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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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CHINESE WORSHIP OF THE DEAD.



CEREMONIAL AT A CHINESE GRAVE.



THE respect exhibited by the Chinese for their dead is a portion of the curious system of religion which has prevailed among that people from the earliest times. Their Sages, or as we would say their Saints and Fathers, taught little or nothing about God, the invisible world, or Divinity. Their great teacher Confucius admitted that he did not understand much about the gods, said they were beyond and above the comprehension of man, and taught that the obligations of man lay rather in the doing his duty to his relations and society than in worshipping spirits unknown. He never taught the duty of man to any higher power than the head of the state or family. The entire religious system of the Chinese, when not inoculated with foreign superstition, may therefore be compared to a school of philosophy, resembling in some respects the old Greek schools, where gods were spoken of, but hardly made the pillars of faith. One of the Chinese sages said that sufficient knowledge was not possessed to say positively that gods and spirits exist, and he saw no difficulty in omitting the subject altogether. He was silent also respecting the immortality of the soul and future rewards and punishments. According to him, virtue was rewarded and vice punished in the individual or in his posterity on earth; but he never spoke of a separate state of existence. Confucius said, "not knowing even life, how can we know death?"

For these reasons the devotions to the dead, which are practised in China and wherever the Chinese are found, can hardly be called idolatry, perhaps not strictly even worship. The ceremonies seem rather to be a pageant or form, intended to remind the people of the sacred lessons teaching honor and respect to

one's ancestors. The spirits of the dead are addressed—and so far the national religion acknowledged spirits—but the object seems rather to keep alive their memory than to supplicate them for favors or pray to them as gods. The idea of praying for the repose of the soul is also unknown among this people; they have none or a very inadequate conception of Judgment and Heaven; and all their concerns are, so to speak, of a temporal nature. Their prayers to their ancestors may consequently be termed rather addresses of thanks than supplications for mercy. Mr. Williams in his book on the Middle Kingdom gives the form of one of these prayers as follows:

Taukwang, 12th year, 3d moon, 1st day.

I, Lin Kwang, the second son of the third generation, presume to come before the grave of my ancestor, Lin Kung. Revolving years have brought again the season of spring. Cherishing sentiments of veneration, I look up and sweep your tomb. Prostrate I pray that you will come and be present; and that you will grant to your posterity that they may be prosperous and illustrious; at this season of genial showers and gentle breezes, I desire to recompense the root of my existence and exert myself sincerely. Always grant your safe protection. My trust is in your divine spirit. Reverently, I present the five-fold sacrifice of a pig, a fowl, a duck, a goose, and a fish; also, an offering of five plates of fruit, with libations of spirituous liquors, earnestly entreating that you will come and view them. With the most attentive respect, this annunciation is presented on high.

There are two annual festivals of this worship of the dead, one in the early part of April, at the term called *tsing-ming*, when a general worship of ancestors, called *pai shan* or "worshiping at the hills," is observed; and another in August, called *shau i* or "burning clothes,"

when puppets, to the better the dying candles, through latter to be the are attended. But the most com-

Among *pai shan* general In San Chinese their Cemetery; a foot; a drays fowls, daint kinds cut in silver, colored

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when paper folded in the form of garments, houses and servants, and other puppets, are burned, and supposed to go to the benefit of the spirits. At the former the people repair to the graves, carrying roast pigs and fowls, libations, candles, papers and incense, and go through a variety of ceremonies. At the latter the burning of fireworks seems to be the principal business. Both festivals are attended with music and feasting. But the former is the principal one, and most commonly and extensively observed.

Among the Chinese in California the *pai shan* takes place every spring, and generally in the first week of April. In San Francisco a large portion of the Chinese population repair on this day to their burying-ground at Yerba Buena Cemetery; some in vehicles, others on foot; and accompanied with wagons and drays bearing their roasted hogs, pigs, fowls, fish, sweetmeats, fruits and other dainties. They bear with them various kinds of ornamented and tinted papers, cut in various shapes, some gilded with silver, others with gold; and various colored candles, and burning punk-sticks.

Upon arriving at the graves, some set forth in front of the tomb all the sacrifices, arranging them upon mats; others busy themselves in clearing the grass and weeds from the graves; others stick lighted candles in the earth, and still others scatter burning papers over the ground, and ignite fire-crackers. In the meanwhile one of the number of worshippers steps forth in front of the feast, kneels and bows his body three times to the ground, at the same time muttering what is supposed to be a prayer, something like the one above given. He then rises and pours out three small cups of wine or tea, scatters it over the ground, and retires—while the others step forward and follow his example. These ceremonies are conducted by different relatives, and always in honor of ances-

tors. The spirited engraving at the head of the article shows the feast spread forth, and represents one of the libations.

After the ceremonies at the graves are over, the meats and other edibles are gathered up, replaced in the wagons, and the worshipers return to their respective homes, where they spend the rest of the day in feasting. Sometimes a few of the fruits are eaten at the tomb; but, generally speaking, the entire feast is carried back to the homes and there partaken of. The whole worship may be said to consist of pouring out libations and burning paper and candles at the grave, and then a family meeting or social feast, with a few simple prostrations and petitions. There are no bacchanalian riots; all is decorous and harmonious. "Such," says Sir John Davis, "are the harmless, if not meritorious forms of respect for the dead, which the Jesuits wisely tolerated in their converts, knowing the consequences of outraging their most cherished prejudices."

SKETCHES FROM THE LIFE OF PEG-LEG SMITH.

CHAPTER I.

EVERY man, woman and child, who has ever passed the corner of Montgomery and Clay streets, on a sunny afternoon, when Peg-leg Smith has been "drawn from the ranch," cannot have failed to notice that celebrated individual. Any such afternoon he is to be seen with his one sound leg and one stump, dressed in some uncouth costume or other, with a bland smile on his weather-beaten and wrinkled old face; his white hairs straggling out from under a cocked wool or long-napped and slouching old beaver hat; hopping along from Biggs & Kibbo's corner to Martin & Horton's, or *vice versa*; or standing out on the curb and taking it quite as easy as Thomas Tennant's wooden sailor opposite the Custom



PEG-LEG SMITH.

[From a Photograph, by Vance.]

House. On such an afternoon, he is one of the most familiar of our San Francisco sights, and can hardly fail to attract the attention of the passer-by. There is a something in the appearance of the old man, in the lines of his face, the cut of his clothes, the making up of his toilet, and particularly in the manner in which he braces himself up on the thick and positive piece of timber, which forms the lower half of his left leg, that marks him out as a remarkable man. There is a sort of *abandon* in his manners, a take-me-as-I-am style in his behavior, and an old-soldier-like veteran independence in his bearing, which at once suggest a career where the amenities of social life were little known and fashion was a different thing from the soft-worded but effeminate politeness of our metropolitan existence.

Such has been the effect produced upon

us by the spectacle of old Peg-leg, as he usually appears on the sunny side of Montgomery street,—and, when he is in the city, he is as regularly to be found there as the timber-legged tars, who sing of “Nelson and of victory,” on the benches of Greenwich Hospital. For a number of years past we have periodically observed him; and could not help looking again and again; and never to our recollection in all that time have we ever seen him leaning or sitting down, and seldom in conversation with any one. Now and then, perhaps, some upstart, who had never seen the fresh tracks of a grizzly or heard the whoop of an Indian, would address him; and Peg-leg’s broad face would expand into a “much-obliged-to-you,” at an invitation to take a social glass, as if it brought back to his memory his old times; but even this was a rare occurrence; and,

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"A WAR-WHOOP, BY HEAVENS!"

as a general rule, the old man was alone in the midst of the younger crowds about him. Being, in other respects, comfortably situated, all his necessities supplied by friends in the country, and nothing to do but to pass the remainder of his days in that repose and quiet which his age requires, he spends his time in visiting the country inn, hearing the news there; and, when the weather is pleasant, and there is a dearth of sport on the farm, coming in to the city and taking up his old stamping ground.

This singular old man, one of the last straggling remnants of that strange class whom Washington Irving has immortalized in his "Adventures of Captain Bonneville," and other narratives of the Rocky Mountain hunters and trappers, is the famous Peg-leg Smith of western story, whom all our readers have undoubtedly heard of if they have not seen. For nearly half a century he lived in the

wilderness, which stretches west and north and northeast of Santa Fé, as far as the mouth of the Colorado in one direction, and the Missouri in the other; and during the most of that time in his present peg-legged condition. He became domesticated, as it were, among the plumed and painted warriors of the beaver and buffalo grounds; and though much of his time was spent in battling and marching, in fighting and ambuscading, yet he found opportunity to marry in a royal family of the forest; and the story of his loves and losses, is among the most interesting of his checkered and varied career. Often has the ring of his deadly rifle been heard on the blue and distant hills that stretch in uncounted chains from the Platte to the Rio Virgen; and many have been the vermilion painted horse-thieves that have paid dearly for their temerity in disturbing the pickets of his camp; but over the whole coun-

Peg-log, as he sunny side of when he is in ly to be found tars, who sing y," on the lean pital. For a ve periodically t help looking er to our recol- ve we ever seen wn, and seldom one. Now and tart, who had s of a grizzly or dian, would ad- road face would ged-to-you," at al glass, as if it y his old times; ourrence; and,

try, wherever bold mountaineers and brave leaders are in repute among the red men as well as among the white, from Fort Hall down to Albuquerque, and from Independence across to the plains overlooked by the white caps of the Sierra Nevada, the name of Tovy-oats-at-an-tuggy-bone, is known and respected.

CHAPTER II.

TOMAS L. SMITH, or, as he is better known and as we shall call him, PEG-LEG, or, as he is familiarly called by the Indians, Tovy-oats-at-an-tuggy-bone, was born in Garrard county, Kentucky, two miles north of Dick's river, on the road leading from Crab Orchard to Lancaster. His father, Christopher Smith, was an Irishman, who had early emigrated to America, and engaged under General St. Clair in the Indian wars of the northwest territory. After the disastrous defeat in 1791, he made his way to Crab Orchard, in Kentucky, then a comparative wilderness, and formed the acquaintance of Nancy Long, a member of one of eight families who had recently emigrated from Culpepper county, Virginia. A mutual attachment sprang up, and the result was matrimony, and a large family of nine daughters and four sons.

Old Christopher had built himself a double cabin of hewn-logs on a gentle rise of ground, a few yards from a spring of clear water, surrounded by a grove of elm, oak and sugar-maple trees, which were made melodious with the songs of the feathered vocalists of the western wilds; and thither he conducted his bride. It was there, one stormy night, the 10th of October, 1801, that several of the neighbors, male and female, were gathered. The women were in the eastern wing of the cabin, the children being snugly disposed in trundle beds and pallets. The usual treble notes of industrious gossip were to be heard around the fireplace; but the busiest person was old

Granny Richardson, the midwife of the neighborhood, who understood the virtues of "yarbs" and "pennyroyal" to perfection. In the western wing, before a rousing blaze, regaling themselves with their pipes and apple-toddy, and relating their oft-told tales of Indian skirmish and hair-breadth escapes, sat the men. Bob Trotter, from a natural defect in his organs of articulation, could never sound the "l," but substituted "n" in its stead, and was talking of having been at the "battne of the Bruo-Nicks, where the bunnets and numps of nead fnew nuke hane stones," when Jack Taylor suddenly sprung to his feet and exclaimed, "A war-whoop, by Heavens! Chris., your baby's born!"—and Tovy-oats-at-an-tuggy-bone made his advent into the world, destined to pass a life quite as wild and boisterous as the elements were furious on the night of his birth.

Two miles distant from Christopher's double cabin was a little round-log school house, where Dominic Ross taught the mysteries of letters and laid the foundations of a knowledge of reading, writing and cyphering. Thither, at the age of four years, Tommy was sent in company with an elder sister, as kind-hearted a girl as ever swung a shuttle or turned a spinning-wheel, who, when the little fellow got tired of walking, frequently carried him upon her back. In two years constant attendance Tommy seems to have acquired a tolerable acquaintance with the first three letters of the alphabet, when a new pedagogue, named Sevier, arrived in the neighborhood and opened a "Seminary;" and Tommy was sent to him. In eighteen months further study, the hopeful pupil got as far as b-a-baker; but not being able to master the "k," he was turned back to the a-b-abs; and old Christopher, concluding that he was never intended for one of the savants of the world, put a hoe in his hand, and placed him in the field to hoe corn and dig pota-

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TOM CRIED "OPEN!" AND WON.

toes, at which occupation and driving up the cows and doing little jobs about the farm, he was kept till his tenth year. In the meanwhile Tommy grew up a mischievous boy, and learned much more about robbing hen-roosts and fighting chickens than of anything good; and for a long while he and his companions were such a terror to the poultry yards, that the neighbors were forced to purchase pad-locks and keep watch-dogs in all their chicken houses.

On one occasion, Jack Taylor, the same who said Tommy had uttered a war-whoop at his birth, had gone with a load of marketing to Lexington and brought home a game rooster, which came up to Tom's ideal of a beauty to a feather. That night as Tom went to bed, he said to his brother William, who slept with him, "Bill, did you see that new rooster of old Jack Taylor's? Now, if we only had *him*, couldn't we whip Jim McCormick's black chicken, though?" William thought that they could do it

very easily; and it was forthwith arranged that they must have the rooster, even if they died for it. The next day, which was Saturday, they accordingly put themselves upon their good behavior, did all their work about the farm in good time, and obtained permission of old Christopher to go possum-hunting that night. After dark they called the dogs and started on their way in the direction of old Taylor's barn. Reaching a small grove of timber near the barn, William set the dogs on a hog; and their barking soon brought out all of Taylor's dogs, while Tom slyly stole around to the chicken house and managed the game so adroitly that he secured the coveted prize without causing either a squall or a cackle.

CHAPTER III.

After breakfast the following day, Bill and Tom stole off with their roosters to the rookery, as they called it, a small open space in a pawpaw patch, surrounded with a dense undergrowth of spice-

wood and huckleberry and shaded by tall hickory, oak, walnut and sugar-maple trees. About a hundred yards before reaching the spot, they concealed their newly-acquired prize in a cane-brake and taking with them their three other roosters, found Jim McCormick and the other boys on the ground. In a short time the wagers were laid and the fighting commenced, but with indifferent success on either side, till Tom proposed to fight his "Grocery-keeper," as he dubbed his new rooster, against Jim's famous black chicken, the "Turkey-Buzzard" for all the money in the crowd, which amounted to some five or six dollars. The offer was eagerly accepted, and Bill was dispatched for the Grocery-keeper. The cocks were soon heeled, and after a few preliminaries, they were pitted; and, at the third pass, the Grocery-keeper drove his gaff directly through the head of the Turkey-Buzzard, and Jim McCormick's famous black chicken lay lifeless upon the ground. This made Tom the envied hero of the day, but as is usual upon such occasions, he was not allowed to enjoy his honors without a fight.

It is not at all strange that one wickedness leads to another; the connection is so intimate that a pretty fair judgment of an entire character may be formed from a single act. If we see that a man will lie, we may be pretty sure that he will steal; and if he will steal, there is hardly any vice or crime that he may not be guilty of, under certain circumstances. For the vagaries of youth and the effects produced upon an inexperienced mind by bad company, some allowance is to be made; but, as sure as the sun shines, if a boy commences with chicken-thieving and cock-fighting, and is allowed to run on in the career of which they are usually the threshold, he will come to no good end. We make these observations, not to apply to the subsequent life of Tom; for notwithstanding all his boyish wick-

edness, circumstances afterwards rescued him to a great extent from the influences of these vices; but to point out in the beginning of these sketches the thread of moral which pervades all truthful biography. And it is only for the sake of the truth, and in the hope that any and every truth, though it be the truth of wickedness, may result in some good, that we feel justified in bringing up to the light the now nearly forgotten stories of this strange old adventurer—we had nearly said vagabond—Peg-leg Smith's youthful shortcomings.

But to return to the narrative: we said that Tom, upon the victory of the Grocery-keeper, was the envied hero of the day. Jim McCormick, however, managed by searching in the bottom of his pockets to collect together about a dollar beside what he lost, and with the intention of retrieving his fortunes, proposed to play cards at three shillings a game. Tom, after fighting chickens, could not refuse to play cards; and the two little gamblers went immediately at it, surrounded by a circle of youthful spectators, watching with breathless interest the vicissitudes of the contest. The first game was decided in favor of Tom; but here a dispute arose respecting the deal, and the game, as is usual on such occasions, broke up in a quarrel. We will not attempt to repeat the talk of the scamps; but suffice it to say that after many oaths, Jim proposed to bet his remaining shillings on the game of "open and shut." Tom pleaded ignorance of this game; but Jim was the loser, and play Tom must. Said Jim, in an explanatory tone, "you see, I'll put my hand behind me, so, and you guess whether it's open or shut; if you guess right, you win; if you don't, why, I win." "Well," said Tom, "how am I to know whether I guess right or not?" "Why, when you guess, I'll bring my hand round this way before me, so." "Well," said Tom, "put up the money;

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I've beaten you at everything else to-day, and I'll try to beat you at this, too." Thereupon Jim, placing his hand behind his back, cried "open or shut?" Tom eyed him a second or two, when he brought him a well-directed blow under the burr of the ear, which brought him to the ground; and, as he spread out his hands to break his fall, Tom cried "Open!"—and won Jim's last half-dollar at his own game.

Tom might now have said, with the famous Logan, thrice have I gone forth to give battle and thrice have I returned victorious; but that day's sun was destined to see him completely chop-fallen. Among the friends and cronies of Jim McCormick was one Buck Buford, a boy four years older than Tom Smith, and of a tyrannical and overbearing disposition. He had been busy nearly the entire day, trying to pick a quarrel with Tom, had used disparaging epithets, taken the part of the Turkey-Buzzard against the Grocery-keeper, and stood over Jim McCormick and helped him at the game of seven up—all of which was equivalent to a declaration of hostility. Tom, on his part, allowed himself to be persuaded by Bob Tisdell that he could whip Buck; and without much negotiation agreed to go over to the Seminary and fight it out. Repairing to that place and settling the preliminaries, accordingly, a ring was soon formed, and at it they went; but it soon became evident that Buck's additional years were more than a match for Tom's skill and determination. The two soon closed, but Buck's greater size and strength gave him at once a decided advantage. Bob Tisdell, seeing this, attempted to part them, but the remainder of the party interfered and the fight had to be fought out; which was not the case until Tom felt compelled for once in his life to cry "enough." It was a bitter hour for him, and the humiliation of it stuck to him for many a day. Even now,

at a distance of fifty years, and although but half of what he used to be, Peg-leg declares that should he ever meet with Buck Buford, he would try that fight over again.

CHAPTER IV.

At the age of ten, Tom was again sent to school with his sisters and brothers, and continued in attendance for over four years; and it seems that notwithstanding his mischievous propensities, he so conducted himself during school hours as to win the approbation of his teacher and the friendship of his schoolmates. One remarkable thing is said of him, which is hard to credit of a boy who fought chickens and played cards, and that is, that no inducement could make him tell a black lie; that no matter what kind of a scrape he might be led into, not even to escape the severest punishment would he violate his character for voracity, but rather confess and suffer the penalty. His father was not one of those affectionate parents, who believe in spoiling the child by sparing the rod; and Tom had bitter experience of it; but even the certainty of the old man's wrath did not deter him from living up to what he considered the dictates of honor, widely and unfortunately as he had mistaken the true meaning and principles of that noble word.

There happened, about the time of which we are speaking, a wedding in the neighborhood and the pies, cakes and confectionaries were all deposited in the dairy under an apple tree in the yard. On the night previous to the eventful day, Tom with his mischief-loving companions repaired to the spot, carried off everything to the woods and after merely tasting, hid the dainties in a hollow stump, with the intention of returning the following day and having a grand feast. But to their sad disappointment they found that the ants had taken possession of their store-house, crawled into



"WELL, I'M GOING ON SIXTEEN YEARS OLD."

the pores of the cakes, got in between the crusts of the pies, and mired in the sugary juices, and entirely destroyed the pleasures which they anticipated from their stolen luxuries. They indeed attempted to dislodge the industrious little invaders; but after fruitless efforts by knocking and blowing, now and then taking a bite and having to spit it out again, they soon gave up the job in despair; and had to content themselves with the reflection that they were no worse off than the wedding party. But "murder will out," and in the course of a few days this theft was noised about the neighborhood and came to the ears of old Christopher Smith, who at once suspected Tom of having had a hand in it. Here Tom's character for veracity was fully borne out; for upon the accusation being made by his father, he instantly acknowledged his participation; but no amount of punishment could induce him to inform on his companions; and it was as much for his obstinacy in this respect as for his original mischief that his father gave him such an unmerciful flogging that he was laid up for a week.

Not long after this, one day in school Tom's propensity for fun overbalanced his discretion and subjected him to the ire of his schoolmaster, who in a paroxysm of rage ordered him to take off his coat. This Tom positively refused to do; and the authority of the irascible pedagogue being thus for the first time called in question, so excited that dignitary and caused him to ply his hickory so fiercely, that Tom determined to reciprocate, and jerking up the dog-wood poker, gave him a tremendous poke "below the belt," which sent the school-master reeling to the other side of the room. The momentary cessation of hostilities, occasioned by this stroke of policy, afforded Tom an opportunity to look around him, and dropping the poker, he fled. The teacher sent several of the other boys to bring him back, but they knew Tom too well to execute their commission and returned reporting him beyond their reach. As for Tom, he stopped at the forks of the road and waited for his brothers and sisters on their way home, who brought his hat and a note from the master to his father. After inquiring the state of affairs at the school-house, he went on with them to his home, rather anticipating a belligerent display there too; but old Christopher, after reading the note with a half smile, merely put it in his vest pocket and walked out into the yard. A subdued conversation was now carried on between his mother, his sister and himself, which was soon interrupted by the reappearance of his father, and Tom expected to catch what he called "magnificent particular;" but nothing was said till after breakfast the following morning, when the old man quietly said, "Well, Tom, it appears you and the school-master have had a fight; which had the best of it?" "Don't know, sir," said Tom, "but I rather think he got the hardest lick. I didn't want to take my coat off; I thought it had enough with

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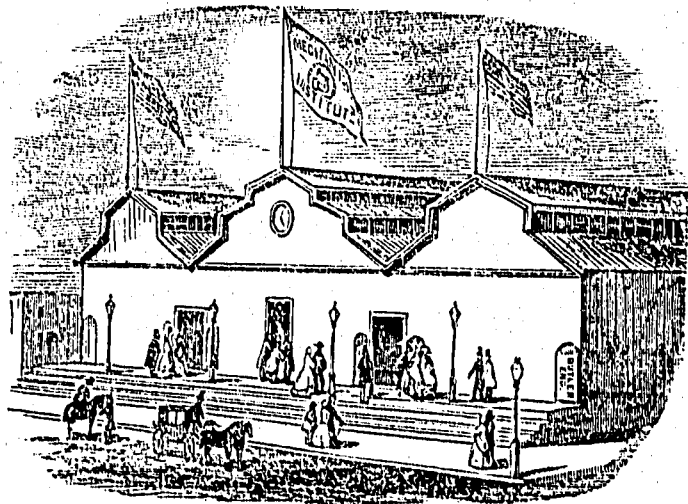
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it on." "Well," replied the old man, no doubt feeling remorseful for the unmerciful flogging he had given Tom a short time before, "you go to school; and as you got into the difficulty, you must get out of it the best way you can. Settle it between you; I shall have nothing to do with it."

With these paternal words still in his ears, Tom started in the direction of the schoolhouse; but after arriving at the end of the field, he mounted the fence and looking around him began soliloquizing: "Well, I'm going on sixteen years old and I've had nothing but work and flogging all my life; twice by my father so bad that I have been laid up in bed, and I don't know how many times I've been walloped by crabbed schoolmasters. I could stand being larruped by my mother," and here the tears began to swell in

his eyes—"but by these others, never. Now, I know boys of my age, who have no parents and they earn their own living—why can't I do the same? Yesterday I got licked and will be again to-day, provided"—here his face wreathed in a melancholy smile—"provided I face the music, which I don't intend to do, no how you can fix it. So, good bye, old folks, I'll try my hand with the world," and getting down from the fence, Tom started off on the road to Nashville, Tennessee, where a maternal aunt of his resided, some two hundred miles distant. With only the clothes he had upon his back and twenty-five cents, which his brother-in-law had loaned him a day or two previously, in his pocket, Tom walked briskly on; and soon had his first experience in what he called trying his hand with the world.

THE PAVILION OF THE MECHANICS' INSTITUTE FAIR



VIEW OF THE PAVILION.

THE Pavilion of the Mechanics' Institute Fair, of which the above engraving gives the outside front view, is situated on the corner of Montgomery and Sutter streets, and very nearly in the centre of the city of San Francisco.

It fronts 150 feet on Montgomery street and runs back 200 feet, making one of the largest rooms in the United States. It is on the main street, and the omnibus lines from the extremes of the city as well as the rail-road from the

Mission pass along the adjoining streets; consequently a more easily attainable locality could not have been selected.

The present Pavilion is the second which has been built by the Institute; the first one, which served for two years, having been erected on the same spot in 1857. That building was in the form of a Greek cross, covered with canvas, and with a large canvas dome in the center. The First Industrial Fair ever held in the State was opened there on the 7th of September, 1857, and remained open for five or six weeks. Being a great novelty and embracing all objects of interest in mechanical departments in the State, besides a remarkably fine display of the California Horticultural Society, the Fair met with a success which was altogether unexpected. During its continuance, the Pavilion was almost constantly crowded and it presented really a very interesting or at least a very new kind of exhibition, one to which most of the population had been unaccustomed since they had left their homes in the East.

The unexpected success of the first Fair induced the managers of the Institute to renew it the next year; and the Pavilion was allowed to stand through the winter. The canvas roofing indeed rotted away and was blown into shreds; but the next summer the building was repaired, a new roof put on, and in September, 1858, the second Fair was opened. It resembled the first in many respects, except that what it lost in novelty it made up in the greater number and greater excellence of its articles on exhibition. During the season of its continuance it was well attended, fully rewarding its conductors for the pains and trouble to which they had gone to make it an exhibition creditable to the city and State. After the close of this second Fair, it was resolved that the third should not be held before 1860; and the Pavilion building was sold, and the greater

part of it broken up and carried away. The wing fronting on Montgomery street remained, however, for two years longer; and was used, first as the place where the "Model of Solomon's Temple" was built and afterwards exhibited; and subsequently for a few months at the end of 1859 by Capen Adams, the famous Grizzly Bear Hunter, for the exhibition of his Pacific Museum.

The present Pavilion, which is a great improvement as an exhibition building on the first, was built in the spring of this year. During the summer it was used for various purposes, being engaged almost every evening for concerts or balls. The Episcopal Mission Sunday School engaged it for their 4th of July Celebration and decorated it very beautifully for that fine occasion. It had also been used for political meetings; but was found to be of bad acoustic qualities: and one great mass meeting, that in relation to Fraudulent Land Claims, was compelled to adjourn to the street, as the speakers could not be heard within its sound-dissipating roofs and walls. It was opened by the Mechanics Institute with their Fair on the evening of September 4th. The attendance was crowded, and for two weeks up to the time of this writing, it has continued crowded evening after evening, with fair attendance during the day time.

The Fair this year far surpasses in variety and excellence of the articles exhibited, the Fairs of 1857 and 1858. Even in these last two years the progress of California in the Industrial Arts has been very great. In almost all departments of mechanics we can compete very well with the manufacturers of the East; and we may almost say of Californian Art, and we may almost say of California herself,—that it has sprung, like Minerva from the head of Jove, full-formed into complete existence. All branches of manufactures, from the immense marine steam engine of 1000 horse-power from Mr. Donahue's

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Union Iron Works, down to California-made tin dishes, are represented. Mills of all kinds are to be seen, from the ponderous quartz crushers down to small grinders. Ladies' work which might be the envy of Paris modistes is on one side; on the other are the delicate cameos cut by Mr. Mezzara and the diamond and gold work of our Californian jewelers. Ship carpenter work, iron cables and wire ropes, agricultural implements, pianos, tools and instruments and machinery, mantuamaking, tailoring, painting, solid and fancy work—every kind of industry indeed has its representative. The visitor is astonished, and can not help wondering at the already attained greatness of the new State.

THE DISCOVERER OF CORAL CAVE.

BY WANDERER.

A DELVING 'mong the ragged rocks,
What cheering hopes he found;
When stern misfortune's cruel shocks
All common hearts did wound.
But he, unconquered, sought to know
The secrets of the hill,
And day by day his works did show
The efforts of his will.

For this he toiled with hands and brain,
To conquer if he could;
He said: "Perhaps some one may gain,
For Providence is good."
Undreamed of, unexpected quite—
Fortune rewards the brave;
At last the lantern's feeble light
Revealed the Coral Cave.

E'en he, the brave, could scarcely dare
To lift his flickering lamp,
And tempt the unknown wonders there,
Those chambers dark and damp;
Till, hark, a voice of sweet, pure tone,*
Told of the spirit fair,
Who made the glittering grot her own
Retreat, unique and rare.

When Nature robed the earth in green,
And everything was good,

Fair flowers and fruit and grain were seen,
And Paradise still stood;
Then man and beast and birds were gay,
In sylvan shades and sun;
But Nature rested not that day—
Her works are never done.

On, on she worked! and worketh still,
Replacing what decays,
And forming new, 'neath vale and hill,
Her works in wondrous ways;
'Tis thus the hidden cavern yields
Wonders as fair to view,
As e'en the forests and the fields
'Neath Heaven's arching blue.

Go on, brave man, thou first to tread,
Where none hath trod before,
Where Nature lavishly hath spread
Her rich, resplendent store!—
And, trusting to the lantern's light,
He ventured on his way, [bright
Through halls whose crystals dazzling
Reflected back each ray.

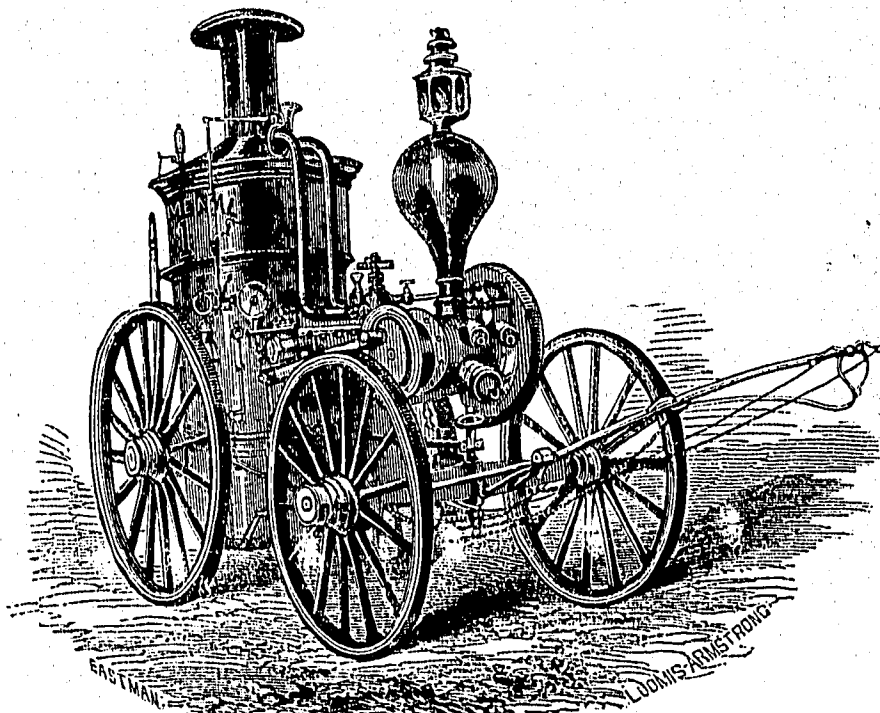
He raised his voice, but not to shout;
A sacred face he viewed;
And grandest, purest thoughts devout,
Forbade expressions rude;
He stood enraptured with the scene,
Bound with a mystic spell;
But what he said his soul alone,
No words, no tongue can tell.

* Note.—When Mr. Gwynn first broke into the Cave, he heard a musical moan, occasioned by the escape of the pent-up air, and resembling the melodious tones of a woman's voice.

THERE is a spring of great medicinal virtues on the south or principal Farallone Island.

The water comes up from many apertures, containing chlorates, sulphates and phosphates. In taste it resembles alum water mixed with vinegar. It is represented as healthful and curative; and is known to be a great provocative of appetite. It has the reputation of being a perfect cure for obstinate cases of diarrhoea. One of the keepers of the lighthouse on the island states that for three consecutive years he suffered constantly from this distressing disease and exhausted all the remedies within his reach without effect. Upon resorting to the use of the waters of this spring, a speedy and entire cure was effected.

THE PIONEER STEAM FIRE-ENGINE.



[Photographed by W. Watkins.]

WE present above an illustration of the new Steam Fire-Engine, which has been imported from New York, by Wethered & Tiffany of this city. It is now in the hands of Monumental Engine Company, No. 6, and will be purchased by them, provided that on trial it prove satisfactory. We have had the cut made from a photographic view taken while the engine was on parade, on the occasion of the Tenth Anniversary of Monumental Fire Company, No. 6, which took place September 12th.

The annexed notice of the Engine in question, taken from the *Scientific American*, gives a description of it: It was built, says that journal, by Messrs. Lee & Larned, of New York, at the Novelty Iron Works. These engines are fitted to be drawn by hand, being intended especially for the use of engine and hose companies; so that villages and small

cities may now avail themselves of the superior and untiring power of steam, for fire-engine purposes, with no change in existing organizations, and without the expense of a horse establishment. The engine from which the view is taken was on duty for several months, in the hands of the Valley Forge Hose Company, stationed in Thirty-seventh street, New York, and it rendered signal service on several occasions. It is about ten feet in length, exclusive of the pole, and weighs 3,700 pounds; which weight, we understand, will be reduced at least 200 pounds in engines of the same style to be hereafter built. Having large wheels and sensitive springs, it runs as easily as an ordinary fire-engine of 500 or 600 pounds less weight, and easier than the average of first-class hand engines. Its best single stream, for distance, is one inch diameter; for quantity, 1½; but for ordi-

nary fire duty effect, two and a half inches of own water. It runs for five hours at a time, in January, 1857, by Boyd, in January.

The steam engine of Lee & Larned is 125 feet of boiler, and steam can be raised in from six to eight hours, which is of the best of Cary's patent reciprocating engine, and 8½ inches balance wheels. It is intended to run 100 revolutions per minute, cast on the pulley heads of the pistons, thus combined in a novel form and compactness; it occupies a space (only 10 feet) they are hard to get. The piston rod is of opposite head, and such length as to run from each end of the shaft. The valve is by means of a eccentric rod from boiler is supplied with the main feed pump, but at pleasure. In front, simply iron, of less than the whole form, of which is bolted, and is hung on pulley like those of ordinary tension rods and

nary fire duty, it will handle, with good effect, two one-inch streams, drawing its own water. This it did, for ten consecutive hours at a fire on the ship *John J. Boyd*, in January last.

The steam power is derived from one of Lee & Larned's patent annular boilers, of 125 feet of heating surface, with which steam can be raised to working pressure, in from six to eight minutes. The pump, which is of brass, and highly finished, is Cary's patent rotary, driven by a single reciprocating engine, of 7 inches bore and 8½ inches stroke, with a pair of light balance wheels to carry it over the centers. It is intended to make from 200 to 400 revolutions per minute. A flange-disk, cast on the pump shell, makes one of the heads of the steam cylinder; the two, thus combined, forming a steam pump, of novel form and unequalled simplicity and compactness; occupying, indeed, so small a space (only 27 inches in length), that they are hardly seen in the engraving. The piston rod, passing out through the opposite head, acts on a cross-head of such length as to allow a connecting rod from each end of it to pass the cylinder and take hold of cranks on the pump shaft. The valve movement is obtained by means of a rockshaft, actuated by an eccentric rod from the main shaft. The boiler is supplied from an independent feed pump, but has also a connection with the main pump, which may be used at pleasure. The carriage frame is, in front, simply a horizontal bed plate of iron, of less than a foot in breadth, expanding, behind, into a ring, to the inside of which is bolted an upright open cylinder of thin, but stiff, sheet-iron, strengthened at the bottom by an angle-iron ring, the whole forming at once a seat and a casing for the boiler, which is placed within it. This end of the bed or frame is hung on platform springs, arranged like those of an omnibus, by means of tension rods and braces, taking hold of

the angle-iron ring. The center of weight is directly over the hinder axle, which opens into a hoop allowing the boiler to hang within it. The springs are plates of steel, one or more to each, of uniform thickness, but tapering in width from the middle towards either end. In front, two springs of this form are used, placed one above the other, in line with and directly under the bed, receiving the weight of the machinery at the middle or widest part. These serve the two-fold purpose of spring and reach, taking hold in front, by means of forked ends, on swivel-boxes at each end of a short vertical shaft, forming a universal joint with the front axle; giving thus a single point of front suspension, annihilating the tendency of the bed to wring and twist under its load in traveling over rough roads, saving all the weight of metal needed under the ordinary arrangement to counteract that tendency and secure the necessary stiffness, protecting the machinery perfectly against the concussions of travel, and dispensing with the complication and friction of a fifth wheel.

These engines are built of several different sizes; the one we have described being the smallest. The next size larger, weighing 5,200 pounds, is also a hand engine (though either can be fitted to be drawn by a horse or horses, if required), and being of proportionally greater power, it is to be preferred where the condition of the streets is favorable, in respect to surface and grades, and the company is strong enough in numbers to manage it. This engine throws a 1½-inch stream 260 feet, a 1¼-inch 228 feet, and for fire duty not unfrequently plays a 1½-inch stream with great effect. The Manhattan engine, which, in the hands of Manhattan Company, No. 8, of New York, did such admirable service at the severe fires of the last winter, and which was, according to the estimate of competent authorities, the means of saving property to the amount of at least a hundred times its cost, is of this size.

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SAND CLOUDS ON THE DESERT.

THE stories told by the old traveler Bruce, of columns or pillars of sand moving with fearful rapidity over the African deserts, were regarded by many as too wonderful for belief; and probably he did draw a little too much upon his imagination in his descriptions of them. But there was much truth in his accounts there can be no doubt, as columns of this kind are observed in the smaller deserts of our own country.

Dr. John B. Trask, writing under date of April 30th, 1860, from Virginia, in the Washoe region, says:

"Since my last, we have had a variety of weather, the compound being made up of clear and warm, clear and cold, and cold and windy, with a half-hurricane and abundance of whirlwinds the greater part of the time. At our altitude (5,582 feet), now well determined, the view to the east is romantic and grand. On the forty-mile desert (the nearest point of which to this place is sixty-six miles), there has been for the last ten days an almost constant series of tremendous whirlwinds, which at this distance seem to travel north or south. The level of this desert is obscured from our view by a low ridge of mountains about one thousand feet high, and you may form some conception of the grand scale on which these local storms act, when I state to you that the columns of sand rise to an elevation of more than four times the height of the intervening ridge. Taking the distance into consideration, the largest column raised to this immense height, which I saw on the 22d, could not have been less than three miles in diameter, forming a feature on the atmosphere of an immense water-spout, at times witnessed at sea. These whirlwinds seem to travel about seventy miles an hour—for one of the columns rising on the southern border traveled a distance of forty miles in

little less than thirty minutes. The manufacturers of geographies would do well to come to Virginia City, and study the features of sand-storms for their illustrations. Since I have been here, there have been probably not less than a dozen or more of these storms, and they all present the same features, viz.: a point of cloud descending from a broad base for a short distance, and beneath it a dark column gradually rising till a junction is formed. The sand-cloud also rises when no cloud is visible there."

Frank Soulé, a few weeks afterwards, wrote of the same sand-clouds:

"This has been a day of fearful winds. Clouds of snow have been hanging on the mountain tops, and scattering their burdens down; and furious gusts and gales are sweeping from the southwest across the forty-mile desert, raising columns of sand and dust to the clouds. Some of these must be at least three thousand feet in height above the desert, and travel at great speed. Above the hills, above the highest mountain tops, we see them at a distance of from thirty-five to fifty miles, whirling upwards as if they would blot out sun and sky, while the desert itself seems like an ocean of water, dashed into billows of foam. Pitiless, indeed, seem these galloping columns of stifling dust and sand, and pitiful indeed is the condition of any poor creature, human or brute, who, caught there, is obliged to endure, or die, amid the chilling and strangling tempest."

THE LION AND THE HARE.—A lion vouchsafed his intimate acquaintance to a facetious hare. "Now, is it true," asked the hare of him once, "that the crowing of a miserable cock can so easily put you lions to flight?"

"It is true, indeed," replied the lion, "and it is a very common observation that all of us great animals have some certain little weakness or other. Thus, for example, you have doubtless heard of the elephant, how the grunting of a sow will throw him into paroxysms of terror."

"By my faith," exclaimed the hare, "now I understand why we hares are so frightened at the barking of dogs."

[Lessing's Fables.

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THE MIRAGE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF FREILIGRATH.

MY EYE surveys with restless gaze the harbor's pennon-bearing breast,
 But thine still seeks the ostrich plumes that nod upon my warrior crest:
 "I fain would hear once more again, here in our sea-surrounded yacht,
 A tale about the desert wastes from which these beauteous plumes were brought."

Well, well! I lay my aching brow upon the hollow of my hand;
 My eyelids fall, but not for sleep—see there, the desert's glowing sand!
 The places of the tents belong to those of whom I'm kith and kin,
 And in her blighted widow-woods Sahara's spreading wastes are seen.

Who traveled through the lion-band with claws and hoofs is marked the clay?
 Timbuctoo's caravan it was—on horizon the banners play,
 And glisten spears—and in the dust the Emir's purple vestments spread,
 And proudly midst the moving throng the camel lifts his stately head.

They travel in compacted mass, where intermingle sand and air:
 But see that sulphurous-colored cloud within whose folds they disappear!
 'Tis easy to point out their trail from traces they have left behind:
 With what they've lost, in scattered heaps, their rough and toilsome way is lined.

The first, as if a mile-stone placed, dead dromedary, lies just there;
 And on its carcass sit and gorge, with naked necks a vulture pair;
 They take their raw and glut'nous meal—close where a jeweled turban's tost,
 Which in his wild and raging haste a young and noble Arab lost.

Beyond, 'tis silken housings-stuff which on that tamarisk's thorns is seen;
 And near it, dry and empty, lies a tough but bursted water-skin—
 But who is he of frantic gaze that comes with wild and painful tread?
 It is a dark-haired desert chief, the Sheik of Biledulgerid.

The rear-guard closing, fell his horse; he stayed; his people would not bide;
 His favorite wife alone of all cleaved fainting to his girdle side.
 How brightly beamed her brilliant eye, when lifted to his saddle seat!
 And now he drags her panting form amid the desert's dust and heat.

The burning sands, where nightly but the lion's shaggy form has crept,
 Are now with the dishoveled locks of this exhausted beauty swept.
 The dust besoils her loosened curls; it stains her ripe and dewy lips;
 And here and there her blood paints red the flint stones' sharp and cruel tips.

And o'en the Emir reels; the blood in all his pulses feverish flows;
 His eyes start out, and on his brow a vein that's full to bursting glows.
 With one last burning kiss he wakes his fainting Fezzan bride again,
 And then, with wildest curse he falls upon the dry and parched plain.

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She, wondering, wondering looks around;—ha, what is that? "sleep'st thou my
 The sky that seemed all brass, now wears a look of steel. Arouse, arouse!

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 Lessing's Fables.

Where is the desert's yellow glare? where o'er I look a light appears!
It is a glimmering, like the sea's, that brightly shines beyond Algiers!

See, see! it lightens and it storms; and moister, cooler grows the air!
A giant mirror sparkles it:—wake up, perhaps the Nile is there!
But no, we travel southward; ah! perhaps it is the Senegal?
Or, if it were the ocean wide with broken white and pearly swell?

But either one, 'tis water still! wake up! our raiment lay aside;—
Wake up, my lord; and let us haste and bathe us in the welcome tide;
A living draft, a strengthening bath, our veins with power renewed will flow;
And soon we'll reach those castled towers which yonder o'er the waters glow.

Around their grey and stony doors the scarlet banner proudly flies,
And lances bristle on their walls; and in their midst domed mosques arise;
And in the road-steads freighted ships, high-masted, sail-spread, come from far,
And pilgrims of all nations fill the spacious and perfumed bazaar.

Belovéd, haste, my tongue grows thick! wake up, the twilight comes again!"
Yet once he lifted up his eyes; then spoke with husky voice: "'Tis vain!
'Tis but a mockery and a cheat, the mirage, false, delusive spell."
He ceased.—The meteor disappeared—upon his corse she lifeless fell!

Thus spake in Venice harbor once about his home the swarthy Moor;
The General's story sweetly streamed in Desdemona's eager ear.
She rose not till the vessel came beneath the palace marble's glow
And then he bore her up the steps—sole child of old Brabantio.

NOTES ON AMADOR VALLEY.

BY JOHN S. HITTELL.

LOOKING eastward from the city of San Francisco we see the bay of the same name eight miles wide, beyond that a plain three or four miles wide, and beyond that the Contra Costa ridge of the coast mountains. That ridge with its spurs is about ten miles wide, and to the east of it, and between it and the parallel Diablo ridge, lies Amador valley, one of the prettiest and most fertile dales of the state. The valley was formerly called the Valley of San José, and was used by the Mission of San José for the pasturage of its cattle. The present name is derived from Don José Amador, the first white

settler, who came into the valley more than twenty-five years ago. He was at one time *Administrador* of the Mission of San José, and was a prominent man among the native Californians. Some five or six years ago he sold out and moved southward to Santa Barbara. Soon after the discovery of the gold, this Señor Amador went to the mines, with a large number of Indians from his ranch, and he mined for a time between the Cosumnes and Mokelumne rivers, at a place now within the limits of Amador county, to which his name was given.

The Amador valley is triangular in general shape, about eight miles in diameter, and is nearly surrounded by mountains. Only a very little of the land is cultivated; nearly all of it is used for

pasturing cattle and sheep, of which former there are about 20,000 and of the latter about 5,000.

When seen from the adjoining hills, the valley, with its great extent of untouched grass lands, the paucity of its houses, fences and cultivated fields, and the abundance of its cattle, reminded us of Napa, Sonoma, Petaluma and Santa Clara valleys, as they were eight or nine years ago, when our State imported wheat and barley from abroad, and we did not dream that our apples and our vines would soon compare with any in the world. Here something can still be seen of California as it was in old times, when the lasso was king, as it is yet in this valley. Nine-tenths of its wealth, exclusive of the land, lies in the herds of cattle. The native Californians have sold most of their land to the Americans, but the latter have adopted the pursuits of their predecessors, and prefer swinging the lasso to following the plough.

The Mexican system of stock-raising was very good for the California of 1846. In fact, no other system was available. The great ranches, large as European dukedoms or principalities, the lack of fences, the open range, the vaqueros, the *rcata*, (pronounced ray-ah-ta) the strong Mexican saddle, the Spanish bit and spurs, the corral, the brand, the *rodeo*, (pronounced ro-day-o) all these were necessary to success in stock-raising in California fifteen years ago. Cattle and horses were never or very rarely fed, but were compelled at all seasons, to rely entirely on their own ability to pick up food in the open plain. And they had very little value. Horses were worth about \$5 apiece, and the chief value of cows was in their hides and tallow, for which alone many were killed every year. Under these circumstances it could not be expected that the *ranchero* would go to much expense in improving his stock; his only care was to keep his

herds within reach and marked so that he could recognize them without difficulty. But now a new order of things has been instituted.

The old system is becoming every year less and less suitable to our present wants and circumstances. Our herds are now, when well managed, the source of immense wealth. The *ranchero* can afford to improve his stock; indeed, if he wishes to derive the most possible profit from his herds' he must improve their blood. The old breed of California horses and cattle were of very good quality in some respects, and suitable for their wild modes of life, but they are poor as compared with the high-bred animals common in England and the Eastern States, and now in demand in California, too.

The Spanish cattle of California were brought from Mexico, by the missionaries, about 1770. At what time their stock came originally to Mexico is not precisely known, but no doubt it was in the seventeenth century, and they must have been imported from Spain. In Mexico they were allowed to run almost wild, and they took the appearance of wild animals. They have very nearly the same range of colors as the American and European cattle, but mouse dun and brindle colors, almost infallible signs of "scrub" blood, are more frequent, and the deep red, fine cream color and delicate mottling of deep red and white found only in high-blooded animals, are entirely wanting. Their legs are thin and long, their noses sharp, their forms graceful, their horns long, thin, and wide-spread; and they have the same duski-ness about the nostrils and eyes as the deer. In many points a resemblance may be seen between a young Spanish cow, and a deer. The cows are small and wild, do not fatten readily, produce little milk, and their meat is not so tender and juicy as that of the American cattle. The meat of the Spanish cow

when fat is good; but since most of the Spanish beef, now brought into the market of San Francisco, is obtained by driving wild animals a considerable distance, and necessarily worrying and wasting them, it may well be inferior to that of stock bred near the city, in fields, and specially fattened for the table. However, they are certainly far inferior to the American and imported stock for general farm purposes, and they should be replaced by herds of better blood as soon as possible. In this respect much has been done by California. Millions of dollars have been spent to get fine-blooded bulls and cows, and we have almost as fine Ayrshires, Devons and Durhams, as can be found anywhere, and of American cows there are not less than ten thousand in the State.

The Californian horse, like the cow, betrays his base blood by his colors. Mouse color, dull duns of various shades, and calico color or mixtures of white with red or black in numerous large spots or blotches, are very common, and chestnut, bright sorrel and dark bay and fine dappled gray, are very rare or entirely wanting.

The Californian horse is quick, tough, unsurpassable for the use of the rider and the vaquero; but he is small, lacks weight and strength, is not suited to hard, steady work with the plough or wagon, and is not beautiful. He is wanting in the hereditary submissiveness and steadiness of the well-bred horse; and he lacks that sort of "sense" which leads an American horse to be quiet and gentle even in circumstances strange to him. The consequence is that American horses are worth about twice as much as Californian horses, the latter averaging in price from \$75 to \$100; the former from \$150 to \$200.

The Californian who desired to have a ranch under the Mexican dominion sought him a place in a valley where grass and

water were abundant, and petitioned the Governor to give him a grant, for colonization, of some leagues of land—not less than one league nor more than eleven. The Governor addressed a note to a local officer, instructing him to examine whether the land petitioned for was vacant, and report. If the report was favorable the grant was made, on condition that within a year or two the granteo should build and occupy a house, and put some cattle on the land. The grant having been obtained, the rancho selected his house site, built, near a spring or creek, a house of adobes, or sun-dried bricks, covered it with tiles or *tules*, (rushes), and drove his cattle to the place. Ordinarily there was no garden. The rancho had his home and his *corral*, or yard, into which his cattle could be driven, and these were the only improvements on his place.

A young rancho might start with two or three hundred cows, which, previous to 1846, were worth about \$5 a piece. If two hundred, he would, the next year, have two hundred calves, half bulls and half heifers. The next year he would have as many more calves. The third year his oldest heifers would take rank with the cows, and he would have three hundred calves, the next four hundred, and so on increasing. The bull calves would be used for veal, or changed, and used for work oxen, or killed for their hides and tallow. The herds required no expenditure of money for their protection. They never had any shelter, or were inclosed in a field, or tasted any cultivated plant. They ate only the indigenous grasses, oats and clover. Nothing was spent to improve the blood, or to transport them to fairs, or to advertise them. The owners' only care was to keep them in his vicinity—on his ranch, if possible—and mark them, so that he and all his neighbors might know them. To prevent them straying away, so far as

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to be lost, the attention of a *vaquero* (pronounced vah-káy-ro, cow herd, from the Spanish *vaca* and Latin *vacca*, for cow,) was necessary. He always had his horse, his Mexican saddle, the pummel strong enough to hold a bull, and his *reata*, with which to lasso cattle, if necessary. He rode out occasionally to see where the cattle were, and, if beyond the limits of the ranch, he drove them to their proper grazing ground.

The *ranchero* recognizes his own solely by the brand; that is, he knows his cows by the brand, and knows his calves by their following his cows. The latter are all branded when they are brought on the ranch. He must collect all his cattle every spring, and brand every calf. The collection of cattle for branding is called a *rodeo*, and the business of holding *rodeos* in the spring makes the busy season of the *rancheros*. There are general *rodeos* and special *rodeos*. A *rodeo* may be for one ranch or for several—in the latter case, the size of the ranches, and the number of cattle, being usually small. When a general *rodeo* is to be held, the owner of the ranch gives notice to every cattle-owner in the vicinity, and to all supposed to have stock in the ranch, for cattle will often wander forty or fifty miles from home.

On the day of the general *rodeo* a dozen *vaqueros* start out, at daylight, to all the borders of the ranch, and commence driving the cows to a level spot agreed upon, usually near the centre of the ranch. The cattle learn to know this place, and when they hear the shouts of the *vaqueros* they all start in that direction, and they are usually collected on the designated ground before noon. The *vaqueros* of the ranch-owner are then stationed round them, and the other *rancheros* ride into the band, find their own, lasso the cows, and take them out—the calves following. When a *ranchero* gets all his cattle out, he drives them off to

his own ranch, and brands the calves.

At the general *rodeo*, everybody can come; the special *rodeo* is similar, except that it is given at particular request of some persons, who then have the privilege of taking out all their cattle before anybody else can disturb the herd. After the time of the general *rodeo*, everybody is busy branding his calves, of which a dozen *vaqueros* will brand about two hundred in a day.

The *rodeos* commence in the latter part of March, and continue about three months. In some parts of the country, the *rodeos* have a regular round. Thus, at the beginning of the *rodeo* season, the *rancheros* of Amador Valley start with thirty or forty men for the San Joaquin Valley, a distance of about fifty miles, whither many of their cattle stray during the winter, and commencing at the furthest ranch south, a general *rodeo* is held, at their request. After collecting all their cattle at the first ranch, they drive them northward to the next, where another *rodeo* is held, and so on, and they usually get home after an absence of two or three weeks. In the fall, another general *rodeo* is held, for the purpose of branding calves which may have been overlooked at the spring *rodeo*, or born after it, though that is a rare event—the cows calving almost universally in the winter.

On the 14th of May last, Mr. Dougherty, the owner of the finest stock ranch, and the largest herds of cattle, in the northern half of the State, held his general *rodeo* for this year. Notification of the time and place had been given, far and wide, to the *rancheros*, who came together in a large assemblage for such an occasion. The *rodeo*, (which etymologically means a surrounding, and comes from the same origin as "rotate,") supplies to the *rancheros* those occasions of general meeting, exciting adventure, and conversation and festivity which the settlers of the Mississippi Valley have in

their "raisings," politicians in their conventions, and ladies at balls and tea parties. The 14th of May showed promise, early in the morning, of being a splendid day, clear, quiet and warm, a promise afterwards fulfilled. The valley, about eight miles in diameter each way, was covered with a deep green carpet of grass and clover, here and there hidden by the abundance of flowers, while all around rose the hills, tinged with a pinkish purple where the vegetation had commenced to dry up, and beyond these were the mountains, brown and sullen with barren rocks and dull green chaparral.

Before daylight, Mr. Dougherty had sent out a dozen vaqueros to the outer limits of his ranch, to drive together all the cattle, which then for three hours could be seen running in great herds to the rodeo ground, near the place where the Alamo Valley opens upon the larger Amador Valley. At nine o'clock, eight thousand head of cattle were there collected, and about them were 200 or 250 rancheros, all on horseback, picturesque Californian figures, swarthy faced Mexicans, thick-bearded Americans, mostly rough looking fellows, some from the San Joaquin, fifty miles off, others from Santa Clara, Tusajora, Diablo, San Ramon, Sañol and other valleys, where rancheros and stock owners supposed that some of the cattle had strayed away to Dougherty's ranch. All were mounted on Californian saddles, with the accompaniments of Spanish bits, long spurs, leggings, *sudaderas*, *tapaderas*, *reatas*, &c.

The cattle were driven into a compact mass, nearly circular, and the body was apparently about a quarter of a mile across. The number was guessed at eight thousand. It is said that Dougherty owns about four thousand, and his, easily recognized by a little tail cut from the dewlap, were not more than half of the great herd. They were driven by the

vaqueros to move round and round in a circle, thus giving a better opportunity to see them.

Soon after nine o'clock the work of the day commenced—a day full of life, action, confusion and excitement. The men from the San Joaquin, having come the furthest, were allowed the first opportunity to get out their cattle. They rode in, a dozen men or more, and took a direction contrary to the motion of the cattle, which were not disturbed in the least by the presence of the horsemen. Whenever one of the stock-men discovered one of his cows, he called to a friend, and the two chased it out of the herd. The horses were evidently familiar with the work and fond of it. They soon recognized the cow that was to be "parted out," and kept their eyes fixed upon her, discovering her purpose before their riders, and turning with every turn of hers. She was soon driven away from the herd, and then, was placed under the charge of two vaqueros who guarded her until her owner had got ready to depart. When the animal to be driven out was an unmarked calf, it was lassoed, thrown down, and a vaquero with a knife marked it, cutting or slitting the ears, or cutting a little tail from the dewlap or neck, according to the owner's knife marks. Now and then a vaquero, after lassoing a cow, would lose hold of his *reata*, and the cow would run away. The horse knowing that the *reata* must be picked up, would run alongside of it, and while he was at full speed, the vaquero, with one hand on the pommel of the saddle, would lean over or hang down on one side, and with the other hand pick up the *reata*, rise to his place, then wrap the *reata* about the saddle-horn, and the cow would be caught as securely as though the *reata* had never slipped from the vaquero's hand. Numerous scenes of this kind were going on continuously on all sides of the great herd, and meantime the vaqueros and

rancheros opportunit in chasing would occ tempt to e a very live for the cov ed from t cows and ing, with greater or too, migh which, af fiance at ground a bass, had fight; but as they p ended b flight of t be the w

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rancheros on the outside had frequent opportunities to show their horsemanship in chasing up the cows and calves which would occasionally break away and attempt to escape into the plain. It was a very lively scene; and not a silent one, for the cows had mostly become separated from their calves, and thousands of cows and calves were lowing and bawling, without intermission, in tones of greater or less anxiety. Here and there, too, might be seen pairs of rival bulls, which, after shaking their heads in defiance at each other, pawing up the ground and muttering threats in deep bass, had put their heads together for a fight; but all these encounters, exciting as they promised to be in the beginning, ended bloodlessly with the inglorious flight of the beast which found himself to be the weaker of the two.

After the San Joaquin men had "parted out" their stock, the rancheros of the vicinity entered the herd, and finally the vaqueros of Dougherty went to work at getting out such of the ranch stock as they wanted to corral, and the day finally passed, full of excitement and labor. When evening came, every ranchero in the vicinity had collected his herd together on one side, under charge of his vaqueros, and each started for his home, driving his cattle before him. As is usual on such occasions, several wagons laden with fire-water were on the ground to supply those who thirsted for such a compound. There is but one general rodeo on a ranch in a year, and there are often serious accidents caused by the foolhardiness of the vaqueros and rancheros, and their desire to display their horsemanship and boldness in playing queer tricks with their horses and the wild cattle. In this case no accident occurred.

The land of Amador valley is rich, moist, and warm, and produces feed when other valleys are nearly bare. The hills

produce wild oats, and the low lands native clover, both excellent for stock. In the spring, the cattle prefer to range in the hills; in the summer and fall they love the clover; and even after the ground appears to be bare, the stock thrive by picking up the clover burs which lie upon the ground. This bur clover is more nutritious than any imported, but it will not thrive so well in dry land as the alfalfa.

Tributary to Amador, are two smaller valleys, the Alamo, (pronounced à-lah-mo) and the Tasajera, (tah-sah-lù-y-rah.) The former is so called from some *alamo* trees in it, but whether these *alamos* are elms or cottonwood, (the Mexicans apply the word *alamo* to both,) we are not informed. The Tasajera valley is so named because, previous to the secularization of the Missions, some vaqueros or Indians killed cattle belonging to the Mission, and cut up and dried the meat in this valley. *Tasajear* is a verb, meaning to perform that process, and *Tasajera* means a place where meat is cut up and dried in the sun. This is a process which would be well nigh impossible in the Atlantic States or Northern Europe, where meat would putrefy before it would dry, but there is no difficulty of that kind in California. Previous to the American dominion, when beef was the chief article of food with everybody, and almost the only one with most of the population, the process of cutting up and drying meat was one of the most common operations of the ranchero's life; now gone completely out of practice, except in a few of the ranches in the southern part of the State.

The small amount of tillage in Amador valley is to be ascribed to various causes, among which are that the land with a clear title is in the hands of a few owners, who own great herds of cattle, that fencing timber is scarce and dear, that the land is remote from the markets, and that spermophiles, or as they

are commonly called, squirrels, are extremely abundant. Beechey's spermophiles are among the peculiar features and curses of California. They exist in thousands, we might almost say in millions, in Amador Valley. Their burrows make the earth look like a honeycomb in those places where they establish their colonies, for they are gregarious animals and are fond of company. Sometimes five hundred burrows may be found on an acre, and hundreds of tenants may be seen at a time racing about over the grass. Nobody in Amador Valley need suffer for the want of fresh meat, for it would not be a difficult matter to shoot a hundred of these pernicious spermophiles in a few hours; and their meat is fat and sweet. They live on grass and grass seeds—that is, if they cannot get into cultivated fields or gardens—for if they have access to any such places they cut down everything. The only way to raise a garden in their vicinity is to build a board fence so tight that they cannot get through it. They are so bold that they will make their burrows within ten steps of human dwellings, and there is in the valley more than one house from the roof of which dozens of squirrels might easily be killed in a day with a rifle. But they are now so numerous that it is almost folly to think of making any perceptible decrease in their numbers by shooting or hunting them. In the course of a few years, however, the squirrels will be killed off; good roads will bring the markets near; cattle will be stall-fed, or kept in fields of cultivated grass, and Amador will be one of the garden valleys of the State.

EVENING IN NAPA.

BY W. P. RICE.

FAIR Napa, sweetest valley, radiant queen—
Of Californian vales, how sweet thy scene

Of shady groves and verdant dales,
When evening breathes her balmy gales.

Here lawns extend in flowery sheen,
And waving fields in vesture green,
And silvery streams with music flow
And purple mists in beauty glow.

Yon setting sun with gorgeous light,
Tips each surrounding mountain's height;
Yon groves where Love her court might
hold,

See, how their green is edged with gold.

No chills; no frosts; here fade no bowers;
Here always bloom the tinted flowers;
Through all the year their glories shine,
O spring perennial! happy clime!

Long ere the "pale-face," Fortune's child,
Came o'er the hills, thy valley smiled;
And forest maidens knew to dream
Of love along thy flowery stream.

And yet may rove, at twilight hours,
True lovers mid thy blooming flowers;
For, hark, the note of turtle dove;
Here is the paradise of Love.

THE UNSEARCHED SHORES OF SAN FRANCISCO.

IN looking over our books on marine animals, plants and zoophytes, and particularly those published of late years by Mr. Gosse of London, we can not but think of the magnificent field for the naturalist, which is presented in our own Bay and Coast, the Unsearched Shores of San Francisco. When we consider the casual discoveries that have been made from time to time by even unobservant persons, the curious fishes, sponges, corals, polyps and shells; when we sit out at the ends of the wharves and look at the dark, green and black shell-incrust-ed piles, with their worms and parasites; when we walk around North Beach after a gale and survey the tangled line of delicate and gorgeous-hued sea-weeds; when we clamber among the rocks and see the anemones, crawling star-fishes,

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and pinching crabs; when indeed we look in any direction, whether towards the stony ledges of the Golden Gate, the rocky islands, the shallow waters of the lower Bay, the sandy beaches to the north and south of the city, the flats and ponds of Oakland, or the mud-stretches of Mission Bay;—in every place we find unexplored regions, filled with new and untold wonders of the deep.

All these have to be investigated, studied, described; and we do not know that one could do a more acceptable or useful service to his day and generation than to assist in unfolding and spreading forth these hitherto unopened pages of the great book of nature. There are men in our midst who are well capable of reading the mystic characters, and of translating for us the evangels here written and bound up; for we cannot doubt but that there are on every side of us revelations—for those who can decipher them—as convincing and as wonderful as ever in the old world served as stepping stones from Nature up to Nature's God. If these men would for but a short time every week or a few days every month lay aside their scalpels, books, and crucibles, and pry a little more into the wonders around them, they would soon open up new and unheard of instruction and entertainment. Who would have thought that a horse-pond could have furnished such a fund of knowledge of the most pleasant and useful kind, till Buckland dipped his net into it and brought his microscope to bear upon its slimy scum? Who would have thought that the humble parish of Solbourne, with its few swallows and swifts, could have furnished a series of histories, read with pleasure over the whole world, till White noted down the results of his stray observations? But probably in no other spot on the face of the globe is there a field so rich in variety and interest, or which affords better opportunity for making investigations, than the vicinity of San

Francisco. The harvest is spread forth abundantly; the rewards are rich and glorious; who will go forth to labor?

It would be a task of supererogation to speak of the usefulness of science: it might as well be asked what is the good of *eloquence*, at some one of whose sacred altars every spirit, that has ever benefited his race, has been lighted. When therefore the question is put, what is the use of finging among the sea-weeds and scraping up the mud, which lies in refuse masses all around us? the response is, there is entertainment, instruction, knowledge, philosophy, poetry, religion in them.

Little comedies and tragedies are taking place daily among the bugs in yonder pond, which are quite as interesting and to some much more so than those in the playhouse; a correct knowledge of the habits and natural history of the long, many-legged, boring worm, which honey-combed those hickory piles at the foot of our city, might save us tens of thousands of dollars every year: the philosophy and poetry, which are written in the waves of the sea, as well and quite as finely illustrated as in the depths of the forest, constitute the only common ground upon which the tastes of all nations and all critics from the beginning to the end of the world can meet; and as to religion, which rightly viewed is the end and aim of all knowledge not purely economical—there can be no infidelity in the religion of Nature. Unbelief in the evangel of the material world around us is death; and death is itself a proof of the evangel.

In view of the magnificent field for research, which is open in the Bay and along the shores of San Francisco, a few results from this kind of study, as carried on in England, may be interesting to the reader. It has become so fashionable in that country to observe the nature and habits of marine animals and plants, that every summer, parties are formed in London and other cities to go

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UNSEARCHED SHORES OF SAN FRANCISCO.

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down to the sea-coast and spend a few weeks dredging the bays and overhauling the rocks for weeds and curiosities. Great numbers of aquariums are scattered over the kingdom, and so general is the interest taken, and so much in vogue this kind of investigation, that shops are established where ready-made aquariums, fresh sea-water and specimens are sold.

The most devoted perhaps of all living students in the natural history of marine forms is Philip H. Gosse of London. He has published several books on the subject, in one of which "The Aquarium," he gives directions how the study can be best prosecuted. In his writings he is perhaps too much disposed to ramble and preach sermons out of place; but no one can deny that he has presented us with some very entertaining sketches; but we think that his works, interesting and celebrated as they are, could be excelled by some of our California scientific men, were they to turn their attention to the Bay and coast waters and give us a plain narrative of their investigations.

THE SEPIOLE.

Mr. Gosse gives the following sketch of the "Sepiolo," a curious kind of Polyp, species of which have been taken in our own Bay. He says:

My notions of the *Cephalopoda*, [a genus of marine animals having the feet at the head,] derived from figures of the various species in books, were anything but agreeable. I thought of them as hideous, repulsive, fierce, atrocious creatures; hated and feared whenever seen. But an acquaintance with the pretty *Sepiolo Vulgaris*, has not a little modified these ideas; and its beauty, sprightliness and curious habits, have made it quite a favorite pet among the denizens of my Aquarium. It is a little creature, rarely exceeding an inch in length, though the extensibility of the arms somewhat varies its dimensions.

When we turn out two or three from the net into a pail of sea-water, they are at first restless and active. They shoot

hither and thither, as if by a direct effort of will, but in reality by the impulse of rapid and forcible jets of water, directed towards various points, from the mouth of the flexible funnel situated beneath the body. After a few moments they suspend themselves in mid-water, hovering for many seconds in the same spot, scarcely moving a hair's breadth either way, but moving their large circular swimming-fins rapidly and regularly up and down, just like the wings of an insect. Indeed, the resemblance of the little cephalopod, in these circumstances, to a brown moth hovering over a flower, is most close and striking, and cannot fail to suggest an interesting comparison. The body is held in a horizontal position, the large protuberant eyes gazing on either side, and the arms, grouped together in a thick bundle, hang freely downwards. If you essay to count these organs, you find only eight; and even if you are aware that one of the characters of the genus is to have ten, of which two are much longer than the rest, you may search for these latter a long time in vain. Of course I mean during the life and health of the animal, when its impatience in being handled presents obstacles to a very accurate investigation; you may turn it over and over with a stick, and look at the bundle of arms from above and below in turn, now grouped together, and now thrown all abroad in anger at being teased; still you can make out but eight. It was not until after many trials that I at length caught a peep at the missing organs—the pair of long arms—and discovered that it is the animal's habit to carry them closely coiled up into little balls, and packed down upon the mouth at the bottom of the oral cavity. If we managed to insert the point of a pin in the coil, and stretch out the spiral filament, the little creature would impatiently snatch it away, and in a twinkling roll itself up again. A zealous votary of the circular system would seize on this analogy with the spirally-folded tongue of a moth, and triumphantly adduce it as additional proof that the cephalopoda represent in the molluscan circle the lepidoptera among insects.

While thus hovering motionless in the water, the sepiolo presents a fair opportunity for observing its curious transitions of color, which are great and sudden. We can scarcely assign any hue proper to it. Now it is nearly white, or pelu-

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aid, with a faint band of brown specks along the back, through which the internal viscera glisten like silver. In an instant the specks become spots, that come and go, and change their dimensions and their forms, and appear and disappear momentarily. The whole body, arms, fins and all, which before appeared free, display their spots, which, when looked at attentively, are seen to play about it in the most singular manner, having the appearance of a colored fluid, injected with constantly varying force into the cavities in the substance of the skin, of ever changing dimensions. Now the spots become rings, like the markings of a panther's skin; and, as the little creature moves slightly, either side beneath the fin is seen to glow with metallic lustre, like that of gold-leaf seen through horn. Again, the rings unite and coalesce, and form a beautiful dotted pattern of brown, which color increasing, leaves the interspace a series of white spots on the rich dark ground. These and other phases are every instant interchanging, and passing suddenly and momentarily into each other with the utmost regularity. But here is a change! One is hovering in quiescence, his color pale, almost white; one of his fellows shoots along just over him; with the quickness of thought, the alarmed creature turns from white to an uniform deep brown, the rich full color suffusing the skin in a second, like a blush on a young maiden's face. The hue is very beautiful; it is the fine, deep, sienna tint of a tortoise-shell; a substance which, indeed, the mingling clouds of brown and pellucid horn closely resemble in the intermediate phases of color.

The *sopiola* is a burrower, and very cleverly and ingeniously does it perform a task which we might at first suppose a somewhat awkward one, the insertion of its round corpulent body into the sand or gravel. Watch it as it approaches the bottom, after a season of hovering play, such as I have described. It drops down to within an inch of the sand, then hangs suspended, as if surveying the ground for a suitable bed. Presently it selects a spot; the first indication of its choice being that a hollow, about the size of a silver turpence, is forcibly blown out of the sand, immediately beneath the group of pendant arms. Into the cavity so made the little animal drops; at that instant the sand is blown out on all sides from

beneath the body backwards, and the abdomen is thrust downward before the cloud of sand which has been blown up settles, but which presently falls around and upon the body. Another forcible puff in front, one on each side, and another behind, follows in quick succession, the fine sand displaced at each blast settling round the animal, as it thrusts itself into the hollow thus more and more deepened.

I was at first not quite sure by what agency these blowings, so admirably effective and suited to the purpose, were performed. The jet in front I readily attributed to the action of the fleshy funnel projecting from beneath the mantle on the breast; but I did not see how this could blow a stream directly backwards. I therefore put one of my pets into a vessel with glass sides, which was furnished with the requisite sand and water. I at once saw that the funnel was indeed the organ employed, and the only one in every case; and perceived its beautiful adaptation for the work it had to do, in its extreme flexibility. This organ is very protrusile, and being perfectly flexible, its orifice can be, and is, at will pointed in any direction, so as to blow the jet of water forward, backward, or to either side, at pleasure.

It frequently occurs, of course, that small stones are mingled with the sand, or the animal may find it convenient to burrow in the loose gravel. In either case the arms come to the aid of the funnel, the sucking-disks with which they are furnished being made to adhere to the stones, which are dragged out and thrown aside. You may suppose this to be a clumsy expedient, but you would think differently if you saw it; the rapidity with which the arms are thrust under the body, and drawn out, bearing pieces of stone of comparatively large size, and the graceful ease with which they are then thrown forward, discharging and dropping the burden, impress the mind with admiration of the beautiful fitness of the organization for the requirement.

I am sorry to confess that my little pet can be a real Cain at times. I saw one dart at an unoffending brother, that was passing, and seizing him with murderous jaws, shed out his life in a few seconds. The poor victim shot his feeble column of ink, and sunk white and motionless to the bottom, as soon as the ferocious grasp was loosened. The indist-

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ment which old Ælian brings against the whole race, that they are gluttonous, ("terrible fellows for their belly," is his phrase,) and murderous, is, I am afraid, after all not far from the truth.

THE SOLDIER CRAB.

Many of us are disposed to regard the story of the old man of the sea in Sinbad the Sailor, as a very marvelous narrative; but listen to Mr. Gosse, on a subject of much the same kind:—

While I was feeding one of my Soldier Crabs, which occupied a whelk-shell, by giving him a fragment of cooked meat, which he, having seized in one claw, had transported to the foot-jaws, and was munching, I saw protrude from between the body of the crab and the whelk-shell the head of a beautiful worm, *nercis biliteneata*, which rapidly glided out round the crab's left cheek, and, passing between the upper and lower foot-jaws, seized the morsel of food, and retreating, forcibly dragged it from the crab's very mouth. I beheld this with amazement, admiring that, though the crab sought to recover his hold, he manifested not the least sign of anger at the actions of the worm. I had afterwards many opportunities of seeing this scene enacted over again; indeed, on every occasion that I fed the crab and watched its eating, the worm appeared after a few moments, aware, probably by the vibrations of its huge fellow-tenant's body, that feeding was going on. The mode and the place of the worm's appearance were the same in every case, and it invariably glided to the crab's mouth between the two left foot-jaws. I was surprised to observe what a cavern opened beneath the pointed head of the worm when it seized the morsel, and with what force, comparatively, large pieces were torn off and swallowed, and how firmly the throat-jaws held the piece when the latter would not yield. Occasionally it was dragged quite away from the crab's jaws, and quickly carried into the recesses of the shell; sometimes in this case he put in one of his claws and recovered his morsel, and at others he gave a sudden start at missing his grasp, which frightened the worm and made it let go and retreat; but sometimes the latter made good his forage, and enjoyed his plunder.

THE VELVET FIDDLER.

Mr. Gosse finds that even Jack the Giant Killer is not too marvellous a story for truth. He thus describes an ogre of the sea:

An old male of the Velvet Fiddler is a striking and handsome crab. His body generally is clothed with a short velvety pile of a pale brown or drab hue, from beneath which here and there shines out the glossy deep black shell, especially when rubbed, as at the edges. The feet, particularly the plates of the oars, are conspicuously striped with black; the large and formidable claws are marked with bright scarlet and azure, as are also the foot-jaws and face; while the eyes are of the richest vermilion, projecting from hollow black sockets.

I said that he is a "striking" crab; and, though I was quite innocent of a pun when I wrote the word, it is characteristic in more senses than one. Both it and its frequent companion, the shore crab, when apprehensive of assault, use the powerful claws, not to seize, but to strike transversely, as a mower uses his scythe; and this action they perform viciously, and with great force and effect.

In the aquarium the Velvet Fiddler was shy and recluse. He at once slid into the most obscure recess he could find, beneath the dark shadow of two pieces of rock that formed an arch. For some days he remained gloomily in his new castle; but at length he ventured out under the cover of night, and would wander about the floor of the tank. But he never lost his cautious suspicion, and the approach of the candle was usually the signal for a rush back to his dark retreat. He was a fit representative of one of those giants that nursery tradition tells of, as infecting Cambria and Cornwall, "in good King Arthur's days." Gloomy and grim, strong, ferocious, crafty and cruel, he would squat in his obscure lair, watching for the unsuspecting tenants of the tank to stray near, or would now and again rush out, and seize them with fatal force and precision. As the giants grim of old spared not ordinary-sized men for any sympathy of race, so our giant crab had no respect for lesser crabs, except a taste for their flesh. I had two or three soldier-crabs, themselves warriors of no mean prowess; two at least of these fell a prey to the fierce Fiddler. His man-

ner of proceeding was regular and methodical. Grasping the unthinking soldier by the thorax, and crushing it so as to paralyze the creature, he dragged the body out of the protecting shell. The soft, plump abdomen was the *bonne bouche* [sweet morsel]; this was torn off and eaten with gusto, while the rest of the animal was wrenched limb from limb with savage wantonness, and the fragments scattered in front of his cave.

The crabs are the scavengers of the sea; like the wolves and hyenas of the land, they devour indiscriminately dead and living prey. The bodies of all sorts of dead creatures are removed by the obscene appetite of these greedy crustacea; and there is no doubt that many an enormous crab, whose voracity elicits praise at the epicure's table, has rioted on the decaying body of some unfortunate mariner. But what of that? Let us imitate the philosophy of the negro mentioned by Captain Crow. On the Guinea coast people are buried beneath their own huts, and the land-crabs are seen crawling in and out of holes in the floor with revolting familiarity: notwithstanding which, they are caught and eaten with avidity. A negro with whom the worthy Captain remonstrated on the subject, seemed to think this but a reasonable and just retaliation, a sort of payment in kind; replying with a grin and chuckle of triumph:—"crab eat black man; black man eat *he!*"

THE BIRDS OF THE FARALLONES ISLANDS.

IN a late paper on the subject of the Farallones Islands, Mr. Gruber speaks as follows, in regard to their ornithology. We translate from his German account:

On whichever side the eye turns, it is presented with a most lively scene; all the rocks seem to be sowed over, as it were, with gulls, of which there are four species, sea parrots or tufted puffins, murres or foolish guillemots, cormorants of four species, sea pigeons and horned murres. The common murre is the most frequent bird to be seen, and the horned murre the least so. In the month of No-

vember there are also falcons, pelicans, snipes, plovers, bitterns, great herons, and often also meadow larks, blue-birds, sparrows, rusty-crowned warblers, and swallows. But all the last named, after a short rest, leave the Islands again, because, with the exception of a peculiar kind of grass, they produce no plants or other food for them. They are, generally speaking, nothing but bare gray rocks.

From the middle of May to the end of June the murre eggs, known as Farallones eggs, are collected; and often 25,000 are gathered weekly, and sent to San Francisco for sale. Among hundreds of these eggs two cannot be found of similar markings, so various are they; also in color there is much difference, some being green, some light blue, some gray brown, and some white.

The murre lays one egg, and if that is taken a second one; the sea-gull, whose eggs are gray with black markings, lays generally three; the cormorant from two to six; the horned murre one or two; the sea pigeon three, and the sea parrot two or three. The egg of the horn-billed guillemot, [*urva occidentalis*,] is the most difficult to be procured, because this bird broods from three to five feet deep in the clefts. Most of the other birds lay their eggs on the bare exposed rocks; but the cormorants, gulls and horned murres build a kind of nest with dried grass. When the birds are disturbed by the egg gatherers it seems as if thick clouds ascend from the Islands, which, however, settle down again upon their former places. The gulls take the opportunity of following the egg gatherers, and every murre egg which is left undefended they seize upon, carry two or three feet in the air and drop, whereupon in a trice three or four gulls collect and devour its contents. In the same manner the gulls often steal each other's eggs, when they are left but for a few seconds.

LIFE AMONG THE CANNIBALS.

BY DAVID A. SHAW.

NO. II.

IN the September number of the Magazine Mr. Shaw gave an account of the manner in which he was left on the Island of Nuhiva, or Nukahiva one of the Marquesas group, together with some interesting particulars about the Islanders. He continues:

Having in a great measure recovered my health and spirits, I mixed freely with the different classes of natives, and endeavored to make myself master of their language. But this I found a difficult matter, as it required a peculiar twist of the tongue to pronounce many of their long-winded words. Their alphabet consists of but fifteen letters: *a*, pronounced as *ah*; *e*, as *a*; *i*, as *e*; *u*, as *oo*; *f*, *h*; *k* and *l*, like aspirated *t*; *m*, *n*, *o*, *p*, *r*, *t*, and *v*. The words are so intermingled, that their distinct sounds are undistinguishable, and many entire words and even sentences are made up of vowels alone. In a short time, however, I succeeded in making them understand me, and in understanding them in return.

For some weeks, nothing of importance transpired with regard to me, except that occasionally I went fishing with the King Mowana and the Chief Tohuya, and at times strolled out over the mountains, hunting and gathering fruit. On my first expedition of any length, we started one night at eleven o'clock for the neighboring bay called Typee or Hapa, and after pulling in clear smooth water for some three hours, along the wild and rugged coast, we landed at Uapa; and, having anchored our boat, laid ourselves down to rest until daylight. As soon as the Typees know of our arrival, they came down to the beach in great numbers and escorted us up to their huts, giving us a lively welcome, by feasting us

with "poi" and fish, and providing plenty of cocoanut rum. After the feast, they rubbed noses with us, and passed round the pipe; after which, they smeared us over with a yellow ointment of a very agreeable perfume, and then all hands took to the water for a bath, men, women and children in one indiscriminate company. While we remained with them, some four hours, waiting for the trades, they filled our boat with fruit and eatables, and we then took our leave of these rude but kind people.

As space will not allow a minute and full description of all I saw, I shall only mention a few of the most important objects. We took from Uapa, as passengers, an old woman and her son, intending to convey them to Uapou. From their endeavors to make me understand their answers to my repeated inquiries regarding the age of the woman, I gathered that she was about one hundred and twenty-eight years old. By signs, she gave to understand that she had helped to eat about three score of her own people and prisoners which they had taken in battle. She laid down on a mat in the middle of the boat, from which position she did not move for several hours. Three of us were in the stern and four in the bow, and there each had to stay during the passage, for, it is "tabu" to pass anything over or to pass by a female while she is in the boat.

As we ran down along the land for some distance, I saw two great natural curiosities; and, I had the boat stopped in order to make a minute survey of them. The land, which was high and steep, with only an occasional break, in some places projected out at the top some sixty feet; in others, the immense rock extended perpendicularly from the water's edge, to a height of from three to five hundred feet.

One of these stupendous masses, which ran some two miles without a break, was

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about four hundred feet high, and at nearly half the distance from the water to the top there was a huge tree with wide and luxuriant branches, among which were myriads of birds. The tree grew horizontally out of the rock, and was some sixty-five feet in height from the rock to its outer extremity. It bore white and purple blossoms, and presented a most pleasing contrast to the great body of rock by which it was surrounded. Some six miles distant from this spot, there was a wide bay, almost entirely enclosed by a reef. There was no sand beach, but nearly in the centre were three tall and slender rocks, or needles. The one in the centre was very wide at its base, and gradually tapering off to a sharp point about three hundred feet high, and covered on one side with numerous shrubs and small trees; the two outside needles were but about thirty feet through at the base, and rising straight, gradually decreasing in circumference, to a height of four hundred and fifty feet, terminating in a small point, somewhat like a Chinese pagoda. They were entirely bare, and the sun, as it struck on them, caused them to assume the appearance of two bright bars of steel. Any of my readers who have ever visited the islands, will very easily remember the locality. In truth, these islands abound in the wildest and most fantastic freaks of nature, that I have ever met with.

After following the land for some fourteen miles, we shaped our course to the westward, for Uapou, which we could just discern in the distance. We reached the town of Hakihitou, about dark, and landed in the surf—and the natives came down and assisted us with great eagerness. As I wore spectacles, the chief, Tao-hi, mistook me for a missionary, and immediately took me to his hut, where he entertained me most profusely. At nine o'clock, some three hundred natives were collected around the fires, which

were built to welcome us, and raw coconut rum was very plentifully distributed amongst them, when they soon began a wild and boisterous dance. I had taken my flute with me, and wishing to try its effect upon them, I struck up "Hail Columbia,"—the first time, I suppose, its stirring notes ever sounded on those wild shores. Instantly all was silent for about ten minutes, during which they crowded around me, and endeavored to find out whence the sound proceeded by putting their ears to the finger holes; but when they could not see into it, they set up a yell, and began to dance more furiously. The scene which ensued for about two hours, until the rum was exhausted in its effects, baffles description. It seemed more like a pandemonium than anything else. They seized me and whirled me about, passing me rapidly from one to the other, until I began to be seriously alarmed. At length, however, they quietly calmed down, and at about one o'clock all was still; most of the hideous creatures either squatting on their haunches, or lying on the ground asleep. About every hour during the remainder of that long night the chief roused me to eat with him,—this being esteemed as conferring an honor upon me. While I slept the chief watched over me, and he would often wake me to take a smoke with him and his wife, so that I obtained but little rest.

Having finished our trading, the next day, after I had "hula-hula'd" on the flute for them, we started on our return, and steering to the north, at noon we reached the Island of Nuuhiva, at some distance from the bay—but we arrived home at sundown, and were welcomed by all our friends.

On the next day, I started on another excursion, in which I was fortunate enough to discover the "singing fishes," of which I have given a full description in the September number of this magazine, and need not detail here.

NO. III.

AFTER a sojourn of three months among these people, I began to be considered as an old story. I was allowed to go anywhere, or do anything, which was not "tabu," being, however, always attended by one or other of the sons of King Moānā. This, I have reason to believe, was to prevent me from escaping, as they had some ulterior designs upon me. King Moānā and his head chief Tohūga, both offered me the choice of two of their daughters for wives; said they would have me tattooed like themselves, and that I should always live with them, and be the king's son. As a further inducement, they offered me a large tract of land, and three men, to do with as I chose.

This was all very well, but to a man, who had before been accustomed to move in a more enlightened and civilized sphere, the idea of passing the remainder of one's life there was horrible; and, I gave an evasive answer, putting off the evil day, as quietly as possible; for death would have been the penalty of refusing them. They seemed for a time satisfied; and nothing more was said until the day before my final escape from their hands. I began now to grow anxious for some ship to pass, determining to swim off to her, or escape in her in some way, and I was always on the lookout for one.

I made several excursions to "Music Bay," which I had named from the singing fishes, and to various other parts of the island, and remarked the following particulars concerning their habits, customs, "tabu" system, etc. On meeting each other, they rub noses and touch the back of the right hand to their foreheads, uttering in a guttural sound the salutation "Menii." Their gait is always a sort of dog-trot, and wherever night overtakes them they lie down and sleep

on the bare ground. The men endure great fatigue whenever they are well remunerated for it, and they carry great burdens with ease and rapidity over steep crags and rugged and dangerous paths, where a white man could scarcely venture to crawl.

Although they have so many varieties of fruit, their principal food consists of raw shark's flesh and other fish, and "poi." This "poi" is made of bread-fruit, which in a ripe state is of a rich yellow color, the inside white as snow, and when baked or roasted makes indeed a luscious feast. It is gathered in large quantities when ripe; and, being roasted in the ground, it is pounded up into a soft pulp. Then it is worked up with water by the women until it becomes a gelatinous matter, when it is rolled up in small bundles and again baked; it is now worked over again, and then deposited in deep pits in the ground, and pressed down by the feet and covered with stones. Here it remains for some months, and the worms having coursed through it in its sour state, it is taken out and re-worked, and then placed in a fresh pit, where it remains eight or nine months, when it is fit for use. When wanted, sufficient is taken out for present purposes, and is re-worked and baked by the women. It is served up in a calabash, and covered with water. It is of the color and consistency of liquid glue, and tastes like a spoiled lemon.

Their places of sepulture are either in old and abandoned huts, or on bamboo floors resting on four upright posts, about four feet high from the ground, and a roof over all. Around are hung the furniture and implements of the deceased, with his favorite animal or fish. The body is fully exposed to sight, and the whole is sickening and disgusting. Trees bearing fruit which stand near these rude charnel houses, are never used,

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they being left for the use of the spirits of the dead. If a man or woman dies in the hut, they keep the body hung over the door or in the middle of the hut for three months, and the hut is "tabu" to all but the near relatives; and all other huts are "tabu" to them. The consequence is, that sometimes, whole families are taken off before the first three months expire.

Tieti, the native priest, is held in great fear and veneration; for with him rests the power of life and death, and he strictly enforces the "tabu," a system which is very complex, and vexatious, and of such ancient origin, that it will be a difficult matter to root it from their social polity. Stones, heads, hills, trees, groves, houses, food, and canoes, are all laid in some manner under its ban, and one is not aware until he offends. The heads of males are "tabu," and it is most certain destruction to offend some of the tribes in this particular. Roads, paths and canoes made by men, are tabu to women. Charnel houses are tabu to all but relatives, unless attended by a priest in his sacerdotal dress. Poi pounded by men is tabu to all women. Banana, cocoa-nut, squid, oranges, and bread-fruit, cannot be eaten by both sexes at the same time. The men sleep on cocoa-nut mats, but they may never handle them, or sleep on one on which a female has previously lain. No one is allowed to enter the sacred house but the priest and the victim for sacrifice. All prisoners taken in battle, are roasted alive with great ceremony, and after being offered to Taō Nuā, the God of War, they are eaten with voracity. Tattooing is a long and very painful process, and every one must undergo it, or be held in abhorrence by his tribe. The hula-hula is a dance, and all girls and boys under ten years are made sacred for the purpose. To any one

dancing it over that age, it is certain death. Uāoa, or shaving the head, is tabu to all but the priest, who performs it with many superstitious ceremonies. Such are only a few of the many tabus, which degrade and hold in the bondage of brutish superstition this people.

Tūtū, princess and wife of Tohūga, and Tāolāvi, queen and wife of Noānū, are most beautiful women. They treated me with great kindness and consideration, in return for which I presented them with a few small things, such as beads, needles, copper rings, several pairs of scissors, at which they were highly gratified. In only one particular, were they at all disagreeable; that is, they kept me continually filling and lighting their pipes whenever I was within call, so that I kept out of their way as much as possible.

About this time I noticed some strange faces around, and a great commotion among the people of the bay. This lasted for some time, before I could find out the reason. At last the princess Tūtū came to me, and said: "Ata āoi iti etoi uaūni vivi;" which meant, "we are going to have a great feast," and at the same time she signified to me her desire that I should accompany her. As I had been to feasts on a small scale before, I felt some reluctance, but not wishing to offend, and not knowing the occasion of the feast, I consented. Accordingly, the next day, all the women started off in a body, and the men took to their canoes. I now found out they were going about fifty miles, over to the other side of the island, where we all arrived in safety on the third day. Our poor women, who went over the mountains, were there waiting for us, with about nine hundred natives of the different friendly tribes.

The first two days after our arrival was passed in drinking Kava, and gath-

ering cocoa-nut husks to make a great fire, the cocoa-nut husks being the best for an intense heat with little blaze. The Kava is a soft and pulpy root of a sharp and bitter taste. Two large roots are obtained, and some fifty or sixty natives sit around, each having a small calabash at their side. They each break off a piece and chew it soft, and then spit it out into the calabash. When a large quantity is thus masticated, they add water, press and strain, and then each drink in turn, the men first and then the women and children, until they become stupid, when they go to sleep and remain sometimes for whole days unable to move. The sight without the taste was sickening enough to deter me from indulging in the beverage.

On the fifth day, at the full of the moon, all the people assembled at and around a huge pipi or heap of stones, which was used as a sacrificial altar. The preparations which were making, struck me with a sort of fear, for I could now see that a human victim was to be sacrificed, and I thought that my hour had come, as I observed several natives glancing slyly and significantly, as I thought, at me. At the same time, fear made me think they were guarding me more closely than before; but I soon found out my mistake. They brought out two boys, whom they had taken prisoners, and then followed a scene, which beggars description. The recollection is too horrible to particularize here,—suffice it to say, the two boys were roasted, sacrificed to the god, and then brutally devoured before my eyes. I fainted, and neither could nor would partake, although repeatedly urged to do so.

Shortly after our return, I saw a ship, but she was too far off for me to succeed in attracting her attention, and I was still doomed to remain in my present unenviable position.

"AROUND THE BAY," IN THE SEASON OF FLOWERS.

THE Rev. T. Starr King in a letter to an eastern journal, written last July, thus describes the "flowers by the acre, flowers by the square mile," which paint our bay-hills from bases to tops in the spring season:

In the early part of May, a week after my arrival in California, I was invited by a very intelligent gentleman in San Francisco, to take a seat in his carriage for a "drive around the bay." This means around the Bay of San Francisco, which extends southerly about fifty miles from the Golden Gate, where the tides of the Pacific force their way inland. The bay is, therefore, a large salt-water lake, about eight miles broad and six times as long. It is undotted with islands, and lies placid in the embrace of some of the richest lands of California. In making the tour around it, we drive down along the narrow county of San Mateo, whose hills divide the dreamy bay from the billows of the Pacific, then across the county of Santa Clara, and up, on the eastern side, through Alameda county to Oakland, where the ferry-boat returns us to the metropolis of wind and fog, whose climate in summer is exhaustively stated in the phrase, "gust and dust."

Early in May is the true time to make this excursion, for then the country is at the height of its brief bloom. California has often been compared with Palestine and Syria for scenery. The passages in the Psalms and the New Testament which describe the fleeting beauty of the flowers and the grass, are certainly applicable here. "For the sun is no sooner risen with a burning heat, than it withereth the grass, and the flower thereof falleth, and the grace of the fashion of it perisheth." Indeed, there is no grass, properly speaking, native to the landscape. The green of early May on the uncultivated

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plains and slopes is mostly that of the wild oats. As the summer sun rises, and the rains cease, they ripen into a golden tinge, which, at a distance, is the hue of sand, and their seed drops into the parched and crackling ground for new crops when the rain returns. By the middle of June all the wild fields that are destitute of trees, look sandy with this harvest of indigenuous and self-sowed grain; and it is only in May that the plains and hill-sides which the plowshare has not broken are clad in their vesture of embroidered green.

But the beauty is as captivating as it is evanescent. Some travelers have written of the marvelous effect of the air of California on the spirits. Bayard Taylor tells us that, on this very drive, he felt in breathing the air like Julius Cæsar, Milo of Crotona and General Jackson rolled into one. I cannot honestly say that the vivifying quality was any greater than I have experienced in the Pinkham woods, or the forests of Mount Adams, or on the heights of Randolph. Oxygen is oxygen, and will General Jacksonize a man as quickly in Coos county, New Hampshire, as when it blows over the coast range of California, fresh from the Pacific. But there was a great exhilaration in the first acquaintance with the scenery of a strange land, especially when made in a luxurious carriage and with the accompaniment of pleasant companions and a very spirited team.

The first thing that arrested attention after leaving the sandy shores of San Francisco was the flowers. Early in May, in New England, people hunt for flowers. A bunch of violets, or a sprig or two of brilliant color, intermixed with green, is a sufficient trophy of a tramp that chills you, damps your feet, and possibly leaves the seed of consumption. Here they have flowers in May, not shy, but rampant, as if nothing else had the right to be; flowers by the acre, flowers

by the square mile, flowers as the visible carpet of an immense mountain wall. You can gather them in clumps, a dozen varieties at one pull. You can fill a bushel-basket in five minutes. You can reap them into mounds. And the colors are as charming as the numbers are profuse. Yellow, purple, violet, pink and pied, are spread around you, now in separate level masses, now two or three combined in a swelling knoll, now intermixed in gorgeous confusion. Imagine yourself looking across a hundred acres of wild meadow, stretching to the base of hills nearly two thousand feet high—the whole expanse swarming with little straw-colored wild sun-flowers, orange poppies, squadrons of purple beauties, battalions of pink—and then the mountain, unbroken by a tree or a rock, glowing with the investiture of all these hues, softened and kneaded by distance. This is what I saw on the road to San Mateo. The orange and purple seemed to predominate in the mountain robe. But on the lower slopes, and reaching midway its height, was a strange sprinkling of blue, gathered here and there into intenser stripes, and running now and then into sharp points, as if over the general basis of purple, orange and yellow, there had fallen a violet snow, which lay tenderly around the base, but in a few places on the side had been blown into drifts and points.

The wild poppy of California, in May, is the most fascinating of all the flowers. It does not have a striped or spotty leaf, but is stained with a color which is a compromise between a tea-rose and an orange, and is as delicately flushed and graduated in hue as a perfect rose. I never tire in studying their color, in masses or singly. While driving to San Mateo, we came upon little clumps of them, springing out of the rocks on the edge of the road that overhangs the bay, and their vivid orange, upheld on graceful

stems, and contrasted with the grey stones and the blue of the bay, gave me a joy which comes up as fresh while I write as when I saw it first. Another piece of cheer intrudes itself between my eyes and the paper, and insists that a note shall be made of it. I mean a California blackbird, perched on a mustard stalk ten feet high. The wild mustard grows luxuriantly on the lands at the foot of the bay. It is a great trouble to the farmers, for if the cows eat even a little of it—and they seem to like it for seasoning—it gives a pungent flavor to the milk and makes the butter bite. But a field of it in brilliant yellow is decidedly a pleasing condiment to the general feast of colors. And when a blackbird with a large spot of scarlet on each wing flutters over a tall spear of it and then alights with a cheery twitter, one has a picture before him which gives two-fold delight by making him repeat the couplet of Holmes—

The crack-brained bobolink courts his crazy mate,
Poised on a butrush tipay with his weight.

If I quote wrongly, may the genial and always accurate Professor forgive me. I repeat from memory, and must wait till the *Mameluke* arrives from Boston with my books, before I can verify a dozen passages of his, which the Californian scenery sets to music again in my brain.

And yet the old Californians, "forty-nine-ers," sigh when you speak in praise of the May-luxuriance around the bay. They say that the glory is over now. "Ishabod" is written on the landscape. They rode over the same districts when there were no roads, or ranches, or fences, between San Francisco and San José, and when the horses wallowed and galloped through an ocean of floral splendor. The visitor cannot help noticing, when he leaves the base of the mountains, and comes to the farms, how civilization has tamed the land. The barley and wheat, and bearded sweeps of simple green, look cool and unromantic in contrast with the

natural coat of many colors which the unploughed districts wear. The brindled leopard has taken the hue of the cat. It is only when, here and there, we come upon a garden, and see the blaze of roses which bloom the year through, that we see how superior art is to nature.

GREEN SCUM ON THE BENSLEY WATER.

A NUMBER of the daily newspapers within the last week or two have been making complaints about the impurities of the Bensley water, with which the city of San Francisco is now supplied. Many of the citizens not connected with newspapers and particularly those of an experimental turn of mind, also have devoted some attention to the subject and have, on more than one occasion, amused themselves with collecting the settlings of the water and pointing out to their friends the unexpectedly large quantities of solid matter which is carried along in the flumes and distributed by the pipes throughout their extent. Their investigations and complaints have induced other citizens to go out and examine the reservoirs and aqueducts of the water works; and these latter report that the water runs perfectly pure and clear into the main reservoirs; but that there it becomes contaminated, filthy from the contact of some impure matter or other, and covered with a disgusting green scum. The investigators in the city and the investigators in the country have compared notes together; and discussed the matter in all its bearings, and the result has been a kind of wholesale denunciation of the Bensley Water Company, which is accused of neglectfulness and want of proper care in cleaning out their canals and ponds. On the other hand, the Bensley Company have represented that they have used the greatest solicitude in cleaning their works, and

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they publish the fact, which however
 was pretty well known before, that the
 peculiar greenish hue of the water is due
 to the presence of minute vegetable or-
 ganisms, which have been developed by
 the recent warm weather. They say
 that this vegetable matter is not injurious
 to health and they trust that the visits of
 the little green strangers will be as brief
 as they are unpleasant.

The discussions, which have thus been
 induced by the green-scum question, have
 appeared to us exceedingly amusing, for
 the reason that both parties are partly
 wrong and both partly right; but neither
 of them seems likely to arrive at the true
 philosophy of the matter, without a lit-
 tle assistance. On the one side no intel-
 ligent person can be brought to believe
 that water, filled with decayed or decay-
 ing vegetable matter and covered with a
 green scum, is healthy; but on the oth-
 er side there can be no doubt that the
 Bensley Company have used all possible
 care in keeping their flumes and reser-
 voirs clean.

The real difficulty, paradoxical as it
 may appear, is, that they keep them *too*
clean. They have lined their reservoirs
 with stone and cement; and allow no
 living things, such as frogs, snails and
 fishes, in them. By this exclusion of the
 "filthy creatures," they really make
 their water filthy. The minute vegeta-
 ble organisms, which are in all river water
 and which particularly swarm in such a
 place as Mountain Lake, germinate in the
 flumes and reservoirs and, for want of
 animal life to consume them, preponder-
 ate to a frightful extent. They not only
 thus germinate; but, for want of the car-
 bonic acid which is given off by animals
 in the water as well as by animals on the
 land, they are not properly sustained and
 sicken, die and decay; spreading their
 slime and scum in all directions and, in
 reality, poison the water.

All this may seem strange to some of

our readers, but Nature teaches very
 plainly and unmistakably this very les-
 son. In Mountain Lake, where the sun
 strikes with much more warmth and
 there is comparatively less running water,
 certainly much less in proportion than
 in the Bensley reservoirs, the water is
 sweet, pure and clear; yet it is lined
 with muddy borders, and on its oozy
 bottom crawl worms and bugs and other
 filthy creatures innumerable. But by
 the wise provisions of Nature the due
 proportions are kept up in the compen-
 sating vegetable and animal departments;
 the oxygen given off by the plants is ap-
 propriated by the animals, and the carbon
 given off by the animals is appropriated
 by the plants. The superabundance of
 plants is consumed by the animals; and
 the superabundance of animals is con-
 sumed by other animals; and between
 the two, the water is kept in that pure
 and healthy condition, which alone is
 healthy for the consumption of terrestrial
 animals, man included.

The proper way to remedy the evil of
 green scum in the Bensley water, there-
 fore, is not to sit by and wait until the
 little green strangers please to cease their
 visits, but to introduce the necessary
 animal life into the reservoirs.

THE ASS AND THE HUNTING-HORSE.—

The Ass had the presumption once up-
 on a time to run a race with a famous
 hunting-horse; but the trial was a piti-
 able affair, and the Ass received for his
 trouble only derision and laughter. "I
 see now why I lost," said he, "some
 months ago I ran a thorn into my foot,
 and it pains me even to this hour."

"Pardon me, my beloved hearers,"
 said Parson Leatherhead, "if my sermon
 to-day is not quite so able and masterly
 as was to have been expected from the
 successful imitator of a Mosheim; but,
 you see, I have had a very bad cold for
 the entire week."—[Lessing's Fables.

A FEW WORDS ABOUT CALIFORNIAN CLOVERS.

THE following notice of Californian Clovers, written by John S. Hittell, will be found interesting, so far as it goes. The paragraph in relation to the bur-clover is excellent; and the reader will find an explanation in it of what may have been a subject of wonder to him, how the cattle live in the dry fields.

While taking a short walk near the White Sulphur Spring in Amador County, I plucked a handful of flowers and grasses, and coming to examine them afterwards found six kinds of clover among them.

The *first* has a large yellowish white bloom, from an inch to an inch and a half in diameter, a beautiful plant, well suited as an ornament for yards and gardens. This clover grows very large, quite two feet high in moist favorable situations; while in dry places it will also mature its seed, but without rising more than two or three inches from the ground. It is very sweet, and is eaten by the Indians, who like it both raw and boiled. Cattle also are extremely fond of it. The bloom of the clover, botanically considered, is composed of a cluster of distinct flowers, each of which in the large white Californian clover has a large black spot upon it. Sometimes the flowers are of a reddish color.

The *second* species has a bloom about a third of an inch in diameter, composed of violet tinged flowers.

The *third* clover has a bloom from a sixth to a quarter of an inch in diameter, the flowers of which are subdued green, tipped with pink at the end. The plant is small.

The *fourth* is the bur clover. Its name is derived from spherical burs, from an eighth to a quarter of an inch in diameter, which it bears in clusters of three. This bur clover is found in nearly all

parts of the State, and is extremely valuable as food for stock. Cattle do not like it much when green; but after it dries, the burs fall upon the ground, and are picked up by the cattle, while the stranger is astonished at seeing cattle pasturing and keeping fat on what appears to him to be the bare yellow ground. The bloom consists of three very small yellow flowers. It is said that the stalks of this clover take root whenever the joints touch the ground.

The *fifth* species, known to botanists as the *Melilotus Officinalis*, likes a very moist soil, and there grows luxuriantly; crowding out nearly everything else. Its bloom consists of a head about an inch long, and a sixth of an inch thick, hung with little yellow flowers. Cattle do not like this plant much in any shape, but they like it better in hay than in any other form.

The *sixth* species is the Alfilerilla, often called erroneously, "alfaraca." Its name means little pin, and is derived from *alfiler*, Spanish for pin. It bears clusters of green pins or spikes about an inch and a half long, and is sometimes called pin grass, and sometimes wild geranium. The botanical name is *Erodium Cicutarium*. The Alfilerilla has attracted some attention as a succulent, sweet, nutritive, hardy, and large herb, well adapted for our climate and soil. It has a large root, which it sends deep into the ground, thus enabling it to resist the drought, while above the surface, it puts forth a dense mass of stalks and leaves, spreading out sometimes several feet in every direction. Cattle prefer it to every other indigenous plant of the State. The seeds seem to abound throughout the soil, for whenever the sod is broken up for the first time, there the alfilerilla appears, though it may never have been seen there before. It is frequent in gardens, in cultivated fields, and in lands lying fallow.

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Experiments ought to be made in collecting the seeds of the first, fourth, and sixth species of clover, as numbered in the above list. Such experiments are matters of serious import to the country. Heretofore, nothing of the kind has been done, so far as we are aware. We send to distant countries and purchase clover seed at great expense, while it may be that we have, at our very doors, plants far better suited to our wants. Certainly, no grass, when green, can be more nutritious than the alfalfa, when green; none more than the bur clover, when dry. Such experiments, however, require time and trouble; and while the general public is glad to derive the benefit of any new discovery, it is very unwilling to give any thanks, or other reward, to the experimenter.

The present system of allowing cattle to pasture upon other people's lands—for that is the result of having no fences—cannot be maintained much longer in this part of the State, nor is it desirable that it should be. Then let us have all our pastures fenced, and every man's cattle confined to his own inclosure, and we shall soon have cultivated meadows, stall-feeding, high-bred cattle, numerous profitable dairies, and fine beef. There is no telling how soon a severe drought will come and teach a lesson that the Americans in California have never yet learned by experience. Those stock-raisers who wish to secure themselves against ruinous loss, should prepare to cultivate their ground and grow the grains and clovers which will produce abundant food, even if the season be as dry as that of 1836, when cattle died by the thousands for want of food, and when large bands of horses were killed to prevent them from dividing the scanty pasture with the kine.

The true clovers all belong to the botanical genus of *Trifolium*, and therefore, the popular name of clover applied to the

Melilotes Officinalis and the *Erodium Cicutarium*, is not strictly correct. Dr. Gray, the botanist, expresses a doubt whether the *Melilotes Officinalis* is indigenous. He gives a list, in Whipple's Railroad report, of twelve species of *Trifolium*, indigenous to California, but we presume the list is not complete. It is to be regretted that our indigenous grasses and clovers have not been studied carefully by botanists and stock-raisers; but our resident botanists are men who cannot afford to spend much time in the unprofitable business of examining the plants of the country. Mr. H. G. Bloomer, of this city, has of late been giving some attention to the clovers.

THE MUSE OF FABLE.

IN the deepest recesses of that lonely forest, where I have so often listened to the language of animals, I lay once, near a gentle water-fall, and wearied myself with endeavors to give to one of my tales that poetic and beautiful form in which Lafontaine has made it a custom for the modern fable to appear. I meditated, I chose rhymes and rejected rhymes, and my brow fairly glowed with the labor—but all in vain; inspiration came not at my call. Filled with disappointment, I sprang to my feet; but behold! there stood, in all the grace of her divine presence before me, the muse of Fable.

And she spoke smiling: "Scholar, wherefore plaguest thou thyself with these thankless pains? Truth may indeed require the charm of fable, but why should fable require the charm of pleasant numbers? Why wouldst thou season what is itself a spice? Let it suffice thee, that the fable is in its very nature a practical creation, and let it be dressed in an artless guise, like the wise sayings of the philosophers." I turned towards

her, and would have answered, but the muse had already disappeared.

"What!" I seem to hear the reader say—"what, the muse disappear? Wouldst thou only beguile us with an impossible narration? 'Tis but a lame and impotent conclusion to which thou hast brought thyself, thus calling up the muse—like many others, who have invoked her aid."

Excellent reasoning; my dear reader, thou art in the right. I confess to thee that the muse revealed not her presence. I have told thee but a sheer fable, and thou hast already drawn the intended lesson from it. I am not the first, nor

will I be the last, who seeks to make his whims and humors, believed to be the oracles of a Divinity.

THE MARMOT AND THE ANTS.—"Oh, you poor ants!" said a marmot, "is it worth the while that you labor the entire summer to collect together such a scanty provision? If you could only see my magazine?"

"I hear thou," answered an ant, "if the store is larger than thou requirest, so is it right that men dig after thee, rob thee of thy buried treasure, and pay thee for thy ravenous avarice, by taking away thy life."—[Lessing's Fables.

Our Social Chair.



WHENEVER a Social Chair is out of the humor to be sociable, or rather to write confidentially and sociably, what a huge blessing is it to find that some kind-hearted and jocular friend—for friend such an one always proves—to write us like our correspondent "Weeper."

Mr. Weeper, who seems to have been to the S. F. Mechanics' Pavilion, and having had the temerity (!) to take his wife with him, thus discourses thereon:

Dear Hutchings: Have you been to the Mechanics' Pavilion, I mean to the great Fair of the Industrial resources of the State? If you have not, don't you go—or at least if you do, (and I suppose that all of your profession ought to go,) be sure and not take your wife with you—if you have a wife—for if you do, unless you are richer than editors have the reputation of being, you will rue the day.

I had heard such great praise of the thousand and upwards of curious and beautiful articles on exhibition, and says I to

my wife, "Lizzie, suppose we go to the Fair this evening; what say you?" "I should like it very much, Tim," said she; and as soon as twilight began to deepen into night I deposited our "50 cents each" on the palm of the pleasant looking door-keeper, and we soon found ourselves introduced to the wonders there exhibited. "Bless me," says she, "Tim, what is that beautifully bright and odd-looking thing on that platform?" "Oh! my love," I replied, "that is a California marine engine." "Where was it caught?" "Caught!" I inquired with a look of surprise—"do you suppose it to be some kind of reptile?" "No; but I do take it to be some kind of animal, for didn't you say it was 'a marine Indian?'" After I had explained how Mr. Donahue, a skillful machinist on First street, had manufactured it for a steambont as large as the *Chrysopolis*, now running on the Sacramento river, and that it was not only of California manufacture, but the first of the kind ever built here, she remarked that "it would make a very curious and uncommon ornament for our garden!"

"Yes, my love," I replied
for that purpose!"
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some paintings of the Yos
Then a washing-machine—

"Yes, my love," I replied, "I will buy it for that purpose!"

Scarcely had that remark been concluded and we were walking up towards the engine, than a flood of light and a sizzling and hissing sound at our right, attracted us to a long row of lamps—coal oil lamps—of all sizes and styles; and near them a small kitchenfull of cooking stoves—not your common wood or coal consuming articles—but some of a new style that stand as well on a table in a bed-room, as in a kitchen, and cook anything, from a cup of coffee to an extensive and elaborate dinner; and without ashes, dust, soot, or any similar abomination. "Ah!" Lizzie began to whisper in my ear, when Mr. Dietz had finished his explanation, "that is just what we want, Tim; you'll buy me one of those." "The lamps or the stoves?" "Oh! the stoves, of course; you know we have several lamps; and if the stoves—the *Abravapor* stoves, is the name, I believe—they seem to be called, if they are as good as the lamps and as economical and cleanly, I wouldn't be without one for the world." "I'll buy you one."

Then we looked at the time-piece with a brass flower on the top, that opened its petals every hour, and disclosed to view a little bird, which fluttered its tiny wings and sung a merry tune, and was again covered up as before,—and I was to buy that also.

Then—Tucker's magnificent "Railroad-sot" of silver; the 2,200-pound cheese, for the What Cheer House; some fine and large California-made blankets—all these were to be bought for us. But, thank goodness, when examining the fine quality of California-made paper from the Pioneer Mills, I was to speak to you, to buy that for the Magazine, to have it printed on California paper.

Perhaps you think that this ended the chapter of wants! Oh! dear no. Hank's & Packard's California prepared oil and water colors were to be purchased to make some paintings of the Yosemite Valley. Then a washing-machine—and no doubt

a sewing and a knitting machine also, but we had the good fortune to have one of the former already. Then, I was to buy the beautiful little model sloop "Mermaid"—just to take a sail in on Sundays, New Years, Thanksgiving Days and Fourth of July. Then, that beautiful carriage was to be bought, (not the new steam fire-engine.)

Next we were to get some Redwood and have a new parlor-set of furniture made of that, or of the Madrone, chiefly because these looked well, were well polished, and Californian. (My wife is the most enthusiastic Californian you could become acquainted with)—and she threatens me with—"she don't know what," if I don't introduce you to her; but if I were to tell you all that she says about you and the Magazine, you would be as proud as I am jealous.

Next, as we wandered through the picture gallery, we were to have Nahl's beautiful and life-like sketches, and Butman's paintings, and Neal's India-ink portrait, Eastman's and Loomis' pencilings and water-color drawings, with nearly the whole of the wondrous and pretty articles in Kohler's case, etcetera, etcetera, etcetera.

So that after carefully estimating the cost of that visit, if I were to buy all the articles wanted, it would amount to the insignificant sum of \$197,428 39, and you know the old maxim about figures.

I will just add that if you are familiar with the homely proverb, "A nod's as good as a wink to a blind horse," no more will be necessary for me to say but that I remain as ever,

Your Sincere Admonisher,

TIMOTHY WEEPER.

P. S.—I ought perhaps to mention that I couldn't excuse myself from purchasing, at her entreaty, the four volumes of your Magazine, as nicely bound as those on exhibition in the Fair, although I have taken the numbers from the beginning and intend so to do for many years to come, simply because it is just what it professes to be—a *California Magazine*.

This Social Chair is well aware that all topics of a business nature, are generally by common consent as well as by the rules of good breeding, carefully excluded from the social circle, but if the following pleasantly given moral against borrowing money, at a high rate of interest, from the *New York Leader*, does not prove a sufficient apology in itself for the digression, we will, upon complaint, make one to suit:

A merchant once came to Mr. James G. King, of New York, in great distress, to borrow \$100,000, for a year, saying that he must have it, and that his business would justify him in paying any rate of interest. Mr. King told him that no business could stand a premium of three per cent. a month, but finding him hard to convince, took the following ingenious method:

"Why discount for a short time?" said Mr. King. Why not make it up for two or three years? I will discount your note for \$100,000, if you make it three years.

"Thank you, Mr. King. I will draw it at once. It is very kind in you, but don't you want collateral?"

"No sir. Mr. Miller, (turning to his accountant,) take off the discount at three per cent. a month on \$100,000 for three years, and draw a check for the balance for Mr. D. Wait a moment D., give me your note for \$100,000. The conversation became general, both were seated, when Mr. Miller, the accountant, handed the following memorandum to Mr. King:

Note of Mr. D. for.....	\$100,000
Payable three years after date,	
Discount at three per cent. a	
month is thirty-six per cent.	
per year, and for three years	
one hundred eight per cent.,	
or	\$108,000

Balance due to Prime, Ward & King, \$8,000

"D., have you a blank check with you?" pleasantly asked Mr. King.

"A check. What for?"

"Why Miller has handed me a statement, and I find that if we discount or shave your note for three years for \$100,000 at three per cent. a month, you will have to pay us \$8,000."

"Why, this is absurd. I give you my note for \$100,000, and get no cash in return, but have to give you \$8,000 cash.—Bah!"

"Be cool, D., and listen. I have done this purposely to give you a lesson—to show you where your mercantile career will end, if you submit to such extortion.

Now; if you will pledge me your word of honor that you will curtail your business, and never pay more than seven per cent. interest to carry on your trade, I will tell you what I will do. You want \$100,000. Draw your note for that sum at ninety days, leave with me \$100,000 of your best notes receivable, and I will give you the money, less the ordinary discount of seven per cent."

Mr. D. was grateful. He appreciated the lesson taught by Mr. King, and he is, at the present moment, one of the wealthiest men in the city of New York.

We cannot resist the temptation to treasure up in the Social Chair the following good story from the *Red Bluff Beacon*, although it has been extensively circulated:

A 'capital joke' is told of a well-known steambot captain, celebrated for his patient endurance in accommodating the people along the Sacramento river. Boatmen positively assert that no landing was too difficult for him to make, to deliver five pounds of coffee, or receive an order from an old lady for a pound of tea, to be delivered on his return trip. So notorious at length did he become in this respect, that the good captain was actually imposed upon, in some instances, to such a degree, that even he has been heard to murmur at the importunities of some of the inhabitants along the river. The most glaring instance of impudence that we ever heard of as being practiced on him, or anybody else, is said to have transpired, between Knights Landing and Colusa, several years ago, and, as the story goes, was something after the following order:

Elderly lady on shore hails the steambot,—steambot lands, when the following conversation ensues:

"Well Mrs.—what can I do for you to day, madam?"

"Well, really, Captain, I want to send a dozen eggs to Colusa, and have but eleven; there is a hen on, however, and I think there will be another directly. Can't you wait a few minutes?" He waited, but it is said to have worried him a little.

MANY anecdotes are related of the Rev. Mr. M—, a Scotch Presbyterian of the Old School, who forty years ago ended a long and successful ministry in the venerable town of L—, New Hampshire.

As the inscription on his tomb-stone testifieth, "from nature he inherited an energetic and capacious mind, with a heart of tenderest sensibility." His manner had not only "something of patriarchal sim-

plcity," and "son
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plicity," and "something of apostolical gravity and authority," but was frequently relaxed by much of native wit and genial humor.

During the agitation in 1812, relative to the declaration of war with Great Britain, it is well known that the subject met with a strong opposition in the New England representation in Congress, as well as in a great portion of the people in this section of the country. Meetings expressive of hostility to the bill were held by the people throughout these States, and it was proposed that the good people of L— should manifest their pacific spirit and "define their position." A public demonstration was agreed upon, and old Parson M—, being considered the "man for the times," was called upon by a committee appointed for that purpose, with the request that he would prepare an address appropriate to the occasion.

The Parson did not yield a ready compliance, but *illustrated* his reply on this wise:

"I once knew," said he, "a widow lady in Scotland who had an only son. Upon him she had expended much to enable him to acquire an education. He was absent from home for a long while attending school. Having completed his course of studies, he returned to his good old mother.

"Come, John," said she, on the night of his arrival home, and when they were about making preparations to retire, 'you've been a long time away from me, my son, and have studied much. I know ye are a good lad, but I have never heard ye pray. Try it, John; for ye surely must know how, with all the learning ye have got.'

"Accordingly John complied—made a long, humble, and, as he supposed, satisfactory acknowledgment of his sins and general unworthiness, and of his great indebtedness to his Maker.

"Well, mother," says John, 'how did it suit ye?'

"Pretty well—pretty well, John," replied the old lady; 'but *why didna ye gie the old de'il a slup or two?*'

"Ah!" says John, 'not I—not I; for you know, mither, there's none of us knows *whose hands we may sometime fall into!*'"

The old parson used to give the following leaf from his private journal with characteristic good nature:

He was appointed a delegate to the Presbyterian Synod which convened at Philadelphia. Before leaving home he made all domestic provisions that would be requisite during his absence, not omitting to select a substitute for himself to occupy

the head seat at table, as well as to conduct the family service. The appointee was J—, one of his hired laborers, he being a member of the Parson's church, who, though rather more liberal with his professions of goodness than replete with its spirit, was nevertheless regarded by the charitable, unsuspecting Parson, as an upright, conscientious man, and, under the circumstances, the "most available man for the office."

On the morning following the Parson's departure his good lady, Mrs. M—, informed J— what was expected of him during her husband's absence, and he accordingly, after having officiated at breakfast, read passages from the Scriptures, and concluded the services with prayer. In fact, he performed the duties assigned him in a very creditable manner, quite in accordance with the requirements of Mrs. M—. His prayer was, to be sure, somewhat prolonged beyond the usual time allotted by the Parson to that sacred ceremony; but Mrs. M—, with extreme delicacy of feeling, refrained from insinuating that any abbreviation in future would be desirable. The next morning, however, the services—the prayer more especially—consumed so much time that she was forced to remark that in "*haying time—especially in fair, warm weather like this—Mr. M—always cut short the service; he bearing in mind the old adage, 'Make hay while the sun shines.'*"

"Perhaps he does, ma'am—perhaps he does," replied J—, very *benignly*; but, you see, *I'm paid by the month, ma'am; and in hot weather like this I'd rather pray than mow, any time!*"

The Fashions.

Bonnets.

We hold this fact to be self-evident, that all fashionable Bonnets are large—but whether they will be made still larger for winter wear, remains to be seen. Certain it is that up to the present the tendency is to diminish rather than increase the *flare and size of the fronts*; but the crowns are materially enlarged in the tips, thereby making them perfectly comfortable. Indeed, the bonnet that does not retain its place on the head without fastenings, is a failure of the maker's. If coming events cast their shadows before, oh! what a mil-

lenium is at hand—for American women are coming to their senses once again, and the question is *not now*, is it French? but, is it comfortable? One of the prettiest of Fall Bonnets for our climate is to be made of white crape, front embroidered in crimson dots, with a puffing of fine white Illusion over and a fall of black Chantilly lace; the crown made of plain black corded silk; cape to correspond with the front; trim with crimson roses and black velvet leaves edged with gold; inside white tabs with a "bandeau" of white and crimson daisies across the top. Strings wide, black and crimson mixed. Green and purple, mixed with black velvet, is much used in trimming straws and Neapolitans.

A handsome Evening Bonnet may be made of puffed tulle-white, over a rice foundation; the tulle interspersed with gold and silver spangles—very diminutive in size, say about as big as a pin's head. Roses and Marabout feathers comprise the trimming inside and out.

Dresses.

In Dresses, we shall only attempt generalities this month, because to attempt minute description of all that we have seen new and fashionable, we know would fill a big book; and doubtless that which we don't know would fill a bigger one; we therefore give the outline of what we know to be the *latest* cut and style, only.

Wedding Dresses—White pompadour watered silk with white overskirt of Illusion lace, dotted with white floss silk, and trimmed with white ruches, a hand's breadth apart from bottom to top. The body pointed, low in the neck; sleeves short and puffed, the Illusion on the waist and sleeves, same as the skirt. A bouquet of Narcissus and eglantine in front of the corsage.

Street Dresses—Body plain, and high belted at the waist with quite wide belt. Sleeves either plain, tight, or gathered at the top and finished at the bottom with a cuff of upturned velvet. Plaids and plain worsted and Merinos, are quite the style.

Monthly Record of Current Events.

STATE.

THE record of crimes and casualties throughout our State continues to be a large one. Homicides, suicides and accidental deaths, we hear of from every quarter; but in San Francisco where a few years ago no week would pass away without its crop of violent deaths, they are now comparatively rare, not more than one or two a week on an average.

One of the most exciting and widely discussed affairs lately was the shooting of Thomas Gardner, agent of the Sacramento Union, by William F. Hobson, a book-keeper, on August 25th. Gardner was charged with having taken improper liberties with Hobson's wife. The wound was not fatal. Hobson subsequently attempted to drown himself.

The Mono and Mimbres mines still continue to attract much attention, though neither are yet elevated to the excitement pitch of a Fraser or a Washoe. The wealth of Washoe is still regarded as unlimited; but the difficulties of getting out the metal continue as great as ever. A quartz mill has lately been put into successful operation there; and others are being constructed. A number of shipments of Washoe silver ores have been made by the mail steamers to the east.

Col. Lander has settled the terms of a peace with Winnemucca, chief of the Puh-ute Indians; and it is presumed that the Indian difficulties of Carson Valley are composed, for a time at least.

The contract for the building of the Capitol at Sacramento was awarded on September 1st, to M. Fennel.

The subject of the adulteration of California wines by manufacturers and jobbers has lately been a subject of discussion. While the greed of making money lasts, there is little hope of obtaining a pure article, except from reliable dealers. The reputation of California wines suffers in consequence of the frauds already practised.

A project has recently attracted the attention of the press for connecting Europe with California by telegraph. It is said to be a project of Louis Napoleon, who, however, is presumed to have quite enough of other work to do. The line, according to the plan, is to run from Paris to Constantinople, to Calcutta, to Peking, to Behrings Straits, to San Francisco, to Mexico, to Valparaiso, to Buenos Ayres, and to terminate at Rio de Janeiro. There will be

times, times and will be built.

Asbestos is so quantities in the Hill.

There are two bearing two distinct son.

A small party of endeavoring to become a four-acre lot have erected a run a fine crop of co pumpkins. They to the honest year assume great importance.

William H. Stoe Bell, late of the St for murder at Ja September 11th.

The Tenth Anniversary of California as a celebrated by the pioneers in San Francisco with a parade, or ball. The oration of Randolp; Campbell.

Improvements of all parts of the business quarters. House builders, merchants and meeting, have been doing.

The deposits dug at the mint, worth of gold bullion of silver bullion was reached \$1,450,000 in half dollars, and \$10,300,000.

The steamer Go 1st, carried away the passengers and \$1,000.

The famous She 500 yards square San Francisco, has much new testimony of its fraudulent character.

The Chileans of anniversary of their on Tuesday, September St. Mary's Cathedral evening at Turn Ve

The San Francisco nearly erected, was private ceremonies of

"times, times and a half" before that line will be built.

Asbestos is said to be found in large quantities in the neighborhood of Iowa Hill.

There are two pear trees at Placerville bearing two distinct crops of fruit this season.

A small party of Digger Indians are endeavoring to become civilized by cultivating a four-acre lot near Campo Seco. They have erected a rude frame house and have a fine crop of corn, besides melons and pumpkins. They imagine that they belong to the honest yeomanry of the country and assume great airs of consequence and importance.

William H. Stone, who killed John C. Bell, late of the State Assembly, was tried for murder at Jackson and acquitted on September 11th.

CITY.

The Tenth Anniversary of the admission of California as a State into the Union was celebrated by the Society of California Pioneers in San Francisco on September 10th with a parade, oration, poem and grand ball. The oration was delivered by Edmund Randolph; the poem by Edwin R. Campbell.

Improvements continue to progress in all parts of the city, particularly in the business quarters and South-Park-ward. House builders have all been busy, and merchants and mechanics, generally speaking, have been doing well.

The deposits during the month of August, at the mint, amounted to \$1,088,035 worth of gold bullion, and \$15,431 worth of silver bullion was purchased. The coinage reached \$1,450,000 in double eagles; \$10,000 in half dollars; \$13,000 in quarter dollars, and \$16,300 in refined silver bars.

The steamer *Golden Age* on September 1st, carried away three hundred and thirty passengers and \$1,287,657 in treasure.

The famous Sherreback land claim for 800 varas square in the southern part of San Francisco, has been re-opened, and much new testimony has been taken showing its fraudulent character.

The Chilcoans of the city celebrated the anniversary of their National Independence on Tuesday, September 18th, by a mass in St. Mary's Cathedral, and a ball in the evening at Turn Verein Hall.

The San Francisco High School building nearly erected, was dedicated with appropriate ceremonies on September 19th.

The Mechanics' Institute opened their Fair at the new Pavilion on the corner of Montgomery and Sutter streets, on the 4th of September. John W. Cherry made the inaugural address on the evening previous. The Fair was a very fine one, and attracted much attention.

The steamer *John L. Stephens*, which arrived on Sept. 2d, brought out a steam fire engine intended for Monumental Engine Company No. 6. It formed a part of the procession of the Monumentals on their Tenth Anniversary Celebration on Sept. 13th, and was then placed in the Mechanics' Fair.

The corner stone of St. Mary's new Hospital of the Catholic Sisters of Mercy, was laid by Archbishop Alemany and other clergy, on September 2d.

The steamer *John L. Stephens* sailed on the 10th September, with 240 passengers, and \$51,009,158 in treasure.

A fire occurred on Sunday evening, September 9th, at the house of Bryan Donnelly, a milk dealer on the Potrero, at the south of the city. Mrs. Donnelly and one of her children were burnt to death. Mr. Donnelly and a second child were very severely injured.

The San Francisco Fire Department numbers 976 members. There will be an election for Chief Engineer in December. Mr. Whitney, the present excellent Chief, declines renomination.

The political campaign throughout the State is already very brisk and is growing brisker as the election approaches. The splitting up of the Democratic party has put unwonted zeal into the Republican ranks. Speakers of all parties are out "stumping" the State.

In San Francisco local politics, the people's Party, which grew out of the Vigilance Committee of 1856, continues to muster much strength and may be yet called a living institution.

The papers speak much lately of the first silk cocoons produced in California. They were raised by Mr. Provost's nursery at San José.

The Mexicans of the city celebrated the anniversary of the Independence of Mexico on the 16th of September. They fired salutes from Telegraph Hill, had an oration and a grand ball. Throughout the State there were celebrations of the same day. At San Lorenzo, Alameda county, there was a celebration of three days, including bull-fights and horse-racing, as in old times.

Editor's Table.

IT is our purpose to make this Magazine a vehicle of communication between the intelligent minds of the State, as well as to convey instruction, and make a pleasant companion. The field of Californian science may be said to be just opening. Here and there

a worker is delving among the hidden treasures, and bringing up to light facts of new and startling interest; but they are very inadequately represented in the meager and unsatisfactory reports and rumors of reports which we see in the newspapers. There is yet no exclusively scientific journal on the Pacific coast, with the exception of a very irregular publication of the Academy of Natural Sciences. Hence it has always heretofore been the case, that a knowledge of the most interesting subjects connected with Californian natural history and the progress of Californian science has been frittered away in ephemeral notices, or sent out of the country, to be either buried in the dark night of Latin terms and mathematical symbols, or appropriated as a portion of foreign observations, which are to all intents and purposes lost to this State.

We have long felt that there is need of a work, where the results of our constant progress in these branches of learning may be garnered up and presented to the general public in a popularized form. The zoology, botany, ichthyology, meteorology, and a hundred other departments of our physical surroundings, are constantly being more and more developed; and almost daily new observations are being made, which, if properly presented, might serve for the edification as well as the amusement of all classes of society. We purpose to make our Magazine just such an expounder of science in a popular form, as the general public of California requires; and we will exert ourselves to interest the

scholars of the State to aid and assist us. We know that many of them will do so; and in a few months we are confident that the monthly appearance of the Magazine will be looked for with the most lively expectation in all parts of the State as well as in all parts of the world, where a real and genuine interest is felt in our glorious country.

At the same time the history of California and her pioneers and adventurers; matters in general connected with the Pacific Ocean; the Islands usually visited by our ships; the Indians of its coasts; the deserts and plains, which divide us from our sister States, and any subject which may be regarded as interesting to our people, shall not be considered as outside the scope of our work. All these and kindred subjects, as well as descriptions of Californian scenery, criticisms of Californian art, and more or less attention to Californian romance and poetry, are property within the province of a Californian periodical. Whether we succeed in making the Magazine take a high rank among the publications of the times, and being what it ought to be, an exponent of the intelligence of the country, within a few months or a few years, remains to be seen; but this shall be our object, and for this we shall earnestly and devotedly strive, satisfied that success will meet with its proper reward, and that any approximation towards it will not fail to be duly appreciated.

In the September number of the Magazine were given a few interesting extracts from Theodore H. Hittell's book on the Adventures of James Capen Adams the Grizzly Bear Hunter. This strange man is now in New York with his animals; but it is feared that he will not live long. The reader will recollect one of the extracts which described an encounter with a grizzly bear in which Adams' "scalp was dreadfully

torn by the brute." from the *New York* gives the melancholy ture:

A few days ago, Mr. Adams, as the Rocky Mountain appeared at the College Surgeons, to see if a blow for his head, which he had fought some six or seven years ago, appears that Mr. Adams' same bear, encountered closed with him. The blow, struck Adams' tore the scalp from over the *os frontis*; soon have been in a more hunts, but for seeing the danger of to the strife, and the risk of his own.

Adams suffered a fray, and was also injured by a second blow from who is known in his which girts his whole being stripped of eye bone, from want of nutriment, died and placed granulations appearance look like the end of Adams' A few months ago he key, which creature fortunate man's head voracious teeth in the der these combined has lost his health, a sufferer. Any one who man going through his huge bears, can can not be far away. at the College of Physicians states that when the head is uncovered, seen in the boneless. We believe that no on for a cure.

Literary

A NARRATIVE OF THE ADVENTURES OF FRANKLIN AND CAPT. McCLINTOCK, PUBLISHED BY TICKNOR, ROMAN, SAN FRANCISCO. Our readers are well known that our voyages have been in search of Sir John and successful one, le

torn by the brute." The following notice from the *New York Journal of Commerce* gives the melancholy sequel of that adventure:

A few days ago, Mr. J. C. Adams, known as the Rocky Mountain Bear Trapper, appeared at the College of Physicians and Surgeons, to see if anything could be done for his head, which was scalped in a bear fight some six or seven years ago. It appears that Mr. Adams, accompanied by a tame bear, encountered a huge grizzly and closed with him. The monster, by one fell blow, struck Adams upon the head and tore the scalp from the skull completely over the *os frontis*; and the trapper would soon have been in a condition to make no more hunts, but for the tame bear, who, seeing the danger of his master, rushed into the strife, and saved Adams' life at the risk of his own.

Adams suffered a long time from this fray, and was also injured in the same place by a second blow from the large grizzly, who is known in his collection by the strap which girds his whole body. Adams' skull being stripped of even the *periosteum*, the bone, from want of its natural covering and nutriment, died and sloughed off. In its place granulations were formed, which in appearance look like fungus-matter. But the end of Adams' ill luck was not yet. A few months ago he was training a monkey, which creature sprang upon the unfortunate man's head and inserted his carnivorous teeth in the wounded part. Under these combined misfortunes, Adams has lost his health, and has become a great sufferer. Any one who witnesses that pale man going through the daily training with his huge bears, can easily see that his end can not be far away. One who saw him at the College of Physicians and Surgeons states that when the heart beats, if the head is uncovered, the pulsations can be seen in the boneless portion of his cranium. We believe that no remedies can be relied on for a cure.

Literary Notices.

A NARRATIVE OF THE FATE OF SIR JOHN FRANKLIN AND HIS COMPANIONS. By CAPT. MCCLINTOCK, R. N., L. L. D. Published by Ticknor & Fields, Boston. A. Roman, San Francisco.

Our readers are well aware that several voyages have been made to the Arctic seas in search of Sir John Franklin. The last, and successful one, left Aberdeen, Scotland,

at the beginning of July, 1857. The work before us is a thrilling narrative of that expedition. All the difficulties and dangers of the voyage are described with a force and raciness that very much relieves the gloom almost consequent upon knowing of Sir John's fate. All the grandeur of the ice-bound and snow-covered landscape is graphically described; and every event of moment, every noticeable change of scenes or circumstances, are admirably pictured. There is not a tedious paragraph in the whole 375 pages. Then again the illustrations and maps given enable the reader to accompany the heroic voyagers every step of the way; and as he reads, he longs to be one of the party, with all its risks, discomforts, and exposures.

We have been informed that 35,000 of these books were sold in Boston, within two months; and that even a greater number were disposed of in the same amount of time in England; and we do not wonder at it. Costing only \$1 each, every one almost can add this interesting volume to his library.

THE EMPIRE OF RUSSIA, FROM THE REMOTEST PERIODS TO THE PRESENT TIME. By JOHN S. C. ABBOTT. Published by Mason Brothers, New York. Allen & Spier, San Francisco.

As the author of this concise historical volume, in his preface, remarks, "The world is too busy to read voluminous history." Especially is this true of *the many*, in all parts of the world, particularly in the United States. In order to meet these circumstances, Mr. Abbot has gathered from various sources the facts connected with the history of Russia; and, excluding much that is dry and uninteresting, has given a valuable volume to the public on that singular and powerful country. We are sorry to see, however, that the author has too closely followed the footsteps of too many of his predecessors, and related its struggles of war and the rise and fall of its rulers *only*. We should not think that the doings of our Presidents and cabinets was the history of the United States? If this

be true of our own, it is equally true of other countries. Nevertheless the work is very interesting, and one we can commend.

THE MARBLE FAUN; OR THE ROMANCE OF MONTE BENI. By NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE. In two volumes. Published by Ticknor & Fields, Boston: A. Roman, 127 Montgomery street, San Francisco.

No person who has ever admiringly read the "Scarlet Letter," "The House with Seven Gables," or "The Blythedale Romance," but will rejoice that their author has given to the world another great intellectual treat in "The Marble Faun." After several years residence in Italy, Mr. Hawthorne has succeeded in giving a truthful picture of the past glory and present wonders of that interesting country. He takes the reader into the sculptor's studio, to watch the chiseling of the marble statue; among the vine-draped ruins of her ancient buildings; into her old and glorious galleries of pictures; and not only introduces him to all the most remarkable sights in Rome, but in different portions of fair

Italy—describing the manners and customs of her inhabitants, and their employments and aspirations at the present time, with characteristic cleverness,—all of which is clothed in that romantic mysteriousness peculiar to Hawthorne. Now, as Italy, under Garibaldi, bids fair to do much towards reëstablishing her great position among the nations of the earth, these volumes will be read with more than ordinary interest.

PLAIN AND PLEASANT TALK ABOUT FRUITS, FLOWERS AND FARMING. By HENRY WARD BEECHER. Derby & Jackson, New York: Allen & Spier, San Francisco.

Whatever Mr. Beecher attempts is sure to be well done. We would rather take this work than half of those published, for its straight-forward common sense, completeness and conciseness, convinces us that his remarks are founded upon his own experience, and not upon theory. If a farmer, gardener and horticulturist, would not save a hundred times the cost of this book, in a single season, if he adopts its excellent suggestions, we are very much mistaken.

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YOUNG LADIES'

SEMINARY

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THE NEXT SESSION OF
this Seminary will commence on Wed-
nesday, the 17th of October next, and will
close on Monday, the 19th of June, 1861.

Misrepresentations, which have come to
the knowledge of the Principal, compel her
to draw the special attention of parents,
guardians, and all interested in the matter,
to the following rule of the institution,
from which there is never any deviation:

"Young ladies entrusted to the care of
the Principal, and boarding in the Institu-
tion, are never allowed to frequent balls or
parties. They never leave even the precincts
of the Seminary, unless accompanied by
their parents or one or more of their
teachers."

For further particulars apply to

MARY ATKINS, Principal.

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ABOUT FRUITS,
BY HENRY WARD
OF NEW YORK:

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J. R. MEAD & CO.,
IMPORTERS, WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN

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— AND —

GENTLEMEN'S FURNISHING GOODS,

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THE undersigned, sole Agents of the above GIN, offer it to the public as the finest
Holland Gin, and the only GENUINE CLUB HOUSE GIN, imported to this market.
It is put up in GREEN CASES, and branded W. S. C., CLUB HOUSE.

We shall continue to receive the above GIN regularly. Also,
**Pure Valambrosial Whisky, in flasks; Pure Nectar Whisky,
in new style bottles; Pure Bourbon Whisky.**

The above Liquors are from the well-known house of WM. S. CORVIN & CO.,
New York, and are guaranteed fine and pure.

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Is the BEST, CHEAPEST and LARGEST HOTEL in California.

FIRST CLASS BOARD, \$5 00 PER WEEK,
INCLUDING FREE BATHS.

The best of Lodgings, 50 cts. per night, and at cheaper rates by the Week.

SHOWER BATHS

FREE to all the guests of the HOUSE, and are kept well supplied with Towels.

NO LIQUORS kept on the premises.

House open all night.

A LARGE FIRE-PROOF SAFE,

WITH COMBINATION LOCK, KEPT IN THE OFFICE.

The READING ROOM, LIBRARY and MUSEUM, are open during all hours of
the Day and evening, to the FREE use of all the guests.

It is the House, above all others, where MERCHANTS, MINERS, MECHANICS,
and all other classes can, at all times, secure superior accommodations at low prices.

Baths, hot and cold, can be enjoyed daily, by the public generally, at 25 cts. each.

R. B. WOODWARD, Proprietor.

BOOTS

GREAT

Goods sold
in this Country,

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Down town
Up “

HANKS &

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Artists' I

WINDOW

BRUSH

90 CLAY

Opposite R

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\$100,000

WORTH OF

BOOTS AND SHOES,
AT RETAIL.

GREAT REDUCTION IN PRICES.

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

To SAVE TIME and MONEY, Go to

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Down town Store,—Cor. Sacramento and Leidesdorff Sts.
Up " " Corner Washington and Kearny Sts.
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Of every description,

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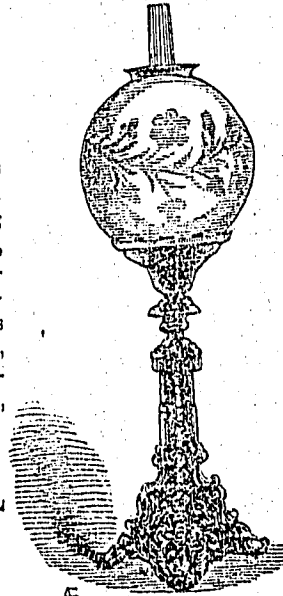
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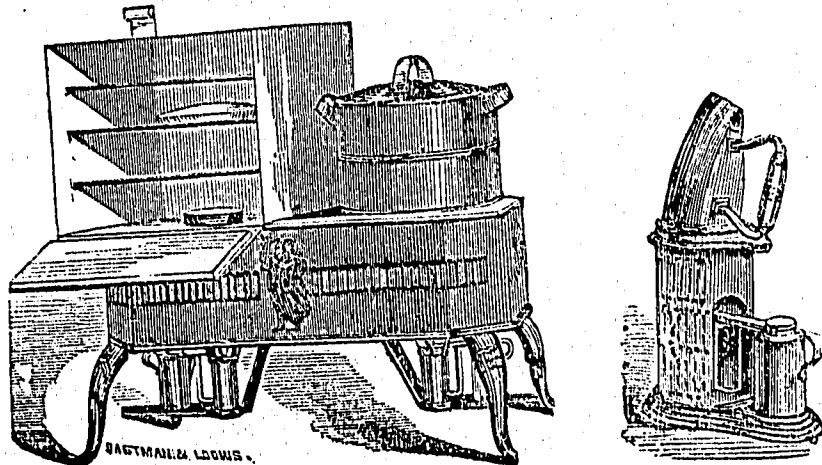


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A LARGE ASSORTMENT of Dietz's Improved Excelsior Burners, the most simple and economical Lamp in use. **No Complication!** Chimney easily adjusted. A LARGER FLAME, with the same amount of Oil, THAN ANY OTHER BURNER EVER MADE. By actual experiment

THE LARGE EXCELSIOR BURNER was made to give the light of Three Star Candles more than any other Burner subjected to the test. All kinds of Lamps fitted with this kind of Burner.

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Adapted to all kinds of Cooking and Ironing, Chemical Laboratories, Sick Rooms, etc., **without the use of Wood or Coal**, by the use of **Hydro-Carbon Vapor**, in combination with Atmospheric Air, at an expense of **4 or 5 cts. an hour.**

These Stoves will heat Flat Irons in five minutes; will bake Biscuits in ten minutes; will broil Beef Steak in six minutes; will boil Water in eight minutes.

All wishing to avoid the heat and trouble attending cooking with wood or coal, are respectfully requested to call and examine for themselves. For Sale at Retail,

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Three doors South of California, and on WASHINGTON STREET, 8d door below STOCKTON.

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CORNER OF FRONT AND CALIFORNIA STREETS,
STANFORD BROTHERS,
Pacific Oil and Camphene Works.

MERCHANT.



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



MINER.



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

MERCHANT.



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

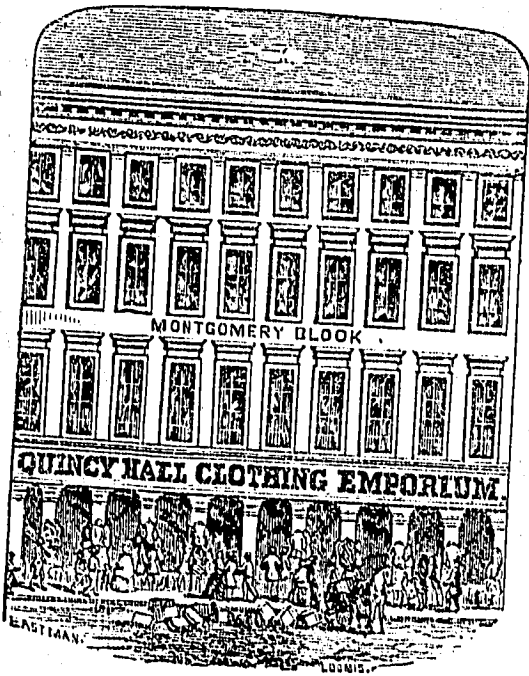
We advertise to let you know
Of whom to buy, and where to go.

THOMAS TENNENT,
Mathematical and Nautical Instrument Maker,
SIGN OF THE WOODEN SAILOR,
BATTERY ST., opposite the Custom House,
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Our clothes and provi-
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So we must buy our
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We do not depend on
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Now tell us the best
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The largest Clothing Emporium on the Pacific Coast,
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To look for what we
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Just let us know the
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We pay the cash, not
run our rice.

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 fall.

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GEO. L. STORY & CO.,

Importers and Wholesale Dealers in

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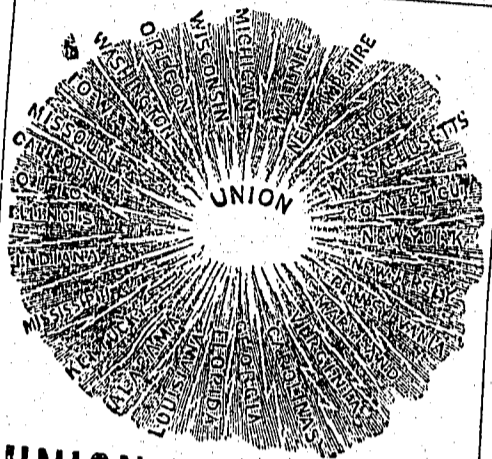
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Yellow Dock & Iodide of Potass

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

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

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

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

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