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

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HUTCHINGS'

# CALIFORNIA MAGAZINE.

VOL. V. SEPTEMBER, 1860. No. 3.

THE DEPARTURE.



THE WIND, with low moans, stirred the tops of the pines,  
That grow at the foot of a forest-crowned hill;  
Then it swooped, like a bird, to sing 'mong the vines,  
With beauty embowering a rude cabin. Still,

Like an airy-winged sprite on a mission of love,  
There it hovered, and sung, that its music might trend  
To soothe one lone inmate, with notes like a dove,  
Or, what is far dearer, the voice of a friend.

And oh! who can tell but such sounds came to cheer  
The suffering one, on his hard pine-leaf bed,  
As he talked with the loved ones, in spirit so near,  
Whose bodies were absent—perchance with the dead.

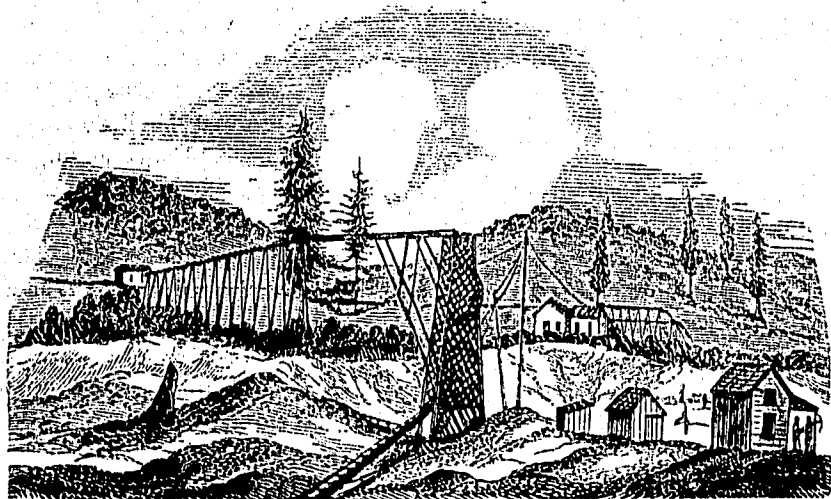
Some bright guardian angels perhaps were allied,  
And these were their voices to welcome him home;  
For he stretched out his arms to embrace them, and died  
With a smile, and the words, "God bless you, I come."

As the broad hand of day clutched the curtain of night,  
And rolled up the darkness as though 'twere a scroll,  
A kind neighbor entered—appalled with affright,  
Gasped faintly, "What! dead! In peace rest thy soul!"

Aye, rest thee. No more shall thy spirit be sad,  
That thy wearying toil 'neath the summer sun's ray  
Or the chill winter's rain, went unblessed, to make glad  
Thine own yearning heart, or the loved far away.

While the cold dew of death lay unwiped on his brow,  
A calm and sweet smile told the peace of his end;  
The sighs of the mourners rose high, as a vow  
That those thus bereaved should not o'er want a friend.

In a dark, shady glade on the side of a hill  
That was then draped by clouds in a mantle of rain,  
In the deep grave they laid him, all solemn and still,  
And the winds murmured o'er him a mournful refrain.



TOMLINSON'S ELEVATOR.

METHOD OF ELEVATING EARTH,  
NEAR NEVADA.

**O**LIVER M. TOMLINSON'S ELEVATOR, in the city of Nevada, is a mining curiosity. Whether there is another or a similar one in California, I do not know. During near four years' journeyings in the mines, I have not seen one. The object for which it was constructed, was to raise the earth from the diggings over a ledge of hard rock, thereby obviating the necessity of excavating an expensive tunnel. This Elevator consists of a frame of square timber, braced by a narrow boarding, resembling lattice work. It is forty feet long, by thirty feet wide at the base, and tapers moderately to a height of eighty-two feet. Two overshot wheels, each twenty-five feet in diameter, are placed one over the other, connected with which is an elevator chain with buckets of sheet-iron attached, each bucket holding about a barrel. The dirt, which is washed from the bank by means of a hydraulic hose, and run into a pit beneath the Elevator, is raised in the buckets to a height of forty feet, and discharged into sluice boxes, in which the gold is secured by riffles in the usual manner.

The water to propel the machinery, is brought from a ditch to the top of the Elevator, in a flume.

This Elevator, though it has been attended with a great deal of trouble and expense, has proved a highly successful experiment, and Mr. T. has realized a handsome fortune from his diggings, having obtained therefrom upwards of twenty dollars per day for each hand employed.

But however valuable the Elevator may have been, the period of its usefulness is drawing to a close. A company, to whom Mr. T. has sold a portion of his claims, have commenced the excavation of a tunnel, and when that is completed, the Elevator will doubtless pass away, and its history be remembered only—by the readers of Hutchings' California Magazine. J. L.

## EUREKA PEAK.

**T**HE Eureka Quartz Mills in Plumas County, are twenty-four miles distant from La Porte, and three from Jamison City. Communication between these places is carried on by means of mule trains over a wild and barren country, re-

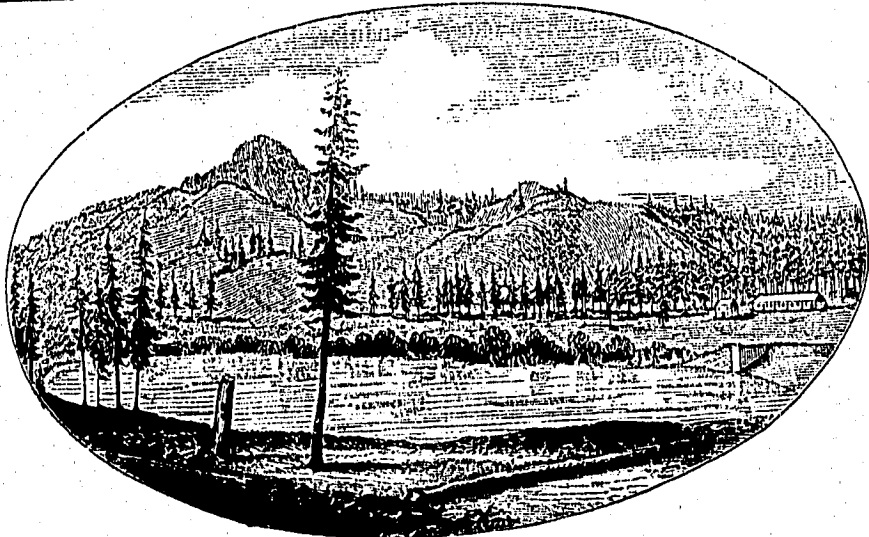
pulsive to the agriculturalist, but affording many scenes of exquisite interest to the lover of the picturesque. The Mills are situated at the outlet of a little lake of twenty acres in extent, which supplies them with water during seven months of the year. This lake flows in a little basin on the side of a mountain, and is twelve hundred feet above the Jamison Creek. The Mountain is called Eureka Peak. It rises abruptly above the lake into a lofty pinnacle of barren rocks, and affords one of the finest scenes in the Sierras. On the southern side of the mountain, overlooking the valley through which flows Jamison Creek, is a narrow ridge, whose jagged sides stand out almost perpendicularly many hundred feet in altitude, and are crowned by a singular crest of rocks thirty or forty feet high, and varying from two to four feet in thickness. A deep and narrow gap has been opened in these rocks, separating them into two portions. In the outer portion there is a perforation somewhat star-shaped, and five feet in diameter.

The village—if it may be called a village—of Eureka Mills consists of one dwelling-house, one large boarding-house, two cabins, two quartz mills, stables and workshops, owned by a company who are doing an extensive business, and have a lode of rich quartz. They have made a good road from their mills to the lode, whence they transport the quartz in wagons. A large building has been erected over their principal shaft, in which machinery for raising the quartz by mule power is placed, and in one corner of which there is a blacksmith's shop, where two men are constantly engaged in repairing drills and other tools. The company employ about fifty men in the different branches of their business. Formerly, a large number of Mexicans were working for the company to extract the gold from the quartz by means of arastras, the proceeds to be divided in certain

proportions between the parties. But becoming convinced that the cunning Mexicans defrauded them of a large share of the gold, they discharged them all. In walking round the little lake, I saw on the low ground surrounding it, the remains of a large number of arastras—more than a hundred, I think—with piles of tailings about them, which had lain there during several years. These tailings were now passing through the process of a second washing, and yielded a fair compensation to the laborers employed, though the water used was pumped from the lake by hand.

During my stay here, I made an excursion up the mountain, visiting the diggings on the way, descending the principal shaft, at that time eighty feet deep—by ladders made of pine trees with notches cut in them for steps,—and going into several chambers on my way down, where workmen were employed in blasting the rock and loading the buckets.

Having satisfied my curiosity, I ascended the shaft, and proceeded up the mountain, stopping, however, on the way to sketch the singular rocky ridge before described, and climbing with no little difficulty and labor up to the gap, that had been broken out of the narrow wall or crest, and with still further labor getting up to the hole in the wall. This hole, which from the house looked scarcely larger than a star, was of an irregular form and five or six feet high, while the rock itself was little more than three feet thick. Standing in it, I looked down on either side nearly two thousand feet below me. The scene was grand, and the point from which I viewed it, unique. I seemed almost poised in the air, and so exceedingly narrow was the ledge on which I stood, that I could not suppress a feeling that my own weight, or even a breath of wind, might tumble it into the valley.



EUREKA PEAK.

But I had not yet reached the pinnacle of the mountain, and had no time to spare, and little inclination to waste many moments in this castle in the air. So, letting myself down again, I clambered along the side of the mountain, and succeeded after several ineffectual attempts, in ascending the highest rock that crowns the summit, whence I looked down upon the little lake, into which it seemed that I could plunge at a single leap; upon the valley of the Jamison creek, with the Mills of the Mammoth Quartz Company, and not far distant, the ruins of the far-famed "City of '76," where a hundred thousand dollars were expended and lost by a single company; upon the Downieville Buttes with their lofty crags and pinnacles; upon Beckworth's, and the Sierra, and other valleys and plains, and upon forest covered hills and mountains, rising one above another, range beyond range, like the waves of the ocean, growing fainter and fainter in outline as they receded into the far distance, until the last seemed but little snow-white clouds scarcely perceptible, and fading into the sky.

I descended the mountain, and pro-

pared to return to the Sacramento valley, for October had arrived, and winter was approaching. A little snow had fallen, and ice had formed half an inch in thickness. Snow falls to a great depth in winter, and frequently sweeps down the mountains with such force as to carry off houses and destroy men and cattle, while all communication with the neighboring villages and towns, except on snow-shoes, is often cut off during several months.

J. L.

#### NEW SPECIES OF CALIFORNIA PLANTS.

BY DR. A. KELLOGG.

THE following new Plants were discovered by Mr. Hutchings, in a recent tour in the mountains. They are both very showy herbaceous annuals, perhaps perennials—well worthy of cultivation.

These Plants belong to the genus *Pentstemon*, (a name signifying *five stamens*;) the *fifth* one, although present and conspicuous, is yet sterile—or in common parlance, are of the beautiful *Beard-tongue* family—(many having this fifth stamen or tongue, bearded.) There are also

other less appropriate common names, by which these Plants are known. A dry sandy, or light loamy soil, suits them best.

*Pentstemon rostriflorum*—(Kellogg)—or Beak-flowered Beard-tongue, was found in a crevice of the Lower Dome, at the back of the Great Tisnac, or South Dome—3,500 feet above the Yo-Semite Valley. We regret not having the lower leaves; (may we not hope to be remembered by some self-sacrificing individual?)

The stem is smooth, somewhat two-

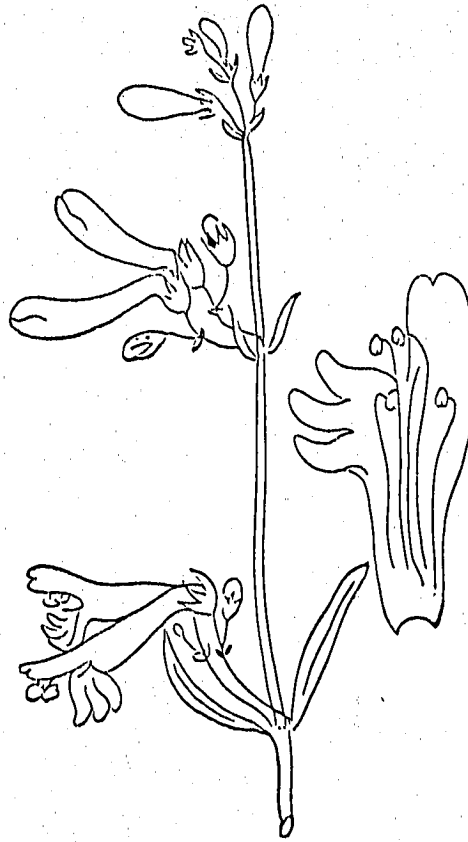
glandular, upcurved, as long or longer than the leaves. Bracts minute, calyx divisions, lanceolate attenuate, acuminate; the lower segments scarcely longest, acuminate, glandularly villous, the villi very minute. Flowers tubular, creamy yellow, an inch in length, tube three-quarters, refracted as if forcibly bent down, not bellied or swelled; externally, minutely glandularly villous, mostly at the lips; upper lip longest, straight and somewhat vaulted, notched, lower lip lobed, lobes linear acute. Stamens nearly equal, two longest, as long as the flower, inserted at the lowermost margin of the tube; declined, ascending above, thickened and compressed at the base; shorter pair, with the fifth inserted into the tube about 1-8th of an inch above; the smooth, fifth filament or tongue, is shorter than the stamens, and included in the upper lip; style about as long as the stamens.

The second figure exhibits the upper portion of the *Gray-bearded Pentstemon*, *P. canosobarbatum*—(Kellogg.) This new species is probably somewhat shrubby, or at least perennial.

The color of the flowers is a deep scarlet, or blood red, with a long, venerable gray or whitish frosty beard. Those who have access to this plant could not confer a more pleasing and valuable favor upon their friends abroad, than by sending them a few of these seeds in a letter. They are of remarkably easy culture, and retain their vitality very well on the longest voyages.

The stem is smooth, with a bloom like a plum; leaves lance-shaped, slightly wedge-form at the base; sharply remote, saw-toothed, or short cuspidate; recurve spreading on short leaf-stems;—(lower leaves unknown.)

Flower stems with one to three flowers; calyx divisions equal, oblong-lanceolate very slenderly acute; the tube of the flower is short, (as in *P. breviflorus*);



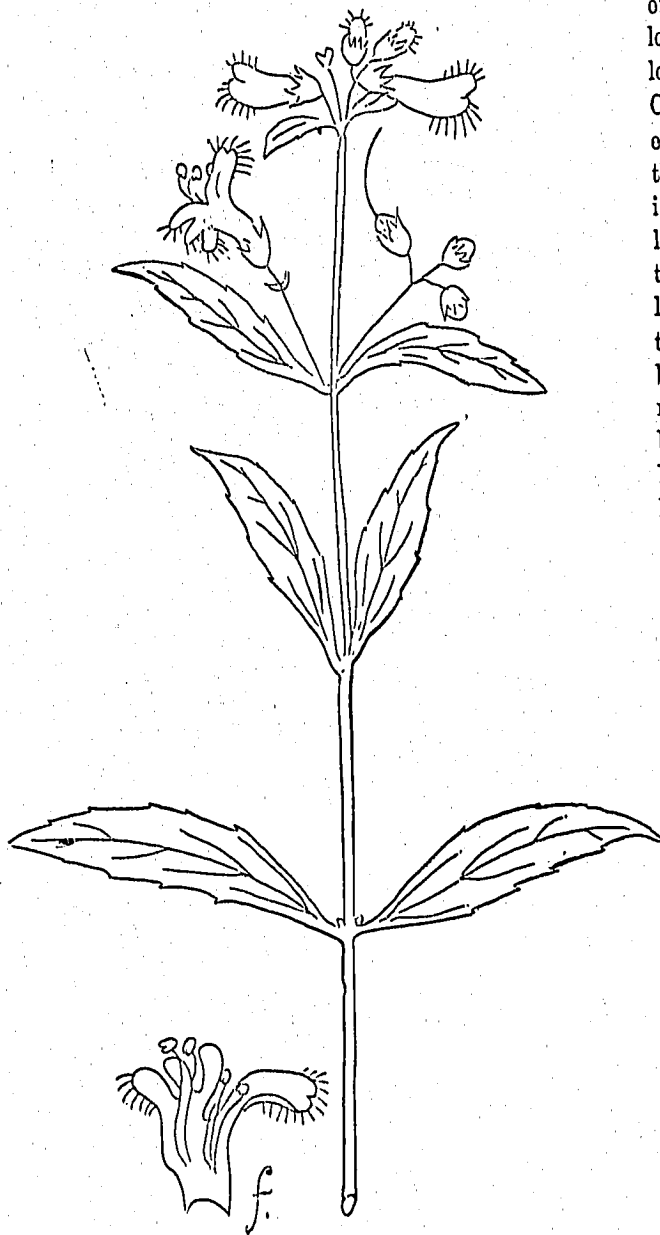
PENTSTEMON ROSTIFLORUM.

edged, caused by the mid-rib of the leaf running down the stem. The leaves (as seen in the figure) are narrow linear-lanceolate, sessile, mid-rib sharply prominent, leaves standing erect or somewhat spreading. The flower stems with two flowers, seldom more than one fully developed; peduncles inclined to one side,

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GRAY-BEARDED PENTSTEMON.

one-quarter of an inch long, or about one-third longer than the calyx. Often resupinate or turned bottom upwards, then the three-lobed lower lip is uppermost, the middle lobe of the lip is narrow, the lateral ones obliquely broader, bearded on the outside; what should be the upper lip slightly notched; also, densely bearded outside, with long, white, and frosted hairs.

The tongue short, naked, somewhat erect, hairy at the base; style longer than the stamens. Stigma simple, slightly head sloped; stamens extending out of the flower, anthers smooth; filaments kneed at the base, flattened below the prominent angle; the margins of their expanded base hairy, but smooth above and from the angle ascending in a curve corresponding to the lesser lip.

This plant was also found at the back of the Great Dome, above the Yo-Semite Valley.

ADVENTURES OF JAMES CAPEN ADAMS, MOUNTAINEER AND GRIZZLY BEAR HUNTER, OF CALIFORNIA.

THE above is the title of a new volume, written by Theodore H. Hittell, and published by Towne & Bacon, San Francisco. All those who have ever visited Adams' Pacific Museum, or Monagerie rather, of San Francisco, will readily call to mind the singular proprietor of that establishment,—than whom there was not a greater curiosity within it. His large grizzled beard, his quaint, yet expressive features; his peculiar tone of voice; his oddly fashioned garments;

long or longer minute, calyx minute, acuminate, scarcely longly villous, the flowers tubular, in length, tube as if forcibly swollen; exteriorly villous, mostly longest, straight notched, lower into. Stamens as long as the outermost margin extending above, at the base; inserted into an inch above; or tongue, is, and included out as long as

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three flowers; long-lanceolate tube of the *breviflorus*;

his easy self-possession when "stirring up" the animals; and his remarkable influence over them; with other causes, gave convincing proof that Adams was no common every-day character; and that his history, when written, would be one of more than ordinary interest.

This has been accomplished, and our expectations have been more than realized in its perusal; for, Mr. Hittell has very cleverly gathered, and charmingly linked together, many of the most remarkable passages of the bear hunting hero's life, and made a very interesting narrative therefrom. Through the courtesy of the publishers we are enabled to lay before our readers a brief synopsis of this work.

James Capen Adams is a native of Medway, Massachusetts, where at an early age, he learned and followed the trade of shoe-making, until attaining his majority, when he resolved to gratify his intuitive love for the wild roving life of a hunter, and at the first opportunity hired himself out to a company of showmen, for the purpose of obtaining a collection of native wild animals for exhibition. With this end in view he traversed the forests of Maine, New Hampshire, and Vermont, capturing panthers, wolves, wild-cats, and other animals.

After returning from one of these predatory excursions, his employers requested his services to assist in training a Bengal tiger that had become intractable; and entering the cage several times for this purpose, on the last occasion he was struck down by the infuriated beast, and injured so badly that his life was despaired of. Several years of prostration ensued, and as hunting was out of the question, but for his former useful handicraft he would have been an unwilling burden to his friends.

For fifteen years he again followed his old trade of shoe-making, in Boston. Accumulating several thousand dollars, and wish-

ing to obtain a fortune at a more rapid rate, he invested the whole of his money in a cargo of boots and shoes, which he shipped to St. Louis, just in time to see them consumed by the great fire of May, 1849.

This being at the height of the gold excitement, he turned his steps towards California, and arrived here by way of Mexico, in the fall of that year. After the usual successes and misfortunes of an early residence, as the latter had predominated in his experience, he became disgusted with the world and turned his back upon the society of his fellows, and his front toward the unexplored sierras, resolving "thenceforth to make the wilderness his home and wild beasts his companions." His hair and beard being already grey and long, he looked like an old man, although in the prime of life, and still possessed of a constitution of iron.

From this time his history begins to increase rapidly in interest. Finding himself in the possession of only one old wagon, a yoke of oxen, an old Kentucky rifle carrying twenty balls to the pound, a Tennessee rifle carrying sixty, a Colt's pistol, several bowie knives, a few tools, several pairs of blankets, and a limited supply of general stores, he remarks:

"Notwithstanding such scanty preparation, I drove up into the mountains with a buoyant and hopeful spirit; and it gives me pleasure, even now, to recall my lively feelings upon mounting the scarred and rugged shoulders of the Sierra. The roads were very rough; my team was none of the strongest; I had to rely on my rifle for provisions and the roadside for pasture; but the now and romantic scenes into which I was advancing, enchanted my imagination, and seemed to inspire me with new life. The fragrance of the pines, and the freshness and beauty of nature, in these elevated regions were perfectly delightful to me. The mountain air was in my nostrils, the



ADAMS AND BEN FRANKLIN.

evergreens above, and the eternal rocks around; and I seemed to be a part of the vast landscape, a kind of demi-god in the glorious and magnificent creation.

"In the neighborhood of my camping place, there happened to be one of those restless tribes of California Indians, who are accustomed to migrate from the plains to the mountains, and from the mountains

to the plains, as the seasons change and the game upon which they live goes up or down. These creatures lived upon the fish which they caught in the streams, and the small animals which they killed on the land; also, upon nuts, acorns, berries, and roots, sometimes upon insects and sometimes upon grasses. At the time of my advent among them in the

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fall, though plenty still smiled on their larders, I aided to give them abundance; for there was much game, and I was liberal with what cost me so little trouble to procure. In return for my liberality, the Indians assisted me in building a wigwam, and gathering and drying grass for the use of my oxen in the winter. They also assisted in tanning the skins of the deer I killed, and in making me several complete suits of buckskin, which I then adopted as my costume, and in which, ever since, I have generally dressed. Next my body I wore a heavy woolen garment, and on my head an untanned deer-skin cap, lined with rabbit's fur, and ornamented with a fox's tail; but all the rest of my clothing was buckskin,—that is to say, coat, pantaloons, and moccasins."

When the cold winter weather began to set in, his Indian acquaintances left him entirely alone, and for several months he did not see another human being; and yet he says that these months were among the happiest of his life. In a Robinson Crusoe like style he remarks:—

"When the little stock of groceries which I had brought along, ran out, various kinds of grass seeds pounded into meal, served for flour, and roasted acorns made a substitute for coffee. The pine forests furnished that sweet gum, called pine sugar, which exudes from bruises in their trunks; and many were the receipts and expediences in mountain economy, which now became my special study. In making myself comfortable, I found pleasant and beneficial occupation, and I may say that I was as happy as a king."

"Upon entering the mountains," he continues, "it was without any idea of devoting attention to bear-hunting as a business," but in the following spring of 1853, his brother William visited him in his mountain home; and having been successful in mining, seeing how matters stood with our hero, he invited his company to their native place, proffering

again to start him in business there. This did not comport with Adams' idea of independence, and he declined it. Wishing no doubt to assist his brother in some way that might be agreeable to his tastes, William proposed a copartnership in the collection and ownership of a menagerie of wild animals; and as this was exactly in accordance with his wishes, articles of agreement were entered into and duly signed.

As soon as his brother had left him, on his way to Massachusetts, Adams made preparations to enter upon his new engagement with earnestness; and meeting with a young Texan named Sykesey, he engaged him to accompany him in his dangerous calling; taking with him, in addition, a couple of Indians from the Tuolumne river, who could speak some English, one of whom he named Tuolumne and the other Stanislaus.

Properly armed and equipped, on a bright May morning they left Strawberry Ranch on the Tuolumne, and taking one of the elevated mountain ranges proceeded northward; and without stopping to hunt any more than was necessary, continued their journey across the head waters of the Klamath river; passing down between the Cascade and Blue mountains, turned the great bend of the Columbia river, and striking out to the north-eastward found an excellent valley surrounded with hills, and here pitched their camp.

"In the course of our journey, we killed a number of animals, and caught two small black bear cubs, which we carried in a hamper on one of our mules. We also, while near Klamath Lake, saw a strange beast, which resembled a hedgehog with the head and feet of a bear. We made all the endeavors in our power to catch it, but in vain; and now, in looking back and harrowing my memory of this curious animal, I am unable to describe it more particularly. It was

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ADAMS AND THE ELK.

entirely unknown to me, and I had, very unwillingly, to leave it as one of the nondescript wonders of the Pacific coast."

As it will be impossible to trace this interesting narrative step by step, we must be content in giving only an occasional incident, such as the following, and which was their maiden adventure from their first regular encampment.

"Not far distant from my camp, there was an extensive chapparal, covering the

side of a broad mountain and skirting a beautiful valley of tender herbage. My attention was attracted to it by indications of large bears; and, after a short *reconnaissance*, I discovered on the mountain-side the den of an old grizzly with two yearling cubs. The animals were in the habit of descending into the valley every night, and had worn a trail, along which they almost invariably passed in their excursions. I immediately deter-

business there. Adams' idea declined it. his brother in agreeable to sed a copart- and ownership amals; and as anco with his ent were en-

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arney, we kill- nd caught two eh we carried mules. We Lake, saw a bled a hedge- et of a bear. in our power and now, in g my memory m unable to arly. It was

mined, if possible, to slay this dam, and make myself master of her offspring, which were two of the finest looking young beasts I had ever seen.

"To resolve to do a thing, and to do that thing, are different matters; and so I found them on this occasion. There seemed, however, to be but one plan of action,—to waylay the dam; and, in accordance with it, I concealed myself one morning near the trail, when the animals were coming up from the valley. I had both my rifles well charged lying at my side; and, as the old beast approached, I drew Kentucky, and planted a half-ounce ball in her breast. She fell, but almost instantly recovered herself and rushed towards me; when, seizing my second rifle, I fired a second shot through her open mouth into her brain. It is often the case that the grizzly will live for several hours after being pierced even through the head or heart, and perform prodigies of strength; but in this instance, fortunately for me, perhaps, life lasted but a few minutes.

"As soon as the dam expired, I seized a lasso which lay at my side, and rushed towards the cubs. I had imagined it would be a matter of ease, with the dam once out of the way, to secure them; but soon learned my mistake. As I rushed at them, they retreated; as I pursued, they broke away, and, doubling, shot past with a rapidity of motion which defied all my skill. I chased a long time without success; and, finally, when they and I were nearly worn out, they suddenly turned and made so violent an attack upon me that I was compelled, for my personal safety, to betake myself to a tree, and was glad to find one to climb. Although but little more than a year old, I saw that they had teeth and claws which were truly formidable.

"It was a ludicrous situation which I occupied in that tree; and it makes me laugh now to think how a hunter of great

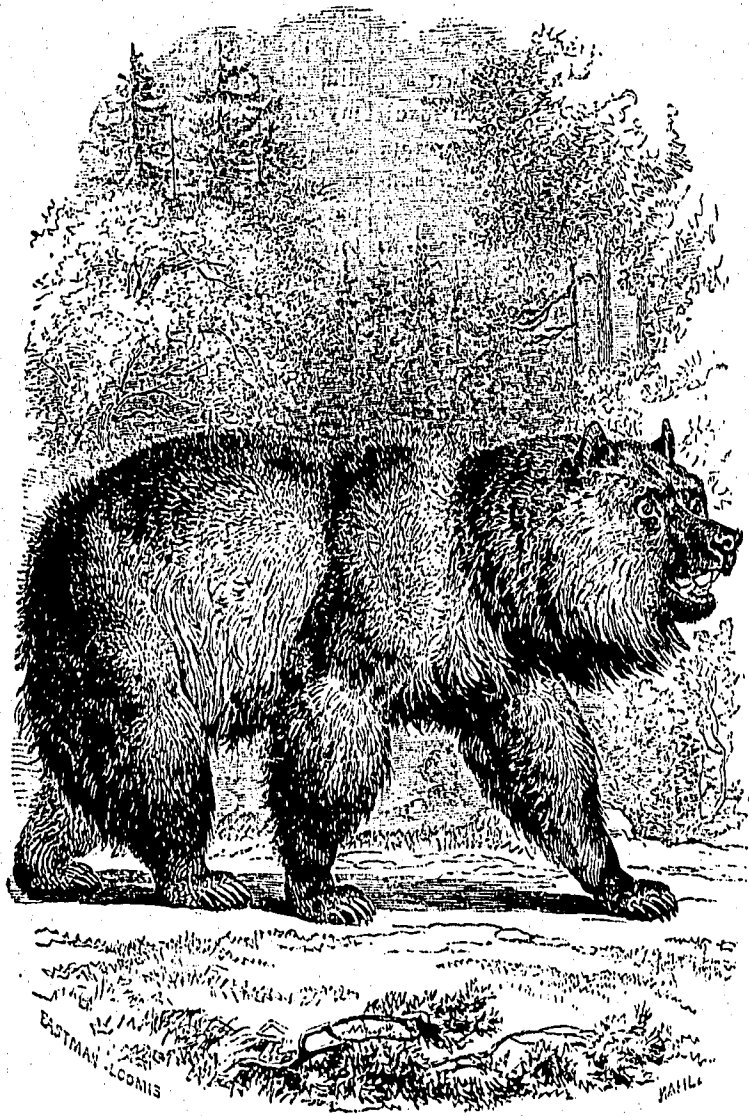
bears was thus besieged by little ones. However, there I sat, and there was no help for it. The cubs tried to climb after me, and it was necessary to pound their paws to keep them down; and I shall never forget how they snapped their jaws, and how wickedly they looked, when they were satisfied I was beyond their reach."

In the course of half an hour the cubs went off to their dead mother, when our hero left for camp. After providing horses, on the following morning the hunters started out with the intention of lassoing the young bears, but they could not find them. Observing a large spring at which most of these animals in that section went to drink, Adams took up his station there, and while watching for the cubs, killed a large black bear. Finding that the objects of his solicitude also visited that spring, he ordered out his assistants one evening, and after considerable skill in manœuvring they succeeded in lassoing both of the young bears, one of which he named Lady Washington, and which afterwards became one of his favorite companions.

After many thrilling experiences in this kind of adventure, he found the necessity of building traps for the more speedy success of his plans and the completion of his undertaking, but we must not linger to state them.

"Another adventure occurred about this same time, which might have cost me my life; this was a combat with an elk. The morning of the day we expected to complete the trap, as fresh meat would be needed for bait, I sent my comrades ahead with the mules, but myself made a circuit for the purpose of killing a deer. In the course of a few miles, I discovered a band of five or six elks. There was one of them, a splendid buck, with five antlers, and magnificent bearing, which particularly attracted my attention. Could he have been transported, as he

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SAMSON. ANOTHER OF ADAMS' GRIZZLIES, 1800 LBS. WEIGHT.

stood there, into the midst of the world, poets and painters would have paid tribute to his beauty; no stag of Landseer has a nobler mein, or more of the spirit of freedom in his limbs.

"It was impossible to approach nearer than seventy-five yards without alarming the band; and, consequently, I fired from that distance. The buck fell, and supposing him to be dead, I drew my knife, and, as is the usual practice upon shooting an animal of this kind, rushed up to cut his throat. The elk, however, was only

wounded; and when I reached him, he suddenly sprang upon his feet, and jumped with his fore legs upon my shoulders. This knocked the knife from my hands; but hastily drawing my revolver, I discharged the barrels, one after the other, in quick succession, while hopping around to avoid his terrific lunges. Fortunately, one of my shots took effect at the butt of his ear, and stunned him; when, seizing the opportunity to grasp my knife, I ran up, plunged it to the heart, and the red tide of life spouted from his side. I then

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ripped him up to the bearded throat, and turned the entrails out upon the ground. My neck and back were severely bruised, but not enough to prevent me from shouldering my rifle, proceeding to the trap, and working there steadily until sundown."

We must now entirely skip more than a hundred pages of his graphic descriptions of animals, and the many interesting episodes in his eventful life while in this region, and invite the reader's company to his old camping-ground in the sierras which he afterwards visited, and allow him to relate one of the most memorable events of his history, being no less than the capture of his celebrated pet Ben Franklin.

"It is with pleasure that I dwell on this part of my story, and I would fain distinguish it with living words. In all the after-course of my career, I could look back upon it with peculiar satisfaction; and rarely, in the following years, did I pat the shaggy coat of my noble Ben, but I recurred to my fatiguing and solitary vigils in the Mariposa cañon, my combat with the monster grizzly, my entry in her den, and seizure of her offspring. The whole adventure is impressed upon my memory, as if it had occurred but yesterday.

"No sooner was the dam dead, than I turned towards the den, and determined to enter it without delay. Approaching its mouth, accordingly, I knelt, and tried to peer in; but all was dark, silent, and ominous. What dangers might lurk in that mysterious gloom, it was impossible to tell; nor was it without a tremor that I prepared to explore its depths. I trembled for a moment at the thought of another old bear in the den; but on second thought I assured myself of the folly of such an idea; for an occurrence of this kind would have been against all experience. But in such a situation, a man imagines many things, and fears

much at which he afterwards laughs, and therefore, though there was really no difficulty to anticipate, I carefully loaded my rifle and pistol, and carried my arms as if, the next instant, I was to be called upon to fight for life. Being thus prepared, I took from my pocket a small torch made of pine splinters, lighted it, and, placing my rifle in the mouth of the den, with the torch in my left and the pistol in my right hand, I dropped upon my knees and began to crawl in.

"The entrance consisted of a rough hole, three feet wide and four feet high. It extended inwards nearly horizontally, and almost without a turn, for six feet, where there was a chamber, six or eight feet in diameter and five feet high, giving me room to rise upon my knees, but not to stand up;—and its entire floor was thickly carpeted with leaves and grass. On the first look, I could see no animals, and felt grievously disappointed; but, as I crawled around, there was a rustling in the leaves; and, bending down with my torch, I discovered two beautiful little cubs, which could not have been over a week old, as their eyes, which open in eight or ten days, were still closed. I took the little sprawlers, one after the other, by the nape of the neck, lifted them up to the light, and found them very lively. They were both males; a circumstance which gave me reason to presume there might be a third cub, for it is frequent that a litter consists of three, and I looked carefully; but no other was to be found. I concluded, therefore, that if there had been a third, the dam had devoured it,—a thing she often, and if a cub dies, or be deformed, she always does. Satisfying myself that there were no others, I took the two, and, placing them in my bosom, between my buckskin and woolen shirt, once more emerged into daylight. The possession of the prizes delighted me so much that I almost danced my way down through the bushes

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and over the uneven ground to the spot where my mule had been left; but upon arriving there, it gave me great concern to find that she was gone."

These young bears were afterwards suckled by a greyhound; only one pup was spared from the whole litter, which he named Rambler, and they grew up playfully together; but, as he had to present one cub to a partner, the other, Ben Franklin and Rambler became inseparable companions, and followed him in all his excursions. The following will explain why he became so much attached to them.

"As I was leisurely passing through a thicket of chapparal, I heard a stick crack at my side, and, upon turning, behold a huge grizzly, which had three young cubs, in the act of springing at me. I tried to raise my rifle, but in an instant it was struck from my hand by the bear, and, with the same blow, I was thrown to the ground. Ben and Rambler were but a few paces behind at this time, and rushed forward, Rambler seizing the enemy's thigh, and Ben attacking her at the throat. This distracted her attention for a moment, at which I seized the opportunity to snatch my rifle and spring to one side, while the savage bit terribly into the head and neck of poor Ben. I uttered a terrific shout, and the old bear rose for an instant, when I fired a ball into her heart, and she fell over backwards. I then jumped upon her, and bathed my knife several times in her heart's blood.

"All this was the work of a moment; but when I looked for Ben, he was bounding off for camp, with the blood streaming from his head, and yelling at every leap. I endeavored to call him back; but the little fellow was scared nearly to death, and soon disappeared. As for myself, I did not know at first that I was hurt; but in a little while, the blood commenced dripping over my

clothes, and I found that my scalp had been dreadfully torn by the brute; and she had bitten through my buckskin coat and flannel, making wounds, the scars of which still remain, in my neck.

"With considerable difficulty, I managed to reach camp, where I found Ben lying under the wagon, licking his bleeding sides. The poor fellow had certainly saved my life, and I felt so grateful that at once I took him into the cabin and dressed his wounds before I dressed my own; and I continued paying unremitting care to him for nearly a week, when, finding him well enough to travel, I settled up my business in the region and departed. That was one of the narrowest escapes I ever had in all my hunting; and, as my preservation was due to Ben, the circumstance explains, to some extent, the partiality I have felt towards that noble animal. He has borne the scars of the combat upon his front ever since; and I take pride in pointing them out to persons who, I think, can appreciate my feelings towards him."

On a future visit to the south, when among the mountains within a few miles of the Tejon river Reservation, he presents the following relation.

"We were weary with the labors of the day, and turning into our blankets early, got into a deep sleep. I was suddenly aroused at midnight by a fearful snuffing and snorting among my animals; but what to make of the noise I know not, except that there was danger at hand. It was starlight, but too dark to see; and raising myself in my blankets and seizing my rifle, I listened with all attention. In a short time, I distinctly heard the lapping of water at the spring, which was about fifty yards distant; and, looking in that direction, beheld two spots, like balls of fire, glaring at me. I expected an encounter, and prepared myself for it; but the stranger beast unexpectedly, after uttering a low growl,



THE JAGUAR.

turned and leisurely retreated, as if he did not deign to attack, much less to fear me. I could see that he was of large size,—a majestic animal of the lion genus; but this was all I could see.

“My curiosity, as well as my love of adventure, was so much excited by the sight of the magnificent but unknown beast, that during the remainder of the night I could think of nothing else. My imagination presented me with the picture of an animal whose capture would exceed in interest all the adventures of

my previous days; and no sooner was it light in the morning than I started out with Ben and Rambler to follow the track and reconnoitre the country. The trail led us four or five miles over a rough country, and at last into a gorge,—one of the roughest and craggiest places man’s eyes ever beheld. The only way I could work through it, was by crawling, clambering, climbing, and pulling myself from cliff to cliff, and thus getting along by slow degrees. In among the huge rocks, which were scattered all over the coun-

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try, there was here and there a space of soft earth, where the prints of the animal's feet were plainly to be seen; and it was by these marks that I pursued the trail into the gorge. Here the marks were better defined; and after following them across the gorge up to the face of a ledge of rocks, I came to a cave, which there was no difficulty in recognising as the den of the animal.

"The cave was elevated on the side of the cliff, so that a man could with difficulty reach it. In its mouth, and scattered below it, were multitudes of bones and skeletons of various kinds of animals, and among others, of mountain sheep, making the place look like the yard of a slaughter-house. I endeavored to reach the cave for the purpose of looking into it, but was unable to do so, and therefore withdrew to consider plans for operations, determined as I was to leave no stone unturned in my efforts to secure the unknown but evidently ferocious animal which made it his haunt. Considering the matter in every point of view, I resolved at last to build a trap on the trail, near the den; but, there being no timber in the neighborhood, before proceeding further, I had to go out and search where I could find wood.

"It is unnecessary to detail day after day the progress of my trap-building here, and the slow and tedious manner in which we had to transport our timber from a distance of eight miles. Suffice it to say, that the arduous undertaking was at length accomplished, and the trap completed. No sooner was it finished and baited, than I picked out a hiding-place, about three hundred yards from the cave, and in such a position that I could see the length of the trail, the trap, and the den; such a place, indeed, as would give me a full and fair view of all that took place in the gorge. Taking Lady Washington, Ben, and Rambler to this place, I tied them together, and

seating myself at the side of them with my blanket about me, I determined watch the first night and see how the trap would work.

"There was at this time a new moon, and the gorge, a doleful place even in daylight, was darker than I liked; nevertheless, I could see if any animal passed the trail, and this was some satisfaction. I therefore watched the twilight passing over the mountains, and saw it grow dusky, and at length dark, when, overpowered by the fatigues of the day, I curled down by the side of Ben, and fell into a slumber. Barely were my eyes closed, however, when a roar roused me, and I started up and strained my eyes along the trail from the den to the trap, but could see nothing. In a few minutes the roar was repeated, but in an apparently subdued tone; and directing my eyes in the direction from which it proceeded, I saw a spotted animal, resembling a tiger in size and form, with two young ones. The view was very indistinct, but I could see that the animal was crawling out of the rocks. She went ahead for a little distance, then turned around, and appeared to call the little ones, which followed, playing like kittens. My first thought was to kill her and catch the young;—and I have often regretted since that I did not take the risks and fire; but I considered the trap which we had built, would be a safer and more certain method to secure them.

"Soon after dark the animal again made his appearance. As he came to the mouth of the den, he looked around and snuffed the air, and then leaped down, and going a few yards placed his paws upon a rock, and stretched himself, yawning at the same time as if he were waking up out of a sleep. In a few minutes afterwards the female appeared, and approaching, lapped his brawny neck. Pleased with this conjugal attention, the male threw

no sooner was it than I started out to follow the track untry. The trail es over a rough to a gorge,—one of giest places man's o only way I could y crawling, clam- ulling myself from getting along by ng the huge rocks, all over the coun-

himself upon the ground, and after rolling a few minutes, stood up, shook himself, and then, with a proud step, trod away towards the traps; and his consort followed him. Their manner towards each other induced the reflection in my mind, that nature works much the same in all species of animals; for even among human beings, I had rarely seen a more expressive indication of conjugal love than was exhibited here.

"The male beast, as nearly as I could see, was twice as large as the ordinary cougar, and appeared to be covered with dark round spots of great richness and beauty. His mein was erect and stately, and so majestic and proud his bearing, that it was with pleasure I contemplated him. As he approached the pit, my heart fluttered; now, thought I, is the time of my success; but, alas, for my hopes! the animals, when they reached the place, evidently suspected something wrong; and, after smelling about suspiciously, made a circuit and passed on. They next stopped at the trap, which they appeared to examine attentively; they even entered it, and I strained my eyes to see the doors fall; but no, alas, for my hopes again! the animals came out and went off, without disturbing the bait, and soon disappeared over the ridge. I watched the remainder of the night, but neither saw nor heard anything more of the beasts.

"For several weeks after this time, I continued making all endeavors to trap these animals. I caught live bait, and tried to inveigle them with the choicest morsels, but all in vain. On several occasions, subsequent to those mentioned, I obtained a sight of the animals, but only a passing one; and at last, confident that it would be impossible to trap them, I determined on the first opportunity to shoot. The male I never afterwards saw; but the female and her cubs I unexpectedly came across one day, in a

gorge far removed from the one containing the den. Ben and Rambler were with me at the time; and, as I fired upon her, they bounded forward and engaged with her in a terrific combat, but she tore them dreadfully, and managed to escape. Poor Ben was so badly injured in the encounter, as to require my surgical care and assistance for a week or more afterwards; but, though I hunted and hunted, I could find no more trace of the beasts, or of any animals like them. I was, therefore, not able then, nor am I able now, to pronounce with certainty upon their character. If they were not jaguars, which had strayed up beyond the usual range, I know not what to call them."

With great reluctance, we must now close this interesting adventure, in the hope that every person who has read this exceedingly brief and imperfect epitome, will possess himself of the volume, for we can assure him it is our opinion that he will read its three hundred and seventy-eight pages with unflagging attention; and look upon all its spirited illustrations, with as much, or more interest than upon those which accompany this article.

#### THE MUSIC OF HOME.

**I**n the pastures the cow-bells are tinkling,

And there, all the summer day long,  
The cat-bird is mocking the linnet,

The black-bird is singing its song.

The breeze whispers through the brook  
willows,

And, bright with its silvery flow,  
The streamlet is laughing and dancing

O'er the glittering pebbles below.

In the orchard, the robin is pouring

Its roundelay, gushing with glee;

And, tap, tap, tap, rings the wood-pecker,

On the bark of the old apple tree.

Beneath, hums the bee in the clover,

The grass-hopper chirrups all day;

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And the squirrel sits nibbling and chattering,  
On the wall, by the side of the way.

In the cottage, the cradle is rocking,  
To Mary's sweet lullaby song;  
While, tick, tick, tick, in the corner;  
The old clock beats slowly along.  
The vine rustles over the window,  
With the musical play of its leaves;  
While above it the swallows are twittering,  
From their nests, in the shade of the eaves.

They will tell you of rich music pealing  
Through vaults of some cathedral old;  
Where the deep organ thunder is sounding,  
And high choral anthems are rolled;  
But where is the music so thrilling,  
Though wide o'er creation we roam,  
As the old blessed strains of our childhood—  
The music of heart and of home.

G. T. S.

JOURNAL OF A MISSION-FOUNDING EXPEDITION NORTH OF SAN FRANCISCO, IN 1823.

[Concluded from page 62.]

SIXTH DAY.

**JUNE 30th.**—As we destined this day for rest, we remained in this locality; but not without being rewarded, for we succeeded in killing ten bears.

Finally, about three o'clock, in the afternoon, there came to us nineteen gentile Indians from the rancheria of the *Tybailes*—five Chiefs or Captains, and fourteen inferiors; they came in peace, as we desired, and at the calling of our messengers. As they arrived, some with lances, others with bows and arrows, one after the other in rank, they formed their circle and sat down. It appeared they entertained some mistrust, but this soon vanished, by the following operation:

They who were friendly asked how the others had been during their voyage; what was the news in their country, &c.; then a large quantity of "pinole" was set before them, which they fell on immediately, and soon finished the same, allaying the hunger they felt; afterwards a bale of dried beef, weighing six "arrobas," [an *arroba* is twenty-five pounds,] was given to them; also fresh meat of elk and deer, which we had kept for our dinner. Cotton shirts, and small bordered cloths, were distributed among them, and to each a good quantity of glass beads were given; our men also gave them the fat and tallow of an elk, recently killed, (for they relish it.) The night fell, and we laid down to rest until next morning.

SEVENTH DAY.

**July 1st.**—This day we were up before sunrise, intending to leave this locality and retrace our steps towards where we came from. We breakfasted, and took leave of the gentile Indians aforesaid, crowning the work by giving them a bag of "pinole," some more dried beef, and some bear-skins—(much estimated by them); we exhorted them to keep peace with the Christians, and other fellow men; and not to fear us, for they well could see we did no harm to them, &c., &c. Having got ready, we started back by the same way, towards Napa, where we arrived about 10 A. M., without observing anything particular or meeting with any occurrence, except the killing of three bears by our men. We took shelter on the bank of the stream, in the shade of its trees, and there we rested. At half-past 2, P. M., we started on our travel back to Sonoma. About one league before arriving at its plain, we passed over some hills somewhat to the north of where we passed when we went to Napa, and there fell in with a certain quality of stone which appeared to be lime; we examined the same, and all

who did so, declared that certainly it was lime. We went on, and arrived at the flat of the said Sonoma. We explored about the distance of a league, on the hills higher than the rest, and where before we had passed by; here we saw good soil for the planting of the vine. We climbed the mountain to where the stone was, before spoken of, and held to be lime, in order to examine the same better, and after having done so, we were still more convinced of the fact.

We descended to the plain, prospecting, and in less distance than a quarter of a league, found six or seven ponds of water; some among willows, and others, covered with tules; all good, fresh and agreeable to the taste, and what is better still, it was plainly to be seen that they were permanent. We do not doubt but Sonoma is a source of springs. We proceeded to the place of our dwelling, where, on the former occasion, we had encamped, and there we arrived at 8, P. M., and rested until daybreak.

## EIGHTH DAY.

2d.—This day we breakfasted, and then started in a north-west direction, following the whole plain of Sonoma, by the bottom land of the great stream. We still felt more enamored of the grove of trees which border the same, and as our object was to go to *Petalumas* to explore, being already acquainted with the particularities of Sonoma, we little detained ourselves, and traveled on.

The plain became more narrow as we approached the end of the same, but we also remarked that the mountains extending from north to south and which form the walls of the cañada, were more densely covered with timber, and that in sufficient quantity to furnish lumber for a large population; and as this is a road between Sonoma and *Petaluma*, we thought it proper and most advantageous, sometimes to sound the Mission at one place, and then again at another, and

therefore rejoiced in all the advantages we met with on this road. We traveled about four leagues, and after having gone over the flat part, we came among some hills and then fell in with the second stream, which flows towards Sonoma and unites with the large one. Here we rested, and found, on a barren hill adjoining the stream, another kind of stone, which appeared to us also lime-stone. We started from there about 3 o'clock in the afternoon, following the range of hills, and at the distance of one league before arriving at the plain of the *Petalumas*, found a lake, whose dimensions are about 200 varas long and 70 or 80 wide; the water thereof is fresh and among tules; this is only good for cattle to drink, but is not convenient, for they would easily be lost there, because it is an open space between the woods—and for this reason this lagoon does not offer any utility. We went on, and arriving at the point of the hills from where the plain is to be seen, we found among some trees other lime-stone, appearing to be of the same sort as found before. We descended to the plain, and presently came to the stream, which, by the Indians, and men of our company who had seen the same on several occasions, is considered as the most copious of all in this locality, and we found it to be without water and entirely dried up in coming on the plain; although at the foot of the hills, where it runs down, there was a little rill, but so small as to be altogether unpromising.

This is a very good locality; an immense plain, favored by timber and good soil, but the absence of water did imperiously forbid the inclination to found the Mission here, and we saw clearly that we could not select this place. As the night was coming on, we went between the hills in quest of some spring to water the horses, and also for the men to drink; but until we came to the spring of the rancharia of the *Petaluma* Indians,

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who at other times dwelt there, all was dry. We hastened then to arrive at the stream of the *Lema*, where we passed the night of the second day's journey. We arrived at that place about 8, P. M., and rested, intending to return the next day to Sonoma, two leagues distant from this locality, to find and determine upon a place where to plant the Holy Cross, the first cement of the Mission.

## NINTH DAY.

3d.—This day, at 6 A. M., we started "*recto-tramite*," for Sonoma, distant from Lema two leagues, and before night we arrived on its plain; we then directed ourselves towards some hills, which from the southerly winds, shelter the plain towards the point of the creek. We had been told that from said hills a rill of very clear water ran down towards the plain, and let out into the creek. A quarter of a league distant before we came to said rill, and on the plain, we discovered a small lagoon, covered with tules and full of fresh water, good to drink, yet with the defect of being muddy. This lagoon may be 50 varas square. Some 500 varas further, there is another pond of fresh water, good to drink. We noted all this, and traveled all along the hills and towards the creek, when we soon come to the spring we were told of; but, instead of descending the hills, it is at the foot that a very excellent spring of water runs, which, united by a little excavation, could hold 70 "plumas" of fresh water good for irrigating, washing, tanning, &c.; although not agreeable to the palate, from being lukewarm at all times. We asked of a Christian Indian from our Mission, (late of this same place,) if at sometimes it did not dry up, and he assured us that he never saw it dried up—and he ought to know it well, for his rancheria, when in the gentile state, was settled at the distance of 20 varas from this same source, and from this they always drank; and we, our-

selves, during the twenty-four hours we delayed at this small spot, did not use any other water to drink or cook with. We saw then that this water, with the assistance of the small *tular* and pond aforesaid, a quarter of a league distant, would render the place agreeable; moreover, in the rear, at the distance of about 500 varas, there is another source of permanent water, fresh, strong, and very clear. Finally, one fatigues himself with seeing springs and ponds, probably permanent ones, around the spot referred to.

This particularity, with that of having the barge anchored at only 500 varas distance, the view it represents, the timber at the most but two leagues and a-half off, and the road level—firewood at hand and in great abundance, the lime-stone at a short league, the means of raising cattle at *Petaluma*, of settling there a rancho, and serving as a point to tame the Gentiles of the North-west—the advantage of being able to raise sheep and cattle at *Napa*, with another small rancho, to soften the asperity of the Gentiles of the North-east—and all the other circumstances connected, made us agree, without dissension of opinions and resolutions, between myself, the undersigned Padre minister, Señor Don Francisco Castro, deputy of the province, (who accompanied us,) and the graduated 2d-Lieutenant Don José Sanchez, commanding the escort troops, to put the Mission in this locality. So we resolved, this very morning; and we went to a small stream on the plain, distant half a league, where our encampment was, to rest. It was then about 10 o'clock, A. M.

About three in the afternoon, we rose, and transported the whole camp to the spot agreed on for founding the Mission; and we went southward, following the range of hills which are in the rear of this locality, and terminate at the creek in that direction. This range of hills form a point towards San Rafael, whose top

will serve to make a look-out on, and from far off discover who by sea comes and goes; there also is an inlet, or place, proper for horses to graze, and some flats for the cultivation of Indian corn, water-melons, squashes, &c. With this, ended the afternoon, and as the night fell we retraced our steps to our resting place, with the intention of fixing the Holy Cross at this point, the next day.

## TENTH DAY.

4th.—This day was a festival with us. The men rose at 6, A. M. A field altar was erected, and the Holy Cross, provisionally made of redwood, seven varas long and three varas across, was blessed by the Padre minister—the locality was also blessed; and on this same spot, where formerly the gentiles had their rancheria, the Holy Cross was planted. At the moment of erecting this imago of the instrument of our redemption, the soldiers fired a volley; at the same time, the Padre minister, with the neophytes, singing the verses of the *Pangue lingua*, &c., and *Cruz fidelis*, in adoration of the Holy Cross. The imposing sacrifice of the Mass was then celebrated, in action of gratitude—to this, all the men of our company assisted; and it was 8 o'clock, when the ceremony terminated. It was then to all signified, that henceforth this locality should bear the name of *New San Francisco*.

We dined then, and at about 2, P. M., started on our return, and arrived at *Olompali*, distant from New San Francisco six long leagues, at 6, P. M. Here we rested and passed the night.

## ELEVENTH DAY.

5th.—We started from this place at 6 A. M. for San Rafael, where we arrived without accident, about half-past nine, the same morning. Here we stopped the whole day, waiting for our barge, which had left New San Francisco at the same time that we did, but owing to the north-west wind being contrary to her, she

anchored at Point San Pedro, three leagues distant to the east of San Rafael, and remained there until daybreak of the

## TWELFTH DAY.

6th.—About 5 A. M. our barge passed on her oars, before San Rafael, steering towards Point Tiboron, (one of those which wall in the waters of the port of San Francisco on the north,) while the undersigned Padre minister said low mass at San Rafael, at which all the companions of the expedition assisted: at the conclusion of the same we breakfasted, and started from San Rafael at half-past seven in the morning. At ten we arrived at said Point Tiboron, embarked at about half-past eleven, and as our embarkment did not take place at the very point, but at the inlet of the same, we went on, becalmed, on the oars, until we came out of the said inlet; then we had wind, shipped the oars, unfurled sails, and hauling close to the north-west wind, arrived at the beach of port San Francisco, and landed at 4 o'clock, P. M. We gave each other welcome, at the door of the house of the Commandante of the Presidio, and took leave, begging each other's prayers to the Eternal God, to give us fortitude to employ ourselves in His holy service. Amen.

*Mission of O. F. San Francisco,*  
(*Dolores*,) July 22, 1823.

Friar JOSE ALTIMIRA,  
Minister.

There is also an old story of the native Californians, that in an expedition made by the soldiers from Sonoma, about the time of Padre Quigns, (1829,) to the country north of Bolanos,—Bolinis or *Baulinos* Bay,—(probably this is named after Bolanos, the pilot of Viscain's expedition, which in 1602 examined the coasts herenaway,) and so on to Cape Mendocino; that somewhere between Tomales and the Cape, they fell in with a tribe of Indians, in which the women had as

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much to say, in general affairs, as the men, and often took command of expeditions. They were a fine made set of people, and were known among the Californians as "Los Amazonas." In some late newspaper of our State, we cannot say which, this story seems to be in some manner confirmed.

NOTE.—It seems, from a letter of Padre Altamira, that there was a large rancharia of Indians, called Carquines, or Kah-qui-nes; either at Martinez, or on the southern edge of the bay towards the San Joaquin—or on the north side opposite;—whence the present name of the Carquines Straits.

## THE DYING MAIDEN'S SONG.

BY G. T. SPROAT.

**I**N a hushed and twilight room,  
In a home beside the sea,  
A dying maiden sat and sang  
Her parting melody.

Rest for the weary, rest,  
In the land beyond the tomb;  
Where our wand'ring feet shall roam no  
And storm-sea never come. [more,

There shall be no more night,  
No burning, sultry heat;  
No roaring beast, no desert waste,  
No storms of snow and sleet,

A few more summer rains,  
A few more winter snows;  
A few more autumn storms and winds,  
And we go to our repose.

A few more parting prayers,  
And gushings of the heart;  
A few more looks into dying eyes,  
To see their light depart.

The song and the jest will sound,  
And the loud laugh echo wide;  
The children's voices ring at eve,  
In the chamber where we died.

Flowers will grow o'er the path,  
And birds will sing all day,  
On the hill-side, where our funeral train  
Went winding on its way.

And we shall rest forgot,  
And the stars will on us beam;  
And our children start to hear our names,  
Like some forgotten dream.

"Dust to its kindred dust;  
Soul to its place on high;"  
Ye who have lived the life of love,  
Why should ye fear to die?

## THE MINERSVILLE MYSTERY.

BY IDA LE CLERC.

[Concluded from page 66.]

## CHAPTER III.

**M**RS. Rine was embarrassed, and I, trying to relieve her, said, "Mrs. Farrago knows better than to believe such silly reports; so do not let them trouble you, Mrs. Rine!"

"I shall not notice them at all!" was the reply, with so much self-asserting dignity, that the good gossip for once was abashed, uncomfortable, and soon left us.

That all I saw and heard, excited my curiosity, you may well imagine; but I flatter myself that I had the grace to conceal it, and I endeavored to return to the same pleasant conversation which the coming of Mrs. Farrago had interrupted. But soon, seeing with what an effort Mrs. Rine sustained her part, I excused myself, and left her to the solitude that I was sure she so much needed.

That well-known and seemingly-omnipresent personage "They say," was not long in busying itself with the names of Mrs. Rine and Mrs. Asphodel. Minersville was all agog to solve the mystery of, to them, many mysterious trifles. "They say" said that, owing to some wonder-working power, Mrs. Rine had made a thrifty housekeeper and pleasant wife of the indolent, peevish Mrs. Asphodel. "They say" wondered why Mrs. Asphodel always seemed so embarrassed whenever Mrs. Rine appeared; why she

blushed and seemed to hesitate, when, with others, about to be seated at the table at the first social gathering graced by the presence of Mrs. Rine.

But though I know all this to be perfectly true, yet I was not so much surprised by it, as by the strange blending of graciousness and disdain, that characterized Mrs. Rine's manner towards Mrs. Asphodel. She evidently liked her, exerted herself to meet her as she did others; yet there was, withal, an involuntary, (and I judge to most, for it was not remarked,) an imperceptible haughtiness shadowed forth upon her bright, and truthful face. If I could have believed it possible that Mrs. Rine would not only countenance, but really have a strong liking for one who was criminal, I should have thought that Mrs. Asphodel was guilty of some crime; though I might believe that promises of a better life had obtained forbearance, I could not think Mrs. Rine likely to have an affection for such a one, especially when the person was not gifted with that subtle fascination which often attracts where reason repels.

#### CHAPTER IV.

Time passed. Mrs. Rine had prospered slowly, but Mrs. Asphodel had been unfortunate, and, but that his wife's improvement was a constant source of pleasure, he would have been utterly discouraged.

As yet, Minersville was no nearer the solution of their mystery than at first. The excitement had, in a measure, subsided, only to be revived with fourfold force.

"You must decide for us, Mrs. Le Clerc," said Mrs. Rine, as I went in, one morning, to see them. We were very dear friends now, Mrs. Rine and I, and they both confided in me as in a mother.

"Certainly; you know how I delight in nothing more than acting arbitrator,"

I laughingly replied, before I noticed the lady's tearful eyes and pale face.

"Mrs. Rine is sick, and is washing—says she must—I wanted to hire—"

"But who could you hire in this out of the way camp?" I interrupted.

"Why, I am sure, I could get Mrs. Asphodel," he answered, in spite of the imploring looks of his wife, and pure amazement keeping me silent while he continued. "Mr. Asphodel is not making anything; besides, he is far from being strong, while his wife is a hearty woman, and well able to work."

"You had better not go there, you would most likely meet with insult—not, I think, from Mr. Asphodel, but from his wife, who is foolishly fastidious, and will regard the proposal with horror; her withering reply will disturb even your gentlemanly assurance!"

"I think not," and a puzzling smile played over his handsome face.

As for me, I was lost in a maze of wonder, which, I doubt not, my countenance plainly revealed. There was silence for a moment, and then the gentleman took up his hat.

"Do not go yet, Mr. Rine. Mrs. Le Clerc was to decide our dispute, but cannot without knowing why I object to having Mrs. Asphodel troubled." Then addressing me, she continued: "I confide in you, my friend, because I am sure this secret will be as safe with you as with myself. Still, I must confess, that I never should have told even you, but that I hope you will be able to convince Mr. Rine that I am right; and that he is wrong thus to humiliate Mrs. Asphodel, who, it seems, has often declared that she could never demean herself, so as to associate with women who worked for wages. Maria Asphodel was my father's slave—my playmate while we were children, then my own maid when I was a young lady. Therefore you will not think it strange that we were very much attached to each

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other. I know a mistress never loved a servant more than I loved her; and I believe that her affection for me was as strong, and that nothing but her very proud spirit, which detested the name of slave, which rebelled against all control, made her consent to leave me, and go where her former position would not be suspected. My husband and I gave all our slaves their freedom, but for none did we so kindly care, as Maria and her brother. We accompanied them to Missouri, saw them comfortably established, and then returned to try and find some business that might restore our lost fortune. But we were not able to restore it—worse, we eventually lost nearly all in our unsuccessful attempts to better our condition. Finally we collected together what little remained, and started for California. What has happened, and how we have prospered here, you already know. Quite unexpectedly we have found Maria; her brother, she says, is dead, and she has married a worthy man, who loves her devotedly, and whom she loves with a selfish love, it is true, but I think she is improving. She is in constant terror, lest the truth of her past life should become known; and, therefore, has very foolishly tried to mislead others by appearing as a lady of leisure, and having a certain contempt for those who serve. Now I pity her, and would fain save her this mortification; would not you?"

I reflected a moment and then replied, "You need help, and your husband is willing and able to pay for Mrs. Asphodel's services. To Mr. Asphodel, any sum, honestly earned, will be welcome; besides, he will love his wife a thousand times more, if he thinks she is making a sacrifice of her prejudices in order to help him. Besides, it will be better for Mrs. Asphodel to appear more herself; and if she really loves you, it will be no great hardship to help you, and assign that love as a reason—a love formed in child-

hood, strengthened in later years, and now renewed after a long separation."

"Ain't it queer?" said Mrs. Farrago to me, a few days after this. "How odd that Mrs. Asphodel, who always held her head so high, should do Mrs. Rine's washing! But, dear me, she nearly got umbrageous when I spoke of it; was just as red as fire—said something about knowing each other in Missouri,—but, sakes alive, she acted mighty queer about Mrs. Rine, anyhow!" I did not reply, but carelessly changed the subject.

That was years ago. Minersville is among the camps that were, and its inhabitants scattered, yet to the last the mystery, to them, was never solved.

## ABOUT SINGING FISHES.

SIR J. Emerson Tennot, in his visit to Ceylon, thus describes the music that he heard from singing fishes at the bottom of a lake at that place. He says:

"They were said to be heard at night, and most distinctly when the moon was nearest full; and they were described as resembling the faint sweet notes of an Æolian harp. I sent for some of the fishermen, who said they were perfectly aware of the fact, and that their fathers had always known of the existence of musical sounds, heard, they said, at the place alluded to, but only in the dry season; and they cease when the lake is swollen by the freshet after the rain.

In the evening, when the moon had arisen, I took a boat and accompanied the fishermen to the spot. There was not a breath of wind, nor a ripple except that caused by the dip of the oars; and on coming to the point mentioned, I distinctly heard the sounds in question. They came from the water like the gentle thrill of a musical chord—of the faint vibrations of a wine-glass, when its rim is rubbed by a wet finger. It was not one sustained note, but a multitude of

sustained sounds; each clear and distinct in itself—the sweetest treble mingling with the sweetest bass.

On applying the ear to the woodwork of the boat, the vibration was greatly increased in volume by conduction. The sounds varied considerably at different points as we rowed across the lake, as if the number of fishes from which they proceeded was greatest in particular spots; and occasionally we rowed out of the hearing of them altogether, until, on returning to the original locality, the sounds were at once renewed."

A gentleman near Paraguay describes similar music as proceeding from some cat-fish which he had caught, and deposited in a bucket of water, in his cabin, over night. He says:—

"I had not yet fallen asleep, when the sweetest notes fell upon my ear, and getting up, what was my surprise to find my cat-fish discoursing sweet sounds to the sides of my bucket!

I examined them closely, and discovered that there was attached to each lower lip, an excrescence divided by soft, wiry fibres. By the pressure of the upper lip, thereon, and by the exhalation and discharge of breath, a vibration was created similar to that produced by the breath on the tongue of a jowsharp."

Mr. David A. Shaw, who has just returned from Nuuhiwa, one of the Marquesas Islands, has favored us with the following testimony:—

"During a residence of some months, among the wild and picturesque islands of the Marquesas Group, I made several excursions with the natives around the numerous bays and harbors of Nuuhiwa, for the purpose of fishing, gathering shells and curiosities, and collecting fruit and nuts. During one of these excursions, which was of many day's continuance, we had been out pulling around the lofty headlands and magnificent bluffs for some hours, when, on suddenly

rounding an abrupt point, a scene of terrific grandeur burst upon our view. A deep bay, extending into the land some two miles, with an entrance of about half a mile in width; and gradually widening until it terminated in a beautiful sandy beach of nearly a mile in length. The whole bay was entirely hemmed in by wild and precipitous crags and towering peaks and bluffs, some of them reaching a height of fifteen hundred feet, and in many places perpendicular, so that when close under them, it seemed as if the whole stupendous mass was toppling over and about to fall upon us, and I could not repress a shudder of alarm.

I had ventured close under one of these awful precipices, for the purpose of examining a glistening spot of considerable dimensions, on the rock close to the water's edge, and having accomplished my purpose, I was about to retire, when I heard a faint murmuring sound like the distant sighing of the wind through the strings of a harp, and exquisitely sweet. I checked the progress of the boat, and bent my ear attentively in the direction from whence it seemed to proceed, but owing to the swash of the water against the sides of the rock, the sound did not increase. Ever intent on novelty, I endeavored to ascertain whence this delicate music emanated, but for a time was unsuccessful. I had allowed the boat to float with the tide to the entrance of a small cove; and, was about to enter it, when I again heard the sound, but more distinctly. I cannot describe what I now heard; it was so deliciously entrancing that I sat as if spell-bound, drinking in the sweet sounds, until I was aroused by an exclamation of fear from the two natives who accompanied me; for they, seeing my pleasurable emotions, mistook them for fear, and becoming terror-stricken they uttered the noise which broke the spell; and, seizing the

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paddles, they began to propel the boat from the spot, but, being unwilling to let the matter rest here, I very peremptorily forbade them. A few minutes after, I chanced to lean over the side of the boat to lave my hand in the cool water, when I became utterly astounded to find that the music was much more distinct, directly around and under the boat.

This caused me to gaze into the water, and I began to conjure up many recollections of stories of mermaids and fairies, and an indefinable awe crept over me. Not feeling satisfied at this new discovery, I looked intently into the water, and could very plainly discern the bottom, which indeed appeared beautiful. It was dotted here and there with clusters of green sea-weed; at other places, with shells and coral of variegated hues, while at others, deep fissures in the rocks caused a very pleasing and attractive variation in its appearance. Over this sylvan spot myriads of the finny tribe, of all sizes, shapes, and colors, hovered in graceful motion, intermingling in perfect harmony. Meanwhile, the sounds continued; and, being altogether uncertain whether the music was produced by them, I threw over a line with a baited hook attached, in order to test the reality of my surmises, and watching to learn the result of my scheme. The sinker had scarcely reached the bottom, when I felt a gentle vibration through my thumb and fore-finger for a moment, but it almost immediately ceased; and, on looking down, I observed a great commotion among the fishes, which were darting to and fro with amazing rapidity, and the sound died away.

I visited the place several times afterwards, and on each occasion I heard the music and saw the fishes, and became firmly convinced from whence it emanated, by the unvaried result of my experiments. I had never heard more delightful music before, and I never expect

to again. Notwithstanding repeated and persevering efforts to capture one of the beautiful marine songsters for preservation, I was reluctantly obliged to desist from my attempts."

Similar music has been heard at the bay of West Pasougouh. The slaves in the neighbourhood are afraid to go out on the bay at night, for they think that the music proceeds from the wandering spirits of some Spaniards who were drowned in the bay, about one hundred years ago, whither they were driven by the Indians—men, women and children, and perished in the waters. One of them being asked by a recent traveler what he thought occasioned the music, replied:—

"Wall, I tinks it's dead folks come back agin; dat's wat I does. White people say it's dis ting, and dat ting, but it's noting, massa, but de ghosts ob people wat did'nt die nat'rally in dere beds, long time 'go—Injuns or Spaniards I believe dey was."

"But does the music frighton you?"

"Wall, it does. Somotimes when I'ae out on do bay in a skiff, and I hears it about, I always finds mysef in a puspuration, and de way I works mysef homo, is of de fassel kind. I declar, de way I'ae frightened somotimes, is so bad, I doesn't know mysef." S.

PROGRESS IN THE 19TH CENTURY.

BY JAMES ALLEN.

**N**EARLY sixty years of the present century have glided into the dead-and-gone Past, but they have left behind them more enduring mementoes, in the shape of scientific and mechanical achievements, than all of the two thousand years that preceded them. Since 1801 the world of mind has taken a forward leap, unprecedented in the annals of humanity.

Should the forty years, that intervene between the present and 1901, be as pro-

lific, in inventive brains and bold investigations of physical laws and elements, as the sixty that have passed, the 19th century will surmount the column of time like a Corinthian capital on a Tuscan shaft. In great political events, the future historian, who shall assign to his pen the task of recording the exploits of the Caucasian race, will find this century a prolific field; but to the contemplative philosopher, of fifty years hence, its intellectual march will appear with dazzling grandeur. Within the first twenty years of this same century, Napoleon Bonaparte rose to be a mighty emperor, and sunk to the tomb a poor captive.

But his life and his fate, startling as they were, have left no beneficent impress upon the world, comparable to that which Fulton gave it, when he launched his first steamboat. Napoleon conquered nations, and left the memorials of his triumphs stamped on the desolated hearts of widows and orphans; but Fulton conquered the currents of impetuous rivers, and the winds and tides of angry oceans, and erected the trophies of his genius in the marts of commerce, exalted far above their former state, and in subdued wildernesses, rescued to civilization and the arts of peace. No hero, of any race—no priest, of any religion—ever effected a more momentous revolution in the affairs of men, than did the almost forgotten Fulton, when he chained the Hercules of steam to the oar, and made him a navigator. And this he did in the first decade of the nineteenth century.

The printing press, which had toiled through three centuries, almost the same slow plodding machine it was when it came from the hands of its inventor, Gutenberg, became a marvel of celerity early in the century, and suddenly added twenty thousand gates to the temple of knowledge, where but one existed before.

What an upward stride of mechanical science it was, when the old Ramage

press of 1815, the ink beaten into the faces of the types by buckskin balls, and whereat the sweating pressman could not make more than one hundred and fifty impressions in an hour, all at once disappeared before the steam-impelled machines of Clymer and Iloe, which astonished the world with their hourly impressions of twenty and thirty thousand.—

The old-fashioned woolen-stuffed balls, with which the fathers of the typographic art, for more than three hundred weary years, had beaten a curious sort of devil's tattoo, were banished from the press-room by the inventor of the composition roller. A scientific mechanist saw the composition roller at work, and, forthwith, the idea of a *printing mill*—the power press—seized upon his faculty of constructiveness. Presto! Twenty thousand printed sheets were hurled upon the public where only a meager hundred had been softly dropped before—thousands and tens of thousands of readers began to read, where only fifties and hundreds had read before—paper mills burst into existence, as if by magic, to supply the novel and unwonted demand for their fragile fabrics—and education and knowledge were thrown at the feet of thousands and millions of children, who had else grown up in ignorance and its consequent vices. And for this great miracle of physical science, which annihilates time, while it diffuses mental and moral light in ceaseless radiations, the world is indebted to the 19th century.

Another and a less pretentious light-evolver is the friction match, invented in the third decade of this century, and at which some people, measuring their mood of approbation by its substantive diminutiveness, may laugh; but the people who toiled with the flint, steel, and tinder, and the other clumsy and uncertain igniferous appliances of forty years ago, would have hailed it as a boon from Heaven!

The railroad, that gave to man a means of locomotion, as swift as the eagle and as untiring as the wind, is another great child of the 19th century. What the steamboat and steamship of Fulton left uncompleted, the railroad has more than accomplished. Time was, when

"Lands intersected by a narrow feth  
Abhorred each other; mountains interposed  
Made enemies of nations—"

but the Railroad has burst through the boundarios of nations and the prejudices of communities, and brought hereditary foes into acquaintanceship and brotherhood. It cleared, at one leap, five centuries in the march of Caucasian progress.

Yet its triumphs are but of yesterday. Who shall record its future!

It is within the memory of a brief lifetime, when thousands and millions of civilized men and women, impressed by a false piety and false notions of Divine Benevolence, quailed beneath the clamors of the clouds, regarding them as the expressions of an offended God. The lightnings were the vengeful flashes of his eyes, and the reverberating thunders gave horrid voice to his maledictions. The electrical conducting rod, which the genius of Franklin had bequeathed to man, to save his habitation from the artillery of the skies, was looked upon as an impious instrument—a sacrilegious bantering of the Deity. In the fourth decade of this century, a worthy successor of Franklin harnessed these dreadful lightnings, and made them work at his pleasure, the thought-swift messengers of the galvanic wire. Of this grand triumph of the human intellect, over a once terrific element, it is needless to speak; its utility and its glory are the property of the American Republic and the nineteenth century.

Thousands of other trophies might be enumerated which mechanical science has achieved in this our century—the sewing machine, the steam-plough, the steam-wagon, the horse-power, the reapers and

mowers, and the hydraulic mining process, stand proudly eminent among peaceful arts, while the cannons and rifles of to-day infinitely transcend all the death-dealing engines of former wars; but a volume, not a brief essay, is needed to render even common justice to a subject at once so vast and so magnificent. If the Genius of Progress shall continue her march into the coming centuries with the same lightning-like strides that mark her course in the present, we, who are so proud of our day and generation, shall be eclipsed—lost in the glories of a future as much brighter than our epoch, as ours is brighter than that of the barbaric father of the Arabs.

THE AVALANCHE.

A TRUE INCIDENT OF THE GREAT ST. BERNARD.

BY UNCLE JOHN.

AMONG the Alps of Switzerland stands Mont Joux, which has two eminences—the Little and Great St Bernard. Near them lies a mountain pass to Italy, the highest and most dangerous in Europe. It is eight thousand feet above the level of the Mediterranean Sea.

On the top of each of these mountains are monasteries, built by St. Bernard, a Savoyard Archdeacon, for the accommodation of Pilgrims going to Rome. They are inhabited by monks; and it is here that those famous dogs may be found that you have often read about—and who has not heard of the dogs of St Bernard? They are very large, and of a tawny, lion-like color, and have a noble, kindly face, and an eye beaming with an expression almost human. They are trained by the monks to go and seek out travelers lost in the snow, and bring them in safety to the monastery. They generally carry a little bottle of wine, or cordial, attached by a collar to the neck, so that if the traveler is exhausted, and faint for want of

nourishment, he may partake of the cordial and have strength given him to follow the dogs to the monastery. If he is lying helpless in the snow, these noble animals will hasten and give the alarm, and return with aid, and help carry the poor wanderer to the shelter of the hospice.

Above the Great St. Bernard rise high or Alpine peaks, glittering with eternal ice and snow, and standing amid awful solitudes, where no other sound is heard save the fierce howling of wintry winds, and the thunder of the falling avalanche.

Just below the Great St. Bernard, on the way to beautiful Italy, stands the little village of St. Remy.

Forty years ago there stood a cottage just out of the village, in which lived Pierre Berthoud, the village baker, his wife Rosabell, their two children.

Of these, Florien was the eldest; he was seven years old, and his little sister, Lisette, was five. Dearly they loved their mountain home, and thought no country so grand or so lovely as that which lies among the mountains and valleys of Switzerland.

One bright afternoon, in the month of February, the baker had gone to the village to procure meal to furnish his bakery, and Rosabelle, his wife, was also in the village talking with her neighbours, and Florien and his sister were left alone in the cottage. The children were standing at the window of the cottage, when suddenly a sound like that of distant thunder was heard; it came nearer, the ground trembled beneath their feet, and then the sky grew suddenly dark as if it had been night.

"The avalanche!" shrieked Lisette, "brother, the avalanche!" and in an instant a great crash was heard all above and around them, as if a mountain had fallen, and they were shrouded in thick darkness.

Florien sprang for the door, and tried to open it, while Lisette shrieked aloud, "Florien! where are you? Oh! do not leave me, Florien!"

"Here I am, Lisette. The avalanche has fallen above us, but it has not crushed the house, (for it was built of stone and very strong) but the darkness is dreadful! Come and take hold of my hand, Lisette."

Lisette came and took hold of her brother's hand, and they two groped their way to the door, but they could not open it, —the great mass of snow lay so heavily against it.

"Oh! what shall we do?" cried Lisette, "we are away down under the snow, and father cannot reach us, and it will be many, many long days before the snow melts away, and we can get out! Oh, what shall we do, Florien?"

"We will stay where we are, said Florien. We shall not starve, or freeze, Lisette. There is bread in the bakery, and we will dig to it, and the goats are in the shed, and we can drink their milk and if we sleep near them they will keep us warm."

"So they will, said Lisette. "Let us get the door open, Florien, and dig to the bakery, and the shed where the goats are, and then wait till the summer shall come, or our parents shall dig through the snow and come and find us."

And so the children went to work very bravely, and soon they had got the door open and commenced digging a passage to the bakery.

They dug rather slowly at first, for it was very dark, and they could not see where to work, and the snow that they took away they had to pack at the end of the cottage.

So they worked many hours before they reached the bakery. At last Florien struck against something hard, with his shovel, which proved to be the bakery



door. They opened it, and were glad to find that only part of the roof was broken in by the weight of the snow, for it as well as the cottage, had been built of stone with great timbers running across for a roof. There was a large oven full of loaves, for their father had, that morning, been baking, and the loaves were not yet cold.

From the bakery they dug a passage to the goat shed, which was only a short distance from it. That too had been saved, on account of the large quantity of hay which had been stowed away into its loft and rested below on the ground.

The children were glad to find the goats safe, and they sat down by them, and milked from their udders into their mouths, and made a supper with the milk, and with some bread from the bakery. Then they laid themselves down on the hay near the goats, and were soon fast asleep.

A long time they lived in this dismal, strange way. They did not know how long; for they could not tell when it was day or night, down under the deep snows, and they could not see the goats, or each other's faces,

"Florien," asked Lisette, "don't you think that the spring is almost come, and will they not dig for us then, and come to us before it is summer, and the snows are gone?"

"Perhaps they will," said Florien, "but the snow must be very deep over our heads—perhaps a whole mountain of snow. You know how dreadful the avalanche sounded!—it was as if the great St. Bernard itself had been tumbled down upon us."

"Oh, yes; I remember," said Lisette; "with what a fearful crash it came and how the ground shook, and then how quick it was all dark! But that seems many, many long days ago."

"It does," replied Florien. "Oh! shall

we ever see the light again, or the faces of our dear father and mother? Perhaps they are dead, Lisette. Perhaps they thought we were killed by the falling of the avalanche and they died with grief at the thought. Oh! Lisette! shall we ever see them again?"

"I hope we shall," said Lisette. "All the time, I pray that we may see our dear father and mother once more."

And so those children tried to cheer and comfort each other away down under that avalanche of snow.

But the worst was still to come. The goats' milk failed, for they had no water to give them, and they had nothing else to drink, and they began to grow very weak, and their lips were parched with thirst. They sucked a little moisture from the snow that was melting nearest them, but it made them sick and full of pain, so that it was worse than the thirst; and their bread too grew very dry and hard, so that they could scarcely chew it.

At last Lisette grew very sick and weak; she could hardly stand; she lay all the time on the hay near where the goats were feeding, and her voice was quite low, like a whisper, so that Florien could scarcely hear her when she spoke. He could not see her face, to know how pale it was, but he knew, by the feeling of her hand that it must be very thin and white, for it was so cold that it made him shudder to touch it.

So, after a long time, Lisette called him to come and sit very near her in the darkness, and said, Florien, I am going to leave you! I am very sick and weak, and know that I must soon go home to our Father in heaven. Do not weep, Florien. *Father is coming.* He and the villagers are now at work digging to us through the snow. An angel whispered it to me a few moments ago. Yes, father is coming, and mother with him, and they will find you here alive, Florien,—but, Lisette will then be gone! I shall

go to that God who lives in heaven far above the Great St Bernard—the God that father and mother have taught us to love and worship.”

“Tell mother all about me, Florian. Tell her that I held out as long as I could—hoping to see her—but now it is too late! Kiss me, Florian!”—and Florian stooped down to kiss Lisette; but her lips were cold and still, and then he knew that she was dead. *Dead!* and he was left alone in that dreadful darkness, with his dead sister by his side!

He did not dare to move—scarcely to breathe—so awful it seemed. He sat there—he did not know how long—it seemed so like a dream!

Then he heard distant, murmuring voices, and light—the first that he had seen for many weeks—came gleaming into the goat-shed, on him, and on his dead sister's face.

There she lay—looking so pale and quietly, with her eyes open, and turned up towards heaven!

Florien sat gazing upon her; he did not see the man who approached him through the opening that they had made in the snow, and scarcely did he hear his mother's voice, calling through the deserted home, “Florien! Lisette! Speak to me! Where are you, my children?”

He arose and went to the door of the goat-shed.—“Here I am, mother,” he said, “but Lisette—Look, mother! There lies our little darling Lisette!”

His mother came hurriedly in; she stooped down, and kissed little Lisette's cheeks, and lips, and forehead, with a thousand soft, burning kisses, and then, clasping Florian in her arms, she said, “She is gone. The good angels have taken Lisette. But you—Oh you are spared to me still, my son!”

“Yes, mother; and Lisette told me that you were coming. The angels whispered it to her just before she went. She said that she was going home to the great

God who lives in heaven, far above the Great St Bernard. She told me not to weep; for that you and father were coming to us, through the snow.”

And so they took little Lisette up and buried her in the shadow of the Great St Bernard, and on her tombstone were written these words;—

“LISETTE—who amid the darkness of the avalanche, talked with angels, and went home to heaven.”

#### SKETCHES OF LIFE AMONG THE CANNIBALS.

BY DAVID A. SHAW.

No. 1.

SOME eighteen months since, it was my lot to be cast upon one of the Marquesas Islands, named Nuuhiwa. The circumstances attending this occurrence may here be briefly stated.—Being in ill health at home, I resolved to try the benefits of a sea-voyage; and accordingly, I provided myself with a berth on board a whaler; this being to my notion, an active and unmonotonous life, full of incident and adventure. After cruising about on different whaling-grounds for some months with but indifferent success, we made for the Marquesas Islands, intending there to recruit ship, with hogs, potatoes and fruit, if they could be procured there. Soon after our arrival in Nuuhiwa Bay, I was taken seriously sick; and the Captain, after a consultation with his officers, concluded to put me on shore, saying, that “he could not have sick men on board his ship; they were of too much trouble,” and, notwithstanding all my expostulations, I was bundled ashore, bag and baggage. Here was a position to be in! Sick, and amongst strangers, and those strangers natives, hideous, uncouth looking beings, and but few of whom could speak English, and as

I afterwards had fearful evidence, were cannibals, I felt indeed disheartened; yet the rude but apparently kind attentions of the chief who took me in charge, made me in some degree contented. Under the influence of the balmy and delightful climate, my health and spirits soon recovered their usual tone, and I began to look around me for diversion.

To attempt a description of this garden of luxury and beauty, would, for my feeble pen, be impossible. Groves of trees—the lofty cocconut, the waving banana, the majestic bread-fruit, the delicate orange and lime, with their bright green foliage, and the immense Mëo with its wide-spreading branches, which studded the entire valley—formed a surpassingly lovely picture. The Mëo tree is fresh and flourishing all the year round; and is constantly covered with buds and blossoms of a delicate pink and white color, which shed a delicious fragrance around. The wood resembles mahogany, and is used by the natives in building their huts and canoes; for, it is considered indestructible by them.

The bay is some two miles wide, and about a mile long, terminating in a fine sand beach, along which are built the huts of the natives. The gently undulating hills extending far into the valley in gradual slopes, and covered with forests of Doáva, a tree bearing a healthful fruit; and occasionally, a patch of green and luxuriant grass; the stupendous rocky eminences and precipices by which the valley and bay is surrounded; the lofty ranges of mountains in the back-ground; and the gentle babbling of the ever running streams which pour down from the mountains, watering the rich soil of the valley, all induced a feeling of awe and wonder at the magnificent works of the Creator. For a more definite and clear description, I would refer the reader to Herman Melville's "Typee."

The native men are tall, muscular, and

well-built, while the women,—oh! ye powers!—are the most beautiful and fascinating creatures in existence, far excelling in my humble estimation most of our own *civilized* women! They are not very tall; with olive complexions, much lighter than the men; small eyes flashing with brilliancy; smooth round faces; small and delicate feet and hands; while their wrists, lips, hands, feet, and ankles are tattooed with fanciful and fantastic figures of wreaths, flowers, and leaves. Their fingers and toes are also tattooed with figures of fish and animals. Their dress consists of a loose flowing gown, fastened with a girdle of native cloth around the waist; while their long jet black hair is left hanging gracefully over their shoulders. Wreaths of flowers encircle the head, strings of either beads, porpoise or shark's teeth adorn the neck, and bracelets of bright red berries or yellow nuts their wrists; and around their ankles is clasped anklets of feathers of various colors. They always carry a fan in their hand, this being considered a badge of honor by nearly all the different tribes.

The women do nearly all the work around the house and plantation; while the men lounge about idly, occasionally only, going out on fishing excursions; for, they are a very lazy, inactive race. The young men and maidens do all the shore fishing on the beach, in the coves, and along the many streams which come down from the mountains. Their modes of fishing are novel and will be more fully described hereafter. The huts, which are generally large and commodious, are built upon a "pii-pii," a rude elevation of large stones, sometimes fifteen feet high. No beds, tables, or chairs are used, for, when eating, they squat on their knees and haunches around a large wooden dish, each one in turn dipping the two fore-fingers into the "poi," and by twirling them around, secure a suffi-

cient quantity, then pass them into the mouth, and again into the dish; and, when they lie down to rest, they spread a coarse mat on the stones between two huge cocoanut logs, and covering themselves with a piece of native "kapa," they lay their heads on one log and their feet upon the other, and sleep as soundly as I would upon a feather bed.

Their food consists chiefly of raw fish and "poi;" and I rarely saw a fire built for purposes of cooking, except on the occasion of a great feast, fire being "tabu" to everybody but the priest for cooking. The men are tattooed all over the body, and never wear anything but the "malo," a strip of native cloth around their loins. They adorn their necks with strings of nuts, and in their ears large cork-like shaped pieces of bone or ivory; while, in most cases, their heads are half shaved, some with only a tuft on the crown, and others with a lock on either or both sides. Children have their heads shaved in this way until fourteen years of age, when they let their hair grow as they like.

Gratitude, and affection appear to be no part of their creed. The aged and infirm are placed on a rude platform of bamboo, under a shed with open sides; here they remain, receiving a daily allowance of "poi" every morning, never receiving further notice until relieved by death from their sufferings, unless, as is sometimes the case, they become too great a burden, when they are quietly put out of the way, in some instances, being literally buried alive. War and bloodshed, drunkenness and debauchery, they delight in, and, though sometimes visited by whale ships, yet they seem to be as uncivilized as ever.

The French, who retained the island, and who once occupied this bay, but who lately sailed for New Caledonia, left behind them the marks of their corrupt and vicious example. There are no whites on the island; and, the religious views

and ceremonies are left entirely to the management of two native Catholic priests, from whom emanates the pernicious system of "tabu," which they tyrannically enforce; the poor ignorant savages fearing much more than respecting them. What a field for enterprising and energetic missionaries this is? And, it is a remarkable and lamentable fact, that this is almost the only island in the group, where there are no Protestant missionaries. They are susceptible of great improvement, and most of them desirous of a better state of things.

It was not until I had been there over three months, that I learned the horrible fact that they were cannibals. One of their inhuman feasts, of which I unwittingly partook, with the infernal orgies attending it, shall be particularized in a future article. It was the occasion of my leaving them, although my escape was attended with difficulty and danger. For the present, I take my leave, hoping that this brief sketch may, in a measure, prepare the way for "The White Cannibal," a series of papers now in course of preparation.

#### HANNAH LAWRENCE.

A COUNTRY STORY:

BY ELIZABETH YOUATT.

AND now, gentle reader, we will tell you a country story;—one that actually took place far away, among green fields, and quiet woodlands, where it is related by the aged to this day, with a simple and solemn truthfulness at which you cannot choose but weep, although you will presently smile, and bless God, as they never fail to do when they tell it.

Once upon a time, (we love to commence thus, in memory of our happy childhood, whose pleasantest tales always began after this fashion)—Once upon a time there lived a young girl named Hannah Lawrence. She was an only child, and as good and sweet tempered as she was pretty. A little wilful to be sure,—it is

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said, most women are; but then, as her old father used to observe, she had such a winning way with her, that one could not help loving her, do what she would. There was another beside Mr. Lawrence, who was much of the same opinion; and Hannah felt it, and was happier than she cared to let the world know of; while the knowledge, so far from tempting her to exercise the power she was conscious of possessing, made her humble, and meek-spirited. To be sure, she did contrive in general to get her own way, but it was so quietly that her lover yielded almost imperceptibly to her gentle guidance. The woman who loves, and is beloved, should feel her own responsibility, and be careful to blend the wisdom of the serpent with the harmlessness of the dove.

When Robert Conway told his mother that he believed smoking did not agree with him, and that he should give it up,—that he was weary of the debating club, which only led to drinking and quarrelling, and thought his evenings would be much better spent at home,—she agreed, with a quiet smile, and blessed Hannah Lawrence in her heart. The aged woman was fondly attached to her intended daughter-in-law, and had sufficient good sense to be pleased rather than jealous of the influence which she possessed over Robert.

"So you do not like smoking?" said Mrs. Conway; casting at the same time a mischievous glance towards Hannah, who at that moment entered. "Do you hear that, Hannah?"

"Yes, mother," replied she very demurely, "and I cannot say that I am altogether sorry, for it certainly does make the breath smell very unpleasantly sometimes."

"But my breath does not smell now, Hannah, dear!" said Robert, kissing her. And, as the girl looked up into his frank open countenance, she longed to whisper—that smoke, or do what he would, she did not believe there was his equal in the whole world. It was as well, perhaps, that she did not: it will not do to humour one's lover too much. It is different with a husband.

Hannah sat between them, with a hand in each; she was very happy.

"Why should it not be always thus?" whispered Robert Conway. The girl looked timidly at his mother.

"Answer him, Hannah," said she. "I also am impatient to have two chil-

den instead of one." But still she never spoke a word.

Mrs. Conway had been young herself, and she rose up to leave them together; but Hannah would not suffer her.

"Do not go, mother," said she, timidly.

"What is it you fear?" asked her lover, drawing her gently towards him.

"Only—only that this should be all a dream!" And she rested her head upon his bosom, and wept.

Robert Conway smiled as he soothed and kissed away her tears. As Hannah said even then, it was too great happiness to last.

That night she told her father and mother everything, with many blushes and a few tears, for she felt home-sick at the thought of leaving it forever, although it was to live close by; however, the day was at length fixed for her marriage. And the old people blessed her again with joyful hearts, together with the lover of her youthful choice.

"Yes, he is worthy even of our Hannah!" said Mrs. Lawrence.

"Worthy! O, mother, he is too good for me!"

"Impossible" replied the old man, "even if he were the king himself."

"Robert will not spoil me as you do," said the girl, stroking down the father's long white hair with playful fondness.

"I am not so sure of that, or how he will be able to help it."

Hannah laughed, but there were tears in her eyes as she bent down to kiss his withered brow. The conversation now turned upon the many things that were to be done and arranged before the wedding could take place. Hannah wished to have her young cousin Maude Hetherington sent for, who, with her ready invention, and nimble fingers, proved a great acquisition on the occasion. Besides which it was very pleasant for the girls to talk together in their leisure moments, or when they went to bed at night; and often until morning dawned; for Maude likewise expected to be married before another twelvemonth, and they had a thousand things to say to one another. Maude was older than her cousin, and sometimes took upon herself to play the mistress.

"Do you not humour Robert Conway almost too much?" said she one day.

"Oh! not half enough! If you did but know how kind and thoughtful he is!"

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"Yes, just now; but take care, or bye-and-bye he will be playing the husband and the tyrant."

"Are all husbands tyrants?" asked Hannah, archly.

"Well, I do not know about that; but it will not do to let them have their own way too much beforehand."

"But I cannot help letting Robert have his own way, because, somehow, his way is always mine. We certainly do think strangely alike about everything."

"Not strangely," said Maude, with a smile. "And so you have really consented to old Mrs. Conway's living in the same house?"

"It was my own suggestion. Robert is greatly attached to his mother; and so am I, too, for the matter of that. The dear old lady seemed quite beside herself with joy when she heard that she was not to quit the home of her childhood, where she had seen so many pleasant days, and will again, please God; and blessed and thanked me, with the tears in her eyes, while Robert stood by, looking as happy as a prince. Dear Robert! he is so easily pleased, so easily made happy!"

"Well, I only hope you may never have cause to be sorry for what you have done. For my own part, I would not live with a mother-in-law for all the world!"

"But mothers-in-law are not always alike, Maude, dear!"

"True; and to be sure Mrs. Conway is very kind and good-natured; only a little too grave to be a fit companion for a young girl like you."

"But I mean to become grave, too, when I am married," answered Hannah, with a smile.

About a week before the period fixed on for the wedding to take place, Hannah complained of a sudden faintness, and looked so pale, that her mother and cousin were quite frightened.

"Nay, it is nothing," said she; "but do not tell Robert, lest he should be uneasy about me."

Maude supported her to her chamber, and persuaded her to lie down on the bed for a few hours, after which she got better again; so that, by the time her lover came in the evening, all traces of her recent indisposition had entirely vanished. But she grew sad after he was gone, and observed to her cousin that she feared she had not deserved such happiness.

"I thought so this morning," said Hannah, "when I was taken ill. Oh! Maude, if I were to die, what would become of Robert? We love one another so much!"

"Hush!" replied Maude, "I will not have you talk thus. God grant that there may be many years of happiness in store for my dearest cousin!"

"Forgive me," whispered Hannah, "I am very silly."

"To be sure you are," said Maude, kissing her affectionately.

Every stitch in Hannah's simple wardrobe, even to her pretty white bridal dress, was of her own setting. Many said what an industrious little wife she would make; and there were not a few who envied Robert his good fortune, and could have wished themselves exactly in his place—although the girl herself would not have changed to have been made a queen. All the cakes, too, were of her making, assisted by Maude, and her old mother, who could not, however, do very much; and it was cheerful enough to hear them talking and singing over their pleasant tasks. As Maude said, "What was the use of being dull! for her part she could never see anything in a wedding to make one weep, unless, indeed, the bridegroom should be old or disagreeable, or going to take her away from all her kindred and friends; and even then she would not marry, unless she could love him well enough to go cheerfully."

"As for you, my dear cousin," added she, "about to be united to such a man as Robert Conway; with a sweet little cottage close by, so that you may see your father and mother every day if you like—why, I could almost envy you, if it were not for certain anticipations of a similar happiness in store for myself. Ah! you shall come to my wedding bye-and-bye, and see how merry we will be!"

"And help to make these nice cakes, oh, Maude?" said Mrs. Lawrence, laughingly. "But you are looking pale, my child," added she, turning to her daughter, "and we must not have you tire yourself. There is another whole day yet."

Hannah smiled, or rather tried to smile, and, tottering as she walked, went and sat down by the door as though she felt faint.

"Are you not well, cousin?" asked Maude. The girl's lips moved fast, as they grew every moment more white and colorless, but no sound came.

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"It is only a fainting fit," said Maude, endeavoring to appear calm. "You had better bathe her temples with a little cold water, while I run for Mrs. Conway. I will not be gone a moment, and she may advise us what to do."

She soon returned, followed at a distance by the feebler steps of her aged companion. Rendered utterly helpless by grief and terror, Mrs. Lawrence could only wail and wring her hands like a distracted thing, calling in passionate accents upon the name of her child; while Mrs. Conway, whose presence of mind never forsook her, directed Maude to send immediately for the doctor, applying in the mean time all the restoratives usual on such occasions; but her care was vain. Between them those aged women bore the stricken girl in their arms, and laid her on the bed, where she remained white and motionless, as though carved out of stone. Seeing that there was no more to be done, Mrs. Conway knelt down and prayed as we only pray at such times as these.

Maude returned with the doctor, and he tried to bleed Hannah, without success. All their attempts to restore animation were in vain; the girl never spoke again, but died towards morning, peacefully, and without a struggle. Once only she opened her eyes, and looked around her with a wild, agonizing glance that was never forgotten by those who witnessed it. Mrs. Conway closed them softly and shudderingly with her hand, and she never moved after that.

Pale and horror-stricken, Robert made one of the little group who stood weeping in their vain grief around the bed of death. And, when his mother rose at length from her knees, and laying her hand upon his shoulder, said in a solemn voice, half choked by tears—"The Lord has given, and the Lord has taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord!" his heart refused to utter, Amen!

Maude's grief was deep and passionate, but nothing in comparison to the wild lamentations of the bereaved parents: until at length, completely worn out, they both fell asleep by the bedside of their dead child, and dreamed that the wedding day was come. Mrs. Conway had taken her son home, thinking he would be more likely to recover his composure away from that terrible scene, and poor Maude crept about the house, putting out of sight all the simple bridal

finery, over which they had taken so much pains only the day before. "As for the cakes," thought she, "they must do for the funeral." And she began to weep afresh, as she recalled to mind all the pleasant words and merry jests that had been uttered over them; almost the last words that Hannah was ever heard to speak being in playful anticipation of an event that was not to be. Of a truth it was very terrible! No wonder that poor Maude felt heart-stricken, and like one in a frightful dream. No wonder that she sobbed and cried, when even a strong man like Robert Conway wept. Every moment that Mrs. Conway could spare from the side of her half-distracted son was spent at the cottage, where she assisted Maude in performing those sad but necessary offices, of which the poor old mother, in her deep affliction, seemed utterly incapable;—speaking words of comfort and consolation, and endeavoring to improve this melancholy event to the heart of her young companion, by teaching her the frailness of all earthly hopes.

Two days and nights had elapsed since the spirit of the young and beautiful betrothed had passed away without a word or a prayer; and the two sorrowful mothers sat together in the dim twilight, exchanging now and then a few kind words, but more frequently remaining silent for long intervals, during which memory was no doubt busy enough. Maude was a little apart by the half-open casement, working on a black gown for Mrs. Lawrence to wear at her child's funeral, and pausing every now and then to wipe away the blinding tears that hindered her from seeing what she was about; and thinking the while, perhaps, of a certain dress, over which she had taken so much pains for a far different occasion.

"It is too dark, I am sure, for you to see to work, Maude," said Mrs. Conway, at length, and her voice sounded strangely loud in that silent room. "Go into the field, dear child, and look for your uncle; it is late for him to be out alone."

The girl did as she was desired, and found him kneeling amid the long grass, with his white hairs uncovered, and the tears streaming down his withered cheeks. Not liking to intrude upon his grief, she stepped behind a large tree and waited, hoping that he would presently rise up of his own accord, and return home.

Meanwhile it grew quite dark, and so still that the inmates of that desolate

cottage could almost hear the beating of their own hearts. Mrs. Conway arose at length to procure a light, and just at that moment a faint, moaning sound was heard, proceeding, as it seemed, from the bed where the corpse lay. Mrs. Lawrence clung fearfully to the side of her companion.

"Did you not hear something groaning?" whispered she.

"Yes, I thought so; but it might have been only the wind."

"Hush! There it is again!"

"Let me go!" exclaimed Mrs. Conway, hastily disengaging herself from the terrified grasp of her companion. "It is Hannah's voice!" And tearing aside the curtain from the foot of the bed, there was Hannah, sure enough, sitting upright in the dim moonlight, and looking wildly around her, like one awakened from a heavy sleep.

With ready presence of mind, Mrs. Conway threw a large shawl over the dead-clothes in which she had been wrapped, and spoke to her calmly and soothingly, motioning to the mother, at the same time, to go out quietly and call for assistance; but Mrs. Lawrence stood still and motionless, as though her feet were glued to the floor.

"How cold it is!" murmured Hannah, shuddering as she spoke. "But what is the matter? Have I been very ill, mother?"

"Yes, yes; but keep quiet, dear child, you will be better soon!" And freeing her face, she laid her head gently back on the pillow, and went as fast as her tottering steps would carry her to summon medical assistance, and prepare Maude and Mr. Conway for what had happened, leaving the mother, still motionless and terror-stricken, in the darkness.

By the aid of heat, and restoratives constantly applied, Hannah soon began to rally, and by the morning was almost well, but for the weakness and exhaustion, and a strange feeling of weariness, beneath the influence of which she at length fell into a gentle slumber. How anxiously did they all listen to her calm regular breathing, and gaze upon that sweet face, once more colored with the warm hue of life. How they longed to be able to get off the grave-clothes without her knowing it, fearing that the shock would be too great, but could not without disturbing her, which the doctor had for-

bidden strictly. How they wept, and blessed God!

Presently Hannah opened her eyes, and fixing them upon the anxious faces that were watching over her, inquired of her mother if she had been long ill.

"No, my child, not very."

"Ah! I remember now—I was taken ill while we were making the cakes; but it is only a fainting fit. By the bye, Maude," added she, as the girl came forward, and bent down to kiss her, "I hope you looked after them, for the dough was just rising, and they promised to be excellent."

Her cousin tried in vain to keep down her struggling sobs, and answer calmly, while Hannah, mistaking the cause of her emotion, added kindly,

"Well, never mind, dearest! We can easily make more; it was my fault for frightening you. . . . And, mother, do not say a word to Robert, please, about my being ill: it is past now."

"You must not get up, Hannah; indeed you are not strong enough!" exclaimed Mrs. Conway, trembling lest she should discover all.

"Oh, yes, I am so much better; and Maude and I have a thousand things to do. It was only the heat made me feel faint. But how came I by this shawl?"

asked Hannah, as she endeavored to unfasten it from about her shoulders. "It is Mrs. Conway's! Has she been here?"

"She is here now," replied the kind voice of her old friend, while a tear fell upon her uplifted brow; "but you must lie still, my child, and listen to what I am going to tell you."

"Please don't let it be a very long story, mother dear," said Hannah, as she flung her arms around her, and laid her head upon her bosom, like a playful and wreny child.

Who shall attempt to describe her feelings when she heard all? feelings expressed rather by tears than words. Mrs. Conway understood them best, when she motioned to the rest that they should kneel down and pray for her, that she might never forget that solemn hour in which God had restored her to them, as it were from the dead.

Robert Conway was half beside himself when he heard the joyful news; and could not rest until he had gone in softly and kissed her hand, as she lay pale and tranquil upon the bed; for, somehow, he dared not touch her lips, although she

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was his own betrothed bride. After that many of the neighbors came just to look upon her, and congratulate the old people on the restoration of their child. But none spoke above their breath, for fear of disturbing her.

In a few days, Hannah rose up, and went about among them all just as usual, only that she was paler and graver; but no one wondered at that. The wedding did not take place until some time afterwards; when Robert received his young bride as the gift of God; and truly she brought a blessing with her. Hannah lived many years, and was a happy wife and mother, and what is better still, a happy Christian; meekly trusting in the merits of her Redeemer, and ready whenever it shall please God to call her to Himself.

There are many instances on record, similar to the above; but not ending so happily. It was only a few days since we heard of a poor woman, living in an obscure country place, who suddenly became insensible, and was supposed dead. On the night previous to the interment, her sister, who occupied the next chamber, was disturbed by a slight noise, and looking in, saw the corpse sitting erect, and attempting, as it seemed, to remove the grave clothes from about its face. The terrified woman caught up her sleeping child from its cradle, and fled away, half naked as she was, to the house of a neighbor, nearly a mile off; where she remained all night, although they only laughed at her, and fancied she must have been dreaming. The following morning, however, the appearance of the corpse fully corroborated her statement; giving fearful evidence of the struggle that had been going on between life and death. The poor woman might have been alive to this very day, had her sister only possessed presence of mind enough to assist instead of deserting her in that dark hour of untold agony. And yet we are ready to make every allowance in a case where none of us can be quite certain that we should have had courage to act differently.

The story of the sexton and the ring must be familiar to many of our readers; and we could tell them many others, equally wild and wonderful—melancholy histories, for the most part, but not without their warning lesson both to the aged and the young.

## SENTIMENTS FROM FESTUS.

A LOVER of the above singular work having finished reading it, has sent us the following selections, with the remark that its beauties are not sufficiently known, or the book would be more generally read:—

Friendship hath passed me, like a ship at sea.

No more shall beauty star the air I live in.  
Some souls lose all things, but the love of beauty;

And by that love, they are redeemable.  
I know not joy or sorrow, but a changeless tone

Of sadness like the nightwinds is the strain  
Of what I have of feeling.

The beautiful are never desolate—  
But some one always loves them; God or man.

The sweetest joy—the wildest woe is love;  
The taint of earth, the odor of the skies,  
Is in it.

Life may be all suffering—and decease  
A flower-like sleep.

It is men who are deceivers, not the Devil;  
The first and worst of frauds is to cheat  
One's self—all sin is easy after that.

The bells of Time are ringing changes fast.  
Mammon sits before a million hearths  
Where God is bolted out from every house.

I never could destroy a flower.  
Every man is the first man—to himself,  
And Eves are just as plentiful as apples.

Men look on death as lightning—always  
Off, or, in Heaven. [far

Whoever paused on Passion's fiery wheel?  
Who knows one woman well  
By heart—knows all.

Man is a military animal—  
Glorious in gunpowder, and loves parade;  
Prefers them to all things.

There was no discord—it was music ceased.  
The worst way to improve the world is to  
denounce it.

It is the intensest vanity alone  
Which makes us bear with life.

I cannot live, unless I love, and am loved.  
A thousand deathless miracles of beauty.

If life be a burden I will join  
To make it but the burden of a song.  
Time laughs at love.

In the divine insanity of dreams.  
Man's heart hath not half uttered itself yet.

## CALIFORNIA MASTWORTS.

BY A. KELLOGG, M. D.

**A**MONG Mastworts, none are more useful to mankind than oaks. They have been celebrated from the earliest times for the strength of their timber, and its value as fuel. The bark is useful for dyeing, and making ink; it also arrests decay, and wonderfully preserves

animal substances; an old stinking hide of a horse or other animal, is soon tanned into leather. A strong tea cures chafed and sore feet from walking; cleanses and heals sores, stops mortification, cures people of fits, and a thousand and one other useful things.

The acorns make a "King-Cure-All" coffee, highly prized by our German people; especially in scrofula of the very weak and delicate.

Here is a newly discovered species, recently found in California. A pretty little tree, with a broadly-spreading top, and very thickly set with leaves, which vary much in form and size.

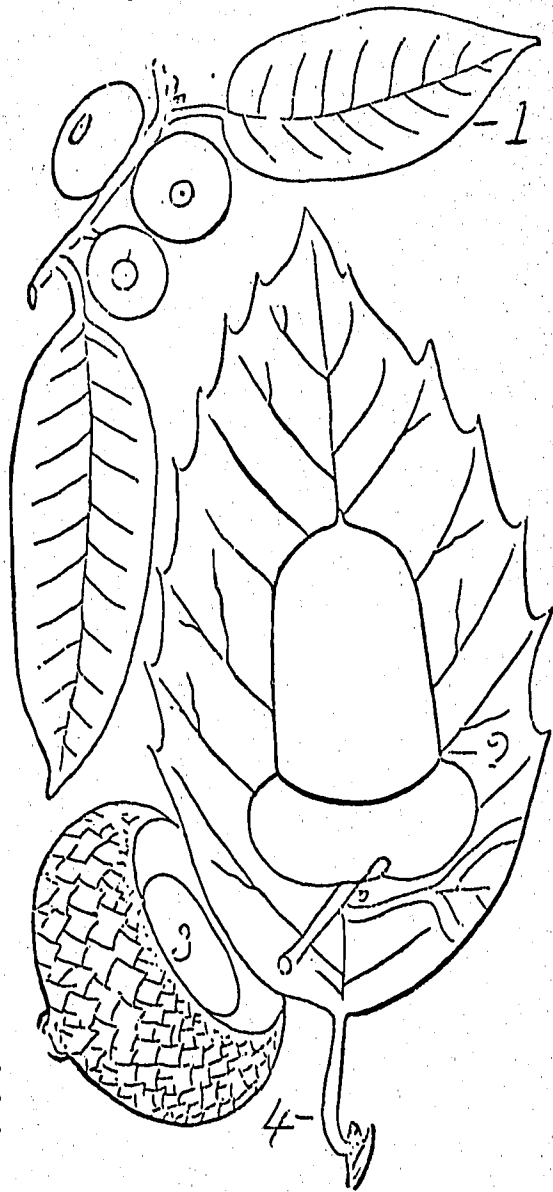
No. 1, at the top of our figure in the margin, shows the smaller sample of leaves, when old and where it only grows to the size of a large shrub. The cups, or acorns, at first look like little wheels, but finally the fruit becomes quite long and large.

No. 3, you will see is a pretty large acorn-cup.

No. 2 in front of the main large leaf, represents the usual size; in this you see no scales to the cup, because they they are covered up with a yellow fur.

No. 4 is the outline of a young leaf which has teeth; the old leaves, like very old people, are very apt to lose their teeth, it appears.

*Particular description:* Leaves oblong, egg-shaped and pointed, toothed or smooth and entire; teeth only on the upper half; acorns oblong, set, about one-quarter of it, in a thick saucer cup; very furry, with a yellow rusty mealiness.



THE FULVOUS OAK.—*Quercus fulvescens*.—(KELLOGG.)

## Our Social Chair.

**W**HAT stirring feelings of light-hearted happiness there is in speaking a kind word or doing a good action. The donee and the donor are its glad recipients; not perhaps, in equal instalments, inasmuch as the Scriptures declare, and facts confirm the declaration, that

the giver is thrice blessed. Theories alone amount to but little; while actions tell the whole of the glorious story. We never knew a man or woman who ever talked or even thought unkindly of another, but what he or she always felt the worse for it; even when there had been much cause perhaps for the feeling that prompted it.

Then again, as we are all human, and consequently imperfect, there may be a possibility of our being guilty of the self-same act, or thought, or speech, if surrounded by the same circumstances; or of some other equally offensive action, from one of our own personal weaknesses. It is all very plain no doubt, that imperfections exist in our neighbor, as we probably think we see them; but we are a little too apt to forget the imperfections, of another kind it may be, which our neighbor sees in us.

It is not well to look upon the failings of others, as, in doing so, we are too much inclined to overlook the many, and possibly, very great virtues they possess; therefore, our convictions are one-sided, and consequently unjust; and such moreover, that we could not and would not tolerate towards ourselves, did we know it. If we were to look at the virtues instead of the failings of each other, our feelings and actions would be much nobler and kinder than they are, and the happiness of all would thereby be much more likely to be secured.

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This Social Chair once knew a man, whose hair had silvered in the service of a

generous and unostentatious philanthropy. He visited and gave to the poor, but no man heard of it. He sat through the wearying watches of the night by the bedside of the sick and dying—not once, but frequently—yet the great world outside knew it not. He sought out the bereaved and the mourning, that he might soothe and comfort them—and none knew it. Indeed, his life-time and limited fortunes were expended in these and other self-denying labors, known only to God, this Chair, and the recipients of his whole-souled and perpetually offered sacrifices. And yet, his quick and passionate temper was the theme of much ill-natured criticism from hollow and showy “great men and women,” who saw *his failings only*.

The amount of good or ill that the reader, and this Social Chair, could do would be almost incredible, were we in a position to realise it. A word of slight towards or of another, spoken in a single moment, will leave a rankling wound in the spirit for months or years, and yet possibly there was no intention of causing such a fearful result. And alas, how many times the rise or downfall of men may be attributed to a single sentence, thoughtlessly written or spoken of another.

In this connection may be given the following, that will convey its own most excellent moral:—

“Men make themselves uncomfortable, destroy the peace of their families, and actually make themselves hated by fretfulness.” Beecher says—“It is not work that kills men; it is worry. Work is healthy. You can hardly put more on a man than he can bear. Worry is rust upon the blade. It is not the revolution that destroys the machinery, but the friction. Fear secretes acid, but love and trust are sweet juices.” We knew a man with a patient, good, Christian wife, and we never heard him speak a kind, pleasant word to her, and doubt if he ever did in the half century they had lived together. He is

always in a fret. Everything goes wrong. You would think that he was made of cross grained timber, and had always been trying to digest a cross-cut saw. He is eternally cross, and thinks that his wife and children, hired hands, and all the domestic animals, have entered into a combination to worry him to death. He is not only rusty, but fairly crusted over with it. He is encased in a shell of acid secretions, through which no sweet juices ever distil. Friction has literally worn him out, and he will soon worry himself to death. Of course he has never worked to any advantage to himself or anybody else. With him everything always goes wrong. He superstitiously believes "it is because the devil has a spite against him" when in truth it is nothing but his own fretfulness.

As many people, who are really belonging to a respectable class of citizens, are in the habit of betting a little just before the day of election, we clip the following for our Social Chair from a western paper, in the hope that it may be both mirthful and suggestive at such a season as the present.

One of the most singular wagers we ever heard of, was made in Chicago on the day before the municipal election in that city, on Wentworth and Gurnee, the opposing candidates for the Mayoralty. The bet was between a Water street merchant and Ned Osborne, of the Tremont House, the largest cigar and tobacco dealer in the city, and was to the effect that, if Wentworth was elected, Osborne should have the privilege of kicking the Water street merchant from the Tremont House to Springer street, and *vice versa*. The day after election, the merchant having lost, went to Osborne's store, and presented his person to him for the contemplated kicks, and demanded that Osborne should take the stakes. Osborne had been training his right leg all the previous day, and armed his foot with a heavy cowhide boot, with soles as thick as two clapboards. The merchant started up by the Tremont, Osborne delivering a heavy kick as he started, but drew back with a spasmodic action and paroxysm of countenance absolutely pitiful. He tried another one, but the loser flinched not, and kept leisurely on his way, undisturbed by the volley which he had received. The result of this was worse than the first, and Osborne fairly curled upon the ground and howled with pain. The merchant stopped and calmly inquired, "Why don't you take the stakes?" "What have you got in the basement of your pants?" cried Ned. "Milwaukie

bricks!" shouted the merchant, "and we are not within a mile of Springer street yet!" Osborne subsided, paid the champagne, and has been wearing a list slipper ever since.

MAT OLMSTEAD was a day laborer in Danbury, Connecticut, and has been immortalized by a brief biography in the "Life Time of Peter Parley" Goodrich. He was short and thick-set, with a long nose, a little bulbous in his latter days, with a ruddy complexion, and a mouth shutting like a pair of nippers. Mat had a turn for practical jokes, and was not very scrupulous about the means of making them.

"On a cold, bitter day in December, a gentleman, a stranger, came into the bar-room of Keeler's tavern, where Mat and several of his companions were lounging.

The man had on a new hat of the latest fashion, and still shining with the gloss of the shop. He seemed conscious of his dignity, and carried his head in such a manner as to invite attention to it. Mat's knowing eye immediately detected the weakness of the stranger, and, approaching him carelessly, he said,

"What a very nice hat you've got on! Pray, who made it?"

"Oh, it came from New York," was the reply.

"Will you let me take it?" asked Mat, as politely as he knew how.

The stranger took it off his head gingerly and handed it to him.

"It's a wonderful nice hat!" said Mat, "and I see it's a real salamander!"

"Salamander!" said the other. "What's that?"

"Why, a real salamander hat won't burn!"

"No? I never heard of that before. I don't believe it's one of that kind."

"Sartain sure; I'll bet you a mug of flip of it."

"Well, I'll stand you!"

"Done!" said Mat; "now I'll just put it under the forestick."

It being thus arranged, Mat put the hat under the forestick into a glowing mass of coals. In an instant it took fire, collapsed, and rolled into a black, crumpled mass of cinders.

"I du declare!" cried Mat, affecting great astonishment, "it ain't a salamander hat arter all;—but I'll pay the flip!"

Mr. Clark, a gentleman well known for his propensity to fun and his inability to resist the temptation to joke whenever the opportunity offers, was traveling by stage a short time since, when he was led to in-

dulge himself on the his companions a grown boy, and several whom was fond of marvelous order, es fallen under his ov tion. Among oth that had been wi man in his vicinity ing rocks; that t exploded, driving through his chin a the top of his skull well.

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dulge himself on this wise. He had for his companions an elderly lady, a half-grown boy, and several gentlemen, one of whom was fond of retailing stories of the marvelous order, especially those that had fallen under his own immediate observation. Among others, he related a fact that had been widely published, that a man in his vicinity was engaged in blasting rocks; that the charge accidentally exploded, driving the chisel up under and through his chin and head, coming out at the top of his skull, and yet the man got well.

The party expressed their surprise, as some of them had never heard of it before, when Mr. Clark observed that he had heard a case much worse than that.

"Ah! what was that, indeed?" asked the man who had retailed the first story.

"Why, a very respectable citizen of our town, on the Fourth of July, was firing a salute, when the cannon unfortunately burst, blew both his arms out at the shoulder joints, mashed his legs to a jelly, and completely tore off the one half of his head!"

"And didn't he die, sir?" exclaimed the astonished listener.

"Yes, sir, to be sure he did."

"Ah! But the man I spoke of recovered."

"And I told you," replied Mr. Clark very innocently, "that my case was *much worse than that.*"

Mr. Clark's "case" was pronounced the *best* as well as the *worst* on all hands, and we heard no more incredible stories for the rest of the ride.

We heard a friend relate the accompanying incident the other day with not a little zest, and to the amusement of a good many bystanders:

Jumping into an old-fashioned stage coach last month, in company with nine others, to jostle over ten miles of unfinished road between Pittsburgh and Philadelphia, I was very much amused with the following characteristic dialogue between a regular question-asking "down-Easter" and a high-heeled Southerner. We were scarcely seated before our Yankee began:

"Traveling East, I expect?"

"Yes, sir."

"Goin' to Philadelphia, I reckon?"

"No, sir."

"Oh, ah! to New York, maybe?"

"Yes, sir."

"Calc'latin' to buy goods, I presume?"

"No, sir."

"Never ben there before, I wouldn't wonder?"

"No, sir, never."

"New York is a wonderful place."

"Such is my impression, sir."

"Got letters, I expect?"

"Yes, sir, I am provided with letters of introduction."

"Wouldn't mind showing you round myself a spell, if you wanted."

"I thank you, sir, but I shall not require your assistance."

This last remark of the polite but reserved stranger was a poser, and the "inquisitor" fell back a moment to take breath and change his tactics. The half-suppressed smile upon the faces of the other passengers soon aroused the Yankee to still further exertions, and, summoning up more resolution, he began again:

"Stranger, perhaps you are not aware how almighty hard it is for a Yankee to control his curiosity. You'll please excuse me, but I really would like to know your name, and residence, and the business you follow. I expect you ain't ashamed of either of 'em; so now won't you just oblige me?"

This last appeal brought out our Southern friend, who, rising up to the extremest height allowed by the coach, and throwing back his shoulders, replied,

"My name is General Andrew Washington. I reside in the State of Mississippi. I am a gentleman of leisure, and, I am glad to be able to say, of extensive means. I have heard much of New York, and am now on my way to see it; and if I like it as well as I am led to expect, I intend to—*buy it.*"

Then was heard a shout of stentorian laughter throughout the stage-coach, and this was the last of *that* conversation.

In looking over an old *Knickerbocker* magazine we stumbled upon the following humorous narrative:

Our next door country neighbor, "The Domine," narrated a good story of the celebrated Rev. Hooper Cumming, the other morning, as we were 'rushing round the Horn' on the New York and Erie Rail-road, from our suburban sanctum to our other home, in town: 'One stormy Sunday evening in autumn, about half past nine o'clock, when the rain was raining cold, and the wind was souging through the half-denned trees in front of his mansion, out-spoke the great pulpit orator to his dame: 'My dear, we have had two services to-day: we have tried to forget the toil of it: we have endeavored to read—we have essayed to

converse; but all of no avail. Fatigue has overcome us both. The wailing of the storm—the labors of the day—all invite us to repose. Suppose we go to bed! The house was closed: the servants had retired: and they *did* go to bed; and in five minutes both were in dream-land. Presently a loud knock was heard at the door. It was a *heavy* knock, but to the sleepers whom it aroused, it seemed a visionary 'rapping': but the next prolonged summons couldn't be mistaken. 'Get up, my dear,' said Mrs. Cumming; 'the servants are all in bed and asleep, and we are close by the door;'

'Then up gat Hooper Cumming, he,  
Up gat he in his bed:'

and said he to his wife, 'Who *can* it be? I will go and see!' And he went. As he approached the door, at the end of the hall, he heard low conversation. He bore a small night-lamp in his hand, whose light swayed to and fro, and flickered, in the passage. When he reached the door, he said, 'Who is there? 'It is *me*, Sir, and Biddy!' 'I can do nothing for you to-night,' said the first colloquist: 'it is Sunday night: it is somewhat late: the servants have gone to bed: our dinner was a simple one: we *have* no cold victuals.' 'Don't *want* any cold victuals—want to be spliced, Biddy, and I. I am a sailor—they *say* I'm a *good*'un too: but *I* say nothing. How'sum'd'ever, we want to be spliced. I'm off airly in the morning. Will you *do* it, captain?' 'You want to be married?—is *that* it?' 'Yes! What d'ye *take* me for? Didn't I *say* so? And I want it done *now*: it will be too late to-morrow.' 'Wait a moment,' said the clergyman. Then a fumble was made at the key-hole, and the next moment the candle went out: the key could not be found by the sense of touch: the shivering divine, standing almost *en-pur-is naturalibus*, in the dark, raised the fan-light, at the side of the door, bade the twain approach, and then and there—it was a brief service—coupled the two for life. He heard a kiss in the dark, and then was addressed with: 'Cap'n I aint goin' to buy a pig in a poke. If Biddy turns out a good craft, you shall get your pay for splicin' us—now mind I tell you. You'll hear from me again, Cap'n—see if you don't! The twain departed, and the clergyman went shivering to bed. About a year after this amusing occurrence, a big box was brought to the reverend pastor's door, of which word was sent to him by the carman who brought it. 'Don't take it in!' said his wife: 'it's another of those boxes with elöemosynary little books and tracts, which have cost us so much cart-

age, besides the trouble of distributing them.' But better counsels prevailed. The charges were paid—the box received and opened—and the result was astounding! Instead of books or tracts, it contained the richest and costliest fabrics, a present to the clergyman's wife. It was the wedding-fee of the wandering and now promoted sailor. Not a port had he visited, but had paid tribute to his admiration for the 'good craft' which the clergyman had secured to him in the person and heart of his 'Biddy.' On a beautiful shawl from Canton he had pinned a piece of paper, expressive of his gratitude, and in rude yet eloquent language, asking the acceptance of the box as a token of the same. When our friend 'The Dominic' concluded, 'We'll *book* that, we said—and we have endeavored to do so.'

There is a very laughable scene, again remarks the good old *Knickerbocker*, recorded of a certain surly ill-tempered English officer, Major ———, whose wife and sister were in the habit of visiting him at the "barracks" where he was stationed. He had given orders, out of spite to one or two subordinate officers, whose families had hitherto enjoyed the like privilege, that "no females were to be allowed in barracks after tattoo, under any pretence whatever. One night an old fellow, a great "precisian" in his office, and not a little short and crusty, was sergeant of the guard. They called him "the General," from his peremptory style:—

Shortly after "tattoo," sundry ladies, as usual, presented themselves at the barrack-gate, and were of course refused admittance; at length, to the great surprise of the sentinel on duty, the Major's lady and sister-in-law made their appearance, and walked boldly to the wicket, with the intention of entering, as usual.

To their astonishment, the sentinel refused to let them pass. The sergeant was called, but he was quite as much of a *precisian* as the ladies, and his conscience (and his orders) would not permit him to let them in!

"Do you know who we *are*, sir?" inquired the Major's lady, in a very imperious manner.

"Oh! certainly," said the 'General'; "I knows your ladyships werry vell."

"Then what do you *mean*, sir, by this insolence?"

"I means no insolence whatsomdever,

Marm, but my horders  
no female ladies into thi  
tattoo; upon no account  
and I means to obey  
no mistake!"

"Then you *refuse* to  
to the lady of your co  
Was there ever  
"And her sister,"

lady.  
"Most sartinkly, M  
my duty!"

"Good gracious I w  
"No insurance at  
ladyships was princes  
in a'ter a tattoo. Y  
partick'ler."

"Don't you know  
orders can't be intenc  
"No; I does'nt kno  
horders is *horders*,  
that's what the Major

"Impudence!" ex  
dies, in a breath.

"Imperance or no  
my duty. If my su  
to give me horders  
hissell, I should be  
honor out at the p'

Finally, the offi  
sent for, and the c  
for the orderly-boo  
the ladies, with  
'General,' in just  
rudeness:

"You see how  
you can't come in

Imagine the ch  
'females after tate  
homeward; and  
ber' what the M

been the next mo  
own malice th  
'Curses, like chi  
roost,' is a verita  
what musty!

In bonnets a  
a change than  
fall season. I  
worn as they  
large cabbage  
able ornament  
tion of materi  
in three plait  
and extending  
front; purple  
straw front,

Marm; but my horders is pertick'ler to let no female ladies into this 'ere barrack after tattoo, upon *no* account whatsomdever; and I means to obey my horders without no mistake!"

"Then you *refuse* admittance, do you, to the lady of your commanding officer? Was there ever ———."

"And her sister," shrieked the second lady.

"Most sartinkly, Marm; I understands my duty!"

"Good gracious! what assurance!"

"No insurance at all, Marm; if your ladyships was princesses you couldn't come in a'ter a tattoo. My horders is werry partick'ler."

"Don't you know, sirrah, that these orders can't be intended to apply to us?"

"No; I does'nt know nuffin' about *that*: horders is *horders*, and *must* be obeyed; that's what the Major says."

"Impudence!" exclaimed both the ladies, in a breath.

"Imperance or *no* imperance, I must do my *duty*. If my superior hoffer was for to give me horders not to let the Major in hisself, I should be obligated to keep his honor out at the p'int of the bag'net!"

Finally, the officer of the guard was sent for, and the officer of the guard sent for the orderly-book, which by the light of the guard-room lantern was exhibited to the ladies, with much courtesy, by the 'General,' in justification of his apparent rudeness:

"You see how it is, your ladyships; you can't come in, not on *no* account!"

Imagine the chagrin with which those 'females after tattoo' retraced their steps homeward; and don't 'forget to remember' what *the Major's* feelings must have been the next morning, when he found his own malice thus turned against himself. 'Curses, like chickens, *will* come home to roost,' is a veritable maxim, though 'some-what musty.'

### The Fashions.

#### Bonnets.

In bonnets and dressos, there is more of a change than is usual, so very early in the fall season. Feathers are not so much worn as they were in the summer; the large cabbage rose is far the most fashionable ornament for bonnets, of all description of material. The limp crown, formed in three plaits, quite drooping in the back and extending much further over on the front; purple silk crown and cape, and straw front, with a fall of wide black

Chantilly; the cape is not to be dispensed with, as has been predicted by some, but is not plaited quite as full as in the summer. White silk bonnets are at present much called for. Brown and white silk mixed, is also worn.

#### Dresses.

Plaids in silks and poplins are beginning to make their appearance on the street. Skirts plain, and ample; the body is high and pointed at the waist, and trimmed with daisy buttons from the point to the neck. Sleeve, wide flowing. Cashmere double shawl. Glazed gloves. Honiton lace collar and sleeves. Parasol very large size, plain or watered. Bracelets of plain gold. Black gaiter boots.

When plain or small plaided silks are preferred, they are made with seven flounces. Some of the sleeves of these have five puffs, graduated in size; others, but square at the ends, slit up all the way, and plaited at top. Tulle undersleeve with a puff terminating in a frill, bordered by a narrow puffing, in which a blue ribbon is run. Chemisette to correspond.

Dress caps are still as indispensable as ever.

### Monthly Record of Current Events.

The Golden Age carried away 275 passengers and \$1,078,883 of treasure. July 21st.

On the first of June last, the Funded Debt of the city of San Francisco, including School, Fire, and all, amounted to \$3,101,634.

The John L. Stephens arrived on the 25th July with 157 passengers.

The town of Minnesota, Sierra county, was destroyed by fire on the morning of July 17th.

The California Steam Navigation Company sold and delivered to Major Samuel J. Hensley their sea-going steamers Pacific, Brother Jonathan, and Senator, on the 26th of July.

The large new steamboat Chrysolis made her first trip up the Sacramento on the 2nd ult.

The long dry grass in the Stockton cemetery ignited and swept along with such rapidity as to consume the railings and head-boards of many of the graves.

In the month of July 253 persons visited the mammoth Tree grove of Calaveras.

The steamship Uncle Sam arrived on the 3rd with 350 passengers.

The ship Ocean Pearl carried away half

a million of dollars to China on the 4th ult.

A ten mule team hauled 39,975 pounds of wheat into Stockton at a single load July 28th.

The Uncle Sam sailed on the 10th ult. for Panama with 252 passengers and \$1,030,553 in treasure.

The State Prison was transferred to the State authorities on behalf of the State by Messrs McCauley & Tavis on the 10th ult. for the sum of \$137,500 cash, and the same amount to be paid in six months from date, making \$275,000.

Large numbers of bees were killed in Sacramento, the past month, by the heat melting the comb.

Several "Old Folks' Concerts," under the direction of L. Dickerman, and given for the benefit of different institutions, attracted large audiences at Platt's New Music Hall, Montgomery street, in this city.

The following new papers have made their appearance: *The Pacific Patriot*, *The Daily Nation*, *The Constitution*, *Maul and Wedge*, *Demokratische Presse*, *Der Republikaner*, San Francisco; *Folsom Semi-Weekly*

*Telegraph*; *Republican*, Petaluma; *Central Californian*, semi-weekly, Placerville; *Semi-Weekly Independent*, Red Bluff. Most of the above are started as campaign papers for the Presidential election.

The first number of a new Hebrew weekly paper, entitled *The Pacific Messenger*, made its appearance on the 17th ult. Rev. Dr. H. Bien,—Samuel H. Henry & Co., editors and proprietors.

A company has been formed at Campbell's Flat, near Columbia, to run a long tunnel for the purpose of washing five hundred acres of ground by the hydraulic process. The auriferous soil is sixty feet deep.

The Sonora arrived on the 13th ult with 317 passengers.

Fifteen Bactrian camels arrived from the Amoor river in the schooner C. E. Foot. They are intended for pack animals among the mountains.

The Supreme Court decided against cultivated gardens and orchards being subject to entry for mining purposes.

The Sonora sailed on the 21st ult, with 201 passengers and \$871,261.

## Editor's Table.

**T**HIS MONTH, and the following, will be among the most interesting and exciting of the year. First come the Agricultural, Horticultural, and Mechanics' Fairs of Marysville, Stockton, and other places. Then the great "Industrial Exhibition," given under the auspices of the

San Francisco Mechanics' Institute, to be opened September 3d, and to continue not less than fifteen days. Then the Seventh Annual Fair of the California State Agricultural Society, to be held at Sacramento, September 19th, 20th, 21st, 22d, 24th, 25th and 26th. After this will come the First Annual Exhibition of the San Francisco Bay District Agricultural Society, October 4th, 5th, 6th, 8th, 9th, 10th and 11th. These and all other similar institu-

tions, are the fosterers and stimulators of every kind of productive enterprise; and will bring together a greater number of State interests than in any previous year. We bespeak at least one article, the product of native skill, from every Californian, both male and female; and we hope that such will be of recent manufacture—not the mere remains of former exhibitions.

Then with all this, there will be mixed a certain amount of political discussion; and this year, we hope, without indulging in personal abuse, as such is a disgrace to all engaged, and in no way advances the views, arguments, or interests of either party, being foreign to the issue. Everybody's candidate is, of course, expected to win. We cannot boast of ever voting but

one "straight ticket," there was but one pe and only one candida if, in our opinion, or more honest, more adapted to the dutio another, without rega always given that o expect again to do t we seek no office, a loaves and fishes: an glorious country, and the one-sided interes

This month we giving most cordia monthly journal, e which is devoted t the interests of lit This interesting ca is published by W der the editorial m Swett, the enorget ciplal of the Rincou city; whose great seems to be to e tastes and acquir they may the m high expectations advancing civiliz men can be found sponsibilities of su whose labors, we heartily seconde feel the extent o the present and

The following salutatory, will of the task atten

"We intend th sent the spirit of present those n tend to develop lumber the min facts. We shu gymnastic and vital element in girls. We belie and affectional essential as th



one "straight ticket," and on that occasion there was but one person's name upon it, and only one candidate to be elected; for if, in our opinion, one person has been more honest, more capable, and better adapted to the duties of the office than another, without regard to party, we have always given that one our vote—and we expect again to do the same, especially as we seek no office, are after none of the loaves and fishes: and, moreover, love our glorious country, and its welfare, better than the one-sided interests of any party known.

This month we have the pleasure of giving most cordial greeting to a new monthly journal, entitled *The Bookseller*, which is devoted to the advancement of the interests of literature and education. This interesting candidate for public favor is published by W. H. Knight, and is under the editorial management of Mr. John Swett, the energetic and successful Principal of the Rincon Grammar school of this city; whose great and never-ceasing aim seems to be to elevate the educational tastes and acquirements of teachers, that they may the more efficiently meet the high expectations and duties of a rapidly advancing civilization. It is well that men can be found who will assume the responsibilities of such an arduous enterprise; whose labors, we doubt not, will be most heartily seconded by all those who can feel the extent of their accountability to the present and succeeding ages.

The following sentence, from the editor's salutatory, will give our readers some idea of the task attempted by this journal:

"We intend that our pages shall represent the spirit of living teachers. We shall present those methods of teaching which tend to develop *thinking power*, rather than lumber the mind with the rubbish of dead facts. We shall urge the necessity of gymnastic and calisthenic training as a vital element in the education of boys and girls. We believe the culture of the social and affectional natures of children quite as essential as the intellectual, and that it

requires a much higher degree of art in the teacher."

We most heartily wish it "God speed."

#### Literary Notices.

THE LIFE OF GEN. GARIBALDI—Written by Himself. With Sketches of his Companions in Arms. Translated by his friend and admirer, THEODORE DWIGHT. Published by A. S. Barnes and Burr, New York: Allen & Spier, San Francisco.

It must not be supposed that Garibaldi has experienced a lull in his patriotism, or suspended his endeavors to write *Liberty* on the national banners of Italy; or, has even found sufficient leisure and philosophy among the arduous duties of camp life and conquest, to become the author of his own memoirs. By no means. The substance of this interesting volume was written after the struggles of the valiant Italians against the French in 1848 and '49, and during his long convalescence preceding his voyage to and after his arrival in the United States, in 1850, at which time they were placed in the translator's hands, with permission to publish. But, at Garibaldi's own request, they were withheld from the public at that time; and now that the civilized world is interested in this wonderful man's history, the translator has thought proper to place them before the public.

The devoted patriotism of Garibaldi's earnest heart for Italy, and "Rome, once the capital of the world, now the capital of a sect," (as he so forcibly expresses it), led him to hope and expect much; and, if need be, to risk and suffer much for the welfare of his own dear native land. All that is said of him in this work is deeply interesting; and when speaking of his devoted South-American wife, Anna, it becomes almost affecting. There is, however, a wide chasm—from 1850 to 1860—that leaves the memoir of this remarkable man so very imperfect, that one is apt to overlook the interest of the former in the vexation felt at the omission of the latter, which, being attended with such great

results, is certainly as interesting as any portion of his eventful life. If however the reader will recall the many records of his patriotic valor, in the various newspapers of the day, and dovetail this work with those records, he will have a tolerably good historical picture of Giuseppe Garibaldi, the Italian patriot-hero.

**RIGHT AT LAST, AND OTHER TALES.** By Mrs. GASKELL. Published by Harper Brothers, New York; A. Roman, San Francisco.

We never rise from the perusal of any of Mrs. Gaskell's justly popular works, without feeling that while in imagination, we have been listening to the thrilling recitals of her narratives; she not only thinks clearly, and writes forcibly, but that she also feels nobly, and creates within us a higher intellectual life. There is no attempt at effect, no array of brilliant sentences; no, but an irresistible charm that makes you totally unconscious of the author's existence; and not until you have finished reading are you prepared to care how, or by whom, these life-like creations had their being. We like this, and therefore heartily commend this new volume to the favorable notice of the public.

**THE MILL ON THE FLOSS.** By GEORGE ELIOT. Published by Harper Brothers, New York; Allen & Spier, San Francisco.

It has to us been a subject of wonder how some critics can by any possibility discover a resemblance between the writings of Miss Evans, the authoress of the above named work, "Adam Bede," and "Scenes of Clerical Life," and those of Miss Bronte, the authoress of "Jane Eyre," "Villette," and other successful books. Their styles are as different as those of Dickens and Thackeray; the former possessing all the life-like truthfulness and piquancy of the latter, without her sarcastic bitterness. Both possess a deep insight into the weaknesses of human nature; yet the one has a loftier and more generous belief in its goodness than the other, and the effect upon the reader is conse-

quently better. The "Mill on the Floss" has all its characters living in the humbler walks of life, and which are sketched with such graphic force that you almost feel yourself present as an eye witness.

**NATURAL HISTORY; For the Use of Schools and Families.** By WASHINGTON HOOKER, M. D.: Illustrated with 300 engravings. Published by Harper Brothers, New York; A. Roman, San Francisco.

The object and aim of this beautifully illustrated and well written and neatly printed work, is to give a general history of most of the principal animals, birds, fishes, reptiles and insects, in order to present a clear and comprehensive idea of Zoology, without the tedious details required by a thorough student of all its technical mysteries. A more suitable present for the young of both sexes, could not well be made, than this book.

**HISTORY OF GENGHIS KHAN.** By JACOB ANNOT. Harper Brothers, New York; A. Roman, San Francisco.

Most of Mr. Abbot's writings for the young are exceedingly interesting. His lively imagination, and simplicity of style, in clothing the great facts of history, are not exceeded by any living writer. The History of Genghis Khan is not an exception.

**THE THREE CLERKS.** By ANTHONY TROLLOPE. Published by Harper Brothers, New York; A. Roman, San Francisco.

The "Internal Navigation Office," in which the "Three Clerks" are employed—if 'doing nothing' can in any sense be called employment—reminds one of the "Circumlocution Office" in Little Dorrit; and at first is a little tedious, but, as you become acquainted with the various characters of the plot, and realize by degrees the various phases of a particular branch of English social life, the tediousness gradually dissipates. We cannot however say, that Mr. Trollope, although a man of considerable talent, is one of our favorite authors; but, as all tastes are not alike, he no doubt will find many admirers, as well as readers.

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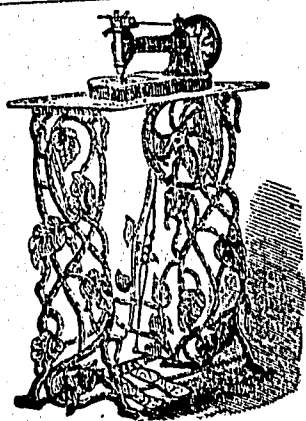
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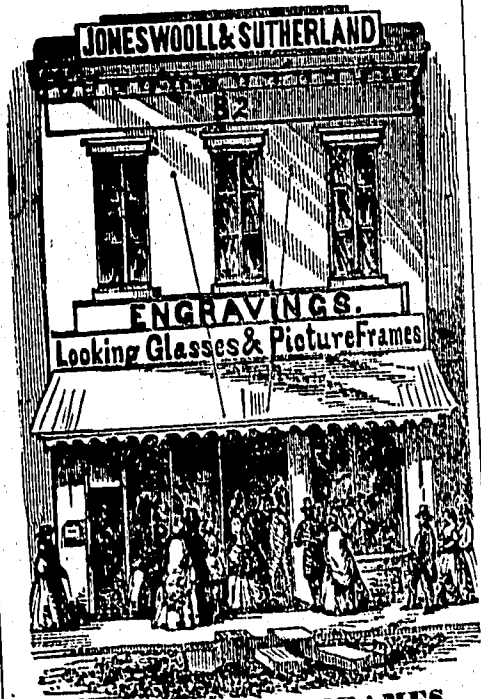
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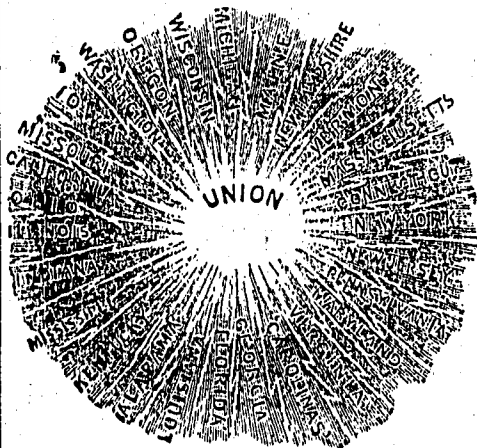
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Has strung again, that all  
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The greatest Clothing Mart on earth  
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Can fit the short and tall,  
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So all the needy persons should  
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our hands,  
So we must buy our  
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We do not depend on  
houses or lands—  
Now tell us the best  
place to go.

**STENCIL PLATES**  
CUT TO ORDER, at TENCENT'S A LET-  
TER, at the Stereotype Foundry, 159 Jackson Street, near  
Montgomery.  
A. KELLOGG.

### FRENCH ACADEMY

FOR  
LADIES & GENTLEMEN,  
Corner of Jackson and Mason Sts.,  
SAN FRANCISCO.

French School for both sexes and all ages. All the ordinary  
and higher branches taught.  
PROF. J. MIBELLE, Principal.

MINER.



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

### DR. BOWEN'S CELEBRATED BLOOD PURIFIER,

COMPOSED of the Extracts of Sarsaparilla, Yellow Dock, Dan-  
dion, and Stylingin.  
This medicine has cured more cases of Scrofula, Rheumatism, Dy-  
senteria, or 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.

SAILOR.



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

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

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

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.,  
SAN FRANCISCO,

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

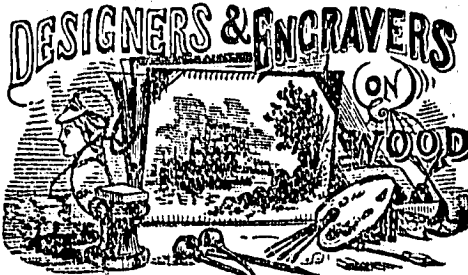
AT GREATLY REDUCED PRICES,

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

Instructions given in the Art, and Stock furnished.

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

**EASTMAN & LOOMIS,**



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

**ALEXANDER BUSWELL,**  
PRACTICAL

**BOOK BINDER,**

Paper Ruler and Blank Book Manufacturer,  
No. 133 CLAY STREET, SAN FRANCISCO.

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

MERCHANT.



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

MINER.



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



ADVERTISING SUPPLEMENT.

THE  
IMMENSELY INCREASING DEMAND  
— FOR —  
**FISH'S INFALLIBLE**  
**HAIR RESTORATIVE,**  
*Unquestionably proves it to be all the propri-  
etor claims.*

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

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

**HODGE & WOOD,**  
**IMPORTING STATIONERS**  
And Wholesale Dealers in  
**BLANK BOOKS**  
AND  
**Cheap Publications,**  
114 and 116 CLAY STREET,  
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**EVERY** article pertaining to our trade constant-  
ly on hand, and sold at the very lowest market  
rates.

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

**ORDERS FROM THE COUNTRY**  
RESPECTFULLY SOLICITED.

**HALL'S**  
**Yellow Dock & Iodide of Potass**

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

**R. HALL & CO., Proprietors,**  
Wholesale Druggists, 143 and 145 Clay Street,  
San Francisco.

GEORGE J. BROOKS,      FRANK W. BROOKS.  
**GEORGE J. BROOKS & CO.,**  
**PAPER WAREHOUSE**  
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CORNER OF MERCHANT STREET,  
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**PRINTING, WRAPPING AND WRITING PAPERS.**  
Of every description; also,  
**PRINTERS' MATERIALS,**  
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**BOOK AND JOB PRINTER,**  
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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  
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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  
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Fine Enameled Business Cards, \$5 per thousand;  
Bill Heads, \$5 to \$6; and a reduction of 25 per ct.  
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All other Kinds of Printing at the same Low Rates.

Remember the number,  
**145 CLAY STREET,**  
Six doors below Montgomery.  
**B. F. STERETT.**

ANIC.  
and provi-  
earn with  
st buy our  
low;  
depend on  
the best  
ER.  
I have no  
what we  
know the  
cash, not

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N. E. Corner of CLAY and BATTERY STS.

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Agents and Average Adjusters,

OFFER INSURANCE in the following well-known & responsible Co's:

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CITY FIRE INSURANCE CO.....	HARTFORD
METROPOLITAN FIRE INSURANCE CO.....	NEW YORK
GOODHUE FIRE INSURANCE CO.....	NEW YORK
GIRARD FIRE and MARINE INSURANCE CO.....	PHILADELPHIA
QUAKER CITY INSURANCE CO.....	PHILADELPHIA

### MARINE.

QUAKER CITY INSURANCE CO.....	PHILADELPHIA
NEPTUNE FIRE and MARINE INSURANCE CO.....	PHILADELPHIA
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ALL LOSSES, Fire and Marine, in the above Companies PAID HERE as heretofore, immediately upon adjustment.

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### Marine Risks of Cargo, Freight and Treasure

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SELECT FIRE RISKS taken in all parts of the State, on application to our Country Surveyors, in their respective districts.

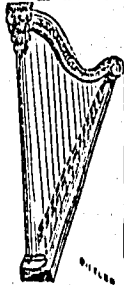
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Albany; and Brown & Allen, Boston.

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

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<p>PUBLISHER AND DEALER In New and Popular Sheet Music, AND ALL KINDS OF Music Books.</p>		<p><b>KOHLER'S</b> Should Add acquaintance be forgot. And never brought to Mind. Should Add acquaintance be forgot. And days of Lang Synn</p>	<p>IMPORTER OF MUSICAL Instruments, FANCY GOODS, AND <b>TOYS,</b> 178 Washington Street, SAN FRANCISCO.</p>
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**CHEAP PUBLICATIONS,**

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