

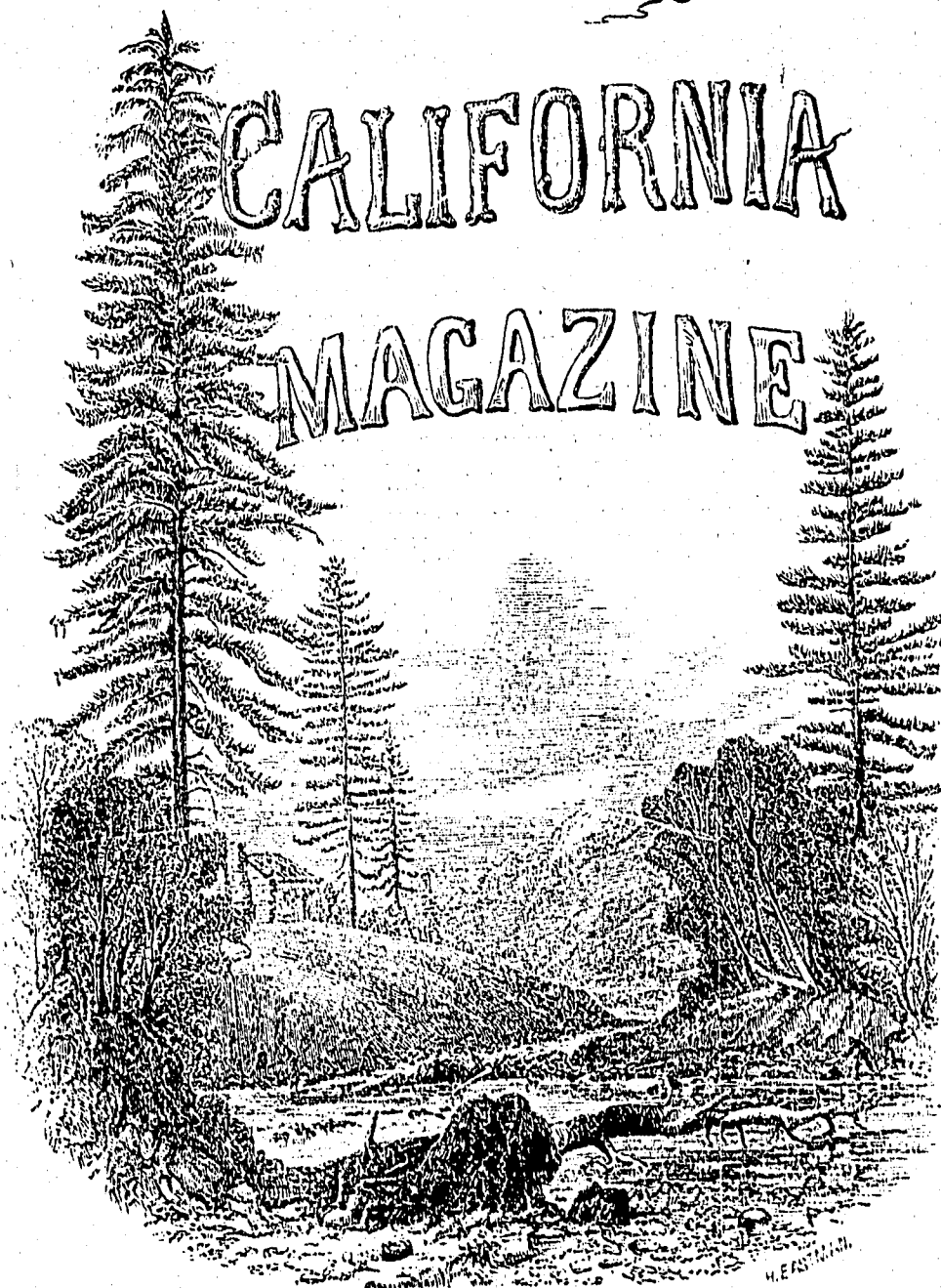
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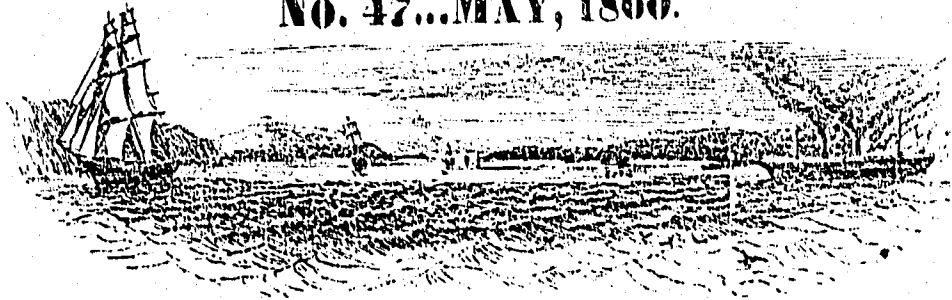
HUTCHINGS'

CALIFORNIA

MAGAZINE



No. 47...MAY, 1860.



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

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

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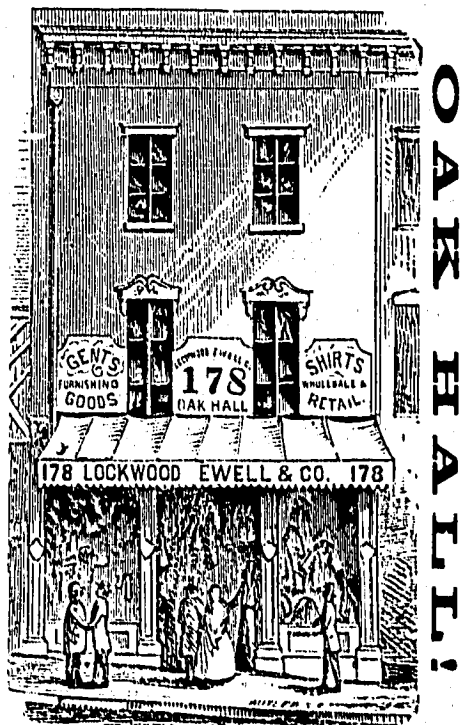
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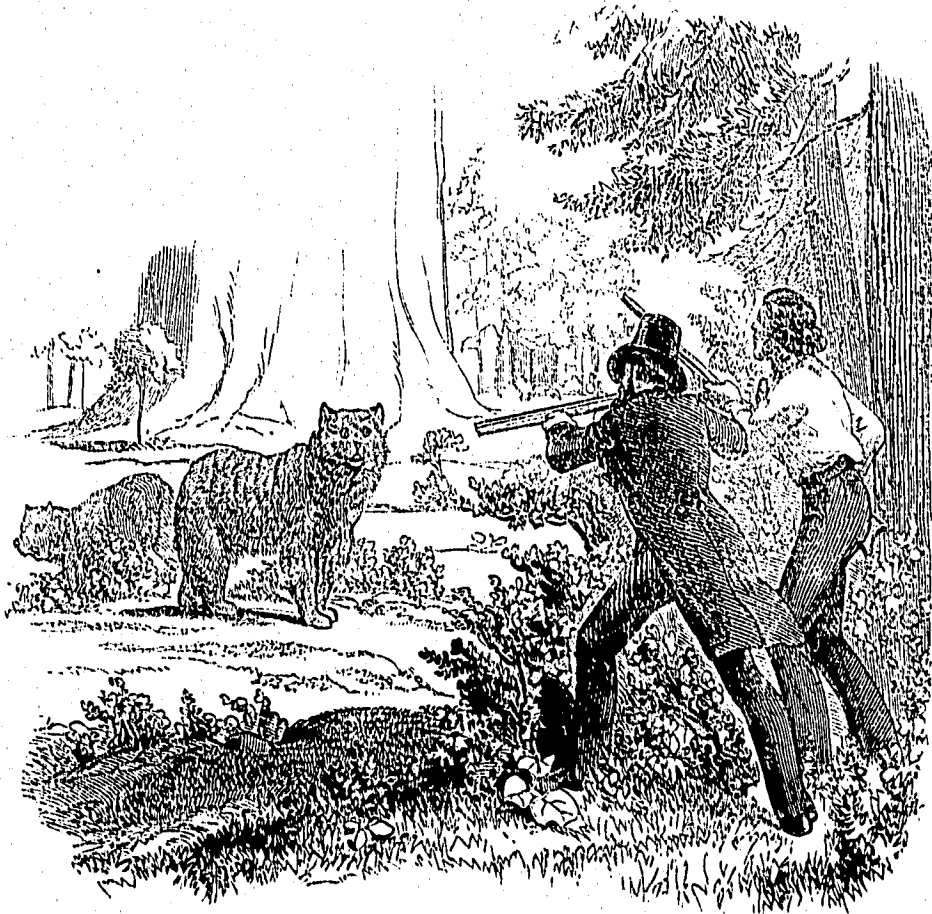
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# HUTCHINGS' CALIFORNIA MAGAZINE.

VOL. IV.      MAY, 1860.      No. 11.

THE MAMMOTH TREES OF MARIPOSA AND FREZNO.



SCENE IN THE FREZNO GROVE OF MAMMOTH TREES.

**F**OR several years after the discovery of the Mammoth Trees of Calaveras County had astonished the world, that group of trees was supposed to be the only one of the kind in existence. But, during the latter part of July, or the beginning of August, 1855, Mr. Hogg, a hunter in the employ of the South Fork Merced Canal Company, while in the pursuit of his calling, saw one or more trees, of the same variety and genus as those of Calaveras, growing on one of the tributaries of Big Creek, and related the fact to Mr. Galen Clark and other acquaintances. Late in September or early in October ensuing, Mr. J. E. Clayton, civil engineer, residing in Mariposa, while running a line of survey for Col. J. C. Fremont, across some of the upper branches of the Fresno River, discovered other trees of the same class; but, like Mr. Hogg, passed on without further examination and exploration.

About the first of June, Mr. Milton Mann and Mr. Clark were conversing together on this subject, at Clark's Ranch on the South Fork of the Merced, when they mutually agreed to go out on a hunting excursion in the direction indicated by Mr. Hogg and Mr. Clayton, for the purpose of ascertaining definitely the locality, size and number of the trees mentioned.

Well mounted, they left Clark's Ranch, and proceeded up the divide between the South Fork of the Merced and Big Creek, in a south-eastern course, with the intention of making a circuit of several miles, if not at first successful; this plan being the most suggestive of their re-discovery.

When on the summit of the mountain, about four miles from Clark's, they saw the broad and towering tops of the mammoth trees, since known as the "Mariposa Grove," and shortly afterwards were walking among their immense trunks. A partial examination revealed the fact, that a second grove of trees had been

found, that was far more extensive than that of Calaveras, and many of the trees fully as large as those belonging to that world-renowned group.

Early the following spring, Mr. Clark discovered two smaller groves of large trees, of the same class and variety, each not exceeding a quarter of a mile in distance from the other.

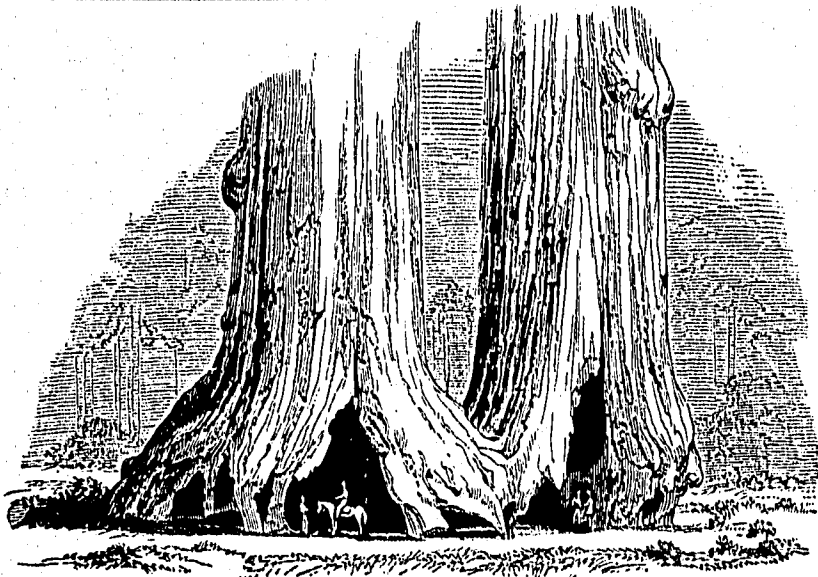
About the end of July of the same year, he discovered another large grove upon the head waters of the Fresno; and two days afterwards, Mr. L. A. Holmes, of the Mariposa Gazette, and Judge Fitzhugh, while on a hunting excursion, saw the tracks of Mr. Clark's mule as they passed the same group; and as both these parties were very thirsty at the time, and near the top of the ridge, at sun-down, without water for themselves and animals, they were anxious to find this luxury and a good camping-place before dark. Consequently, they did not deem it best then to tarry to explore it; intending to pay this grove a visit at some early time of leisure in the future. This interesting task, however, seemed to be reserved for the writer and Mr. Clark, on the second and third days of July, 1859.

With this short epitome of the discovery of these additional wonders, we shall now give a brief narrative of a visit paid to them last year, when on our return from the Yo-Semite Valley.

Arriving at Clark's Ranch, (situated about half way between the Great Valley and Mariposa,) Mr. Galen Clark, the proprietor of the ranch, very kindly offered not only to guide us through the Mariposa Grove of mammoth trees, but also to conduct us to the Fresno Grove; observing that, although the latter had been discovered by himself the previous year, it had not as yet been examined or explored by any one. Of course, as the reader may guess, this offer was too generous, and too much in accordance with

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"THE TWINS," IN THE MARIPOSA GROVE.

[Sketched from nature, by G. TIRRELL.]

our wishes, to be declined. Our preparations completed, and when about to mount into the saddle, we both stood waiting. "Are you ready?" asked our guide. "Quite," was the prompt rejoinder; "but haven't you forgotten your hat, Mr. Clark?" "Oh, no," he replied, "I never have been able to wear a hat since I had the fever, some years ago, and I like to go without now better than I did then to wear one." So much for habit!

With our fire-arms across our shoulders, and our blankets and a couple of days' provisions at the back of our saddles, we proceeded for a short distance through the thick, heavy grass of the ranch, and commenced the gradual ascent of a well timbered side-hill, on the edge of the valley, and up and over numerous low ridges, all of which were more or less covered with wild flowers, on our way to the Mariposa Grove. Although the trail was well worn and good, yet, on account of the long ascent to the summit of the ridge, it was with no small pleasure that we found ourselves in the vicinity of the grove.

Who can picture, in language, or on

canvas, all the sublime depths of wonder that flow to the soul in thrilling and intense surprise, when the eye looks upon these great marvels? Long vistas of forest shades, formed by immense trunks of trees, extending hither and thither; now arched by the overhanging branches of the lofty taxodiums, then by the drooping boughs of the white-blossomed dogwood; while the high moaning sweep of the pines, and the low whispering swell of the firs, sung awe-inspiring anthems to their great Planter.

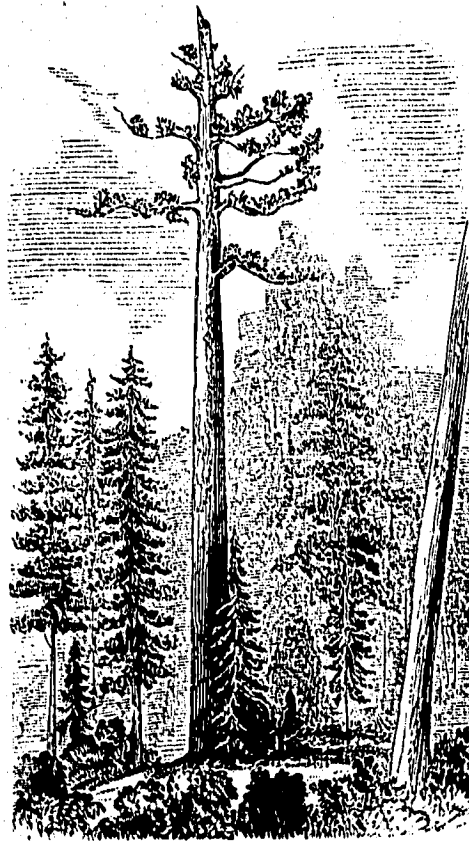
The Indians, in years that are past, have, with Vandal hands, set portions of this magnificent forest on fire; so that burnt stumps of trees and blackened underbrush frown upon you from several points. The trunk of one prostrate tree, when first measured, was found to be thirty-two feet in diameter, without its bark; and by evidences then existing, it was estimated to have been about four hundred and thirty feet in altitude, and nearly one hundred and twenty feet in circumference, when standing. Now, but a small portion of it remains, and even that is charred and burned to such a degree, that it is scarcely recognisable

Indeed, many of the largest and noblest looking are badly deformed from this cause. Still, beautiful clumps of from three to ten trees in each, and others standing alone, are numerous, sound, and well formed.

"Passing up the ravine, or basin," says Mr. J. Lamson, who kindly sent us the sketch from which this engraving is made—"we came to a large stem, whose top had been stripped of its branches, giving it somewhat the resemblance of an immense spear, and forcibly reminding one of Milton's description of Satan's weapon of that name:

"To equal which, the tallest pine,  
Hewn on Norwegian hills to be the mast  
Of some great admiral, were but a wand."

Believing this to be far greater than any tree Milton ever dreamed of, and fully equal to the wants of any reasonable



SATAN'S SPEAR.

Prince of Darkness, in compliment to the poet and his hero we named it 'Satan's Spear.' Its circumference is seventy-eight feet.

"Several rods to the left of this is another large trunk, with a dilapidated top, presenting the appearance of a tower, and is called 'The Giant's Tower'; seventy feet in circumference. Beyond this stand two double trees, which have been named 'The Twin Sisters.' Still further on is a tree with a straight and slender body, and a profusion of beautiful foliage; near which frowned a savage looking monster, with a scarred and knotted trunk, and gnarled and broken branches, bringing to one's recollection the story of 'Beauty and the Beast.' Crossing the ravine near 'Satan's Spear,' there are many fine trees upon the side and summit of the ridge. One of the finest, whose circumference is sixty feet, and whose top consists of a mass of foliage of exceeding beauty, is called 'The Queen of the Forest.' Above these stands 'The Artist's Encampment,' seventy-seven feet in circumference, though so large a portion of its trunk has decayed or been burned away to a height of thirty feet, as materially to lessen its dimensions."

This grove of mammoth trees consists of six hundred, more or less, about one fourth of which were measured by Col. Warren, of the California Farmer, and Mr. G. Clark, in 1857, and their circumference is given on page 396, Vol. III., of this Magazine; but their altitude has not yet been ascertained. It must not be supposed that these large taxodiums monopolize the one mile by a quarter of a mile of ground over which they are scattered; as some of the tallest, largest and most graceful of sugar pines and Douglas firs we ever saw, add their beauty of form and foliage to the group, and contribute much to the imposing grandeur of the effect.

Crossing the ridge toward the lake one, before we are many fine sturdy, gnarled though badly decayed, most gone, in original size ninety feet we took the tall zled Giant.

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Leaving the ridge struck across the ridge, in a course as the ridge spurs would the Fresno jestic and from the ridge

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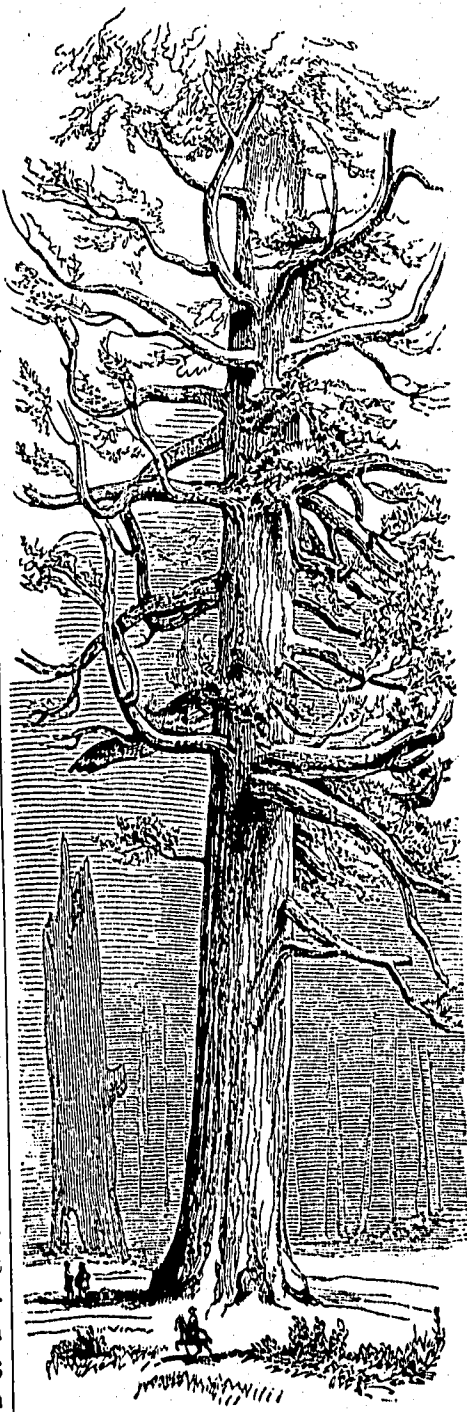
Crossing a low ridge to the south-westward of the large grove, is another small one, before alluded to, in which there are many fine trees. We measured one sturdy, gnarled old fellow, which, although badly burned, and the bark almost gone, so that a large portion of its original size was lost, is nevertheless still ninety feet in circumference, and which we took the liberty of naming the "Grizzled Giant."

An immense trunk lay stretched upon the ground, that measured 264 feet in length, although a considerable portion of its crown has been burned away. This was named by Mrs. J. C. Fremont, "King Arthur, the Prostrate Monarch."

Leaving this, the 'South Grove,' we struck across Big Creek and its branches, in a course almost due south, as near as the rugged, rock-bound mountain spurs would permit, in the direction of the Fresno group; some of whose majestic and feathery tops could be seen from the ridge we had just left behind.

Apparently these trees were not more than six miles distant from the Mariposa Grove; but which, owing to the trailless course we had to take, down and across the spurs of Big Creek, were not less than ten miles. About six o'clock, P. M., we arrived at the foot of some of the mammoth trees, that stood on the ridge like sentinel guards to the grove. These were from fifty to sixty feet only in circumference.

As the sun was fast sinking, we deemed it the most prudent course to look out for a good camping-ground. Fortunately, we discovered at first the only patch of grass to be found for several miles; and, as we were making our way through the forest, feeling that most probably we were the first whites who had ever broken on its profound solitudes, we heard a splashing sound proceeding from the direction of the bright green we had seen. This, with the rustling of bushes, re-



THE GRIZZLED GIANT.

[From nature, by G. TIERCEL.]

minded us that we were invading the secluded home of the grizzly bear, and that good sport or danger would soon give variety to our employments.

Hastily dismounting and unsaddling our animals, we picketed them in the swampy grass plat, still wet with the recent spurrings of several bears' feet that had hurriedly left it; then kindling a fire, to indicate by its smoke the direction of our camp, we started quietly out on a bear hunt.

Cautiously peering over a low ridge, but a few yards from camp, we saw two large bears slowly moving away, when a slight sound from us arrested their attention and progress. Mr. Clark was about raising his rifle to fire, when we whispered—"Hold, Mr. C., if you please—let us have the first shot at that immense fellow there." "With pleasure," was the prompt response, and, at a distance of twenty-five yards, a heavy charge of pistol balls from an excellent shot-gun was poured into his body just behind the shoulder, when he made a plunge of a few feet, and, wheeling round, stood for a few moments as though debating in his own mind whether he should return the attack, or retreat; but a ball from the unerring rifle of our obliging guide determined him upon the latter course. The other had preceded him.

We immediately started in pursuit; and although their course could readily be followed by the blood dropping from their wounds, a dense mass of chaparral prevented us from getting sight of either again; although we walked around upon the look-out until the darkness compelled us to return to camp, where, after supper, we were soon soundly sleeping.

Early the next morning we followed up the divertisement, for a few hours; but meeting with no game larger than a grouse, we commenced the exploration of the grove.

This consists of about five hundred trees of the taxodium family, on about as many acres of dense forest land, gently undulating. The two largest we could find measured eighty-one feet each in

circumference, well formed, and straight from the ground to the top. The others, equally sound and straight, were from fifty-one feet to seventy-five feet in circumference. The Sugar Pines (*Pinus Lambertiana*), were remarkably large; one that was prostrate near our camp measured twenty-nine feet and six inches in circumference, and two hundred and thirty-seven feet in length. Fire has not desolated and deformed this, like the groves of Calaveras and Mariposa.

It ought here to be remarked that Mr. L. A. Holmes and Judge Fitzhugh saw an extensive grove of much larger trees than these on the head waters of the San Joaquin River, about twelve miles east of those on the Fresno; but, as they have never been explored, we are not able yet to describe them.

All of these trees are precisely of the same genus and variety as those of Calaveras, and will abundantly reward visitors to spend a day or two here, on their way to the Yo-Semite Valley.

#### CALIFORNIA WILD FLOWERS.

BY DR. A. KELLOGG.

No. 1 of the above group is the beautiful Butterfly Tulip, or *Calochortus venustus*. The spots on the petals of this flower invariably suggest to the most casual observer their similarity to those ocellate marks so common on the wings of butterflies; hence the common name. This flower is often variously painted and spotted, but is always sufficiently characteristic to be readily recognized by a careful observance of the figure. An oblong cluster or bunch of loose hairs or beards may be noticed within, a little above the base of each petal. By culture they become branched and many-flowered. They are among the most beautiful flowers of California; furnishing the gayest of garden and yard plants, and are also great favorites for parlor



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boquets, on account of their lasting beauty. Such handsome bulbs as these, requiring so little labor, and scarcely any care, ought to be cultivated by every true lover of the beauties of nature.

The bulbs may be taken up after the leaves wither, kept dry until another season—i. e., treated as tulips—and set in borders in the spring; their sprouting in a common temperature will indicate the proper time. Even this trouble is needless in our climate. They thrive wonderfully well in pots. Any one who would take the trouble to collect only our native plants, would surprise and charm both himself and others, by their beauty and variety. We have at least two yellow species, a bright fiery red

one—probably new and undescribed—and a lilac, and a large purple species, which is also found in Oregon. There are one or two other equivocal species. There bulbs bloom in May and June, to August, and even much later in some localities.

No. 2 is a species of the Gum Weed—*Mudia Dissitiflora*. The stem and narrow leaves are hairy and glandular, especially towards the tops of the branches, where the little flower heads are almost a continuous mass of clammy glands. This and a broader leaved species (*M. sativa*) are considered great nuisances by the traveler in this country. One careless sweep of the pantaloons over these woods is quite sufficient to set the seal of filth, and from that time thenceforth,

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dirt! dirt! is found on every side, and pretty effectually grained in, as our experience proves.

We may be able hereafter to refresh the reader's recollection in regard to several other species, which would be more readily recognized if represented of the natural size.

Now we decidedly protest against the abusive language so often denounced against these Gum Woods. One of them (*M. sativa*) is cultivated in Chili for the seed, from which a valuable oil is extracted. Our California canary bird is also very fond of the seed, as any one may see by their early eagerness to obtain them. But we prize this and several other kindred plants, chiefly for the fragrant autumnal odor they exhale to the passing breeze. These ethereal odors induce a corresponding state of serenity and peaceful rapture, entrancing our soul by a magic spell, far away in the sweet elysian fields of fancy. Will the mere matter of fact reader pardon us, if we chance to believe this is not all a *fancy*? No, indeed, by no means. To us it is one of the most thrilling realities of life. Were we properly to attend to odors, a vast field of delightful science would open up before us; but we can only allude to it now. (It would afford us pleasure to write you a philosophical essay on odors, *i. e.* our *philosophy*—not that we wish to provoke discussion with those who differ—the subject, we think, is not so much of *argument* as of *feeling*.) Did you ever inspire any sweet odor, without at the same time inspiring some agreeable perception of the mind and heart, above the mere nasal sensation? It would be exceedingly interesting had we an exact history of the state of each affection awakened by certain odors. True, the ideal train would be somewhat varied with respect to the individual; but like tones in music to the ear, or color in optics to the eye, they must fall into an orderly arrangement, or *science*, upon some

principle, in man. The French, it is confessed, are eminent in this knowledge and art. Surely a subject of such refined and elevated use, must subserve some great and wise end worthy of our notice.

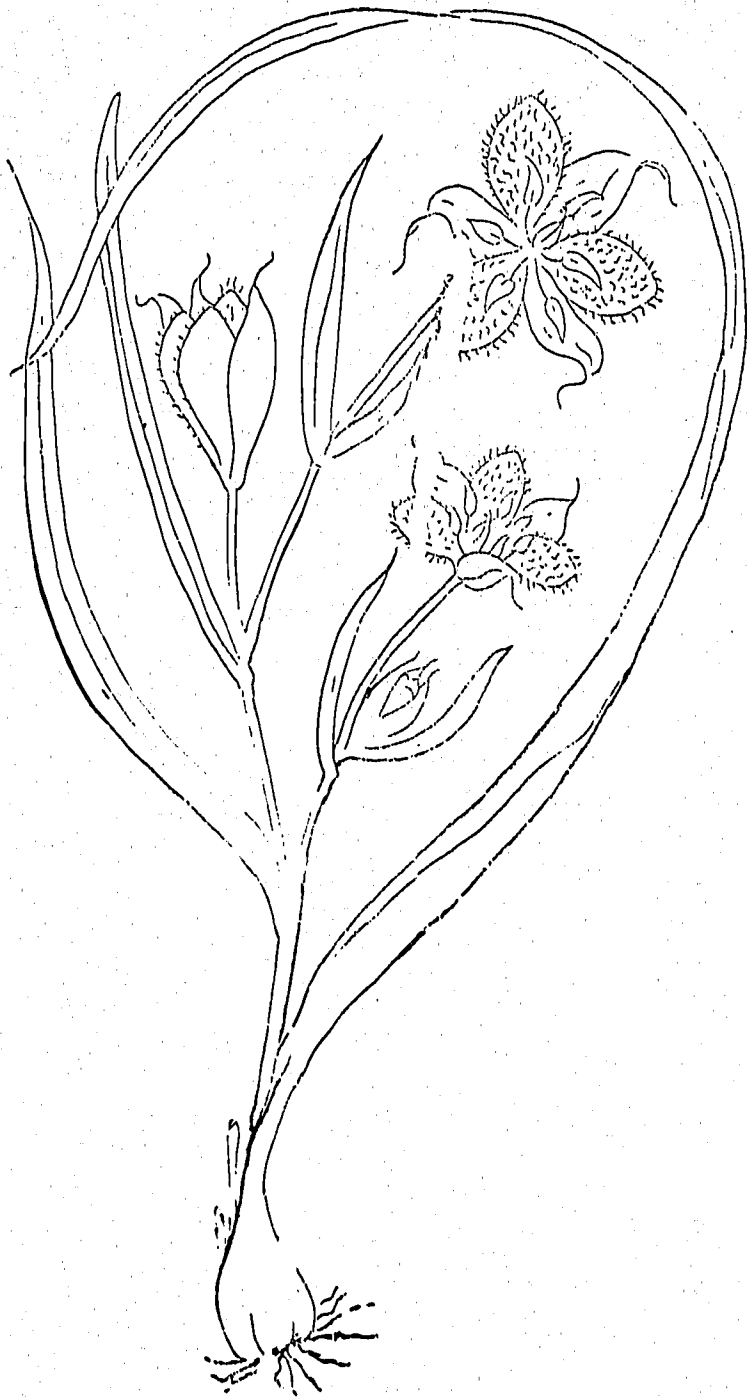
No. 3 is a pretty bulb, blooming in May and June; the flowers are yellow, marked by green lines along the back of the center of the divisions of the border. This plant (*Calliprora lutea*) is very common in most parts of California, shooting its bright flowers out of black, cracky, prairie-like soils, harder than bricks. It is a plant of easy culture.

No. 4 is an exceedingly delicate, rare, and showy species of the Monkey Flower (*Mimulus longipes*). The two lobes of the upper lip are perfectly white, and the three lobes of the lower lip a bright, delicate straw yellow; the throat below purple spotted; the tube long and spotted on the under side; the plaited calyx cup also spotted; the flower stems as long, usually longer than the leaves; leaves narrow lanceolate. Found in damp, shady, rich soils, in the vicinity of Stockton, and probably elsewhere.

No. 5 is an erratic form of the American cowslip (*Dodecatheon Meadia*). The straight, trim, main flower-stem, in favorable localities, grows to a foot or more in height; but the common arrangement of the flower is an umbel, or radiated, umbrella like form, at the top of the scape. This is an exceedingly beautiful and fragrant perennial, with only a radiated cluster of spatulate leaves growing out of a little abrupt bulblet or crown, and lying almost flat upon the ground.

No. 6 is the Purple Flax Primrose (*Oenothera Viminca—ver intermedia.*) Found abundantly in this vicinity and southward. The plant grows to two or three feet in height, with many erect branches; the whole form slender, twiggy; the bark reddish or lustrous brown, with strong shining fibres, like hemp, often used by the Indians for making cords. The leaves are narrow, lance

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No 7



THE GOLDEN STAR TULIP.

shaped; flowers deep rich purple, rarely rose-colored, about one inch broad, blooming in May and June. Perhaps this plant might be useful for economical cultivation.

No. 7 is another very beautiful plant

of the same family—the Red Spotted Primrose (*Ornithoglossum amoenum*). The flower of this species is nearly twice the size of the former; color, a light pale pink or rose, with a red spot at the base

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of each petal. The stem is seldom more than a foot high,, branching from below, and somewhat arching above, so that the flowers incline to one side, looking upwards. This beautiful primrose has long since found its way into cultivation; it is not known by whom it was first introduced.



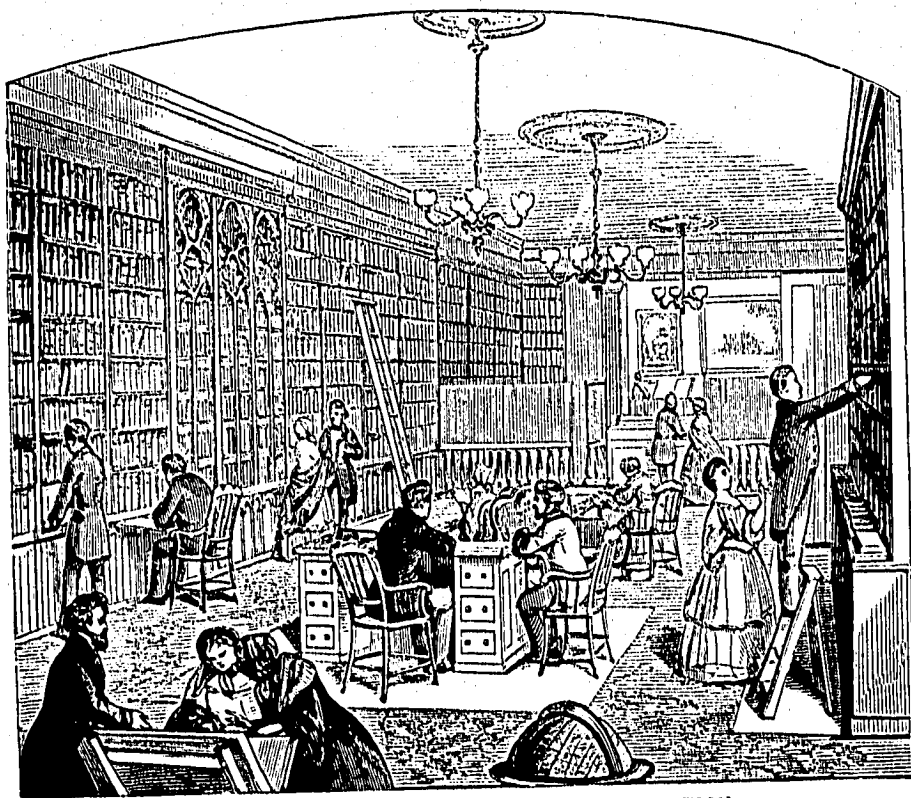
The adjoining outline will aid those not familiar with technical descriptions, to recognize a common bulbous plant of California, closely allied to the Butterfly Tulip (No. 1) of the preceding group. This flower is known as the Golden Star Tulip (*Cyclolobha nitida*). These bulbs are highly prized by the florist, and are becoming generally cultivated. There are five species, and perhaps more, all of which we hope to make known to the public in due time.

The marginal outline represents a leaf and a portion of the flowering stem of the far famed *Chia* of the Mexicans, (*Salvia cardnacea*.) The seeds infused in cold water, make a cooling mucilaginous summer drink, which is also very highly esteemed for its restorative and curative virtues, especially in internal mucous inflammations, fevers, and various chronic ailments. This *Chia* is also known as the Castle Plant. There is reason to believe that either writers have made some mistake, or there is another species, which by way of distinction, we will designate as the Lesser Chia (*Salvia Columbariev*.)

The species here represented is drawn from a plant raised by Col. T. J. Nevins, of

this city, in order to test this question. The plant abounds on light, sandy knolls of flat lands, in most parts of California, and is quite familiar to us. A thistle-

like cottony sage, with remarkably beautiful blue flowers, arranged in spinous whorls, or turrets, one above another.



LIBRARY AND READING-ROOM OF THE ASSOCIATION.

#### THE SAN FRANCISCO MERCANTILE LIBRARY ASSOCIATION.

The Mercantile Library Association of the City of San Francisco was organized January 10th, 1853, and the first election for officers held on the 25th of the same month, resulting in favor of the following named gentlemen:

*President*, David S. Turner; *Vice President*, J. P. Haven; *Recording Secretary*, Wm. H. Stevens; *Corresponding Secretary*, Dr. Henry Gibbons; *Treasurer*, Chas. E. Bowers, Jr.; *Directors*, E. E. Dunbar, J. B. Crockett, D. H. Haskell, E. P. Flint.

A collection of about 1700 volumes, the property of General Hitchcock, was purchased as a foundation for the library. These, with two small book cases and a few files of newspapers and periodicals, composed the property of the Association. The rooms, which were badly lighted and poorly ventilated, were a portion of the building situated upon the corner of Kearny and Clay streets, then known as the California Exchange, and were opened to the public on the 1st of March, 1854.

During the year 1855, from the steady increase of members, it became evident that more ample accommodations would

soon be required, and arrangements were made for removal to Montgomery Block. The prosperity of the Association steadily increasing, a second removal was deemed necessary and expedient, and the month of December found it again seeking new quarters. Suitable and attractive rooms were found in the building at the corner of Montgomery and Jackson streets, and were found to answer the requirements of the Association until this year, when still larger and more sightly quarters were procured in the new building, corner of Bush and Montgomery streets.

The first Librarian of the Association was Mr. Wm. D. Bickham, who continued to serve in that capacity for about a year, when he was succeeded by Mr. Horace Davis, who, owing to ill health, was compelled to resign in 1856. Mr. E. DeLela was appointed to fill the vacancy, but resigning soon after, the present incumbent, Mr. H. H. Moore, was elected, and has continued to discharge the duties of the office to the present time, with credit to himself, and advantage to the Association.

Many valuable donations have been made by members and others. Among them specially should be noted the valuable gift of Wm. T. Coleman, Esq., consisting of a full set of Audubon's Quadrupeds of America, 3 vols. royal 8 vo., costing \$175, and other costly works.

The number of volumes in the library at this date is about 12,000. The number added during the past year is 1500. The value of the books and works constituting the library, may be estimated at about \$20,000. The present paying members of the Association number 1000.

The new rooms now occupied by the Association, are the most attractive and commodious in the State, and cost for furnishing nearly four thousand dollars. The reading room, with a frontage on Bush street of twenty-five feet, extending

northerly fifty feet, is furnished with long reading tables and paper stands of the most approved patterns, which are abundantly and promptly supplied with the leading journals, magazines and reviews, both foreign and American. The library room, fronting on Montgomery street twenty-five feet, and extending back sixty-eight feet, is well lighted and peculiarly adapted for the uses intended. It is fitted with suitable shelves, and arranged with good taste and convenience. The chess room, having a frontage of twenty-five feet on Montgomery street, and fifty-two feet on Bush, is capable of accommodating forty tables.

The present income derived from assessments is at the rate of \$12,000 per year, and will be largely increased by receipts from lectures to be delivered during the coming season. The probable expenses for the year may be estimated at \$8,000. This sum is exclusive of the amount to be expended in the purchase of books.

This institution should commend itself to all, and especially the young men of this city. Its benefits are incalculable, and the vast amount of valuable knowledge to be gleaned from the shelves of its well filled library, should recommend it to the patronage of all. The number who daily and nightly visit the rooms has greatly increased, and this fact goes to prove that the members are availing themselves of the advantages to be derived therefrom. There is not a place in the State where the student, or the man of leisure, can pass his time more agreeably than at the rooms of the Association. It has never been in so prosperous a condition as at the present time. The contrast between the past and the present of the institution is very striking. The period is short, and the results, when a comparison is made with other institutions of a similar character, are truly surprising, as will be seen by the following statement:

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Boston has the honor of instituting the first association of the kind in the United States, upon March 11th.....1820

New York, Nov. 19th.....1820

Philadelphia.....1821

Cincinnati.....1834

Baltimore.....1839

St. Louis.....1846

San Francisco.....1853

Brooklyn.....1858

The number of volumes possessed by each association, on the first of January 1860, was as follows:—

Boston.....19,000

Philadelphia.....16,800

Baltimore.....16,451

San Francisco.....11,400

New York.....55,300

Cincinnati.....21,000

St. Louis.....16,000

Brooklyn.....17,500

To the active exertions of the early members must be attributed much of its present healthy condition. They labored well and faithfully, and though often at a loss for the wherewithal to defray its necessary current expenses, yet full of hope they worked on, until at length their exertions were crowned with success, and they have now the pleasure of seeing the Institution placed upon a substantial and permanent basis. Many of the early patrons have made themselves life members, and two have contributed to the funds of the Association the handsome sum of five hundred dollars each.

The officers for the present year are: *President*, Wm. H. Stevens; *Vice President*, Wm. R. Garrison; *Corresponding Secretary*, R. B. Swain; *Recording Secretary*, Edward Hunt; *Treasurer*, J. G. Kellogg; *Directors*, Charles W. Brooks, Frank Baker, Wm. Norris, Charles R. Bond, J. W. J. Piorson, Thos. Bennett, John Shaw, D. P. Bolknap, H. C. Macy; *Librarian*, H. H. Moore; *Assistant Librarians*, Danl. E. Webb, John J. Tayker.

### THE DEATH AND BURIAL OF FATHER JUNIPERO SERRA,

*Founder of the Missions of California.*

BY T. H. S.

The following account of the death and burial of Father Junipero Serra, translated from the original Spanish, is taken from the old book of deaths, (beginning in 1770,) of the Mission of San Carlos del Carmelo. It was written out by Friar Palou, who, after Serra's death, returned to Mexico, and published his biography in 1787. Palou was shortly afterwards appointed guardian of the Franciscan college of San Fernando, in the city of Mexico—the mother institution for supplying the Missions of California with missionaries.

To this is appended autographs of the Missionaries, Governors and Officers of California, from 1770 to after 1830, taken from the Mss. records of the California Missions, now in the possession of the St. Mary's Catholic Library Association of San Francisco,\* and which will appear in this magazine as room can be made. The accompanying portrait has never before been published in any work or country.

On the 29th of August, 1784, in the church of this Mission of San Carlos de Monterey, in the Presbitario on the Gospel side, before the altar of our Lady of Dolores, preceded by a vigilia, and singing high mass and the requiem, with all the ceremonies and functions proscribed in the manual of the order, for the funerals of the *Religious*, with the assistance of brother Don Christoval Dia, Chaplain of the Packet Boat San Carlos, anchored in this port, and the Rev. Fathers Preachers, Friars Buenaventura Sitjar, Minister

\* We give this entirely on account of its historical value in California, and not from any religious preference we feel for this or any other particular sect or form of worship. [kn.]

of the Mission of San Antonio, and Matthias de Santa Catalina, Minister of this Mission, I gave ecclesiastical sepulture to the body of the Rev. Father Lecturer Friar Junipero Serra, president and founder of these Missions, son of the Holy Province of Malorca, where he took his habit on the 14th of September, 1730, aged 19 years, 9 months and 21 days, and proving to be a true Collegiate Religious, and where he read with great acceptance the course of Philosophy; I having the honor of being one of his scholars. When the course was finished he was appointed Professor of First Sacred



PORTRAIT OF FATHER JUNIPERO SERRA.

Theology in the University of the Island of Malorca, where he was honored with the tassel (borla) of Doctor of that faculty, having filled the Professor's chair to the satisfaction of the University, and the Holy Province; he being considered by all very learned and eloquent in the pulpit, and attracting the attention of both Universities, who recommended and praised his sermons, as of the greatest importance. He being of the greatest

elevation and estimation, touched by God for some grand design, and lending him his hands in all the honors that he had or might expect, he desired to occupy the talents which God had given to him in the conversion of the Gentile Indians, and having obtained his Licence and Patent, he joined, in the year 1749, the mission that was then in Cadiz for the Apostolic College for the propagation of the faith, of San Fernando in Mexico, where he arrived on the first day of January, 1750. He remained in that College till the beginning of June of the same year, when he was sent to the missions of the Sierra Gorda, (which had been founded for six years,) and worked with watchfulness and zeal, and was a great example to all.

Nine years after he was recalled from his charge of these Missions, to preside over the intended foundations at the river San Saba, but this being frustrated by the death of the Viceroy, prevented the conquest thereof. He remained in the College, in the employment of the Missions, and assisted in the duties of the sainted tribunal of the faith, as his Commissary had ordered him, discharging this service to the satisfaction of that tribunal. In this exercise of the missions amongst the Brethren, he remained till June, 1767, and was then called by the Rev. Father Guardian of the College, and named President of the sixteen missions of old California, which had been administered previously by the Rev. Fathers, the Ex-Jesuits. He remained one year in Old California, with the said missions of Loretto under his charge, and during that period visited those establishments several times, both those to the south and the north of that place.

In April, 1769, he left Loretto, by land, with the expedition to discover the port of San Diego, and arrived at the frontier of ancient California. On his way he founded the mission of San Fernando de

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Villacatta, and arriving at the port of San Diego, rested there, whilst the expedition went to look for the port of Monterey. He founded the mission of San Diego in 1770. He then went up by sea to the discovery of this port, and immediately lent hand to found this mission, and continued, as circumstances would permit, to found the remainder of the missions, which may be seen up to the present time, in the parochial books of foundation. In fourteen years in California he traveled a great deal, and once went to Mexico to procure means for these spiritual conquests; and the rest of his travels was visiting the Missions of California, to animate, with his holy zeal and prudence, all his subjects. His visits were made oftener after he received the faculty to confirm, which his zeal made him solicit. During the time that he exercised that faculty, (which expired on the tenth of July last,) he confirmed 56,307 souls.

About one month and a-half after the said faculty had expired, his Reverence delivered up his soul to his Creator, at the age of seventy years and nine months, except four days; wearing the religious habit fifty-three years, eleven months and four days, and an apostolic missionary thirty-five years, four months and a half.

He prepared himself to die, repeating the general confession, and finding that the complaint in his chest was getting worse, and that he had some fever. On the twenty-seventh of this month, after repeating the divine offices, including the third, he went on foot to the church and received the last sacred rites on his knees, to the edification of the people and a great many persons who assisted, and received the holy viaticum, with the same ceremony ordained in the Roman Seraphic Ritual; and when the ceremony commenced, our said Father was then on his knees, intoning with his sonorous

voice, appearing as if there was no alteration in the verse "*Antum ergo vo,*" so to our astonishment that we could not accompany him. In this fervent devotion he received the sacrament, and in the same posture gave orations to our Lord, after which he returned to his room. At night he asked for the Holy Oil, and rehearsed with us Fathers the Penitential Psalms and the Litanies. The remainder of the same night he passed giving thanks to God, sometimes on his knees and at other times sitting on the floor, without going to bed, and always dressed in his habit and cloak. At the break of day he asked me to supplicate the indulgence of Mary for those who were kneeling. He was then reconciled, returning his thanks. In fine, on the 28th day, in the morning, he was visited by the Captain of the bark Don Joseph Canizares, and his Father Chaplain, and received them sitting, giving them his thanks for their visit, and likewise embraced the Chaplain; both of these friends giving thanks to God that, after traveling over so much land, they had arrived at last to throw a little earth on to his remains. A few minutes after he said he felt some fear, and asked them to read aloud the recommendation for the soul, which they did. He then responded the same as if he was in good health, and exclaimed with delight—"thank God I am now without fear, and have nothing to care for; I feel better, and will take a little soup." He then got up and sat down at the table, and after taking a portion wished to rest, and laid down, taking nothing off but his cloak. He lay tranquilly for a short time, and then rested in the Lord; for, without making any sign further, he delivered his spirit unto the Creator, a little after four o'clock in the afternoon of the twenty-eighth day, being the Feast Day of San Augustin, Doctor of the Church.

When the bells began to toll, all the

little town was in a state of commotion; the Indians crying and lamenting the death of their good Father, and likewise all the people of reason on shore and on board ship; all asking for a remnant of the habit he had worn; and they came to that extreme, that in the church they cut out some pieces from the habit that he died in, he being put in the coffin without anything being taken from his body. Before he died he had ordered, (without letting any of those present know,) the carpenter of the Presidio to make his coffin to bury his body. We promised to give them, if they would stop, a "tunica" of the deceased Father to make them a scapulary, and they did so. Notwithstanding they were guarding his body in the church, many of the people went in and took some memorials from his body; they were moved to do this by the great fame of the perfect and exemplary Father. His funeral was attended by all the people ashore and from on board ship, and showing all the honors they could to their deceased Father; the Captain of the bark giving him, with his artillery, all the honors of a General; the same honors being answered by the Royal Presidio of Monterey. The same honors were repeated on the fourth day of September, with vigils and high mass, assisted by the same people, and with another clergyman, which was the Rev. Father Antonia Paterna, Minister of the Mission of San Luis Obispo, who could not arrive in time for the funeral, but was here to assist in the honors of the mass on this latter occasion.

And so that everything said may appear, I sign this in said mission, on the 5th day of September, 1784.

FRIAR FRANCO PALOU.

NOTE BY THE TRANSLATOR.

It is well ascertained now, that the body of the founder of the California Missions lies under the altar of the old

Mission Church of San Carlos del Carmelo, three miles from Monterey, and which is now covered with the rubbish of the roof, which fell in during the winter of 1852. Attempts were made in 1855, by the Cura of Monterey, to clear away the rubbish, and disinter the body; but the labor was so expensive that the funds gave out.

VAMPIRE BATS.—Dr. George Gardner, in his Travels in the interior of Brazil, describes these singular creatures as peculiar to the continent of America, being distributed over the immense extent of territory between Paraguay and the Isthmus of Darien, where they attack the fleshy parts of men, horses, calves, and pigs, and voraciously suck their fill of blood. Their tongue, which is capable of considerable extension, is furnished at its extremity with a number of papillae, which appear to be so arranged as to form an organ of suction; and their lips have also tubercles symmetrically arranged; these are the organs by which they draw the life-blood from both man and beast. These animals are the famous vampires of which travelers have given such redoubtable accounts, and which are known to have nearly destroyed the first establishment of Europeans in the New World. The molar teeth of the true vampire or spectre-bat, are of the most carnivorous character; the first being short and almost plain, the others sharp and cutting, and terminating in three or four points. Their rough tongue has been supposed to be the instrument employed for abrading the skin, so as to enable them more readily to abstract the blood, but zoologists are now agreed that such supposition is wholly groundless. Having carefully examined, in many cases, the wounds thus made on horses, pigs, mules, and other animals, observations that have been confirmed by information received from the inhabitants of the northern parts of Brazil, Dr. Gardner is led to believe that the puncture which the vampire makes in the skin of animals is effected by the sharp-hooked nail of its thumb, and that from the wound thus made it abstracts the blood by the suctorial powers of its lips and tongue. The doctor killed some that measured two feet between the tips of the wings.

TWENTY YEARS AGO.

BY G. T. SPROAT.

"Thou art welcome to our home, stranger; 'tis true 'tis an humble one,  
I would give thee better welcome, but my race is almost run,  
Old and wearied I am and palsied, and my eyes are growing dim,  
But their sight would soon return again, could I but look on him.

He was my eldest born, my pride, the flower of my flock;  
Strong was his frame like an oak, and firm his feet stood like a rock.  
He left me—whither he wandered, 'tis not for me to know—  
Twenty years ago, to-day; twenty years ago.

They said he wandered o'er the seas, to lands far richer than these;  
Some said he sailed o'er the Spanish Main, and some o'er the Indian seas.  
I know not—only this I know, as I journey down the hill,  
He is with me, nestling near my heart; he is with me, living still!

He is with me: when the husker's song rings from the meadows clear,  
I go to the window and listen—it is Harry's voice I hear!  
I hear him whistling to his team, as he drives to the fields at morn;  
His laugh is ringing, in the shout of the reapers, with the corn

Last night he stood beside my bed—I saw him, in my dream—  
And, through the casement, on his face, I saw the moonlight gleam.  
'Mother!' he said;—'twas a foolish dream!—he went away, I know,  
Twenty years ago, to-day; twenty years ago.

Should you e'er meet my wandering boy, bear him these words from me:  
'I am old, and I watch through the weary years, waiting his face to see.  
I am old, and I watch through the weary years, as they pass me silently by;  
I long to gaze on his winsome face, and lay me down and die.'

"His face!—thou art gazing on it now!—mother, it is no dream!  
Thine eyes are dim for the wasting years;—things are not what they seem.  
Yet, the heart will speak;—'tis he! the same as when thou saw'st him go,  
Twenty years ago, to-day; twenty years ago!"

DRESS AS A FINE ART.

I will now endeavor to redeem the  
promise made in a previous paper, and  
say something about the dress of men,  
who, like women, have taste, fancy, and  
fashion in these matters, although they  
all unfortunately have to succumb to the

inexorable law of custom, which has  
clothed all men in the same lugubrious  
hue.

In the picturesque olden time—in the  
days of Holbein, Rubens and Vandyke—  
the same variety of hues and tints now  
monopolized by the female world alone,  
was then the property of both men and

women. Gay cavaliers and courtiers fluttered in orange, scarlet and purple, while the lower strata of society had for every-day wear the hodden gray, buff jerkin and leathern doublet, and on holiday occasions shone bravely in the same hues worn by their betters, only softened off to a soberer tint, as befitted their humbler walk in life. A holiday throng must have been a rare sight for a painter, when the gaily draped and bannered streets were filled with the streaming crowds of people dressed in rainbow hues. No black masses of masculines with stove-pipe hats to offend the eye, but all variegated, yet harmonious, the colors of a flower-bed mingled and intermingled in the moving throng.

But all this went out with the royalty of Charles the First, of unhappy memory. With the Roundheads came in the black coats, the short hair, and the closely fitting doublet of the present day. Purplings, ruffings, love-locks and gay clothing went out with the Stuarts, and the loose habits of that dynasty have never been revived, at least in the literal sense. Woman alone has been allowed, through the mutations of many centuries, to keep her finery and her variegated catalogue of colors.

A black coat and pantaloons, with a white waistcoat, are now regarded as the exact standard upon which all men who would be the gloss of fashion must form themselves; and hence an evening party infallibly commends to the imagination of the observer the comparison of a flock of white-breasted blackbirds, (if such things be,) fluttering among beds of flowers of every hue.

A gaily dressed lady uses her male companion as a foil; his "customary suit of solemn black" serves as a background on which her glowing colors are contrasted and exhibited.

Now, while I do protest against this most unnatural and foolish fashion, I

have not the hardihood to attempt to write it down, but only throw out a few hints which may serve to ameliorate the condition of those who feel the gull of the chain of almost immemorial custom.

But, in the first place, I would say a few words about the fitness of dress. Most men claim the right to dress as they please, without regard to any considerations of station, occupation, or ability. Now, no man—and, for that matter, no woman—has a right to encourage extravagance in anything, and costly dress indirectly invites competition; for men, being human, do not like to be outshone, and the prevailing extravagance in men's dress, in its way as bad as women's, is owing to men's dressing to the very utmost, and even to the excess of their means, without any sort of regard to their station in life. Let no man feel obliged so to dress that he advertises his calling thereby, nor yet so that the exact state of his finances shall be determined by a look at his apparel; still, a carpenter or plasterer in the same kind of garb as that worn by a clergyman or lawyer, or an artist in clothes similar to those of a bricklayer, seems to me to be absurd and wrong. Let a man dress according to his means and condition, and, if he is a man of taste, he will let the coarser parts of his dress be redeemed and ornamented by some costlier feature, as a vest or cravat. Let him read and improve upon Polonius' advice to his son—

"Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy," &c.

But is it necessary that every man should conform to the rigid rule above mentioned, and let the suit of sables, crossed with white, be his only dress uniform? It seems to me not. It is true, that whatever is fashionable and customary seems best; but it is a very questionable best which clothes all men alike in the same color, allowing no difference for exercise of taste in hues, except in small matters. If we prefer, as it would seem

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that a true taste would prefer, to modify the prevailing style, why not adopt such hues as claret, olive, or brown?—thus breaking the sable charm, and yet keeping near enough to conventionality not to be singular. But let us have no more black habited men, cut across the middle by a white vest. Save your snowy waistcoat for light trousers; but, if you must wear black, connect the bust to your terminations by a dark vest.

Spotless linen is a mark of innate refinement; but fancy-figured shirt-fronts, collars, &c., are suggestive of economy in laundry bills, and are too closely bordering on the "flash" for men of taste to wear. The same rule applies to "stunning" waistcoats, in which the busts of some men bloom and bud. Gloves on a man's hands, except as coverings from heat or cold, are effeminate and weak. The cobbler ashamed of his calling, or the dyer whose hand is "subdued to what it works in," may hide their week-day employments under tinted rat or kid skin; but a clean, shapely hand looks as well uncovered as gloved. If gloves are worn, let them be of quiet hues, no azure or lemon color, at least so long as men wear their present jackdaw plumage.

The remarks made in a former paper about jewelry, will apply with equal force to the present subject. Men, who profess to be practical and utilitarian, ought to remember that jewelry on their persons should be worn very sparingly, and always have a real use. Rings on fingers, with a stone of the size of a breakfast plate; flaming brilliants on shirt fronts, gilded ox-chains hanging from watches, jeweled sleeve-buttons, and the like, are as surely indicative of innate vulgarity as are flaunting ribbons on the opposite sex.

Every man who wishes well of his kind will bless the memory of those Hungarians, who, some years ago, introduced to this country the soft hat. If there is

anything about the dress of a man that is under all circumstances incongruous and unequal to its vocation, it is the so-called "stove-pipe" hat. Stiff and rigid, it towers far above the head of its wearer, like the glittering helmet of Hector, which so astonished his infant offspring in its mother's arms. Brittle and nappy, the least blow fractures it, and the slightest touch ruffles its shining surface, while its narrow brim, stiff as a tin collar, serves only as a partial relief to the vast superstructure, rising far above the wearer's caput, inviting the rays of the sun, and making a hot-air chamber over the golden bowl which contains the brain. But the soft hat, convenient and pliable, unruffled by untoward accident, shades the wearer's face, and, from its facile character, assimilates itself to the physique which it crowns. Common to me the soft hat, but give me no more "stove-pipes."

From what has been written, the reader will see what the writer considers the pattern of dressing well: to eschew all decided colors so far as possible, but to endeavor to mix different shades of color into one's garniture, and to so array one's self, that the appearance shall be cheerful, yet quiet; rich, but not striking; and to so harmonize the whole, that the wearer shall seem to have all his garments from the same idea, and not as though each part were manufactured and fitted independently of the other.

Let black clothes be confined to those for whom they were originally intended, the clergy; but you and I, who are tailors, carpenters, merchants, or what not, should eschew such solemn toggery, and remember that, while we cannot, with Pope, endorse the cynical maxim that "Dress makes the man, the want of it the fellow," we can, at least, acknowledge, with Bechoer, that man looks a great deal better dressed up.

MASELMANN.

AGNES EMERSON.

*A Tale of the Revolution.*

BY GORDON GREENLAW.

EPOCH SECOND.

[Continued from page 479.]

CHAPTER III.

*Which is very common place.*

I come from my rest to him I love best,  
That he may be happy and I may be blest.

BYRON.

"... .. And do I not look old, dearest, and you love me despite this disfiguring scar?"

"My own true love."

"And now, Agnes, we must talk no more; pray get ready, and let us start together for London. I have delayed in a manner hardly excusable, for these confounded dispatches must be delivered to-morrow. I will sleep at Guilford's, also you, dearest, and Miss Nisbet. I will start early in the morning from there, deliver my dispatches, and you will by starting four hours later, find me, my duty performed, ready to receive you on arrival at your hotel."

"But, George, why not go through to-night; I would not that blame rested on you on my account. Why delay?"

"Ah, Agnes," said George, "you don't quite understand me yet; true, I have been wrong to delay for this hour, but still it cannot matter much. I am forbid to travel except by daylight, for I have jewels from the East intrusted to me worth £20,000. They are for the King, a present from Tippoo, on conclusion of the peace. We can get to Guilford, now, in six hours. There is your carriage ready, how quick they have procured one."

She disengaged herself from his embrace and prepared to go, but he again put his arms around her. "One more word, Agnes; after to-morrow we part no more—is it not so?"

She hid her face in his bosom. "As you will, George, as you will."

"The first of January is the anniversary of my leaving England, wretched and disgraced; will you make it a joyful one by becoming mine on that day?"

Closer she nestled for a moment, muttered "yes," and was gone.

George's man servant and Miss Emerson's maid occupied one chaise, whilst in the other the Colonel squeezed himself with the two ladies. Miss Nisbet objected humorously to the arrangement, as not quite proper, but he carried his point in spite of her faint opposition.

On the journey the Colonel told of his Eastern career, so that the time appeared short, indeed, until they arrived about dusk at Guilford.

After the receipt of the letters from his father and brother, he had taken passage to India. He arrived there at the time that the news of the famous Hyder Ally's immense army leaving Seringapatam and marching towards the British frontier, fell like a thunderbolt upon the ears of the Supreme Madras government.

George immediately, under his first two names (George Beale), volunteered his services, and received in the dearth of officers a local Captain's commission, and the command of a wing of irregular troops, rapidly organized from the native population. And now it was that he showed the resources he possessed—marching ten to sixteen miles per day; three hours were yet steadily given to drilling his men. His energy was untiring. Beaten at Arcot, at Bellore he displayed his strategic ability by the masterly manner in which he extricated his handful of men from the midst of the opposing masses. After battles had been lost by the mismanagement of the dolts holding superior commands, with British forces, Sir Eyre Coote arrived and assumed the command. Such a man as the new commander-in-chief soon appreciated

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George's merits and gallantry. He appointed him extra Aid-de-Camp, confirmed his commission, and gave him temporary commands on urgent occasions, wherever work was to be done. At the places mentioned by Mr. Macdonald in a previous chapter, he had time after time distinguished himself. He made himself master of the native language, in those days a rare thing and much required, when native interpreters were at best imperfect, and hard to depend upon.

Promoted to the rank of Major, he was one of the unfortunates with General Matthews, when that officer capitulated with the enemy and fell into the hands of the victorious Tippoo Saib, after the death of his father, Hyder Ally. From this captivity he made his escape, and assuming the native costume, passed through the very heart of the enemy, gaining information which proved invaluable. For this he was made Lieutenant Colonel, and sent, after the conclusion of the peace, to Europe, his health being much shattered.

To but one person had he acknowledged himself as George Beale Harrison, the cashiered officer, and this was to Sir Eyre Coote, his constant patron. That generous though irritable man, endeavored to persuade him to assume now the name he had vindicated beyond reproach; but, until he should know that he would be recognized by his father, he refused to do this.

The news which he afterwards received from the newspapers of his father's and second brother's death, destroyed the only desire he had to resume his own name amongst his countrymen. His eldest brother he felt less desire to communicate with, as he had behaved so harshly to him in his misfortunes. The urgent desire of Agnes, however, was that he should now be known by his full name; and before they reached the resting place for the night he had consented

to this, on condition that no communication as to his reasons for passing as George Beale should be made public, or reference made to others as to his actual family.

The next day George reached London early, having, as had been agreed, started at dawn from Guilford. He at once delivered his dispatches, and received the King's command the same evening to wait on his majesty at two o'clock the following day at Windsor.

## CHAPTER IV.

*Which introduces Royalty.*

We too are friends to royalty. We love  
The King who loves the law, respects his bounds  
And reigns content within them. Him we serve  
Freely and with delight, who leaves us free  
But recollecting still that he is man,  
We trust him not too far.

COWPER.

THERE was a quiet, family Hotel, in Dover street, one of the streets which run off from that great London artery, Picadilly. Here in comfortable, old-fashioned rooms, Agnes and Miss Nisbet were installed.

They had just concluded breakfast, when George arrived. He himself had taken up his quarters in the immediate neighborhood, for the short time that should elapse before Agnes and he should be united.

"Well, Agnes," said he, after the usual salutations had passed, and which had been very tender on the part of the lovers, pending which Miss Nisbet had been discreetly, not too industriously, poking and raking the fire. "Well Agnes, I was awoken by a very early call from Lord Macdonald, who had heard of my arrival. I made a confidant of him in everything; he has been most kind. I last night received the King's commands to attend him at Windsor to-day. Lord Macdonald is going there also, on official duty, he being deputy ranger of the park; his carriage will be here at 10 o'clock, and he wishes you and Miss Nis-

bot to accept seats. While I am in attendance at the Castle, he will show you all the points interesting in a historical point of view—the noble old park and all the many beauties of old Windsor. You will enjoy it much, and we shall be back again by eight or nine o'clock in the evening."

"Upon my word," said Miss Nisbet, "but you are a bold man to intrust your lady love to a young man; for you said Lord Macdonald was not over forty, and very fascinating too. I suppose you want me to play duenna, but I can assure you I shall do no such thing. I'll give him every opportunity."

"My dear Madam, you forget I am going myself, and can do my own watching."

"Oh, but you are so forgetful of proprieties," rejoined the old lady; "only think, two single men traveling with two unmarried women; joking aside, it looks so."

"Oh hang the proprieties," said the Colonel, laughing; "besides, Agnes and I are to be married in a few days, you know, and I forgot to mention that Lord Macdonald's married sister goes too."

"Ah, now you talk sensibly, you see he has some knowledge of the customs of society, although he does consent to drive five in a carriage."

It was a fine pretty day, and if rather cold for driving, still, even the winter scenery and the magnificent residences were the source of constant interest to Agnes, who remarked, "how much milder the English winter was, than that of New York."

George was dressed in his full uniform as a staff officer, and which was very handsome. It was etiquette to do so for presentation to the King. He had fancied that to Agnes it would appear an attractive attire, but he was much mistaken; for certain it is, that military uniforms detract from an elegant, pol-

ished man, nearly as much as they improve ordinary looking mortals.

Having left Agnes and her friend on arrival at Windsor to the care of Lord Macdonald and his sister, George proceeded to the Castle, and after a short interval was by an equerry ushered into the presence of Royalty.

George the Third was at no time of his life a striking looking man, and excepting upon state occasions, seldom surrounded by the usual forms and ceremonies attendant upon monarchs; and this latter was pleasing to our half-republican hero.

The presentation was by a high military officer in attendance, and the jewels from the East duly delivered. The King was not an admirer of gems, only esteeming them for their money value, so after a very cursory examination, they were handed to an officer of the household.

"Well, Colonel Beale," said his majesty, falling into the chatty way he was often apt to do, and which was by many considered as undignified, "so they tell us you have been very instrumental in concluding the treaty of peace."

"May it please your majesty, they attribute more merit than I deserve for my efforts to perform my duty."

"Modest, eh, proper, very proper in a young man, and your name has been frequently mentioned to us as an officer of high gallantry—great gallantry. Was your first active service in India, Sir?"

"It was not, your majesty."

"Where then, Sir?"

"I was attached, Sire, to your majesty's forces in America."

The King's face darkened, any reference to the lost Colonies, always soured him. "In what regiment?"

"I belonged to the—Regiment of Foot, may it please your majesty," said the Colonel, dreading the next question.

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glory in fighting rebels—fighting rebels," said the King, emphatically. "We hope to see you, Colonel Beale, at St. James, when we return there," and with a slight inclination of the head the monarch passed through an adjoining door, and the audience terminated, greatly to George's relief.

"It was fortunate that you disturbed his majesty by reference to America," said the equerry, as he showed him out, "for he was in one of his inquisitive humors, and would have wormed out of you your whole history, your father's, and grandfather's too, for the matter of that. Will you not take some refreshment, we are just going to lunch?"

Declining the proffer, on the plea of Lord Macdonald's waiting for him, George hastened to rejoin his party, not caring whether he ever had another interview with the King, on whose dominions the sun never sets.

The duties of Lord Macdonald delaying him at Windsor, they, after a hurried lunch, and a hasty walk to and through the state rooms of the palace, returned to London, accompanied by Lady Horton, Lord Macdonald's sister.

The grandeur of the famed Windsor Castle, the many interesting episodes told of it by that lady, and her agreeable and polished manners, rendered the distance of twenty-six miles appear almost a short drive.

[To be continued.]

MY NATIVE STREAM.

Thy placid stream, sweet Merrimac,  
Rolls proudly onward, wild and free,  
Through mossy banks and gray old woods,  
Fit haunts for poet's minstrelsie;  
And on thy sparkling bosom rest  
Fair islets clothed in glowing dyes,  
Contrasting with thy dark blue wave,  
As stars with yonder vaulted skies.

Upon thy banks, in childhood's morn,  
I passed full many a blithsome day,

Nor thought, as wave on wave rolled on,  
That youth as fast would glide away.  
Oft, gazing at the evening hour  
Into thy mirror'd sky's concave,  
I wondered if the twinkling stars  
Were bathing in thy limpid wave.

And oft I mark'd, with boyish glee,  
Each new-born bubble's world-like pride,  
As, sparkling in the moon's pale light,  
It floats upon thy eddying tide;  
But bright waves danced in gladness there,  
And sportive kissed thy pebbly shore,  
That since have found their ocean home,  
And seek thy fond embrace no more.

And I from thy loved banks have strayed  
To other lands—'neath other skies—  
And scenes of pleasure, bright and gay,  
Have met my weary, languid eyes;  
But ah! I turn from all away;  
Not fortune's smile, nor golden dream,  
Can win my thoughts from thy fair shores,  
My love from thee, my native stream!

What though proud Avon's sparkling wave  
Was his whom nature calls her own—  
Who wore the proudest wreath of fame  
That poesy has ever known?  
What though sweet Afton's gentle stream  
Has flowed in music's numbers long,  
And "bank's and braes o' bonnie Doon"  
Are written in immortal song?

Thy sparkling wave is yet as fair  
As Europe's proudest stream may know,  
As beautiful thy pebbly shore,  
As musical thy onward flow;  
And on thy banks as noble hearts  
Thrill with the pride of honest worth,  
As may be found in palace halls  
Among the titled ones of earth.

May Liberty, like thee, fair stream,  
Roll onward in its chainless might,  
Sweeping from earth despotic Wrong,  
And bringing seeds of truth to light.  
Then may thy sons anew rejoice,  
When Error's withering breath is blown,  
And one glad, universal voice  
Shall make man's full redemption known.

FRAGMENTARY MEMORIALS  
OF FATHER KINO AND THE INDIANS OF SONORA AND CALIFORNIA.

BY J. H. S.

The Indians of Sonora have been the subjects of antiquarian research among the savans of America and Europe for the last three hundred years; but the few facts gathered by casual travelers, priests and writers, are simply suggestive, and only furnish the basis on which to found more diligent investigations by educated men, who will now shortly be brought into more immediate contact with the inhabitants and resources of that remote and little known portion of the States of North America.

The northern part of Sonora and the northern regions of Ante-American California, appear to have been the ancient seat of empire and power of that race of Indians who afterwards established themselves in the valley of the city of Mexico; from thence they extended themselves east to the Gulf of Mexico, south and south-east to Nicaragua, Guatemala, Honduras and Yucatan, and west to the countries lying on the Pacific ocean, comprehended within the present States of Oaxaco, Michoacan and Jalisco.

The primary accounts of the first mentioned countries appeared in the travels of Cabeza de Vaca, in 1540—the second in those of de Niza—the third by Coronado—the fourth in the works of the Jesuit, Padre de Ribas, in 1645—but the most full of all are from the manuscripts of the celebrated Catholic missionary, Eusebio Francisco Kuhn or Kino, whose account is largely quoted in the laborious and excellent work of Venegas on the History of California, published at Madrid in 1757.

Eusebio Francisco Kuhn, or, as the Californians and Sonoranians call him, Kino, appears to have been a German by birth. He studied philosophy and math-

ematics at the University of Ingoldstadt, in the old Electorate of Bavaria, under the learned Jesuit, Professor Henrico Shearer, who is known to the literary world as an author of ability in geography and mathematics. Having devoted himself to the study of theology, Kino entered into holy orders, and became a member of the Society of Jesus; at which time this took place appears not to be stated in any of the Spanish works on Sonora and California; but he soon distinguished himself by his learning, zeal, industry and capacity; and it seems, from certain dates in Venegas' California, that he arrived in Mexico as a Missionary, about the year 1680.

Kino first entered into the field of his Sonora labors at the Mission of Dolores, of Alta Pimeria, in 1687; and the energy, ability, zeal, prudence, and marvelous courage he exhibited up to the time of his death, in 1710, forms one of the most inspiring themes to this day of the Spanish race who inhabit that portion of North Western Mexico, whose lands are bathed by the Sea of Cortez—of these latter times it has extended with accumulated honor to his memory among the English race, now become masters of that country of such wonderful fertility, salubrity and mineral wealth, and known at present throughout the civilized world as the State of California.

He is stated to have left his Alma Mater for America with the highest commendations from the Professors of that institution, and with the most flattering recommendations from the Elector of Bavaria. He was well instructed in all the exact sciences taught at that period in the schools of Europe, and particularly learned in the sciences of Cosmography, Architecture, Philosophy and Mathematics, as well as being an attentive observer of all physical facts relating to the remote countries in which the best periods of his life were passed; for it is stated by Ven-

ogas, from Kino's manuscript History of the Missions of Sonora, that he spent thirty years of his time in the regions around the Gulf of California.

To show the indefatigable and intelligent character of the old missionary, it is stated that between the years of 1700 and 1706, he made no less than five expeditions from the Missions of Pimeria to the rivers Gila and Colorado, and crossed over the latter river in boats made of tule bulrushes. He first discovered the junction of the Gila and Colorado, and actually determined the fact of the junction of the continent with California, in October, 1700: the Indians stating at this time that it was only ten days journey from the river to the Pacific Ocean, and showing him ornaments of marine shells to prove the truth of their assertions. This was a point he had been struggling to ascertain ever since his arrival in Sonora, so as to send succors by land to the missionary establishments of the California peninsula.

The zeal and energy of his character was shown in his immense labors for converting the Pimas, Papagos, Yakis, Opata, Gilenos, and the various Indian tribes inhabiting the north of Sonora. He established Christian villages, built churches, laid out fields with grain, fruits and vegetables, and stocked the pastures with domestic animals; explored the country in every direction; made careful and extensive vocabularies of the Indian tongues of his jurisdiction, comprising a circumference of three hundred leagues; assisted with the greatest zeal and energy the Missions of Lower California, during the perils of their first settlement; fought the Spanish officers inch by inch, in their attempts to enslave his neophytes to work in their mines of gold and silver, and the placers of pearl oysters; and by his influence with the high officials of Mexico, procured an order from King Charles the second, to forbid for five years after their

conversion, the employment of the mission Indians of Sonora, in any mining operation — this edule was extended through his exertions, for twenty-five years longer after the 14th of May, 1686. In the expedition which sailed from Chacala, in Sinaloa, for the coast of Lower California, on the 18th of March, 1683, under the Admiral of the California Isidro Otendo de Antillon, who was also Governor of Sinaloa; he held a commission from the King, as Cosmographer to the expedition, and acted also as Chaplain to the forces. This expedition numbered over one hundred persons, and arrived at the Port of La Paz, where Cortez landed in 1536, after a passage of fourteen days. The crews attempted to make a settlement near this place, and Padre Kino to found a mission; but, the difficulties were found to be so great, that after spending twelve months time in the prosecution of their object, they returned disheartened and broken down, to the port of Matanchel, which lays a few leagues to the south of the river, at the mouth of which is situated the present town of San Blas; this latter port became the point of debarkation after 1769, of the supplies of the Franciscan missions of Upper California,

After this he appears on the stage again as preaching throughout Sinaloa and western Mexico, to raise funds from the pious to found the missions of California. Meeting with a man of similar spirit as himself in Padre Juan Maria Salva Tierra, the two commenced under great difficulties and expensive obstacles, the reduction of the Indians of California, by the Company of Jesus, to the faith and government of the Church of Rome, for the political empire of the monarchy of Spain. He continued to be the earnest and constant friend of Salva Tierra, Piccolo, Ugarte and the other zealous brethren of his order in California, until the time of his death.

This event seems to have occurred in the year 1710, as intimated in Venegas' California, vol. 2, pp. 107 and 503. As yet it is not certain at what mission in Sonora he died, or at what date, as Venegas gives no authority by which we can prove his statement as to the year even. But, it appears that after this year, we hear very little of his assistance or connection with his California friends, so that it is highly probable that Venegas is right. Where this wonderful man was buried, or what he said or did in the last moments of his active and heroic life, we are not informed by the historian.

But his memory remains to this day sacred in the recollections of the Indians and Spaniards of the Pimeria; a country so called by the Mexicans, after the Pima Indians, including the regions of the present Gadsden Purchase, south as far down as the Port of Guaymas, and east to the longitude of 110° west of Greenwich, or the line of the river San Jose, which empties into the Gulf of California, at the aforesaid port.

The reduction of the Indians of the southern half of Lower California, was completely effected by the Jesuits up to the year 1767, when they were expelled, by order of the Government of Spain, together with all the members of their order in the Viceroyalty of Mexico. This important epoch in the history of California, followed from the decree of Charles the third, dated the 2d of April, 1767, at the instigation of Count de Aranda; a statesman of Spain whose name is connected with some of the most important acts relating to the political history of the Spanish colonial Empire.

The Vice Roy of Mexico dispatched Don Gaspar de Portola, afterwards Governor of Alta California, to take possession of the Jesuit Establishments of the lower peninsula, and the Jesuits were afterwards conveyed to San Blas in the same vessel which brought back to Lore-

to, Father Junipero Serra and his new company of priests.

At the date of their expulsion the Jesuits had fourteen complete establishments in the peninsula, with two others not yet well settled. The most northern of these was that of San Ignacio, in the country of the Cochimils tribe, in latitude 28° or about half way to San Diego from Cape St. Lucas. This was founded in 1728 by Padre Juan Bautista Luyando, a wealthy Mexican, who built the mission and christianized the Indians with his own funds; (?) by unremitting and arduous labors, he established nine Christian villages, and formed the richest and the best cultivated and regulated establishment in Lower California. We are informed by Venegas, on p. 417, vol. 2 of his history, that Luyando broke down his health from hard labor and exposure, and retired from his mission about 1740. The fame of this old priest and his mission, is still patent in Lower California: many of the people of that country have informed the writer since 1848, that the mission Church is still a splendid one, and by far the best remaining in the peninsula; so well constructed were the entire buildings, enclosures, gardens and other fixtures of the establishment, that they remain in pristine splendor even at this date, over one hundred years from their construction. The valley in which it is situated, is said to be one of the most fertile, salubrious and picturesque, to be found in the whole mountain range of the Californias.

In a conversation we had a few weeks ago, with an intelligent Sonoranian, who is a native of Altar, in the north of that State, which is one of the principal towns of the ancient Pimeria, he informs us that the accounts given by Venegas, of the labors of Padre Kino, are not at all exaggerated, and that his memory is still freshly preserved in those countries with reverence and affection. The description

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nipero Serra and his new priests. of their expulsion the Jesuits had been complete establishments on the peninsula, with two others not mentioned. The most northern of these was that of San Ignacio, in the territory of the Cochimils tribe, in latitude 31° 30' N. half way to San Diego from the Gulf of California. This was founded in 1691 by Juan Bautista Luyando, a Spaniard, who built the mission and regulated the Indians with his usual unremitting and arduous labors. He established nine Christian missions, and the richest and the most regulated establishments in Lower California. We are informed by Venegas, on p. 417, vol. 2 of his History, that Luyando broke down his labor and exposure, and died in the mission about 1740. The priest and his mission, in Lower California: many of the country have informed me in 1848, that the mission was a splendid one, and by far the most extensive in the peninsula; so that the entire buildings, gardens and other fixtures of the establishment, that they still retain the same splendor even at this time, a hundred years from their foundation. The valley in which it is situated is said to be one of the most fertile and picturesque, to be the whole mountain range of the Sierra Nevada. In our conversation we had a few weeks since an intelligent Sonoranian, who had been in the north of that territory, which is one of the principal parts of the ancient Pimeria, he informed me that the accounts given by Venegas of Padre Kino, are not at all exaggerated, and that his memory is still preserved in those countries with respect and affection. The descriptive

by Kino, of the physical features of those regions and their resources, mineral, agricultural and pastoral, and of their Indian tribes, is the most faithful, full, and reliable, even to this day; one hundred and fifty years after the date of his accounts.

This informant makes us aware of a fact which we have not met with before in any Spanish or other work of history on the countries under consideration, viz:—the actual place of sepulture of the Apostolical missionary and father of the Jesuit establishments of Alta Pimeria, and Baja California.

It appears that he was buried at the Mission Church of San Antonio, at the Pueblo of Oquitos, which is situated six miles up the river Oquitos from Altar; and in the midst of a fertile valley of grains, of excellent quality, such as wheat, maize and barley; and of fruits, as figs, grapes, sugar-cane, pomegranates, oranges, olives, &c. The river Oquitos, is a branch of the San Ignacio, which empties into the Gulf about one hundred miles south of the mouth of the Colorado, as delineated in Herman Ehrenberg's new map of the Gadsden purchase—San Francisco, 1858.

At this church, which was built by Padre Kino, and is still in good preservation, his remains lie buried. There is also a tablet in the building erected to his memory, describing his death and heroic services in the cause of the gentiles of Pimeria and California. The people of the parish, which is stated to contain over six thousand souls of the *gente de razon*, still preserve the numerous traditions of his life and labors; and his actions, habits, customs and method of living, form the staple moral influence of this community in particular, but more or less shared in by all the populations inhabiting the old Jesuit villages of the Pimeria.

Oquitos has, or had, several mills for

grinding grain. The wheat of this portion of Sonora, and of the valleys higher up towards the first mesas of the Mexican plateau, is said to be of a harder, sweeter and finer quality than any other species of this grain to be found on the north American continent—it is also said to keep longer, and the bread made from it is of a more sustentative quality than the other varieties cultivated in Mexico. Oquitos, also contains within its jurisdiction several silver mines.

Of the existence of the portrait of Kino, we have no accounts. Of what place in Germany this remarkable man was a native of, we have not been made aware. Of his equally zealous and laborious companion Juan Maria Salva Tierra, we are informed by Venegas, p. 286, vol. 2, that he died at the city of Guadalajara, of an attack of the stone, on the 17th of July, 1717, and was buried at the chapel of our Lady of Loretto, in that city. The portrait of this California Apostle, still exists in good preservation, in the Mission church of the town of Loretto, in lower California, as we are informed by several natives of that place. Padre Salva Tierra had filled the office of Rector of the College of San Gregoria, in Guadalajara, about the year 1693. In this college there still exists a painting by him of the Virgin of Loretto, surrounded by a crowd of his kneeling converts of California Indians. He had entered on the spiritual conquest of these gentiles in 1697, so that he spent twenty years of his life in that country. He had also filled the office of Provincial of the Society of Jesus, in the Viceroyalty of Mexico, and that of Visitador of the Mission of Sinaloa and Sonora. It appears also from Venegas, that one of the right hand helpers of Padre Salva Tierra, was Don Fernando de Lancaster, Duke of Abrantes and a descendant of the Royal families of Castile, England and Portugal; he was Viceroy of New Spain in 1711.

The Pimeria Alta now belonging to our Government, is probably one of the richest countries in the world, in the valuable minerals of silver, gold and copper—the country is highly salubrious; the air pure; and the soil extremely fertile where water can be had for irrigation. It produces most of the fruits of the tropics, and the entire catalogue of grains and fruits of Italy and the countries of the Mediterranean. It contains as Padre Kino states, fertile plains for pasturing all domestic animals—the temperature off the coast, where it is extremely varied and hot, is described by him as benign and equable—the whole country according to his account is metalliferous; in some parts he says, exist mountains of silver in masses equal to those of Potosi in Peru. These accounts written about 1700, are entirely confirmed by the present inhabitants of Sonora, and by several gentlemen from California, of intelligence and education, who visited the country in 1854 and 1855, and also by the officers of the United States, who were sent out by our Government to survey the new line of territory as sold under the treaty of December, 1853, by Santa Anna, for ten millions of dollars. From the report of these officers, it would seem that the Alta Pimeria contains the shortest and most level line for a continental railroad of all our territories. All this country wants to make it prosperous, is the protection of an enlightened government.

We come now more particularly to speak of the present and former tribes of Indians, whose abiding place is among the valleys and mountains of this marvelous land. What we have to say is simply suggestive, and collected from reading and personal enquiry. In the year 1751, as Venegas states, there were twenty-five missions of the Jesuits, from Guaymas to the Rio Gila; or, within a circumference of three hundred and fifty

leagues, and covering the lands of the Yakis, Opatas, Topas, Teguiamas, Pimas, upper and lower, Seris, Papagos, Heguis, Topoca, Coco Maricopas and Gilenos.

It appears from Venegas, that in 1751, the Jesuits had forty-one mission establishments within a circumference of 1050 miles, which included the present tribes of the Opatas, Topas, Yakis, Teguiamas, Pimas, upper and lower Seris, Tepocas, Guaymas and Sobaypuris; extending along the first spurs of the Sierra Madre, which bound Sonora on the East; the line of the river Gila, from the East, where it first flows into level lands to its junction with the Colorado at the present Fort Yuma; from the mouth of the Gila, South, and bounded by the main Colorado, until the turbulent waters of the latter empty into the Gulf of California; then following down the Gulf to the River Yaqui, or Hiaqui, and from thence South-east to the Sierra Madre again. The North-eastern boundaries of this country, from the earliest times of the Conquistadores, were inhabited by the Apaches, who have been from first to last, the deadly foe of the half civilized Indians of the country, as well as of the Jesuit establishments of the region in question—to this day they ravage the very same lands and have completely ruined in a commercial sense, the larger portion of the State of Sonora.—Venegas says, that the Apaches ravaged the country for seventy years previous to the year 1751, and depopulated several missions. They were and are still at deadly enmity with all the Indian tribes of the Pimeria and Sonora.

In 1731, there were seven new missions founded in Alta Pimeria, as follows:—

1. Nuestro Senora de Dolores, with two out pueblos.
2. San Ignacio, with two out pueblos.
3. Tibutama, with nine out pueblos.
4. Caborea, with four out pueblos.
5. Suamea, with many out pueblos.

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6. Guebabavi, with Spanish families and many pueblos.

7. San Xavier del Bac, with many pueblos.

[Concluded next month.]

THE SAILOR'S LAST APPEAL.

BY J. P. CARLTON.

Then come with me, my lovely May,  
Beyond the deep blue sea;  
In yonder ship we'll sail away,  
And revel fancy free.

My love for thee shall know no bounds,  
A sailor's heart is thine;  
For then I'll hear those joyous sounds,  
My peerless maid divine.

O! wilt thou be a seaman's bride,  
And cross the briny deep?  
The ocean then in peace we'll ride,  
And rock our woes to sleep.

HABIT.

THE SIX PAIRS OF SPECTACLES.

BY G. T. S.

All habits gather by unseen degrees,  
As brooks make rivers, rivers run to seas.  
DRYDEN.

"Man," says Seneca, "is a bundle of habits": and the immortal bard has said that—

"They can almost change the course of nature,  
And either curb the devil, or throw him out,  
With wondrous potency."

For more than half that we do, the only reason that we can assign is, "that we have always done it." Talk of slavery! What slavery is like that of habit? We can have but little idea of the power with which habit lords it over us, until we attempt to break the chain which it has forged for us; we then find, to our astonishment how strong it is. Few have ever properly estimated the tremendous power of habit for good or evil.

"I trust everything, under God," said

Lord Brougham, "to habit; upon which, in all all ages, the law-giver, as well as the schoolmaster, has mainly placed his reliance; habit, which makes everything easy, and casts all difficulties upon a deviation from a wonted course. Make sobriety a habit, and intemperance will be hateful; make prudence a habit, and reckless profligacy and waste will be looked upon as most atrocious crimes. Give a child the habit of sacredly regarding truth, of carefully respecting the property of others, and he will just as likely think of rushing into an element in which he cannot breathe, as of lying, or cheating, or stealing."

Some amusing stories are told of the effects of habit on different individuals.

A blind man in Edinburgh could find his way to any part of the city, and there was no lane or alley so obscure, but that he was able to explore it, as readily as though he had the best of seeing eyes. A gentleman noticed that in these explorations he always carried a bunch of small keys in his hand, which he kept twirling between his fingers. One day he happened to lay the keys down; the gentleman picked them up, and as soon as our blind friend missed them, he became confused and lost his way, and had to be guided home. Thus much of his power of memory depended on his habit of always twirling a bunch of keys between his fingers.

We once heard of a preacher who could only preach with the thumb and forefinger of his left hand clutched through the bottom hole of his coat, a waggish servant sewed up the button hole and the preacher got stuck at the beginning of his discourse, and had to dismiss his audience with only half of a sermon, and all for want of a button hole to clutch his fingers in.

But the most amusing anecdote is told of a gentleman in one of the New England states. The habit this gentleman had was

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a; then following down  
River Yaguai, or Hiaqui,  
South-east to the Sierra  
the North-eastern boun-  
country, from the earliest  
quistadors, were inhab-  
ches, who have been from  
deadly foe of the half  
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on—to this day they rav-  
e lands and have com-  
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f the State of Sonora.—  
at the Apaches ravaged  
seventy years previous to  
and depopulated several  
y were and are still at  
with all the Indian tribes  
and Sonora.

were seven new missions  
Pimoria, as follows:—  
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cio, with two out pueblos.  
t, with nine out pueblos.  
with four out pueblos.  
with many out pueblos.

one of frequently handling his spectacles.

He was a member of the legislature of his State, and when he rose to speak, he would first place his spectacles on his nose, suffer them to remain there a minute or two, throw them up and on his forehead, and finally fold them up and lay them before him on his desk.

One day a very important question came up in the legislature, and the fidgety member commenced a speech in opposition to the proposed measure. A friend to the project, who was somewhat of a wag, determined that he would spoil the effect of what the honorable gentleman had to say. So before the speaker entered the house, after a recess, he provided himself with a dozen pair of spectacles. The member commenced his speech with his usual ability; but a few moments elapsed before he was at work with his spectacles, and finally got them upon his forehead.

At this juncture our wag, who stood ready, laid another pair on the desk before the speaker. These were taken, and gradually gained a place on his forehead by the side of the others. A *third*, *fourth*, and *fifth* were disposed of in the same manner. A smile settled on the faces of the honorable members, which gradually lighted up into a grin, and at last, when the speaker had warmed up into one of his most patriotic and elegant sentences, he deposited a *sixth* pair with the others, which caused a long and loud peal of laughter from all parts of the room. Presidents, clerks, members, all joined in the chorus. The speaker looked round in astonishment at this curious interruption, but, raising his hand, he grasped the six pair of spectacles, and the whole force of the joke flashed upon his mind. He dashed the glasses upon the floor, took his hat and left the hall. The bill was passed by a triumphant majority, probably on account of the gentleman's silly and useless habit.

#### OLD MUSIC.

These waking hours, how dreary!

O! sing me once again,  
To soothe the spirit weary,  
Some dear old-fashioned strain  
From out the cherished numbers  
Of olden minstrelsy,  
That fills my dreamy slumbers  
With thee, and only thee.

O! tune thy lute to gladness—  
There is soothing in its spell;  
The heart with cause for sadness  
Loves olden music well;  
With passion's gust of feeling  
Accompany the strain,  
As, o'er my spirit stealing,  
Old hopes revive again.

Old music is endearing,  
And memories of old  
To me are full as cheering  
As when first heard and told.  
O! let us prize them dearer,  
Those relics of the past,  
Like links that draw us nearer,  
In friendship to the last.

Like shells, that of the ocean  
Their natal sounds retain,  
My soul with fond emotion  
Fills to some olden strain;  
And thine the power to measure  
The bliss that these impart,  
Shall I in secret pleasure  
Still cherish them at heart?

Stockton.

S. H. T.

#### AMELIA OLDENBURGH.

BY CLOE.

[Continued from page 467.]

He was in haste to become better acquainted with Miss Oldenburgh. An opportunity soon offered for him to see her, as Mr. Dundas gave him a card of invitation to his wedding. Philips gladly accepted it, in hopes of again seeing Amelia and spending an evening in her society. The desired evening at length



arrived, and Mr. Philips, in his gayest costume, arrived at the mansion. He was welcomed by Mr. Tresto with more than ordinary cordiality. A large company had already assembled, and as he was presented to the ladies in the drawing-room, Miss Mary Tresto acted as hostess, and received him with many bewitching smiles. Everything was in the most gorgeous style. Miss Mary's tasteful dress became her tall figure, and Mr. Philips could not but give an abundance of agreeable flattery to her vanity. He had particularly interested her on several occasions, although their acquaintance was limited. She was never seen before in such a glow of spirits, and was quite the belle of the evening. Mr. Philips was watching with nervous impatience to get a glimpse of Miss Oldenburgh; but, in this he was doomed to disappointment, as she was not one of the party.—The marriage ceremony and the attending congratulations were at length through with; the hall was now lighted up and the music struck up for a dance. The happy pair took the lead; Mr. Philips gave his arm to Miss Mary, and they were soon whirling in the giddy rounds of the waltz. At length they tired and seated themselves for a chat. Unable longer to endure his suspense, Mr. Philips turned to Miss Mary and enquired for Miss Oldenburgh.

"Why, are you an acquaintance of hers, Mr. Philips?" asked Miss Mary. "No, I never saw her lovely face but once, Miss Mary; but I am quite captivated with her beauty I assure you."

"In love with a servant! quite a compliment to your taste, as a gentleman, Mr. Philips!"

"A servant in your house, did you say, Miss Mary? There is some mistake, surely."

"Not the least mistake in the world," replied Miss Mary, with a proud toss of her head; "and I can't for the life of me

imagine what made you think her other than a servant in our house. I assure you, Mr. Philips, no lady of such vulgar manners as Miss Oldenburgh, would be admitted to be at the mansion only in the capacity of a servant."

Mr. Philips bit his lips with vexation.

"Perhaps you would like to see this paragon," said Mary, observing his perplexity. "Shall I have her called?"

"No, do not trouble yourself," replied Mr. Philips, rising in disgust with his arrogant tormentor. Mary saw that she had gone too far, and she redoubled her efforts to keep him near her; but, regardless of her endeavors, he moved off to another group of ladies. He entertained them but a short time, and then Mary lost sight of him altogether.

Mr. Philips was in no very enviable mood. He was not prepared to hear that Amelia was a servant; still he could not withdraw his thoughts from her; he regretted having attended the party. There was now nothing in the gay assembly that could afford him amusement or pleasure; he began to feel it irksome, and to be rid of some clamorous friends, he walked into the garden, which was tastefully arranged near the house. A large grape arbor stood in one secluded corner of the garden; the grapes were still hanging in purple clusters thickly over the arbor; the moon shone brightly, and gave light enough to make a walk in such a spot delightful. Breaking off a nice bunch of the grapes, he seated himself on a bench in the arbor, and was eating the delicious fruit. He had not occupied the seat long, before he observed a lady approaching the very bench on which he sat. "Ruth!" she called. He had heard that voice before—it was Amelia's! How beautiful she looked in the surprise of the moment! Mr. Philips seized her hand, and declared that he had been looking for her all the evening. Amelia recognized him immediately, and could not

disguise the pleasure she felt in the unexpected meeting.

"You are looking more beautiful than when I first saw you, Amelia, and you have been constantly in my thoughts since that time. I have been quite disappointed in not seeing you among the guests at the wedding."

Amelia was about to reply to Mr. Phillips, as Ruth made her appearance.

"Where have you been, Ruth? I have been looking for you."

"You appear to have agreeable company without me," said Ruth, with a smile.

"Mr. Phillips, Miss Ruth Mulford," said Amelia.

"This is a beautiful evening, ladies; shall I have the pleasure of walking with you in this little paradise of a garden?" They went to the greenhouse, and Mr. Phillips gathered a bouquet of flowers for each of his pleasant companions.

"Is this the gentleman you met in your walk, the other morning, Amelia?" asked Ruth.

"The same," said Amelia; "and I found him here this evening, eating grapes."

"Yes; and though such nice fruit was quite a treat, there was a greater pleasure in store for me. I found Miss Oldenburgh in the arbor. That arbor is a propitious friend to me, this evening," replied Mr. Phillips.

Ruth reminded Amelia that it was getting late, and they took a reluctant leave of Mr. Phillips, and returned into the house. The object of his visit to the mansion was now accomplished, and Mr. Phillips ordered his carriage and returned home.

Mr. Dundas secured his wife's marriage portion, and sailed for Europe. Miss Mary Tresto was quite in love with Mr. Phillips, and was quite disappointed when he came to bid her good night. He had said enough about Amelia to excite

her jealousy. "Where could he have seen her? She had better not come in between me and Mr. Phillips! I will teach her better manners. By the by, I am so very sorry I did not get more of his sentiments relative to her. O, now I know how I can get all the information I desire. I can question her about him, and I shall soon know all that I wish. Amelia is quite a formidable rival; every one speaks of her beauty. Captain Tresto ought to have gone to dust for giving her the education she has. Phillips appears to be aware of her accomplishments. I will do nothing further at present, until I know more correctly how matters stand, and until a favorable opportunity offers to question Amelia; then I can more fully determine the best course to pursue."

Mary did not wait many days after forming this resolution, before she, by way of excuse, took up a dress for Ruth and Amelia to make. She was unusually polite and considerate in her manner towards Amelia. Ruth and Amelia were both quite surprised at her mild soft words, so unlike her general deportment.

"I declare, Amelia, how beautiful your black dress looks! It sets so gracefully. Your clothes are peculiarly becoming, my dear; don't you think so Ruth?"

"Yes, Mary; no one that has any taste in the matter of dress, can help admiring Amelia's simple yet tasteful manner of wearing her clothing; but, Amelia does not deserve all the praise. Her elegant figure is grace itself, and her face is one of uncommon loveliness; with these advantages, it takes but little to add to make a complete toilet."

"You are quite a flatterer, Ruth," said Mary, rather provoked at Ruth's compliment to Amelia. "I suppose Amelia thinks her beauty has made quite a conquest with Mr. Phillips?"

"No, Mary, you are mistaken," replied Amelia. "It would be sadly presumptuous to suppose a gentleman in love with

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me, whose face I never saw but twice."

"When was that, pray?"

"I met him in a walk, and I saw him the evening Emma was married."

Mary endeavored to hide her real motives, and appeared to be angry with Mr. Philips, declaring him to be a man of no principle.

"Amelia," said she, "Mr. Philips is only seeking your ruin; any sensible person can see that, and you must drop this foolish flirting with him. I think Ruth ought to be a warning to you.—What would Mr. Philips want with a girl of your standing? It is preposterous, and for your own good I forbid your seeing him again."

Saying this, Mary went to her mother, with her budget of news.

"It is too bad, mother, that this poor wretch of a girl should stand in the way of my happiness;" and Mary wept tears of bitter disappointment. "Philips loves Amelia, I see it."

"Give yourself no more uneasiness, Mary, I have managed more difficult matters than this. Now, dry your eyes; he shall never marry Amelia. The thing is easily done. Amelia, I confess, is a formidable rival, with her beauty and accomplishments. Captain Tresto ought to have died for the crime of educating this little beggar, to be in the way of her betters."

"Well, Ma; you see to her, will you; watch her and him too? I leave all to you, mother; I know you will not see me disappointed."

Ruth and Amelia sat busily sewing, some time after Mary left the room; at length Ruth sighed so deeply, that Amelia looked up at her. Ruth was pale as a ghost, and as mournful as if she were to be beheaded.

"Why are you so sorrowful, my friend?" said Amelia.

"I do'nt know; perhaps I have the blues."

cessant sewing; it's enough to kill the strongest, much less you. Your pale cheek pains me to look at it. Ruth, I hope I am a heiress, just for your sake."

"You an heiress, Amelia! What reason have you to think of such an absurdity; are you insane?"

"No, Ruth; I am as rational as I ever was in my life; perhaps more so."

Amelia arose and went to her room, and returned with the locket in her hand; opening it, she handed Ruth a piece of paper that she took out of the locket:—

"Read it, Ruth, and then tell me if there is not a chance of my being an heiress."

Ruth took the paper, and being an excellent German scholar, she read and re-read the paper. "How did you come by this, Amelia?" asked Ruth, almost doubting her own sanity.

"Why, my friend; it was given to me by an old man, on board that fated vessel, before my parents were drowned. I remember the man and what he said, quite distinctly; much more distinctly than the death of my parents. Their deaths I remember but very little—how it happened or what was the cause."

"Well, Amelia, you had better take good care of this paper; for it appears to be a will to your mother, made by an uncle. It may be of much value to you. You had better not say anything to Mr. Tresto's family about it, for I do not think any of the family too honest. I know it to my sorrow. I have reason to believe that I have been grossly swindled by Mr. Tresto."

Ruth handed Amelia the locket, and Amelia put it away with a conscious belief that it was valuable.

"What do you think was Miss Mary's object in cautioning me against Mr. Philips, Ruth?"

"Jealousy, I think. She loves Mr. Philips, Amelia; I could see it in her countenance when she was talking to you. Believe me, Amelia; you must be very

"No, Ruth, that is not it, it is this incautious how you act, and what you say. You would be in jeopardy every day, should you be preferred by Mr. Philips to Miss Mary."

While Ruth and Amelia were discussing this perplexing subject, Miss Mary and her mother were looking over letters that had just been brought from the office; among them was a letter for Amelia. Mary snatched up the letter, then turning the key in the door, she hastily devoured its contents. Her lips moved in painful anger, as she read line after line.

"What is it, my dear Mary?" said Madam Treto, in alarm at Mary's agitation.

Mary crushed the letter in her hand, gnashing her teeth in her furious rage. "Read it, mother, and then you will be as angry as I am!"

Her mother took the crumpled letter and read it:—

"DEAR MISS OLDENBURGH—Pardon the liberty I have taken in writing to you; but the interest I feel in you will not permit me to remain silent. There are reasons why I do not wish to visit you at Mr. Treto's, which you must pardon me for not explaining. Permit me, my dear girl, to say that my affection for you is more than for all the world beside. Be candid with me, dear Amelia: is there hope for me? Will you ever be mine? Write me soon, as my suspense will be intolerable until I hear from you. I remain your devoted  
W. PHILIPS."

"Well, well," said Madam Treto, "this is quite hasty. I rather think we will put a stop to his haste."

"He shall know what it is to love without hope," said Mary, allowing her resentment to absorb all her violent feelings. Her mother was astonished at Mary's ungovernable passion for Mr. Philips. She knew that Mary could not bear to be disappointed or contradicted in any desire she might have; now, there was one dear wish that would swallow up all others, and this she could not think

of giving up. The fatal letter she had just read had nearly driven her to madness; love and hatred were vying with each other, striving for the mastery.

"Amelia loves him, mother," said Mary, "but she shall never know that she has had a proposal from him. I will strangle her before she shall triumph over me, and marry Philips. The little boggar! to presume to interfere with my dearest feelings!"

"Mary," said Madam Treto, "it would not be wise to strangle Amelia. There are easier means of managing the matter than that."

"Well, something has got to be done with her, or I will be her death," said Mary, in an angry tone.

"To murder her would only defeat yourself and bring destruction on your family. I will now give you my plan. If she were married to some other person, Mr. Philips would have to give her up. She must be compelled to take this step, if she will not take it willingly," said Madam Treto.

"You are correct, mother. This is a capital plan, if it could be arranged as you say; but I don't see how it can be brought about."

"Well, there is Sara Douglas, who keeps Ruth's child over in Maryland—we have had to pay her largely for keeping the child, these six years; she has maintained herself and brother from this source. Now she has a proud heart, but is willing and obliging, and I think we could prevail on her and her brother to do anything they could, if well paid for it. Jesse Douglas is upon the whole a fine young man, well educated, and would be a very good match for Amelia. Now, if Jesse Douglas will marry Amelia, and go to England, or out west, we will give him a nice start in the world; and we must make some arrangements for them to take Ruth's child with them."

Mr. Treto now came into the room,

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where his wife and daughter were making large calculations relative to Amelia. Madam Tresto made him acquainted with the new arrangements that she and Mary had been talking of. Mr. Tresto had for some time been anxious to have Ruth's child at a greater distance; there were some things in Ruth's affairs that he dreaded to have come to light, and he was confident that if Ruth knew where her child was, she would see the child's father, and then all his villainy would be discovered. But, as it was, she did not know but that the child was under his father's care, and she also believed him to wish her to forget that any relationship existed. Mr. Tresto knew that Ruth felt that she had been shamefully treated by the father of her child, and as long as he could manage to keep her ignorant, matters would remain quiet. With these things harrowing up his mind, Mr. Tresto entered into his wife's plans, with a determination to have them accomplished.

There was no time to be lost, so he made a few hasty arrangements, and set out for Maryland. He had a pleasant little journey to Mr. Douglas's. When he called at the house, Miss Sara was alone, as her brother had gone to a little town not far distant, to secure a place of business.

"I am quite sorry my brother is not at home, Mr. Tresto," said Sara, noticing his uneasiness.

"So am I, Sara, for I have some important business to transact with him."

"Indeed," replied Sara, who was more like Jesse's mother than his sister; "perhaps I could be of some assistance. At any rate, I would like to know what it is that you have or wish to have to do with my brother."

"Well, Sara," said Mr. Tresto, "I don't know but it would be best for me to consult you;" and he made her acquainted with the object of his visit, col-

oring his story to suit his purpose. "I will give Jesse three thousand dollars to marry Amelia, and you are to keep little Philip into the bargain. What say you, Sara, to that?"

"I will do all I can to persuade my brother, Mr. Tresto.

"Well, madam, you can have until tomorrow to make up your mind. If you can not, why I know others that will gladly accept the bargain."

Saying this, he bade her good night, and returned to the hotel.

Poor Sara! to her this was a sore temptation. She had been well bred, by wealthy parents, but, when she attained the age of sixteen, her father failed, and in a fit of insanity committed suicide. Her mother had died previously to the failure. Jesse was eight years younger than herself; she had struggled with poverty, and had managed to educate her brother out of her own earnings. Jesse was a fine boy, always rather delicate, yet sprightly; ever at the head of his class. Sara was proud of her brother, and was as solicitous of his advancement as if she were his mother. Jesse was an obedient boy, never giving his sister any unnecessary trouble; he was now just twenty-one years of age, and anxious to do something to help Sara, who had used all the money she could get in his education. She was anxiously watching for his return, full of fear and hope.

"If he gets that place of book-keeper, we can live without accepting this bargain of Mr. Tresto's. Dear Jesse! I would feel dreadfully to see you unhappy! If I had not been so poor and dependent, I would have ordered him out of the house. It was a downright insult." And she drew a chair to the window, and through tears watched for Jesse. Presently she heard his footsteps, and met him at the door.

"Did you get the place, Jesse?"

"No, sister; I have had all my walk

for nothing; and, worse than all, I am quite discouraged."

Sara now wept afresh.

"What is the matter, sister," said Jesse, kissing her affectionately. "Don't feel so cast down."

"Mr. Tresto has been here, brother, and he has proposals for you."

"What, for me to murder some one, I should think, by your looks!"

"No, brother, but nearly as bad. He wishes you to marry a girl against her will, and keep little Philip. He says he will give you three thousand dollars to do it."

"Well, I should think it was a funny way to get married."

"You can have only until to-morrow to make up your mind. Isn't it awful, brother?"

"Yes, rather disagreeable business, marrying in this manner. What does Mr. Tresto expect to gain by this singular transaction? He is a grand rascal, Sara, I am certain of that."

"Yes, brother, and he wishes us to be made tools of, to carry out his villainy. He will take little Philip away if we do not accept his offer, and you know, Jesse, this is all our dependence at present for a living. What shall we do?"

"Go to bed, dear Sara, and in the morning we will talk the matter over. May-be Mr. Tresto will give me a better bargain than I imagine."

Sara retired with a sad heart. She went to bed and wet her pillow with her tears. Poor girl! She imagined her brother on a precipice of destruction, unable to extricate himself.

Jesse did not retire, but sat in uneasy and troubled thought. His sister's privations and incessant care for a living almost determined Jesse to run the risk of accepting Mr. Tresto's offer. "I would almost do anything for my dear, unselfish Sara. She has labored incessantly for

me, and shall I not do something for her sake? Three thousand dollars will give us quite a little start in the west, and as for this girl, after we are married she can do as she pleases—live with me or live alone."

He was persuading himself that he was justifiable in this questionable course, when the cock crew for daylight. He started to his feet, rubbed his eyes, and then took a short walk. The early refreshing morning air revived his drowsy spirits, and by the time he got back to the house, he determined to accept Mr. Tresto's offer. He made Sara a fire in her little kitchen. She was soon up, and their frugal meal was soon eaten. They had just returned to the parlor, when the bell tingle announced a call. Mr. Tresto was admitted, and Jesse involuntarily shrank from touching his extended hand. Mr. Tresto took a seat near Sara.

"Well, have you consulted over my proposals with your brother, Miss Sara?" demanded Mr. Tresto, impatiently.

"Yes," replied Jesse, "I have concluded to accept your three thousand dollars and marry the girl; what is her name?"

"Amelia Oldenburgh; and she is a beauty, I can tell you," said Mr. Tresto.

"And as for little Philip," replied Sara, "I would rather keep him than not, as I have become much attached to him, and it would be hard to part with him."

"You must also agree to go either back to England or out west. You must go secretly. Let no one know where you are going," added Mr. Tresto.

Jesse agreed to all, and Mr. Tresto promised to be at Mr. Douglas's in three weeks with Amelia. Handing Jesse five hundred dollars to bind the bargain, Mr. Tresto took leave of the Douglas' and returned home.

[To be continued.]

## HOME-GATHERING SONG.

BY G. T. SPROAT.

We are all here, father! Many a day  
Hath passed, since we turned from thy gaze away;  
And now, far o'er valley, and mountain, and main,  
We come to our native home again.  
Father, we are here, all here!

We are all here, mother! Each day that rolled,  
Brought back thy blessed look of gold;  
Thy face, thy voice, thy loving care,  
Sleeping or waking, was with us there.  
Mother, we are here, all here!

We are all here, brother! Many a hand  
Hath pledged us love, in the stranger's land;  
Strong and warm, like the gushing vine,  
Brother, we found no love like thine.  
Brother, we are here, all here!

We are all here, sister! Faces bright  
Have showered upon us their smiles of light,  
Gentle and pure; but, far above,  
Was a sister's smile and a sister's love.  
Sister, we are here, all here!

We are here, all here!—sure earth hath known  
No bliss like this, which we call our own;  
Type of the joy in the "mansion fair,"  
When we shall all be gathered there.

## ADVENTURES OF CAPTAIN FLORENCE AND PARTY.

Mr. George Davis, of New York City, who arrived in San Francisco in July, 1859, overland, via the South Pass, reported that (when the train with which he was passing up the valley of the Sweetwater, arrived about half-way between Independence Rock and the South Pass,) they found a wounded man lying on the road. They took him up and placed him in a wagon and conveyed him to their camp, a short distance off.

They saw that he was wounded in the hip and shoulder, so that he must die.

"He said his name was C. M. Hall, a native of Cincinnati, Ohio, and late a resident of California. He started from Sacramento, to cross the Plains, on the 30th of April, in company with George Stevenson, a native of Pittsburg, Pa., David Moore, formerly of Lancaster county, Pa., and Captain Henry Florence, from Carlisle, Pa. When they arrived in the Sweetwater valley, Moore fell sick

and they camped for a few days, about half a mile from the road. While there, they noticed some Indians lurking about, but anticipated no danger. On the night of the 15th ultimo, they were all asleep in their camp, when a party of Indians, having first stolen their arms, attacked them. Hall was awakened by receiving two bullets in his body. He attempted to rise, but found himself unable to do so. He saw Florence spring up, apparently unhurt, and had attacked the largest Indian. Hall then fainted, and remained unconscious for some time. When he came to his senses, he found that he was stripped of his clothing, and Florence was in sight, tied hand and foot, and the Indians were apparently holding a council. Soon after that he heard the tramp of horses, and the Indians and Florence disappeared. He remained where he was until morning, part of the time in a swoon, and part of the time conscious. He saw that everything that might have been of value to him had been taken from the camp, so he managed, in the course of the day, to get to the road, and there fell down and lay for two days without food or cover, till the

train in which Mr. Davis was came along.

"He died on the 19th ult., two days after being found. Mr. Davis' train spent several days in seeking for the Indians and for Florence, but found nothing save a trail leading towards the Crow nation, to which the Indians were supposed to belong."

Capt. Florence's friends made every exertion, through the various Indian Agents, to discover some trace of him, but to no purpose, and at last they were forced to believe that he added another to that numerous band who have fallen victims to savage brutality. A few weeks ago, however, Capt. F. made his appearance in the streets of San Francisco, hale and hearty as ever, and as a wish has been expressed by many to learn something of his sojourn among the Indians, and the means used to effect his escape, we have had an interview with him and procured the following statement, which we give in his own language:

"On the night of the attack, we had been lying around our camp fire until a late hour, relating our experiences in California, and drawing bright pictures of the future. We all had been more or less successful in California, and I, especially, had no reason to complain. I had fallen asleep and was dreaming of home, when I was suddenly aroused by the report of fire-arms. I sprang to my feet, and when the smoke cleared away I saw the lifeless forms of my companions lying around me. A stalwart savage struck at me with a war club, but I sprang aside, and before he had time to raise his club a second time, I had him by the throat and his club in my possession. Before I could use it, however, a dozen Indians were around me, and I received a heavy blow on the neck that brought me to the ground. They then bound me with our halter straps, after which they rifled our tent, stripped the dead bodies, and then dragged me a short distance.

After holding a council, which lasted about ten minutes, they brought up our mules and placed me on one of them. They then drove off at a furious speed, an Indian on each side of me, and the rest following. We traveled northward, crossing the Wind-river mountains, and at the opening of a plain, near the mouth of a dark ravine, we came on an encampment of Indians. We were received with a chorus of shouts and hideous yells. I was then marched in their midst, and such a babel of sounds as then ensued it would be impossible to describe. My hands and arms were swollen from the tightness of the bands, and I was so worn out with the fatigues I had undergone, (we had traveled twenty miles without stopping,) that I could not stand. They offered me some berries and dried bits of meat, but I could not eat. I lay with my hands bound behind me until early next morning, when they unbound my hands and placed me on a mule. We started at a rapid gait, which we kept up all day without stopping for refreshment or rest. My sufferings were appalling in the extreme. Late at night we came to a halt. I was again offered food, but I had no appetite. I had a burning fever, and my thirst almost consumed me; my tongue clove close to the roof of my mouth, so that I could not articulate a syllable. We all went down to a small pool of muddy water, and I drank a large quantity, which made me feel still worse, so that I fell down utterly powerless. They dragged me to the camping ground, where I lay all night suffering the most excruciating agonies, which were still further aggravated by the thought that I would be obliged to travel still further the next morning. At daybreak we resumed our march, but my sufferings it would be impossible to describe; about noon three of the savages left us, after which my reason forsook me; I have a faint recollection of crossing great moun-

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## ADVENTURES OF CAPT. FLORENCE AND PARTY.

tains—when and where I cannot tell, but when consciousness returned I found myself sitting by the side of an Indian wigwam, and saw about two hundred savages in the full enjoyment of a war dance. It was evening, and they had a large fire burning, around which they danced (hideously painted) with shrill, fiendish cries, making at the time frightful grimaces.

"The females would gather around me, stare at me for a few minutes, and then with a wild shout mingle in the dance. They continued dancing till day-break, after which they slept until noon, when they assembled in council. The Chief arose and addressed them for about ten minutes. When he sat down a young Indian (one who assisted in my capture) made a very violent speech, which occupied about two hours in its delivery. When he had finished, the clothing and money taken from us was distributed amongst them. Our papers the Chief kept. The council broke up with a wild yell. They then took me to a lodge built of brush and grass, and placed three savages to guard me.

"The next morning I arose somewhat refreshed, though I was conscious only at short intervals; anything exciting would revive me for a time, but the greater part of that period is a blank. A vigilant watch was still maintained over me. If I had been able to retain my money, I might in my lucid moments have devised some means of escape; but the loss of all I possessed made me gloomy and desponding, and these feelings I allowed full scope, to the exclusion of everything else. I suffered greatly from hunger; at times we would have abundance; then again from three to five days would elapse without our being able to procure anything. I was finally reduced to a mere skeleton. I was so altered that no person would have recognized me as a white man.

"I would have been more at ease had I been aware that my friends knew of my capture; but I presumed that my companions had been killed, their bodies eaten by wolves, and all traces destroyed of our party. I now became convinced that they did not intend to kill me, as they began to show some little kindnesses. One day, after my reason had returned to me, I made up my mind that I would endeavor to effect my escape, which I might have accomplished had I known my whereabouts. I also endeavored to drive away the deep despondency which had taken possession of me, knowing that it would be necessary for me to have full possession of my reasoning faculties at such a time, and by so doing I improved somewhat.

"One day I noticed that several Indians arrived with packages, which, on being opened, were found to contain clothing. It had evidently belonged to a woman, and to girls about five and twelve years of age. There was also clothing suitable for a boy of fifteen years of age, and several blankets. I could not get any information as to where they had obtained them, but I had no doubt that there had been more murders committed.

A few days after this occurrence there was great excitement in the camp. I was taken to my lodge and dressed in the clothing of a white man. I know that something was going on in my favor, but what, I could not imagine. I soon saw a train of mules, but not seeing any white men amongst them, I began to fear that I was going to be sold to another tribe. The party entered our camp amidst deafening yells, and the whole company gave themselves up to eating and drinking. I was kept out of sight, guarded by two Indians. The next day the Chief came with one of the new comers, who shook hands with me and informed me that he was a trader, and of Indian and French descent. This was probably a falsehood,

as he had no trace of Indian blood whatever. In the afternoon he came again, and asked me if I intended to stay with the Indians, if my friends were wealthy, and who they were, all of which I answered. I begged of him to buy me of the Indians, and told him he might retain all the money the Indians had if he would effect my release. He smiled as only a villain can smile, and said that the money could not be recovered. He then showed me my drafts for three thousand dollars, which the Chief had saved, and said that if I would transfer them to him, he would ransom me.

I informed him that this would make me a beggar; but he said it made no difference to him. I begged him to let me keep five hundred dollars, but he insisted upon having all. I saw expostulation was useless, and so I yielded. His name was Louis Nauvers, and he hailed from Kaw river. I believe that he was concerned in the robbery and murder of my companions, from the fact that the three savages who left us at the Wind River Mountains were in his company. After endorsing my drafts over to him, we started on our journey. At the end of the second day my reason again forsook me. I traveled from five to seven days, and in my ravings I undertook to kill the Frenchman. The next day he drove me from him. I left him and his vagabond Snakes—for they mostly all belonged to that tribe and the Arapahoes—and traveled two days, when suddenly I came upon the Overland Wagon Road. At nine o'clock that evening I came to an emigrant's camp. I told them my story, and they took me in and gave me something to eat. I had been without food since I left the Frenchman. We soon arrived at Soda Springs, from whence we came to Humboldt, where we wintered. As soon as the snow would admit I started for San Francisco, passing through Carson City, and on snow shoes across the Sierra

Nevada Mountains, and in due time arrived in safety in San Francisco."

Captain Florence describes these Indians as beings of the lowest order, living upon raw meat, sprinkled with gall; also on worms and reptiles.

A LEAF FROM THE DIARY OF A "BLUE."

They tell me I have fame! Whence came it, but from the sighing of my own heart for that which fame can never bring? At the shrine of youth and beauty, are offered the praise and homage of which the child of genius receives but the hollow echo! Last evening as I was singing and playing "the parting requiem," a manly form bent low above me, as if to catch each sound and word as they were breathed forth from the depths of my heart.

I felt his breath upon my cheek, suffusing it with a glow as if bathed in the perfumed waters of immortal youth. I listened in sanguine silence, when the song was ended, for words which wake our inner life, and kindle a holy flame on the desolate altar of the heart. At length he spoke—what music, music like the voice of one we love—but, alas! like iron his words sank into my soul as he said, "you must once have been beautiful, and with such musical talent, you must have been captivating." Oh! could he but have seen the timid, chastened spirit within, that no longer demanded homage as a right, but now longed for something on which to lavish that wealth of the heart, refined by experience and suffering.—But, farewell! to the blissful, fleeting dreams of life; no more shall I listen to the words of love, which fall on the heart like dew, its melody no more to be awakened until the chords are swept by angel fingers in that world where beauty never fades, and our brightest dreams shall be more than realized.

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## OTHER DAYS.

In all the sequences of life,  
That serve to soothe our mortal cares,  
That buoys the spirit in the strife  
Of passing hours and coming years,  
There's none to memory so dear,  
Of brighter hues or warmer rays,  
Whose influence can truly cheer,  
Like joys we've shared in Other Days.

The mind may pierce the Future's gloom,  
And Hope, with vivifying gleam,  
Gild the dark vista to the tomb,  
With all the wealth of Fancy's dream;  
Fame, Honor, Glory! all of Earth,  
For which man's great ambition plays,  
Have few endearments that are worth  
The joys that were—of Other Days.

Of Other Days! When we were young,  
Untutored in the ways of guile;  
When Truth to boyhood's garland clung,  
And lent its charm to beauty's smile;  
When Innocence, with merry laugh,  
Resented the mischievous gaze,  
And it was ecstasy to quaff  
The nectar'd sweets of Other Days.

To think of these—to turn aside  
From life, and scan each bygone year,  
With all our cause for joy and pride,  
We must, betimes, let fall a tear.  
Thus, while we mourn the fair and brave,  
Who shared with us our youthful plays,  
We shed the tears we owe the grave,  
And smile in dreams of Other Days.

Stockton.

S. H. T.

## Our Social Chair.

It always does one good to read an excellent joke, especially when it is well told. There is almost as much "genius" required in the retailer as in the manufacturer. Both must be looked upon as public benefactors, inasmuch as all pleasurable relaxation, and distention of the muscles, from the relation of a laughable incident, not only improves the social qualities of the hearer, but increases his physical strength, and, consequently, adds to his longevity. Those, therefore, who would confer a blessing on mankind, had better cultivate the gracious and amiable art of joke making and retelling, and send Our Social Chair such as the following:

No State of the Union has a greater proportion of foreign or naturalized voting population than California. The judiciary is elective. These facts are necessary to understand and appreciate why the Judge in the following story was so *pat-ronizing* to Pat.

Shasta being the head of "Wo-haw" navigation, the hotels in this flourishing town were full to overflowing, when Judge B— arrived and asked the landlord for a room. The Landlord greatly regretted the fact, but "there was but one opportunity even

to sleep beneath his roof, and that in a double bed already occupied by 'a son of the Emerald Isle'—a miner from a neighboring county, who was well acquainted with Judge B— by reputation."

The Judge, making a virtue of necessity, agreed to sleep with Pat for the night, and was shown into the room by Boniface, who waked him and told him who was to be his bedfellow. Pat was agreed. The landlord retired, and the Judge commenced the double process of undressing and reminding Pat of the great honor of which he was about to be the recipient, and at the same time talking of the "Ould Country," and in preparing Pat to give to him, the Judge, his support at the coming election. Conversing for some time after getting into bed, said the Judge:

"Pat, you would have remained a long time in the old country before you would have slept with a Judge, would you not?"

"Yis, yer Honor," said Pat, "and I think yer Honor would have been a long time in the 'Ould Country' before ye'd been a Judge, too!"

The Judge waked up next morning and looked in the glass, to see whether a bad night's rest had injured his looks.

This reminds us of the following remarkably erudite and *just!* proceeding, as related by the Marysville *Appeal*:

A neighbor of a Marysville Justice of the Peace was accused of stealing horses found in his possession. The case was brought before the above mentioned "Squire," and two strangers were introduced as witnesses.

"Gentlemen," said the Squire, "I have heard the evidence agin the prisoner, and am keen to own that it is clare as daylight and as straight as a string. Wal, I know the prisoner, have knowed him for some yeers, and never knowed of his stealin nuthin in his life. These yerr witnesses is, no doubt, very clever gentlemen, and is very likely well knowed and believed in Sacramenter, but I *do* know the prisoner, and he might a had them hosses, but I'm setten yerr to do justice between man and man, and I can't find no neighbor of mine guilty of no stealin on the evidence of two strangers. Mr. Constable, adjourn court and discharge the *culprit*."

According to the San Diego *Herald*, the residents of that southerly California city must be exceedingly enterprising—over the left. One might suppose that their perfect indifference about everything, might preclude the advantages to be gained from a perusal of the following "first rate complimentary notice"—suggested by the discovery of some Guano islands adjacent—owing to its not being read:

People here are so cursed lazy that no one has ever had the enterprise to explore the coast, and we doubt if the surety of an independent fortune would induce the fitting out of a party to do so. A people in a climate like this, with a soil not excelled for productiveness on the globe, who send to San Francisco for their flour, potatoes, onions, beans, barley, etc., would not move from the Plaza for all the guano in the Pacific, unless there were the additional inducements of a fandango or a horse race.

"Among the negroes on the plantation of a friend of mine," writes a correspondent from Mississippi, "is Sambo, a jovial, broad faced 'gemman of color,' noted for his bravery, or, in other words, 'pluck to the back bone.' Come what will, Sambo is never known to 'back out,' or lose confidence in his own superior abilities to carry himself safely through; and wonderful are the stories that he tells of his amazing powers, and courage under difficul-

ties, in adventures both by 'field and flood;' and they never cease to be a marvel among other less daring and presuming darkies on the plantation.

It chanced one night, last summer, as Sambo was recounting his daring exploits to his companions, as usual, one of them, in order to test his courage, laid a wager of five dollars that he could not stand one hour naked, exposed to the millions of mosquitoes that float at night, like a cloud, over the grounds on the margin of the river.

"Done!" said Sambo, and immediately he stripped himself for the trial, and proceeded to the spot appointed.

After having stood it like a hero for fifty minutes, his antagonist, fearing that he would win the wager, came up stealthily behind him, and touched his back with a *live coal of fire!*

With a curse, and a bound full three feet into the air, Sambo yelled out, "By—I can't stand dat! I gibb it up! I could stand ten millions of *skeeters*; but dat—dat was a bloody *gallinepper!*"

A father writes this:

My two little boys, James and John, attend the country school very regularly. James is eight years old; John sixteen. One day the teacher had occasion to call up James to his desk, for some misconduct, and proceeded to punish him according to the old method, by whipping the hand with a rattan. Six blows with the rattan was the punishment to be inflicted; but after he had dealt out three of them, John, who could restrain himself no longer, sprung from his seat to the master's desk, and holding out his hand, said, "Please, sir, give me the other *three* blows. I am willing to be whipped for Jemmy."

Suffice it to say that the other three blows were not given, and the boys took their seats amid the tears of the whole school.

A correspondent sends us the following:

A teacher in a Sabbath school was endeavoring to impress on the minds of his

pupils the boys," said I smite thee of the other also says, and no

The boys headed urch I would turn if he dared *jingo!*"

"DON"

DEARLY M Take me one if it so be to be rewarded myself and to-be-forgot ceasing when &c., *et cetera* said all that sions, and I way.

I find, my object of chairs—even their burden seek sympathy all, appear tied with the complaining and content of thy humbly tributes, and to throw thy Thy mission prove that alone. But logue, I will my being have been I am sure of

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pupils the duty of forgiveness. "See, boys," said he, "the Savior says, 'If a man smite thee on the right cheek, turn to him the other also.' This is what the Savior says, and now who of you would do it?"

The boys were silent, when a little red-headed urchin spoke up, "I would do it! I would turn to him the other cheek, and if he dared strike it, *I'd whale him, by jingo!*"

#### "DOINGS" TO THE CHAIR.

DEARLY BELOVED CHAIR:—Embraco me! Take me once more within thine arms; and if it so be that for what I may say I shall be rewarded with an approving hug, both myself and pen will regard it as a never-to-be-forgotten honor. And as the never ceasing wheels of Time roll on, &c., &c., &c., *et cetera*. Please imagine that I have said all that is customary upon great occasions, and I will continue in my own small way.

I find, my dear Chair, that thou art an object of envy. I have seen all sorts of chairs—even benches and stools—come with their burdens of trial and tribulation, and seek sympathy from thy genial nature; all, all, appear to be discontented and unsatisfied with their lot, grumbling and loudly complaining, whilst thou alone art happy and content. And why? Simply because of thy humorous disposition and social attributes, and because thy aim and desire is, to throw the mantle of Happiness over all. Thy mission is a sweet one, and thy works prove that nothing should live for self alone. But not to be tedious with a prologue, I will come to the principal cause of my being here. I, too, claim sympathy. I have been badly used. Hear my story and I am sure of your condolence. 'Tis thus:

I visited the cabin of one of my neighbors, the inmates of which had been making some rude arm chairs. As I settled down into one of them, I made the remark that it was made of Dogwood.

"No it is not!" said one of the company; "why do you think so?"

"My opinion was based upon the bark," said I.

"What!" rejoined another, "after living in the woods as long as you have, don't you know Oak bark from Dogwood?"

I had nothing to say; the rebuke was stunning, and I shortly after took my departure, regretting for the time that my lot was cast among such a people. I know, my dear Chair, that you feel for me; you cannot help it; but never mind. Confident of your sympathy and appreciation, I can forgive those fellows, and will now add something with the hope that you may smile.

Every one who has ever traveled from Sacramento on the Jackson road, will remember that after leaving "Cook's," the way for many miles is over a dry and arid plain, which settlers have often and again taken up and endeavored to improve. Tracts of land adjoining the road have been trenched, and the dirt, being thrown upon the inside answers, together with the ditch, the purpose of a fence. Passing through that region in the stage last fall, we saw a man hard at work throwing the dirt back into one of the ditches. As stage passengers generally observe and remark upon everything seen, this occasion was not lost, and numerous conjectures were made as to what could be the object, when the driver remarked that in his opinion it did not pay the man to stop there, and he was about to leave.

"Why so, Jimmy?" said one of the passengers.

"Because he's taking away his improvements," was the reply.

As the Chair loves to laugh, and as laughter is said to be contagious, before leaving I am going to relate an incident wherein the proof is conclusive.

Not many months ago I journeyed to the town of V—, and the supper table of its public house found me seated at one of its well filled sides. Just above me on the opposite side was a gentleman whom we all saluted as Colonel. Facing him was a man who, as I judged from the conversation, had just returned from a hunting excursion. He was relating to the Colonel a

circumstance which he considered as immoderately funny, and laughed most heartily in consequence—the Colonel joining in. Several at the lower end of the table halloed to know what was up, and if a good thing to let it out and give them a chance. Those in the vicinity said they couldn't see the point—didn't know where the laugh came in.

"Is it possible?" said the Colonel; "tell it again, Bill, and boys be ready; I'll tell you when it comes."

All ears were in attendance as Bill proceeded to report. The story was just nothing at all; there was really no laugh in it, but suddenly the Colonel, rapping with his knife upon the table, exclaimed: "Now, boys, laugh! here's the point;" and setting the example himself, Bill joined, those next in order down the table took it up, and like electricity it ran to the extreme ends. It was no make-believe, but a real and spontaneous burst, and louder than any laughed Bill, and the louder he laughed, the louder laughed the rest. Knives and forks were at a heavy discount, and the scene baffles description. Imagine a hundred men, fifty on each side of the table, with their faces drawn up into all kinds of shapes and expressions—some holding to their ribs for very pain—others endeavoring with their handkerchiefs to dam up floods of tears—bodies were surging backwards and forwards, this way and that, and some kept perfectly stiff while the head rolled all over the shoulders—all kinds of laughs were there, from the little te he, to the big ha, ha, and 'sonorous ho, ho. To make the scene, if possible, more ridiculous, Bill, in order to have more room, rose from his seat—the chair was too confining for his emotions—and his long lank form at times would tower high in air, open mouth, head back and chest expanded to its utmost, then every muscle would relax, and he would go down nearly upon his knees, and with a whoop! erect himself and laugh louder than ever. Waiters, with their arms full of dishes, were obliged to join in, and regardless of ex-

pense crockery was broken, and at every crack, laughter received a fresh impetus.

Mine host, an elderly and dignified personage, came rushing in from the bar room. Our hostess, an aged matron with a benevolent face, surrounded with the border of a white lace cap, came pattering out of the kitchen, and both surveyed the scene in calm astonishment. Their presence for perhaps an instant checked the flow of mirth; but the peculiarity of the expression stamped upon the features of this would-be sedate couple—the sort of half smile and half frown upon the proceedings—was fatal to all soberness, and if possible, with increased vehemence did the well of laughter burst from the company, in which "mine grave host," bringing both hands slap down upon his knees, joined with hearty zest; while mine hostess, after an effort to maintain the dignity of the house, mildly exclaimed "did you ever!" and toddled out of the room with her mouth full of apron, and the ribbons of the white cap shaking from the convulsions within. How long this state of affairs would have continued it is impossible to surmise, had not the boarders by ones, by twos, by threes and fours, rushed furiously from the room, leaving the landlord and waiters to contemplate an array of vacant chairs around a well provisioned table, and the viands scarcely touched.

After the following you will oblige me with my hat, for I must go. Periodicals of all descriptions have for a long time past teemed with the sayings of three and four year olds. Some of them have been as beautiful as they were astonishing. I am about to record one here, which I consider richly deserving a place among them:

Alie D—, or, as all her friends say, "our Alie," with her mother, made Sacramento a visit last fall, and on a shopping tour with several lady friends, the mother and daughter went to "Crocker's" store, near the door of which is one of those revolving frames for the exhibition of dress goods. The one in question was elegantly

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and elaborately clothed with all those articles which ladies love to wear, even to the bonnet. The party having concluded their purchases in another portion of the store, were about to leave, when they noticed the subject of this standing in deep meditation before the dressed frame. So noiselessly did they approach the place, and so thoroughly engrossed was the mind of Miss Alie, that their presence was unknown, nor had she an idea that any one was taking notes. Her lovely little face, usually so full of smiles and dimples, was now calm and thoughtful, and her eyes of unsurpassable beauty were fixed intently upon the figure, while a little hand went out and turned it slowly round, and when it stopped again all was still and quiet; then a little voice, scarcely more than a whisper, said, "*I think her spirit must be in Heaven.*"

Is it any wonder that the mother in ecstasy clasped that darling in her arms, and before the little one knew what it meant, covered its little face with kisses?

Wishing you every degree of prosperity and happiness, I am, my dear Chair,

Ever socially thine,

DOINGS.

### Fashions for May.

#### Cloaks.

The Pardesa is still the most approved style of mantle; the "Zebra Cloth" is preferred for material, but we opine only because it is warmer than silk, as this garment must not be wadded or lined. The depth of the back, and where it is seamed, is only about a finger's length shorter than the wearer's dress; it is quite pointed back and front—indeed nearly shawl-shaped, with a very deep, pointed yoke. To this yoke, and falling over the shawl-shaped skirt, is a hood which is also pointed, and finished with a large silk tassel. The bottom of the cloak is finished by a two inch wide bias-fold of the stripe of cloth. There must be a perfect fold also on the yoke, just around the shoulders, and at the top

of the hood a tassel is set on the fold at the seam in the back, and this tassel should be smaller than the one on the hood. Where this cloak is made of silk, the trimming should be of the silk also; the depth of the trimming around the bottom should not be less than one-eighth of a yard in depth, and laid on in small box plaits, formed by separating it so as to leave an inch on both edges to form a plaited ruffle; the hood of the same finish but only half the width. There are no sleeves to this new Pardessus, as owing to the enlargement they are not admissible. It takes nine yards, of yard wide silk, to cut and trim one. The Long Shawl is equally fashionable, and will, we presume, supersede the "Pardessus" as the summer advances.

#### The Home Dress.

Of which so much has been said in the Atlantic periodicals, is nearly given up as a failure. We refer to the "gored skirt," with skirt and corsage cut in one piece. They are the bane of dressmakers, and even when well executed and worn by the finest forms, they are still like the grain of wheat in the bushel of chaff, hard to find, and when found not worth the seeking after.

#### Carriage Dress.

Taffetas silk, dark green double skirts, the upper one trimmed with pink flowers, three in number, four, five and six inches wide. Body plain and pointed back and front. Sleeves tight, with up-turned cuff trimmed with "parsementerie." A cape of green silk trimmed with gulfare lace. This fashionable cape has found general favor for its completeness and simplicity, and is worn not only with carriage dresses, but promenade and ball as well. For the last it is necessary; it should be of lace, but is preferred of the material of the dress for any other occasion. This cape, when of lace, is oftenest made circular; but when of silk or worsted goods, the pointed cape, pinned to the waist at points, is preferable. It is in both cases high in the throat, and fastened by a large brooch. Ball dresses are almost exclusively cut square-necked,

and moderately low. The tendency to trim in door dresses with velvet buttons, and also with silk buttons, encircled with black lace, is on the increase. Head dresses are not so elaborately trimmed as during the winter season. The collar and cuffs of the closed undersleeve are of "Valenciennes." There is a new style of lace called "Cambria, in imitation of Chantilly, which is quite low priced and very pretty.

The skirts of all dresses are box plaited on to a waistband; large double plaits in the back, smaller ones at the sides, and quite small shallow ones in front. The skirts are not as full as they were, and are not to be put on so as to have much fullness in front.

Fine zephyr worsted net undersleeves are much worn for the street.

#### Monthly Record of Current Events.

After the heavy rains that fell about the middle of March last, a crevasse two hundred feet in length was made in the levee, opposite the tannery, at Sacramento.

The same rains caused a pine tree, which grew on the side of a gulch, two miles west of Sonoma, to be torn up by the roots; thus revealing a vein of Canuel coal, about forty feet wide. It is said to burn well, and other veins have been found adjoining.

The streets of Placerville have been crowded with strangers, on their way to the Washoe mines in the Territory of Nevada.

A vein of coal has been found near Lone City, Amador county, says the Calaveras Chronicle. It is ten feet in thickness, and of as good quality as the best Pennsylvania coal.

The mail stage line running between Oakland and Stockton was discontinued, owing to the non payment of mail matter, according to contract.

The mail steamer Sonora sailed for Panama March 20th, with 550 passengers, and \$1,287,136 in treasure.

A bill creating the office of State Geologist passed the Legislature, and C. D. Whitney, of Vermont, was elected to the office, with a salary of \$6,000 per annum.

A grand public reception was given by the city of San Francisco to the Japanese Embassy, on the 22nd of March.

The Golden Age arrived on the 27th of March, with 984 passengers, and 2,090 packages of merchandise.

An intemperate young man, named George Yugie, offered to bet four bits, at San Juan, Nevada county, that he would be dead in fifteen minutes. In half an hour afterwards, he was found in a room cold and dead.

Digger Indians to the number of thirty, squaws included, assembled in the suburbs of Marysville, and had a pitched battle with stones, sticks, bottles, etc. Several of them had their faces disfigured.

The genuine Sugar Maple tree was recently discovered at Round Valley, Mendocino county, from which an excellent quality of sugar was obtained by Mr. Henley.

The mail steamship Golden Age carried away \$1,015,787, 530 passengers, and 32,241 letters, on the 5th ult.

The first Pony Express, of the Central Overland Horse Express Company, left the Alta Telegraph Company's office, at the corner of Montgomery and Merchant streets, at a few minutes before 4 o'clock on the afternoon of the 3d ult.

The steamer Champion cleared at the Custom House for New York, by way of Cape Horn—the new arrangement of steamers making her presence here needless.

Several deaths have occurred in San Francisco during the month, from eating poisonous mushrooms.

A large and enthusiastic mass meeting was held in the American Theatre, San Francisco, on the 6th ult., against the "Parson's Bulkhead Bill."

The rates of fare by the Golden Age on the 5th ult., were, first cabin, \$257 50 and \$232 50; for second cabin, \$157,50; for steerage, \$107 50.

The first great "Pony Overland Express" arrived in Carson City, Nevada Territory, at half past 3 o'clock, p. m., on the 12th ult., and which left St. Joseph, Mo., April 3d, at 5 o'clock p. m., thus making the through trip in less than nine days, bringing St. Louis News up to the day of starting.

The "Parson's Bulkhead Bill" passed both houses of the Legislature on the 12th ult. and was vetoed by Gov. J. G. Downey on the 10th.

A trout was caught in Santa Rosa creek, which measured 22 inches in length, and weighed 2½ pounds.

Hay was selling in Carson Valley at \$200 per ton; lumber at from \$40 to \$60 per M. Daily wages for hands, \$5.

The Sierra Citizen says the gold from the quartz mill in the vicinity of Jamison City will from Downieville to Washoe per week.

The miners at Pine Grove resolved in public meeting to Chinamen to work in the mine.

During a murder trial in the jurors went fast asleep and got angry with the Deacon arousing him.

The Golden Rock Water was completed to Big Bend water turned through it. It has been nearly four years long and cost \$400,000.

ON THESE DAYS of sightedness, it is difficult to foresee what can be accomplished.

Assisted by an undaunted will, the motive, the fire of the horseflesh, and good results winged flight across the Atlantic to the Pacific in a very short time of months.

At 5 o'clock p. m. of the 12th ult. the "Overland Pony Express" left New York and St. Louis, and arrived (via Carson City, Western Territory) at Carson City, Nevada, at 5 o'clock p. m. of the 12th ult. News was immediately telegraphed to San Francisco, where it was an exciting pleasure.

It is matter of course that the people of California throughout the State are pleased; not so much for the value it may direct—value it may direct—but as indicating which our posterity will tend; and become a speedy introduction of the horse, and a corner.



The *Sierra Citizen* says the average yield of gold from the quartz mills in the immediate vicinity of Jamison City, on the new trail from Downieville to Washoe, is \$50,000 per week.

The miners at Pine Grove, Sierra county, resolved in public meeting to permit no Chinamen to work in the mines of that district.

During a murder trial in Mariposa, one of the jurors went fast asleep in the box, and got angry with the Deputy Sheriff for arousing him.

The Golden Rock Water Company's ditch was completed to Big Oak Flat, and the water turned through it. It is forty miles long, has been nearly four years building, and cost \$400,000.

A new town has been laid off on Carson river, at what is known as Nick's Ranch.

The first number of the "Lancha Plana Dispatch" was issued at Lancha Plana, Amador county, by Heckendown & Payne.

The Golden Gate arrived on the 12th ult., with 803 passengers and 535 tons of freight.

The Hon. John C. Bell, Assemblyman from El Dorado county, was shot and stabbed in an affray with Dr. Stone, of the same county, on the 11th, and died from his wounds on the morning of the 16th ult.

The rates of passage by the John L. Stephens, on the 20th, were, 1st cabin \$250; 2d cabin \$175; steerage \$75. She carried away 396 passengers, and \$1,382,783.

## Editor's Table.

**I**N THESE DAYS of enterprising foresightedness, it is difficult to determine or foresee what can or cannot be accomplished. Assisted by intelligence and undauntable will, the breath of the locomotive, the fire of the galvanic battery, horseflesh, and good riders, news has sped its winged flight across the continent, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, in the astonishingly short time of *nine days*.

At 5 o'clock p. m. of the 3d ult., the first "Overland Pony Express" left St. Joseph, Mo., with telegraphic intelligence from New York and St. Louis, up to the time of starting, and arrived (via Salt Lake City) at Carson City, Western Utah, at half past 3 p. m. of the 12th ult. From that point the news was immediately telegraphed to San Francisco, where its arrival created much exciting pleasure.

It is matter of congratulation to the people of California that this has been accomplished; not so much for the intrinsic value it may directly be—and that is great—but as indicating a higher point towards which our postal advancement should tend; and become a forcible appeal for the speedy introduction of the great Iron Horse, and a complete line of telegraph,

from one side of our continent to the other.

It is ever a cause of regret in noble and generous natures to see an individual becoming less worthy of their love and esteem. If this axiom be true in private life and character, it cannot be less so in public. It is an unpleasant task, when duty leads to the necessity of finding fault at any time, whether the subjects be personal friends or not. We confess to the weakness of disposition, if weakness it be, which prefers to praise rather than to censure; but we do not make a similar confession when right or wrong is the matter at issue. Therefore we cannot feel it our duty to overlook the many unrighteous acts of the present Legislature.

It is self-evident that either the State's prosperity, and the abundance of funds at its disposal, or a desire to be generous to individuals at the State's expense, has made our legislators extravagantly careless and reckless of its best interests. Monopolies most oppressive have been granted; public funds have been voted away; offices have been created; salaries have been raised, and almost every act passed has

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in Santa Rosa creek, ches in length, and

Carson Valley at \$200 on \$40 to \$60 per and, \$5.

showed the disposition "to have a good time," and "to give a good time," generally.

The great fact that public servants are elected to subserv the public good, and to be conservative of the public honor and pecuniary interests, has been much overlooked, and which will be felt in the State's prosperity for many years to come.

Unfortunately this is too much the result of indifference on the part of the people, in not attending to their interests at all primary elections, and aiding the nomination of high-minded and honorable men of good legislative abilities—but few of whom will accept of a nomination, owing to the dishonorable manner in which their characters are assailed by those of the opposite party, in order to defeat their election.

The official visit of the Japanese Embassy—which consisted of twenty gentlemen, some of whom are hereditary princes, and fifty-two servants—to the United States, although of apparent insignificance to many, may be attended with important results to this country and Japan. Its large and numerous islands, with their dense population, and various mineral, agricultural and mechanical products, may open up a profitable system of commercial intercourse between us, that may be mutually beneficial in its results, and this peaceful mission do more towards breaking up the spirit of exclusiveness entertained by the Japanese, than a victorious war could possibly have done.

Each member of this embassy seems much interested in all he sees, and excites much interest in return. If they are well and respectfully treated elsewhere, as they have been here, their report to their countrymen, on their return, will conciliate and impress them favorably in our behalf.

Their currency, of copper, silver and gold, is very curious, and is as follows: of copper there are three:

1st. *Za-ne*, or one cash, a round coin, about the size of an American nickel cent.

2d. *Quan-ai*, or 4-cash, a round coin, about the size of the old American cent.

3d. *Tempo*, or 10 cash, equal to 2 cents. Of silver there are also three:

1st. The *It-ze-bu*, (or *It-che-boo*, as the Japanese pronounce it,) value 32 or 33 cents. Its weight with American silver is only 32 cents.

2d. The *Ne-che-yu*, or half e-che-boo, value 16 cents, eight being reckoned equal to a cobang.

3d. The *It-che-woo*, or quarter e-che-boo, value 8 cents, sixteen being equal to a cobang.

\* \* \* \* \*

* It-ze-bue. *	Ne-chee-yu :	It-che-woo :
* 32 Cents. *	16 Cents. :	8 Cents. :

\* \* \* \* \*

The gold coins are these:

1st. The *O-bang*. This is of large size, of an oval shape, six inches in length, three and three-quarter inches in width, and of the thickness of an American five-dollar coin. The value is about \$95. It is probably the largest gold coin in the world.

2d. The *Co-bang* (or small bang) is of the same oval shape as the above, but of course is much smaller. It is a little larger than the 100-cash copper piece. Its value in Japan, prior to the interference of foreigners with their coins, was 138 cents. It was found to contain gold to the value of \$4.42. As soon as the drain on the gold coins commenced, the Japanese government called in the cobangs, and fixed their value at 12 *itzebues*, at which rate they now pass in Japan. There are four sizes of cobangs, varying in value from \$3.15 to \$4.42 each.

We were pleased to see that the city of San Francisco tendered the officers of this, the first Japanese Embassy, a public reception, which was promptly accepted: when the Board of Supervisors hospitably entertained them, and escorted them to the forts, arsenals, manufactories, and other sights of interest available on so short a visit.

To CONTRIBUTORS.—Several favors received, which will be duly examined next month.

## A Song for

BY LOCKWOOD & HENDRICK

'Tis Spring, balmy Spring,  
The showers,

All nature is smiling, the birds  
Trees and plants are all green  
with flowers,

And though March winds  
as May.

When birds, trees and flowers  
Each Spring, 'tis a lesson  
It bids him do likewise, and  
Goes to Lockwood & Hendrick  
Store.

There the elegant votary  
Still goes, when his wardrobe  
Coat, vest, pants, cravat—  
Even though you don't  
view.

The merchant, the banker  
Mechanics, and miners,  
All classes, from the land  
Go to Lockwood & Hendrick  
Store.

The youth of our city,  
Go there without fail  
As Lockwood & Hendrick  
And the ladies the wear  
The boys, too, are proud  
sulted,

Each feels himself grand  
Fine goods, at low prices  
Are at Lockwood & Hendrick  
Store.

They have a Furniture  
sortment  
E'er seen in one store  
Their shirts and kid  
ment

Of the very best dress  
Their hosiery, drawers,  
Would madden "Pluto's  
shore;

Who can wonder all  
To Lockwood & Hendrick  
Store.

For venerable grand  
They have clothing  
As well as for sport  
wood,

Where his dog and  
Just look at their  
fall

To compare it with  
As all who want go  
Go to Lockwood & Hendrick  
Store.

Our Motto, Q

LOCKWOOD & HENDRICK

NO. 170 CLAY ST.

Manif

CLO

Offer at Wholesale  
best ass

Clothing

T

Being extensive  
are enabled to  
SUIT THE T

We invite the  
the superior  
orders punctual  
Gents' and  
latest style.

ADVERTISING SUPPLEMENT.

**A Song for Spring.**

BY LOCKWOOD & HENDRIE, 176 CLAY STREET.

'Tis Spring, balmy Spring, with its sunshine and showers,  
All nature is smiling, the birds they sing gay;

Trees and plants are all green, hills and vales decked  
with flowers,  
And though March winds are blowing, 'tis pleasant  
as May.

When birds, trees and flowers appear in new raiment  
Each Spring, 'tis a lesson man cannot get o'er;  
It bids him do likewise, and knowing the fame on 't,  
Goes to Lockwood & Hendrie's far famed Clothing  
Store.

There the elegant votary of fashion and leisure  
Still goes, when his wardrobe he wants to renew;  
Coat, vest, pants, cravat—in fact, 'tis a pleasure,  
E'en though you don't purchase, their fine goods to  
view.

The merchant, the banker, the doctor, the lawyer,  
Mechanics, and miners who dig out the ore,  
All classes, from the dandy to humble woodsawyer,  
Go to Lockwood & Hendrie's far famed Clothing  
Store.

The youth of our city, the pride of each parent,  
Go there without fail for their Sunday attire;  
As Lockwood & Hendrie a fit always varrant,  
And the ladies the wearers are sure to admire.  
The boys, too, are proud, when in suits they are  
sullied,

Each feels himself greater than he e'er was before;  
Fine goods, at low prices, it can't be disputed,  
Are at Lockwood & Hendrie's far famed Clothing  
Store.

'They have "Furnishing Goods," too, the largest as-  
sortment  
E'er seen in one store on the Pacific Coast;

'Their shirts and kid gloves can improve the deport-  
ment  
Of the very best dressed man our city can boast.

'Their hosiery, drawers, pocket handkerchiefs, collars,  
Would madden "Ben Brummel," could he leave  
Pluto's shore;

Who can wonder all classes now go with their dollars  
To Lockwood & Hendrie's far famed Clothing  
Store.

For venerable grandpa, in his second childhood,  
They have clothing to suit, for rich man or poor,  
As well as for sportsman, whose delight is the wild-  
wood,

Where his dog and his gun do the fat game secure.  
Just look at their store—see their stock—then don't  
fall

To compare it with others; I need say no more,  
As all who want goods, by wholesale or retail,  
Go to Lockwood & Hendrie's far-famed Clothing  
Store.

Our Motto, Quick Sales & Small Profits.

**LOCKWOOD & HENDRIE,**  
NO. 176 CLAY STREET,.....SAN FRANCISCO.

Manufacturers and Importers of  
**CLOTHING,**

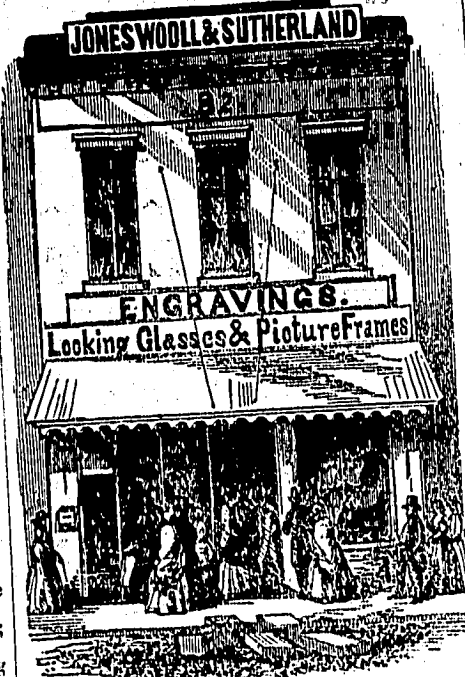
Offer at Wholesale and Retail, the largest and  
best assortment of Gents' and Boys'

**Clothing and Furnishing Goods,**  
To be found in California.

Being extensively engaged in Manufacturing, we  
are enabled to sell good garments at PRICES TO  
SUIT THE TIMES.

We invite the particular attention of Dealers to  
the superior advantages we possess for filling their  
orders punctually and satisfactorily.  
(Gents' and Boys' Clothing made to order in the  
latest style.

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J. W. HENDRIE,  
176 Clay Street, San Francisco.



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Artists' Materials, &c. &c.,  
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**NOISELESS**

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tion to sewing the finest or coarsest fabrics, they are  
conceded the first place in public estimation.

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Making a discretion order, and other desc At the G all other & Baker's

And the p orment; ken the P Our Pan more than held at standard

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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.

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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.

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**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.

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— AND —

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Up " " Corner Washington and Kearny Sts.

SAN FRANCISCO.

H. ADOLPHUS'

Anti-Rheumatic

**LINIMENT**

AND

Health Restorative,

IS UNSURPASSED FOR THE CURE OF

**RHEUMATISM, GOUT,**

AND CHRONIC DISEASES.

For Sale by

**ADOLPHUS & JUNGERMAN,**

46 MONTGOMERY ST., three doors from Bush,

And by all the Druggists in the City.

AGENTS—REDINGTON & CO., Clay Street,

MORRILL, corner Washington & Battery.

FREEMAN & SIMPSON,

**Old Magnolia Whiskey.**

THE UNDERSIGNED IS RECEIVING THIS standard brand of fine Whisky, direct from Messrs. Freeman & Simpson, Proprietors of the Phoenix Distillery, Schuylkill River, and offers it for sale in barrels and half barrels, in lots to suit. The genuine.

**OLD MAGNOLIA WHISKEY,**

Has Freeman & Simpson's name in full on each package, and also a card affixed with a lithographed engraving of their Distillery.

As a matter of interest to the trade and public, in showing the immense capital employed and the extent of the manufacture of Freeman & Simpson's Magnolia Whiskey, the following comparative table is appended, taken from a work entitled "Philadelphia and its Manufactures:"

"The centre of the Whiskey Manufacture is probably Cincinnati, Ohio; for we notice that in 1856, there were distilled in that City and vicinity, 19,260,245 gallons of proof Whiskey, consuming, if we allow one bushel of corn to every three gallons of spirits, 6,420,082 bushels of corn."

"In Philadelphia there are but five concerns engaged in distilling Whiskey, from rye, corn, &c.—They have a capital employed of nearly \$500,000, and in 1857, produced 2,100,000 gallons. The Distillery of Freeman & Simpson, on the Schuylkill River, having a capacity of 400 barrels per week, of fine Whiskey alone, is one of the largest and most complete in the country, for the distillation of Fine Whiskey, to which they confine themselves almost exclusively."

**S. J. SHAW,**

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

MINE



We Mine time to go To look at eat and Just let us cheapest We pay to run out

MERCHANT.



Advertising is all the  
go,  
Our goods are selling  
very low,  
If you will only call  
and try,  
You cannot fall 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.



MECHANIC.



Our clothes and pro-  
fessions 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.

### STENCIL PLATES

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

### FRENCH ACADEMY

FOR  
LADIES & GENTLEMEN,  
Corner of Jackson and Mason Sts.,  
SAN FRANCISCO.  
Prof. J. MIBIELLE, Principal.

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.

### WM. SHERMAN & CO.,

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.

SAILOR.



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

OFFERS.

OFFERS.

Offered

Offered

Offered

Whiskey.

Whiskey.

Whiskey.

Whiskey.

Whiskey.

Whiskey.

Whiskey.

Whiskey.

Whiskey.

Whiskey.

Whiskey.

Whiskey.

Whiskey.

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,

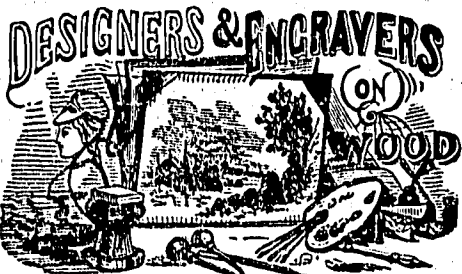
AT GREATLY REDUCED PRICES,

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,**



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.

MERCHANT.



Advertising is all the go, 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.

IMMENSE

FISH'S

**HAIR**

Unquestionable

THIS REASON  
by nature's  
becomes gray; it  
grow on BALD  
and Pain from the  
and cures all NER  
to cure all DISC  
will stop and keep  
healthy and beau

Principal Depo

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114 st

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EVERY  
ly on h  
rates.

We would  
try Dealers  
satisfaction.

ORDER



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 grow on BALD HEADS; removes all Dandruff, itching and Pain from the Scalp; quiets and tones up the nerves, and cures all Nervous Headache, and may be relied upon to cure all DISEASES of the SCALP AND HAIR; it will stop and keep it from falling off; makes it soft, glossy, healthy and beautiful.

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

**HODGE & WOOD,  
IMPORTING STATIONERS**

And Wholesale Dealers in

**BLANK BOOKS**

AND

**Cheap Publications,**

114 and 116 CLAY STREET,  
SAN FRANCISCO.

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

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

**ORDERS FROM THE COUNTRY**

RESPECTFULLY SOLICITED.

HALL'S

**Yellow Dock & Iodide of Potass**

IS PREPARED from the finest red Jamaica Sarsaparilla 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, Bolls 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,  
San Francisco.

GEORGE J. BROOKS,

FRANK W. BROOKS.

GEORGE J. BROOKS & CO.,

**PAPER WAREHOUSE,**

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CORNER OF MERCHANT STREET,

SAN FRANCISCO.

Importers and Dealers in

PRINTING, WRAPPING AND WRITING PAPERS

Of every description; also,

PRINTERS' MATERIALS,

BOOK, NEWS AND COLORED INKS.

**B. F. STERETT,**

**BOOK AND JOB PRINTER,**

145 Clay St., near Leidesdorff,

SAN FRANCISCO,

**R**ESPECTFULLY 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 Enameled Business Cards, \$5 per thousand; Bill Heads, \$5 to \$6; and a reduction of 25 per ct. for each additional thousand.

All other Kinds of Printing at the same Low Rates.

Remember the number,

145 CLAY STREET,

Six doors below Montgomery.

**B. F. STERETT.**

## TURNER'S FOREST WINE BITTERS.

*The Greatest Remedy of the Age,  
FOR THE CURE OF  
Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint,  
Weakness of the Stomach,  
Or any Derangement of the Digestive Organs.*

THEY REGULATE AND PREPARE THE STOMACH to receive and digest food in a healthy manner, giving action to the Liver, by removing the secreted Bile, allowing the body its natural strength. "It is very essential for persons of every age or condition in life, to be careful and keep their Digestive Organs in good order.—By doing this, they will be proof against any, or all, of the prevailing Diseases, incident to the different Climates, no matter what the temperature of the same." These Bitters are sure to do this in every case, if taken according to directions.

There are thousands of small arteries and avenues in the human frame, leading to and depending upon, the gastric juices produced by the stomach for the support of whole body. If the stomach is diseased, surely it cannot do its work. Consequently the body must be fed from unprepared and unnatural saliva, sowing corruption throughout the whole system. But if the stomach is kept in order, the created saliva goes to enrich the blood, giving a natural freshness to the countenance, and strengthening the whole frame.

We desire any and every person using the Bitters, to show them to, and ask the opinion of, their confidential family Physician, in regard to the merits of the article.

"Turner's Forest Wine Bitters"

Are sure to regulate the stomach, the main avenue to the whole body;  
Are sure to counteract Billiousness, when in a malarious climate;  
Are sure to agree with the most weakly, as well as the most, robust person;  
Are sure to create a good appetite;  
Are very pleasant to the taste as a beverage;  
Are economical and cheap.

All Travelers should carry these Bitters with them, to prevent Billiousness and Fevers, caused by changes of climate and water.

Seamen should carry them to prevent Scurvy, Ship Fever and the like, when they are deprived of cooling nutritious vegetables.

All persons of sedentary habits, who cannot rest at night, should take them before going to bed, (as a foul and disarranged stomach always produces a nervous irritation of the muscular glands, causing sleepless nights.) They assist the stomach to perform its natural powers, allowing the patient to rest with composure.

They are a very rich, nutritious Wine, formed by the addition of nine different kinds of roots, barks and herbs, making a very palatable as well as one of the most nourishing Bitters in the known world.

There never has been any article introduced that has gained such universal confidence, and been so highly applauded by the public, as these Bitters. They have been in use about six years, and the sale has increased so much, that it now takes three large buildings, covering over nine lots of ground, to do their business.

For the better protection of the public, (after this date, April 15th) we have for a label, a splendid and very expensive) Steel Engraving, with the portrait of each member of our firm, making a perfect guarantee against counterfoits or imitations of the genuine article.

N. B.—Hereafter our FOREST WINE BITTERS will be manufactured from White Wine, which makes a decided improvement, unequalled by any other Bitters in the United States.

Sold wholesale, by  
TURNER BROTHERS,  
Corner Washington and Franklin streets, N. Y.  
Niagara street, Buffalo, N. Y.  
Corner Broadway and Front sts., San Francisco, Cal.  
And for Sale by Merchants and Druggists everywhere.

## TURNERS' GINGER WINE.

This article is prepared from pure White and Jamaica Ginger Root, in such a manner as to form the best and most pleasant tonic ever introduced; and is an invaluable remedy for Dyspepsia, Indigestion, and for all diseases where a gentle stimulant is required, to bring the system into healthy action.

One Million Gallons, in Barrels and Cases, Sold Annually,

Throughout the world, thereby proving its unequalled and unrivalled merits. It has received the approbation of the medical faculty throughout the United States, and wherever known.

We caution all consumers of GINGER WINE to examine the label, as none are genuine except such as have on them our engraved portraits in a circle, surrounded by the following superscriptions: "TURNERS' GINGER WINE, prepared by Turner Brothers, New-York; Buffalo, New-York; and San Francisco, California."

## TURNERS' EXTRA RASPBERRY SYRUP

Manufactured from pure juice of Raspberries, and is equal to any article of the kind heretofore introduced.

Some of the reasons why TURNER BROTHERS manufactured articles, Syrups, Ginger Wine, Cordials, Bitters, &c., are better than any others in the United States:—

First—We have three of the largest manufactories of the kind in the world.

One at New York;  
One at Buffalo, New York.  
And the 3d at San Francisco, Cal.,

Built specially for our business in the most complete manner in every particular.

Secondly—We can and do have every advantage that money can purchase or convenience could facilitate.

Our Goods are manufactured from the very best materials—with the utmost care, and are the leading articles of the kind throughout every State in the Union, China, Sandwich Islands, and including almost every place where the Anglo Saxon race are represented.

We have constantly on hand and for sale in quantities to suit:—

Ginger Wine,	Forest Wine Bitters,
Blackberry Brandy,	Sarsaparilla Soda,
Cherry Brandy,	Wormwood Bitters,
Wormwood Cordial,	Vegetable Bitters,
Cherry Cordial,	Stomach Bitters,
Raspberry Syrup,	Stoughton Bitters,
Lemon Syrup,	Spice Bitters,
Extract Raspberry Syrup,	Orgeat Syrup,
Gum Syrup,	Anisette,
Coloring,	Caragon,
Absynthe,	Kershowasser,
Anisado,	Vermouth,
Aromatic Schnapps,	Essence of Lemon,
Essence of Jamaica Ginger,	Essence of Peppermint,
Rosenschleifs Bitters, &c.	

TURNER BROS.,  
Corner of Front & Broadway Sts.,  
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

**JACOBY & KUCHEL,**  
 (Successors to Jacoby & Bromormann,)  
 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 And acquaintance be forgot,  
 And never brought to Mind.  
 Should And acquaintance be forgot,  
 And days of Lang-Syns

IMPORTER OF **MUSICAL Instruments,** FANCY GOODS, AND **TOYS,** 178 Washington Street, SAN FRANCISCO.

**CARRIE & DAMON,**  
 IMPORTER AND JOBBER OF  
**STATIONERY,**  
 STANDARD AND MISCELLANEOUS  
**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.

**TYLER BROTHERS,**  
 IMPORTERS OF  
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 SCHOOL AND MISCELLANEOUS  
**BOOKS**  
 — AND —  
**FANCY ARTICLES.**  
 No. 180 WASHINGTON STREET,  
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 CALIFORNIA.

**AMUSEMENTS.**

**Maguire's Opera House.**--- MISS HARRIET GORDON, supported by a powerful Company, is nightly delighting audiences at this fashionable Theatre.  
**Lyceum.**--- MARSIP'S JUVENILE COMEDIANS, comprising 30 talented performers, are attracting crowds to this popular place of Amusement. Go and see them.  
**American Theatre.**--- DAN RICE'S GREAT SHOW.  
**Tucker's Academy of Music.**--- TIRRI'S GREAT PANORAMA OF CALIFORNIA, is justly meeting the success it so richly merits.

CHAS. F. ROBBINS, PRINTER, 111 CLAY STREET, S. F.

**R WINE.**

White and Jamaica form the best and is an invaluable for all diseases to bring the system

**in Barrels annually,**

its unequalled and the approbation of United States, and

R WINE to example such as have on sale, surrounded by BROTHERS' GINGER New-York; Buffalo, and

**S' SYRUP**

Raspberries, and is before introduced.

BROTHERS manufacture, Cordials, Bitters, United States; — at manufactories of

**New York. San Francisco, Cal.,**

the most complete every advantage that could facilitate. the very best made the leading articles the Union, China, every place where

sale in quantities

Wine Bitters, Arilla Soda, Food Bitters, Ble Bitters, Ch Bitters, Con Bitters, Bitters, Syrup, e, n, nswager, uth, e of Lemon, e of Peppermint, e.

**O'S, Broadway Sts., CAL.**

PRINTERS'  
**Furnishing Warehouse,**

No. 111 CLAY STREET,

BETWEEN SANSOME & BATTERY, SAN FRANCISCO.

**CHARLES F. ROBBINS,**

AGENT FOR

Geo. Bruce's Celebrated N. Y. Type Foundry,  
E. R. Webb & Co's Wood Type & Printing Material,  
And Ruggles Co's Printing Presses, all sizes,

WOULD RESPECTFULLY INFORM THE  
PRINTERS OF CALIFORNIA AND OREGON,

That he has just received a full supply of

**BOOK, NEWSPAPER AND JOB TYPE,**

CASES, STANDS,

**BLACK AND COLORED INKS,**

BRASS RULE, LEADS,

PRINTERS' FURNITURE, HAND & JOB PRESSES, and everything necessary for a  
complete outfit for an office, all of which he

OFFERS FOR SALE AT THE LOWEST PRICES.

Printers about purchasing are requested to examine the Bruce Type. The series of Book and Newspaper Roman Faces furnished by Geo. Bruce is admitted to be unequalled in the qualities for which Roman Type is valued; uniting remarkable lightness and delicacy with perfect clearness and symmetry; faces punched deeply; hair-lines supported by a broad base; while the metal is of the most enduring character possible. Bruce's Job Faces are also in every particular equal to those of any other Foundry in the Union, for beauty and durability.

Parties ordering from the interior can rely upon having their orders filled punctually and correctly, and at the lowest rates.

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