

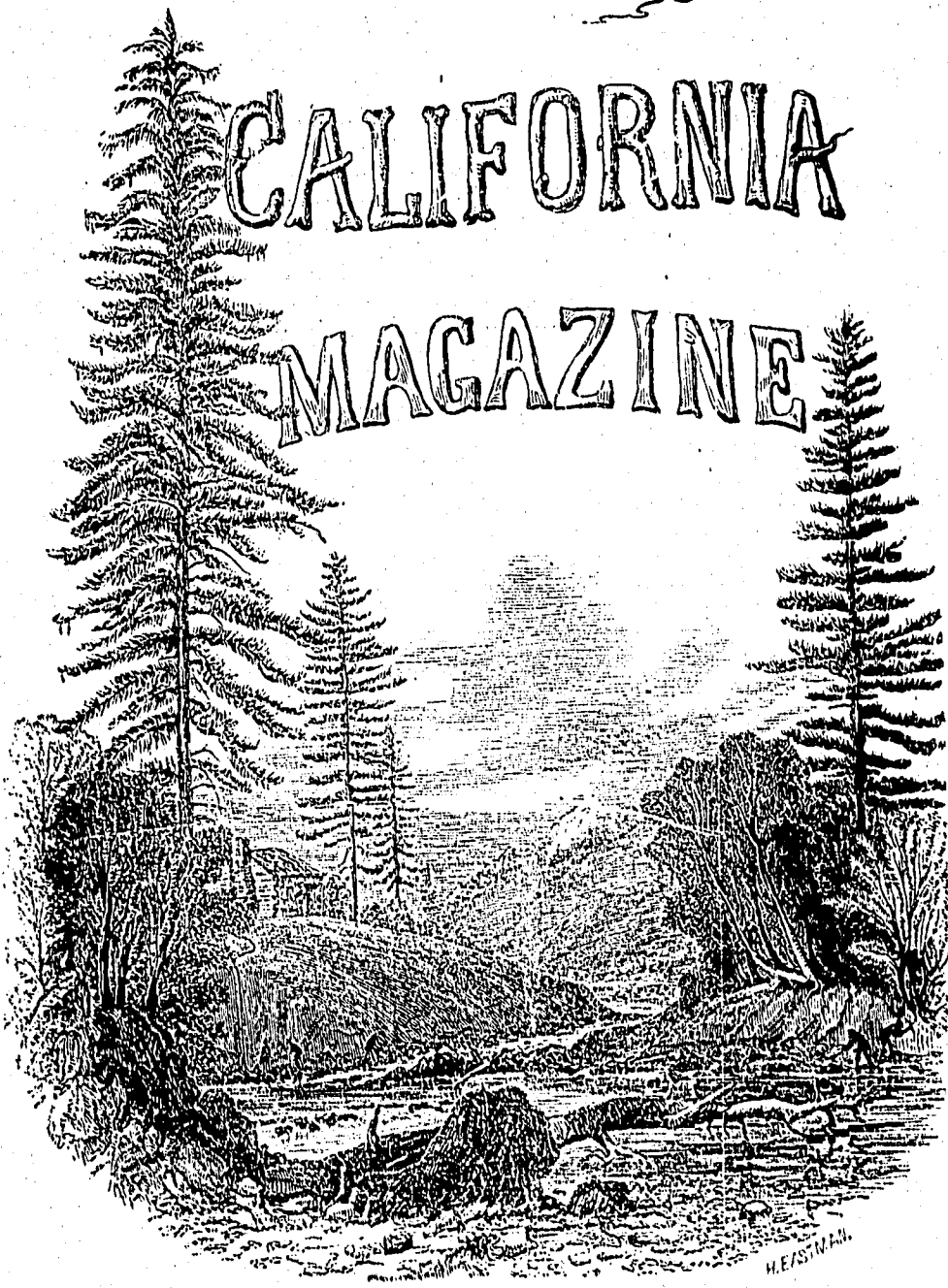
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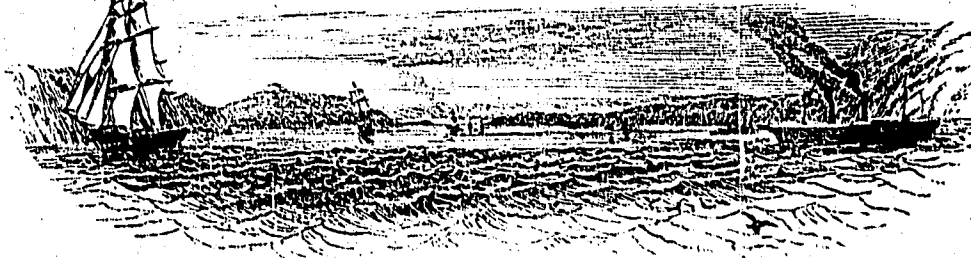
HUTCHINGS'

CALIFORNIA

MAGAZINE



No. 49...JULY, 1860.



PUBLISHED BY HUTCHINGS & ROSENFELD

146 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.

[JULY, 1860.

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E. L. Crawford.....		O. A. Grandall & Co.....			
William Johnson.....		Nugent & Petitt,			

CALIFORNIA
VOL. V

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HUTCHINGS' CALIFORNIA MAGAZINE.

welcoming the first Overland Mail was received here, on the 10th of October, 1858, which had made the trip from St. Louis to San Francisco, via Los Angeles, in the unprecedented short time of twenty-three days and twenty-one hours. This was a great achievement, and should not be overlooked, especially as a better average of speed has been made from that time to this, almost in every instance anticipating the mail steamer's news.

Nor should we overlook the demonstration of joy everywhere manifest, when the pioneer mail steamship, the *California*, plowed the waters of the bay, on the 28th day of February, 1850; and the actual benefits that have arisen from passenger and mail transportation by the steamships of this and other companies from that time to this, with all their high prices and abuses—and heaven knows they have been high enough and bad enough. Yet, to suppose them out of the way, before the Pacific Railroad is built, would be to suppose one of the most deplorable extremities to which California could be reduced, especially as it would be utterly impossible to convey, overland, the thirty or more dray loads of mail matter sent by every steamer; to say nothing of the four hundred or more passengers that depart semi-monthly for the Atlantic ports. We wish to offer no plea in justification of the exorbitant rates of passage charged, nor the over-crowding and other abuses to which travelers have to submit, simply because they cannot help themselves; but to ask a question arising from the circumstances of the case. "After all, what could we do without them—at least, until the railroad is built?" and which at present appears very doubtful. Therefore, while we remember the one with just exultation and pride, let us not forget the other in ingratitude—however great the humiliation we may feel, that through the selfish conniving of interested politicians, who cannot be accredited


with being statesmen—a greater good, the Pacific Railroad, is indefinitely postponed. With this brief allusion to these valuable public enterprises, we can with a better conscience proceed to speak of a private one of equal importance, in a new and commercial point of view—THE PONY.

This Express was established by Majors, Russell & Co., whose principal office is at Leavenworth, Missouri, and who have had the mail contract from St. Joseph, Mo., to Salt Lake City, for several years. When gold had been discovered, and mining settlements began to flourish at Pike's Peak, this enterprising company organized a branch Express to that point also.

Early in the present year the plans for the establishing of the Pony Express from St. Joseph to San Francisco, were perfected, and Major Solomon, U. S. Marshal for California, was authorized to select and procure as fine a collection of fleet-footed and muscular horses, as could be found in the State.

This accomplished, Mr. W. W. Finney was dispatched as general road agent, and who arrived here in March last, with the intention of starting the Pony on the first day of April, ensuing. But owing to the difficulty of arranging the stations beyond Placerville, on account of several severe snow storms having rendered the trails almost impassable, it was found next to impossible to get feed for the animals, and provisions for the men packed out at any price; and but for the kindness of Mr. Halliday, who promptly cashed the drafts of the company, a still further delay would have been inevitable; yet owing to this well-timed assistance, Mr. Finney was enabled to purchase trains of pack mules, and thus prosecute the work of stocking the stations, which he did with untiring energy.

All things being in readiness, early on the morning of the third of April, the "Pony" was placed at the door of the



Alta Telegraph
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PASSING AN EMIGRANT TRAIN ON THE PLAINS.

Alta Telegraph Company, on Montgomery street, San Francisco, decked with a small U. S. flag on each side of his head, and a neat pair of leather bags in the *mochila** of the saddle, on which was painted "Pony Express." At a few minutes before 4 o'clock, p. m., of the same day, in order to be in time for the Sacramento boat, the first messenger left the office, on his arduous undertaking.

At 5 p. m. of the same day, the first Pony Express was dispatched from St. Joseph, with St. Louis dates up to the time of starting.

As many of our readers have probably never crossed this portion of the continent, perhaps they would like to accompany the Pony—at least in imagination—for the purpose of seeing the country; which, if it be not as instructive, or as life-like as an actual trip, can be taken in less time, at a smaller expense, and with

* As the reader is probably aware, the "mochila" is the common, though Spanish name, for the leather covering of a California saddle.

considerable less fatigue, danger, inconvenience and exposure than is traveled by every expressman on the route.

The moment the St. Joseph's ferry-boat touches the western side of the Missouri river, the "rider" mounts his steed and dashes up the steep bank and across the heavily-timbered alluvium on the margin of the stream. The beautiful undulating country, carpeted with green, or covered with flowers; the songs of the birds, the wild bees prospecting for honey, even the delicious flavor of the strawberries that grow in bounteous profusion on every hand, are alike unheeded—for onward he hastens.

The loud peals of thunder, and the fierce flashes of lightning, or even the falling of the drenching rain, detains him not. What though the storm-swollen banks of the streams are full to overflowing, so that even the landmarks for crossing are altogether invisible, it deters him not, for in it he plunges and speeds along on his rapid course, undismayed.

Whether sun-dried or soaked, snow-covered or frozen, by day or by night, in starlight or darkness, be he lonely or merry, forward he hastens, until the thrice welcome station is just there, in sight, when he leaps from his saddle, and with full heart rejoices that his task for the present is fully accomplished. Here another, whose horse, like himself, has been waiting, perhaps without shelter, quickly takes the *mochila*, which contains all the letters. On his saddle he throws it, then jumps to his seat, shouts a hearty "Good-night, boys," and is lost in the distance. He rides on alone, over prairies and mountains, whether up hill or down, on rough ground or smooth, among true friends or foes, he hies swiftly on, until in the shadowy distance the relay is seen, and his duty's performed.

Again and again, from station to station, this is often repeated, until from the Carson, across the Sierras, a message announces the "Pony's arrival," with news from St. Louis in eight days or less.

The following table, kindly furnished us by Mr. _____ of the Alta Telegraph office, will not only indicate the general route traveled, but the number, name and distance of the principal stations :

From St. Joseph to 1st Station.....	25
Kinnekek.....	25
3d Station.....	23
Marysville on Big Blue.....	45
5th Station.....	30
Little Blue.....	65
Up Little Blue.....	35
Fort Kearney.....	50
Plum Creek.....	40
Cottonwood.....	40
Crossing South Platte.....	85
Ash Hollow.....	18
Rush Creek.....	30
Larence Fork.....	21
Chimney Rock.....	18
Scott's Bluff.....	25
Horse Creek.....	15
Fort Laramie.....	35
Horse-shoe Creek.....	42
Deer Creek.....	58

Platte Bridge.....	25
1st Crossing Sweetwater.....	54
3d do do.....	40
Last do do.....	50
South Pass.....	10
Dry Sandy.....	12
Little Sandy.....	18
Big Sandy.....	6
Green River.....	20
Ham's Fork.....	20
Miller's Fork.....	20
Fort Bridger.....	12
Bear River.....	40
Weber River, mouth Echo Canon.....	30
Salt Lake City.....	42
Hot Springs.....	20
Camp Floyd.....	27
Rush Valley.....	24
Simpson's Springs }.....	27
Dug Way (Woll) } Desert.....	20
Fish Springs }.....	30
Pleasant Valley.....	46
Shell Creek.....	45
Thousand Spring Valley.....	34
Ruby Valley.....	21
Two Springs.....	18
Next Station.....	12
Willow Creek.....	25
Antelope Creek.....	18
Mouth of Cañon.....	28
Cold Springs.....	20
Reese's River.....	20
Willow Creek.....	13
Sink of Carson River.....	50
Walker's River.....	22
Up Walker's River.....	14
Carson River.....	14
Miller's Station.....	12
Carson City.....	18
Placerville.....	100
Sacramento City.....	50
San Francisco.....	118
Total.....	1996

Up to the time of interruption by the breaking out of the Washoe Indian war, eight trips had been successfully made, in which the average number of letters carried from this side to the east was ninety-two, and those from the east, fifteen. From each way a steady increase was observable.

On the breaking out of the Indian disturbances, the volunteers, we are informed, without any regard whatever to the wants of the Express, pressed the



DIST

stock from several stations vice, and omitted to rest were appropriated in a thus materially crippling the company before the lost it in any way.

No sooner had actual commenced than Indian aggression be manifest upon the route the following dispatch from an employe of the company Miller's Station, to W. W. agent :

MILLER'S STA

"I have just returned from —was driven away by the tacked us night before last Dry Creek Station have been is thought the Robert's C been destroyed. The Express after hearing the news the Eight animals were stolen Springs on Monday. I have Sink of the Carson, on his the men and horses. He land to-morrow."

We cannot do better here the following well-written F. Bulletin, as it tells of the daring, and we regret to choly end of a courageous



DISTANCING THE OVERLAND MAIL STAGE.

stock from several stations into their service, and omitted to restore it; stores were appropriated in a similar manner; thus materially crippling the efficiency of the company before the Indians had molested it in any way.

No sooner had actual hostilities commenced than Indian aggression began to be manifest upon the route of the Pony, as the following dispatch from C. H. Ruslin, an employee of the company, located at Miller's Station, to W. W. Finney, road agent:

"MILLER'S STATION, May 31.

"I have just returned from Cold Springs — was driven away by the Indians, who attacked us night before last. The men at Dry Creek Station have been killed, and it is thought the Robert's Creek Station has been destroyed. The Express turned back after hearing the news from Dry Creek. Eight animals were stolen from Cold Springs on Monday. Hamilton is at the Sink of the Carson, on his way in with all the men and horses. He will get to Buckland to-morrow."

We cannot do better here than re-publish the following well-written letter, to the S. F. Bulletin, as it tells of the intrepidity and daring, and we regret to say, the melancholy end of a courageous man:—

IN MEMORIAM.

PLACERVILLE, May 31, 1860.

Editor Bulletin: You will oblige many by publishing the following tribute to the memory of a brave man:

Bartholomew Riley died last night, at Carson City, of a rifle-shot wound received at Cold Springs Station, on the Pony Express route, on the 16th of May. He had received an honorable discharge from Company E of the 10th Regiment of U. S. Infantry, at Camp Floyd, and was en route to California, where he has brothers and sisters residing, when intelligence of the Indian outrage at Williams' ranch was first brought to Carson. As might be expected from a gallant soldier, he did not hesitate what course to pursue, but at once threw himself into the ranks of the ill-fated volunteers, under Major Ormsby. During the trying scenes of that bloody day, at Pyramid Lake, he was conspicuous among them all for the intrepidity and gallantry of his conduct. Like the white plume of Henry of Navarre, his course was where the battle raged fiercest and the bullets flew thickest, but he heeded them not. More than one of the dusky enemy were made painfully aware of the unerring accuracy of his aim, whilst his were the friendly hands that performed the last kind service for the lamented Ormsby.

Among the last to leave the field, Riley did not reach Buckland's until near daylight, just as the Express going East arrived, on the 15th May. The rider upon whom devolved the duty of going forward with the Express shrinking from its performance, and when there seemed no alter-

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Express, pressed the



CROSSING THE SIERRAS IN A SNOW-STORM.

native but a failure, Riley, fresh from the battle-field and tired as he was, stepped forth and volunteered to ride to the next change, a distance of 85 miles. He did so in excellent time.

On the following day, by the accidental discharge of a weapon in the hands of a friend, he received wounds from which he died last night. "He sleeps his last sleep—he has fought his last battle." May the last trump "awake him to glory again."

Thomas Flynn, the rider of the Pony Express from Genoa to Sink of Carson, who came in on Thursday night, informs us, says the *Territorial Enterprise* of June 2d, that the last Pony Express going East was turned back at Dry Creek, 250 miles east of here. No word there had been heard of the Express coming from the East. Six Pike's Peakers found the body of the station keeper horribly mutilated, and all the animals missing at Simpson's Park, as reported last week. Mr. Hamilton and Ruffin, with others of the Pony Express, took the stock from Smith's Creek, and camped at night at Cold Springs; Ruffin and Hamilton, while on guard, were fired

on by the Indians. The whole party on hearing the shots saddled up and moved off. They, in the moving, overtook some emigrants with 3,000 sheep; some forty men were with the sheep train. That party is now safe at Miller's Station. Josephus, a friendly Pah-Ute, who has been in the employ of the Pony Express Company, advised Flynn to leave with his stock from the Sink of Carson immediately. He heeded the warning, and attributes his safety to that fact.

It is ascertained beyond doubt, that most of the stations from Carson Valley to Camp Floyd, have been destroyed by the Indians, and it is thought that several of the employees have been murdered, and the stock driven off. Mr. Finney, with the intention of ascertaining the situation of the men and the condition of the stations, and with the view of re-establishing the Express, appealed to the public for men, well armed and provisioned, and \$1,000 for their pay. This met with a prompt response, at 2 p.m., of June 9th, from twenty picked men, who

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On the evening
express arrived
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were to start under Mr. F., but as he was indisposed, they left Carson City the same morning without him, well armed and mounted.

Where the country was favorable, the stations were distant from each other between 25 and 75 miles, according to the necessities of the route. The last Express that came through, made the trip from St. Joseph to Carson City, in less than six days' actual traveling time; but owing to the stock being run off, was delayed at the stations. The storms this spring, at the time the Pony was running, were very severe on the riders, and the roads were never in a worse condition. Besides, owing to the great depth of snow on the Sierras, but one trail (and that very narrow), was beaten; and as this was blocked up in many places with pack trains and travelers on their way to the Washoe silver mines, much detention was caused.

The company feel confident of being able to make the time regularly from St. Joseph to Carson Valley, in from five to six days. With all the drawbacks of the first few trips from St. Joseph to Carson City, the following excellent time was made:

First express from St. Joseph through to San Francisco, in 10 days; 2d, 14 days; 3d, 9 days; 4th, 10 days; 5th, 9 days; 6th, in 9 days. Those going eastward, were taken from San Francisco through to St. Joseph. By putting on a daily express and two riders, instead of one, that company affirm that it will carry the entire letter mail from San Francisco to St. Joseph, within six days. Of course this would be of immense advantage to the public. If this could be carried into effect, without injury to the overland mail, via Los Angeles, we should like to see it done.

On the evening of the 23d ult, another express arrived safely at Carson City, with St. Louis dates to the 9th, under guard of fifty mounted U. S. troops, as an escort to protect them from massacre by Indians, and to assist in re-establishing the stations destroyed. They met the twenty armed

volunteers who took the last out-going express from Carson City.

THE CALIFORNIA WILD PLUM.

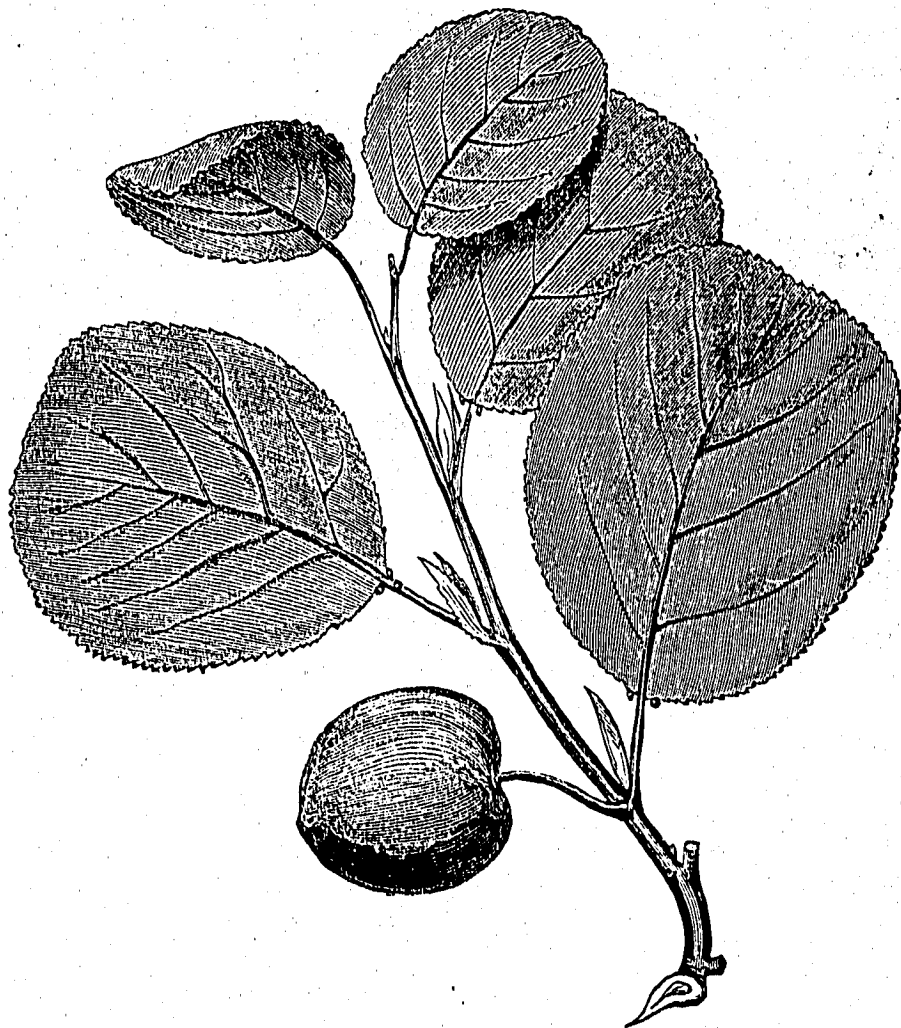
It is very probable that many of our readers who dwell in the principal mercantile cities are unaware that in the mountains of this State there are not less than two varieties of a very excellent wild plum. One is almost the size—although we have seen some much larger—and shape of that given in our engraving, the other is a little smaller, oblong, and almost the shape and color of a damson when ripe. This latter variety has not yet been examined and classified by botanists; but if some of our friends who are coming to the city will bring a good specimen with them and leave it with us, we will see that this is done.

Both varieties of this plum grow on low bushes, and not on trees like other wild plums at the east, and are about the height and conformation of the illustration given on page 10.

They generally grow in patches or groups, at the heads of ravines, at an altitude seldom less than two thousand feet above the sea, and mostly in open localities adjacent to pine forests, but not directly in it. The bushes are found near to each other, and the two varieties frequently grow in the same group, though not from the same root.

Both are excellent edibles, although those that are round are the first ripe and better, eaten as fruit or stewed as sauce, and preferred by some palates; but when the oblong plum is thoroughly ripe, its rich acetous flavor, in our estimation, far excels the other, and which makes a delicious preserve.

Just before the fruit is fit for use, a large proportion of its leaves drop off,



THE CALIFORNIA WILD PLUM.

when, by drawing the hand up the small twig-like boughs, an immense quantity can be gathered in a very brief space of time.

For some unexplained reason, like the coffee tree of north-western Mexico, they do not always bear fruit two years successively.

These wild plums could be cultivated to advantage in our gardens, and would make a pleasing variety of fruit in our markets; and for grafting purposes, might be more hardy and serviceable than the other, as best adapted to their

native soil and climate, especially in a mountainous region.

***TECHNICAL DESCRIPTION.**—The *Prunus subcordata*, (Benth.) or *Pacific Plum*, is a small, smooth, spineless shrub, ordinarily from two to six feet high, with short, wide-spread branches. The leaves, as seen in our drawing, are broad, (seldom narrow) roundish, egg-shaped, or somewhat slightly heart-shaped, at the base, where the lamina is briefly decurrent upon the leaf stem; at this point are usually seen from one to four small glands; the margin is finely, doubly sharp-toothed, but not prickly, even from the base to the upper obtuse (or briefly acuminate) end; the leaf-stem is from one-fourth to one-half an inch long; in the bud the leaf is convolute, i. e., rolled up from one edge to the other, which feature distinguishes a Plum from a

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Cherry; the stipules are narrow linear, lanceolate, glandular-toothed. Flowers and fruit oftener in pairs—stem nearly half an inch long—plum a rich, reddish orange color. The calyx, or flower-cup, is bell-shaped; its leafy-like lacinae oboval, oblong-toothed, two to two and a-half lines long, or twice as long as the calyx; ovary glabrous, style with a funnel-form top and stigmatose margin. A quite distinct plum from all others, as seen by the leaves, and by the lacinae of the calyx, being so much longer than in the allied species.

CALIFORNIA FALSE PLUM.

Nuttallia Cerasiformis.

BY DR. A. KELLOGG.

This low bush on the coast, in favorable localities grows to the size of a small tree. The white flowers, in elongated clusters similar to a cherry or a currant, spring out from the same buds as the branchlets, appearing at the same time with the tender, delicate, and membranous leaves. The bark is smooth and brown, like a plum or cherry, and has a similar peach or bitter almond odor. The figure here given represents the proper oblique form of the fruit, but in the immature state. When ripe, they are clothed with a handsome blue bloom, covering an oblong, plum-like, pulpy fruit, with a blackish, rich ground, often very enticing to the eye, but rather bitter to the taste. We have no doubt but these wild stocks would furnish the very best plants to bud or graft the finer cherries or plums: if so, they are well worthy the attention of our nurserymen and citizens generally. It is often a great desideratum to obtain good stocks, on account of the native adaptation of the plants to the soil. In some portions of the South, worms, insects and animals, devour most rapidly the sweet flavored root barks of choice

trees, when the native roots would be left unmolested. We have also observed much peculiarity in soils which prevented the culture of desirable trees, readily overcome by taking a native stock; *i. e.*, if the soil is shallow, with an impervious clay, an apple, pear, or choice cherry, which shoot a deep perpendicular root, would flourish well until it struck the clay, or stagnant moisture a little above it, when all at once the growth would be arrested, and either die, or the top exceed the power of the root, and the high winds prostrate them. Look at a wild crab-apple; the roots almost run on the top of the ground, and therefore they flourish well in a shallow soil with hard clay bot-



THE CALIFORNIA FALSE PLUM.

especially in a

—The *Prunus sub-cornuta*, is a small, smooth, from two to six feet spread branches. The leaves are broad, (seldom serrated, or somewhat slightly serrated, where the lamina is attached to the leaf-stem; at this point are four small glands; the leaf-stem is sharp-toothed, but not serrated to the upper obtuse (or acute) end; the leaf-stem is from one to two lines long; in the bud the leaf-stem is up from one edge to the other, which distinguishes a Plum from a

toms. Hence their preference as stocks.

This shrub we think will also be found, upon trial, to furnish our medical fraternity with an excellent home substitute for the Wild Cherry Bark of the Eastern States.



THE CALIFORNIA WILD PLUM BUSH.

SANTA CLARA'S DAY.

A feeling of sadness unconsciously steals over one, as he looks upon the changes that American civilization has brought to the native Californian and Mexican resident in California, since the conquest in 1846, and the discovery of gold in 1848. Politically and socially, they had experienced many changes, anterior to the advent of so numerous a band of enterprising men as the conquerors proved. But, when they came, the world seemed to be in danger of being turned upside down to the native residents; and to the prejudices, employments, social habits, and amusements of the former, they evidently became so. The half-dreamy and semi-religious teachings introduced and practiced being more like a compromise between the barbarian on the one hand, and ethical refinement on the other, than any particular system of theology taught elsewhere.

As in other countries, where the Spanish language is indifferently spoken,

and the Roman Catholic religion in its most depraved aspect, is a branch of the national belief, both men and women attend mass on Sunday morning, and in the afternoon a bull fight, at which the priests themselves are often present. Yet this differs only in a degree with the more refined amusements of the present age, with all its protentious religious progression; having this distinction, however, that it is not only not customary, but is unmistakably unpopular for a religious teacher to be found in the theatre, or ball-room, or engaged at a game of ball or billiards on the Sabbath day.

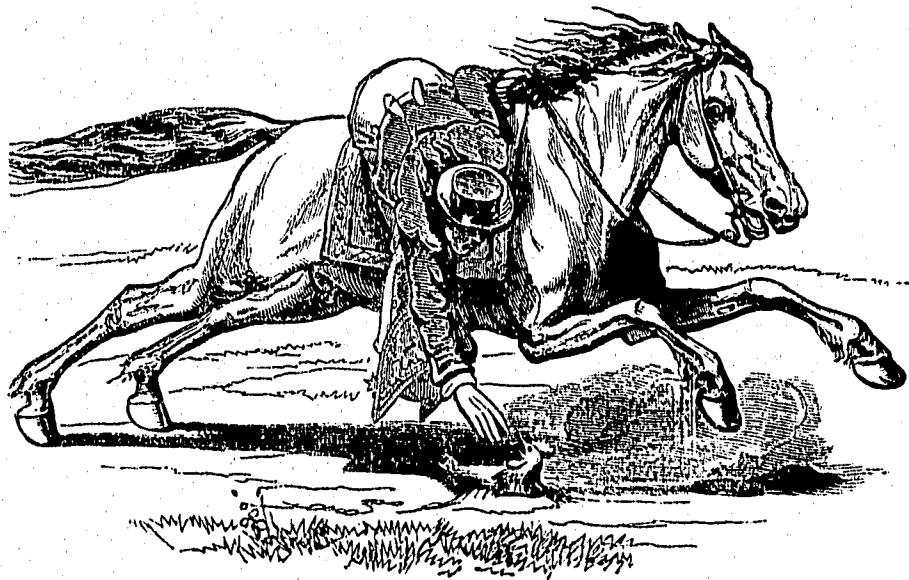
Now, although by an act of the State Legislature, all barbarous amusements are suppressed, and all cruel sports very justly interdicted, both on week-days and Sundays, many others of a highly exhilarating and amusing character are still permitted, and enthusiastically practiced by the Spanish-Catholic population around the old Missions, especially on feast days, in honor of their saints. Of these, Santa Clara seems to be by far the most popular of all the saints in the calendar, and consequently receives a proportionate amount of attention.

Our readers are aware that the Mission of Santa Clara, situated some forty-eight miles south of San Francisco, was dedicated to this favorite personage, who is looked up to and feted as the Patron Saint of the Mission; and although nearly all the lands that belonged to it are claimed by settlers, who have divided it up, fenced and planted it, so that waving trees, flourishing fields of grain, fruit orchards, flower gardens, and beautiful cottages, almost exclusively fill up the landscape,—there the old Mission Church still stands on the plaza, with which is connected the most flourishing educational Catholic College in the State.

At sun-rise of the day especially devoted to this favorite Saint, the matins-bell calls the dusky sons of the soil to

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NATIVE CALIFORNIAN AT FULL SPEED, TAKING THE BURIED ROOSTER BY THE HEAD.

prayers. It is an interesting sight to see them issuing from their humble tile-roofed dwellings, the señoras and señoritas dressed in the brightest of all the principal colors, and with the men sauntering near them, wending their way to the house of prayer. Then with the men to enter the solemn and shadow-filled edifice devoted to supplication, and hear the low matins chanted, or watch the solemn ceremonials at the altar, and the equally solemn countenances of the worshippers, and it will carry you back, far back, into that shadowy part of their history that you cannot but remember with pity, that they have been so far distanced in the race of life by a higher civilization, with which they have had no sympathy, and are consequently left behind.

But the moment the threshold is recrossed, and their feet tread the dusty road, or the green sward in front of the church, a change, apparently amounting to an entire transformation, is everywhere visible. The muttered responso is exchanged for the merry, musical laugh,

and the bent posture for a lively light-footed skip. All the plans for a day of thorough enjoyment are eagerly discussed; and all the preparations in progress for a general holiday are recounted.

Wayside stalls laden with fruits, cakes, sweetmeats, toys and refreshments of various kinds, stand here and there—all of which are well patronized by the juvenile branches of the family, and their visitors, who come in from all the surrounding ranches.

As soon as their early mid-day meal, such as we call breakfast, is over, which is generally about eleven o'clock, some introductory pastimes are indulged in by the younger pleasure seekers, and which, about one o'clock, P. M., give way to such as are most popular among the adults. As these are somewhat numerous, and would, if fully described, far exceed the limits of a magazine article, we must content ourselves by noticing only a few of the principal ones.

As every native Californian is as much at home on a horse, as a Sandwich Isl-

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under is in the sea, and as horses are their particular pride, even while they excessively abuse them, and skill in riding is esteemed as among the first of accomplishments, those sports, which afford the most favorable opportunities for their display, and the costly caparisons of the animals they ride, are by far the most attractive. One of the most popular, next to horse-racing, is the following:

The body of a live rooster is buried in the earth, with nothing but the head visible above ground, a signal is given to the horseman, who is in readiness about sixty yards distant, when by a sudden plunge of the spur the horse is rode rapidly forward, and if by a dexterous swoop the rider can stoop low enough and succeed in taking the bird by the head while the horse is at full speed, he bears off the trophy with triumph, amid the applause of the concourse assembled. But, should he fail in the effort, as frequently happens, he not only loses the favors he expected to win, but is sometimes unhorsed, with violence, and dragged in the dust, at the risk of breaking his limbs or his neck, and greeted with derisive laughter from the spectators. Horses and their trappings, and oftentimes sums of money, are staked upon the success of such an attempt.

Another source of amusement, is to place a raw-hide flat on the ground, then after riding at full speed for some distance, to rein the horse suddenly in the moment his forefeet strikes the hide; if by any possibility this is not accomplished, the rider is berated for his unskillfulness.

Cock-fighting is by no means the least attractive divertimento among the men; but as this ought to be classed among their every day pastimes, it is generally reserved for small occasions.

But the greatest of all sources of gratification to all classes and sexes, were the bull-fights, and bull and bear fights. As

San Jose and her sister Mission of Santa Clara were the most flourishing of all the Missions, and as the latter was the especial favorite of all the Patron Saints, her bull-fights were the best in the country. After the discovery of gold, and before their grounds were much settled up by the Americans, they continued them with more zeal and magnitude than ever, until prevented by the town authorities in 1851, which was the last time they were permitted within the limits of the town.

On this occasion it was acknowledged to be the most extensive they had ever had; and was continued for nearly a week. Twelve bulls, two large grizzly bears, and a considerable number of Indians were engaged, at different times, for the amusement of the assembled multitude. In the second day's encounter, four Indians and one horse were killed, and several wounded by the bulls; the loss of the horse seemed to cause far more regret than did the Indians. When the latter were gored by the sharp horns of the bull, the band would strike up a lively tune to smother his cries or moans, and the people appeared to be immensely pleased at the performance.

The Padre in charge at the time was a Franciscan, and evidently enjoyed the sport, but he was removed the following year, and a Jesuit appointed in his place, who denounced all such cruel sports from the altar, to the great displeasure of the Californians generally.

Although this day is still the greatest holiday time at these two Missions, horse-racing in all its diverse manueverings, with dancing and other harmless pastimes, are the principal methods now engaged in to spend the day pleasantly.

Santa Clara's Day, of the Franciscan Order, recurs on the 12th of August, and this is the day observed at the Mission of Santa Clara. It will be well that this distinction should be remembered, as there is another Santa Clara's Day, on the 18th August, originated by a different Order.

"LOVEST THOU ME?"

BY MRS. AMELIA GRIFFITH.

"Lovest thou me?"

Thus spake the risen Savior. And the words
Were living music, whose symphonies shall sound
E'en to the end of time; and then not lost,
But, gathered into a full chorus, sound
Through all eternity.

"Lovest thou me?"

'Twas the heart-yearning of Divinity
For fallen man, so soon to be bereft
Of the great Shepherd's care. When he is gone,
Who'll guide the flock, whose weary wanderings
Prompt the true Shepherd to a double care?
Or who will bear the fainting lambs?—whose voice
Will sound the welcome call?

"Lovest thou me?"

Thus thrice he questioned; until Peter, grieved—
No doubt remembering how, once, he had
Denied his Lord—in sorrow thus replied:
"Thou knowest all things—knowest that I love thee."
"Feed thou my sheep." Thus thrice the charge was given,
At this, the third time he had shown himself
To his disciples. Peter thus he charged,
By all the love he gave his Lord, to care
For those he left on earth.

"Lovest thou me?"

A mother sickened unto death, and knew
Her time was short. Yet her strong mother-love
Clung to her child, and would not loose its hold!
While, flutt'ring out toward the veiled Hereafter,
The soul's weak pinions were still weighted down,
Chained to the earth, by the subtle mystery
Of Motherhood. A strong man, bowed in grief,
Hard-struggling with his soul-subduing sorrow,
And murmur'ing mourning words in love's own language—
Whispering sorrow for unworthiness past,
And promises of future tenderness—
At last was awed into a solemn silence
By her heart-thrilling cry of, "Lovest thou me?"
Then, by that love, I bid thee to be kind
Unto our child, as thou wouldst be to me!"

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WHO ARE OUR GREAT MEN?

BY JAMES ALLEN.

LATELY, having nothing else to do, we have been poring over a few of the last volumes of the *Scientific American*, that excellent exponent of mechanical philosophy, and we have come to the conclusion, mangle the world's fashionable sanctions and traditions, that our really great men are those who have done most to explore and unveil the laws of nature and have labored to make the knowledge of those laws subservient to human happiness. In our estimation, the scientific mechanic, who discovers a means of lightening the toil of human muscles, by harnessing the uncomplaining elements and making them work, while the toiler can have leisure to rest and think, is the truly great man. He is the true benefactor of his race, the true motor and up-bearer of civilization.

There was a time—and, more's the pity, that that time has not quite gone by—when human greatness was measured and weighed by human blood and human corpses. A man, in order to become great, in the world's appreciation, was compelled to show himself a great murderer. The greater the number of his battle fields, the greater the number of his slaughtered victims, the greater the number of cities he destroyed and the lands he devastated, the greater he stood, as a man, and the historian and the poet vied with each other in chronicling his fame and singing peans to his glory. Strange perversity of the human heart, that it should exalt the destroyers of mankind while it passes by the benefactors of the race in silence and contempt. The patient geniuses, who built the grand cities of the world, rendering them abodes of peace, while they embellished them with the triumphs of architectural skill and the glories of sculpture, have been

strangely forgotten, in history and song, while the monsters who transformed those cities into masses of crumbling ruins, are the pets of the annalist and the most brilliant of themes for the lyricist.

Next, in the world's laudation, but more potent than the conquerors, come the priests—the men who profess to interpret the designs of Heaven for the benefit of humanity—and sorry we are that they have done so little, to earn the gratitude of the world, in the cause of scientific truth. They have seemed to think that human ignorance was more pleasing to their Divine Master than human knowledge. Instead of cultivating and extending the truths of physical science, they have amused themselves by the discussion of extravagant paradoxes and pompous absurdities. In fact, science has found in them its most inveterate and cruel antagonists. They denounced and anathematized the Copernican theory of the universe, and the premature death of its author only saved him from their malignity. To his disciple, Galileo, they gave the alternative of recanting the system of Copernicus or being roasted at the stake. Galileo, like a sensible man, as he was, who felt and knew that eternal truth needs no martyrs, went soberly through the ceremony of recantation, thus saving his valuable life and giving himself time and opportunity for further investigation into the laws of celestial mechanics. Columbus, relying on his hypothesis of the rotundity of the earth, ventured to ask for ships to test it, by sailing westwardly from Europe in quest of the Indies, and how was he met by the priests? With derision and obloquy, and the bitterest of ghostly reprobation. He was held up by these pious cosmogonists, who believed the earth to be a flat island floating on a mysterious ocean, as a heretic and an atheist; and the greatest marvel, in all his marvellous achievements, is that, with such a clerical load of opprobrium on his

head, he succeeded in his priest-riding. bella the m... lishing his... when geol... young head... that the wo... people sup... were hurled... taries. Go... but Atheis... were but ge... ade. Geol... cal thunde... march, an... antly, it st... cure from... the anathe... brave and... no weapon... but she re... each new... keep. Th... predecesso... down befo... strations... her revela... of bigotry... friend and... twain, wh... the surest... man happ... The pol... conqueror... in the wo... what hav... of civiliz... the man w... and the m... pose of r... human en... than all... Who caus... sissippi to... tuous hu... The stea... ingenious... have bee

head, he succeeded in obtaining from the priest-ridden court of Ferdinand and Isabella the means of triumphantly establishing his hypothesis. Forty years ago, when geology was timidly lifting its young head, and had dared to insinuate that the world was much older than some people supposed it, what storms of abuse were hurled upon the science and its votaries. Geology, in clerical parlance, was but Atheism in disguise, and Geologists were but godless materialists in masquerade. Geology, however, in spite of clerical thunder, has pursued its upward march, and now, quietly but triumphantly, it stands on vantage ground, secure from the mockeries of ignorance and the anathemas of fanaticism. Science is brave and indefatigable. She brandishes no weapons and deals not in bravados; but she resolutely presses onward, and each new foothold she gains is sure to keep. The clergy of to-day, unlike their predecessors, have, many of them, bowed down before the potency of her demonstrations and yielded a liberal assent to her revelations. Religion, when stripped of bigotry and superstition, is the natural friend and companion of Science; and the twain, when harmonized by Wisdom, are the surest supports and safeguards of human happiness.

The politicians, next in order below the conquerors and priests, claim high niches in the world's temple of fame. And, yet, what have politicians done in the cause of civilization and social order? Why, the man who perfected the steam engine, and the man who applied it to the purpose of navigation, have done more for human enlightenment and human progress than all the politicians that ever lived. Who caused the vast valley of the Mississippi to teem with intelligent and virtuous humanity? Not the politician. The steam engine and the steam boat, the ingenious creations of Watt and Fulton, have been the great motive agents that

have worked such miracles of progress, not alone in the valley of the Mississippi, but in California, and in all the American Republic. The man who, the other day, invented the sewing machine, bestowed a boon upon the world, greater in its consequences than all the grandiloquent harangues and pretentious civic reforms of a million of politicians.

In our own California—and especially in this very quarter of it—who unveiled the secret of tearing from the bowels of our gravel ridges their long-hidden hoards of treasure? Not a conquering warrior—not a priest—not a politician. No, Edward E. Mattison, who first discovered and successfully applied hydraulics in gold mining, thereby bringing to the light and adding to the world's wealth millions of dollars that would otherwise have slept, in silence and darkness, to the crack of doom, was and is nothing more nor less than an honest, unpretending mechanical inventor, who thought so little of his achievement that he never took the trouble to ask a patent for it. All the politicians that have risen, and reigned, and revelled in California—governors, senators, and assemblymen, with all their pompous pretensions—have never rendered a tithe of benefit to the State which it has derived from the simple hose and pipe of our unobtrusively ingenious friend Mattison.

This article, in its commencement, was intended as a brief compliment to the utilitarian excellence of the *Scientific American*; but, somehow, it has run slightly beyond its chalk-marks. Nevertheless, there is still room for saying that the *Scientific American* is a periodical that ought to be found in all the parlors, the libraries, and the workshops of the Republic; being, as it is, a cheap but ever intelligent and entertaining compendium of all that is useful in the arts and magnificent in science.

THE SECRET OF HAPPINESS.

BY G. T. SPROAT.

"I never knew how sweet honey tasted," said an old man, "till I took a piece of comb, and divided it with another. Then it was *doubly* sweet. So with good news. If you have any thing to tell any one that will make his heart glad, run quick and tell him. If you think it will grieve him, bottle it up! bottle it up!"

Good advice this, from the old man. Happiness consists in *making the happiness of others our own.*

My neighbor plants himself a garden; he fills it with flowers. I love to walk with him in his garden and admire the flowers. Do they smell less sweet because they are not my own? Nay, do I not enjoy them *more* than if they were all my own, and I had no one to share them with me? for pleasures are only such when shared with others; and joys, undivided, are no joys at all.

Another one builds himself a house. Oh what a fine prospect from the windows! how much he will enjoy it; how his children will delight to troop through the broad verandahs. Their merry shout rings even now in my ears. Do I enjoy it less because his wife and children are not my own? I have a *double* pleasure in making *myself* and *them* happy, and it is reflected back to me from them again.

"The human heart is like Heaven," says Fredrica Bremer, "the more angels the more room." The more happiness we give to others, the more we ourselves receive. Keep the heart busily traveling on its errands of mercy; it has feet that never tire—hands that never fail. The more it does of that work of love the more it loves to do.

"Love is ownership," says the great hearted Beecher. "We own whom we love. The universe is God's, because he

loves it." Every man becomes our brother when we love him as such. Even the brute owns no one for master but him who loves them; and we know how little children will instinctively cling to loving, friendly hands that they have never before pressed—showing a confidence and affection that far exceeds all the bonds of mere relationship.

In helping others we also help ourselves. A beautiful story is told of two brothers traveling in Lapland, which illustrates this truth more than whole volumes of aphorisms.

It was a bitter, freezing day, and they were traveling in a sledge, wrapped in furs from head to foot—but notwithstanding this, they were almost frozen in the fearful cold.

By the wayside they discovered a poor traveler benumbed and perishing in the snow.

"Let us stop and help him," said one of the brothers, "we may save his life."

"Yes, and lose our own," replied the other. "Are we not ourselves freezing in the cold? None but a fool would think of stopping on such a day as this. I would not throw off my cloak of fur to save a hundred travelers?"

"I am freezing as well as you," said his brother, "but I cannot see this stranger perish, I must go and help him."

He was as good as his word. He went to his relief, chafed his temples and gave him wine from his bottle to drink. The effort that he made brought warmth to his own limbs, and he took the traveler on his back and bore him to the sledge.

"Brother, he said, "look! I have saved this stranger's life—and also, I verily believe, my own. I am quite warm from the efforts that I have made."

But his brother did not answer. He was sitting upright in his furs, on the sledge, *cold and dead.*

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THE POPULATIONS OF ASIA;

With an estimate of the area of the nations and islands of that continent, and the consideration thereof in relation to Western America, and Polynesia.

	Sq. miles, Eng.	Population.
Chinese Empire,.....	7,100,000	168,000,000
Russia in Asia,.....	5,800,000	3,600,000
Cochin China, or Anam,.....	98,000	5,000,000
Birmah,.....	184,000	2,000,000
Siam,.....	80,000	2,800,000
Nepal and Bootan,.....	100,000	4,000,000
Malaya,.....	58,000	600,000
Cassay, Beloochistan, Afghanistan, &c.,.....	407,000	6,000,000
Independent Tartary, or Turkestan,.....	727,000	5,000,000
Bokara, Kokan, Khira, and small States,.....	726,000	5,000,000
Persia,.....	482,000	9,000,000
Turkey in Asia,.....	447,000	12,500,000
Arabia,.....	1,000,000	10,000,000
British India, and States dependent on its protection and support,.....	1,322,000	150,660,000
ASIATIC ISLANDS.		
Japan Islands,.....	265,000	35,000,000
Ceylon,.....	24,000	1,000,000
Borneo,.....	262,000	4,000,000
Sumatra,.....	122,500	7,000,000
Java,.....	49,900	4,800,000
Celebes,.....	75,000	3,000,000
Philippine Islands,.....	129,000	4,000,000
Mindannao and Joloos,.....	101,400	1,300,000
Smaller Islands,.....	78,400	4,200,000
Papua, or New Guinea,.....	390,000	1,000,000
POLYNESIAN ISLANDS, north and south of the Equator, say.....	1,000,000	200,000
EUROPEAN RACES in California, Oregon, and N. W. America,.....		800,000
“ “ Australian Settlements,.....		1,000,000

For this estimate we are indebted to the great geographer and statist, J. R. McCulloch, an author of research, learning, and the most philosophical common-sense views of men and things. His article on Asia, in the Geographical Dictionary, is one of the best written pieces in this department of physical science in our language. His views on this, and indeed every subject which his careful, fluent and comprehensive pen has touched, are truly cosmopolitan and liberal, with a single eye to the attainment of truth on the basis of right reason.

Speaking of the populations of Asia, he justly remarks, (Vol. 1, page 185): "There are no means by which to form anything like a correct estimate either of the extent or population of the greater number of the Asiatic States. The esti-

mates of the population of China only vary from about one hundred and fifty to three hundred and sixty-eight millions; and the difference in the estimate of the population of other countries, though much less in absolute amount, are quite as great in degree." The reasonableness of these remarks is borne out by accounts of the Asiatic travelers from Europe of the last ten years, who have now penetrated into many of the hitherto *terra incognitas* of that continent. The countries traversed by Marco Polo, the Venetian traveler, and the two monks Carpini and Rubriquis, sent by the Pope in the 13th century to melt the heart of the great Genghis Khan, and lock it up with the keys of Peter in the sanctuary of the Apostolic Roman Catholic Church, remain in the same normal condition of

morals, politics and trade, as described by them. The English in Hindostan, and the Russians in Siberia, have been unable, from the hostilities of those predatory and inhospitable tribes, to advance but approximately into the unknown regions of Central Asia, containing undoubtedly vast deposits of gold and silver. Their travelers have but caught glimpses of the great snow-capped mountain ranges, and the boundless horizons of the interior plains, deserts, and salt lakes—of rivers sinking in sandy wastes, or of the beautiful vallies and steppes hid in the sweeping slopes of the Tartarian and Altai ranges. Here dwell pastoral tribes who know not the face of the white man, and never heard the name of the great founder of Christianity, but who have undoubtedly by this time received tidings of the gold in California, and are delving in silence (to us) for the glittering product, which will assuredly extend the reign of gainful commerce, and dig the grave of Mohammedan bigotry, besotted Paganism, and lawlessness.

The population of the continent of Asia, as estimated by M'Culloch, is therefore, in round numbers, three hundred and eighty millions; and of the islands, small and large, fifty-six millions. Some authors on geography, as Balbi, Malte Brun, and Von Ritter, estimate the people of Asia to number six hundred millions, or two-thirds of the human race.

The speculations of untraveled philosophers may go for what they are worth. For our part, we fully believe, from the outposts of some of the most densely peopled of these countries, we have seen with our own eyes, that Asia does contain six hundred million souls; and that they are awaiting the shock of some mighty agent, combinative of morals, politics, and commerce, to make the old dry bones of dead, besotted and ferocious religions wake from their apathy, igno-

rance, and degrading tyranny. Let us examine these populations, so dense or so scattered, settled under half civilized, puerile governments like China, Persia, Birmah and Siam; or roving like the predatory tribes and lawless hordes of Tartary, Arabia, Mongolia, Manchourin, and Afghanistan, and we shall be struck with amazement that three hundred millions, as in China, should be governed by a single, deadened 3,000 year old system of ideas, administered by, probably, not more than 10,000 cunning heads with timid capacities; or that of Hindostan, with its numberless dialects, religions, languages and customs, a very Babel of tongues, and numbering by some accounts one hundred and eighty millions of human beings, controlled by the servants of a Commercial Company seated in London—that these servants number, including Europeans of every class, not more than 100,000 individuals who speak the English language, and that we, in California, lie very close to all this—we are inheritors with these one hundred thousand Englishmen, of the same laws, literature and ideas; nay more, that the seed which we have sown in every mortal mind inhabiting Asia within ten short years, is working and fermenting in those countries with prodigious force; that the idea of a cosmopolitan commerce, engendered in California, has spread and is extending in those countries and nations; we shall then begin to realize the dignity and purposes of a speedy exchange of products and quick communication of knowledge, which within the next fifty years is to produce such splendid results to California and Western America, nay, to the whole world.

Europe has been the hive from which swarmed the colonists of our Atlantic shores. The descendants of these colonists, mixed with Indian blood, have descended on the distant shores of the Pacific, in North and South America. For

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the last sixty years only, have the Anglo-Saxon Colonists settled in Australia, and but ten years may be said to have commenced the real settlement of Western America, by British descendants of unmixed blood, from the Atlantic; and yet what a strange revolution in men's ideas, a new nation about to rise in the political firmament of the world, closely bordering on the shores of Asia, and with every advantage of founding a great commercial empire—with safe harbors, immense territories, stores of ship-building timber, fertile soil, healthy climate, mines of unknown wealth, and above all a homogeneous population speaking the language we speak here—young, vigorous, enterprising, restless and adventurous as ourselves—a great competitor to be with us, whose watchword is "Advance," and whose spirit is ardent "Hopo." I mean the new nation of one million of Australians. And who made them start from the sleep of colonial vassalage? Why California—the little seed of fine gold—gold which has scattered man, and will gather him again; which will grow and take root and tear down as it strikes its roots deeper, old systems, old idoms, old religions, old democracies, old oligarchies, old despotisms, until they crumble into powder.

Well might Christ, the great law-giver of the world, say such words as are profoundly and philosophically true. Yes, eighteen hundred and twenty-seven years ago he declared on the shores of the California of Asia, "And whosoever shall fall on *this stone* shall be broken to pieces; but on whomsoever *it* shall fall, it will grind him to powder." And California is emphatically the great disintegrator of tribes, religions, policies; of nations, of states, and of empires; of sects, parties and opinions, whether they be moral, political, commercial or physical. It has set ten of thousands of speculators with their hundred thousand of

schemes in motion; it will raise the millions of Asia to the dignity of men with minds enquiring the road to truth and the havens of reason and liberty; it will move forward, resistless and unbidden, the Anglo-Saxon populations of the world to the accomplishment of a marvelous destiny; a destiny which will grasp with hands of conquering energy the northern and southern Arctic shores, and the Pacific and Atlantic coasts. And it needs, indeed, a Continent for such "Titans to tug against." And it needs, indeed, an ocean wide as the Pacific, for the theatre of its new life, and the surrounding densities of populated old empires to be the spectators of the mighty events now about to be marshaled on the stage of the world. And as Europe has been the mother hive of the Atlantic nations, Asia must yield her stores of men to do the rough work of aiding to reduce the waste lands of Malaysia, Australasia, Polynesia, Pacific America; and the great islands of the Archipelago, large enough in each of themselves to form empires, must yield their virgin soil to the Asiatic colonist and axeman—the European races cannot. He may there renew the probation in their wilds and those of the continent, that our race have endured for the last two hundred years, before we had reached the ocean limits of our western emigration. And the question will arise in every reflective mind here, are these millions of men to be governed, instructed, and guided by the Americans of these countries? Are we to practice on these offete and ignorant but laborious races, a policy narrow, cruel and oppressive—or are we to tutor their impoverished souls in the new reign of cosmopolitan liberalism; whose aim is truth, whose handmaid is reason, and whose spirit is humanity; whose motto, in the words of the eloquent Fenelon, is, "My country is the world, and my countrymen are mankind."

But from signs which the American people have exhibited, we judge that the reign of Cosmopolitan humanity is as yet but an idea of schoolmen and visionists. And yet Columbus was a student and visionist; he was called crazy, and alas, for the ingratitude of men, died nearly crazy with grief of harsh neglect. "I will let these chains that have bound my body, rust to powder in my coffin, with the bones of my frame, as a memento of the ingratitude of Kings and friends." "You heard of 'Fulton's Folly,' said sneerers in 1807, "he says he can impel a ship by steam to Albany at the rate of five miles an hour." "Not a single encouraging remark, a bright hope, or a warm wish crossed my path," remarks Fulton in one of his letters. Finally he was harassed and chased to death by litigants, jealous of his hard earned fame, and greedy of his hard earned gains. "Good heavens," said Prime Minister Stanley, in 1832, "If steamships cross the Atlantic, I will eat the boiler of the first boat."

The tulo swamps in Sacramento, San Joaquin, Santa Clara and Sonoma, deltas infected by stinging mosquitoes, uninhabitable by white men, are just fit for Celestials to turn into fields of golden grain by human industry.

Finally, California is no new thing—it is but a fresh and stimulative chapter of human history, of the seeds of human destinies, big with heaving strugglings of future fates. Shall we exclaim, with misanthropic Byron:

"Oh man! thou feeble tenant of an hour;
Debased by slavery or corrupt by power,
By nature vile, ennobled but by name,
Each kindred brute might bid thee blush
for shame."

Or with classical Seneca, two thousand years ago: "The great aim of every man is happiness; the most essential requisite for the attainment of happiness is peace of mind, consequently we should endeavor

to subject our feelings and desires to the control of reason, and to put away from us everything which can disturb our equanimity." Any how in California there are but few Senecas, and we have no time to be Byrons. And in conclusion, let us call to mind the prophecy of the Apostle of Democratic Liberty, Thomas Jefferson, hated of federalists and scorned of monopolists—democratic and aristocratic: "A great nation of freemen from our own loins will occupy in the future the western slopes of this continent. They may divide themselves from our confederacy. I think if so, it will be by mutual consent. Their influence on the nations, populations and commerce of Asia, will install a new era in human annals. Our language and our laws will there be perpetuated, and I hope and trust in the Supreme Director of the Universe, they may be just and democratic," or words to that effect. And we believe that it is no more possible or profitable for us to get rid of the Chinese and Asiatic in the countries of the Pacific, than it is possible or desirable to get rid of fresh Europeans in the Atlantic States. And we note these very remarkable and significant facts, that the Anglo-Saxon populations, numbering some seventy millions of men, control nine-tenths of the commerce of the American continent and the Pacific ocean; their language is the language of navigation and merchandise; their influence is so energetic in its nature that it keeps in awe six hundred millions of Eastern Asiatics, and that the active trade of the civilized world is nearly entirely in the same hands. And all the mountains of gold and silver in Asia, Australia, Africa or America, discovered and undiscovered, will but suffice in the coming times, of the splendor of new empires in these hitherto remote and unknown seas, to supply the quick demands of a mighty commerce of the to be civilized and humanized nations

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of Asia, and that Americans from California are to have a prime helping hand in bringing now unknown communities and distant, remote tribes, into the full light of the day of liberty and just government. In years, having extended our frontiers to the remote South, and consolidated our influences and strength on the Pacific, we may assume, with Australia, the arbitration of the stupid and besotted strifes of the Babels of nations.

A reference being had to the January number, 1860, of the *London Quarterly Review*, which contains a digest of late advices from Australia, it will show, that abler pens than mine have arrived at similar conclusions on golden Pacific matters. The eloquent, truthful, and far-seeing remarks of Sir Lytton Bulwer, therein noted, shows that one of the greatest geniuses of our language, and one of the most recondite literary minds of our times, has grasped the new ideas of which the countries of the Pacific world are now the juvenile but vigorous theatre of action.

[However much we may differ with writers upon this or other subjects, as we believe in an open discussion of all questions of public interest, we consequently admit opinions that do not coincide with our own.—Ed.]

THE BALLAD OF GUNHILD, OR THE
PHANTOM SHIP.

FROM THE DANISH OF INGEMANN.

Fair Gunhild stands on the galley's deck
And looks on the calm blue sea,
She sees where the pale moon mirrors itself,
And the stars shine tremulously.

She sees the moon, and the emerald light,
On the blue waves sweetly smile,
While the galley glides softly, like a snake,
To Britain's distant isle.

Thither, long since, in his dark prowed ship,
The little maid's love had sail'd;
Ah me! ah me! as she stood alone
That day she wildly wail'd.

He promised letters of love to send,
And soon to come back again,
But no letters of love did he ever send,
Nor did he come back again.

Fair Gunhild—alas! she could not rest,
Her heart beat wild with fright,
And she went from her father's and mother's
All in the murky night. [er's house,

And the galley's deck did she straight ascend
Her dear betrothed to find. [cend
Whether he lay in a far-off land,
Or rocked by sea and wind.

Fair Gunhild was toss'd about three days
All on the wild white wave,
But on the third night of moon and stars
The sea grew still as a grave,

And the maiden stood on the galley's deck,
And look'd on the calm blue sea,
And she saw the pale moon mirror itself,
And the stars shine tremulously.

The crew were lull'd in their slumber calm,
The helmsman bow'd in sleep,
While silently in her robes of white,
The maid look'd over the deep.

Then from the depths of the ocean, rose
A wild and shadowy ship,
And slowly, and weird-like, over the waves
She saw the strange thing skip.

The ghost-like sails were rent in twain,
By the board the mast had gone,
She could not sail, but like a wreck
She dreamily floated on.

And all on board was still as death,
She moved without life or sign,
The crew were flickering human shapes,
Like mists in the pale moonshine.

Now struck the wreck the galley's side,
But none could hear or see,
But the maid who saw from the lonely deck
The stars shine tremulously.

Then a whisper came, "O fair Gunhild,
Thy lover, thou fain wouldst find,
He does not sleep in a foreign land,
But is rock'd by sea and wind.

"And cold and lone is his watery grave,
Down in the deep sea laid;
And thus, alas! must thine own one dwell,
Apart from his plighted maid."

"Full well do I know thy gentle voice,
O thou in thy sea grave laid,
And, oh! no more shall mine own one
Apart from his plighted maid." [dwell

"No! Gunhild, no! thou art yet too young,
And thou must remain behind,
I will not weep, and I will not sigh,
When pleasure gilds thy mind.

"The plighted pledge of thy fond true
I give back again to thee; [heart
And oh! let another love be thine,
While the ocean grave hath me."

"I will be thy dear and faithful wife,
My oath I still must hold;
And is there not room for both of us,
Dear love, in thy grave so cold?"

"The wild wide sea for many hath room,
But dark are its depths of woe: [sky
When the bright sun shineth above in the
We slumber still below;

"And only, alas! in the midnight hour,
When the cold pale moonbeams fleck
The sea, can we rise from our dreary sleep,
And float on our shadowy wreck."

"Let the bright sun shine above in the sky,
I'll sleep in thy dear lov'd breast,
And there, forgetting the ills of life,
Will I take my gentle rest.

"Stretch forth thy hand, my own dear love,
Thy plighted virgin take;
And I will dwell in thine ocean grave
With thee, for love's sweet sake.

"And only, love, in the midnight hour,
When the moon and star beams fleck
The waves, shall we rise from our gentle
sleep,
And float on our shadowy wreck."

Then she gave the dead her lily-white
"Fair Gunhild, be not shy, [hand—
Quick, quick, dear love! the morning
Aloft in the dappled sky," [breaks

The maiden descended down on the wreck,
It drifted away again;
And the galley's crew woke up in fear,
The Dead Ship began to wane.

Pale and cold stood the galley's crew,
Gazing like maddened men;
They raised a prayer to God in heaven—
The Dead Ship vanish'd then.

AMELIA OLDENBURGH.

BY CLOE.

[Concluded from page 568.]

Miss Sara now informed Mr. Philips,
that Amelia wished to see him. He has-
toned to her. She met him at the room
door; unable to utter a word, she fell

upon his bosom and wept with very joy.

"My wife! my Amelia! this is the
happiest day of my life."

We will now draw a curtain over their
long and loving conversation, and take a
look at another party. Mr. Douglas and
his sister were busy sending their bag-
gage to the railway station.

The whistle sounded, and now Mr.
Douglas and Miss Sara came to say good
bye to Mr. and Mrs. Philips. It was ob-
served that Mr. Tresto was watching the
train to see if the Douglasses went in it,
according to agreement; when the masks
were put on again, and all was right on
the train. Amelia did not look towards
Mr. Tresto, and he felt too guilty to look
at her innocent face. Soon the train was
moving at a rapid rate, leaving the little
town far behind it.

Amelia now, for the first time, noticed
that Miss Sara held a little boy in her
lap, and she exclaimed, "why, Miss Sara,
where did you get that dear little boy, I
don't remember seeing him before."

"He is my little pet, Philip. It is
poor Ruth Mulford's little boy."

"Ruth Mulford's little boy, did you
say? then, you must not take him with
you out west."

"Why?" asked Sara.

"Ruth is my dearest friend, and I
know the dearest wish of her heart is to
see her darling boy; leave him with me,
Sara."

"It was part of our agreement with
Mr. Tresto to take Philip with us," said
Sara, "and I fear it would be improper
to leave him; besides, I am much attach-
ed to the dear little fellow."

"Could you see his broken-hearted
mother, you would not hesitate to give
him to her."

"I was told by Mr. Tresto that she
eloped with a gambler, and had never
been heard of since," remarked Sara.

"'Tis false," said Mrs. Philips, "she
is at the Mansion at this moment, and

has resided there
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has resided there ever since little Philip's birth."

"Take the child, then, Mrs. Philips, and restore him to his mother; but don't forget to write to me now and then, about the dear boy," said Sara, weeping and kissing little Philip tenderly.

They soon arrived at the station, and Mr. Philips and his lady, with little Philip, took another train for Philadelphia, while Mr. Douglas and his sister were prosecuting their journey west. A few weeks of toilsome traveling brought them to the tract of land, which was not far from the Missouri river.

They were much pleased with the location, and soon erected a trading store, for the purpose of trading with the Indians. Mr. Douglas also built a good log house, for Sara's comfort; and, being in the full enjoyment of their freedom from Mr. Tresto, they called their place "Independence." Mr. Douglas succeeded beyond his expectations; his store soon rose from a simple trading post to a large one for civilized men. The little place grew rapidly, and it is now one of the great starting points for California.

When Mr. Philips arrived in Philadelphia, with his bride, few could find out who the lady was.

As soon as they received a letter from Mr. Douglas and ascertained that he was safe, Mr. Hunt and Mr. Philips prepared to visit the mansion, taking an officer with them with a search warrant for Ruth, as Mr. Hunt had acknowledged to his nephew that Ruth was his wife, and that they were privately married—and that this Mr. and Mrs. Tresto know very well.

Mr. Hunt was under particular obligation to a kind old father, who had arrived at second childhood, and fancied himself in love with Ruth; under these circumstances he did not wish that his father should know that he had married Ruth, especially as the old gentleman was in delicate health, and at the best could not

live long: and she of course would never receive his attentions; but before he died Mr. Tresto became involved in debt; and finding that by a stratagem he could use Ruth's property if it were not for her husband, he determined at once to separate them; when he took Ruth to Maryland, where her child was born and put to nurse under the care of Miss Sara Douglas. Ruth was then made to believe that her husband was a deceiver, that she was not lawfully married, that he cared for her no longer, and Mr. Hunt was told that Ruth was in love with a gambler, and had eloped with him, no one knew where.

When Mr. Philips and his lady met Mr. Hunt he was much pleased with the success of their adventure and its happy results. "But where did you find this little boy," he exclaimed.

"Miss Douglas gave him to me," said Amelia; "is he not a pretty little fellow?"

"Yes, indeed," said Mr. Hunt, regarding the child with peculiar interest; "what is his name, Amelia, do you know?"

"Yes, Uncle, his name is Philip Hunt, and I have every reason to believe he is your own son."

Mr. Hunt was so confounded that he came near fainting, then taking the little boy in his arms he wept on his infantine bosom; and Mrs. Philips and her husband could not keep back their sympathetic tears.

At length Amelia put her tearful face close to Mr. Hunt's, and in a soothing tone told him that his wife Ruth was worthy of his noblest love, and all that he had heard of her was false—the result of the machinations of Mr. Tresto's rascality.

"Can your words be true, Amelia; oh, my dear injured wife!" he passionately exclaimed, and in haste, he, with Mr. Philips, determined to find her.

When they arrived at the mansion Mr. Tresto was not at home. Madam Tresto received Mr. Philips with a warm welcome, supposing that his visit was to see Miss Mary.

"Be seated, Mr. Philips," she said, with apparent cordiality, "Mary will be delighted to see you;" and she immediately sent a servant to inform Mary of Mr. Philips' presence.

"Oh, I suppose you have heard of Miss Oldenburgh's marriage with young Mr. Douglas, of Maryland," said Madam, looking at Mr. Philips somewhat quizzically.

"I heard that she was married, but I did not know that she was married to Mr. Douglas," answered Mr. Philips.

"Yes, to Mr. Douglas," continued Mrs. Tresto, "Mary was present, and they are gone west. Indeed they are well matched; but, here is Mary." "Happy to see you, Mr. Philips," Miss Mary began—"what a stranger you are; if you allow it to be so long before you pay us another call, we shall think you intend to cut our acquaintance altogether."

"Not at all, Miss Mary; but I have come on business to-day." Madam Tresto stared at him with unpleasant apprehension. "I have come to see Ruth Mulford."

"Ruth Mulford, did you say, Mr. Philips? We would like to see her ourselves, but it is a long time since we had that pleasure; we know not where she is, and we cannot imagine what has induced you to make this strange request of us," replied Miss Mary, indignantly.

"I am well informed that Ruth is in your house," continued Mr. Philips, "and your dissimulation only convinces me that it is true. You must produce her, or your house will be searched by an officer that is with us."

"You are a villain," said Madam, "to come here in this manner during my husband's absence," and fell into a fit of

violent hysterics. Mary ordered Mr. Philips out of the room, and locked then herself and mother in.

The officer, under the direction of Mr. Philips, proceeded at once to search the house, when Ruth was soon found stitching away on a fine silk robe for Miss Mary. Ruth recognized him instantly, as he did her.

"I am very glad to find you so easily," said Mr. Philips. "Madam Tresto just informed me that she knew nothing of your whereabouts."

"You astonish me, Mr. Philips! could she tell such an untruth? I have never been further than the back garden since I came to this house; in fact I have been a prisoner here these seven years, for some cause or other."

"I have come to release you, and your husband is below waiting to see you."

"My husband," said Ruth, sinking upon a chair, apparently more dead than alive; "my husband was false, and cruelly deceived and deserted me. Why has he come now?"

"You are mistaken, my dear Aunt; Mr. Hunt is my uncle, and you both have fallen into the snares of as heartless a villain as ever lived."

"Oh! that what you say of my husband may be true, Mr. Philips; oh take me to him before this happy delusion fades from my sight."

"Heaven forbid that it should ever prove an illusion again," said Mr. Hunt, staggering into the room where his half-fainting wife stood, clinging to the back of a chair. Claspng her to his heart he imprinted many warm kisses on her cold and colorless lips, as he uttered, "oh my dear Ruth, can you forgive me for doubting you?" Ruth fell heavily in his arms, for she had swooned. He bathed her fair temples until her sobs and returning consciousness convinced him that all danger was past. Poor Ruth clung close to her husband, fearful that it was but a dream.

"No doubt said Mr. Hunt; "come Amelia was home and d

"Amelia claimed Ruth. So much grieved her, and of insensibility to the care reaching the

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her husband, fearful that it was eam.

"No darling, you are not dreaming," said Mr. Hunt, again fondly clasping her; "come leave this detestable house, Amelia waits to welcome you to your home and dear little boy."

"Amelia! what mystery next?" exclaimed Ruth, fearing for her own sanity. So much good news completely overpowered her, and again she fell into a state of insensibility. Mr. Hunt carried her to the carriage, and was not long in reaching the city.

Ruth did not revive for several days after she was carried home to her husband and child. Amelia was watching beside her, while Mr. Hunt was taking a little rest, when she opened her eyes and saw Amelia.

"Oh! what a strange dream I have had," said she, trying to rise; Amelia put her back gently and requested her not to speak, as she was very weak, saying, "be calm, dear Ruth, and I will explain all that you call a strange dream." And Amelia took Ruth's thin hand and told her all of the circumstances connected with their singular wedding; how they had deceived Mr. Tresto; how Sara Douglas had left little Philip with her, for her to give him to his mother; how Mr. Hunt had been undeceived in regard to her rumored infidelity; their finding her at the mansion and bringing her home. "Now, dear Ruth, you are my own dear aunt, and I am the happiest of women." Mr. Hunt now opened the door, and Amelia gave him her place beside his beloved wife. Ruth was too full of happiness to speak; words were inadequate to express all she felt.

Amelia soon returned, leading little Philip by the hand. Mr. Hunt lifted the dear little fellow upon the bed, and laid his little curly head on his mother's face, while she smothered him with kisses. "Thank God for all these blessings," said Ruth, "may I never murmur again;" and her lips moved in thankful

prayer. The excitement of the occasion completely exhausted her strength, and Amelia took little Philip to her own room, leaving Mr. Hunt to smooth Ruth's pillow. With good nursing Mrs. Hunt soon regained her health, and made her home the happiest place that mortals ever know in this world.

When Mr. Tresto returned home he was overwhelmed with apprehension at Ruth's being taken away by her husband; but he had not long to meditate on this new feature in his case, as an officer was at his heels for his arrest on a charge of forgery. At the trial, proof positive was brought against him that he had forged a will to defraud Ruth of her property, and he was sentenced to five years in the penitentiary.

Mr. Tresto, mortified, and almost broken up by his creditors rushing in with their bills, in a fit of despair swallowed poison, and died from the effects. Madam Tresto settled up the business of the estate; and, as the mansion was for sale, Mr. Philips bought it for a summer residence. As soon as Madam Tresto could close up the affairs of the estate she left for Europe, in quest of Mr. Dundee, who was now in Ireland.

Several years of unmolested happiness fell to the lot of Mr. Hunt and his nephew, and their families. Business had been prosperous, and riches had filled all their empty coffers. Amelia often spoke of a will, that was in an old casket of her's. One evening as Mr. Hunt and his lady were spending a pleasant time with Mr. and Mrs. Philips, Amelia proposed a trip to her native land.

"Why, Amelia," said Mr. Philips, "have you not riches enough without this fabulous will, that you have kept so tenaciously?"

"Yes, but I would like, above all things of that kind, to see my birth place." "Then you shall," replied her ever indulgent husband. "And we will accom-

pany you," said Mr. and Mrs. Hunt, both in one breath.

We will pass over the pleasant journey to Strasburgh. Once here, Mr. Philips made many enquiries relative to the old miser Mintzmer, and to his surprise found that the old man was still alive, but very infirm. Mr. Philips sent up his card to the old gentleman, with a request to see him immediately. The servant soon admitted him to the old man's room, where he had been confined for several months. He took a seat near the bed, saying, "I have called on you, Mr. Mintzmer, to ascertain whether you are the gentleman that gave this locket to the little daughter of Rosana Oldenburgh." The old man called for his glasses, then took the locket and with a trembling hand he examined it. On opening the spring lock, he saw the paper and ring. He knew them well. "Where did you get this, sir," demanded the old man.

"You gave it to my wife, sir. The little Amelia, to whom you gave it, is now Mrs. Philips." "Where is Frederic?" shrieked the old man, clutching the bed clothes in his excitement. Mr. Philips informed him of their fate in as delicate a manner as possible. "Oh, yes," sighed the old man, "I know it; I have had no peace of mind since they left; they are continually rising up before me, to laugh at me for not purchasing happiness with my gold. Ah, you say they are dead. Yes, yes, I murdered them. I know I did, and you have come to twit me of my cruelty. Well, I deserve it. Oh, if they will only come back they can have all that I have;" and the old man covered his withered face with his bony hand and wept like a child.

"You are too severe with yourself, my dear sir, their fate was in the hands of God."

"No, no, I drove them off, but now it is too late, and I must die with their withering curse blighting my hope of heaven."

Mr. Philips was shocked at the old man's ravings. He stole from the room and went for Amelia, hoping that she could soothe his violent grief. Amelia hurriedly prepared to go to Mr. Mintzmer's residence. He was still raving like a maniac. They had been in the room several minutes before the old man noticed them; at length his eyes fell on Amelia, and she was so like her mother, that the old man called her his Rosana. He took her hand and pressed it to his head, saying, "You are my darling, forgiving Rosana; you don't know how much I have injured you, my niece. I robbed your father; I broke his heart; I drove your mother from her rights, because I loved her, and she loved my brother; revenge was once sweet, but now it burns like the fires of hell, consuming my last hope. All is lost, lost; I know it, I know it;" and the old miser writhed in his agony.

Amelia approached him, and took his cold bony hand in her's. "I forgive you, dear uncle, and my mother prayed for you all her life."

"Oh, can you forgive such a wretch, my dear, good little girl?"

"Yes," said Amelia, falling upon her knees, and offering up a prayer for the wretched man. She was so earnest in her petition that the old man ceased to rave, and joined in the prayer with many bitter tears.

Amelia remained with the old man nearly ten days, softening his dying moments by her tender sympathy.

The old man became more calm before his death, and made a new will, bequeathing to Amelia all his real estate, valued at one million five hundred thousand dollars, besides a large amount in cash.

Mr. Hunt and lady returned home, leaving Mr. Philips to attend to the immense fortune just bequeathed him. Mrs. Philips found many relics of her family.

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After residing in Strasburgh some time, they continued their travel through Germany, Switzerland and Italy; then to France and Belgium, then back to France, and then back to England. During their stay in London, as Mr. Philips and Amelia were riding in quest of pleasure, they passed a squalid looking group of persons seated on the way side. Amelia thought their faces looked somewhat familiar; a little further on was a drunken looking vagabond, reeling with a jug of ale in his hand. Amelia turned her head, and saw that the man stopped at the motley group.

"Oh what a wretched thing is poverty, coupled with dissipation," remarked Amelia to her husband; "if that group is there when we return, let us give them something."

"With all my heart, dear Amelia, let us do so now;" then, turning their horse, they soon came up to the waysiders. Who could imagine Amelia's surprise, when she discovered them to be Mr. Dundee, his mother, Madam Treto, and her three daughters. Dundee had gambled off all that he had himself, and all his mother-in-law had, reducing them to the direst poverty, even to street beggary. Mrs. Dundee had two little starved, half-naked children, dragging after her.

Although they had planned Amelia's destruction, she pitied them deeply, and so did Mr. Philips. Mary Treto covered her bare feet with her dress, and large tears stood in her eyes.

"I am really very sorry to find you all in this distressing condition," said Mr. Philips to Madam Treto. "Call on us at our rooms," and handing her their address and a well filled purse, they drove home.

The next morning Madam Treto and her daughters called on Mr. and Mrs. Philips. Amelia was grieved to see them brought to such extreme poverty, but was pleased at the evident change that suffer-

ing had made in their dispositions; when she had heard all they had suffered, she offered them a home in the old Treto mansion, and requested that they would return with her to Philadelphia. With many grateful tears they accepted the kind offer. Mr. Dundee was past redemption, as he deserted his family and joined a suspicious crew on board a fishing vessel. Mrs. Dundee, completely broken-hearted, could not forget her humiliating disappointment, and like her father, committed suicide. Emma's little children were given to Mr. and Mrs. Philips, as Emma had written to them in her last letter, imploring their protection to her innocent babes, when she said—"forgive, and love them for Caleb's sake; my little boy is called after your dear foster brother; my little girl's name is Amelia; may she be as good and as amiable as you are. When you read this I shall be at rest. Good bye; God bless you. Be kind to mother and Mary, and my other sister, who was always more kind to you than Mary and myself."

When Amelia found this letter in Emma's Dundee's bosom, everything was forgiven; and she mourned Emma's fate as that of a sister, receiving little Caleb and Amelia as her own, believing that God had sent them to her, in place of children of her own. Mr. Philips was as much pleased with them as any one could wish.

As soon as Mrs. Dundee's funeral was over they took passage for Philadelphia, and arrived at home in good health and spirits. Ruth received her repentant sister, with many kind wishes to do her good, and thus returned good for evil; and Madam Treto was treated with all the respect due to a sister. Mary Treto preferred residing with Mrs. Philips, so as to be with her younger sister, who needed much attention as she was in the last stages of consumption; she lingered a few weeks, then quietly dropped into

the grave. Poor Mary was now left alone with her mother.

Mr. Felix had gone out west, married Sara Douglas, and returned to Philadelphia to live. Mr. Douglas was at the city to buy goods, and to see his sister installed as wife to Mr. Felix and mother to his interesting family of children. Sara was a kind and efficient step-mother. Jesso Douglas was now quite a wealthy and respectable merchant, and became quite interested in Mary Tresto. Mr. Phillips and his wife encouraged this, as they saw that Mary was quite in love with him. Amelia gave Miss Mary ten thousand dollars as a bridal gift; and when Mr. Douglas returned to Independence, he took Mary Tresto with him as his wife—and as her sufferings had changed and chastened her, she proved a devoted and excellent bride.

Mr. Phillips and Amelia often visited their western friends, Mr. and Mrs. Douglas. Ruth and Madam Tresto were inseparable companions; as Madam Tresto endeavored to make herself useful to her sister, to repay somewhat her many obligations. Little Philip was Mrs. Hunt's idol, but not more so than the little red-haired Caleb was with Mr. Phillips and Amelia, whom he called by the endearing name of father and mother. Little Amelia was in feature like her father, and did not look unlike Mr. Phillips; and many a flattering guest often remarked how much little Amelia favored him, even to a striking degree.

It was evident that those little ones would be very different from their unfortunate mother and profligate father, although many traits of character of both parents were often observable in the children; but great care was taken by their kind, adopted parents, to cultivate the better qualities of their natures; and we are happy to say that they were blessings to them, as they were ornaments to the excellent society in which their lot was so happily cast.

THE FIRST EXPLORATION OF THE BAY OF SAN FRANCISCO, NORTH.

BY W. H. T.

The following account of the first exploration of the Spaniards on the northern shores of the Bay of San Francisco, east of San Rafael, is from the original Mss. of Father Altimira, and has never been published before. It will be found of great interest to those Californians who now inhabit so thickly the country explored by the old priest in 1823, and which from its so abundantly producing all the kinds of food desirable to aborigines, was numerously populated with Indians.

Extract of a letter written by Padre José Altimira, founder of the mission of San Francisco Solano, to Padre José Señan, President of the Missions of upper California. Translated from the Spanish.

SAN FRANCISCO,* July 10th, 1823.

"At present let us refer to another subject. By the journal, your Reverence will see that on the 29th of June we were at the locality called 'Suisun,' from which place we dispatched five neophytes of our mission, to the Rancharia called 'of the *Hulatos*,' (where many fugitives of our mission reside), with the object to effect the return of these, pardoning them their flight, and to invite the gentile Indians, disposing them thereto by promises and presents. They started and arrived there in the evening without meeting with a single individual. They then went to another Rancharia three leagues farther, called "*Los Lybaitos*." It being already night, the gentiles did not recognize them, and at their approach put themselves to flight, which astonished our messengers. The eldest of them, named Valentin, shouted: 'Do not run, we are not come to injure you, I am Valentin, here is Nuñilo, Rafael,

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&c.' Hearing this, the gentiles immediately came to them in a peaceable manner with much contentment. They took them to their Rancheria, gave them grain, &c., and began to converse. Our men told them: 'the Padre is waiting for us at Suisun, there is also the officer *so and so* and others who want to talk as friends with you; they are in quest of a locality for the founding of a mission in the vicinity of your lands.' They instantly asked: 'what! is it the Padre of San Jose?' They answered 'no, but him of San Francisco.' They (the gentiles) then said: 'well we shall go there, but was it the one from San Jose, who has been here sometimes, we should not go, because some days past there came the San Jose Indian called *Il Hdefonso*, with many Christians of his mission, all armed with bows and arrows, and two with guns, saying, they came to look for *cimarones* (runaway neophytes). They went to the *Hulatos*, the said Hdefonso told them to go to San Jose and become Christians, that Padre Narciso, called for them, and in case they would not, there should come the Padre of San Francisco to take them away, and then they would suffer, for he (the Padre of San Francisco) did punish severely.—The *Hulatos*, Christians, and Gentiles refused, saying they would not come, and for this they were bound, beaten and robbed by the neophytes of San Jose. We being afraid of them, took flight and escaped. They went then to the Rancheria of the *Chemocoytos*, fought, and killed five men, there was also a *Josefino* (a neophyte from San Jose) wounded. Afterwards they went to another Rancheria called the *Sucuntos* and killed all the people. They took with them many gentiles, shipped them forcibly, and went to another isolated Rancheria called the *Ompines* and since that time they have not been seen any more; it is six days since they are gone. Here your

christian *Hulatos* and *Suisunes* remained three days and three nights; the gentiles did discourage one another and took flight to the Tulares, dispersed and lost.

'This is the narrative made to our messengers by the Gentile *Iybailos*; of these, nineteen came to visit us, five Captains and fourteen inferiors, and made before us the same above related statement, translated by the Suisun interpreters Rafael and Marcelino; (the latter a *vagüero* of our Mission, who also was a fugitive and was bound by the "*Josefinos*," but escaped and now came to us.) We heard the said declaration with all possible care—myself, my compadre, Don Francisco Castro, deputy of the province, Don Jose Sanchez, the officer in command of the troops, some soldiers and neophytes. It was on the 30th of June when this people did visit us, and declare as stated above; and of these, there were four who the day before had been to see the bodies of the killed. I took down the names of three Captains—one is called *Alupa*, another *Guilchen*, and the third *Chibulu*. They also added, that at other times, these of San Jose had committed outrages. And my Padre asked, is this legal conquest, before God and men? It is to be remarked that the Provincial Government has already warned this Padre Narciso, [Duran], not to start on any expedition without previously informing the government, for the ways of the acting of said Padre in this line is an old scandal; a thousand times have I heard of his scandalous and arbitrary incursions. He sets out himself, or he sends a numerous band of his neophytes, who surmount and suffocate all, through the power given them by the Padre.

"The late Padre Prefect, (who enjoys Heaven,) did most bitterly complain of this way of conquering, which he observed in Padre Narciso and Padre Amoros; and then what business has this

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Padre to effect conquests where it is forbidden to him? When the separation of San Rafael from San Francisco took place, there was made by the late Father Prefect a plan of concord, by one of whose articles the conquest north of the banks of the river Sacramento is prohibited to the Mission of San Jose, and this, (the conquest aforesaid), given to the Mission San Francisco.

"And now comes this Padre impudently breaking this law, dictated by said Superior, defunct, and approved by the Ministers of San Francisco and San Jose, of which statute he has a copy at his Missions, as we have at ours; disturbing our conquest, sacrificing the same to the barbarity of his badly brought-up neophytes, and exiling the inhabitants thereof from their lands with the greatest violence.

"I in consequence claim, Rev. Father, in behalf of the Mission under my charge, that all Indians baptised and Gentiles forcibly brought to San Jose, from the north part of the Sacramento, since the establishment of the plan of Concord, be restored to their Gentile state according to their wishes; and in case this should not be effectuated, application may be made elsewhere—although I should regret it, for such appeal would not be honorable to the holy habit.

"God guard your Reverence many years in his holy grace, and command to your subject who kisses your hands.

SR. JOSE ALTIMIRA."

NOTE.—Padre Altimira was one of the latest arrivals of the Missionaries of San Fernando College, before the breaking up or secularization of the Missions. He was a native of Old Spain, and was one of those who preferred to leave the country, rather than remain under the new government.

He is said to have left about the year 1837. And it seems that he is the only one of the old California Missionaries of Spain now alive, or was as late as 1855. When Bishop Amat of Monterey, was at the Island of Mallorca, on his way to the United States, he found that he just arrived a few hours too late to receive the welcome of Padre Juan Cabot, (the aged

Friar of San Miguel,) who had expressed a great desire to see the new Bishop of Monterey, appointed by the Pope, before he died; and he died at a very old age, exceedingly respected by the people of the Island, who looked up to him with great veneration as one of the old Spaniards who had Christianized the golden land of California, when he was in the prime of his life. Padre Jose Altimira, as the Bishop was informed in Spain, is still living in the Island of Teneriffe, or one of the Canary Islands, and very much venerated by the simple people of the country as a "returned Californian," of which land he speaks continually.

BEN ALLEN AND HIS BOY RALPH.

In the most frequented street of the little sea coast villago of R—, jostled to and fro by the hurrying throng, wanders an old man. His form is bent, and his thin white hair surrounds a face haggard and worn, not so much by time as by deep, life-destroying sorrow. As he totters along, he accosts the passers-by, saying, in tremulous tones, "Have you seen him? Have you found my boy?" Some smile at the demented old man; some sigh, and answer kindly; whilst others ask his meaning, and receive for answer the eager, sorrowful inquiry—"Tell me! have you seen him?"

I will relate the history of this poor old man; I will tell you a tale of sorrow. Twenty years ago Benjamin Allen was a robust, jovial fisherman, happy in the possession of an affectionate wife, and a little son named Ralph. Honest and good-natured, he was a great favorite, and his custom became so great, as to give him the name of "everybody's fisherman." But alas for human happiness! Ben's loving wife sickened and died, leaving poor Ben borne down with sorrow. The little boy Ralph, was now his father's all, and the two were almost inseparable. While fishing, Ben would place the boy in the stern of his boat, on stormy days, wrapping him in a big oil-cloth coat, till hardly anything but his bright eyes would be visible; and amuz-

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Well, Ralph grew up to be a fine, amiable lad, much like his father, who lived but for him. He was now old enough to manage a skiff, and often went back and forth between the main land and an adjoining island, carrying supplies to the inhabitants of the island, which was thinly populated.

One cloudy morning Ralph left his father, (who was quite unwell,) at their little cottage, and started off for a day's fishing. A short time after his departure the sky darkened and a storm came on, the like of which had never before been witnessed by the awe-stricken inhabitants of the village. The rain fell, as it were, in sheets, and the tallest trees were struck down by the fiery lightning. Ben knew that his son had not traveled half of the distance to the beach where his boat was moored, before the commencement of the storm, and supposing that he had stopped at the house of an acquaintance to await the abatement of the storm, he was not anxious about him. But where *was* Ralph? When the storm came on he concluded to turn back and hurry home, and on the way was met by an intimate friend, who begged Ralph to carry him over to the island, as a very dear relative lay on his death-bed, and wished his presence. Ralph expostulated with him, saying that it would be dangerous to attempt crossing to the island in such a storm, but to no avail, and he at last consented, not supposing it as dangerous as it really was. The boat sunk, and the faithful friend and kind-hearted Ralph perished together.

The day ended, and night came on. Ben retired, thinking that during the night the clouds would roll by and Ralph would return, at the latest, early the next day. The following morning broke fair and pleasant; the sun returned to welcoming nature, and the previous day's

deserted streets were now thronged with busy inhabitants. But Ralph, alas, was not of the number. Day after day passed by, and still he did not come. *The father* wondered and surmised, until he could bear it no longer.

Alarming the neighbors, a search was made for the missing boy. Nothing was discovered until nearly dark, when a neighbor found the hat worn by Ralph. The boat belonging to Ben was also reported gone. Later in the day a messenger arrived, stating that it had been seen about half way towards the island, containing two persons, and as no boat could have kept above water at such a time as when the storm was in its utmost fury, no one attempted to save the men, and they perished.

This was too much for the sorrow-stricken father to bear, and he fell into a state of insensibility — from which, after a long time, he awoke a crazed, white-haired man. He wandered about the streets, day after day, searching for his son, and supposing that everybody is doing the same; he totters along, addressing every one with, "Have you seen him? Have you found my Ralph?"

B.

THE LITTLE PRINTER.

CHAPTER I.

"By Guttenberg! that love of reading will be the ruin of you, Mr. Benjamin. Of what use is it to a printer to read, or even know how to read? Of what use is it, I ask you?"

He who thus spoke was an old working printer, who went on mechanically with his business, while the person he addressed, a young and delicate-looking apprentice, sat at a little distance, absorbed in a book.

"Of what use is it for a printer to read, do you ask me, Thomas?" replied the boy; "why, simply, that he may not print nonsense."

"And what is the nonsense to us? that is the author's business. It would be

fine wearisome work, truly, to be obliged to read every thing we print!"

Benjamin smiled archly, and taking a bit of paper, he wrote a few lines unperceived by Thomas, then folding it as a note, he threw it on the desk, saying it was to be published in that day's paper. "Have you dated it?" he inquired.

"Boston, 17th January, 1721," said Thomas, looking for the date.

"My birth-day," said Benjamin; "I am fifteen years old to-day; but now, go on with your work, and let me finish my book."

"Is it the one lent you by Mr. Samuel, the rich merchant? I suppose it is very amusing."

"I think it is; the author is Daniel Defoe, who wrote the history of Robinson Crusoe, that I read to you when you were ill last winter. Do you remember it, Thomas?"

"And what do you call this book?"

"An Essay upon Projects—"

"Ah! I dare say this Essay upon Projects is the sequel to Robinson Crusoe, is it not, Mr. Benjamin?"

"Robinson is an entertaining book, Thomas; this is a more serious one, as you will understand directly, when I tell you that its object is the improvement of commerce, the employment of the poor, and the means of augmenting the public wealth; and it is this latter subject that I am anxious to study with particular attention."

"I know you will say that I am a fool, sir; but, by the immortal Guttenberg, I cannot see of what use it would be to you to augment your own; especially as, to my knowledge, you are as poor as old Job."

"Go on with your work, and don't trouble yourself about that, Thomas."

"One word more, Mr. Benjamin; you, who are so learned, can no doubt tell me who is the man, or the conjuror, that puts in these little papers every day for your brother's journal."

"I cannot," said Benjamin, without raising his eyes from his book.

"Allow me to tell you that it is impossible, Mr. Benjamin, for yesterday evening, at nine o'clock, there was nothing in the box; I went out, leaving you to watch, and when I returned five minutes afterwards, there was the paper. You do not like to tell me, Mr. Benjamin, the person has engaged you to keep the secret; but you ought not to keep it, as it

will make me lose the dollar your brother promised to give me, if I discovered the author of those papers that all Boston are talking about. Have you read them, Mr. Benjamin? They must be very good, I suppose, since every one says so; but I will lay a wager they are not to be compared to the two beautiful songs that you wrote."

"Do hold your tongue, Thomas; they were nothing but blind men's ballads."

"Blind men's ballads! Mr. Benjamin; by the immortal Guttenberg, the inventor of printing!"

"Now that we are alone, Thomas, I must point out an error into which you and many others are continually falling; Guttenberg was not the inventor of printing."

"Oh! I see, Mr. Benjamin, you want to have a joke, but you cannot impose upon me," said the old man, shrugging his shoulders. "Guttenberg, the illustrious, the immortal Guttenberg, was the true and only inventor of printing, and that is as well known as that the moon is the female of the sun!"

Benjamin smiled. "In the heavenly bodies there is neither male nor female, Thomas; but to return to your favorite here, and to your hobby, printing—"

"My hobby!" forsooth, Mr. Benjamin; it is my bread."

"I tell you then, Thomas, that printing was invented in 1430, at Haarlem, in Holland, by a man named Laurence Coster, but it was improved by Guttenberg, who established a printing-office at Mentz."

"What do you call improved, Mr. Benjamin?"

"This Laurence Coster, Thomas, made use of only wooden types, which, being threaded upon a string, were consequently moveable and uneven, and incapable of yielding a good impression. Guttenberg entered into partnership with a goldsmith, named Faust, and this man had an apprentice, named Peter Schaffer, who, in 1452, first invented the art of casting metal types. These three men joined, and from their press first issued the Latin Psalter, the Bible, and some other books, the titles of which you would not understand, Thomas."

"I know that I am only a fool, Mr. Benjamin; yet I cannot but think that those three celebrated and immortal persons must have been greatly respected in their time; no doubt they had many hon-

ors conferred upon about in triumph erected to their

"You are mistaken, Faust, who introduced ran a great risk but there is no use this, it would only

"On the contrary have, as you know and but one desiring, printing, printed everything, little about printing amusing."

"No, not at all interesting."

"Oh! pray do I would much as be looking at your attention—go on, go on."

But at that moment and apprentice's entrance of two

"Oh!" said the master, and he not been able to writer."

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"Yes, Mr. Benjamin"

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"Brother," younger of the entered the office goodness to read Thomas has just paper?"

"Indeed, Mr me about that read, very clear?"

"Oh! yes, it friend."

Benjamin's which was printed read aloud, yet most astonishingly most barbarous omitted, which hints of Boston excitement. Y named Thomas wife and his has been for the

ors conferred upon them—were carried about in triumph—had marble statues erected to them—their names—

"You are mistaken, Thomas; for Faust, who introduced this art into Paris, ran a great risk of being burnt alive; but there is no use in my telling you all this, it would only tire you."

"On the contrary, Mr. Benjamin, I have, as you know, but one employment and but one desire—to be for ever printing, printing, printing; and you, who read everything, if you would tell me a little about printing, it would be very amusing."

"No, not amusing, but extremely interesting."

"Oh! pray begin, Mr. Benjamin, for I would much rather listen to you than be looking at you reading. I am all attention—go on, go on."

But at that moment both workman and apprentice were interrupted by the entrance of two persons.

"Oh!" said Thomas, "here comes the master, and he will be vexed that I have not been able to discover the mysterious writer."

"Apropos of writing, then, have you printed that note?"

"Yes, Mr. Benjamin."

"And without reading it?"

"To be sure, sir."

"Then you may as well go and be hanged, my poor fellow."

CHAPTER II.

"Brother," said Benjamin to the younger of the two persons who had entered the office, "will you have the goodness to read this paragraph, which Thomas has just printed in to-day's paper?"

"Indeed, Mr. Benjamin, you frighten me about that note; is it not well printed, very clear?"

"Oh! yes, it is clear enough, my poor friend."

Benjamin's brother took the paper, which was printed only on one side, and read aloud, yet not without showing evident astonishment at each word: "A most barbarous murder has been committed, which has thrown all the inhabitants of Boston into a state of the greatest excitement. Yesterday evening a man, named Thomas Simpleton, murdered his wife and his five children; this ruffian has been for the last three years employ-

ed in the printing-office of Mr. James Franklin."

"What, I! I murdered my wife and my five children!" exclaimed Thomas, turning pale, and dropping his arms down by his sides.

Both the announcement and the exclamation of Thomas were received with a general burst of laughter, and Benjamin's unusual merriment soon discovered him to be the author.

"What is the meaning of this joke?" inquired the brother, as soon as he was able to compose himself.

"I wanted to prove to Thomas the utility of reading what he prints," replied the young apprentice.

"It was a joke then, Mr. Benjamin," said Thomas, losing a little of his terrified appearance.

"Yes, and a good one," said Benjamin, "to make a man accuse himself of being a murderer, without his knowing a word about it! But how pale you are, Thomas, are you frightened?"

"Marry! Mr. Benjamin, the devil is so malicious."

"He cannot, however, make you a murderer against your will."

"But, Benjamin," said the older of the two persons, who during this scene had been attentively observing the young apprentice, "I do not see why you should be endeavoring to promote a taste for reading in your brother's office; if all the workmen were to spend their time in reading like you, what would become of the establishment?"

"The health of my workmen would also suffer by it," replied the master of the office; "for I yesterday discovered that Benjamin is actually starving himself."

"How can that be?" exclaimed the father, "for in the arrangement that I made with you, James, it was agreed that for the nine years your brother was to serve his apprenticeship to you, that you were not to give him any payment, but were to support him."

"Well, father, about six months ago, Benjamin came to me, and said that I paid too much for his support, and that if it would be equally agreeable to me, he would rather I gave him half the sum and let him provide for himself. I could only suppose that he did not like the kind of food provided for him, and that he preferred choosing for himself; I therefore consented, and what has been the

consequence? that Benjamin scarcely eats anything, and saves all his money to buy books."

"You are mistaken, brother, I eat plenty, only I live economically. Among the books lent me by my cousin, there was one which recommended vegetable diet as the best means of keeping the body healthy, and the mind active. I studied this way of living, and the author's method of dressing potatoes and rice in the most economical manner, and it was not until I was in full possession of these discoveries, that I made the proposal of supplying myself. I have dined very well, I assure you, father, on bread and raisins, and a glass of water."

"And, thanks to your Pythagorean system, you are becoming as pale and transparent as the water you drink."

"Besides, I have given up a vegetable diet," added Benjamin.

"Since when?" inquired his brother.

"Since the day before yesterday, when, on going into the kitchen, I saw Susan cleaning some fish, and in the inside of a large cod she found a small fish; 'Oh! oh! my lad,' said I, 'since you can eat one another, I see no reason why we should not eat you;' and that proves," added he, laughing, "that man is rightly called a *reasonable* creature, since he can so easily find reasons for justifying whatever he wishes to do."

"What a fickle, unsteady mind!" said his father; "in place of going on regularly with one business, Benjamin, you are always thinking of something else than of what you ought to do."

"How can I help it, father," replied the boy, "I had but one desire, that of studying—but one vocation, that of printing,—but one ambition, that of being a clergyman. Oh! how I should like to be the chaplain of the family. You know, father, how happy I was when at school."

"Unfortunately that education was too expensive for my means; but in place of becoming the chaplain of the family, as you call it, would it not be quite as honorable to become the support of it? and for that, you have only to continue my business."

"To melt tallow, prepare moulds, and manufacture candles! that is a business, father, that a person can acquire when he likes, and without being confined to deep and scientific studies."

"You are wrong there, Ben," said his

father, "all manufacturers do not equally make good candles; but that is not the subject in question. You had scarcely begun one business, when a book of voyages fell into your hands, and immediately you would think of nothing but sailing about, steering a boat, and making voyages."

"And swimming too, father; I taught myself to swim, which is no such easy matter."

Mr. Franklin resumed: "To divert you from that fancy, and with a wish to settle you more suitably, I tried to have you taught the cutlery business—"

"And unfortunately," interrupted the apprentice, "a lodger at the cutler's with whom you placed me possessed a fine library; Voyages and Travels, Histories of France and of England; it would have been a clever person, I promise you, that could have brought me from the library to the workshop; oh! what a pleasant time I spent at the cutler's!"

"At last, in order to satisfy your insatiable passion for books, I decided on making you a printer, although there was already one in the family; I placed you with your brother, and here again you will do nothing except turn over books and read."

"And make verses," said Benjamin, proudly, "ask my brother the success of my last song."

"It was immense," said James.

"My children, I have read those verses," resumed the father; "and I must confess that it grieves me to destroy the delightful illusions which this success has raised in the mind of Benjamin, but it is my duty both as a father and a friend to tell him the truth; those verses are detestable and worthless, void of taste, metre, or elegance; they have wit, I allow, but what is wit without good sense? A bad poet—which Benjamin is to the last degree,—a bad poet, I say, is the most useless being in the world, while at the same time he is the most ridiculous; poetry does not admit of mediocrity. If, indeed, you wrote verses as the mysterious writer of that article upon political and domestic economy writes prose, that is what I would call writing, that is sense; the style is rather youthful, there are some erroneous ideas, but what soundness of mind, what judgment! Those writings are the indications of a superior genius, and the author will one day be a great man! Have you read

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 t man! Have you read

those articles, Benjamin?" he asked.
 "I have," he replied, with affected in-
 difference.

"Have you no clue yet as to who is the
 author of those papers?" inquired Mr.
 Franklin of his eldest son, who was cor-
 recting the proofs of his journal.

"None whatever," he replied; "I have
 charged Thomas to watch for the person
 who puts them into the box."

"And I have watched, sir," said Tho-
 mas, "I watched for two long hours, till
 some one called me out of the office; I
 then charged Mr. Benjamin to watch, but
 apprentices are no good; while Mr. Ben-
 jamin was there the article was put into
 the box, and yet he saw nothing."

"That is impossible, Benjamin," said
 his father.

Benjamin colored, while he replied,
 "Do you think, father, that I could sit
 with my eyes constantly fixed upon the
 aperture of the box?"

"That is an evasion you are making,"
 said his father. "I have the most urgent
 desire to know the author of those anony-
 mous papers; they not only have given
 great repute to my journal, but I wish to
 have an interview with this individual,
 and to concert with him the means of
 sometimes giving a new direction to its
 ideas. Now, Benjamin, acknowledge
 that you have seen this person, and that
 you have been enjoined secrecy."

"Come, Mr. Benjamin, acknowledge
 it," said Thomas, "consider that I shall
 gain a dollar by your confession."

"A constable's letter, sir," said a
 workman, entering the office, and hand-
 ing a sealed letter to James.

James eagerly opened the letter and
 read as follows:

"Mr. James Franklin—I have taken
 the best means to discover the author of
 the anonymous articles which appeared
 in some of the last numbers of your jour-
 nal, and I have obtained the most un-
 doubted proofs that the writer is in your
 house, and in your own employment.

"Have the goodness, sir, to make the
 most minute inquiries into this business.
 I expect to be informed of the result be-
 fore four-and-twenty hours.

NELSON BURDET, Constable."

"What can be the meaning of this?
 What is to be done?" exclaimed James,
 when he had finished the letter; then
 raising his head he was astonished at the
 number of people who had assembled
 around him. [Concluded next month.]

THE TONGUE IS A WORLD OF FIRE.

BY G. T. S.

Put a bridle on thy tongue, brother!
 Curb it with bit and rein;
 For a rancorous word will eat like fire
 On the cankered heart and brain;
 And a seething cauldron is the heart,
 Raging with restless ire,
 And the tongue is a world of fire, brother,
 The tongue is a world of fire.

Should anger tempt thee with foul words
 To do thy brother wrong,
 Choke down the fiend, and set a guard
 On heart, and lip, and tongue!
 Chain the young tiger; check betimes
 The risings of his ire!
 For the tongue is a world of fire, brother,
 The tongue is a world of fire.

Alas! how slight a cause can set
 Whole kingdoms in a blaze!
 Hearts, once united, wander forth
 Embittered all their days.
 Words kindle words, as faggots blaze,
 Heaped round a burning pyre;
 For the tongue is a world of fire, brother,
 The tongue is a world of fire.

LOST—FOUNDERED.

BY W. W. CARPENTER.

EXPRESSIVE word. Reader, have you
 ever experienced its literal, soul-harrow-
 ing import? No! Well then, if my
 prayers could be of avail, you never
 would. 'Tis awful for exhausted nature
 to lie down, enveloped in the snowy ele-
 ment for a shroud, without star or com-
 pass to guide, or locomotive power suffi-
 cient to advance; and there reflect upon
 the impending probability of dropping
 into that sleep which knows no waking.
 And when one is rescued from his peril-
 ous abode, where is the language to be
 found of sufficient force to express his
 profound gratitude to his preservers?
 Ah! it is no where to be found, and

death-like silence is the only appropriate acknowledgment for services of that kind.

On the 8th day of April, 1860, another gentleman and myself took our departure from Pine Grove, Sierra county, destined for Gibsonville, in by far the most terrific storm of the season. The trail which we traveled was over the steepest mountains to be found any where in the Sierra Nevada—so steep that the route cannot be accomplished with animals at any season of the year—that conjoined to the fact that the snow was so light that our snow-shoes penetrated every step to the depth of three feet; he, and he only who has had an introduction to old Sierra's winter dirge, can understand our wretched situation. Notwithstanding the severity of travel, we made very good time, under the circumstances, until we reached Slate Creek, which was very high and rapid, and in crossing of which I lost one of my snow-shoes. I then took the remaining shoe off, and advanced about one mile and a half by placing it ahead of me and hurling myself along after it, when I became too feeble to go any further. My companion had more strength left than I had, and having both his snow-shoes, he proposed pushing on to Gibsonville as rapidly as possible and sending back aid to my rescue, as the only means of saving us both from certain death. This was a rational proposition, in fact the only method that could possibly have been adopted with safety, as my strength had already so far failed as to preclude any farther progress on my part; and had he have remained with me, we should most certainly have both perished.

But, gentle reader, if you have never been placed in a similar situation, you cannot have the most remote conception of the horror that accompanies the thought of being left alone in a helpless condition. That horror was enhanced in this instance beyond its necessary magnitude, by the circumstance, that neither

of us were certain of our precise whereabouts. Fortunately, however, we were nearer home, than either of us in our fondest anticipations had dared to dream of, and but a brief time elapsed between the departure of my companion, and the arrival of ample assistance to escort me safely home.

Home! I had dreamed of home before. I had fondly thought that I had duly cherished its sacred scenes. I was laboring under the impression that the time had been when I domiciled around its familiar hearth-stone, with a full and realizing appreciation of its imperishable blessings. I had heard its priceless beauties extolled, in burnished cadences, from the poet's inspired lips. But oh! never, never before, had I entertained a worthy regard for its boundless gifts.

SNAKE-BITE AND ITS TREATMENT.

To the Editor of Hutchings' Magazine:

SIR,—Your highly valuable and interesting journal, so widely circulated throughout the interior, affords abundant evidence of your energy and untiring zeal in the welfare of this State; I trust, therefore, the subjoined article may command a space in your columns. I extract it from the London Lancet, of 1847. It is "The Report of a Case of Snake Bite, with observations on the treatment in such cases; by W. Bland, Esq., surgeon," of Sydney, New South Wales.

During my residence in Australia, I made many experiments with, and examined into the habits, classes, and poisonous characters of various snakes. These examinations extended over a period of three years, during which I observed that the virulence of the poison varied in intensity; this is attributable to the seasons, health of the reptile, and local causes.

The cases of snake bite which came under my observation, and which were

treated after the cases now fully cured; the much-lauded "paste," failed.

The experiment of the rapidity with which On one occasion my specimens—or Darting Snake—culiar mode in and of a very influence of the ately after the dies similar to applied simultaneously of the wound.

I may observe through Nevada. In June, I examined with; they did fangs, they were hensible teeth of

I am, sir,

five years, was snake on the 14th about one o'clock on December 14, 1847. The animal was The part bitten cotton stockings, ly on extrication put an extreme low the knee. which was with

I first saw half after the ferer from heart, and a few the chest, part had at that laudanum, but hope of relief. tions; and a had also been any apparent.

The first was carefully to it been bitten; it necessary razor, to dip

treated after the manner described in the cases now subjoined, were successfully cured; while in other instances, the much-lauded panacea, "ipecacuanha paste," failed.

The experiments given below will prove the rapidity with which the poison acts. On one occasion I was struck by one of my specimens—the "Coluber Jaculator," or Darting Snake, so called, from the peculiar mode in which it attacks its object, and of a very venomous character. The influence of the poison was felt immediately after the accident, although remedies similar to those herein detailed, were applied simultaneously with the infliction of the wound.

I may observe that during a tour through Nevada and Sierra counties, last June, I examined the few snakes I met with; they did not possess the poisonous fangs, they were furnished with the prehensile teeth only.

I am, sir, your obdt., &c.,

H. SMEATHMAN.

— — —, Esq., aged about twenty-five years, was bitten by a copper-colored snake on the left leg, just below the calf, about one o'clock in the afternoon of December 14, 1844. It was with difficulty the animal was shaken from the limb. The part bitten was covered only with a cotton stocking. The patient, immediately on extricating himself from the snake, put an extremely tight ligature just below the knee. He then hastened home, which was within a short distance.

I first saw him about an hour and a half after the accident, when he was suffering from pain in the region of the heart, and a feeling of constriction about the chest, particularly the left side. He had at that time taken a full dose of laudanum, besides some brandy, with the hope of relieving those distressing sensations; and a solution of brandy and salt had also been applied to the bite, without any apparent benefit.

The first step taken by me was most carefully to inspect the limb which had been bitten; for which purpose I found it necessary to clear it of hair with a razor, to dip it in water, and then dry it

carefully with a napkin. There being some recent scratches on the leg, from thorns or twigs, the snake-bite could be distinguished from these only by the size of the wound, the arrangement of the punctures, and its position being confirmed by the observations of the patient himself. The local pain of the bite had entirely ceased. The part bitten was now fairly included between the blades of a pair of tenaculum forceps, raised from the subjacent tissues, and completely cut out with the scalpel, a circular excavation of the skin and cellular membrane being left, of about the size of the nail of the ring finger. A cupping-glass, fitted with an air-pump, was now applied; but being found inconvenient, from the smallness and rounded form of the limb where the bite was situated, this was immediately dispensed with, and its use was replaced by the spontaneous services of some of the men on the establishment, who kindly offered to suck the wound, and continued to do so with the greatest readiness, and every desirable effect, so long as their assistance was thought requisite.

The immediate effect of the suction, as I have always found on these occasions, was to relieve the pain in the heart and the constriction of the chest, which had both left in about half an hour after the suction had been commenced. The pulse, also, which had ranged from 96 to 98, fell to 82.

There still remained, however, some jactitation, giddiness, dimness of sight, and general distress, which in a short time were accompanied by a recommencement of the former rapid state of the circulation. For these symptoms I administered a teaspoonful of the aromatic spirit of ammonia, in a little water; but without perceptible benefit. I now, therefore, gave a table-spoonful of the oil of turpentine, also in water, on which the pulse again fell to about 82, the head became clearer, and there was a general expression of relief. It was then about four o'clock, when my friends Dr. Nicholson and Mr. A. Beckett (who had been sent for originally with myself), having arrived, we mutually agreed on the propriety of removing the ligatures, arrangements having been made that the suction of the wound be resumed with fresh energy, both immediately before, during, and after carrying that measure into effect. The patient was now also brought

pains," as the patient termed them, and uneasiness which continued to be experienced several days afterwards.

The reddish-brown, or copper-colored snake, "*Coluber fulvus Australicus*," "Yoonga" (native name by the Sydney tribe); "Bulgora" (name by the aborigines of Lake Macquarie) is very common in the neighborhood of Sydney.

It is of a somewhat deep rich copper color along the back, passing into a similar but lighter tint along the abdomen. The specimens I have seen have been, in general, between three and four feet in length, and about two and a half inches in circumference. The lower jaw is armed with two rows of extremely short prehensile teeth. The upper jaw, besides two complete rows of palatine teeth, is furnished externally to these with a tubular fang on either side, considerably longer and stouter than any of the other teeth, and fixed on a slender process of the maxillary bone. A few small prehensile teeth form an imperfect row extending backwards in a direct line, at some distance from these.

The two following experiments are selected out of a number performed by a

young friend of mine, Mr. H. Smeathman, with a view to obtaining some approximative comparison of the degree of virulence possessed in the venom of the above and other snakes:

Experiment 1. A part of the thigh of a chicken, about six weeks old, was inserted between the jaws of a dead specimen (killed a few hours before) of the copper colored snake. This specimen was three feet one inch in length, and two and a half inches in circumference throughout nearly its entire length. The chicken was dead in four minutes. The punctures from the bite of the snake were barely perceptible after death.

Experiment 2. Inserted part of the thigh of a second chicken, four weeks old, between the fangs of the same snake. It died in two minutes.

This was very probably the result of the difference of age in the two animals experimented upon; but in addition, the punctures in the latter instance were more clearly perceptible, and it is probable, therefore, that the inoculation with the poison had been more complete than in the first experiment.

Our Social Chair.

WELL, WELL, bless me, indeed how time flies, soliloquized a friend, as he carefully examined the new and neatly bound *Fourth Volume* of this magazine. "Why! it seems but yesterday when I saw the *first number* of it; and yet, it is over four years since!" "Yes," we replied, as though "thinking aloud" and half questioning the earnestness of his remembrance, "one volume a year, multiplied by four, *does* give that interesting total; you are right." His expressive look, half pitiful, somewhat quizzical,

but mostly of good humored contemptuousness at the profound suggestiveness of his arithmetical remark, gave way to a broad smile as he resumed, "After all, there is a large amount of labor in writing, collecting and correcting five hundred and seventy-six pages of California matter, in such a volume as this!" "Which," we continued, "multiplied by four, gives two thousand three hundred and four pages, and includes nearly five hundred characteristic engravings of California life and scenery." "But," he continued, "I don't

see where you could obtain so much interesting material."

Could the reader have seen us at this juncture, he would have been reminded of some subject of mesmerism, whose phrenological organs of self-esteem and approbation had been simultaneously touched, and which had resulted in the immediate straightening up of his body so as to give the impression that he was two inches taller, (at least in his own estimation,) and of twice his ordinary personal value. But, as in similar cases, when other controlling organs had received the magic touch, and we remembered how very much we were indebted to our excellent corps of contributors for such a result, we became ourselves again.

By way of giving an answer, we pointed to them, and referred him, (as we wish to refer the reader), to the "Editor's Table," in our last number, for a full and candid explanation of the whole matter.

This year, we ask and hope for the assistance of our friends, in an attempt to double the circulation of this magazine; whereby we can materially improve the character of the work and make it still more worthy of becoming a faithful representative of the life, scenes and literature of California.

THERE are but few writers, if any, who have not, at some time or other, experienced a reddening suffusion of the cheeks and forehead on the discovery of some grave typographical error, that has unwittingly crept in and mutilated the style or sense of some favorite piece of composition. At such a time he will fret, and fume and chafe, and, if profanely inclined, will perhaps swear at the printer and proof-reader, until his anger has nearly expended itself; yet, on a second or third perusal, however annoying the fact may still be when he comes to see the extent of the mistake made, and the ludicrous interpretation that can be given a sentence, even by the alteration of a single letter; a reaction comes, and, like a true philosopher, he laughs at the blunder, and from that time forward it

becomes a good joke to relate in some fun-loving circle—or, if you will, in such places as the Social Chair.

An esteemed contributor had bestowed much care and labor upon an article for one of the first numbers of this magazine, and which with others had been "set up," "proved," "made up" into pages, the "proof corrected," the "revise read," and the "form sent to press;" yet, while some of the first "sheets" were being "worked off," a "typographical error" was discovered, which made "the links of memory's chain that bind us to the past," to read—"that bind us to the post." Now although only a single letter had been unintentionally substituted, it certainly made some slight change in the sense.

In a subsequent number, a paragraph was introduced that pictured in touching tenderness and beauty, the loneliness of a bereaved husband when he looked upon the vacant seat in the family circle, which was once occupied by his now sainted wife—how he called to memory the thousand tokens of her solicitude and love while ministering to his happiness, or busied herself unweariedly with the little comforts, &c., and which, instead of reading *busied*, was set up *buried* herself unweariedly, &c.; of course, rendering the whole ridiculously nonsensical.

The principal of a large and flourishing private school of this city informed its pupils through one of the evening papers, that their studies would be resumed on such a day, "after the Christmas recess," but which was printed "after the Christmas races;" but as there were no "races" at that time, and if there had been, the excellent principal not being a sporting character himself, and moreover is thoroughly opposed to the youthful mind being drawn into a notice of such sports, very naturally felt very much annoyed by such an announcement.

A typographic friend of ours, says an exchange, once set "familiar as Humboldt Roads," instead of setting, after Shakspeare, "familiar as Household Words."

Another, not very long miners" for "forty-nine

We had almost feared Lovejoy—once the singer of the *Old Mountaineer*, contributor to this magazine, and which had been unusual and unheard of passed quietly away from and in accordance with he was giving entertainment to the workers of some graph, either at the one or at the other; but of advertisement in the paper found that he was still such as the following are

OBITUARY.—IN A MA or about Genesee Valley day, June 5th, AMOS H respected citizen of this was noted for his fine s was a good judge of "h promised if he lived, to m ed at Quincy, an day ag ten. Having failed, w of his untimely end. will please pray for his

Quincy, June 6, 1860.

THE *Shasta Courier* some racy anecdote or to make cheap a least time weaves the follow benefit of the Red Bluff incident occurred. As adheres to facts, we s is made entirely of wh

It appears that Eug become involved, peen to avail himself of the solvent Law. To this Joseph Comb, to "p which he agreed to do f to be paid immediately solvency was granted.

Counsel at once prep "ship shape"—and had schedule of client's friend of client, previe counsel out to drink—v writing a tolerably good self of the lawyer's ab bottom of the schedul for legal services rou decree of insolvency, S

Another, not very long ago, set "forty miners" for "forty-niners."

We had almost feared that our friend Lovejoy—once the singular yet racy editor of the *Old Mountaineer*, and an esteemed contributor to this magazine—had, in some unusual and unheard of manner or other, passed quietly away from this earthly ball and in accordance with his natural instinct, was giving entertainment and amusement to the workers of some spiritual telegraph, either at the one end of their airline or at the other; but on looking over the advertisements in the *Plumas Standard*, we found that he was still in the land where such as the following are written:

OBITUARY—"IN A MANNER."—Dec'd, in or about Genesee Valley, on or about Tuesday, June 5th, AMOS REEVES, an old and respected citizen of this county. Mr. R. was noted for his fine social qualities, and was a good judge of "hoss-flesh." Mr. R. promised *if he lived*, to meet the undersigned at Quincy, on day and date above written. Having failed, we are well satisfied of his untimely end. Christian brethren will please pray for his mortal "sowl."

J. K. LOVEJOY.

Quincy, June 6, 1860.—lt.

The *Shasta Courier* is always telling some racy anecdote or other, with which to make cheery a leisure hour, and this time weaves the following tissue for the benefit of the Red Bluff people, where the incident occurred. As the editor generally adheres to facts, we suppose this relation is made entirely of whole cloth:—

It appears that Eugene Howard having become involved, pecuniarily, determined to avail himself of the benefits of the Insolvent Law. To this end he applied to Joseph Combs, to "put him through," which he agreed to do for the sum of \$100, to be paid immediately after decree of insolvency was granted.

Counsel at once prepared the papers in "ship shape"—and had just concluded the schedule of client's liabilities, when a friend of client, previously posted, called counsel out to drink—when client, himself writing a tolerably good hand, availed himself of the lawyer's absence to write at the bottom of the schedule, "Joseph Combs, for legal services rendered in obtaining decree of insolvency, \$100." On return of

counsel, he proceeded very summarily to finish the business, and with the interpolated item unobserved, handed the paper into Court. The prayer of petitioner was granted, and all the creditors named in the schedule, of course "went up the flume."

The next morning, on applying to client for his fee, counsel was invited to visit the Clerk's office and examine client's schedule, which he did, and thereupon was made speechless with amazement by the palpable evidence of the astounding fact that he had been made the hapless victim of the most unequalled piece of "sharp practice" ever played off on mortal man or lawyer.

ONE of the best jokes that we have seen for many a day, is thus told by the *Sonoma County Journal*, which must be preserved in our Social Chair, as something that is too good to lose:

HOWE, HE DID IT.—*A New Way of obtaining Subscribers.*—A rich anecdote has just reached our ears, in which a gentleman not wholly unknown in the newspaper world, and at present a traveling agent for a San Francisco journal, plays a prominent part.

A few days since, during the peregrinations of of the said newspaper agent, and while in the Bodega country, he inadvertently gave offence to one of the untrifled yeomanry of that region, and who soon succeeded in cutting it rather thick in a war of words, for the delicate nerves of the representative of the press. He, however, for a time, bore with becoming resignation the tirade of abuse so lavishly heaped upon his fair name and honorable calling.

Mistaking his customer's christian patience for cowardice, Spudlover waxed warmer and bolder, and finally declared that nothing short of battering the fair face of ye newsman would satisfy his wounded honor, and accordingly commenced operations.

Thinking that forbearance had now ceased to be a virtue, ye newsman squared himself, *a la Benicia Boy*, for the coming fray, and planting a sockdolager between the peepers of Spudlover, sent him in quest of the most promising locality for squatting, which he decided by measuring his length upon the floor. Believing in making hay while the sun shines, ye valiant newsman immediately mounted the prostrate hero, and seizing him by the ears, demanded—

"Now, sir, will you apologize for past offences, and promise good behavior for the future?"

"No, I wont!" was the savage response. "But you must, though," said ye newsman, at the same time giving force to his words by punching Spudlover's *cabasa* upon the floor, until he was willing to make the required promise.

"So far, so good," replied the now exultant newsman; "but there is yet another point to settle. Do you take *The Sonoma County Journal*?"

"No."

"Do you take any paper?"

"No."

"Well, I thought so. Your ungentlemanly treatment of me was alone sufficient to prove this. Now, you must take and read a paper. Will you subscribe for the

"No! I'll see you — first!"

"Wont, hey? We'll see!"—giving him another headache settler, and looking daggers.

"Oh! oh! Yes, I will!"

"And pay for it in advance!"

"Yes."

"All right!" triumphantly exclaimed the victor, springing to his feet. "Now shell out the spondoolicks!"—which command the now pliable patron immediately complied with, after which the two retired to a neighboring bar, and "smiled" at the fortunate termination of their difficulty. And this was *howe* one of the San Francisco journals obtained a new subscriber.

If the following amusing "dog story," from the columns of our spirited cotemporary, the *Morning Call*, does not create some radiating wrinkles at the outer corner of the lower eyelids, we think the reader must certainly have the blues, and requires some kind of punishment, to keep him out of the physicians' hands:

A DOG STORY.—About a year ago, a gentleman of our acquaintance found a beautiful young fox-hound. He carried it home, and not knowing anything about dogs, tied it up in a kennel, except when he had it in the house, instead of handing it over to some one in the country who understood the art of dog-training, and could give Pluto (that was his name), some fresh-air exercise. Pluto grew to be a great pet with the whole family. One day, however, Pluto was missed. The gentleman advertised him, and anxiously offered a reward for his recovery. A gentleman called upon him at his house, and asked, "Did you advertise for this dog?" and showed him the lost Pluto. "Yes, that's the dog—here's \$10 for you. Pluto! Pluto! Pluto!

to!" and the dog wagged his tail, and cavorted around. "Hold your horses," was the rejoinder, "not so fast, my friend—this dog I lost about a year ago, and I just thought I'd come and see where you lived, so that if he gets away again I'll know where to find him!" Our friend was thunderstruck, and the man walked off, muttering that Pluto was in bad condition, and not half the dog he was when he was lost the first time.

To which let us add another "clipping" from the same source:

A well-known French banker of this city gave a dinner, on the 24th of May, to a select company of friends. The dinner hour arrived, and all the invited guests were present with one exception. Anxiously the host awaited his coming. At last the bell rang, and the servant announced "Mons. — and friend." A look of expectation sat upon every face. Who was the friend? Mons. — quietly walked in with his friend, who turned out to be a Chinese merchant, who is very wealthy, and desired an opportunity of seeing how the opulent classes of the French nation enjoyed themselves at the dinner table. He brought him as *his friend*. Such being the case, they were all delighted to see him. The company sat down to dinner, and to everybody's surprise, the Chinaman acted in the most polite and refined manner. He ate his soup with a spoon, his fish with a fork, and everything else with knife and fork, which he handled as well as anybody. He helped the ladies before himself, bowed politely in taking wine, and was apparently posted in all the minutia of dinner-table etiquette. The host and hostess were charmed with their guest, and expressed the same when he departed at night. But the beauty of the whole affair was, that this Chinese merchant was only another well-known French banker of this city, in most complete disguise.

EVERYBODY who has been in the State long enough to walk without an umbrella knows Bill Lindsey, says the *Sierra Democrat*, and he tells a good story—many a one of them. Some time ago, when he was located on Carson river [he lives at Virginia City now], an Indian came to borrow a gun, to shoot ducks. Lindsey loaded up a Government musket with powder, shot, wadding and ball, to the muzzle—and off started Red Dick for his ducks.

The birds were on tance off, and Lindsey the effect of the shot the game, Dick had over—and went about fourteen rods three out of a dozen the pond to swim day. Lindsey took about an hour to get down to the guard hand, very pale about the face. had got along. Did much damage to the no more ducks, no

Most of our thoughtful member Anderson performed so many months ago, and finally. Well, this with a Yankee, who after the following

Enter Yankee.—Anderson?"

"Yes, sir, a year ago."

"Waal, you're cute, and I'm summat' cute, too, you know."

"Ah! indeed; up to sir?" asked the simple fellow.

"Waal, I can take it into a ten-dollar trick; I can't do it."

"Oh! that's a trick; I can't do it."

"No, you can't do it. Why hold on in it."

Yankee stretched red lying on the

"This is your

"It's nothing else."

"Hold on to it."

Now open your gold eagle shining

"Waal, you

The birds were on the water a short distance off, and Lindsey watched Dick to see the effect of the shot. Drawing a bead on the game, Dick blazed away and keeled over—and went end over end through about fourteen revolutions—and two or three out of a dozen ducks that went to the pond to swim, lived to swim another day. Lindsey traveled for home. In about an hour Dick came back, loaded down to the guards with ducks, musket in hand, very pale and severely skinned about the face. Lindsey asked how he had got along. Dick replied: "Bill, gun much dam bad! shoot um gun three time, no more duck, no more Indian!"

Most of our theatre-going readers remember Anderson, the "Wizard," who performed so many wonderful tricks a few months ago, and astonished people generally. Well, this same Mr. Anderson met with a Yankee, who stole a march on him after the following pattern:

Enter Yankee.—"I say! you Professor Anderson?"

"Yes, sir, at your service."

"Waal, you're a tarnation smart man, and I'm sumthin' at a trick, tou—kind o' cute, tou, you know."

"Ah! indeed; and what tricks are you up to sir?" asked the Professor, amused at the simple fellow.

"Waal, I can take a red cent, and change it into a ten-dollar gold piece."

"Oh! that's a mere sleight-of-hand trick; I can do that, too."

"No, you can't. I'd like to see you try."

"Why hold out your hand, with a cent in it."

Yankee stretched out his paw, with a red lying on it.

"This is your cent, is it, sure?"

"It's nothin' else."

"Hold on to it tight—*Presto!* change. Now open your hand."

Yankee opened his fist, and there was a gold eagle shining on his palm.

"Waal, yeou did it, I declare; much

obleeged tew yeou," and Jonathan turned to go out.

"Stay," said the professor, "you may leave me my ten dollars."

"Yourn! warnt it *my* cent? and didn't you turn it into this cro yaller thing, eh? Good-by!" and as he left the room he was heard to say, "I guess there aint anything green about this child."

The Fashions.

FASHIONABLE BONNETS are comfortable to the wearer, and in most instances, becoming; but, dear reader, beware of going to the extreme—or, (between you and I,) you will hide some part of your pretty face. For ourselves we frankly admit we like the present fashion very much, indeed, and think it deserves the countenance of every lady in San Francisco. But by the same rule we are constrained to acknowledge, we find it something of an "uphill" business getting them to agree with us on this particular point. But we are digressing—so now to the point. The crown is very large at the tip, sloping out at the neck, and on the top it is straight, (for but the very least little slope in the world is admissible); this crown is deep and full sized for the wearer's head. The brim, from the commencement of the crown, must have a perceptible flare, which is increased gradually at the sides and very much on the top, giving the shape of the front of the bonnet when done, considerable length and flare on the top, more than at the sides; the cape is narrow.

There is much crape used in millinery this summer, both for shirred bonnets, and also trimming for straw ones. Wheat is mixed in the trimming, with fine effect; for children's bonnets, white silk shirred. When for misses of fourteen, change the white trimming for some suitable color, such as pink or blue. The Leghorn flats, this year, have round crowns.

Misses Dresses.

If of silk, trim the bottom skirt with four narrow flounces or ruffles. The body is

plaited back and front, and cut square at the neck. Short sleeves, composed of four narrow ruffles. The skirts of little girls' dresses, are made somewhat longer.

Ladies' Dresses.

Checked summer silks, bareges, grenadines, and organdies, have ruffled skirts; and capes of the same material, ruffled; round and pointed waists are equally fashionable; sleeve wide, and flowing. Mantillas are made very large, indeed; and scarfs of lace are quite in favor.

Monthly Record of Current Events.

The steamer John L. Stephens, which arrived on the 27th May, brought some 1300 or 1400 passengers, although only 1007 names appear on the books. Among these were 200 women and 221 children.

The editor of the *Visalia Delta* received from a party of prospectors a specimen of lava, taken from the crater of a burning volcano, in Tulare county, while in a molten state.

Robert F. Morrison, having especially engaged a state-room for himself and wife, from New York to this city, for which he paid \$575, being deprived of its exclusive use, according to agreement, from Panama up, sued the steamship J. L. Stephens for \$5,000 damages in the U. S. District Court.

The stage from Iowa Hill was robbed by six highwaymen, May 26th, of \$11,000. On the 20th, the Shasta stage was robbed of \$15,000, near Chico.

An opposition steamer, the *Satellite*, Capt. Kentzel, was running on the San Joaquin, carrying passengers at two dollars each; but she was seized by the United States Marshal, and a libel filed by the United States against her, claiming \$500 damages, for sailing without license between Stockton and San Francisco.

The *Golden Age*, on the 5th ult., carried away 400 passengers, and \$1,691,580 in treasure, as follows: to New York, \$1,531,580; England, \$150,000; and Panama, \$10,000.

The *Daily Democratic Standard* of Sacramento, was discontinued on the 2d ult.

The American brig *Ida Rogers* made the run from Kanagawa, Japan, to this port, arriving on the 1st ult., in 28 days.

The Young Men's Christian Association of this city, held a magnificent Floral Fair

in Tucker's Academy of Music, from the 22d to the 27th of May, for the benefit of their institution, and which was very successful.

The long-pending suit against the bark *Glimpse*, by the Misses Gougenheim, for breach of passenger contract from Australia to San Francisco, was decided in favor of the latter, and \$700 damages awarded by Judge McAllister.

A number of ladies presented a banner to a newly formed military company called the French Guards, on the 5th ult.

The receipts of four lectures, before the Mercantile Library Association of San Francisco, by Rev. T. Starr King, amounted to \$2,605; of this sum, \$1,205 was clear profit to the society. \$1,000 was paid the lecturer, and \$400 other expenses.

During the month of May, 83,500 sacks of wheat were exported from this State. 36,000 to New York, 43,000 to Australia, and 4,000 to China.

The Santillan, or Bolton & Barron claim, to a large portion of the land on which this city is built, has been rejected by the Supreme Court.

Successful experimental trips of a newly invented steam-wagon, just imported from England by a silver mining company in Arizona, were made through the public streets at the south end of this city, during the early part of last month. The rate of speed obtained was about five miles per hour, with about forty-five tons of iron, &c.

The Dashaway Association of this city, took a picnic excursion to Ravenswood, San Mateo county, for the benefit of their society, when 1,400 tickets were sold, and \$800 net profits were realized.

Judge H. P. Haun, appointed by Gov. Weller to the vacancy in the U. S. Senate, created by the death in the duel with Terry, of D. C. Broderick, returned to this State May 27th, and died of congestive chills, after one day's illness, on the 6th ult.

The first Convention of Sunday School Teachers ever held in this State, met in this city, May 29th, and continued several days, when reports were received from 85 schools, 65 of which are without and 20 within the city of San Francisco. The number of scholars in attendance upon these schools is 8,326; teachers employed, 1,174. Only 51 schools are reported as to the number of volumes of books in their libraries. These schools have 32,742 volumes; of these, 18,500 belong to schools in this city, and 14,292 to schools in other parts of the State.

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The Marysville *Appeal* has changed hands, and is now a Republican journal. It is edited by B. P. Avery, formerly of the *Hydraulic Press*, San Juan, Nevada county.

A vote to subscribe \$50,000 to the Sacramento, Placer and Nevada Railroad stock, was unanimously affirmative in Auburn.

One of the most beautiful, and by far the largest steamboat ever built on this coast, was launched at the South Beach shipyard, on the 2d ult. She was built for the Sacramento river trade, by the California Steam Navigation Company, at a cost of \$200,000, and is named the *Chrysopolis*. In length she is 245 feet, width on deck 40 feet, draws 4 1/2 feet water; tonnage about 1,000 tons, and will carry 1000 passengers.

The Corner Stone of the new San Francisco High School, was laid on the 9th ult. The cost of lot, building and furniture, will be \$28,000.

The trial of Judge Terry, for the killing of D. O. Broderick in a duel, was transferred to Marin county, by Judge Hagar, of the Fourth District Court.

At a new election of officers for the S. F. Industrial School, on the 4th ult., the following persons were chosen: President, William Blanding; Vice President, Ira P. Rankin; Treasurer, John Sime. Managers for two years—R. B. Woodward, C. O. Gerberding, Henry L. Dodge, Eugene Crowell, John P. Buckley, James A. Banks.

The new Pavilion for the next Fair of the Mechanics' Institute, was commenced on the 1st ult.

The steamer *Golden Age* took eastward 423 passengers, and \$1,691,580 in treasure,

of which \$1,531,580 went to New York, \$10,000 to Panama, and \$150,000 to Great Britain.

The Annual Fair and Cattle Show of the Alameda Agricultural Society, was opened at Oakland, on the 5th ult.

On the 5th ult. there arrived three emigrant vessels from China, the *Vi King* with 437, the *Renown* with 396, and the *Early Bird* with 263—1096 in one day! On the 7th the *Bellona* arrived with 430 others.

Persons in Sacramento who are interested in the propagation of bees, organized themselves into an association under the name of the "Pacific Aparian Society."

The *Solano Herald* of the 12th ult., says that during the last thirty days there have been shipped from Suisun three hundred and twenty-two tons of wheat and two hundred and fifty tons of hay. Also 6,272 sacks of wheat. Wheat has sold from \$1 40 to \$1 60 per hundred. Hay very low. The old crop is not all sold out.

A California tiger cat was recently trapped in Oakland, after destroying the following ranch appurtenances: sixty-three hens, eight ducks, three geese, five turkeys, nine sucking pigs, and from forty to fifty young chickens.

The post-office at O'Byrne's Ferry, Calaveras county, has been discontinued. New offices have been established at Plumas, in Yuba county, and at Fair Play, in El Dorado county.

The steamer *Golden Gate* arrived on the 12th ult., with 803 passengers, 200 tons of merchandise on freight, and 343 bags of U. S. Mails.

Editor's Table.

THE completion of one annual volume and the commencement of another, is not dissimilar in its remembrances and associations to the ending of the old year and the beginning of the new. All the endearing memories of those whose fellowship and co-laborers have united them to each other, seem to bring about a choice communion of spirit at such a time. In imagination they take each other by the hand, and while they renew

their friendships, re-dedicate themselves to the pleasant though self-imposed duties of the new magazine year before them.

Sympathy, which is a dear foster-sister of Charity, and the angel attendant upon Faith and Hope, seems to hallow and ennoble each heart with her holiest inspirations and balm-breathing presence at such a season; especially where religion, morality, brotherly kindness, and unobtrusive benevolence, have been the main-spring

of Music, from the benefit of which was very successful against the bark Gougeon, for Austras decided in favor of damage awarded presented a banner by company called the 5th ult. lectures, before the association of San Francisco, mounted \$1,205 was clear 1,000 was paid the expense. May, 83, 100 sacks from this State, 1,000 to Australia, on & Barrin claim, the land in which ten rejected by the al trips of a newly just imposed from mining company in through the public of this city during month. The rate of out five miles per ve tons of iron, &c. ation of this city, to Raveiswood, the benefit of their ets were sold, and lized. appointed by Gov. the U. S. Senate, the duel with Terry, ned to this State ongestive chills, the 6th ult. of Sunday School his State, met in continued several received from 85 o without and 20 Francisco. The attendanc upon teachers employed, re reported as to of books in their have 32,712 vol- belong to schools b schools in other

and motive of every emotion, and the foundation of every word and of every thought.

It is not perhaps well, dear contributors, that we should know the extent of good or ill of every line we have written; for if the latter, it might discourage and humiliate us too much, even though it cautioned us; and if the former, it might elate and self-conceit us, even while it encouraged us. It is probably enough for us to know that our motives, educated by the best of principles, have made us hopeful as well as anxious that no line we have written shall have tended to evil; and it may be that we have relieved many an aching heart, brightened many a dark prospect, beguiled many a tedious hour, and stimulated the discouraged to efforts that have been crowned with success. If so, our labors, though often wearying, have not been in vain, and the reward is much more than could be given or even estimated by the current coin of a commonwealth.

In the commencement, then, of our fifth volume, we would invite and urge the earnest-hearted to seek this year more than ever to keep the end in view, that the means may be commensurate to it; and that, in the event of either mind or body becoming powerless, we may know that we have worked 'while it is called to-day,' with the hope and motive of increasing the sum of human happiness.

We should also rejoice in a considerable increase to the number of our little volunteer army of writers. In a State where there is so much active energy of thought, it would be a pity that our literature should languish. It would be cause of regret to feel that money alone was the great desideratum of human happiness, in a country where such exhaustless resources, as well as as glorious destinies, invite to a nobler and higher intellectual life.

Our readers will remember that mention was made in this department, last month, of the commencement of an Indian war on our eastern border, in Western Utah, and

that twenty-one whites had been killed, and others wounded. Since that time the number killed has been ascertained to exceed forty.

To repel and punish these Indian aggressors, fourteen companies of Volunteers marched to the scene of conflict, from different portions of the State. The following tables, furnished by a correspondent of the *Evening Bulletin*, will show the Companies, Captains, and numerical strength of each:

THE VOLUNTEERS.

A, Spy Co., W. P. Fleeson	15
B, Sierra Guards Co., E. S. Smith	40
C, Truckee Rangers, L. Nightingale	38
D, Sierra Guards, 2d Co., J. B. Reed	26
E, Virginia Rangers, H. Clayton	24
F, Nevada Rifles, J. B. Van Hagan	82
G, Sierra Guards, 3d Co., R. Raymond	18
H, San Juan Rifles, H. N. Miller	26
I, Sacramento Guards, G. Snowden	25
K, Virginia Rifles, F. F. Storer	104
L, Carson Co., J. Blackburn	44
M, Silver City Guards, M. Ford	58
N, Highland Rangers Spy Co., S. Wallace	28
O, Sierra Guards 4th Co., F. F. Patterson	11
Staff	11

560

To which should be added 50 teamsters and camp-followers, all well armed, making the total 610. About two hundred were well mounted, and the balance were infantry. They were officered as follows:

Colonel—J. C. Hays. Lieut. Colonel—E. J. Sanders. Major—D. E. Hungerford. Acting Adjutant General—Lieut. Col. C. S. Fairfax. Commissary of Subsistence—Maj. R. W. Snowden. Asst. Commissary of Subsistence—Capt. H. T. Boornem. Quartermaster—Maj. B. S. Lippincott. Assistant Quartermaster—Capt. J. McNish. Surgeon—Dr. Perkins. Asst. Surgeon—Dr. Bell. Sergeant Major—R. Magill.

THE REGULARS.

The United States troops in the Carson Valley expedition, number, at this date, 30th May, 1860, as follows:

Capt. J. Stewart, 3d Artillery, Commanding the Battalion.
 Surgeon C. C. Keeny.
 Capt. J. Moore, Assistant Quartermaster.
 Lt. H. G. Gibson, Assistant Commissary of Subsistence.
 E. Byrne, Asst. Quartermaster's Clerk.
 Co. H, 3d Art., Capt. J. Stewart, Lt. A. G. Robinson.....82
 Co. A., 6th Infantry, Capt. F. F. Flint,

Lieut. E. Co. H, 6th yet arrived, bec Co. I, 3d A 12-pound H. G. Gib

Other office Total

These Co two separa cert, and m enemy. As different tr of about 3,0 Lake, the fo their line o hills and sa camping o distant fro lated remain covered, th party, befor

On the party of ob went out in leaving the the broad were disco whoop and that was co until our back again Capt. Store wards by t ensued, wh "the battl Capt. Store cron were k ed. The lo at about 50

On the fo anticipated for it; but troops had Lake, the e when they the annoy had fled.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

Lieut. E. R. Warner.....62
 Co. H, 6th Inf., Lt. J. McCleary, (not yet arrived, but included in this statement, because immediately expected)..53
 Co. I, 3d Art. Detachment, with two 12-pounder mountain howitzers, Lt. H. G. Gibson.....16

 213
 Other officers above mentioned.....5

 Total Regulars.....218

These Companies, though acting under two separate commanders, moved in concert, and made common cause against the enemy. As it was known that some three different tribes of Indians, to the number of about 3,000, were encamped at Pyramid Lake, the forces on the 31st of May took up their line of march across a desert of sand hills and sage brushes for that locality, encamping on the Truckee river, 20 miles distant from the Carson. Here the mutilated remains of several bodies were discovered, that belonged to Capt. Ormsby's party, before alluded to.

On the morning of the 2d of June, a party of observation, numbering 40 men, went out in the direction of Pyramid Lake, leaving the others in camp, and arrived on the broad valley of the Lake, before they were discovered by the Indians. With a whoop and a yell a race was commenced, that was continued, with occasional firing, until our horsemen had nearly arrived back again into camp; when, supported by Capt. Storer's company, and shortly afterwards by the entire forces, an engagement ensued, which has since been alluded to as "the battle of Pinnacle Mount;" where Capt. Storer, and a volunteer named Cameron were killed, and three regulars wounded. The loss of the Indians was estimated at about 50.

On the following day a severe battle was anticipated, and arrangements were made for it; but when the eager and exultant troops had arrived in sight of Pyramid Lake, the enemy was no where visible, and, when they reached the valley they made the annoying discovery that the Indians had fled.

Meanwhile, in San Francisco and other places, mass meetings were held and subscriptions raised with much enthusiasm for the volunteer army in Western Utah, to the extent of several thousand dollars in money, besides large supplies of provisions, which were immediately forwarded.

While the subscription list was daily and rapidly augmenting, a telegram was received that told of the flight of the Indians; and also, that the regulars were deemed sufficient for all future emergencies, and were fortifying themselves at Pyramid Lake—consequently the volunteers would disband and return. This threw cold water on the labors of the subscription committee, and obviated the necessity of prosecuting their well-meant exertions further.

From newspaper correspondents it was ascertained that horse-feed in Virginia City was raised to \$7 per night, and three prices were charged the little army for everything they needed; and yet it was for the protection of this town, among others, that volunteers and regulars risked their lives. It is in this way that Indian War bills before Congress swell to such enormous dimensions; and it will be well that these facts should be borne in mind, and brought to light at some future day. We should like much to ascertain the names of all such ungrateful speculators, that we might chronicle them for future reference—especially when the "Washoe Indian War Bill" is before Congress.

It may not now be out of place, to say, that if general report speaks truly, this Indian war originated in the disgusting maltreatment of the Indians by some white ruffians at Williams' Ranch; the principal actors being the Williams brothers themselves, who enticed an Indian and his squaw into their house, and after binding the former, violated the person of the latter before his eyes. As soon as the Indians were liberated, they naturally told their humiliating story to their brethren, and the result was the killing of the perpetrators of the infamous deed—who well deserved

had been killed, Since that time the ascertained to ex- these Indian aggres- nies of Volunteers of conflict, from state. The following correspondent of show the Companies, and strength of each: VNTERS. eson 15 E. S. Smith..... 46 L. Nightingale... 38 Co., J. B. Reed... 26 H. Clayton..... 24 B. Van Hagan..... 82 Co., R. Raymond... 18 N. Miller..... 26 G. Snowden..... 26 F. Storer..... 104 L. Blackburn..... 44 M. Ford..... 58 S. Waller..... 28 Co., F. F. Patterson 28 11 560 be added 50 tenters, all well armed, making out two hundred; were the balance were furnished as follows: days. Lieut. Colonel— Major—D. E. Hungerford. General—Lieut. Col. C. S. Asst. Commissary—Maj. T. Booraem. Quarter- Lippincott. Assistant pt. J. McNish. Surgeon Asst. Surgeon—Dr. Bell. R. Magill. REGULARS. tes troops in the Carson, number, at this date, s follows: Co., 3d Artillery, Command- on. eny. Assistant Quartermaster. Assistant Commissary of Quartermaster's Clerk. Capt. J. Stewart, Lt. A. 82 try, Capt. F. F. Elliot,

their fate—and the burning of their buildings to ashes. And where are the whites that would have done otherwise?

From this act of a few monsters in human shape, hundreds of valuable lives will be sacrificed, many thousands of dollars will be expended, and much valuable property destroyed, besides jeopardizing the lives of the incoming emigration, and the safety and speed of the Pony Express riders.

Nearly every one of the Indian wars on this coast have originated from similar causes—the aggressions of the whites. As we possess most of the facts connected with the origin of all these wars, we may some day give them to the world; the only objection being their disgusting details. We will at present content ourselves by giving the following, from the *Evening Bulletin*:

SAN FRANCISCO, June 1, 1860.

To the Editor of the *San Francisco Bulletin*: Having lately arrived here from Humboldt Bay, I take the opportunity to inform the public, through your columns, of a few of the recent instances of shameful and horrible crime committed upon the Indians in Humboldt county, by white men.

Some time in February last, a man named L—, who has a stock ranch on Van Dusen river, had an Indian boy, whose family lived within half a mile of his place. L—'s boy would occasionally run off to visit his relations. This incensed L— so much, that he went down one morning and slaughtered the whole family—of about six persons—boy and all. He then made a rude raft of logs, put the victims on it, marked it to W. H. Mills—who was known to be opposed to indiscriminate slaughter of the Indians—and started the bodies down the river.

Messrs. Neil and Hood, two good men, who have a stockranch on the outside and adjoining L—, had about their premises, for the last two years, an old Indian called Ukillaboy. He acted as a faithful guardian to the ranch, always giving timely warning of the approach of thieving Indians, and always being ready to assist in tracking them up, while he was ready to assist about the place, to the best of his abilities. Well, about the 26th of April last, the old Indian, feeling perfectly secure, paid L—a friendly visit, and was immediately tied up and shot in cold blood without any explanation. This so incensed Mr. Neil, that he drove off his cattle to the Matole, leaving L— on the outside; since which time the Indians

have literally feasted on L—'s cattle.

Some time about the 18th of March last, three desperate ruffians, armed with hatchets, entered the hotel at Hydenville, and demanded of the proprietor by what authority he had written a letter to Lieut. Harcastle, of the U. S. A., at Fort Humboldt; and if he had not convinced said ruffians that the letter was strictly private, and had no allusion to Indian affairs, and no communications for the *Bulletin*, he would have been assassinated on the spot. The names of these ruffians I shall withhold for the present.

Society is completely demoralized on Eel river; and the Thugs are largely in the majority, led on by Wiley of the *Humboldt Times*, and by Van Nest the sheriff. Young men talk and think of nothing else but hanging and killing young Diggers and their mothers. The pulpit is silent, and the preachers say not a word. In fact, they dare not. It finally amounts to this—that where the Indians killed a "beef" occasionally, before the late grand massacre at Eureka, they now kill ten.

All of the bucks who formerly lived around Eureka with their families, having ties that bound them to the Bay and the settlements here, have dispersed to the mountains, and are now seeking vengeance as thieves, for their kindred slain. It will cost not less than half a million dollars to dislodge the 300 thieving Indians from the Bald Hills. Men who detest and abhor the thugging system, from circumstances that surround them are silent. Two or three men who were on the last Grand Jury which sat at Eureka, were Thugs.

The man L— is the same person who boasted of having killed sixty infants with his own hatchet at the different slaughter grounds. This is the same man who peddled whiskey to the United States soldiers and the Indians not 18 months ago, and on the same ground that is now annoyed by the thieving savages. The Indians, since the recent grand massacre at Eureka, have done damage to L— of not less than \$1,000; in fact, he will be compelled to leave for some other range for his stock.

I append my name, privately, to this record of some of the atrocious deeds that have recently been perpetrated in Humboldt county. I have left that quarter for good; but, as I have a few friends in the place, I do not wish that they should be molested for any doings of mine, and you had better, therefore, not communicate my name, except under such circumstances as you may consider necessary or proper for the public good.

A Song for

BY LOCKWOOD & HENDRICKS

'Tis Spring, balmy Spring
showers,

All nature is smiling, the
Trees and plants are all
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 & Hendricks

Store.

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

The merchant, the banker
Mechanics, and miners
All classes, from the dandy
Go to Lockwood & Hendricks

Store.

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

Each feels himself grand
Fine goods, at low prices
Are at Lockwood & Hendricks

Store.

They have "Furnishing"
sortment
Ever seen in one store
Their shirts and kid gloves
ment

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

Who can wonder all classes
To Lockwood & Hendricks

Store.

For venerable grandpa,
They have clothing to
As well as for sportsman
wood,

Where his dog and his
Just look at their store—
fall

To compare it with other
As all who want goods,
Go to Lockwood & Hendricks

Store.

Our Motto, Quick

LOCKWOOD & HENDRICKS

NO. 176 CLAY STREET

Manufacturers

CLOTHING

Offer at Wholesale and
best assortment

Clothing and
To be found

Being extensively engaged
are enabled to sell
SUIT THE TIMES.

We invite the public
the superior advantage
orders punctually and
Gents' and Boys' Clothing
latest style.

H. M. Hendricks

J. W. Lockwood

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 warrant,
And the ladies the wearers are sure to admire.
The boys, too, are proud, when in suits they are
suted,

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 depart-
ment

Of the very best dressed man our city can boast.
Their hosiery, drawers, pocket handkerchiefs, collars,
Would madden "Beau 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'

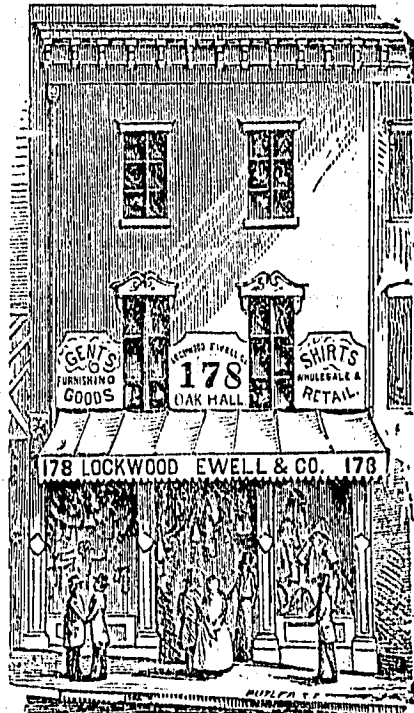
Clothing and Furnishing Goods,
To be found in California.

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.

H. M. LOCKWOOD,
142 & 144 Broadway, New York.
J. W. HENDRIE,
176 Clay Street, San Francisco.



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



GROVER & BAKER'S
NOISELESS
Family Sewing Machines
*Are unequalled for the general use of a
Family.*

ALL MACHINES WARRANTED.
Prices from \$75 upward.

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

Our New Salesroom
is in the New Building, S. W. corner Montgomery
and California streets, first door south of California
street. *Send for a Circular.*
R. G. BROWN, Agent.

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— OF —
HUTCHINGS & ROSENFELD.

THE LITTLE PIONEER,

An instructive and amusing little Paper for Children, published monthly, at \$1,25 per annum.

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Containing all the Overland Routes from here to the Atlantic States. Pocket edition, \$1,25; mounted on cloth, \$2,50.

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Illustrating the various methods of Mining in California. Price twenty-five cents.

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Importers and Wholesale Dealers in

PAINTS, OILS,

WINDOW GLASS, &C.,

Have REMOVED from

105 CLAY STREET,

To 106 BATTERY ST., cor. Merchant,

SAN FRANCISCO.

HOME MANUFACTURE!

PIONEER and ONLY

WATCH CASE FACTORY

IN CALIFORNIA.

ESTABLISHED MAY, 1854.

THE Undersigned respectfully informs the public that he is prepared to make

Watch Cases of any Style.

N. B.—Persons can, if so desired, have Watch Cases made from Gold of their own digging.

Orders from the country, through Wells, Fargo & Co., will receive prompt attention.

P. A. GIANNINI,

No. 174½ Clay Street, San Francisco.

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any kind of
any others are us

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Making a stitch
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At the Great 12
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J. H. B

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**SINGER'S
SEWING MACHINES,**

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

THEY WILL SEW

The Lightest & Heaviest Fabrics

WITH EQUAL FACILITY,

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

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

GOLD MEDAL,

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

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

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MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS

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Circulars, Bill Heads, Catalogues, Checks, Law Blanks, Tickets, Posters, Bills of Fare, Cards, Labels, &c., neatly and promptly executed, on the most reasonable terms.

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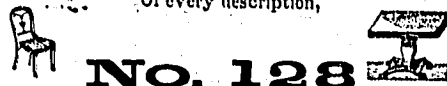
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Of every description,



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49 and 51 FOURTH STREET,

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WORTH OF
BOOTS AND SHOES,
AT RETAIL.

GREAT REDUCTION IN PRICES.

Goods sold at this Establishment, are superior to any offered in this Country, as regards their beauty, shape and durability.

To SAVE TIME and MONEY, Go to

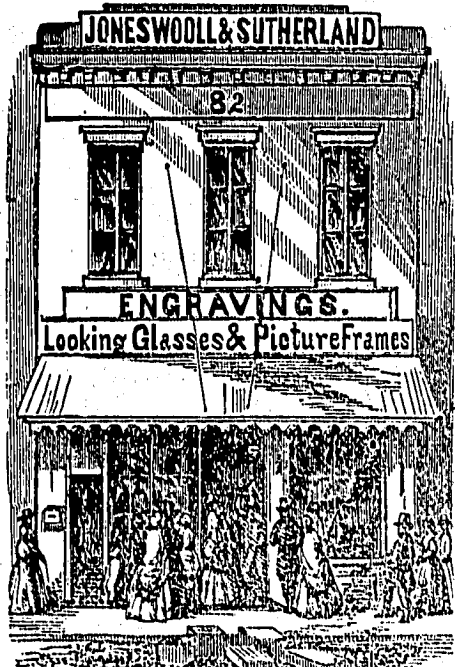
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Down town Store,—89 and 100 Commercial Street,
Up “ “ Corner Washington and Kearny Sts.
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Now is the time to send in Subscriptions for Volume Five.

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

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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.

MERCHANT.



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



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

PRIZE POEM.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



Our clothes and provi-
sions we earn with
our hands,
So we must buy our
goods very low;
We do not depend on
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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
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Just let us know the
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We pay the cash, not
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DR. BOWEN'S CELEBRATED BLOOD PURIFIER,

COMPOSED of the Extracts of Sarsaparilla, Yellow Dock, Dandelion,
and Stylingh.
This medicine has cured more cases of Scrofula, Rheumatism, Liver
complaint, &c., than any other medicine offered to the public. It
also cures all Eruptions on the skin.

For sale wholesale and retail, at

PHILADELPHIA DRUG STORE,
Corner Clay and Kearny Sts. . . . Price \$1, in quart bottles.

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 time;
Let people know what
you've for sale,
You'll sure succeed,
and never fail.

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SAILOR.



We bring you goods from every clime, To suit all classes and all times; 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,
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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.

FIRST PREMIUM AGAIN!
BEING THE
SEVENTH TIME
RECEIVED
AGAINST ALL COMPETITORS.

R. H. VANCE,

Corner Montgomery and Sacramento Sts.,
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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,

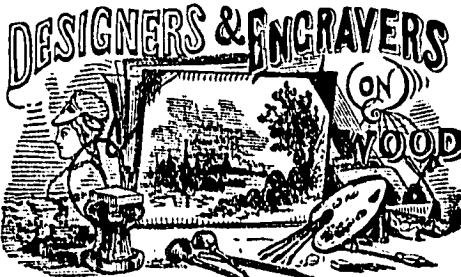
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Instructions given in the Art, and Stock furnished.

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.

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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.

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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.

THE
IMMENSELY INCREASING
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FISH'S INFAN
HAIR RESTO

Unquestionably proves it to
be the best
restorative

THE REASON WHY, is, it restores
by nature's own process, perma-
nently becomes gray; supplies the natural
growth on **BALD HEADS**; removes
and Pain from the Scalp; quiets the
and cures all Nervous Headache, and
to cure all **DISEASES** of the SCALP
will stop and keep it from falling out
healthy and beautiful.

Principal Depot, 139 Sacramento
Where specimens of its power
N. MILLS,

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And Wholesale

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114 and 116 CLAY

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EVERY article pertaining
to the above is
on hand, and sold at
low rates.

We would particularly call
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with satisfaction.

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Our clothes and provisions are made with our hands. So we must say our goods are very low. We do not depend on house of lands— Now to us the best place to go.



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We hiners 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.

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IMMENSELY INCREASING DEMAND
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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.

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Where specimens of its power can be seen.
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IMPORTING STATIONERS
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We would particularly call the attention of Country Dealers to our stocks, assuring them of entire satisfaction.

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

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

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

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

All other Kinds of Printing at the same Low Rates.

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145 CLAY STREET,

Six doors below Montgomery.

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JUST OPENED! NEW TEAS!

**THE PIONEER
JAPANESE FANCY GOODS**

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No. 175 MONTGOMERY STREET,
Between Washington and Jackson,
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WHERE can be found a general assortment of Goods of Japanese manufacture, ex schooner "Page" and "Ida D. Rogers," comprising useful, ornamental and curious articles.

Also, Japanese Butternuts;
Also, Bitter Almonds and Hemp Seed;
Also, Hand Force Pumps, for Washing Windows and watering Gardens: also,

JAPANESE TEA,

At wholesale and retail. This Tea is pronounced by the best judges superior to the finest of Chinese growth, and is sold at retail at **half the Price.** The particular attention of housekeepers is called to this article.

DRESS SILKS.—Just received, an invoice of Japanese Dress Silks, Brocades, Crapes and Opera Scarfs, and for sale at reduced prices.

WM. HASLITINE & CO.

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Important to the Deaf and Deaf Dumb.

DR. PILKINGTON,

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

HAS arrived, and may be consulted at the corner of Montgomery and California sts., (Express Building, up stairs), San Francisco. Early attention is desired.

Deafness, Dizziness, Ear Ache, Catarrh, Noise in the Head, and all Discharges from the Ear, Mouth, or Nostrils, entirely removed.

A number of years of unremitting attention to Diseases of the Ear as a speciality, has enabled him to make many improvements in all that has heretofore been known of aural medicine and surgery, and to insure such a degree of success as seems almost incredible. A great number of certificates and testimonials can be seen at his office, from many well known citizens in different parts of the Union. From the afflicted at a distance, a letter of inquiry, enclosing a stamp to prepay answer, will receive immediate attention. Direct to

DR. PILKINGTON,
Ear Infirmary, San Francisco.



THE EAST INDIA TEA CO.

Dealers exclusively in Choice

**Green & Black Teas,
COFFEES, SUGARS,
AND CHOCOLATE.**

173 WASHINGTON STREET,
WHOLESALE & RETAIL.

Observe!—This is the only bona fide TEA STORE in the State.

CALIFORNIA



Manufactured by

HENRY D. PEARCE,

(Successor to G. E. HIGGINS.)

I AM now conducting the above named business in my own name, and will keep constantly on hand a large assortment of

**GOLD PENS,
Gold & Silver Pen Cases & Holders,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.**

Jewelers, Stationers, Dealers in Gold Pens, and the trade generally, are respectfully invited to try our **California Gold Pen.** Every pen stamped "H. D. PEARCE, San Francisco," is made of California Gold, and finished in the most perfect manner, by myself.

Gold Pens repaired and refaced at moderate rates. Liberal discount to the trade.

198 Montgomery street,

Between Clay and Merchant.

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all kinds. I

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THE attention of Dealer
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which embraces nearly every

Orders from the country

filled, at PRICES WHICH I

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pany, are nightly deligh

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tracting crowds to this

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TEAS,
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STREET,
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constantly on

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old Pens, and the
invited to try our
very ten stamped
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perfect manner, by
at moderate rates.

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PEARCE.


PIANO and MUSIC STORE.

Sole Agents for Pianofortes from the following Celebrated Factories:—
Raven & Bacon, New York; Hallet & Davis, Boston; Boardman & Gray,
Albany; and Brown & Allen, Boston.

Satisfaction Guaranteed! Prices LOW!
MELODEONS and HARMONEOMS, in great variety. MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS, of
all kinds. Roman, Guitar and Violin Strings, of direct importation.

GRAY & HERWIG,
No. 183 Clay Street, - - San Francisco.

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



KOHLER'S

Should Auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to mind.
Should Auld acquaintance be forgot,
And days of Lang - Syno

IMPORTER
OF
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Instruments,
FANCY GOODS,
AND
TOYS,
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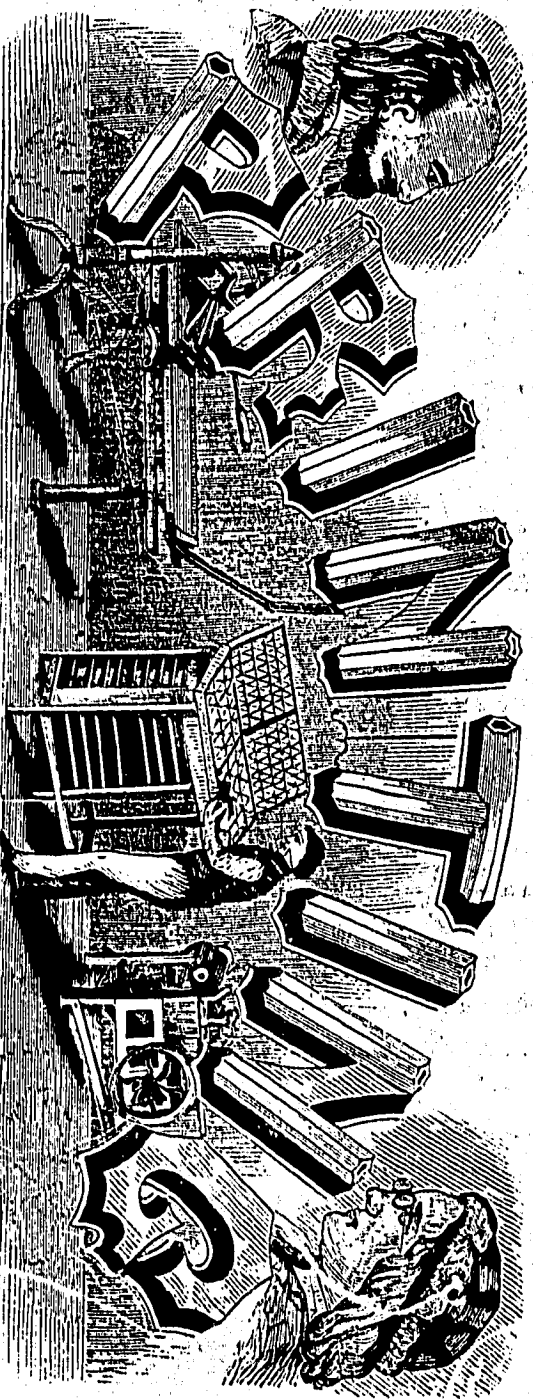
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