

*From the Camp 8/13*

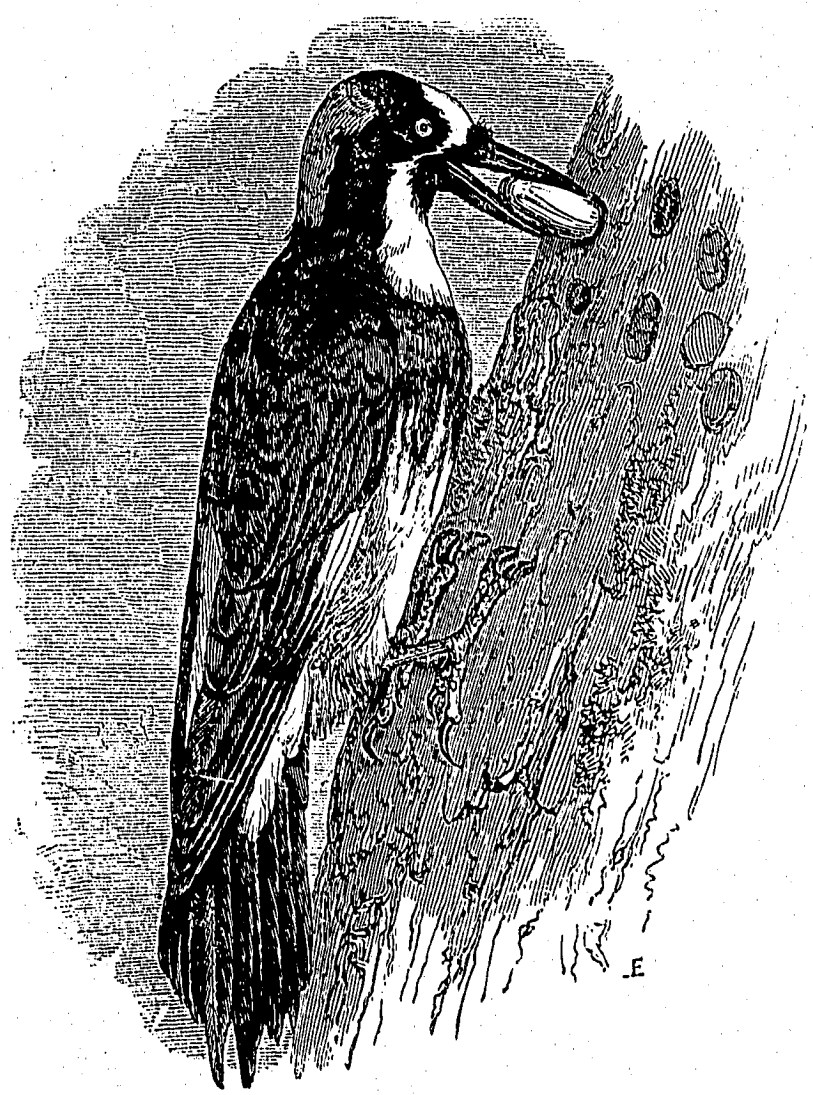
# HUTCHINGS' CALIFORNIA MAGAZINE.

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THE CALIFORNIA WOODPECKER.



HALF LIFE SIZE.

## THE CARPINTERO.

*Melanerpes formicivorus.* (Sw.)

IN many parts of the valley and lower mountain regions of California, a prominent and very peculiar feature attracts the attention, and often excites the wonder, of the traveler. He sees, perhaps, looking down upon the lonely trail which he is following through the hills, a stately pine, whose trunk, from the height of fifty feet almost to the surface of the ground, appears as though a legion of carpenters, with brace and bit, had been doing their best to show how many holes could be bored in the bark, without any one hole encroaching on the limits of its neighbor. A little further, a wide-spreading oak shows itself, thickly dotted in the same manner. On approaching it, he finds that a peg has been driven into almost every hole, filling it with great exactness, and a still closer examination reveals the curious fact that each peg is an acorn. Very naturally he thinks that he will take out one of the acorns, to learn, like the apple in the dumpling, "how it got in." He tries it with his fingers, but it does not "come." He picks with his knife, and though at length he does succeed in extracting the nut, it is not till he has become well convinced that the carpenter who put it there was a good workman.

A woodpecker, whose coat is brilliant with red, white, and black, is glancing here and there; and presently observation or inquiry makes it evident that this beautiful bird, known in the books as the California Woodpecker, is the carpenter who has pegged the trees with such an extravagant waste of labor. He is, in truth, what the Spanish inhabitants of the country call him, *El Carpintero*.

This habit of stowing away the acorns is very singular, and apparently without an object; for by far the largest portion of them remain in their living tomb till

they are consumed by decay or insects, while many of the others furnish food for jays, squirrels, etc. It has been supposed by many that the Carpintero affords an instance of remarkable prudence and foresight in laying in his winter's provisions, and many wise inferences have been drawn thence, as to the useful lessons to be learned from the study of nature. But to degrade in such a manner a study so full of instruction as well as interest, is absurd; for it is foolish to learn lessons which are incorrect, or to base moral instruction on that which has no foundation in truth.

In the first place, it is not the habit of birds to provide food for future occasions; in the second place, it is not the habit of Woodpeckers to eat acorns, when their own proper food can be obtained; in the third place, in most parts of California where this practice of the Carpintero prevails, snow never falls, and the acorns are rendered no more available for the use of the bird, by having been deposited in the holes; and in the fourth place, observation shows that the stores are commonly never touched by the birds which deposited them, or by any of their family. This curious habit of the Carpintero appears, therefore, somewhat analogous to the beetle-impaling practice of the Shrike. What object the bird has in such a hoarding operation, remains to us yet a mystery.

The same habit, though not carried to the same extent, has been reported to me as displayed by a species in Texas. That species is probably the Red-headed Woodpecker, (*Melanerpes erythrocephalus*—Linn.), a bird very closely allied to the Carpintero, and extending its range from the Atlantic to the Rocky Mountains. It has, however, no such habit during its residence in the States further east and north. The Carpintero, in its motions and general deportment, calls to mind this, its eastern representative, most viv-

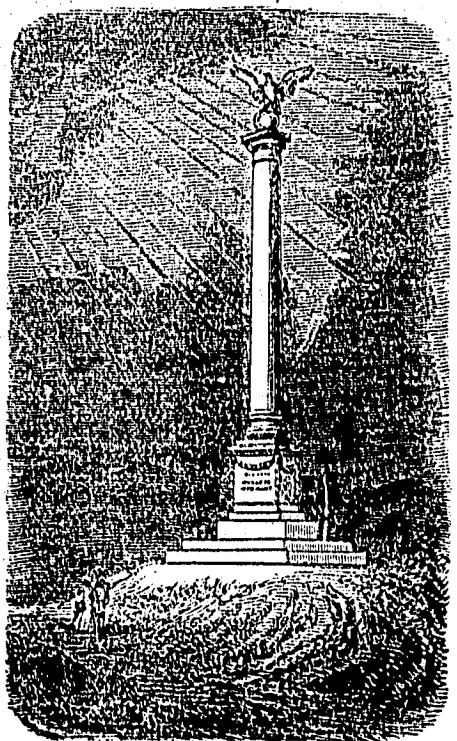
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idly. It is found throughout the whole length of California, and from the coast to the Sierra Nevada, as far up as an elevation of about four or five thousand feet. We do not see it in the vicinity of San Francisco, but the cause is probably the absence of trees. It extends its range southward into Mexico, and eastward nearly to the Gulf and to the Rio Grande.



PROPOSED MONUMENT TO SOLDIERS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

IN a former article published in this Magazine, Mr. C. B. McDonald originated a proposition to build a "Monument to those who fell, fighting the battles of the Revolution," in the following language;—

"I have wished for capacity to persuade the building of a National Monument to 'The Unknown Dead,' who bequeathed us the heritage of Liberty. Let us construct at the Republican capital, a chaste column, which shall bear no other inscription, and by which foreigners may stand, in after time, and learn from tradition that Americans, immortalizing the illustrious by stat-

ue and commemorative structure, were not forgetful of the humbler soldier, whose blood was the first baptism of the new Republic."

Following the unworthy examples of other nations, this has hitherto been neglected. By taking the first initiatory step for its correction, we rise superior to example; and by doing simple justice to the private soldier, we confer a greater honor upon ourselves. We have erected numerous and well-deserved statues to the brave officers who fell; let us complete the work by building a magnificent column to the many who nobly bought our liberty with their blood.

Those noble, self-sacrificing men went not to the battle-field in search of earthly fame or glory. They well knew that, when they fell, their only monument would be the green sods and a nameless grave. What though they left the prints of their naked feet in the snows, all stained with blood, as at Valley Forge? or fell fainting in their ranks, with their tongues parched and swollen from the dreadful thirst and heat, as at Monmouth? or that they "slipped in great puddles of blood, and could not see each others faces for the thick smoke of the battle," as at Princeton? or that they fought in full sight of their burning homes, as at Bunker Hill? They well knew that no trumpet voice of fame would sound their names back across the ages, commemorating the day that

"Rose to them in blood, and set in glory."

But, by the joy with which we tread the ground that has been made holy by their blood; by the blessing that smiles on all which they died to purchase; by the wealth that clothes the land which they were sent to redeem; while we give them a place in our hearts, let us also rear to them a monument and a name worthy of the heritage they left us.

"Twine, Gratitude, a wreath for them,  
More deathless than the diadem;  
Who to life's noblest end  
Gave up life's noblest powers,  
And bade the legacy descend  
Down, down to us and ours!"

## OUR CHOWDER PARTY.

**R**EADER, if you feel morose, or ill-natured: if you believe that life is one vast workshop, and "every man and woman merely workers," whose duties to themselves and to the world they live in, consist in any number of hours faithfully devoted to their daily tasks, we respectfully invite you to pass on—you don't belong to us; and cannot, on any pretence whatever, form part of, or accompany, our party—our chowder party—not even in imagination. If you are such, again we say, "pass on."

Our little company, though earnest workers in such daily avocations as circumstances or duty indicates, are also believers in that pleasing truth—written by every ray of glorious sun-light on each flower-covered hill, and sung in every breath by bird or breeze—that everything created is, or should be ministers of good to man to make him happier; and that only they whose hearts are shut against the gladdening lessons these should teach, are its untruthful readers.

You could see in every face that Caro (always an unpleasant and uninvited guest on such occasions) was absent from the company—perhaps had lost his way, or fell, like many of his victims, through the chinks or trap-holes of the wharves. The light in every eye, the smile on every lip, gives answer before you question, "Thank you, I am jolly! How are you?" We venture to say that could the good-natured reader have seen our happy group stowed away so cosily in the cabin of the "Restless," among plethoric baskets of inner-man comforts, a huge black pot, fish-lines and general stores, he would have wished to have formed a part of that group.

Presently the anchor was weighed, the sails set, and our trim and taut little craft,

in command of Capt. Moody, was gliding over—it scarcely seemed to be running through—the waters of the bay. First we must visit the wreck of the steamship "Granada," lying in Fatality Bay, just below Fort Point. Here could be found plenty of fish for "the chowder," but the swell having raised a stomachic objection to a thorough enjoyment of the Waltonic amusement on the part of some of the ladies, the wreck was hurriedly inspected, and the yacht "put about."

From Fort Point we darted across the channel to Raccoon Straits, at great speed, and anchored in a small bay near Saucelito. Here, to our discomfiture, we found that the finny tribes seemed to have been notified of our intent, for they manifested their disfavor at the part we intentionally had assigned them in the "chowder party" by becoming *non est inventus*.

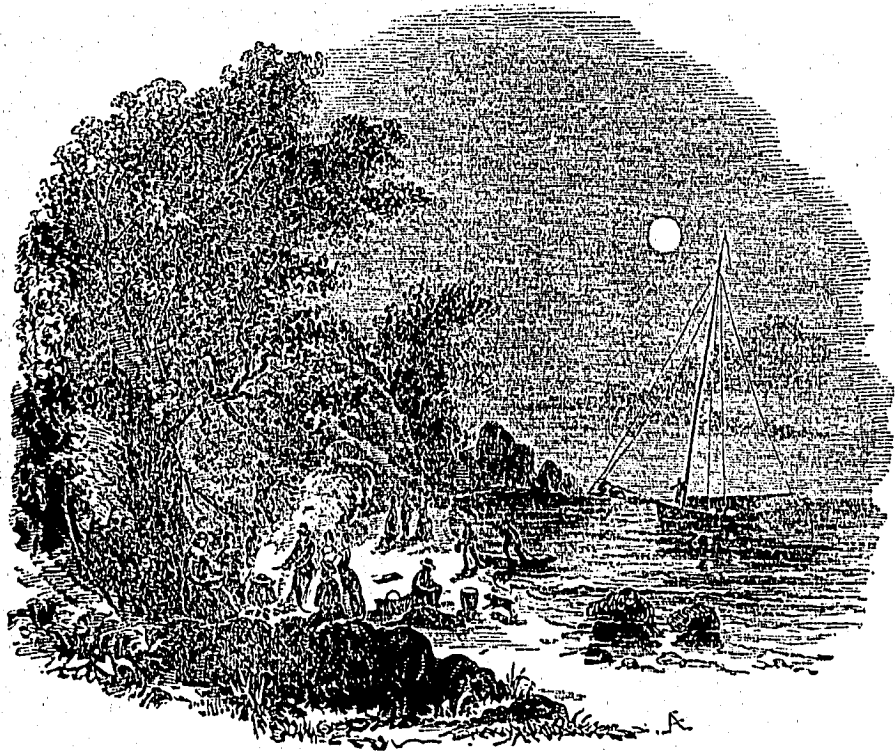
It is true we enjoyed the trip, the pleasant company, the good-humored jokes, the good things (luckily) provided; but for that "chowder" upon which our imaginations (not our appetites) had feasted, where was it? "Who ever knew a chowder party to catch fish enough for any single person—and here were eighteen?" "Did any one know why this should be an exception?" "We ought to have bought fish enough before sailing." These and other pertinent queries were received with hearty laughter. It was true that we had caught no fish; it was equally true that a chowder could not very well be made without them; but how were we to help ourselves? "Aye, that was the question!"

At this juncture a small boy, with a large head and a long slice of bread-and-butter, cleared his mouth and his throat by gulping down the bread-and-butter amalgamation to make way for the remark, "Plenty—fish—down—down—by the—big—dock—yonder." Fine boy, that; excellent boy; hoped he personally

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MAKING THE CHOWDER.

would be as great a comfort to his mother as his remark was to us. Should his prophecy be fulfilled, why, there were other prognostications that had previously been indulged in that would not be; if we could obtain a chowder, after all, who would not exult in our good luck?

A little before sunset fish after fish were taken in, (in a double sense) and an abundance for a large chowder bucketed, when the question arose, shall we go ashore and make an evening of it, or take them home? The moon already gave assurance that she would light us homeward, and decided our unanimous vote in favor of chowder.

To tell the care and safety with which we were all landed by our excellent captain; the delight manifest in our success; the speed with which the wood was gathered, and the fire lighted; the readiness with which men cleaned the fish, pared the potatoes, or peeled the onions; and

how the ladies—God bless them—resolved themselves into a chowder-and-tea manufacturing committee: or, to relate how young lassies ran races on the beach with young and elderly gentlemen, and beat them; and how this one measured his length on the beach, and the others—didn't; or how — made love to —, &c., lie beyond the province of this narrative to confess, as we remember the *maestro's* maxim, that "good boys and girls never tell tales out of school." Suffice it to say that there never was such a chowder; that Boston, Nantucket, and other celebrated concoctions of this kind, could not be brought into favorable comparison with our "California chowder"; that our appetites, although capacious, (and it is with no ordinary satisfaction that we write the fact,) found the contents of the large black pot fully equal thereto. If the reader will be kind enough to take a full look at the engrav-

ing, (from a sketch by our first officer,) he or she will see at a glance how beautifully picturesque was our situation.

But the voyage home was a fitting close to the pleasures of the day. The bright moon without a cloud; the fresh breeze; the graceful, bird-like buoyancy and swiftness of the yacht; the songs sung, as our little craft sped onward, homeward; the kindly feelings and sentiments exchanged; and, although last, not least, the grateful hearts we each possessed towards Captain Moody, our first officer, to whom we were so much indebted for the day's enjoyment, and who, besides being a pleasant gentleman, knew his duty as a seaman, and did it well.

#### LIBRARY OF THE WHAT CHEER HOUSE, SAN FRANCISCO.

A LIBRARY in a public hotel has presented itself to us as such a novelty, that we have sent our memory on an expedition of exploration among all the hotels with which we are familiar, both north and south, east and west, and over parts of Europe, and the report on its return is, "Nothing of the kind to be found."

It would seem that the physical wants and comforts of the public have been the only ones deemed worthy of consideration. The enterprising proprietor of the What Cheer House, Mr. R. B. Woodward, has inaugurated a new era in his hotel department, by including the intellectual, and has thus set an example we hope to see followed in all parts of the world.

It was a happy thought. Hotels are mainly for the accommodation and entertainment of the traveling public, who are not supposed to be able to carry but a very limited number of books with them. There is often much leisure, especially on wet or unpleasant days, which intelligent strangers wish to employ to advantage.

If they have to traverse the streets in search of intellectual occupation, especially when weary, it becomes an unpleasant task. Besides, to walk upon the highways of a strange city, and feel that every face looked into is that of a stranger, often creates a loneliness in social minds that is very oppressive. Indeed, we know of no solitude as unpleasant as that upon the crowded paths of life, where the living tide is perpetually drifting past, leaving you unknown and uncared for in some little eddy, alone. To have some quiet corner, into which to retire and commune with yourself, or with some favorite author, is a great relief. This is provided for in the library of the What Cheer House; and, we repeat, it was a happy idea. There can be no greater proof of this, than the fact that the Library Room, although large, is the best patronized and the most crowded of any in this extensive establishment.

The sketch from which our engraving was made, was taken early in the morning, and yet it will be seen that already the room was well filled with attentive readers. On either side are files of newspapers from all parts of California, and the principal ones of the Eastern States and Europe. On the south side and western end is the library, which contains between two and three thousand volumes, on almost every variety of subject. There are about one hundred volumes on farming, bee-raising, gardening, vine-growing, stock-raising, horticulture, etc., etc.; and some one hundred and fifty works on biography, including those of the most remarkable men and women of the present and past ages. The classics are not forgotten, as there are translations of the principal scholarly productions of the ancients. There are nearly four hundred volumes of the best fictitious works, including several from Dickens, Irving, Scott, Cooper, Miss Bremer, Marryat, Thackeray, Hawthorne, and



THE LIBRARY AT THE WHAT CHEER HOUSE.

others; and about one hundred and fifty fine historical works. Then there are many excellent selections from poetical and dramatic authors; a large collection of books on voyages and travels, besides a large and choice variety of practical, miscellaneous, religious, and other works.

We think that the good taste of the purchaser is apparent in almost every volume; for we do not often find a better selection in libraries of much greater

pretensions. This, moreover, is free to all the patrons of the house, as is also the museum, of which we gave an account in a former number.

It is with no ordinary pleasure that we record the above interesting facts; and we feel proud that such a public convenience has been established. Whenever others shall follow so excellent an example, we assure them we shall take great pleasure in "making a note of it."

#### SUSPENSION FLUME ACROSS THE STANISLAUS RIVER.

**W**ATER is an indispensable agent in gold mining. Without it, the seven hundred millions of dollars that have already been sent out of this State, and the accumulating taxable property of one hundred and thirty millions more, besides the large sums of money hoarded up, and other numerous and large sums in circulation—amounting altogether, at

a low estimate, to the goodly sum of one thousand millions of dollars—would not have reached one-tenth of that amount.

When we thus speak, we allude to water that has been taken from its natural course, and by artificial means been conducted to mining localities, that, in their development by these means, have proved rich in the precious metal; but which, without the facilities thus afforded, would have been a sealed vault, the key to which was the aqueous element. We often fear

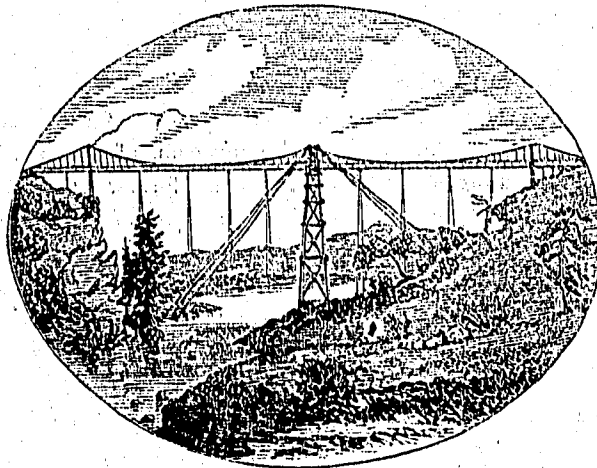
that merchants, tradesmen, real estate owners, money-lenders, and many others in large cities, overlook this great truth. Still, it is the secret spring to their prosperity, and one of the greatest foundation stones of our commercial superstructure. Indeed, water is only second in importance to gold itself. Yet it is somewhat remarkable that nearly the whole of the canals and ditches—some 6,000 miles in their aggregate length, and built at a cost exceeding \$10,000,000—were constructed, mainly, by the working classes.

Unfortunately, however, the cost of the larger of these important works was under-estimated, so that after eight-tenths of the entire length had been completed by the stock of men whose main investment was their labor and a few hundred

dollars, a loan of the balance was procured from some large capitalists, who obtained a mortgage on the whole as security, and by some kind of financial hocus pocus came into entire and full possession of the work.

A large and costly canal, as an investment, has not paid as good an interest directly as others; but as the relative value of all other classes of property was mainly dependent upon gold mining being made profitable, and as water was (and is) the great desideratum, it would not have been unreasonable to expect that the mercantile and monied interests of the State would have been enlisted in this behalf.

Small canals have generally paid well, and these have stimulated men to attempt



SUSPENSION FLUME ACROSS THE STANISLAUS RIVER.

larger works of this character, in the hope and expectation that the profit would have been proportionately commensurate with the undertaking. Here was the mistake; although it is matter of congratulation, on behalf of the interests of the State generally, that such mistakes were made, however unfortunate it may have been for that class of investors. These men, therefore, have been public benefactors; and the main regret is, that their investments have not been as prof-

itable to themselves and families, as to the State's progress and prosperity.

Three industrious and enterprising miners, named Furlong, Murphy and Cunningham, residing at Burns' Ferry on the Stanislaus River, conceived the project of introducing water to that mining district, by means of a canal twenty miles in length, by their own unaided endeavors and carefully saved resources.

The company was no sooner organized, than a survey was made, and the work



commenced. Month by month its serpentine course could be traced around the gulches and on the hill-sides, gradually extending, until it reached the spot indicated in our engraving. Here a suspension flume was constructed across the main Stanislaus River, in order to afford a supply of water to an extensive district on the opposite side of the stream. This is three hundred and thirty-five feet in length, and one hundred and ten feet in height above the river.

Through the instrumentality of this canal, mining districts were opened up, and rich placers discovered, where, had any one hazarded the opinion, four years ago, that water could be taken, he would have been laughed at as a simpleton. We delight in recording the unconquerable perseverance of such men; and we assure them that they have our best wishes that the water thus introduced may be as profitable to them, as it is advantageous to the miners who use it.

## JOEL GRUM'S CHRISTMAS.

BY GEO. F. NOURSE.

## CHAPTER I.

THE Widow Ashley was resident of a shire-town of one of our most flourishing mountain counties, and, save that her name was Ashley, none knew aught of her. She came there a stranger, and obtaining permission to occupy a rude cabin, she and her family moved into it, taking with them their little of this world's goods. A few days after, a sign appeared upon the front of the cabin, which said, in rather crooked capitals, "WASHING and IRONING done here."—The sign was supposed to have been executed by her son, a lad of fourteen years, assisted by his sisters, aged, respectively, twelve and eight, and it was certainly a very good job, that sign, for it had not hung there many days before Mrs. Ash-

ley and family were doing an extensive Laundry business; master Albert going for and returning clothes, and the girls assisting to wash and "do up."—It was a busy household, that, after the first week; and so it continued for four years, when another sign informed the patrons that no more washing would be done, and, when a few days more had passed, the Ashleys had moved into a fine house nicely furnished. Some people said the laundry business had made them rich—perhaps it had; others, that they had become proud, but they who said so didn't know the Ashleys. It is very true that the Widow Ashley had made money and that she had saved a nice "plum," but to master Albert was she indebted for her change of residence and manner of life. That young gentleman was inclined to be of a speculative turn, and although he closely attended to his department of the laundry business, yet he was often looking around for stray chances of improving the family funds outside, and one day, as he was trudging along over the hills with a bundle of clothes, he happened to notice the croppings of a quartz lode which upon examination he found to be quite rich with gold. Now master Albert was quite smart for one of his years, and sitting down with the bundle in his lap, he thought of a great many things, one being, that, as he was under age he couldn't hold a claim and some one might jump it away from him, after some little time spent in cogitation, his mind appeared to be made up and taking out a pencil he wrote upon the back of a washing receipt the following

## Notice.

We the undersigned claim this Quartz mine.

Maria Ashley.

By Albert Ashley, Agent.

It so happened that some speculators from San Francisco afflicted with the Quartz fever were looking around in those parts, and the Agent had scarce

been gone half an hour, when they discovered his "notice" pegged to a tree near by the lode, and having examined the rock determined to purchase the mine and enjoy perfect health, consequently they sought the aforesaid Agent and had little difficulty in closing a bargain at \$8,000 for the entire interest of himself and principal. Whether the speculators ever made anything or not is none of our business; we know the agent did, and we know that on the following day he held a very long and private conversation with his mother on the propriety of giving up the laundry business, and inhabiting some house better adapted to their wants and circumstances, and that he told her how badly he had felt to see her working so, and how often he had wished to be a man that he might earn a living for them all; and that he said the \$8,000 added to the \$7,000 which she told him she had saved, made \$15,000; with a portion of that they could get a house and furniture; the interest of the remainder would support her handsomely and give the girls a good education; as for himself, he had been offered a situation in a store which would, besides supporting him, help them, and that he would not consent to her washing another shirt besides his own. We know that Mrs. Ashley felt prouder of her boy than ever, that she consented, and told him she would long time have given up, but that while business was so good she thought best to make the most of it, so that when she did cease it would be with a sufficiency to support the family comfortably, and no danger of her being obliged to resort to hard work again. "And now my son," said she, "see what kind of taste and judgment you can exercise in the selection of a new home for us."

"I have already made it, mother."

"Indeed! where is it?"

"Prospect Place."

"Why Albert, are you insane? You must remember that all we require is a place for comfort and convenience, a respectable place, but one that will conform to our means—the more money we have left after the purchase of such a home, the better it will be for us—so abandon all ideas of Prospect Place and look for something that will be plain, neat and quiet."

"I am not as thoughtless as you suppose," said Albert with something like offended dignity; Prospect Place is to be sold to-day, and down town I heard folks say that it will not bring more than three or four thousand dollars, because no one here wants such a place. The fruit crop every year is worth two thousand dollars, and I have concluded it is just the thing for us, besides, the furniture all goes with it."

"I have heard, said Mrs. Ashley, that the place, as it is, cost more than \$30,000 and I have no idea that it will be sold for any such sum as you have heard."

"Well, mother, 'twill do no harm to attend the sale, and providing I can buy it so cheaply, don't you think you'd like it?"

"Why—yes, I think I would, but something less extensive would do as well, if not better; however, I will leave it all to you."

"Thank you, mother," said Albert as he gave her an affectionate kiss, "you'll see 'twill be all right," and putting on his hat he left the cabin feeling very like a man.

Amid all the duties of her laborious life, Mrs. Ashley found time to give her children a good home education; they were apt scholars and as far advanced in the common branches as any who attended the public schools. Albert she knew to be quick, generous and impulsive, sharp in trade, and had made so good a manager of the household affairs that he possessed her confidence to an unbound-

ed extent, yet after he was gone she felt not a little uneasy, and more than half regretted having given her consent.

Prospect Place had been founded and built by a county official; he had spared no pains or expense to make it unequalled in the State as a residence. Every means to make it tasteful, luxuriant and convenient had been resorted to; extensive orchards were set out, embracing every variety of fruit tree and shrub; gardens and lawns surrounded the house, and shade trees lined each side of the pebbled walks and arenas. Even the stables and out-houses surpassed the dwellings of most people. Its location was fifteen minutes walk from town, and upon a gentle eminence from every side a magnificent view. To the north the scene was bold and striking; to the south one could look upon the valley, and the crystal stream which meandered through it; and further on to the belt of hills covered with ever nodding pines; to the west the view was much the same, and from the windows in the east the town was in full sight spread out like a living map. The builder occupied it long enough to see his fruit trees bend beneath their heavy loads, his thrifty shade trees grow to afford shelter from the summer sun, long enough to be envied by many a jealous soul, but one day he turned up missing. Rumor said that he and his family had left at night, taking with them all that could be crammed into the carriage, and gave to no one a social good bye, which was considered very unkind.

Some little time passed, and as no tidings came from him, some officious persons thought proper to examine his accounts with the County, and lo! would you believe it, the books refused to balance by a great many thousand dollars. The bird had flown, and his cage, which was all he had left, besides his debts, was seized upon, and after due process of law was advertised to be sold under the ham-

mer, and the day of the sale as we have seen, had come. The attendance was rather small and the bidding far from spirited, as Albert had heard there were few who could afford so luxurious a home. Those who could, were mostly provided for, and had no use for a second establishment. The first bid was \$2,000, from there it ran by hundreds up to \$3100. "3100—3100—3100, do I hear no more? going for \$3100." "\$3500," said a small and timid voice. The Auctioneer looked from whence it came, and seemed in doubt as to its reality as a bid; the eyes of the crowd followed his, and there, mounted upon a barrel, stood the Agent, his face crimson with blushes; a small laugh followed the discovery, and the said Agent was evidently embarrassed, but the Auctioneer, after a moments conversation with a gentleman near by, took the bid and endeavored to obtain more, but not another did he get, and the place with all its grounds and contents was knocked down to the agent for \$3500; and at Prospect Place we find the Ashley family on Christmas eve, the year—no matter.

The evening is cool but pleasant; we enter the house to find the parlor elegantly furnished, cheerily lighted, and pleasantly warmed; and here we are presented to the agent, his mother, and younger sister. The former says, "I must go to the store; and, mother, please tell Sue that I will come for her at half past eight, we will have a glorious time; Lucy you must amuse mother to-night, and tomorrow you know what's promised." "Oh yes," said Lucy, "we can get along without you and Sue; we know something, don't we mother?" Mrs. Ashley looked over-wise as she good humoredly said, "I don't think we shall miss them much." Albert laughed as he went out, and Lucy running to the door called out, "Albert! you'll find my stocking on the door." A merry laugh answered her,

and Lucy with a skip and a hop returned to the parlor. Albert had been gone but a short time when Susan came into the room and enquired for him. Learning that he had left she said, "I'm so sorry, I wanted him to get my fan; I was careless enough to leave it at May Hamiltons; when he comes back will be too late, and I want it very much to-night."

"I can go and get it," said Lucy.

"Oh no," said her mother, "it's very dark; Susan you will learn something to be without it to-night."

"But mother," said Lucy again, "I would as soon go as not, I'm not afraid of the dark, and Sue will miss it so much."

"You will get lost," replied Mrs. Ashley, "'tis all I can do to find their house in the day time."

"But Lucy goes there every day," put in Susan, "and knows the way better than you who scarcely ever go out; I do wish you'd allow her."

"After raising a few more objections Mrs. Ashley consented, and robing Lucy in her cloak and tying on her bonnet, gave her a kiss, and admonishing her to be careful, gave her another, and Lucy took her departure. She was to have returned immediately; and when a half hour had passed without her coming, Mrs. Ashley became uneasy. Another half hour and yet she came not; and now another half hour had passed and yet she had not come. Albert had been home, over to the Hamilton's and home again; she had not been there. Mrs. Ashley is almost frantic, and Susan, arrayed in full party costume, is crying as though her heart would break. Albert has now gone to alarm the neighbors. Two hours and yet no Lucy—where can she be? has she fallen into some treacherous shaft, some unguarded mine, or do her little feet wander she knows not whither?

#### CHAPTER II.

At the end of a long, damp and dreary

tunnel, working away with gad and sledge, stood Joel Grum; a candle was burning dimly upon the rough rock beside him. Time had dealt roughly with Joel Grum; for, although he appeared to be more than fifty, yet scarce forty years had passed over his head. He paused to rest, and leaning upon the handle of his sledge, while the perspiration was rolling freely over his face, muttered, "I will take a blast to move that;" then glancing at the candle, he growled at the flight of time. "Most night," he said, "I must get some other kind of a light, candles are such tell-tales that half an hour can't pass without one's knowing it. Night comes too soon, these days." "I hope," he continued, as a rumbling sound fell upon his ear, "that Bob has brought in the other candle." Having got his breath and eased his mind, Joel Grum inserted another gad into the crevice, and after tapping it lightly once or twice, to make it "take a holt," commenced to drive it in with vigorous blows.

Bob, with the ear, soon after arrived, and, without opening his lips to speak, loaded it with the fragments of the broken ledge, and then leaning with his back upon it, supplied his mouth with a fresh quid of tobacco, and said, "Jo'l!"

"Well," said the person addressed, still hammering away.

"I think we'd better make it night."

"Night!" exclaimed Joel Grum, as he leaned upon his sledge again, "why, it must be nearly an hour to quitting time."

"That's so," said Bob, "but be'ns its Christmas Eve I thought I'd sort o' fix up and go round a little—maybe you'd like to go too, Jo'l."

Joel Grum laughed; the idea of Bob Gruffum's taking a Christmas was truly amusing. I have said he laughed, but 'twas the first time in many years, and the sound startled both. Everybody about the town either know or had heard

of Joel Grum; his reputation was that of a cold gloomy, crabbed man; he was never known to smile, he meddled with no one's business, made no acquaintances and scarce gave a civil answer to questions asked. He lived with Bob Gruffum in their cabin in the cañon, and never went to town unless compelled to go for provisions, and then remained there only long enough to give his orders. Bob Gruffum just suited him for a partner and companion. They were well mated in wants, habits and dispositions; both were morose, and one would sometimes think them tongue-tied, for often weeks would pass and not a word be exchanged, either at home or at work, unless it was a question relating to the latter, which would be short and direct; the answer a monosyllable. Nearly three years they had worked together in the tunnel, and from the face of the cut to the inner end was now about six hundred feet; they had most of the way been obliged to blast, and consequently their progress had been slow. Not steadily had they worked there, for there were times when the larder was empty, when candles were few, the powder burnt, and no money in their oyster can, then they were obliged to work out for "a raise," and having made it, would resume their labors in the tunnel. Hope, that watchword of the miner, had cheered them on, and now six hundred feet in, Hope was stronger than ever; the rock had of late become easier to work, water came dropping through the seams of the ledge, and they expected soon to break into the "basin" and reap their reward, and that was why Joel Grum growled about the candles and time; his whole soul was in the work before him, and he thought he could stand it if the days were twice as long. Bob Gruffum felt the same interest; he had worked just as hard, and just as long, and was just as anxious to break through the rim; but somehow a strange

freak had come over him, so strange that it made Joel Grum laugh—'twas not by any means a jovial or pleasant laugh—'twas one of those which occur when anything supremely absurd comes suddenly upon us—but Joel laughed, and the echo of it from those under ground walls was really hideous, and after it a death-like stillness prevailed for some seconds, which was brokon by Joel's saying, "I'll take my Christmas here," and spitting upon his hands, he took a firm hold on his sledge handle and battered away upon his gad again.

Robert Gruffum, in rather a melancholy frame of mind, rolled out the car and repaired to the cabin to fix up and do the best he could to keep Christmas Eve alone.

Indifferent as Joel Grum appeared, yet the few words of Bob Gruffum created a complete revolution in his mind; as he could no longer control his thoughts, in spite of all his attempts to the contrary they would run back over a score or more of years, and dwell upon times and things as they were with him; finally he gave up all endeavors to smother recollections, and suffering them to run at large, his features assumed a rather softened and pleasing expression; he worried no more about the flight of time, or noticed the consuming candle, his blows upon the splitting gad rang lighter and lighter, and ceased, as buried amid remembrances of olden times, he sat, or rather let himself gently down upon a projection of the tunnel wall, lost to all but memory. The weary limbs of Joel Grum were grateful for the rest afforded; his aching eyes made weak by the effects of powder smoke, damp air and candle light, taking advantage of the respite given, closed, and half-reclining, Joel Grum slept. Sweet dreams must have been those of his, smile after smile wreathed about his lips and played upon his features. Dream on, Joel Grum,

dream on, while we write down your dreams—visions of ten, twenty and thirty years back have passed before him. Happy times were those, a glimpse of which in dream land brings a smile to such stern and hardened features. But see! the face grows sad, and now what agony is there depicted—something terrible must Joel Grum have found in Nod—and now he starts and seems surprised—he has broken through the rim and into a country mortals never heard of; more brilliant is the light than that of our own world's sun, inhabited by beings as beautiful as only dreams can conjure up—they are not mortals, they are Fairies, and flit about from place to place while enchanting strains of music crowd the air, perfume from fragrant spice trees, mingled with the odors of myriads of every colored flower, is wafted to him—diamonds, pearls and golden nuggets bestrew the ground. But the Fairies have seen him and are angry; with firm gestures they motion him to go, and then commence an assault upon his person with diamonds, pearls and golden nuggets which they take up and hurl amid the most infernal noises that ever greeted the ears of Joel Grum; but he is very bold, he cares not for the furious gestures nor the horrid sounds, he is busy gathering the missiles they throw; he is going to be paid for his labor in that tunnel; he will be rich; so he catches and gathers all they throw, and hopes they'll keep on; but, unfortunately, a large nugget, thrown with tremendous force, has struck upon his head and he is wounded. With a cry of pain he starts from his rocky couch, he has awakened, but where! All is total darkness, the candle long since burnt out. Not fully conscious, Joel Grum feels a chill of terror crawl over him; is he still dreaming? Is he in the land of mortals, or have the Fairies shut him in some other world to die alone? He raises a hand to his aching head and lays it upon something warm and wet—he stretches out his arms, one hand comes in contact with the cold, hard wall, the other with a gad. He now remembers all; and, with an oath, proceeds to strike a match and light his other candle. His hat he finds lying upon his late bed, and beneath a large slice of rock which had fallen from above while he slept, cutting his head and awakening him. Alas for Joel Grum! His limbs are stiffened and his bones ache; the blood from his wounded head trickles down over his face and coagulates upon his beard. Ah me, Joel Grum! In no very pleasant state of mind, and uttering words not very complimentary to Mr. Gruffam, he gropes his way out of the tunnel and follows the trail to his cabin. When more than half way there, something in his path startles him, he stops, raises his foot to kick it, when a voice from it says, "Please, sir, I'm lost."

"So am I," growls Joel Grum, "lost to everything but bad luck and misery."

"But I've lost my way," said the little voice.

"What's your name?"

"Lucy—"

"How came you here?" said Joel Grum, without giving her time to answer his previous question.

"I was going of an errand for sister, and somehow I turned off the lane and got down among the mines, and was lost; 'twas very dark, but I kept walking on till just now, when I stopped to rest—won't you show me the way home, to Prospect Place? It's just back of the town—the house with the garden and trees about it."

"I spose I must," said Joel Grum, gruffly, "why couldn't you have got lost somewhere else?" and passing her, he took the lead upon the narrow, crooked path, and with Lucy following, he went on to the cabin. Taking the key from the shelf over the door, he unlocked it,

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and both entered. A few embers still glowed upon the hearth; Joel Grum lighted a candle, poked the coals together, threw on a billet of wood, and drawing a stool upon the hearth, sat down and buried his face in his hands; he felt sick, chills ran over him, his teeth would chatter, and his knees strike one against the other.

Lucy at first took a survey of the premises; a horrid place to live, she thought; *their* old cabin was comfortable, it had a board floor, a tight roof, and was lined; but the walls of *this* were rough and dirty; through the roof she could see the stars, and the damp ground floor felt colder to her feet than the earth outside. Upon a rude table there was a broken bowl which held sugar, a tin box with butter in it, and in what appeared to be its cover, there was a mixture of salt and pepper, and there was a little bottle with syrup all over the outside, and which she thought might contain the same article; a dirty plate and cup and saucer were upon one end and opposite a clean duplicate of each; between the plates there was a frying pan, containing what appeared to be a beef-steak. Having noticed all these things very quickly, she approached the fire and ventured to scrutinize the person of Joel Grum. One look, and she was by his side, saying—

"You are hurt, sir; there is blood all over you."

"I know it," was the subdued reply.

The camp kettle was hanging over the fire; without a word, Lucy prospected for and found a basin and towel; into the former she poured warm water, and setting it upon a stool near the sufferer, wet one end of the towel, and laying a little hand upon the head of Joel Grum, said: "Let me bathe your wound."

How funny it felt to the old man having the little fingers running over his head, in and among his hair, down over

his face—how much better he felt; how quickly he began to gather warmth; how strange it seemed—was he still dreaming? No! the pain of his wound was too acute to admit of that illusion—'twas all real, but what a strange night it had been!

"How do you feel now?" asked his little nurse as she wiped away the last traces of the blood.

"Better, much better, thank you; as soon as I get a cup of tea I will go home with you."

"Haven't you been to supper?"

"No, I was just coming from where I work when I found you."

"Well, now don't you move," said Lucy, "just sit still and rest while I fix up your supper."

A pot of tea was soon under way, the steak was warming up, the dirty dishes were removed, the crumbs brushed away and the table wiped clean and dry. But the bread, she saw nothing but a fragment of something hard and heavy, so she said:

"I'll make some biscuit for you; 'twon't take but a few moments."

Joel Grum was in a paroxysm of bliss; he had forgiven Bob Gruffum; and, oh, if Bob Gruffum could only see the cabin now! He began to feel very boyish; the stiffening had left his joints, and he was unable to sit inactive longer; so he jumped from his seat, got Lucy the bread pan, flour and all the "fixins," then he threw more wood upon the fire, which kindled and blazed, throwing a cheerful, happy glow out into the room, he raked out coals to heat the bake-oven in readiness to receive the biscuit, and put another plate, cup and saucer opposite those already on the table; and, although Lucy said she had been to supper and couldn't eat more, yet he insisted upon her making an effort. When everything was on the table down they both sat; Joel Grum didn't think he was very hungry, but he

swallowed biscuit after biscuit, they were so nice he couldn't help it, and he drank cup after cup of tea, just to have Lucy pour it out; she sipped and ate a little herself; and when Joel Grum had finished his meal, he sat bolt upright to feast his eyes on Lucy. But, goodness, how he stares; what a wicked scowl is gathering upon his brow, and Lucy says, "Please, sir, don't look at me so."

But his face grows darker, and more terrible the expression. Poor Lucy, with great tears in her eyes, whimpers out—"What have I done, sir?"

"Done!" shouts Joel Grum, rising from his seat and striking the table heavily with his fist, "nothing; get your bonnet!" And putting on his hat he throws open the door, and shouts, "come along!"

Lucy trembles with fear and hesitates, when Joel Grum, stamping his foot upon the threshold, roars—

"Come on! come on! I say!"

Lucy thinks he is mad; she thinks it would be better to humor him, and if he attempts to injure her she will run away; so, with as much coolness as the excited condition of her nerves would permit, she put on her bonnet, blew out the light and joined Joel Grum on the door step, when that strange man slammed the door behind him, and looking it, put the key in his pocket, then seizing Lucy's hand, with rapid strides he rather dragged than led her up over hill, down gullehes, along the mountain side, and through dense patches of chapparel; and the poor girl, though filled with forebodings, and expecting some dark tragedy would end her adventures of that Christmas Eve, was compelled to go, for he held her hand as tightly as a vice would. At length they came upon a well-traveled road; they were going through a valley, and there was a light before them, shining from a house in the distance. Lucy's heart beat lighter, and since coming

upon the highway the strides of Joel Grum had become shorter, and his speed lessened so that Lucy could walk by his side without difficulty. And, as she went along, she recognized several objects which appeared familiar, and on nearer approach to the light, she exclaimed with joy—

"That's our house! that's our house! let's hurry!"

But Joel Grum didn't hurry one particle; he appeared to be in meditation, and, if anything, walked slower and in silence until, reaching a gate which opened upon an avenue leading to the light spoken of, he said with much kindness in his voice:

"Is this the place?"

"Yes, sir, this is it," was the reply; "come in."

"No, no," said Joel Grum, and bending down so as to bring his head on a level with Lucy's, continued, "you must forgive me for my roughness when we left the cabin; I wouldn't have been so for anything, but I couldn't help it; I think the wound upon my head must have affected my brain."

"Yes, sir," said Lucy, "that's what I thought, and at first I was afraid, but afterward I wasn't much, for I didn't believe any man would harm a little girl like me."

"If any would," said Joel Grum, warmly, "hanging would be too good for him. I am very much obliged to you for coming in my way, to-night. I am getting to be an old man; for years my life has been but a darkened, gloomy path, with not a single flower to catch the eye and gladden it; but this evening I found upon my way a little bud and took it home and there it blossomed out and sunshine filled my cabin; my heart was full of joy, and Joel Grum was happy."

[We regret the necessity of postponing the conclusion of this very interesting California story until next month.—Ed.]

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## THE GEYSERS.\*

BY REV. T. STARR KING.

THE Geysers are situated in a ravine called, not inappropriately, "The Devil's Cañon," which is a vast trench, a quarter of a mile long, cut out of another large ravine nearly fifteen hundred feet deep. After resting in the rude but comfortable hotel, we made an exploration of the neighboring wonders, late in the afternoon, and another more careful examination the next morning.

Instead of following up the little stream that flows through the smaller ravine, we started for the upper portion of the cañon, in order to follow down the rivotlet that enters the frightful trench a pure, cold mountain rill, and issues from it a quarter of a mile below, hot and saturated with nearly all the acids of a medical laboratory. Just before reaching the point for the descent, we came upon the "Boiling Cauldrons" as they are called. These were openings in the ground, partly protected by a back setting of volcanic looking rocks, where pools of water were boiling or simmering. In one of them we could watch the swash, a slaty-hued ditch water, as it seamed, which exhaled the stench of dock mud. It appeared to be a vent for some boiling sewer of the pit. Three feet off, cleaner water was bubbling, with a gentle cooking sound; and at another short remove, steam was issuing from a score of vents in steady whiffs, depositing around each little opening beautiful feathery crystals of sulphur. The ground was very hot, and soon suggested to the feet the necessity of quick observations. Yet the scene was not entirely devoid of life. A bob-tailed lizard, a genuine salamander, was running over the baked and burning soil as though he enjoyed the temperature. And twenty feet distant, charming wild

\* First published in the Boston Transcript.

flowers were growing with a touch of blight from the neighboring heat or steam.

The "Devil's Cañon," which we now enter at the upper end, after leaving these cauldrons, is from two to three hundred feet deep, and as dreary a piece of desolation as one will be likely to find on the surface of this globe, and this side of the moon. It slopes on either hand to so narrow a bottom that the little Pluton creek has just room to thread its way through. A few very sickly looking trees straggle along the upper edges, but the sides are fatal to any vegetable life. Half-way down, the earth is reddish; then various dismal colors are laid in—the signs of a rich variety of chemical experiments by nature, on a large scale. There are the white knolls bulging out from the lower slopes, reddish, iron-rust patches, ashy patches, slaty and greenish stains, and every other hue that suggests blight and deadliness. Out of it all, too, steam is hissing in larger and smaller columns, from two or three hundred blow-holes, a fit accompaniment to the aspect of desolation. Standing on a jutting point over the upper end of the ravine, that commands a view on both sides, and also of the exquisite freshness and beauty of the larger ravine-walls, within which the "Devil's Cañon" is enclosed, the contrast of the organizing and the decomposing forces which nature wields with equal ease, is very striking and impressive.

The Pluton creek is cool when it first enters the smaller ravine out of the larger one, but it is even then strongly impregnated with sulphur, and though beneficial, is anything but pleasant to take—like most beneficial appliances in nature. As we began to follow it down between the hissing walls, we were saluted with a stench which our chemical companion described as pure sulphide of hydrogen—better known to some philanthropists,

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California story until

on unpopular platforms, as the gas set free from venerable eggs, when suddenly ruptured. There must have been a frightfully large subterranean nest of them not many rods under our feet.

We hurried by many of the lesser wonders in order to reach the great Steamboat spring, on the right hand wall of the cañon. This is the spout whose loud wheezing we heard, nearly a mile off, while descending into the larger ravine on horseback. Around it is a huge pile of slags and frightful clinkers, over which rises the continual roar of escaping steam from an orifice two feet in diameter, and in pulsations precisely like those of a huge engine hard at work. Each beat sends the vapor up visibly fifty to a hundred feet; but in the early morning, when the air was cool, I saw a column five hundred feet high, and widened to a cloud above, belched from the strange boiler that relieves its wrath through the mountain side. Often, a little after sunrise, too, a rainbow can be seen on the steam-cloud, spanning the whole length of the awful trench, with hues as clear as if they were refracted in pure water-drops, and not in sulphurous vapors fresh from Hades.

To describe all the strange substances and gases that lie along the floor, or issue from the crevices of the cañon, would overload your columns and repel your readers. How a chemist would revel in the noxious and mephitic vapors that puff or whistle out of the leached, hot walls! Here he would turn up a patch of brown, crumbly soil, and find a clay that looks like blue vitrol; nearly under a shelving ledge is a brisk, bubbling pool, overhung with verdigris encrustings; a few feet off, spirts a beaded jet of hot water, which sheds a dismal brown casting over the surrounding earth; a little way further still, is a spring that looks like pure hot ink; then we discover a rock of alum that weighs two or three

hundred pounds; then a small fountain of Epsom salts; not far off, again, a basin apparently of boiling soap-suds; then iron springs, soda springs, white, red, and black sulphur springs; and soon a foul Stygian sluice, close to the wall, from which a steam exhales that covers the overhanging earth with a slimy deposit which eats your clothes if you touch it, as ravenously as aqua fortis. Whether the origin of the heats and vapors is volcanic, or simply chemical, is not decided yet, I believe, by the scientific gentlemen who have visited the ravine. If it is volcanic, satan's medicine-shop must be not very far below the line of Pluton creek. Perhaps, if I had attended carefully to the wise talk of our young chemical friend, I might tell you the composition of each spring and gush of vapor. But my memory could not hold his classifications and analysis. Suppose you print here a lot of words, such as sulphate, carbonate, potash, nitrate, hydrochloric, &c., &c., on the principle of Lord Timothy Dexter's punctuation marks, and let your readers throw them in, according to their scientific tendencies, *ad libitum*.

But we must not hurry out of the cañon yet. After leaving the "Steamboat Spring," and clambering along the sides of a cliff, from which steam is flying through fifty fissures, we must stop a few minutes at the "Witches' Caldron." This is on the same side of the ravine with the Steamboat spring, and some fifty rods below. It is a pool six feet in diameter, without any visible outlet, where a liquid, thick and black, is continually boiling and swashing. The portion of the wall that stands immediately over it, is begrimed, like a chimney-back, for fifteen feet up, and then above, is crusted with charming vesicular sulphur crystals. Twenty feet opposite, on the left wall of the ravine, is a crevice called the "Devil's Grist Mill," from which

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boiling water spirts clean, and the steam issues with precisely the sound of a grist mill in motion. The turbid, miry hue, and substance of the Witches' Caldron, is the more curious from its neighborhood to this clear and powerful hot spring. The proper time to visit the spot would be in some moonlight evening, when wild winds were up, heavy clouds were drifting across the sky. Then, in the intermitting shadows and gleams, one might feel the presence of spirits akin to the weird sisters around the rocky pool, and almost hear the chant,

Fillet of a fenny snake  
In the caldron boil and bake;  
Eye of newt, and toe of frog,  
Wool of bat, and tongue of dog,  
Adder's fork, and blind-worm's sting,  
Lizard's leg, and owl's wing,  
For a charm of powerful trouble,  
Like a hell-broth boll and bubble.

In Scotland such a glen would be peopled with elves and bogles, and encrusted with wild traditions. How Scott would have revelled in describing it, and in versifying the legends of the Der Frieschut character, which would have steamed out of the popular imagination to enwrap it, like its own pungent vapors! But there are no traditions, no fringes of wild superstition connected with the cañon. The Indians have brought their sick once a year, during the last century, to Sulphur springs, not far below, but they report no legends that attach to the marvellous cañon.

After leaving the cañon, we tried to bathe in the Holam, which is conducted at blood heat to a bath house an eighth of a mile distant. It was refreshing, as a bath ought to be when the water is medicated with every kind of drug and vapor that separately is accounted serviceable to the human frame. One ablution, in such a tide, ought to save a man from the possibility of rheumatism for life. And more grateful than the bath, was the breathing of pure air, and the sight of healthful bloom after two hours rambling over the hot ashes and through the

Tartarian streams of the ravine. How delightful that so little of visible nature is a laboratory, in which we see her chemical processes raw. The more wonderful chemistry is that which is sheathed in beauty. There is more violent appeal to the senses in the column of steam that roars through the crevice of clinkers, and mounts a hundred feet to melt away; but there is greater power and a more cunning handling of the chemical forces in the driving of water two hundred feet high through the tree-veins to be arrested in the substance of leaf and twig, and in the sorcery that converts its drops into the hard column of the tree trunk, that will stand five hundred years.

In the "Devil's Cañon" we see nature analytic and critical; her work is mostly death. In the flowers and groves, and hillsides lined with beauty, just outside the sulphurous gorge, and in the blue air and noiseless light, we see nature, synthetic and creative, wrapping her acids in sweetness, veiling her noisome vapors in perfume, transforming her fires into bloom, harnessing her deadly gases to the work of adorning the earth and serving man. And we will ride away from the Geysers, grateful that we have seen its marvels and terrors, and the more grateful that the Creator hides from us, by so much ever-renewing loveliness on the bosom of the world, the awful fact which the "Professor" has so concisely stated, that we live on a globe which has a "crust of fossils and a heart of fire."  
K.

CREEDS.

THERE is that taught in creeds which  
chills the blood, [ful mood;  
And turns youth's trusting faith to doubt-  
Which fills the hearts by innocence most  
blest,  
With bitter doubts and feverish unrest;  
Which darkens all our first, best, purest love  
Of Him who reigns in the bright world  
above;  
Which canonizes Superstition's age,  
And stamps the lie on Nature's title page!  
M.

## HISTORICAL OF CALIFORNIA.

EDMUND RANDOLPH'S ORATION BEFORE THE SOCIETY OF CALIFORNIA PIONEERS, SEPTEMBER, 1860.

(Continued from page 270.)

**A**T first California formed a part of the Kingdom of New Spain, and was governed directly by the Viceroy at Mexico. In 1776 it was attached to the Commandancia General of the Internal Provinces, which included, also, Sonora, New Mexico, Chihuahua, Coahuila, and Texas. Afterwards it was a part of the Commandancia General of the Internal Provinces of the West; when Coahuila and Texas, New Leon and the Colony of New Santander had been erected into another jurisdiction, under the title of the Internal Provinces of the East.

This arrangement did not last many years, and California reverted to the Viceroy again. Laws came from the King, in his council of the Indies, at Madrid, as orders are issued by the commander-in-chief of an army; to the second in command, to wit., the Viceroy at Mexico, from him to his next in rank, we will say the Commandante General at Arispe or Chihuahua, from him to the Governor of California at Monterey, and from him to the Captain or Lieutenant in command of a Presidio. They took effect only as they were published, spreading as the courier advanced, and from place to place in succession, like a wave, from center to circumference. They came slowly, but in time every order of a general nature would find its way into the archives of every Province, Presidio or Pueblo in North and South America, and of every island of the ocean, which owned the dominion of the King of Spain. The archives of this State contain a great many, and their counterparts are to be looked for in every public office from Havana to Manila, and from Chihuahua to

Valparaiso. When wars, or the accidents of navigation, or the urgency of the case, interrupted or rendered impossible communication with Madrid, each Viceroy of the King in his department exercised the royal authority. Therefore, in the nature of things, the powers of every Governor in his Province were practically despotic. And not only the laws, but every other expression of the wishes of the King were transmitted in the same way, traveled through the same circuitous channels, and were received and published and executed with the same dignity and formality. Here is an example from the archives:

The King heard that the neighborhood of the Presidio of San Francisco abounded with deer of a very superior quality, and desiring to have some for his park, issued an order to the Viceroy of Mexico, who in his turn ordered the Commandante General of the Internal Provinces of the West, who despatched an order to the Governor of the Province of California, who ordered the Captain of the Presidio of San Francisco, who finally ordered a soldier to go out and catch the deer, two years after the order was given by the King at Madrid. Allowing a reasonable time for the hunt, and for sending the animals to Spain, it will be seen that the King had to wait sometime for the gratification of his royal wishes.

The Couriers, who were the Overland Mail of that day, on leaving, for instance Monterey, received a certificate from the Commandante of the Presidio, that he started at a certain hour; on his arrival at the next stopping place he presented his certificate to the officer in command of the place, who noted the hour of his

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arrival and departure, and so on at all the stopping places between Monterey and La Paz in Lower California; so that if the mail carrier loitered on the way his way-bill would show it. Such way-bills from Monterey to La Paz with all these memoranda on them, may be found in the Archives. It was the unfortunate mail rider, and not the Government, that people were in the habit of blaming in those days. These way-bills show that he made the distance from San Francisco to San Diego in five days. Quiet old days! But little of a public sort was doing then in California.

There was a dispute that amounted to something like a law suit between the Mission of Santa Clara and the Pueblo of San Jose. It commenced from the very day of the establishment of the latter. Father Junipero objected to the Pueblo being so near the Mission, the boundary as at first established running about half way between the two places. The Governor was obstinate, and Father Junipero desired that his protest might be entered in the proceedings of the foundation, which the Governor refused. The controversy by no means died out; the head of the College of San Fernando at Mexico, to which all the Franciscans of California belonged, brought it before the Viceroy, praying him not to allow the Indians and Missionaries to be molested by the Pueblo. The Governor of California was therefore ordered to investigate the matter, and seems to have settled it by making the river Guadalupe the boundary from that time forward.

For a complete view of the internal constitution of California at that day, two facts, which are exceptional to this ecclesiastical domination, require to be noted.

In 1791, Pedro Nava, commandante of the Internal Provinces of the West, in a decree dated at Chihuahua, gives to the Captains commanding Presidios, or recognizes as already existing in them, au-

thority to grant building lots to the soldiers and other residents, within the space of four square leagues. I do not know, but presume, that this power was exercised at San Diego, Santa Barbara, and Monterey, and hence the origin of the towns bearing those names, which at a later period come into view as such. At San Francisco however there is nothing, in the Archives or elsewhere yet discovered, to show that such a grant was ever made by the Captain of the Presidio. And in 1795 a commissioner was appointed under the orders of the Viceroy to select a place and establish another town, who reported that "the worst place or situation in California, is that of San Francisco for the formation of a Villa as proposed." And therefore the Villa of Branciforte, so called in honor of the Viceroy, the Marquis of Branciforte, was by great preference established near the Mission of Santa Cruz. It never attained any consequence and some adobe ruins may now attest its former existence.

Suspicion and exclusion were the rule towards foreigners. On the 23d of October 1776, the Viceroy writes to the Governor of California:—"That the King having received intelligence that two armed vessels had sailed from London under the command of Captain Cook, bound on a voyage of discovery to the southern ocean, and the northern coast of California, commands that orders be given to the Governor of California to be on the watch for Captain Cook, and not permit him to enter the ports of California." At a later day a better spirit prevailed towards Vancouver, who spent some time in 1793 in the port of Monterey. Instructions had been previously received by the Governor to treat Vancouver well. We see in this amiability between old enemies that the great French revolution was making itself felt on this remote coast. And in some of the letters of the

Fathers of a little later period we find Napoleon spoken of as the great "Luzbel" (Lucifer)—for such he appeared to their imagination in their Missions.

The first mention of an American ship occurs in the following letter from the Governor of California to the Captain of the Presidio of San Francisco:

*"Whenever there may arrive at the port of San Francisco a ship named the Columbia, said to belong to General Washington, of the American States, commanded by John Kendrick, which sailed from Boston in September, 1787, bound on a voyage of discovery to the Russian establishments on the northern coast of this peninsula, you will cause the said vessel to be examined with caution and delicacy, using for this purpose a small boat, which you have in your possession, and taking the same measures with every other suspicious foreign vessel, giving me prompt notice of the same.*

*May God preserve your life many years.*  
Pedro Fages.

*Santa Barbara, May 13th, 1789.*  
To Josef Arguello.

Twenty years before, this same Fages had sailed on the San Carlos to re-discover and people California. The San Carlos and the Columbia, and Fages the connecting link! The United States of America and California joined for the first time in a thought! It is impossible by any commentary to heighten the interest with which we read this document. Its very errors, even to the Governor's ignorance of the geography of his own country, are profoundly suggestive.

The Columbia did not enter the ports of California, but made land further to the north, and discovered the Columbia river.

Fourteen years later, it would appear, that American ships were more frequent on this coast.

On the 26th of August, 1803, Jose Arguello, Commandante of the Presidio of

San Francisco, writes to Gov. Jose Joaquin de Arrillaga:

"That on the first of the present month, at the hour of evening prayers, two American vessels anchored in the port (San Francisco,) one named the *Alexander*, under the command of Capt. John Brown, and the other named the *Aser*, under the command of Thomas Rabon; that as soon as they anchored, the captain came ashore to ask permission to get supplies of wood and water."

The guardians of this port do not note now the arrival of foreign ships by the hour of evening prayers. There was a contrast of national habits then, between the shore and the Yankee ships; and the same contrast exists undiminished between the California of 1803 and 1860. From time to time other American vessels, traders to the northwest coast and whalers, are said to have occasionally entered these waters, but as it was a Spanish colony there could be no American commerce; and it was after the independence, therefore, that the hide trade sprung up.

With the beginning of the century, earthquakes make their appearance for the first time of record in the archives, and with startling effect. I prefer, on this subject, to give the words of the contemporaneous documents.

Account of earthquake at San Juan Bautista, as given in letter of Captain of Presidio of Monterey, to Gov. Arrillaga, on the 31st of Oct., 1800:

"I have to inform your Excellency that the Mission of San Juan Bautista, since the 11th inst., has been visited by severe earthquakes; that Pedro Adriano Martinez, one of the Fathers of said Mission, has informed me that, during one day, there were six severe shocks; that there is not a single habitation, although built with double walls, that has not been injured from roof to foundation, and that all are threatened with ruin; and that the Fathers are compelled to sleep in the wagons to avoid danger, since the houses

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are not habitable. At the place where the rancheria is situated, some small openings have been observed in the earth, and also in the neighborhood of the river Pajaro there is another deep opening, all resulting from the earthquakes. These phenomena have filled the Fathers and inhabitants of that Mission with consternation.

The Lieutenant Don Raymundo Carillo has assured me the same, for on the 18th he stopped for night at this Mission (San Juan,) on his journey from San José and being at supper with one of the Fathers, a shock was felt, so powerful, and attended with such a loud noise as to deafen them, when they fled to the court without finishing their supper, and that about 11 o'clock at night the shock was repeated with almost equal strength.

The Fathers of the Mission say that the Indians assure them that there have always been earthquakes at that place, and that there are certain cavities caused by the earthquakes, and that salt water has flowed from the same.

All of which I communicate to you for your information.

May our Lord preserve your life many years. HERMENEGILDO SAL.—  
Monterey, Oct. 31st, 1800."

San Juan Bautista is the Mission between Monterey and San Jose, about twenty miles from the former and forty from the latter. The next mention comes nearer home.

Account of earthquake at Presidio of San Francisco, given by Luis Arguello, Capt. of Presidio, to Gov. Arrillaga, on the 17th of July, 1808 :

"I have to report to your Excellency that since the 21st of June last to the present date, twenty-one shocks of earthquakes have been felt in this Presidio, some of which have been so severe that all the walls of my house have been cracked, owing to the bad construction of the same, one of the ante-chambers being destroyed; and if up to this time no greater damage has been done, it has been for the want of materials to destroy, there being no other habitations. The barracks of the Fort of San Joaquin, (the name of the fort at the Presidio,) have been threatened with entire ruin, and I fear if these shocks continue, some unfor-

tunate accident will happen to the troops at the Presidio.

"God preserve the life of your Excellency many years.

"LUIS ARGUELLO.

"San Francisco, July 17th, 1808."

It could not be said now, if such shocks as these were to come again, that the damage was limited by the "*want of material to destroy.*" I acknowledge a preference for *one story* houses, and *built of wood.*

About this time the Russians were first seen in California. "Von Resanoff, Chamberlain of the Emperor of Russia, returning from his embassy to Japan, after having inspected by order of the Court of St. Petersburg, the ports, establishments, and trading houses that the Imperial Russian-American Fur Company possessed, as well on the side of Asia, at Kamschatka and in the Aleutian Islands, as on the Continent and Islands of the north-west coast of America, anchored at the port of San Francisco, in the month of May, 1807." So says the French traveller De Mofras, who visited "California in the years 1841 and '42." An English traveler, Sir George Simson, Governor in Chief of the Hudson Bay Company's Territories, was here in the same year with De Mofras.

The Russians, in 1812, came down from the North and established themselves at the port of Bodega, with one hundred Russians and one hundred Kodiak Indians. It is said that they asked permission of the Spanish authorities before doing so. The archives are full, however, of documents from 1812 up, showing the jealousy and fear with which they were regarded by Spain, and afterwards by Mexico. They occupied a strip along the coast from Bodega northwards, and only a few leagues in depth, but without any precisely fixed limits.

In 1841, this establishment was at its best, consisting of 800 Russians or Russo-Asiatics, with a great number of native

Indian tribes around them working for wages. It was to circumscribe these intruders that the priests crossed over and founded the Mission of San Rafael, in 1819, and of San Francisco Solano, at Sonoma, in 1823, and commenced another at Santa Rosa, in 1827. The Russians raised some grain and cattle, and trapped enormously. De Mofras, whom I follow, says that the Kodiaks, in their seal-skin boots, made bloody warfare upon the seals, beavers, and especially the otters, that they hunted all the coasts, the adjacent islands, and even the marshes, and innumerable inlets of the Bay of San Francisco; and that there were weeks when this bay alone produced seven or eight hundred otter skins; which may be true, but seems to me to be a very large number. In 1842, the Russians all left of their own accord, after having held their possessions, in the character of a Russian Colony, for thirty years as completely as they now hold Sitka, and without apparently paying the slightest attention to the priests or soldiers who crossed over to look at them. At their fort of Ross, situated amid a forest of gigantic pines, a Greek Chapel reared its cross and belfries, with a most pleasing effect. The nearest Catholic Mission was but a little way off. Rome and Constantinople here met upon this coast, after a course of so many centuries, in opposite directions around the globe.

While Europe was convulsed, and America shaken, the profoundest quiet prevailed in California. After a long time they would hear of a great battle, or of the rise or fall of an empire, to perturb the souls of priests and other men. But the Government had other duties to perform, patriarchal and simple. On the 11th of February, 1797, Felipe de Goycochea, *Captain of the Presidio of Santa Barbara*, writes to Governor Borica as follows:

"I transmit to you a statement in re-

lation to the schools of the Presidio, together with six copy books of the children, who are learning to write, for your superior information. May our Lord preserve your life many years.

Santa Barbara, Feb. 11, 1797.

Felipe Goycochea."

These copy books are now in the archives for inspection. As they are the property of the State, I will give samples, which being translated, read: "The Ishmaelites having arrived"—"Jacob sent to see his brother"—"Abimelech took her from Abraham." Good pious texts, and written in an old-fashioned round hand. Such was the employment of Governors and Captains in that stormy time; and so it continued through all the period of the mighty conflicts of Napoleon. Even the more protracted commotions of Mexico herself wrought no disturbance here.

The dominion of Spain came to an end in California after fifty-two years of such peacefulness, without a struggle. Mexico having established her independence, California gave in her adherence in the following declaration:

DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE IN CALIFORNIA.

In the Presidio of Monterey, on the 9th day of the month of April, 1822: The Sonor Military and Political Governor of this Province, Colonel Don Pablo Vicente de Sola, the Senors Captains Commandantes of the Presidios of Santa Barbara and San Francisco, Don Jose Antonio de la Guorra y Noriega, and Don Luis Antonio de Arguello, the Captains of the militia companies of the battalion of Tepic and Mazatlan, Don Jose Antonio Navarrete, and Don Pablo de la Portilla, the Lieutenant Don Jose Maria Estudillo for the Presidial company of San Diego, the Lieutenant Don Jose Mariano Estrada for the Presidial company of Monterey, the Lieutenant of Artillery, Don Manuel Gomez, and the Reverend Fathers, Friar Mariano Payeras, and Friar Vicente Francisco de Sarrin, the first as Prelate of these Missions, and the second as substitute of the Reverend Father President Vicario Foraneo, Friar Jose Senun; Having assembled in obedience to



previous citations (convocatorias) in the Hall of the Government House, and being informed of the establishment of the Kingdom of the Empire, and the installation of the Sovereign Provisional Gubernative Junta in the capitol of Mexico, by the official communication, and other documents, which the said Governor caused to be read in full assembly, said: that, for themselves, and in behalf of their subordinates, they were decided to render obedience to the orders intimated by the new supreme Government, recognizing, from this time, the Province as a dependent alone of the Government of the Empire of Mexico, and independent of the dominion of Spain, as well as of any other foreign power. In consideration of which, the proper oaths will be taken, in the manner prescribed by the Provisional Regency, to which end the Superior Military and Political Chief will give the necessary orders, and the respective Commandantes of Presidios, and the Ministers of the Missions, will cause the fulfilment of the same to appear by means of certificates, which will be transmitted, with a copy of this Act, to the Most Excellent Minister, to whom it corresponds, and they signed,

Pablo Vicente de Sola,  
 Jose de la Guerra y Noriega,  
 Luis Antonio Arguello,  
 Jose M. Estudillo,  
 Manuel Gomez,  
 Pablo de la Portilla,  
 Jose Mariano Estrada,  
 Fr. Mariano Payeras,  
 Fr. Vicente Francisco de Sarria,  
 Jose M. Estudillo.

One of the signers of this instrument, Pablo Vicente de Sola, was at that time Governor under Spain, and held over for a year as Governor still under the Kingdom of the Empire, as expressed in the Declaration, and two others are the chiefs of the Ecclesiastical authorities, viz; the Prelate of the Missions, and the substitute of the Rev. Father President of the Missions. The style does not much resemble our immortal instrument; and, as another difference, we observe that all the parties to it are either Priests or soldiers.

The Spanish Governors were in all ten.

Their names and the time they were respectively in office, as follows:

Gaspar de Portala.....1767 to 1771  
 Felipe de Barri.....1771 to 1774  
 Felipe de Nove.....1774 to 1782  
 Pedro Fages.....1782 to 1790  
 Jose Antonio Romen.....1790 to 1792  
 Jose J. de Arrillaga.....1792 to 1794  
 Diego de Borica.....1794 to 1800  
 Jose J. de Arrillaga.....1800 to 1814  
 Jose Arguello, (*ad int.*).....1814 to 1815  
 Pablo V. de Sola .....1815 to 1822 and '23

Under Mexico the list continues:

Luis Arguello.....1823 to 1826  
 Jose Ma. de Echandia.....1826 to 1831  
 Manuel Victoria.....1831 to 1832  
 Pio Pico, (*ad interim*).....1832  
 Jose Figueroa.....1832 to 1835  
 Jose Castro, (*ad interim*).....1835 to 1836  
 Nicholas Gutierrez.....1836  
 Mariano Chico.....1836  
 Nicholas Gutierrez, (*again*)..1836  
 Juan B. Alvarado.....1836 to 1842  
 Manuel Micheltorena.....1842 to 1845  
 Pio Pico.....1845 to 1846

California, as a matter of course, accepted the Republic as readily as the Empire. But it was difficult to throw off old habits, and the following document discloses a temper towards strangers, not creditable to a liberal Government. It is of greatly more value, however, as the recorded evidence of the arrival of the first American who ever came to California by land. Let him tell his own story.

Letter from Capt. Jedediah S. Smith to Father Duran.

Reverend Father:—I understand, through the medium of one of your Christian Indians, that you are anxious to know who we are, as some of the Indians have been at the Mission and informed you that there were certain white people in the country. We are Americans, on our journey to the river Columbia; we were in at the Mission San Gabriel in January last; I went to San Diego and saw the General, and got a passport from him to pass on to that place. I have made several efforts to cross the mountains, but the snows being so deep I could not succeed in getting over. I returned to this place (it being the only

point to kill meat) to wait a few weeks until the snow melts so that I can go on; the Indians here also being friendly, I consider it the most safe point for me to remain, until such time as I can cross the mountains with my horses, having lost a great many in attempting to cross ten or fifteen days since. I am a long ways from home, and am anxious to get there as soon as the nature of the case will admit. Our situation is quite unpleasant, being destitute of clothing, and most of the necessaries of life, wild meat being our principal subsistence. I am, Reverend Father, your strango, but real friend and Christian brother,  
J. S. Smith.  
May 19th, 1827.

His encampment must have been somewhere near the Mission of San José, as it was there that Father Duran resided. Who is there that does not sympathise with Jedediah Smith? "*I am a long ways from home, and am anxious to get there as soon as the nature of the case will admit. Our situation is quite unpleasant, being destitute of clothing and most of the necessaries of life, wild meat being our principal subsistence. I am, Reverend Father, your strange, but real friend and Christian brother.*"

Thus we came to this country the Browns and the Smiths first, and in but an unhappy plight.

(To be Continued.)

#### AN EVENING PRAYER IN THE MOUNTAINS.

I.

FATHER, before Thy throne I bow  
And ask of Thee in earnest prayer,  
That Thou wilt calm my wearied brow,  
And set Thy seal—forgiveness—there!  
O grant to me that trusting love  
Which seeks and finds its rest in Thee;  
That faith which draws the soul above  
The things of earthly destiny!

II.

Father, around, above, below,  
What way I turn I read of Thee;  
I hear Thee in the rivulet's flow,  
In murmurings soft of leaf and tree.

The sunset clouds, the shadows where  
The distant hill-tops meet the sky,  
The starry hosts of heaven declare  
Thy name—Thy great immensity!

III.

Creator! Father! Friend! to Thee  
All glory and all praise arise!  
Thou sovereign Lord of earth and sea,  
And worlds beyond the starry skies!  
O grant that this calm, evening hour  
Bear not upon its wings away  
One unforgiven sin! The power  
Is Thine to save—is Thine to slay!

IV.

Father, I thank Thee for this boon  
Of life, however dark it be;  
And for this trusting faith that soon  
Must lose and find itself in Thee!  
And more than all things, Lord, beside,  
That fortune, friends or life can give,  
I thank Thee that the Saviour died,  
That sinners, such as I, may live!

M.

#### A RELIGIOUS FETE IN ITALY.

WE translate for our readers the following interesting account of an Italian local festival, which possesses an interest like that which invests some newly exhumed relic of the golden days of Greece or Rome.

"Upon the borders of the lake Como, in a charming country of gardens and hillsides clad with vines, is situated a little village called *Lenno*, of which the antiquarians derive the name from the Greek "*Lemnos*."

The patron of this modest place is St. Croconzio, and its *fete* is known under the name of the *festa dei canestri*, fete of the flower baskets. The word *canestra* which derives its origin from the Greek, is evidently a historical relic of the Greek and Roman mythology, for in those two languages it signifies a basket made of reeds which served in the temples of the pagan gods to receive the offerings of fruits, flowers, birds and other things

that piety poured in abundance at the feet of its idols on their festal days.

The virgins who bore those *canestres* upon their heads were designated by the name of *conophores*, and the ancients in their studies of mouldings, frequently availed themselves of their graceful forms to decorate their architectural constructions. This Christian feast of to-day, is therefore a continuation of a pagan fete, without the faithful of Lenno having the least idea of perpetuating a usage created by idolatry.

Upon a broad open space between the antique *Battistero* and the church of Lenno, where at the same time is held a little fair, a crowd of people in holiday costume assembled themselves around a man mounted upon a table, selling a *la crier*.

He held in his hand a large branch of lauro from which depended a dozen birds all of them ornamented with floating ribbons, rosettes, and other ornaments, in the style of a Christmas tree. This curious object was adjudged to a young man who had made several bids. Afterwards came a flat cake of great diameter, with a bottle of liquor, ornamented with lozenges and festoons of gilded papers.

The auctioneer was one of the notabilities of the place, who filled this solely through pure zeal for the rights of St. Crescencio. After vaunting his nice *gallette* and nectar, he finished by tendering it to him who bid last and offered most, a stout young fellow with features all aglow with pride, and eyes sparkling with pleasure beneath his long ebony locks; he had given a price that exceeded the value of the delicacies, although they were not to be disdained.

This is how and why these public sales are founded, at which all the big bonnets of the commune succeed each other in the office of auctioneer.

The sum accumulated is destined to replenish the revenues of the church. The

clergy, who are much more numerous than seems necessary in so circumscribed a community, cause to be revived, each year, this antique usage of selling at auction the offerings brought to the fete of St. Crescencio, and which are displayed in the *Battistero*, from whence they pass to the auctioneer, who disposes of them at a few steps from there, whilst at the same time, at a table within the *Battistero*, the priests keep the register of the sale and the coffers.

The young girls rival each other in preparing the most beautiful and largest array of presents, which they arrange in their artistically woven and tastefully garnished baskets. They consist of the rarest and most agreeable fruits and flowers, all sorts of pastry and edibles, butter, eggs, chickens, geese, bunches of grapes intermingled with foliage and surrounded with batons like the *thysses* of the ancients, flagons of wines and liquors, fruit comfits, jellies, cakes covered with flowers, spiced breads of various forms, and whatever else they can make or best procure.

The young men, to obtain possession of the products of those for whom they entertain a preference, frequently allow themselves to be led to give extravagant prices, in order to flatter their lady-loves; so that love, vanity, *amour propre*, and rivalry all conjoin to favor the speculation of these people of the church.

Everywhere one sees the most exuberant manifestations of gaiety. Finely formed young men clad in velvet vests and wearing hats ornamented with flowers; picturesque groups of young girls and women decked in their best Sunday attire, glide like graceful sylphs through the assemblage, or repose upon the turf-like tufts of brilliant flowers sown upon a green carpet. The children play at noisy games. The priests of the villages in their long black robes slowly promenade among the animated groups of rus-

ties. Instruments of music resounded upon all sides; and above this happy scene bent the pure azure arch of an Italian sky, while beyond reposed the silvery lake set in its frame of densely wooded mountains, its sparkling surface dotted by a hundred skiffs approaching laden with new participants in this charming spectacle.

As daylight departs, an ingenious and primitive mode of illumination is adopted to defoud themselves against the curtaining gloom of night. The children are charged with this complement to the fete, for which they have eagerly striven to provide themselves with the materials.

At the dawn of day, before the houses are deserted by their occupants, a large company of urchins armed with vases, go from door to door in quest of oil. Upon the walls that arise by the shore of the lake, upon little mounds made of damp sand, like mole hills, every place where in the space an elevation of any kind presented a surface, they had placed little lamps composed of wicks saturated in oil and placed in small shells. As soon as it becomes dark, the little operators lighted their hundreds of flames which glittered in the darkness like a single mass of light. If the result was not brilliant it was at least valuable in the absence of a better mode of illumination.

The *finale* of the rejoicings consisted of the firing of guns far and near, and bonfires lighted by the mountaineers and shepherds upon the tops of the mountains encircling the lake.

#### THE OLD FAMILIAR FACES.

**T**HE old familiar faces!  
The blessed ones of home!  
How, through the misty night of years,  
Beaming, like stars, they come!  
And looks of love, and eyes of light  
Gleam o'er the troubled sea;  
And deep heart-voices ring again  
With wondrous melody.

The old familiar faces!  
Their smiles are with us still!  
We see them as we wander on,  
Still journeying down the hill.  
They are with us in the midnight deep  
And in the noonday broad;  
In every song and every prayer  
That rises up to God.

The old familiar faces!  
We see them now no more;  
But we shall meet them o'er the flood,  
On the eternal shore.  
There heart meets heart, and loved ones  
Each dear familiar face. [greet  
In God's own Eden we shall find  
A glorious resting place. a. t. s.]

**MUSIC AND FLOWERS.**—Two sister spirits came down from heaven, and walked the earth. Their names were Beauty and Harmony. In their train walked two of Earth's fairest daughters—Music and Flowers. Wherever they went came joy and gladness, and every thing looked brighter and happier for their sweet voice and sunny smile.

They wandered where a group of children were playing, and Music sung to them, while the Flowers looked up into their faces and smiled; and the children laughed outright, and their young hearts leaped for joy, as though they had heard the voice, and seen the face of an angel.

They entered the chamber of sickness, and the poor pale invalid arose, and sung loudly and joyously, for he said, "I have had with me, in company, two angels today! I am no longer sick! They sung to me of health—fresh, joyous health!"

They went into a hut where one was solitary and very old, and they sung to him and looked into his face and smiled, and he grew young again, while they spoke to him of eternal youth.

They went into the quiet room of the dead, and their words were full of prophecy, and round the dead man's brow Flowers wove an amaranthine crown, while Music sang, "Though I die, yet shall I live again, and come forth as the flowers, in an eternal Spring!"

## THE HEROINE OF THE RHINE.

[Concluded from page 263.]

"I have a thousand spirits in one breast," SHAK.

WITH a happy heart, Betti Ambos sprang into her carriage, and drove back again to the Countess. There needed not words to tell her joy; it beamed from her dark hazel eyes. The good Countess met her on the grand staircase, and said, "I knew you would be prospered, Betti Ambos; angels whispered it to my heart; they have been talking with me all this blessed day."

Who shall say that good deeds like hers are not blessed to the doer?

"Rejoice with me, sweet friend," exclaimed Betti. "The Emperor has accepted my petition; my brother is saved. Oh! it has seemed to me, this last hour as though my heart had been in heaven! I only long to make you, and my mother and brother, and every one as happy as I was myself. Oh! I will always love you next to my God!"

The good Countess wept, and they two sat down together in each other's arms, happy and blessed, for in their hearts sat and sang, Love's sweet angel.

Five days after this came a package from the Emperor, with his seal and signet, containing the full, free pardon of Henri Ambos. Then indeed Betti's joy was full!

The next day she started on her long, toilsome journey to Siberia, with the Emperor's precious document carefully sewed up in her traveling dress. "None but myself shall deliver it," she said; "none but myself shall take off the fetters that have bound my brother, and have left their image seared as by fire, on my soul."

Oh! that long weary journey, traveling night and day over waste-wide, solitary plains, with scarce a human habitation, save where they stopped at night! "Sometimes," said she, "my head seem-

ed to turn;—I could not believe that it was a waking reality; I could not believe that it was myself, alone, in a strange land, so many hundred leagues from my own home, and driven along as if through the air, (for the roads were good, and the horses fleet,) with a rapidity so different from anything I had been used to, that it almost took away my breath." Twice wicked men insulted her; but she turned upon them such a look of stern, heroic daring, that they shrunk away abashed. It was not the poor, defenseless German peasant girl whose eye they met; but that of a brave earnest soul, strong and invincible in the strength of a brother's love.

At last she arrived at her journey's end. She asked to see the Governor of the Fortress of Barenski, and was admitted into his presence.

"I have come," said she, holding out to him the parchment sealed with the Emperor's signet, "I have come, bringing with me, from the Emperor, the pardon of my brother, Henri Ambos. Oh! show him to me, that I may see his face once more, and tell him he is free."

The aged Governor took the paper and read it; his hand trembled; he turned away, and choked with emotion; then looking Betti tenderly in the face, he said, with eyes filled with tears, "Poor child! poor child! you are too late—your brother is not here—he is dead!"

Dead! and she had come all that long weary way, borne with all that suffering, that she might bring to him that message of great joy, and look upon his dear face once more, and he was—dead!

Poor child! she fell senseless to the earth, at the word.

Henri Ambos had died many months before. The chains that had so entered his sister's soul, had done their work on him. He died, praying for forgiveness on his murderess, and invoking blessings on the head of his mother and sister.

Betti Ambos arose from the earth where she had fallen, and staggered out to find her brother's grave. "And this," she said, "was all that was left me, of one whom I had loved so well; for whom I had suffered so much; whom I had come so far to see!" She flung herself upon it, weeping, and sobbing out, "Oh, brother! brother!"

Sad indeed it was to leave him there alone, beneath that far northern heaven, beneath the eternal snows.

She set a stone at his grave on which was inscribed one word—"Brother." It spoke whole volumes—all her heart's history of faithful, patient, long-enduring love.

Weary and broken hearted, Betti Ambos again set her face towards home. Not as she had come, full of hope; not with her brother at her side, as she had so fondly dreamed of, but alone. Oh! how long that journey seemed to her crushed, weary spirit! "I know not how I lived through it all," she said; "God's good angels went with me and supported me!"

She arrived home. Her father was no more, but her mother lived, and wept tears of sorrow and disappointment with her. And they two were left alone of all the happy family of Zweibrucken.

But the Jewish maiden, who had so shamefully treated her brother,—Betti Ambos met her years after at Riga. She was sitting in her carriage, with her attendants beside her, glittering with jewels,—for to those who have no other wealth God often gives gold to their heart's content. Betti saw her at the coach window, and the sight set her soul on fire. "I will speak to her," she said; "I will tell that bad woman all the misery that she has brought on me, and the one whom I loved better than myself. She shall hear it. I will ring it into her very soul!"

In one instant she stood before her.

"Do you know me?" she said, gazing with an eye of fire into the face of the terrified Jewish maiden. "I am the sister of Henri Ambos whom you murdered. Be still! I will not harm you; I have come to tell you the truth. He loved you; you murdered him; his blood is now on your soul; you cannot wash it out. He prayed for you in his chains, in the dungeon where they cast him, amid the snows of Siberia. I saw the fetters with which they bound him; the dungeon where he lay; his frozen ice-covered grave. I saw it, and I have come to tell you of it, that the thought of it may thrill you, as it does me! Now, go, and be happy if you can!"

Betti said no more—remembered no more. "I was like one mad," she said. "I have just a recollection of her ghastly, terrified look, and her eyes wide open, staring at me. I fell into fits, and they carried me into the house of my brother's friend, and laid me on a bed. When I recovered my senses, the carriage and all were gone."

After these events Betti returned again to her own country, where I believe she is still living in her own native village of Zweibrucken, in Bavaria, in Germany.

G. T. S.

N. B.—For the principal incidents of this story, see "Sketches of Art, Literature, and Character in Germany."

#### SKETCHES FROM THE LIFE OF PEG-LEG SMITH.

##### CHAPTER VIII.

**A**T the close of the last Chapter we left Smith entering Taos. Here after disposing of his bales of scrapes and skins, our hero looked around him for an investment, and entered into a copartnership with Beard, Chambers and Stevens, in the erection of a distillery in a cañon a short distance from the village of Fernandez. Occupation was thus afforded him for the winter. In February follow-

ing, his friend Hopper with his little band from Green river arrived, accompanied by Antonio Rubedoux, John Roland and some twenty-five men of Provost's company. St. Vrain of St. Louis, merchant of Taos, and whose name is familiar in border annals, concluded at the close of February to aid Smith in an outfit for himself and nine men to trap the St. Juan, Dolores, St. Miguel and other tributaries of Grand river. On the head waters of Dolores, Smith and Hopper parted company with the others and proceeded to the upper portion of the Del Norte. Here with occasional meetings with the Indians and attempts to catch and break in the wild horses around them, they continued their trapping, until having been unmistakably warned by "fresh signs" of the vicinity of a hostile band of Arapajoes, the two adventurers returned to Taos with the spoils of the chase and hunt. Adventuring again into the wilderness on another trapping excursion, Smith met with many hair-breadth 'scapes and adventures, among which was the following one on Green river.

His little band was awaiting a requisition he had made for a fresh equipment, having lost everything from an attack by the Indians. At this time his camp was visited by some French trappers accompanied by six hundred Utahs who were on a buffalo hunt. Smith borrowed a blind horse from Soublotte and concluded to join in the sport. Whilst thus engaged, an equal number of the Snake tribe encamped near the same hunting ground. As soon as intelligence of this was brought in, the Chief of the Utahs resolved to chastise them for their audacity, and having summoned his followers to arms, called upon his big friend "Tovvy-oats-at-an-tuggy-bone," alias, Smith, with a request that he would lead one wing of the braves against the insolent Snakes. Smith not wishing to en-

gage in their petty quarrels, more especially as an active partisan leader, excused himself by replying that he had no horse fit to go into battle, explaining that his horse was blind. This excuse was at once met by an order from the Chief that a fine powerful horse completely caparisoned should be brought to him. This left no alternative but a cheerful acceptance and the taking charge of the command. Coming in sight of the intruders, the war-whoop burst from every mouth, more terrific than the wail of the inhabitants of a certain locality said to lie in an extreme southern latitude. High above all the rest rang out the clarion yell of "Tovvy-oats-at-an-tuggy-bone!" His horse, holding in utter contempt the strong hand that strove to guide him to the right or left, kept his headlong course straight into the camp of the Snakes regardless of consequences, bearing his unwilling rider over every obstacle, and into the very midst of the astonished redskins; while following close in his wake, came his dusky allies the Utahs, determined not to be outdone by a pale-face. Making a virtue of necessity Smith shot down the Chief, and snatching a war-club from his saddle-bow, dealt blows thick and heavy around him. The Snakes, panic stricken at so furious and unparalleled an onset, one evidently without precedent in their historic annals, fled without striking a blow, leaving their camp in possession of the victorious Utahs. This stamped the name of "Tovvy-oats-at-an-tuggy-bone" as the bravest of the brave, but he modestly avers that this reputation may be set down to a hard-mouthed horse; thus bearing a counterpart to many a chapter of accidents emblazoning with glory many another hero.

We come now to the spring of 1826, when Smith, after a winter's sojourn at Taos, again pushed into the wilderness. An incident occurred on this hunt, which shows conspicuously that he possessed at

that early day the characteristics of a brave and undaunted pioneer. His party consisted of Mexicans and a few Europeans. One day, while engaged in the chase of buffalo, they were approached at full speed, as is their usual mode, by a numerous party of Comanches, making the welkin resound with their startling yells. In a moment all was dismay and confusion in the motley crowd, made still more so by the owners of cadaverous countenances flying hither and thither, without either plan or purpose except the clamor for a "*vamos*"—the worst scared set of men that was ever seen. Smith, however, brought partial order out of chaos, by representing to them the futility of flight, as the Indians were upon swifter horses, and armed with lances; and that, if they would rally around him, they could whip them, being equal in numbers, besides having the advantage of fire-arms. The Indians, finding a stand was being made, changed their tactics, halted at a respectful distance, made the usual sign of friendship, and sent a man to meet Smith half-way for a conference; when this was over, they departed as they came. Smith says, "If he knows himself, and he thinks he do, he'll never be caught in such another crowd."

We give the following as a fair specimen of border warfare at that early day, and the *lex talionis* dealt out to the Indians by the trappers.

The first of September following, found Smith again on his way with a company of fifteen men fitted out by Mr. Pratt to trap the Gila and its waters. Arriving over a broken and arduous route upon the head of Salt river, here almost wholly a chasm, they set their traps, when a party of two hundred Coyoters, one of the numerous tribes of the Apaches, made their appearance in about two hundred yards of camp, and by signs, requested some one to approach them.

Suspecting treachery, none ventured, till adding the sign of friendship, Smith advanced and was met by several Chiefs. They tapped him all over the head with *medicine bags* ejaculating "hang! hang!"—good, good, and some dozen accompanied him to camp. After a lengthy confab by signs and a few Spanish words, with an invitation to accompany them to their village, which was as courteously declined, they took their departure, and passing the animals picketed out upon the grass, one of them ran his spear into one. This was an unmistakable declaration of hostilities, and the subject was mooted by Smith and his companions, whether to depart at once and leave the traps, or lift them. The party concluded to decamp, and in passing the traps, Soulette and Smith raised theirs; but an attempt being made to raise the others, further down in the cañon, a cloud of arrows fell around them from the rocks on either side. Without being able to catch even a glimpse of their assailants, they were compelled to abandon the traps, and hasten from the neighborhood of so numerous a foe. Having traveled some five miles in a north-easterly direction over the hills, they were again assailed by an augmented force, numbering probably five hundred; hovering upon their front, rear and flanks, during a steady march of ten miles. Although six pack mules were missing, not a man received a scratch, but the crack of every rifle, uttered a death knell to the treacherous foe. A man by the name of Stone killed two at one shot. The grass did not grow under their feet, till they arrived at the rancho of Señor Chaves on the Del Norte, where they remained a fortnight hospitably entertained, until the return of five of the company from Taos with an additional force of sixteen men under the command of Capt. Young, an ugly customer in more respects than one, of whom mention has been before made.

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Smith told him if he and his men went with him, the understanding should be, that no treaty should be made with, or quarter shown those who had so treacherously attacked and robbed them, otherwise he would cut out some cottonwood dug-outs and trap down the Del Norte. With this express understanding, they passed over the same ground, to where the traps had been left, but, finding them gone, proceeded trapping down the river, where it could be approached. Suspecting they were watched and followed by the Coyoteros, they kept upon the alert, and in a few days, the Indians, finding themselves unmolested, and emboldened probably by their numbers, approached within a few hundred yards whilst upon the march. The trappers retiring into a dense growth of cedars, with their axes, in an incredible short time built a strong pen for their animals, and which would also serve as a protection from the arrows of the Indians in case of need. Smith and most of his party who had been the sufferers by these savages, favored an attack upon them; but was opposed by Young, not from fear, but a dogged purpose of thwarting any suggestion of young Smith, whose life he had once attempted. Smith acquiesced in an invitation given the Indians by Young to enter camp, but with the avowed intention of availing himself of the opportunity of avenging the attack and robbery of his party some five and twenty days before. By a preconcerted arrangement, whilst Young was dealing out double handful after double handful of flour in a blanket held out by a big double fisted Chief, clad in a broad-brim palmetto hat, a white cotton shirt with scarlet sleeves, and leggins the same, Smith opened the ball, by sending him to his fancied hunting ground, enveloping the astonished liberal dispenser of the staff of life in its white cloud, and causing him to look as rigid and erect as a colossal statue in a snow storm. At

the same time, at the whip-like crack of five other rifles, four more red-skins followed close upon the heels of scarlet legs, and a fifth of herculean proportions, slightly wounded from Branche's rifle, who was not a crack shot, bounded off like a frightened buck; young Smith dropping his rifle darted after him, and in about fifty yards as he came up, the Indian turned to send an arrow through him. With his left hand Smith dealt him a bewildering blow in the face, when they grappled. It was now Greek meeting Greek, *tug and tug*;—the Indian's nudity and expansive girth gave him a decided advantage in the grapple, but Smith's wiry nimbleness and activity made him his equal. Then commenced a struggle for his knife, which had worked around out of his reach in the scuffle, and which each was striving to clutch. Smith got hold of it, and just at this juncture as he struck the savage the first blow between the shoulders, Dick Campbell shot,—the ball passing so close that it burned Smith's lips. Our hero cried out "don't shoot here, mind your own business," and he buried his knife twice in the savage just below the shoulder blade on each side, and all was over. He hurriedly took his antagonist's "har"—tucked it in his belt—ran to his gun—reloaded and followed his companions in hot pursuit of the retreating Indians. In four hundred yards he brought another down, and in the act of reloading, saw an Indian on the brink of a precipice, over which they had retreated, endeavoring to force down a fine American horse which he had stolen the year before from Patty; a sharp report, and the Indian tumbled headlong down the precipice. So the Coyoteros were paid off in their own coin, which no doubt dwelt in their memories ever after.

[To be continued.]

Cold bathing every morning adds to health and long life.

## THE BOTTLE AT SEA.

[From the French of Leon Gozlan.]

BY D.

## CHAPTER I.

ALL those who have been at Antwerp know the rue de Meir, one of the most imposing streets in the world, and the hotel of the Golden Lion which is situated in it. The street reminds one of the Moncades, those great princes of the Spanish monarchy, once the governors of Antwerp;—and speaking of the hotel reminds me that the best salmon that were ever cooked have perfumed its grid-iron. One dines superbly at the Golden Lion. Upon the evening of which I tell you, I went there to my dinner very late; I had spent the day and a good part of the evening in a cabinet of pictures where there were no paintings but those of Hemling and Micris to be seen from the door to the windows. I had turned Flamand before I came out. It was at least eight o'clock, and in October at Antwerp, that is to say without exaggeration, ten o'clock. To render the evening still more dismal the weather was frightful. It changed several times; the rain insulting the snow, and the snow mocking at the rain.

The old Escaut murmured hoarsely and sullenly among the docks constructed by Napoleon the Great.

A wind strong enough to blow the tails off the donkeys, shook the gables of the queer old mansions built by Charles Quint and the Duke d'Albe.

Van Ostade would have seized from such a time a scene of delicious grey tints; it was however a little too grey for me, who, a stranger in Antwerp, could hardly find my way back to the Golden Lion among all the deaf, dumb and blind angles of the city. I had the appearance of marching in a tabloux without perspective; but this was also Flemish, so I would not complain.

However, I arrived at the celebrated hotel and seated myself as near as possible to the monumental frying pan erected in the middle of the saloon. One table alone was still seriously occupied; the others becoming bare and deserted. Cigars began to appear here and there; This in Holland and in Belgium is clearly the limit at which dinner ends, and the no less happy moment when tobacco begins its reign. The entire Netherlands becomes then one grand smoking room. Among the Latins to those who arrive late, bones, among the Flemish to those who come late, smoke.

I was not seated precisely opposite the table that I have mentioned as still occupied, but a little below it, and the fragments of their conversation reached my ears better than the faces which surrounded it—and they were numerous—reached my sight. Besides, the pearl and grey tones of Van Ostade had by the aid of the tobacco fumes that tinged the atmosphere, penetrated the saloon. My soup was slightly flavored with Havana, and I could scarcely see, despite the jets of gas that flickered above my head.

From their conversation I judged without difficulty that my neighbors belonged to the city; they appeared anxious concerning the accidents, which must infallibly result from the storm, to the shipping in the docks; they talked of broken masts, of rigging destroyed, and of boats crushed against the quays.

Whilst lamenting these disasters, at each piece of news either true or false, they emptied a bottle of Bordeaux, or sacrificed a bottle of Champagne. It was plain to be seen that the storm did not spare the cellar; Bordeaux sympathized with the misfortunes Antwerp!

Towards ten o'clock, the door of the restaurant opened suddenly and as if it had yielded to a violent gust of wind. A sailor entered, and after shaking himself

as a wet dog might have done, closed the door promptly behind him.

"Ah, well, captain?" said one to him.

"I am blinded by the rain."

"Drink, then!"

"I drink."

"Ha! what a tempest!"

"Our cabin-boy has just fallen into the dock."

"Is he drowned?"

"Not altogether; I fished him up like a cat, at the end of a boat-hook. He escapes with a scratch upon his breast."

"It is impossible that you will sail to-morrow, captain?"

"How, impossible! I will sail, parbleu! to-morrow, at day-break; at least, unless the Chamois should founder to-night! Encore!"

The captain of the Chamois strengthened his resolution with a large glass of wine, in which he had mingled a strong dose of brandy. "Encore!" repeated he, lighting his pipe, which augmented to such a degree the thickness of the atmosphere around the table, that I could no longer distinguish his features. I had remarked when he entered that he was prodigiously tall; and, at the moment when he and his neighbors disappeared in a cloud of tobacco-smoke, I preserved a certain impression of the fair masculine face of a young man seated at the side of the captain of the Chamois.

His clear forehead, his white cheeks, his sea-blue eyes, his straight moustaches of a golden red, his calm smile, and firm look—his head, in fact, sweet and serious as that of one of those stadtholders so well rendered by Terburg—had resisted for a much longer time than the other Antwerpian types, the obscurity of the vapor exhaled by the pipes and cigars. Nevertheless, my Terburg ended also, by vanishing in a total eclipse.

"What! you set sail, at the risk of perishing in the Escout?"

"You see," replied the captain, "that

in life there are a thousand reasons for neglecting duty; but it does not therefore follow that one's duty must not be performed. Mine is to be at Bordeaux on the tenth of the next month, and I shall be there! Beside, the shipwrecks—the shipwrecks"—The captain shrugged his shoulders.

"Perhaps you are going to deny them?"

"No."

"I who speak to you," said a third interlocutor—

"Oh, you—you are a silk merchant," said a fourth of the party; "you could never have been shipwrecked, except at the Bourse of Antwerp."

"And you, who are an advocate, could only have foundered in the court of assizes."

"Well, and I," cried another—"I"—

"Come, good! here is a confectioner mixing in. You could only have drowned yourself in raspberry syrup. You!"

"Permit me, gentlemen"—

"But, no."

"But, yes!"

At this point of the conversation, the advocate, the silk merchant, the confectioner, and five or six other representatives of professions no less honorable, had so skillfully embroiled themselves in the dialogue, that when a voice said—"You were saying to us, captain, that you were on your way to Batavia in the ship Galathee," I saw that I had lost the beginning of a history commenced amid the noise. This remark vexed me: of what use is it to listen to half of a story? I would have gone away; but where could I go? The storm still raged; the splendid theater, or rather all the splendid theaters, were closed.

"Let us be Flemish to the end!" exclaimed I. "Gargon, a bottle of Bordeaux and a pipe!"

"Continue," said some one to the captain.

"I was bound for Batavia. It is impossible to depict to you the charms of that voyage in the Indian Ocean. After leaving Madagascar, our evenings were an endless series of enchantments. It is true that I was very young, and that I had young people for companions; that is to say, we agreed upon all points—tastes, opinions, sentiments.

"One alone among us formed an exception; he was an English lieutenant, who was on his way to resume his service in an Indian city, after having been cured in Europe of a liver complaint.

"Buxton was frankly the enemy of the ideal; of emotion, religious or poetic; and of reverie: in fact, an atheist—an atheist in all things to a degree that I have never seen surpassed. Sylvain Marchal, the Curé Meslier, Delisle de Sales, would have been profound believers compared with him. It was astonishing! He was an admirable performer upon the flute; he would play with a grace, a sweetness, in fact so feelingly, that he sometimes made our hearts palpitate, and inundated our eyes with tears. His flute believed for him. Instead of carrying his soul in his heart, he carried it at the end of his lips. It passed away with his breath.

"We were upon the line. Upon that evening, the Indian Sea reflected in its living waters the most beautiful things in the heavens: rose-colored clouds, belts of fire, and countless stars, fell upon it like shadows of flowers from an invisible basket.

"'Well, Buxton,' said one of us to him, 'do you perceive nothing?'

"'I perceive,' he responded, 'the odors of tar, and of the sea; and there is nothing very agreeable in either.'

"'But this splendid sun that is sinking to rest?'

"'I wish I could be in its place, so that I might sleep until to-morrow.'

"'But those stars which are rising?'

"'In the first place, the stars never rise; they are always at the same point in the heavens.'

"'But those beautiful clouds?'

"'Those beautiful clouds promise us bad weather to-night, that is all. That pretty pale yellow cloud is hail; that beautiful blue cloud is a water-spout; and that magnificent greenish cloud is a tempest, which will make us dance over the waves like a nut-shell.'

"'You are a wretch! Play us the flute.'

"Buxton bade his Lascar servant bring his flute; he then, in the midst of the silence and the night, improvised a morceau for us.

"Buxton knew us all; he knew that there were among us Irish officers, German naturalists, Dutch painters, Frenchmen, Italians, and Spaniards. Blending into a single air, by an incredible address, our national airs—those airs which are never effaced from the memory—he composed upon the spot a melody which overwhelmed us with joy and enthusiasm. At first we looked tenderly at each other; afterward, in that sweet sadness that oppressed our hearts, we took each other by the hand, and permitted our tears to flow. Two thousand leagues from home, in the midst of the Indian Ocean, we seemed suddenly to see our fields, our homes, our friends, our sisters, and those whom we loved better than we loved our sisters and our homes. With his flute he sang, he laughed, he spoke Spanish, Italian, he sighed, he wept, he danced, he was the past and the future; he was a Venetian gondolier, a Catalonian boatman, an Irish peasant, a German soldier; it was marvelous. He could have killed us, if he had wished.

"We made a single movement, and a single exclamation, when he had ceased to play. We approached him, and said to him:

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believe in love, in your country, and in God?"

"Let me be quiet," responded Buxton, 'and give me a cigar.'

"But, august *cunaille*," said I to him, 'it is God who enabled you to produce those sounds with which you have moved us to the bottom of our hearts.'

"All of you! all of you! It was not God; it is this."

And Buxton disjoined his flute, and poured upon the deck the saliva that had collected within the ebony instrument. 'Believe in the saliva!'

"Buxton! Buxton! God will punish you some day: you will be changed into an accordion."

"Just then the lieutenant of the Galathee approached, and said to us:

"Gentlemen, the captain invites you to be present at the religious ceremony of the baptism of his son, who was recently born."

"The happy father wished to consecrate the passage of the line, which we were crossing at that moment, by a baptism more serious than the customary one of mythological buffoonery, without sense, or reason, but not without drunkenness."

"The mother bore her naked babe upon her rounded arm, as if she would make him an offering to the double majesty of the sky and the ocean. The chaplain of the vessel followed, prayer-book in hand. The first-mate threw a silver bucket attached to a cord, over into the sea, to bring up the water the priest was going to bless, and with which he was about to perform the baptism."

"The flag was hoisted, a salute fired, and all heads uncovered."

"No surprise ever equaled that which we all felt when the mate drew up in the bucket of sea-water a bottle—a simple glass bottle. Doubtless, it is not extraordinary to find in the open sea sealed bottles, thrown overboard by sailors to give

information of some unknown danger which they have discovered upon their route, or to pray you to make known at the port which they have left that a misfortune has befallen them during their voyage; but it was extraordinary to draw up a bottle in this manner in a bucket of sea-water."

"The bottle was put aside, to be unsealed after the baptism, and the ceremony took place. I cannot deny that the pious sentiment of that solemn act was somewhat changed by the curiosity we felt to know what was contained in that bottle. However, everything was done with great propriety. But scarcely had the consecrated salt water touched the forehead and lips of the infant, before we presented the bottle to the captain."

"Unseal it," said the captain to me.

"I cut the thread, and quickly removed the cloth and the pitch fastened about the neck, drew the cork, and then, turning the bottle upside down, received in my hand a thin sheet of paper, rolled. I avow that my hand trembled as I unrolled this sheet, which was dated perhaps a century before, perhaps but yesterday, and upon which I already perceived some lines, written in a fine and trembling hand. Three times I unrolled it between my hands, before I was able to read its contents."

"The wife of the captain, the captain of the Galathee, and all the officers, surrounded me, and stretched their necks to listen; while the crew had climbed up the rigging of the mizzen-mast, in order that they might not lose a word, and the helmsman held the wheel with a slackened hand, as he listened like the rest, while I read as follows:

"I, Margaret Floreff, am perishing in the open sea. I supplicate the person who by Divine permission finds this bottle, and takes cognizance of this billet which I place in it, to have said for me, by one of our ministers, a prayer for the repose of my soul. I was born, and am

dying, in the reformed religion. Adieu, my mother, adieu! adieu! ad.....'

"*Pauvre enfant!*" said the captain's wife.

"The crew took but little interest in the event; sailors are so frequently exposed to perish, that one death more or less becomes a matter of little moment to them. My young companions sympathized in my sadness; but almost all—all, I might say—had in India lady-loves who would await them upon the shore; whilst I....."

"You,' said Buxton to me, slapping me upon the shoulder, when he and I remained alone upon the deck—'you are a fool of the worst species; a melancholy fool. You are capable of putting on mourning for this Margaret Floreff, and of having those prayers said.....'

"Not the mourning; but surely, upon my arrival at Batavia.....'

"Hold your tongue, then!"

"I swear to you, Buxton.....'

"Listen to me,' said Buxton, with the utmost *sang froid*; 'here is a woman who was eaten eighty or a hundred years ago by the fishes, and you are going to trouble yourself about her. Toss that bottle into the water, and give me the paper to light my pipe!'

"I snatched the bottle and the letter from the infernal Buxton, who shook his head pityingly, and walked away, saying:

"The unhappy man! Not only does he believe in God, but he believes in women, and in dead women!"

"I remained alone upon the deck, and in spite of me, when I had no other witnesses than silence and space, I pressed the paper to my lips, murmuring, 'Margaret Floreff!' I was young, gentlemen," resumed the captain, "very young, as you will see. It is not to be believed, and nevertheless....."

Suddenly the gas was extinguished in the saloon of the Golden Lion, and we

were instantaneously plunged in the most complete obscurity. All those who were listening to the captain, burst into laughter; and, without disturbing themselves further, arose from their places and prepared to take their leave.

"Messieurs, it is midnight, said the gargon. "Lucky voyage, captain, if we do not see you again."

"Thank you, gentlemen."

"Is it decided that you sail, captain?"

"In a few hours."

"Will you return to us soon, captain?"

But not one of them said, "Captain, the end, the end of your history, tell us the end!"

#### CHAPTER II.

Six o'clock sounded at the church of St. Jacques; I had already arisen. I attired myself quickly and hastened to the port; all the docks were in motion. It was not one vessel that was leaving, but a hundred that were setting sail, some for Stockholm, some for Copenhagen, some for Riga, others for Sumatra, for Rio de Janeiro, and New Orleans. Where should I find my Captain among so many Captains?

Happily I knew the name of his ship, the *Chamois*, and he had said while dining he was going to Bordeaux.

I addressed one of the green-habited custom-house officers who was promenading upon the dock. "Can you tell me" I asked, "if the ships for Bordeaux have yet sailed?"

"They have gone."

"All?"

"All—Ah! however there is one which has not left its dock."

"Do you know the Captain?"

"My faith, no!"

"A very tall man."—

"Who wears a shaggy overcoat?"

"It is him!"

"No," said the officer, "he has not yet sailed."

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I started immediately and ran towards the brig which he had pointed out to me at the extremity of the dock.

He called to me.

"Where are you going?"

"Where you have told me," responded I to the officer, scarcely turning my head towards him, in my haste to reach the object of my search.

"You will not find the Captain. He has just gone to the marine hospital for two of his sailors."

"Are you very sure?"

"I saw him pass just now, followed by his lieutenant and four of his crew who carried litters."

"I will go then to the hospital. Direct me, I pray you, to the marine hospital."

"Follow the brick wall to the tobacco merchant's, whose lantern you see yonder; pass under the gate of the city; take the street that lies before it; turn into the third at the right; and afterward inquire further."

Five minutes afterward, I rang at the door of the marine hospital. I was forced to wait nearly half an hour, before communicating with an employe of the establishment, who then informed me that the captain had left with his two convalescent sailors, nearly three-quarters of an hour before. "You must have met him," said he, "or he must have taken some other way."

"I will return quickly to his ship," I said.

"I fear you will be too late. I regret, Monsieur....."

"Ah! I have more to regret than you!"

I hastened from the hospital, hoping still to rejoin the captain of the Chamois. As I passed out of the gate of the city I perceived one of the faces of the evening before; that of the fair young man who was seated next to the captain while he recounted the history of which I was in pursuit. He remarked me also; we re-

garded each other with the floating interest of people unknown to one another, but of whom the fluids are not antipathetic. We bowed to each other, and he approached me. I owed him a second politeness, which I employed to my profit.

"Do you know the captain?"

"What captain?"

"Him who recounted to us, yesterday evening, at the Golden Lion, the interesting history of the floating bottle."

The stranger regarded me with an expression which I repented some minutes later, of not having comprehended the meaning; and said to me:

"I saw him, like you, for the first time."

"How unfortunate! was it not, Monsieur? that we were unable to follow to the *denouement* his interesting recital—how unfortunate!"

A modest smile passed over the features of the stranger. Ah! why could I not have read that smile.

"I am searching for him."

"The captain?"

"Ah! Monsieur, who can one find at Antwerp?"

"For commercial affairs, no doubt?"

"Good," said I to myself, with tremor, "I have again fallen in with a merchant. He speaks some of commercial affairs, when 'You will excuse me, Monsieur,' I said to him, 'if I leave you at once. I wish to speak to the captain before he leaves, and his departure has, perhaps, already taken place. Adieu, Monsieur, and *au revoir*.'"

I am sure that my new acquaintance must have imagined me to be insane, not exactly on account of the incoherence of my proposals, but because of the unequal vibrations of my voice, the mobility of my looks, and a kind of St. Guy's dance that is executed by nervous people when their brain is touched by the electric spark of a violent desire.

[Concluded next month.]

THE PILGRIMS ON THE ROCK AT  
PLYMOUTH.

BY G. T. SPROAT.

"WHO left their nation, and their age,  
Man's spirit to unbind?  
Who boundless seas passed o'er,  
And coldly met in every path,  
Famine, and frost, and heathen wrath,  
To dedicate a shore  
To Liberty and God!"—[Sprague,

OLD rock! old glorious rock! thou tellest  
A wondrous tale of old!  
And a mighty voice comes forth from thee,  
As back the years are rolled!  
Thou tellest of a pilgrim band,  
Who came the waters o'er,  
And sought, on thee, a resting place,  
In the stormy days of yore.

Strong men were they, and high of heart,  
Men, born amid the strife,  
In the full glory of their youth,  
And the high noon of life.  
And there were men of silver hair,  
In reverend wisdom gray—  
These were the nation's guiding stars,  
In that young, dawning day.

And there was woman, too, that day,  
In that heroic band;  
Woman, whose heart was far away,  
In the old father land.  
Oh! with what agony she prayed,  
As on the rock she bowed!  
And thought of home beyond the seas,  
And wept, and sobbed aloud!

"Home! home! where my old father lived,  
And where my mother died!  
Where are my darling children's graves,  
In the churchyard, side by side,  
Oh! could I see thee once, *once more!*"  
That weeping mother said;  
As on the cold, hard rock she knelt,  
And, in her anguish, prayed.

Was it an angel, from on high,  
That bowed and helped them there?  
Or was it He—the Mighty one,  
Who hears the mourner's prayer?  
Hushed was each stormy heart, and calm,  
Before His sovereign will,

Who saith unto the roaring sea,  
"Peace! peace! ye waves, be still!"

They rose—each man and woman rose;  
Courage was on each brow;  
And as they raise the lofty hymn,  
The ancient forests bow.  
They bow before the Almighty One,  
Who stills the roaring flood—  
Oh! 'twas a grand old temple, where  
Our fathers worshiped God!

The ocean heard the song, that day,  
And sent it to the shore;  
The ancient rocks rung out the sound  
From all their caverns hoar.  
And the mighty winds flung back the strain  
To the distant hills abroad;  
As loud the glorious song went up  
To Liberty and God!

SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 22, 1860.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

BY X.

AT a period within the past ten years  
Edward Lee led to the altar the  
fair lady who is now his wife. The  
sun of a May morning shone upon their  
nuptials, and many honey-moons waned  
without witnessing a diminution of their  
bliss.

As years sped, they increased in all  
worldly prosperity. Property accumulated,  
beautiful babes came to gladden their  
household, and no calamity befel them—  
nevertheless, five years had not passed be-  
fore a change, wrought by some subtle in-  
fluence, crept over them, clouding the brows  
and chilling the hearts of both husband  
and wife.

Theirs was a pleasant home. The roses  
and woodbine that shaded their porch  
climbed sweetly together, and lilies and  
violets bloomed in the garden below.

In those first years of their wedded life, it  
was pleasant as a dream to see my young  
neighbor, Mrs. Lee, engaged in her pretty  
womanly occupations. She seemed so sat-  
isfied and happy as she busied herself  
among her flowers or at her household



tasks; so proud and pleased when she had won an approving word or smile from her husband. The picture was replete with all that is charming in early womanhood, as now and again I caught a glimpse of her rocking her babe, or bending lovingly over it while it slept, with her face turned half aside, and the shadow of the vine leaves flickering over her fair neck and golden hair. I could have half believed that some old-time tale of magic was re-enacted in my neighbors' cottage, and that its fair mistress became, at will, a statue or a breathing woman.

As the hour at which her husband came home drew near, she would flit gaily from room to room, assuring herself that every thing was in the order that pleased him best, then twining a bud or half-blown rose in her hair, would station herself beside the door to watch for his return.

Their house fronted toward the east. A hill sloped up behind it, that the sunset canopied, now with purple, now with gold. Many an evening, when the gorgeous hues had long since faded from the sky, she still lingered at the door, her young face radiant with smiles, gleaming in the obscurity, while she watched *his* approach, as the light of a fugitive sunbeam sometimes lingers upon a cloud at evening, watching until the stars appear.

When the gate turned upon its hinges she would hasten to meet him, and they would walk lightly up the path together; then closing their door, shut in their bliss.

But a time came when upon sunny days my friend walked sadly among her flowers—when she nursed her babe with scarce a smile, and took no note of her husband's coming, or met him with averted face.

I cannot tell how all this began; indeed, such things, like the clouds, gather their component vapors imperceptibly, and from a wide surface, and like them, too, as many deserted homes bear witness, burst in desolating storms, unless, fortunately, they are driven away before some favoring gale.

One holiday season found Mr. Lee fully awake to the fact that clouds had gathered

thick in his domestic horizon. He earnestly applied himself to find means to dispel them—seeking, as the alchemists of old sought the agent by which to transmute the baser metals into gold, for the element that would once more infuse the *couleur du rose* into the atmosphere of home. "What shall I do? How shall I begin?" were questions which he asked himself again and again.

"If," thought he, "I seek an explanation it may be the beginning of a series of scones, and I shall bring upon us the very calamity I wish to avert. I will not commence by purchasing expensive gifts, that would seem to her as if I had undervalued her intelligence; happiness has no equivalent in money, nor in money's worth. Heaven save me, at this crisis, from blundering steps and rude precipitancy. Gently as the dawn precedes the day I must guide her back with me into the sunshine."

It was on the morning before Christmas that he began his task. The morning was dark and chilly, and he knew that Mrs. Lee would appear at breakfast gloomy and discontented.

"I shall lay half the blame to the weather," said he "and the other half?—well, as I am the head of the family I may as well consider that my own—at all events, I will treat it as if it were; it is common stock, at any rate, and it is not best to examine too minutely concerning the ownership of small shares. I wonder if there is a good fire in the dining-room—a good fire in weather like this is indispensable for dispelling vapors."

Proceeding to the dining-room, Mr. Lee placed fresh coal upon the fire, and taking the morning paper, awaited whatever opportunity might chance to present itself for a beginning.

In a few moments the children made their appearance, their little faces all awry from the discomfort of having been washed and dressed in a cold room. The coal in the grate sent out a ruddy glow, that with the light, whitened, as it were, by the snowy muslin curtains, seemed just the

thing to make any one insensible to the gloom outside.

"Comb pulled Franky's hair, papa," sobbed the younger of the children.

"I am so cold," said the eldest, a girl of four, as she approached, frowning and shrugging her little shoulders.

"Come here to papa, both of you. Just look up the chimney, now, while you warm your hands, and see if there is room enough for Santa Claus to come down. What do you think?"

Their childish woes were soon forgotten in their concern for the safe descent of the good St. Nicholas, and their little tongues ready to fill with pleasant prattle any disagreeable gaps that might occur in conversation during breakfast.

Mrs. Lee entered, breakfast was soon after served up, and the family seated at the table.

As her husband expected, Mrs. Lee was in an unhappy mood. But, having resolved to be, thenceforth, blind to all frowns and deaf to all querulousness, he wisely occupied himself with his children until their cheerfulness and the comfortable warmth of the room had time to exert their influence upon her.

For a considerable period previous to the time of which we write, they had fallen into the habit of spending much of their leisure time apart from each other, and an evening together alone was full of awkwardness and constraint to both.

"I must," thought Mr. Lee, "find some means to overcome this. I must devise for us pleasant employments in which we can both engage. Here is the Christmas Tree for the children—nothing would be better for a beginning. This thing of going our own separate ways is ruining our happiness."

"So, my little lady," he said, addressing little Anna. "So you expect Santa Claus will send you a Christmas Tree, to-night. What do you expect to find on it?"

"Oh! clothes for my little dolly, and—*everything*."

"Rather a comprehensive catalogue, you young Californian."

"Well, my child, as your mamma is a much better judge of 'clothes for your dolly and everything,' than I am, I guess she will consent to go and see Santa Claus to-day, and talk to him."

"What excellent coffee we have this morning," he remarked, handing his cup to Mrs. Lee, "you must have prepared it yourself. Fill my cup again, if you please. Why, I declare," he exclaimed, a moment afterward, "it is half past eight. I must be off."

Then bestowing a kiss upon each of the children, he left the room. He longed to go back and clasp his wife in his arms, for his heart had never yearned toward her as it did then; but she was moody and silent, and he thought it not wise to risk a repulse. While putting on his hat and overcoat in the hall, he called back to her—"Oh! Mary, I have forgotten my purse, please get it for me—no, never mind, I have some change in my pocket—all I shall need. You may have what is in it for the purchases you are going to make to-day. I'll be home early to help trim the Christmas Tree."

When he had left the house the children climbed in the chairs at one of the windows to see him go down the street, and remained to see whoever chanced to pass. Mrs. Lee sat down by the fire, and bowing her head upon her hand, pondered of the joys she believed to have fled forever—joys, the very memory of which, were bitter, because of the deceitful hopes they had awakened.

"Ah!" she said, sadly, "I had imagined that our lives should be so filled with poetry and beauty—but five years have passed, and my heart is already freezing with disappointment. If he only knew it; if I could explain to him without being misunderstood; but he would think that I intended to reproach him and we should become more estranged. Oh, that two hearts that have beaten harmoniously should make such discord—should be so

shut up from each other. Ah! I am so young, and life looks so wearisome to me; to me who have asked so little—only for answering smiles and loving words—how can he deny me these? How can I argue of things so evanescent? I caught a butterfly once; and, all elate with my prize, placed it safely beneath a bell-glass that I might admire its brilliant hues at my leisure. But its iris-tinted wings were bare and disfigured, and an ashen dust soiled my hands and was strewn over my dress. I cannot forget it. When I attempt to call back and imprison some joy that almost eludes my grasp, I succeed, perchance, but it is like my poor butterfly, dismantled of all that rendered it desirable, and ashes, instead of joy, descend upon my head and my heart."

In truth, the causes of her regrets were not illusions. Her husband had, in the beginning of their wedded life, been very profuse of all testimonials of affectionate appreciation, of kisses and kind words; and men who win their wives with these, and withhold them afterward, have clearly obtained them upon false pretences, and should not wonder that the cheat becomes a subject of chafing.

An impression at last fixed itself upon the mind of Mrs. Leo, that there had been, that morning, in her husband's words and actions, something of the old-time tone and manner, and a trembling hope arose that all would yet be restored to her. The day grew lighter; the clouds separated, and were drifted away by the wind. A sunbeam now and then gleamed in at the window and rested upon the bowed head at the fireside. Hope is nurtured by sunshine, and in these stray beams hers grew stronger.

The queries of the children, and their prattle of expected gifts, reminded her of the purchases it had been hinted she should make, and her attention for the rest of the day was absorbed in planning and preparing the pleasures of the morrow. The purse that had been "forgotten" contained more than double the sum Mrs. Leo cared to expend in her negotiations with Santa Claus, so, as on her way home, she saw her hus-

band approaching on the opposite side of the street, she crossed over to meet him and handed him the purse, remarking that she had no further use for it, having purchased everything that possibly could be needed. How he wished, as he glanced after her, when she had passed on, to go and expend its contents in the purchase of some tasteful gift for her, but he had already concluded that another course was wiser.

As lovers wait the trysting hour, they waited, that day, the time for him to return home. When evening drew near, Mrs. Leo flitted restlessly from room to room, attending to all those little details that contribute to make home wear a welcoming look. The occurrences of the morning and her communings with her own thoughts had insensibly borne her back toward their happier days, and without planning to do so, or reasoning why, she resumed their habit. After arranging her hair in the style he used to like best, and attiring herself in a dress that he admired, and adjusting all to a nicety, she took her place, as of old, at the window, to watch for him.

Presently the garden gate opened, the children exclaimed, "Papa is coming!" and, followed by their mother, hastened to meet him. The upturned faces of the little ones positioned him for kisses, whilst that of his wife, turned timidly aside, plead, with what mute earnestness, that her share might not be forgotten. Delicately as a lover imprints the first kiss upon a maiden's forehead, he pressed his lips to hers, and, as hopefully, marked the blush that crimsoned her cheek.

That evening while they trimmed the Christmas Tree for their sleeping babes, invisible hands placed heavenly gifts for them among its branches; for, when they sat beneath it after their pleasant task was ended, kind words and kinder thoughts were given to each, and its laden boughs seemed to separate them from their past, and to hide from them all that ought never to have been.

The week that followed was a wet, dreary one, in the outside world, but under that roof the skies never seemed clearer, or the sun brighter. The golden chain was re-fastened, link by link, and day by day. The dead year was buried with all its mistakes and sorrows, that the record of its successor might be unstained by doubt and neglect. The shadow on the hearthstone vanished with the light of the New Year's morn.

## Our Social Chair.

**W**E sit down in our Social Chair this month with more than ordinary pleasure. The associations of the gracious season of Christmas, and the advent of the New Year, seem to bring us closer to our readers in that pleasant communion which prompts the extending of the hand in a kindly grasp, even to a stranger.

This is eminently the month for a Social Chair in the midst of a circle of friends—the friends too of a Magazine, which, through its five years of life, has sought to present California scenery, and California art, and literature, to readers at home and abroad.

And now, while seating ourself in this magic circle, we see looking in upon us the youthful face, the hope-inspiring eyes of the world's new guest. Eighteen Hundred and Sixty-one pushes his way through the gathering mists of the last night of the old year, and bids each and all of us take a new lease of life, and make new resolves for the future.

There is a great deal of good achieved by these changes of dates called years. Much profit often arises from the awakening they produce; dormant faculties are called into action; new views are taken of passing events; there is a strengthening of mind and body; and stern resolves to fight on in the battle of life, and gain the victory. The new year marks out another starting point, and trusting, hopeful mortals prepare to run the race. And here, sitting in our Social Chair, we bid each God speed, hoping that the ending of the twelve-month we have just entered upon, may bring them to the wished-for goal. The angels heralded the first Christmas with the song of "Peace on earth, and good will to men." Its echoes still linger, and ever at the approach of the hallowed period awaken in

men's hearts thoughts of kindness towards their fellows. Stores of evil feeling and cold misconstructions dissolve and float away, cloud-like, in the light of the Christmas morn.

It is not always easy to judge of the motives of friends—not always easy to believe that their truth is undiminished; nor for them to find opportunity to prove that it is not; but holydays afford these, and opportunities are blessed gifts.

It sometimes occurs that in the year the paths of friends become separated, hedges, as it were, grow up between, concealing each from the other, and so they journey until the holidays afford them open ground, and their steps again converge, and their hands meet once more in a cordial clasp that affords assurance more expressive than additional words could give, that the greetings and good wishes they exchange are no unmeaning forms.

In the nearer relations of life, where the thorns that vex give pain in proportion to the strength of the binding ties, the holidays afford opportunities to soothe many a pang, mutely borne "for the sake of the giver;" to renew tender vows, and to prove by carefully selected gifts, or well planned pleasures, that the tastes and the happiness of loved ones have been studied and membered; for that, and not intrinsic worth, determines the value of gifts. Memory pays frequent and grateful tribute to things that cost little to the giver beside an expenditure of time and love, for, whatever else may perish, or be lost, memories of loving deeds and words are immortal.

We were seated one Christmas Day amid a group of fair girls who had for many years been orphans. One of them placing her hand in her sister's, said—"Do you remember how father—our own father—on that last Christmas Day, took us to walk

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with him on Telegraph Hill, and told us Robinson Crusoe there?"

"Oh, we can never forget that!" replied the one addressed, and each young head sank low beneath the burden of unforget-ten grief.

Presently the youngest one inquired what presents he gave them on that day. Not one could answer her. But the *souvenir* of the pleasant walk over the green hill, and the story, with its apt illustration of the lonely island out in the bay, lives, inseparable from the memory of their father and their reminiscences of the season.

#### Our Treasury.

..... The person who does not obey, on all occasions, the dictates of common sense, and act with promptitude, need never expect to gain any one point.

..... Every man has his price, either in gold or flattery, or in love.

..... There is a wide difference between being the slave of jealousy and the victim of disappointed love.

..... One can give no greater proof of patience than to endure unasked advice.

..... Humanity has power over all that is human. Yes, but it's nuts to crack, some-times, to find out how it is to be applied.

..... The best life-buoy—a light heart.

..... When Fortune frowns at thee, do thou laugh at her; it is like laughing at the threatenings of a bully—it makes her think less of her powers over thee.

..... Humanity is the only true politeness.

..... Time hath no more than one glass; and yet he contrives to see all his guests under the table.

..... The wrath, that on conviction, subsides into mildness, is the wrath of a generous mind.

..... A person is never so easy, or so little imposed upon, as among people of the best sense.

..... All faith is only the reminiscence of the good that once arose, and the omen of the good that may arise within us.

..... Love of flattery, in most men, proceeds from the modest opinion they hold of themselves.

..... An idle season lessens the weight of good ones before.

..... A proud man thinks the greatest honors below his merit, and, therefore, scorns to boast.

..... It is through our weaknesses that our vices are punished.

..... An excuse is a lie guarded.

..... Beware of judging harshly:

"What's *done* we partly may compute,  
We know not what's resisted."

#### Gaiter's Table.

WE wish we could sketch with words a picture we often see:—the faces of a mother and child framed in a window opposite the room we sit in. It is a homely scene, perhaps, and yet we realize so much pleasure from the view, imbibing from across the way the joyousness of the adult face, the pure innocent laugh of the baby one, that we would like our readers also to gaze upon it. It might, for the nonce, make each forget the "skeleton in the

house," which, with one and all of us, too often shades the hours of life with its pall. There first appeared, some months since, a little pair of stockings hanging at that window. They were tiny specimens of the mottled red-and-white worsted, which have so eminently belonged to babyhood ever since we can remember. For days these appeared alone, and then some silken-bound flannels kept them company in the sunlight, gathering in the warm air and

treasuring up the sunbeams for baby's comfort. And following these we caught occasional glimpses of a wee face, held carefully toward the sky, as if invoking the love of Him who, when on earth, gathered these little ones around Him. And now that time has flown by on Californian wings, we see daily the large bright eyes of the child, and its dimpled cheeks, and almost catch the sound of its exultant crowing which proclaims its half-score months of life. What a felicitous scene ensues when the picture is thus framed in the window. The mother is never tired of raining kisses on those miniature lips of coral; never weary of watching the same little face; ever going into ecstasies of love as the doll-like hand is raised to her face to catch the straggling curl. Now, from our standpoint of vision, through two plates of glass, and across thirty feet of street, we confess that the face of the mother, to an ordinary observer, would not seem a handsome one. And yet, with that infant in her arms, it is to us exceedingly beautiful. Some one says that we live our lives over again in our children; and, in this picture across the way, the truth of it can be seen. The child lifts the years from the parent as they hold high carnival together. The mother's brow is smoothed of every wrinkle; her face is radiant as that of girlhood; the roses come back to her cheek, and the love-light to her eye. The outside world, with its troubles, are nothing to her while her infant's laugh is sounding within the folds of the curtain. The treasures of countless mines could not buy that baby; operas and balls are as chaff to its half-lisped notes of joy. There, a dozen times in that one minute the mother's face has dived down into the snowy little pinafore and smothered its wearer with caresses! And so they sit, hour after hour, and day after day, while we positively feel the electric current which, spanning the thirty feet of street, as aforesaid, taps with its telegraphic signals at our heart, and makes each kiss a message of good to drive away the sadness that sometimes hovers over our table as we write..... One year ago this present writing, we passed along Powell street "house hunting." A modest white cottage, in a state of uncomfortable newness, had established itself on a hillside so recently graded, that we fancied the odor of the powder which had been employed to blast the rock to make room for it, might still linger about the foundation. The sign "To Let," in bright, black letters, on a very white cloth, proclaimed that it was unoccupied, and the two vapor-covered windows, between which it was tacked, seemed tearfully to solicit an inmate. Its uninviting aspect forestalled all desire for further inspection; and, with a dubious shake of the head, we dismissed the idea of attempting to convert *that* house into a home. Yesterday, in again passing through that portion of the street, instead of the desolate looking cottage of yore, we noted with pleasant surprise that the ledge of rock beneath the parlor windows was covered with a bed of flowers, and that masses of verdant foliage drooped downward, draping the wall. Slender vines had crept upward along their leading strings, interlacing each other with their tendrils as they grew, and from among them a caged canary trilled its little song, in which no note bewailed its imprisonment. Hard by, more handsomely built houses stood in sunnier places; but, unlike this, their humble neighbor, bore upon their costly portals no insignia of hope, and love, and hearts at rest. How typical of life seemed this cottage. The rock had yielded to genial influences. Blossoms of pleasant thoughts came forth from what was once sterile and unyielding. The matin song of contentment and faith echoed amidst the clinging vines of affection; and that which was once cold and forbidding had been clothed with the verdure of life and love. .... Lord Byron, after declaring himself "at perfect peace with the poetical fraternity," said: "or, at least, if I dislike any it is not poetically, but personally. Surely the field of thought is infinite; what does it signify who is before or behind in the

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race where there is no goal?" Let carping critics bear this in mind when they seek to underrate the writings of contemporaries.....In this blessed country each fond papa believes that it is the manifest destiny of at least one of his boys to fill the Presidential chair. Lads of fifteen play at selecting their cabinets and settling the honors they shall dispense to their mates; or, if of more sanguinary turn, amuse themselves by burning powder and dreaming of battles in which they shall lead their fellows to frays from which all shall return covered with "blood and glory." Thirty years later, if a fortunate one in ten of these youthful dreamers has so far escaped obscurity as to be clad for the time with a constable's authority, or bear a captain's sword on training days, he will when

"The sun of life has passed mid day  
And weary, casts a western ray."

congratulate himself upon his success, and recount to his wondering posterity the tale of his triumphs. So much for ambition! So too often end the brightest dreams of the most "promising youth.".....Those persons of "uncertain age" who, for reasons best known to themselves, have quietly changed the record of their birth piously kept in the big ha' Bible, may not be aware that they have an illustrious predecessor in that practice in Napoleon. The Emperor was born in 1768, in Corsica, one year before that Island belonged to France, yet for the purpose of making himself a Frenchman by birth, he falsified the record, and made history vouch for his birth in 1769.

"Things may be well to seem that are not well to be,  
And thus hath Fancy's dream been realized to me.  
We deem the distant tide a blue and solid ground;  
We seek the green hill side, and thorns are only  
found."

Better one should hope for the veriest impossibilities than entertain that life-consuming guest, Despondency, or be the most arrant constructor of air-castles, than to plod through life's dull routine, prosaically and wearily performing its stern tasks.

The indulgence of hope and fancy awakens the springs of happiness, dormant within us, and lends a witching drapery to our lives, akin to the verdure and beauty with which the spring-time clothes the gnarled and leafless limbs of forest-trees, causing them to send forth melodies instead of moans, and transforming the weird and ghost-like into the picturesque and the beautiful. ....As sands sift from an hour glass, and their fellows fill and conceal the space from whence they fell, so people sink from among us into their graves, and our changing population soon obliterates all trace of their existence and their death from the dwellings they have occupied; occasionally, however, persons so stamp the impress of their presence upon their homes, that when they are carried out from the tenements in which they have dwelt, these ever afterward retain a degree of semblance to the soulless clay of the departed. A tasteful cottage, embowered among trees, and of which the neighbors' children speak in hushed and reverent tones as "the house where the lady died," stands upon a hill-side that slopes gently toward the bay. A lady, fair as a dream, once lived there, and glanced from its windows and glided among its flowers as gaily as a gleam of sunshine. She was one who seemed to hold life's joys with earnest clasp, and to live without a thought of death, enjoying, with poetic fervor, all that was beautiful in sea, or sky, or verdant earth. But she sank into the sleep that knows no waking, and those who had loved her assembled in the pretty parlor where she had so frequently and so cheerily greeted them, this time to bear away with them sad remembrances of a still, white face and a shrouded form. Months have flown since then; but the closed door and the darkened windows, and wild birds rearing their brood among the tangled growth of unkempt flowers, still sadly tell that it is "the house where the lady died." ..... We commend to our readers the extremely interesting description of a religious feast in Italy, *Festa dei canestra*,

which we translate from the *Mineur*. We read it with an interest such as we would have felt in reading of some old heathen temple, with its gods intact, and with its throng of worshipers restored:

#### Literary Notices.

One of the greatest luxuries of an editor is to enter the store of the most enterprising of our booksellers, on the arrival of every mail steamer, to look over the new books just received. Bringing him into fellowship with the great minds of other States, and of other lands, they kindle a fresh fire of devotedness to his arduous labor; and, although a plunge of the hand into the pocket to chase into a corner any stray coin that may have, by chance, found its way there, and not been discovered, results in a temporary disgust with such a proverbial poverty-stricken profession; he goes away thinking of those glorious minds that have renewed and reinvigorated his mental life, and he feels, intellectually, at least, as rich as Jacob Astor. Last month we alluded to the stores of valuable books for Christmas and New Year's presents for the adults of both sexes, to be found at Romans', 147 Montgomery street. This month we would invite all those who intend making presents to the young at this festive season—and we do not envy the man or woman who does not—be the present ever so small, to step into Allen & Spier's, on Clay street, below Montgomery, and there examine the large collection of books, illustrated with all kinds of pictures and in every style of binding. We have before us, for instance, one on birds, which contains engravings of over one hundred and fifty of the feathered tribe, and an interesting account of their habits, etc. Then there are others on all kinds of subjects, so that every taste may be gratified.

MRS. HALE'S RECEIPTS for the Million. Published by T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia; Allen & Spier, San Francisco.

It seems to us that almost everything that is useful or desirable to know, in the family, is here given. Four thousand five hundred

and forty five receipts, from cookery and courtship, to gardening and painting, inclusive of—well, thousands of facts worth knowing.

LIFE AND LETTERS of Mrs. Emily C. Judson. By A. C. Kendrick. Sheldon & Company, publishers, New York; Gould & Lincoln, Boston; A. Roman, San Francisco.

Mrs. J. is, perhaps, more generally remembered in the world of letters as the brilliant "Fanny Forrester." The author of the memoir before us, has, to our mind, done excellent justice to himself and to his subject. Her letters alone would render the work exceedingly valuable, especially, to writers. We commend the book to our readers with great satisfaction.

BRIEF BIOGRAPHIES. By Samuel Smiles. Ticknor & Fields, publishers, Boston; A. Roman, San Francisco.

Short memoirs of thirty-five remarkable writers of the present age are here given in a concise and very interesting manner. Although the biographies of such men as Hawthorne, Lord John Russell, Audubon, Carlyle, Leigh Hunt, and such women as Mrs. Browning, Miss Martineau and others, cannot fail of possessing interest, they are so pleasantly relieved by anecdote as to make them charming.

HANDBOOK OF UNIVERSAL LITERATURE. By Anna C. Lynch Botta. Published by Derby & Jackson, New York; A. Roman, San Francisco.

This is certainly a broad subject to grasp, especially as it requires a good knowledge of languages; a refined taste and a judgment matured; and, at least, a superficial acquaintance with all the great writers of the world, from Moses to Charles Dickens, to do it justice. The book before us is a brief history of literature, and is a striking evidence of the authoress' remarkable industry and untiring devotedness; is worthy of a place in every library, and would be an excellent work in the hands of the more advanced scholars of our high schools and colleges.