.

Amelia was alarmed at her violent grief, and her own troubles were swallowed up in her sympathy for Miss Ruth. Young as she was, she could see that it was no trifling sorrow that could disturb the general calm exterior worn by Miss Ruth. From this time, Amelia laid all her trials open before her, ever receiving from her encouragement and good advice.

Not long after the occurrence just mentioned, Miss Emma Tresto returned from a watering-place, accompanied by several ladies and gentlemen; company thronged the mansion; a large party was also given, which was attended by all the *elite* of Philadelphia, and was considered the most brilliant affair of the season.

Another important event was about to transpire; Miss Emma was to be married. Two weeks was all the impatient bridegroom could give her to prepare for the wedding. Hurry, bustle, and confusion appeared the order of the day. Milliners and dress-makers were all in

requisition. Miss Emma made the acquaintance of her intended at the Springs. He was represented as rich and accomplished; his personal appearance was quite prepossessing, and it was considered quite an eligible match. Miss Emma was fond of novelty, and this sudden and important acquaintance gave her inventive mind plenty of room to build wonderful air castles.

"He has quite a foreign accent," said she; "perhaps he is a nobleman. Yes, I know he is—and the dear, kind gentleman wants to surprise me. How delightful! Dundee! yes, it is a Scotch name! Lady Dundee is quite grand! I always *did* like to read of Scotch nobles, but never dreamed of being one of them. Pa is going to give me quite a fortune, and when I told Mr. Dundee, he said it was his love for me that induced him to wish a matrimonial alliance with his adored Emma. Ah, yes! now I think of it, I must take my traveling dresses up to Ruth's room, for she fits me better than any one else; she must finish all three this week."

Feeling quite consequential, Miss Emma went to Miss Ruth with the dresses.

"You must finish these dresses this week, Ruth; I *must* have them. We are going to Europe on a wedding tour."

"To-day is Wednesday, and the time is so short I don't think it possible for me to finish them," said Ruth, mildly.

"Yes, you can, and you must. You have got so lately that you don't earn your salt. Come, go about it; if you can't get through, call that little lazy huzzy, Amelia."

Saying this in an insulting manner, she slammed the door after her, and left poor Ruth to perform her hard task. Amelia soon after entered Ruth's room, and was surprised to see her weeping.

"What is the matter, dear friend?" said Amelia, affectionately kissing Ruth's tears from her eyes. Miss Emma has

been insulting you again. I hate her for her unkindness to you."

"No, child," said Ruth, "You must never indulge in such sentiments; they are unworthy of you; rather forgive and pity her."

"I cannot but feel contempt for any person who insults another without provocation," replied Amelia.

"There are many unpleasant things to endure in this heartless world, and to the friendless they often occur; and it would wear us to the grave to always feel resentment," said Ruth, "and we must possess our souls in patience. Ask of God, and he will enable you to perform a more difficult task than you have ever borne, or I either."

"You are so good, dear Ruth, that nothing appears hard to you. If I were as good as you are, it would not be difficult for me to endure insults with patience."

"I am not good, dear Amelia, but, with God's help, I hope to endure with patient forbearance all the evils that may fall to my lot."

"And I also hope you will pray for me, that I may, dear Ruth. My mother prayed for me on that fated vessel;—I remember it well—and my darling mother Tresto often prayed for me, kneeling by my bedside."

These fond recollections choked Amelia's utterance, and she wept sorrowfully.

"Do not weep, Amelia! Their prayers in your behalf will be answered; they will be like bread cast upon the waters, gathered after many days. Come, put your trust in God, and He will care for you! Come, now, Amelia, let us begin our sewing, and do all we can to finish these dresses."

"I hope we may be able to finish them," said Amelia, "for I dread to hear another scolding."

Steadily they plied their needles, until a late hour at night.

"You had better go to bed, Amelia," said the kind-hearted Ruth.

"No, I will sit up as long as you do."

"Well, just as you please."

Soon the clock struck three, and they folded their work and retired. Three successive days and nights found them working as if their lives depended on the finishing of the dresses. Sunday came, and one of the dresses was not finished.

"What will we do, Ruth? Emma will be so angry!"

"Do? why, we will have to take all she feels disposed to say."

They did not converse long before Miss Emma made a hasty appearance.

"Did you get the dresses done, Ruth?"

"The two traveling dresses are done; but the morning dress, not quite," replied Ruth.

"Did I not tell you that I must have these dresses?"

"Yes, but it was impossible for us to have them done."

"You hateful, old ungrateful thing! This is all we get for hiding your shame. Where would you be if it were not for us?—what would become of your child, that you are ashamed to own? You are a disgrace to our family, and I only wonder mother don't disown you altogether. I am sure I should. Don't you put in your gab, Miss Amelia; it is not wanted."

After exhausting her spite on poor Ruth, who now sat weeping and sobbing like a child, she snatched up the dresses and left the weeping girls alone.

"Dear Ruth," said Amelia, "how I pity you! How unfeeling in Emma to torture you! What did she mean? Have you a child, Ruth?"

"Yes, a dear little boy, Amelia, but I have never seen him since his birth; neither have I any knowledge of his whereabouts. Oh! Amelia, it is this that is near breaking my heart. It is not proper that I should tell you more at this time. I ought to bear my trials alone.

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"But, dear Ruth, may I not sympathize with you in your sorrows? I know there must be some sore trials and wrongs you have endured. Will you not tell me your history? I would dearly love to know how to comfort you."

"I cannot tell you at this time, dear Amelia; but, on some future occasion, perhaps I may. But leave me now, my friend, that I may regain my composure. These excitements quite overcome me."

Amelia arose, and kissing Ruth, she entered her own room. Her heart was full of sad thoughts; the events of the morning had not only grieved her, but it had opened her eyes to the real character of the Tresto family.

"Poor Ruth! yours is a life of trial. Would to heaven I could alleviate your sorrows! Oh!" thought Amelia, "if I were only rich, it would give me unspeakable pleasure to lighten her wearisome burden! How I wish that my will, in my locket, were worth something! If it is, she shall share it with me. She is so patient and kind that she seems the personification of goodness."

While in this train of thought, she took out her locket, and again examined the will, and the ring.

"Who knows that my dear father Tresto was right in the supposition that I will be rich when this will is tested?"

After tiring of examining the locket's contents, she locked it up in safety. Her thoughts were now in a melancholy train; a secret longing to visit the enchanting spots that Caleb and she used to visit in happy times gone by. Taking her straw hat, she was soon rambling over familiar spots. Soon she reached a favorite resort, where a large elm stood upon the bank of a little stream that ran in its crooked course over pebbles of many colors. The clear dimpled water refreshed many a flower that grew on its banks. Amelia soon collected a number of her

favorite flowers, and seated herself on the grass under the shady elm. It was a beautiful day: the frosts of fall had turned the autumnal leaves with many variegated hues. The birds, too, were singing in the merry sunshine. All nature appeared lovely and rejoicing. Tears filled her eyes, as she contrasted the quiet of this beautiful retreat with the unpleasant scenes of the morning at the mansion. Falling upon her knees, she thanked God that she was still permitted to enjoy this quiet pleasure that nature afforded her. She arose with renewed confidence in the wisdom of God. The pure fresh air revived her drooping energies. She had risen from her grassy seat and stood gazing at the lovely scene around her, and calling to mind the many pleasant little romps she used to have with Caleb under the venerable elm that now towered above her head.

"My lamented brother, how I miss thy generous friendship! Oh, my Heavenly Father, why hast thou spared my unprofitable life!"

"To bless mankind," said a voice near her. Startled at this unexpected address, she gave a sudden bound, and fell nearly to the earth. A strong arm lifted her up.

"I beg pardon, Miss, for frightening you in this manner."

"You are forgiven," said Amelia, blushing scarlet, "but I did not know any person was near."

"You were thinking aloud, were you?" said Mr. Phillips, with a smile.

"I was not conscious that I spoke aloud," replied Amelia, scarcely knowing what excuse to offer.

She was preparing to return to the mansion, when one of the gentlemen inquired "if he had the pleasure of meeting one of Mr. Tresto's daughters?"

"No, sir; I am not honored with that name. My name is Amelia Oldenburgh."

"We are most happy to meet so charm-

ing a lady in our morning ride. My name is Mr. Philips; and allow me to introduce you to my uncle, Mr. Hunt."

Mr. Hunt cordially extended his hand to her, and, with many flattering praises of her youth and beauty, hoped for a continuance of so agreeable an acquaintance.

"Do you reside at the mansion, Miss Oldenburgh?"

"Yes, sir," replied Amelia; and picking up her straw hat from the grass, where it had fallen, she bid the gentlemen good morning and returned to the house.

"Who is she, Uncle Hunt?" said Mr. Philips, much interested in the fair little stranger.

"An angel, perhaps," replied Mr. Hunt, "I never heard of her name before; but she is evidently a well-bred lady. May be a visitor at the mansion, on this wedding occasion."

"Yes, undoubtedly," returned Mr. Philips. "She must be a comparative stranger in these parts, else we should have heard of her rare beauty before this."

"True, Philips; I think she is the most beautiful young lady I have seen for many a long day. In fact, I don't think I ever saw her superior in this particular. It is a wonder that knave of a Dunbar don't try his lady-killing arts on this fair creature, instead of that red haired amazon, Emma Tresto, whom I consider the plainest woman of my acquaintance."

"He knows what he is about; it is the dimes. I guess by this time his pockets are empty—am I not correct, Uncle?"

"Doubtless you are, in this instance, Philips."

"Let us call on the ladies at the mansion, Uncle Hunt. Would you not like to see more of our little praying fairy?"

"Yes, I would like very much to feast my eyes on this rarity, but I never call on that detestable family—they and I must ever be strangers."

Mr. Hunt was a wealthy banker, a bachelor of forty summers, though time had stolen few of the graces from his manly brow. His tall, graceful figure, and piercing black eyes lost little in comparison with his nephew, who was not unlike his uncle in appearance, except in his mild hazel eyes. Mr. Philips was his uncle's junior partner in the banking business, and were both men of more than ordinary ability.

"Why, Uncle," said Mr. Philips, "can't you do away with this old grudge, and call with me this morning?"

"It would give me real pleasure to call on Miss Oldenburgh, were she in any other place except Mr. Tresto's; his offence to me is of such magnitude that I can never overlook it."

"Sorry for this," replied Mr. Philips, "as it deprives me of seeing that little witch that has quite charmed me. I really believe I am quite in love; perhaps, Uncle, you are afraid of the tender passion in your bachelor heart, lest you should be my rival. Am I not correct, Uncle, hey?"

"Not this time, Philips; you have nothing to fear in the shape of a rival. I admire her, as I do every lovely woman; but I have never loved but once. Then I gave all my heart, and it has never returned to me whole, but is still a captive. Time, nor circumstance, have ever altered my sentiments; though unworthy, as she has proved, my fond heart still clings to her image. The wounds I received from her, can never be healed by another."

"What has become of the fair truant, Uncle?"

"I do not know, Philips, neither have I enquired these six years. And now, nephew, I would caution you not to surrender your heart, too entirely, until you know of a certainty that the object is worthy of your devotion."

"Thank you for your timely advice;

but, early charmed by her so fair a creature. Perhaps she had become his usual companion for your sake.

but, early as it is given, I am like a charmed bird, ready to risk all for my charmer. There can be nothing evil in so fair an exterior."

"Perhaps not," replied Mr. Hunt, who had become quite melancholy, and out of his usual gay humor; "I hope not, for your sake."

Having now reached the place where they had tied their horses, they mounted and rode back to the city, Mr. Hunt with quite a damper on his spirits, and Mr. Philips with a new object in view that occupied all his thoughts.

[To be continued.]

"HE HAS GONE TO HIS REST."

I.

He has gone to his rest, with his laurels around him,
His great heart is beating with life's throbs no more;
All broken the ties to earth, that once bound him,
All ended his struggles, his labors all o'er.

II.

'Neath the sod of the valley, in sorrow they've laid him,
And the willow bends lowly above his cold grave;
His friends and his foes, in union, have paid him
The meed of the true to the name of the brave.

III.

He died not in battle, where bright sabres were gleaming,
He fell not as those who have filled glory's page,—
He passed not, like Corsican hero, while dreaming
Of fields where war's thunders still belched forth their rage;

IV.

But he died as the day dies, when sunlight is o'osing,
And nature is hushed in the stillness of rest;
He sank in death's arms, as an infant reposing
In silent content, on its mother's soft breast.

V.

Kind friends stood around him, as calmly he waited
The summons that bore him to the bright world on high;
And they knew by his smiles, as life's pulses abated,
That learning to live, he had found how to die.

VI.

Now sweetly he resteth, where others before him
Have resigned to old earth their fetters of clay;
The flag that he loved is still floating o'er him,
And his virtues shall live forever and aye.

M.

NATURAL FORCES.

We stand upon this green and rock-built earth to read its mysteries and understand its truths. We have not yet learned them all, and we never can—Nature rests upon the supernatural science, and floats on the great infinitude of Nescience—at bottom a miracle forever. Yet, in virtue of our mingled nature, the natural and the spiritual, we see the universe, not only *that* it is, but understand in some measure *how* it is. The reason in us stands over against the reason in nature, searching out its hidden mysteries and revealing those inner laws that formed its eternal architype in absolute mind, before ever the world was.—We see the universe about us, an aggregate of atoms, not powerless, lifeless and unmoved—not chaos “without form and void,” but subject to forces ever acting, continuous and irresistible—forces bringing order from disorder, and life from death—mysterious architects building by divine commission this wondrous temple of the world—working out in awful silence, and with fierce wild energy that unknown destiny—impalpable, insensible; yet we know they are, for we read their record everywhere, written on the adamant rock, and in the sparkling alphabet of heaven. Rude uncultured men acknowledge their being and their power—they recognize in teluric changes and organic growth, a mysterious agency. With their free open sense and childlike simplicity, they stand face to face with nature, owning and worshipping as is most natural, the divinities that they see rule. “In the black thunder cloud, is not the storm king veiled? Is not the thunder his angry voice, and the lightning the flash of his chariot wheel, as he passes on the swift winged tempest?”

Better to worship thus than not at all. There is often almost a prophecy in mythology—a strange insight, revealing in

the light phantom of a poet's dream, what laborious science by its tedious process, long afterward finds true. The fable of Prometheus is wonderful, who taught the ancients of a life breathing dignity in light. Newton has but changed the name of the Norsemen's Serpent of Midgard. But, now the guardian spirits have passed from the stream and the fountain, they dwell no more in the sparkling wave—no more in the silent forest—the Gods have left Olympus and the Giants their Jotunheim. Yet, not now as usual has the ideal lost its beauty and its poetic interest in the real. Science reveals the spiritual in nature—the immaterial principles that pervade and animate gross matter, giving it a life semblance, moulding it to beauty or mouldering to decay—around which matter clings and aggregates and grows like the body round the soul. A stone is simply a stone to most men, yet in it are hidden mysteries that angels might explore with wonder—it lies inert, unheeded by the roadside, yet the power that binds it there, is the Serpent of Midgard, circling the universe—the ruling spirit that restrains all others in their wildest moods—it fashions the dew-drop on the flower and in obedience to it, the great orbs above us clasp their giant hands and mingle in the mystic dance forever. Two forces acting in constant antagonism preserve its solid form—heat and cohesion we name them. The solid, liquid and gaseous conditions are in no case necessary—all things tremble in the balance, between these opposing forces—one iota added to either side would send aloft the densest solid, in curling vapor, or make adamant of lightest ether. The forces of nature, wild and terrible as they are in their undirected energy, yet bow before the dignity of mind submissive to its decrees. Man was not made to labor only, but to stand in the channel circle of science, the arch-ovocator of its powers, and notwithstand-

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ing the popular admiration for the unassisted industry of our ancestors, a nation's progress is measured by the amount of natural force substituted for mere muscular exertion.

Revolution changes growth, and decay is the order of the universe—forms cheering us with their beauty or startling with their terror, arise and disappear like phantoms of the night. Look on that crystal gem, that decks to-day the brow of beauty—forces at work in silence, beneath the earth's girdling ocean, or in some gold spangled cavern, have moulded the plastic element to that form of solid symmetry—destroy their equilibrium, and the diamond floats in air and invisible gas—impress it with new forces and it will take another form, bends in the towering tree or richly scented flower—let others again excite it, and it quickens with new energy, and the life force moulds it to a living thing, and fits it for the gladness and the glory of a soul—we are all of us made much of diamond dust.

The sun shining in its far distance, is the great magician that works these changes. Our planet began its course charged with a certain amount of physical forces, which are and ever will be indestructible. By an external agency the balance of these forces is destroyed, and in the constant effort to regain their equilibrium, all the phenomena of change, organic and inorganic appear. This disturbing agent is the sunbeam. There is a miracle in it—our earth, that slept before in its dark cold solitude, it wakes to life and gladness—it folds each day its robe of light around and crowns it with the blushing beauty of all living things. The amorphous rock, the crystal gem, in its dark hidden cavern, the rich tinted flowers and the bird that sings at heaven's high gate, owe each their form to its fairy touch. Every physical force it excites and regulates. It brings to our orb, not light alone nor heat alone, but activism;

the mystery of radiant chemical force depends upon it—electricity and magnetism are twined in its silvery cord.—The sunbeam is an organ builder; the true promethean torch. "Light, offspring of heaven first born," is parent of life—darkness, the herald not alone of "nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep," but nature's dire destroyer, dreaded death. The sunbeam never dies—as the warm life stream flows over from its source, it sinks not unreturning in the dull cold earth, but phoenix like springs forth in that living verdure that waves its graceful forms and flings its incense on the breeze. The subtle spirit still lives embodied in the plant, and when the vegetable organism is again destroyed, freed from its prison bars, the mystic flame leaps forth radiant and sparkling in the joy of liberty. Flame is visible force—imprisoned sunbeams set free again. This is no poetic fancy, but certain fact. The minor digs from the bed, far down beneath many formations, the rocky anthracite, and the burning coal dissolves in genial flame, yet the light and heat that it gives forth to-day, is the same that ages ago floated across the wide abyss from the universal source. It was buried with the rank luxuriance of the palaeozoic age, and there since then it has lain chained in that dungeon of sunbeam.

Mysterious agency, what monster that untutored men have reared to it their rugged altars, that pagan fire worshippers and Roman vestal virgins have tended the undying flame, when even philosophers must recognize it as the dim shadow of an infinite power that dwells behind the veil. The forces of nature then, as markers of the *useful*, teach man the utilitarian economist, all that can alleviate his material condition here.—As framers of the beautiful, they lend to man, the poet thinker, a holy light that shines not *on* but *through* these outward forms, revealing the universe as a fanc

most vast and glorious, through whose transparent walls and crystal stones, a heaven born radiance streams — but, as creators, changers and supporters of them all, man, the angel—spirit they bear aloft, even to the presence chamber of "Him who spake and it was done." Every flower and tree is an index pointing, every star a torch to light our pathway upward.

THE RAINBOW.

All nature shadows forth the imagery
Of things invisible. The rainbow's arch,
Clothed with auroral and purpureal gleams,
Is but the emblem of the circling wreath
That spans the mind at peace; all clouds
dispersed,
The waves of passion lulled to placid sleep,
And high-throned Reason's government up-
reared
To rule man's little universe—himself.

Conscience, which is gradual in its growth,
Is linked with hope, which lures man on-
ward still
Through early years and late; until the soul,
Which groaned with travail for full many
moons,
Receives new life, inhabits superior realms,
And breathes an air peculiar to itself;
The Gate called Beautiful hath oped its
portal
And let the weary traveler in. Ah, then
Man looketh down, and seeth how, step by
step,
By patient toil he gained the mountain top.
Then like a seer he stands, holding com-
munion [earth—
With beings angelic—whilom forms of
Whose words of wisdom, like the balmy airs
That blow from austral climes, inform the
soul
Of the realities of Paradise.

It must be so. These truths, writ every-
where,
That God is Love, and Heaven is Happiness,
Bespeak a state of peace, when man shall be
Like yonder star, whose fixed, eternal course

Joins in the harmonies of distant worlds,
Which move in order there. And thus the
soul,
Springing from chaos, marches by degrees
Through all the elements of natural things,
Till heaven's own light sheds its supernal
beams
Upon man's groping spirit, and conspires
To establish order where confusion reigned;
And his lost state, upon the eve of rest,
Is symbolized by the radiant bow of promise,
Presaging "peace on earth, good will to-
wards men." L. W.

AGNES EMERSON.

A Tale of the Revolution.

BY GORDON GREENLAW.

EPOCH SECOND.

[Continued from page 413.]

CHAPTER I.

New York once more.

"The bark is ready and the wind at help,
The associates tend, and everything is bent,"
For England. SHAKESPEARE.

THE United States had won the long fought struggle for independence, and peace had been established with the mother country some three years, at the time we return to our tale.

Letters had at times been received from George Harrison, by Agnes, for a period extending over four years, after his departure from New York; but now, for upwards of eighteen months, not a word of intelligence of, or from him had she heard. Could it be that he was recreant to his vows? No; his last letter was sufficient to disabuse her mind of that idea, had it existed, and not for a minute did she entertain it.

George was now all she had to fill her aching heart; her brother and one cousin had both fallen in the cause of their country, and her aunt had died some months before.

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ceeded to the property of both father and brother, and this, added to her own fortune, rendered her income very large. At a liberal salary, her remaining cousin now acted as her agent in Virginia.

For two years she had resided in the house, formerly her brother's, in New York; and with her lived a distant relative, an elderly maiden lady, as protectress and companion. From Miss Nisbet she received the sincerest sympathy; the old lady's kindness and affection, and the tender interest she evidently felt, as well as exhibited, on the point nearest to her heart, had deservedly won for her a warm attachment on the part of Agnes.

"And to-morrow, dear Miss Nisbet, we shall be on the sea," said Miss Emerson, as, late in the evening, they sat in the drawing room. "Oh, you are kind to venture on such a voyage; I know you act in opposition to your own wishes, to gratify me, and me alone."

"Nay, Agnes, not so; it is my wish as well as your own to go. First, it is my duty; for to you I owe everything since my little all was swept away, and this anxiety of yours must be relieved, for it is fast telling upon your health; and now, dear Agnes, to bed, for we must be early astir in the morning. We will be soon in England, and then, by enquiries at the East India House, we can get recent intelligence of Harrison; perhaps, too, he may soon be home there; his last letter said in a year or two he hoped to leave India." Kissing Agnes affectionately, as they prepared to leave the room, she whispered softly, "and I, too, desire to hear of, and to see, this lover of yours; I feel an interest in him independent of you,—for—for—his father was the only man I ever loved—now that is my secret, which has not crossed my lips for nearly forty years."

"And did he love you?—but yes, he must have done; you never would have loved unsought."

"He did, truly; more truly than I deserved. He was high spirited and I was foolish, worse than foolish, and so we quarreled."

"And did you never make it up?"

"Never, Agnes—never. I had told him not to speak to me again—he was proud—it was our *last meeting*."

"Dear Miss Nisbet," said Agnes, affectionately embracing her, "how true it is, *every heart knoweth its own sorrows*."

"Yes," replied the old lady, "but remember your sorrows are relieved by *hope*, blessed *hope*, whilst I had none."

"And I have, too, the loving sympathy of a dear kinswoman to cheer me; aunty, you forget that," said Agnes, as she wound her arm around her, and led the way to their bedroom.

CHAPTER II.

In which the scene changes.

If I should meet thee, after long years,
How should I greet thee—with silence and tears?
BYRON.

It was a cold December afternoon, in the year 1784. The wind blew in fitful gusts from the south-east, throwing a cross sea into the anchorage of Spithead, outside the Isle of Wight. A large ship, bound to the Downs, had been compelled, by the change of wind, to seek shelter at the mother-bank, which is opposite to the anchorage referred to.

The passengers, who were numerous, had voyaged many thousands of miles, and were all anxious to land; but the roughness of the sea, the drizzling sleet, and the pitchy darkness, with which the evening appeared to be closing in, had, with one exception, persuaded them to await the following morning.

The exception in question was a young gentleman of some seven or eight and twenty, but long exposure and hardship had somewhat aged him, giving him the appearance of a much older man. His figure was tall and well proportioned;

his features, naturally handsome, were not improved by a scar extending from the right temple across his cheek, and the careful manner in which his rather profuse whiskers were trimmed to disguise it, showed that some remains of youthful dandyism were still there.

Agreeing at once to the extortionate demands of a boatman, to land him at Portsmouth, he, with a cordial farewell to his fellow passengers and the officers of the ship, descended into the boat, and enveloping himself in an immense cloak bid defiance to the weather. It was yet early, and after a passage of less than two hours he found himself entering the Royal George, then the principal hotel in Portsmouth.

A short time sufficed to change his apparel, and seated at a table near the fire, in the coffee-room, Colonel Beale enjoyed, for the first time for many a day, a quiet, luxurious, though solitary dinner, on English soil.

Having finished, he drew himself nearer to the fire and, lighting his cigar, sank into a reverie. The voices of three gentlemen, at an adjoining table, did not the least disturb him, until he caught the sound of a name which at once attracted his attention.

"I wonder," said the eldest of the party, "if this East Indian officer, so highly spoken of, is the same Beale with whom my brother was intimate in Madras, and whom he mentioned so often in his letters. He was wounded in Porto Novo, was aid-de-camp to Sir Eyre Coote at Vellore and Chittoor, and remained with him until he resigned the command to General Stuart, two years ago. You see, Mr. Hartley, there were two Beales taken prisoners, about six months after that, together with General Matthews and others, by Tippoo Saib; one of them escaped, and it is said that to information he gathered from the natives, and forwarded in a private letter to Sir Eyre,

may be attributed the successful negotiations, and the masterly *coup de main*, which eventuated in the treaty of peace with that eastern tyrant."

"I believe, sir," said Colonel Beale, turning towards the party, "I can answer your question. The Beale who escaped was the same who had been aid-de-camp to Sir Eyre; but you much overrate the slight service he rendered by his information; the credit is more fairly due to Sir Eyre Coote's and Warren Hastings's statesmanlike activity, which recovered the ground lost by the imbecile Madras authorities. The other Major Beale was assassinated with General Matthews in Tippoo's dungeons."

"Your statement, sir, with regard to that gallant soldier's identity, may be correct," replied the other, "but it is *you* who *underrate* the services of Colonel Beale, for I have myself seen Sir Eyre Coote's dispatches, written but two days before his lamented death, in fact the very day of his arrival at Madras. Might I ask, sir, your source of information?"

"Certainly, sir," answered the Colonel modestly, but firmly, "I have but just landed from the 'Tranquebar,' which arrived this afternoon from India. Sir Eyre Coote was ever generous, and this is but another proof of it. I am the officer to whom he showed such constant kindness—I am the Colonel Beale you have so flatteringly referred to."

"My dear sir," exclaimed the gentleman, rising and holding out his hand, "allow me to welcome you home. My brother, Lord Macdonald, of the Highlands, told me much of your early career in India. You saved his life, too, and in so doing a manner, during the time a desultory war was carried on by men totally unfit to be entrusted with commands, Monroe, Baillie, Lord Macartney, Stuart and Matthews. I am sure you will look on me as a friend—a warm friend. I am sorry, as I sail for the East

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myself in the morning, it is but little I can see of you; but we must make the most of it. Allow me to introduce you to Mr. Hartley, my secretary, and to Dr. Ewart—they both accompany me."

It was impossible to resist the cordiality of Mr. Macdonald, and Col. Beale could not but be cheered at such a reception on the night of his arrival. They were soon on the most friendly terms, and discussing the affairs of Indian conquest, at that time a subject of all-engrossing interest. Mr. Hartley, he discovered, was a younger brother of Capt. Hartley, and the latter, he learned, was with his regiment at Quebec, being the Major in command.

The next morning, at nine o'clock, a post chaise was waiting for Colonel Beale to convey him to the metropolis, which he preferred to a public conveyance, as he desired to commune with his own thoughts. His portmanteau was placed on the landing and a porter was on the point of carrying it down, when a door opened and a tall, pale, elderly lady, crossed the hall. Her eyes rested a moment on the portmanteau, in passing, and she observed the name painted upon it, 'Lt. Colonel Beale.'

"Who is the gentleman to whom this belongs?" said she, addressing the porter.

"Maam, it is a gentleman as came here last night from Hinda. Waiter says he heard him say to some other gents, last night in the coffee-room, that he was a going to London with dispatches. May be, maam, you may know him."

"Here, show me into a private room, if you have one vacant—quick; give him

this card, and say I wish particularly to see him for a moment, before he goes."

Almost immediately, Colonel Beale entered the room. He was evidently annoyed at the delay, but bowed courteously.

"Pardon me, for detaining you, sir, on the eve of your departure, but a gentleman of your name—but who then bore an *additional one*—professed to be attached to a very dear young friend of mine, whom I saw very recently. May I ask if you have any interest in any young lady in America, or knew any there, six years ago?"

"Agnes, oh! was it Agnes—my own Agnes? My dear madam, it is a whole year since I heard of her; when did you see her—tell me, oh, tell me all about her," and the Colonel grasped both her hands, and peered so closely into her face that even the old lady objected to such keen scrutiny of her somewhat faded features—for all women, even to the last, retain a little of the leaven of vanity. So, gently pushing him into a chair, she replied:

"Now be calm, and don't kiss me, sir. Agnes Emerson is in England; she is well; she is true to you, and has never doubted you—which is more than I can say. Now, don't get excited—*she is in this house*; we only came on shore this morning. Shall I go and prepare her to see you, for she is not strong?"

"Go, oh! yes go, and bring her quickly," cried Harrison, for it was none other than he.

"No, I will come for you—wait here."

In a few moments, which seemed hours to George, Miss Nisbet returned, and taking his hand led him to another room.

In an instant, Agnes was in his arms.

[To be continued.]

Our Social Chair.

AS MANY Californians are more or less excited, nowadays, concerning the silver mines of Washoe, and indulge in sundry day-dreamings of wealth, in store for them, should they ever have the good fortune to reach that promised land; and, as we think that ninety-nine out of every hundred who go there will

A friend in the eastern States sends us the following:

Squire _____, of our town, is blessed with a remarkable long nose, and, being a man of great humor, it is often a source of much merriment between him and his friends. Last winter he was chosen our representative to Congress, and one day at the dinner table, at his hotel, a fellow-member, who sat opposite him, in order to call forth some wit from our representative, said to him, "Jim, look! there's a fly on your nose!"

"Is there?" said Jim. "Then brush it off; you are twice as near to it as I am."

On another occasion, as he was groping and trying to find his way in the dark, through one of the halls of the capitol, his nose suddenly came in contact with a huge stone pillar, "Dang it!" said he "who ever before heard of a man's nose being longer than his arms!"

He is the same eccentric genius who sometimes introduces himself into company, as, "Mr. Nose, gentlemen! Jim will soon be here—he is but a few steps behind!"

A correspondent vouches for the truth of the following:

Old Peter _____ and his wife, of this town, are such inveterate drunkards that he buys whiskey by the barrel, and it may be seen, any time, standing in one corner of the kitchen, for old Peter says, "I love to have things handy."

One day, last fall, he had a new barrel of whisky rolled home, and placed in the old corner; and, in order to save time, old Peter had *both* ends of it tapped—one for himself, and one for his wife.

DANIEL WEBSTER was sometimes witty, as well as eloquent. Standing on the steps of the Capitol, one day, in company with a distinguished Southerner, a drove of mules passed along, when the southern gentleman laughingly said to Webster, "There goes some of your constituents, Webster." "Yes," said the latter quickly, "they are going south to teach school."

The following "Aboriginal Romance" as related by the North San Juan Press, is well worthy of "a new relation" in our social chair.

The Derickson Brothers, at Freeman's Crossing, have living with them an Indian youth, indigenous to that vicinity, whose "white name" is Tom. He has been with them several years, is now eighteen years old, large, fat, broad-faced, well clad, semi-civilized, intelligent and useful, but decidedly averse to acquiring a knowledge of letters. He is gentle and obliging, yet exceedingly sensitive and independent, and not to be coaxed or driven to anything he dislikes. While strongly attached to his white friends, who have always been very kind to him, he retains a clinging affection for his race, and frequently makes brief visits to an adjoining "campoody."

Not long ago, Tom felt moving within him that power which, according to Coleridge, doth move the court, the camp, the grove. He felt attracted towards a dusky damsel of the pine woods, whose soft dark eyes—to say nothing of her low brow and stiff, black hair lying straight across it—had often bewitched his gaze; and, like Dr. Kane's faithful Esquimaux, Hans, he started off without warning to seek his affinity. It is presumed that she was soon wooed and won, and that the wedding ceremony was performed in the cathedral of the grand old woods, by the same priest who officiated in a similar capacity at the junction of the Euphrates and Tigris, some six thousand years ago. Tom being no Oviedo, and Mrs. Tom decidedly no Miss Bartlett, the attendance was small, confined to a few lords of the Manor and their dames. Not having to furnish a homestead, nor purchase a costly bridal outfit, nor buy even a single hooped skirt, the happy couple were able to begin house-keeping immediately, and receive the congratulations of their friends. An umbrageous oak formed at once their parlor, bed-chamber, kitchen and larder, where they could live in the same style of elegant simplicity which was in vogue—"When Adam delved and Eve span," and which some wise philosophers long to see again adopted.

But all that's bright must fade, as we need no poet come from Parnassus to tell us; and Tom's connubial bliss shared the common fate. Whether the lady he had chosen from all the world beside proved false and fickle, or her lord himself—like all his sex, "inconstant still and prone to change"—wearied of her unadorned charms, perhaps will never be known. Suffice it, that "love's young dream" lasted

MAZINE.

When there would have con- being immured within it; whip her (a some suggest- of the disgrace of the thing;" take the money away from and received from the sale s that had been spent; they her effects, as he had none; could not send her to Salt Lake out of the territory and ex- ing," or otherwise dispose they cautioned "then threat- "let her go!"

ing is not considered suf- as well as valuable, we have reader being more interest- g his own researches to oth- branches of the human fam-

On the Millennial theory of n his work on "Unfulfilled t the inhabitants of the new o be sick, to live generally to increase accordingly—a *Christian Inteligencer* states of 1,000 years, the Jews number "more than 1,024,- 0,000,000,000,000,000, which than 3,410,000,000,000,000,- h square mile of the earth's 000,000,000,000,000 on more than 1,000,000,000,- h square yard

at the author of the above ed to an asphritum medal, dinner plate; and that his old have the honor of pos- sian name corresponding in number of letters in it, to as, and we would suggest y way of commencement: chattamgonarishusecom- tulyscitanulehrosfetadidn- reehporpdellifunuoynoeh- eht. The latter name, if l divided properly, back- our opinion (which is val- subjects!) of the matter.

For "amalgamating with a first page, read "amalgam- mercury."—*Sirra Dem.*

but a few weeks for Tom, and he yearned again for the flesh pots of Freeman's Crossing. Acorns and grasshoppers are not the food of love, whatever music may be; for Tom's affection died and his flesh grew thin on such "provender"; while his garments owing to antiquity and his wife's shameful ignorance of sewing or inability to keep a Grover & Baker, became ragged and woefully scant of the requirements of civilized prejudice. His physical health suffered, likewise, and his eyes, that once "looked love to eyes that looked again," were afflicted with a greivous soreness. In this sorry plight—a warning to all who "love not wisely, but too well"—he was at last found by his white protectors and induced, in spite of his pride, to return to their home. There he lives now, a fatter and a wiser youth, divorced without legal process, and nowise inclined to sigh for "a tent in the wild wood, a home in the grove." In fact, the least allusion to his dream of love offends and annoys him.

To which let us append the following, which, though somewhat profane towards the fair one, has, like its author, considerable of the humorous in its composition; and will, moreover, tell its own story, and leave the reader to make "a moral" to suit:

THE BLUE RIBBON.

BY GEO. F. NOURSE.

'Twas common, quite common, and *dirty* I swear—a little blue string, neither costly nor rare; but 'twas from a tress of her own golden hair, and I vowed that, with the most tenderly care, I'd cherish the faded and crumpled affair, and next to my heart it I ever would wear. So I treasured the gift—the greasy blue string—as tho' 'twere the rarest and costliest thing a fortune of gold or of diamonds could bring; for I worshiped the maid and promised the ring, when winter should break into bright open spring—the hill-sides should blossom, and meadow birds sing. When parting, she clung to me lovingly nigh; leaned her head on my breast, with tears in her eye, and sobbed from her heart a most terrible sigh, saying, "If you leave me I surely shall die;" then I swore, by the moon in the heavens so high, I'd be true as the star on Bethlehem's sky! And she—what of

her, did you modestly say? O, nothing—only, one fine, pleasant day, she married a gentleman—rich, so they say—I wish he was buried six feet beneath clay! and she, the false jade, by his frozen side lay—bound down with "blue ribbons," and tied there to stay, till called by the horn on the great Judgment Day.

The Fashions.

Bonnets.

Our spring importations, both those of New York and Paris, are somewhat peculiar and varied in shape; indeed, no two that we have as yet seen have the same "contour," yet each claiming to be the true Pattern Bonnet. In one or two particulars, only, do they correspond, viz.: very large sized tips, and large brims, projecting over the forehead, and greatly curved at the sides. We do not wish to be understood as accepting these as reliable "pattern bonnets"; indeed, we know they cannot be, as the New York openings had not taken place prior to the sailing of the last steamer. We will, therefore advise our readers to defer their purchases for three or four weeks; as it is our province, however to advise you of whatever is newest, we will describe a few of the bonnets we have seen, claiming to be "models." The prettiest was a white shirred glacé silk, trimmed with a scarf of tulle, hemmed all round and having a surrounding of rich blonde lace, a finger wide; this scarf is placed on the left side of the brim and crosses to the right side, inclining gradually towards the crown, and attached to the cape. There is a boquet of roses and egg-lantine placed high on the left side, and a fall of the blonde felled around the left side of the crown, falling over the cape and connecting the boquet with the scarf on the cape at the right side, where it is finished by another but smaller cluster of flowers. The face trimming is a full tulle cap, without flower or ornament of any kind, intended for those who wear the fashionable broad braid in their hair.

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Another is green crape, plain, over a rice frame, with white tulle, puffed on the brim and cape, divided into small puffs by neat white satin piping cord, placed crosswise; a wreath of white and pink roses, with large crape leaves, ornament the sides, and across the crown; a barb of black lace falls from either side. Face trimming of full tabs of illusion, and a wreath of small pink roses across the top; wide pink ribbon strings, pearl edged.

Another, intended for a walking bonnet, is of checked Manilla, made over a rice frame, and trimmed in blue feathers, with a wide fall of chantilly lace encircling the front and hanging loosely at the sides. Inside, a full blonde tulle and velvet flowers, and wide blue silk strings, edged with black blonde.

Straw and silk bonnets have to be lined this season, as the ruché can not be brought to the edge, as formerly, owing to the increased size of the bonnet.

We have occupied the space allotted us to bonnets alone; next month we have something to say in regard to dresses.

Monthly Record of Current Events.

Upwards of one hundred and fifty men, women, and children, were indiscriminately massacred at Indian Island, South Beach, Eagle Prairie, the Slide, and other rancherias on Eel river, Humboldt county, by an unknown party of whites.

A vein of Copper ore was discovered near Crescent City which yields from 25 to 33 per cent. of pure copper.

The steamers Golden Age and Champion sailed on the 20th of February the former with 305 passengers and \$1,260,629 in treasure; and the latter with 324 passengers, the U. S. Mails, and \$209,605 in treasure.

A daily mail has been established between Oakland, Alamo, and Martinez, Contra Costa County.

A Joint Committee of both houses of the Legislature was appointed to examine and report the advantages and disadvantages of San Francisco and Oakland for the permanent location of the State Capitol.

The will of the late Senator Broderick was filed on the 20th of February. John

A. McGlynn and George Wilkes sole legatees.

The Pacific Mail Steamship Co's steamer John L. Stephens arrived Feb. 29th, with 693 passengers.

The Cortez, (Vanderbilt Co) steamer arrived on the 3d ult. with 627 passengers and the U. S. Mails.

Several exceedingly rich quartz leads have been discovered near Jacksonville, Rogue River Valley, O. T.

Long Wharf, once the principal business street of this city, after being almost disused for several years, is again being repaired and newly planked.

A. Gray Morgan has been appointed Commissioner of Immigrants.

During the month of February 68,030 letters were sent overland to St. Louis, and 38,684 were received here.

The Golden Gate sailed on the 6th ult. with 300 passengers and \$924,000 in treasure. The Cortez with 242 passengers and \$145,847 in treasure, and the U. S. Mails. The total shipment of treasure being only \$1,069,847—the smallest shipment of money for eight years—that of Feb. 1852 being a fraction less than by last steamers.

Another party of convicts, nine in number, made their escape from the State Prison at San Quentin, on the 3d ult.

Roads are in process of construction from most of the principal mining towns of this state, and relays of animals placed thereon for passengers' conveyance, to the Washoe mines.

At the election of officers of the San Francisco Mercantile Library Association, on the 6th ult., for the ensuing year, 1,335 votes were polled, which resulted as follows:—For President, Wm. H. Stevens; Vice President, Wm. R. Garrison; Treasurer, J. G. Kellogg; Corresponding Secretary, R. B. Swain; Recording Secretary, Edward Hunt; Directors, Chas. W. Brooks, Frank Baker, S. P. Belknap, Wm. Norris, J. W. J. Pierson, John Shaw, H. C. Macy, Chas. R. Bond, Thomas Bennett.

That of the Mechanics' Institute, were as follows:—President, Thomas Tennent; Vice President, J. W. Cherry; Corresponding Secretary, Wm. F. Herrick; Recording Secretary, P. B. Dexter; Treasurer, John E. Kincaid; Directors, Gardner Elliot, Benjamin Dore, Paul Torquet, Henry L. King, J. P. Buckley, James A. Sperry, A. H. Houston.

An extensive newspaper correspondence, discussing the merits and demerits of a pa-

per currency, has been carried on with great vigor during the month.

A pack of Indians recently carried 125 pounds each on their backs, from Petaluma, Sonoma county, to Long Valley, Mendocino county, a distance of 140 miles, and accomplished the task within six days.

A new paper entitled the Weekly Dispatch, has been issued at Lancha Plana, Amador county.

A large vein of marble, almost equal to the best Italian, the Northern Journal says has been discovered fifteen miles from Yreka.

The receipts of the Sacramento Valley Railroad were, for the last fifteen months \$270,293,50—out of which the nett profits were \$119,270,59.

The Hebrews of California have subscribed \$4,738, in aid of their suffering brethren in Morocco.

The miners of La Porte, Sierra county, have struck for a reduction in the price of water.

Wells, Fargo & Co. established a semi-weekly express to Washoe Valley.

A petrified yellow jacket was taken out of a shaft at San Andreas, over 100 feet below the surface of the earth.

A new town named Chico, has been laid out at Bidwell's Ranch. A post office has for several years been established here.

The Shasta Courier entered upon its ninth year of publication on the 10th ult.

The Tehama Flouring Mills were consumed by fire on the 9th ult. Loss \$100,000.

The fare by the steamer of the 20th ult. was first cabin, \$2.00; second cabin, \$1.40; steerage, \$90. An advance of about fifty per cent. on recent rates; on account,

doubtless of the amalgamation of the two companies, and the withdrawal of the Uncle Sam. The P. M. S. S. Co. plying on the Pacific side, and the Vanderbilt line on the Atlantic.

For the twenty-four hours ending 6, P. M. of the 15th ult., only one arrest was made by the police in the city and county of San Francisco, and that was for inebriety.

About twenty-two minutes past eleven o'clock, on the morning of the 15th ult., three distinct shocks of an earthquake were felt in Sacramento city and other places.

The new Catholic Cathedral of St. Francis, on Vallejo Street, San Francisco, was dedicated on the 17th ult., (St. Patrick's day).

On the 17th ult., a Japanese steam Corvette of ten guns and 292 tons register, named the Candinmarro, arrived here in forty days from Jeddo, Japan. This is the first Japanese steamer known to have entered this port, and was dispatched by the Government of Japan, in honor of the President of the United States, to announce the great officers of State who will represent that Government at Washington. The officers and crew of the U. S. Surveying schooner Fenimore Cooper, (sent there by the U. S. Government) returned in the Candinmarro.

On the morning of the 17th, an effigy of St. Patrick was found suspended to the liberty pole on the Plaza, San Francisco, and as the halcyards could not be reached, in order to remove the effigy the pole was cut down by some incensed Irishmen.

The San Francisco Daily National was merged into the San Francisco Herald on the 20th ult.

Editor's Table.

THENE can be no possibility of misunderstanding the tendencies of the public mind at this juncture, concerning the discoveries of silver on the eastern side of the Sierras. Excitement is rapidly reaching its climax. The indiscriminate swell of the tide of population towards Frazer river gives out a new concentric wave towards Washoe. Every steambout, stage and pack or saddle train,

on every conceivable trail has passengers for Washoe. In every city, town and village, there are "Washoe blankets," "Washoe clothing, boots and shoes," "provisions and stores put up for Washoe;" "Washoe corn and bunion salve," "Washoe pistols, knives and shot guns," "Washoe maps," Guides to the silver mines of Washoe, &c., &c." *Ad Infinitum.*

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the immense fortunes (at least in prospect) at Washoe, are looked upon as behind the age, and foolishly allowing a good opportunity to pass for becoming suddenly rich. Within three months from this time we opine a different story and a new set of sentiments will be spoken from the same lips.

That there is silver, aye silver, in greater abundance than has ever before been discovered in a single vein in any part of the world, we are willing to concede to the Comstock lead, for its richness is almost fabulous; and further, we are willing to consent to the fact that others of great richness will also be discovered; yet, there is also another fact forcibly patent to our minds which is this: to the laborer who goes there with his strong arm and willing hands as his only prospecting capital, those mines will be comparatively a sealed book; and exposure, suffering, fatigue, and disappointment will write their severe characters in sweat and dust and lines of care upon his brow.

Speculators and monied capitalists will make—and lose—fortunes, no doubt. A few persons will find good paying mines, but the many will not.

One feature of this excitement gives us pain. Many persons of limited means, and some with families dependent upon them, in their haste to raise money, to start for the new El Dorado, are selling out their snug little homesteads at a great sacrifice, and soon their families will be homeless and unsheltered. Such we would entreat to pause before they commit so great an act of recklessness. Were the chances of their improving the condition of themselves and families more numerous and certain, we would have nothing to say.

Those persons who are "waiting for something to turn up," might perhaps be conferring a favor upon themselves and the public, by emigrating to Washoe, and instead of "waiting," go to work at turning something up. Others who are out of employ, might also do well to go, but we hope that few persons will throw away a certainty for an uncertainty, by leaving good

diggings in hopes of finding better; as it is a hard task to climb a second time to fortune.

For the past three years a large panoramic painting of California has been in progress, that will show what this State, at the present time, really is—the progress she has made, her natural wonders and resources, and her great works of industrial art, which have made the very name of California a synonym for energy and enterprise the world over. This work portrays, in accurate drawing and truthful color, the grandeur of our noble mountains, and the beauty of our fruitful, flower-decked plains; the vivid brightness of our noonday skies; the gorgeous glow of our sunsets, and the witchery of our moonlit nights; our cities and towns, and our mining and agricultural pursuits. In short, it is a miniature portrait of the whole State. We allude to Tirrell & Co.'s Panorama of California. Let us endeavor to describe this mammoth work of art. Having been allowed the run of the studio, while the work was in progress, we can speak by the card.

The preliminary sketching tour was commenced in July, 1857, and occupied over eighteen months; during which time Mr. Tirrell (who performed this labor, as well as the painting, entirely unassisted) traveled over the entire State, and brought back six large portfolios "stuffed full of sketches," as he expresses it, as the result of his tramp. It is, indeed, a treat to look over those drawings, as every one of them bears the marks of a patient, loving study of nature; and if these travel-worn portfolios could speak, they would tell of many a long day's labor in the wild mountains, and beneath the burning sun in the foot-hills and plains of California.

The sketches having been obtained, the painting of the Panorama was commenced. Slowly the canvas began to "grow," as each day's faithful labor was fixed upon it; and continued thus to grow for over fifteen months, until attaining its complete stat-

ure. And what a giant it is! It is eleven feet in height and two thousand three hundred feet in length; consequently contains twenty-five thousand three hundred square feet of canvas, on four huge cylinders, and not a foot of it that does not represent some characteristic of California. Nearly fifty cities and towns are truthfully represented. San Francisco covers eighty feet in length; and not only is the whole city shown, but all the surrounding country; the Bay, the Golden Gate, and everything that can be seen from Telegraph Hill, in the complete circle of the horizon.

All the agricultural valleys; the Sacramento river, from its mouth to Sacramento city; every kind and description of mining, each represented by actual views of different claims. The natural wonders of the State; the Geysers, Mount Shasta, three scenes in the Big Tree Groves, and seven in the Yo-Semite Valley. An Indian "cry," an Indian Fandango; all the varieties of forest trees and wild flowers. Ditches and flumes; steamboats, big wagons and stage coaches. Sunlight, moonlight, and firelight; rain, snow, and dust; everything, in short, that a traveler would wish to see in a six months' journey over the State, are typified in this Panorama.

The different views are enlivened by upwards of three thousand figures. There are nearly one hundred large scenes in all, besides scenes of "little bits" of foliage, rocks, trees, and incidents, introduced between them to keep them apart. The painting is no mere "daub," as the artistic execution is excellent. Dozens of the views are worthy of being cut out and framed. Among the best, (selecting at hap-hazard), are a sunset scene effect at Nevada; an effect of rain at a sluicing scene near Jackson; another of a moonlight at Stockton, and still another on the Sacramento river, with the steamboat Queen City lighted up, &c., &c.

We hope that every lover of the beautiful, unique, and wonderful, will go and see this "counterfeit presentment" of our glorious State; knowing that while they will

be both delighted and instructed, they will also be patronizing a deserving home-made work, and which, should the artist think proper to transport it to the east, to show what California really is to "the old folks at home," will do the State much laudable and praiseworthy service.

Steamship opposition is again at an end between the Pacific Mail Steamship Company, and the Vanderbilt line; the two companies having united their interests; the former to run on the Pacific between San Francisco and Panama, and the latter on the Atlantic, between Aspinwall and New York and New Orleans. Past opposition rates have been ruinously low, but as these companies have made money out of the traveling public by charging exorbitant rates of fare, the public have little or no sympathy for them in such losses.

The rates of fare for the steamer of the 20th ult. were first cabin, \$200; second cabin, \$140; steerage, 90; and if they are permanently kept at this price we consider it a tolerably fair remunerative charge; until greater facilities of travel have been provided.

There can be no hope for California until there is a good railroad stretching its iron arms across the country, and the fare put at a reasonably low figure—for this let us hope and unceasingly strive, until it is fully accomplished.

To Contributors and Correspondents.

- L.*—Many thanks to you for your good wishes and approval.
- A.*—Your F. V. is all descriptive introduction, without sequence, characters, or plot, therefore can not very well be called a "story."
- R.*—Bayard Taylor's "Travels in El Dorado" were published shortly after his return to New York, from this country, late in the fall of 1849, or early in the spring of 1850.
- M., Placerville.*—By no means. You adhere to the old adage of "Never quit a certainty for an uncertainty." We do not mean that you should make no effort to improve your condition, but that you keep in mind Davy Crockett's advice, "Be sure you are right," &c.
- P., Red Dog.*—Your effort at 15 was very creditable; but, though fine in sentiment, it is not sufficiently meritorious in execution to occupy a place in the Mag.

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SINGER'S SEWING MACHINES,

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

THEY WILL SEW
The Lightest & Heaviest Fabrics

WITH EQUAL FACILITY,

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

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

GOLD MEDAL,

And the patents were purchased by the French 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.

PIANO FORTES

— AND —

MELODEONS,

MUSIC,

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS

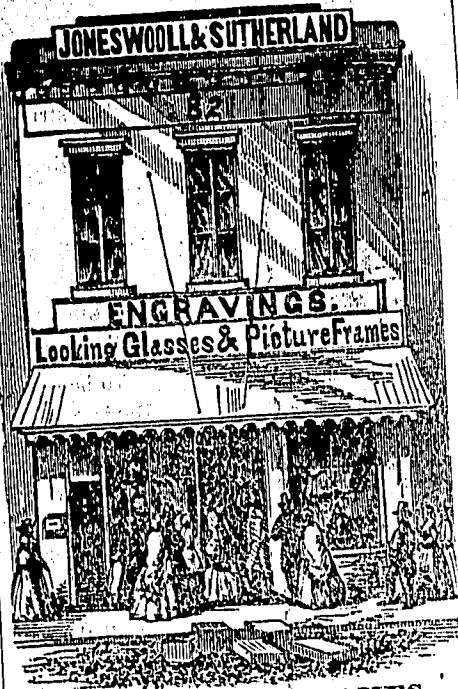
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ROMAN VIOLIN & GUITAR STRINGS.

INSTRUMENTS TUNED AND REPAIRED.

Old Instruments taken in Exchange.



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



GROVER & BAKER'S NOISELESS

Family Sewing Machines

Are unequalled for the general use of a Family.

ALL MACHINES WARRANTED.
Prices from \$75 upward.

BY THEIR simplicity, ease of operation and management, noiseless movement and adaptation to sewing the finest or coarsest fabrics, they are conceded the first place in public estimation.

Our New Salesroom

is in the New Building, S. W. corner Montgomery and California streets, first door south of California street. Send for a Circular.

R. G. BROWN, Agent.

MERCHANT.



Advertising is all the
go,
Our goods are selling
very low,
If you will only call
and try,
You cannot fail of us
to buy.



We advertise to let you know
Of whom to buy, and where to go.

PRIZE POEM.

My Maiden Muse her magic lyre
Has strung again, that all
May list with pleasure to the strains
She sings of QUINCY HALL.

The fount of Helicon would dry,
And Washoe's rivers fall,
Were all the waters used for ink
Describing QUINCY HALL.

The greatest Clothing Mart on earth
Where mortals all should call,
Be it remembered has been found
To be our QUINCY HALL.

Davis & Bowers, Proprietors,
Can fit the short and tall,
The fat and lean, the rich and poor,
Who go to QUINCY HALL.

No fortune will these people take,
Whether 'tis great or small,
For they have all that they can do
Each day at QUINCY HALL.

So all the needy persons should
With all the wealthy call,
As well as everybody else,
And buy at QUINCY HALL,

The Largest Clothing Emporium on the Pacific Coast,
149 & 151 Washington St., Montgomery Block,
SAN FRANCISCO.

STENCIL PLATES

CUT TO ORDER, at TEN CENTS A LET-
TER, at the Stereotype Foundry, 159 Jackson Street, near
Montgomery. **A. KELLOGG.**

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Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

CLOTHING,

**GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS,
HATS AND CAPS,**

Southeast cor. Commercial & Sansome Sts.

Opposite St. Nicholas Hotel, . **SAN FRANCISCO.**

**If you ADVERTISE, you'll find
That you will never run behind.**

MECHANIC.



Our clothes and provi-
sions we earn with
our hands,
So we must buy our
goods very low;
We do not depend on
houses or lands—
Now tell us the best
place to go.



MINER.



We Miners have no
time to spare
To look for what we
eat and wear;
Just let us know the
cheapest place—
We pay the cash, not
run our face.

SAILOR.



We bring you goods
from every clime,
To suit all classes and
all time;
Let people know what
you've for sale,
You'll sure succeed,
and never fail.

SAILOR.



We bring you goods
from every clime,
To suit all classes and
all time;
Let people know what
you've for sale,
You'll sure succeed,
and never fail.



MERCHANT.



Advertising is all
go,
Our goods are so
very low;
If you will only
call and try,
You cannot fail
to buy.

MECHANIC.



Our clothes and provisions we earn with our hands, So we must buy our goods very low; We do not depend on houses or lands— Now tell us the best place to go.

SAILOR.



We bring you goods from every clime, To suit all classes and all time; Let people know what you've for sale, You'll sure succeed, and never fail.

We advertise to let you know Of whom to buy, and where to go.

THOMAS TENNENT,
Mathematical and Nautical Instrument Maker,
SIGN OF THE WOODEN SAILOR,
BATTERY ST., opposite the Custom House,
SAN FRANCISCO.

FIRST PREMIUM AGAIN!

BEING THE
SEVENTH TIME

RECEIVED

AGAINST ALL COMPETITORS.

R. H. VANCE,

Corner Montgomery and Sacramento Sts.,
SAN FRANCISCO,

Having again received the **FIRST PREMIUM** awarded at the State Fair for the **BEST AMBROTYPES AND PHOTOGRAPHS**, it is guaranteed that all who favor me with a call are sure to obtain better work than can be produced at any other rooms in the State. I would say to my patrons that I am now producing better work than ever,

AT GREATLY REDUCED PRICES,

to conform to the times. Having reduced my prices more than thirty per cent., no one need hereafter go to second-rate establishments, on account of prices.

Instructions given in the Art, and Stock furnished.

Having over \$20,000 worth of Cameras, Glass, Plates, Cases and Chemicals on the way, I shall hereafter dispose of them at about New York Prices.

EASTMAN & LOOMIS,

DESIGNERS & ENGRAVERS



151 CLAY STREET, over Golden Era Office,
SAN FRANCISCO.

LAWRENCE & HOUSEWORTH,
OPTICIANS,

177 Clay St., between Montgomery and Kearny,
SAN FRANCISCO.

Particular attention paid to adjusting and fitting the proper Glasses to the Eye.

If you **ADVERTISE**, you'll find
That you will never run behind.

MECHANIC.



Our clothes and provisions we earn with our hands, So we must buy our goods very low; We do not depend on houses or lands— Now tell us the best place to go.

SAILOR.



We bring you goods from every clime, To suit all classes and all time; Let people know what you've for sale, You'll sure succeed, and never fail.

MERCHANT.



Advertising in all the papers, Our goods are selling very low; If you will only call and try, You cannot fall of us to buy.

MINER.



We Miners have no time to spare To look for what we eat and wear; Just let us know the cheapest place— We pay the cash, not run our face.

ADVERTISING SUPPLEMENT.

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
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Cheap Publications,
114 and 116 CLAY STREET,
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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.

HALL'S
Yellow Dock & Iodide of Potass

IS PREPARED from the finest red Jamaica Sassaaparilla and English Iodide of Potass—remarkable as a **RESTORATIVE** and **PURIFIER OF THE BLOOD.** It cleanses the system of all morbid and impure matter,—removes Pimples, Boils and Eruptions from the skin,—cures Rheumatism and Pains of all kinds. All who can afford should use it, as it tends to give them strength, and prolongs life.
Sold by Druggists generally, at \$1 per bottle.

R. HALL & CO., Proprietors,
Wholesale Druggists; 143 and 145 Clay Street,
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GEORGE J. BROOKS, FRANK W. BROOKS.

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Importers and Dealers in

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Of every description; also,

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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 cent. for each additional thousand.

All other Kinds of Printing at the same Low Rates.

Remember the number,

145 CLAY STREET,

Six doors below Montgomery.


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Between California
LOUIS JACOBY.
PUBLISHER
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DEALER
In New and Popular
Sheet Music,
AND
ALL KINDS
OF
Music Books.
JAS. E. DA
IMPORTER AND JOB
STATION
STANDARD AND MISCO
BOOK
— AND —
CHEAP PUBLIC
102 Commercial
NORTH SIDE, ABOVE SANSO
SAN FRANCISCO
THE attention of Dealers is invited
to a large assortment of
PLAIN AND FANCY STA
embraces nearly every article
from the country solicited,
PRICES WHICH DEFY CO
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Maguire's Opera Ho
are reengaged at this
of Admission, \$1.00, 5
CHAS. F. ROBBIN

JACOBY & KUCHEL,
 (Successors to Jacoby & Bremermann.)
 WHOLESALE DEALERS IN
NATIVE WINES,
 No. 86 Montgomery Street,
Between California and Pine,
SAN FRANCISCO.
 LOUIS JACOBY. C. C. KUCHEL.

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 - Syno

IMPORTER
 OF
MUSICAL
Instruments,
 FANCY GOODS,
 AND
TOYS,
 178
 Washington Street,
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JAS. E. DAMON,
 IMPORTER AND JOBBER OF
STATIONERY,
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BOOKS,
 — AND —
CHEAP PUBLICATIONS,
 102 Commercial St.,
 (NORTH SIDE, ABOVE SANSOME STREET.)
 SAN FRANCISCO.

THE attention of Dealers is invited to my extensive assortment of
STAPLE AND FANCY STATIONERY,
 which embraces nearly every article in the trade.
 Orders from the country solicited, and promptly filled, at PRICES WHICH DEFY COMPETITION.

Pacific EAR INFIRMARY

Important to the Deaf and Deaf Dumb,

DR. PILKINGTON,

Late Proprietor of the Institution for the Deaf at St. Louis, Missouri, and Chicago, Illinois.
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