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# HUTCHINGS'

# CALIFORNIA MAGAZINE.

Vol. 5. FEBRUARY, 1861. No. 8.

THE CALIFORNIA DOG EXPRESS.



THE DOG EXPRESS IN A SNOW-STORM.



THE Dog Express, of which the foregoing wood-cut is a graphic illustration, has become a permanent "institution" in California. Prior to the year 1857, the region of Quincy, Plumas county, was almost cut off from communication with the rest of the world during several months of the winter season, in consequence of the deep snow which formed an impassable barrier to mule travel. The only means for transporting the United States mails and express matter was by "packing" it on the shoulders of men.

This service was often very hazardous. A man might, with the aid of snow-shoes, be tolerably certain of making the trip with safety, but with an incumbrance of thirty or forty pounds of mail matter the trip was not so easy of accomplishment; particularly as the expressman would frequently be overtaken by snow storms miles distant from any habitation, and compelled to traverse deep gulches, and pick his way along steep mountain sides. The distance from Buckeye ranch in Yuba county to Quincy, the county seat of Plumas, is thirty miles. It was over this portion of the route, that Whiting & Co., of the Feather river express, employed their winter "man pack train." In the winter of 1857, Mr. J. B. Whiting undertook the Dog Express enterprise, and the plan has worked very successfully during the last four seasons. The Express runs regularly, carrying from two hundred and fifty to five hundred pounds freight according to the snow; and in ordinary times one passenger in addition to the freight may find accommodation in the sledge. When the snow is compact, the trip is easily performed in ten hours. During the storm, men are sent out on snow shoes to keep the trail open, and we believe the Dog Express never once met with interrup-

tion. The Dogs, of which four are driven to a sledge, are harnessed "à tandem." These animals are of a cross between the Alpine spaniel, or "Bernardine," and the Newfoundland—the noblest fellows of their race. The peculiar characteristics of the Bernardine dog—its almost human sagacity and untiring patience in discovering and rescuing passengers from the snow drift—are familiar to the mind of every child who has read or heard of the convent on the top of Mount St. Bernard. The Newfoundland is no less entitled to our respect and confidence. His "deeds of heroism" are also recorded in history. In his native Island, the Newfoundland is employed almost exclusively as a beast of burthen. He hauls wood all winter and fish all summer. An association of such traits of character as are found in the Bernardine and Newfoundland must be just the combination suited to the Express business, and we only wonder that enterprises similar to that of Whiting and Company have not been adopted in other portions of the State, to meet the requirements for quick dispatch in the transmission of mail matter.

There are several varieties of the dog race that seem to have been intended for the Express business in winter time.

The "Esquimaux" dog, for instance, is a splendid traveler. He will go along easily with an hundred and twenty pounds over the snow, at the rate of seven or eight miles an hour; and an instance is recorded of three of them having performed one mile in six minutes, drawing a sled weighing one hundred pounds, together with the driver.

The dog of Labrador is another peculiarly adapted to snow travel. He is very large, broad-chested, strong, active. The dog, when properly trained and cared for, is always the friend of man.

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"But the poor dog, in life the firmest friend,  
The first to welcome, foremost to defend,  
Whose honest heart is still his master's own,  
Who labors, fights, lives, breathes for him alone,  
Unhonored dies."

We do not altogether agree with Byron.

## A REPLY TO "WHAT IS CHARITY?"

BY MRS. AURELIA GRIFFITH.

**I**N the December number of *Hutchings* was an article headed "What is Charity," and, I think, conveying an erroneous impression.

The writer says: "Edward Everett and the ladies of America have toiled for years, and raised thousands upon thousands of dollars, and for what? To enable them to buy the land and rear massive works of art on the spot where the ashes of the immortal Washington repose. What supreme absurdity!"

I would reply that it is no "pitiful superstition" which has caused a nation to honor the home and grave of its father—that in so doing the people have not been "aping the aborigines," but have given expression to one of the most common and beautiful feelings of the human heart—the reverend regard and religious care of the loved dead.

We do *not* believe that the "pecuniary sacrifices" made "over the mortal ashes of George Washington, are requisite to the happiness of the veteran spirit;" but only desire to express our great love for the illustrious dead. The poor woman, whom the disciples rebuked with indignation, exclaiming, "To what purpose is this waste? for this ointment might have been sold for much, and given to the poor," was actuated by the same spirit. Such acts are the spirit flowers of humanity, and we would as soon blame the Almighty for not making every rose a potato, as to chide the heart-blossoms yielding such sweet savor. But the Mount Vernon Association does not pre-

tend to be a charitable institution; its mission is as distinct as that of the beautiful, fragrant flower, from the nourishing, esculent root.

The author of "What is Charity" cries out against gifts given for "*the glory of public eclat.*" Very well; yet I have no patience with the exclamation, "Oh, what a perverted, degenerate age we live in." I would ask where in all the world's history we will find a more liberal age than this, or one more free from crime? The world has been steadily though gradually improving since the Christian Era, and, I believe, will continue so to advance until the Millennium.

But the writer asks "where are we to look for charity to-day, with a good prospect of finding it?" I will answer, true charity is ever modest, but if one will put aside the tares, and seek earnestly and with loving eyes for the wheat growing in every life-path, it will be found.

## WHITE LIES. THE HABIT OF EXAGGERATION.

"Whose tongue so'er speaks false, not truly speaks; who speaks not truly, lies."  
—"Lord! Lord! how subject we old men are to this vice of lying!"—SHAKESPEARE.

**I**T is a saying among the Orientals, that the devil, when he came on earth, brought nine bags of lies. One he scattered in France, and then crossed over to Egypt; but, as soon as he had landed, the Arabs stole the other eight.

But we fear that habits of falsifying and exaggeration are not confined to the Arabs. When we look nearer home, we see the same disposition to falsify, which leads us to conclude that if the Arabs stole most of the bags of lies, they must have lost some of them, and others of the human family must have picked them up. 'Tis not only a Munchausen who can tell marvelous stories for his own aggrandizement. Many persons love, in this way, to glorify themselves, and to excite the wonder and admiration of others. In

so doing, they gratify a very foolish kind of vanity, and sooner or later it is at the expense of their own character. For it was not an idle saying of the old philosopher, who, when asked what a man gains by telling a falsehood, replied, "not to be credited when he speaks the truth." And lies, like chickens, are pretty sure to come home to roost.

It is often said of certain characters, that they are such liars that they *cannot* speak the truth. This may be, on the whole, true. The habit becomes second nature, and so strongly are they under its influence, that they cannot easily deviate from it. It is impossible for them to speak without this habit of exaggeration. For instance—if the day is passably warm, it is "blazing hot;" if it is moderately cool, it is "freezing cold." Things are always to them "sweet as honey," or "sour as vinegar," or "bitter as wormwood." A man is either so good that he is a perfect angel, or so bad that he is a downright devil. They know of no medium in any of their descriptions of persons or things, and all are painted in the same glowing colors.

You will perhaps say that this is merely a form of speech; that it means nothing. To the hearing of others it means all that it says, until our true character for falsity is known; and then, we grant that to all honest discerning minds, it does indeed mean but very little. To their eyes we carry with us a motto such as we sometimes see inscribed on the sides of a leaky ship, "not to be trusted."

But the evil does not stop here. Persons who can thus exaggerate on every trifling occasion, will also utter the foulest falsehoods whenever their feelings become embittered, or their love estranged, towards a human brother or sister. The wormwood and the gall mingle with all they have to say of such an one, and they blacken his character with the vilest falsehood. Their tongue is indeed

"a world set on fire of hell," full of venom and bitterness, like the poison of an asp.

Others seemed to be assisted by a kind of artful devil in their peculiar kind of slander. They will mix just enough of truth with what they have to say to make it pass, and then they will embitter the whole with the venom of falsehood. They are the more dangerous class, and should be avoided as pests among men, and a curse to the race.

Falsifiers not unfrequently meet with a just return, and have their sin visited on their own head.

It is said of one of the eastern princes, that he had a favorite page, who was addicted to habits of falsehood, and would often invent excuses, in order not to perform the service his master required of him. One day the prince requested him to carry alms to a beggar, whom he disliked, and he offered for an excuse that he was grievously afflicted with the toothache. The prince, who knew it to be a falsehood, sent for his physician and ordered him to pull out all the teeth from his head, regardless of his yelling and crying.

UNCLE JOHN.

#### THE CHINESE AT HOME AND ABROAD.

THE latest intelligence from the Flowery Kingdom tells us that the brother of the sun and moon has succumbed to the terrestrial followers of the eagle and the lion. Peking, the holy of holies of Chinadom, being in the possession of the outside barbarians, and the road thitherward strewn with pig-tails severed from the heads of their defunct owners, the august relative of old Sol and the silver eyed Luna, concluded to treat with the invaders. The war is, therefore, ended, and myriads of gongs sound the melodious note of peace to the ears of Celestials above and below the



A CHINESE MANDARIN AND HIS ATTENDANTS.

skies. What advantages have been wrested from the obstinate head of the obstinate Johns for the benefit of the civilized world, is yet to be seen. There is a hope that France and England will insist on free ports, free roads and free cities, so that the "wall of China," may be effectually demolished by the enterprising and energetic of all nations. Whatever privileges are insisted upon by the victors, and whatever exclusiveness is abandoned by the Chinese, California, by its proximity, must be benefited in a greater proportion than the more distant lands which furnished those irresistible arguments, the powder and the bayonet. The next arrival from China will give the particulars of the recent treaty; and, doubtless, make known the increased facilities accorded to commerce in that important quarter of the globe. While on this subject we propose to give our readers a brief sketch of life in China as depicted in recent works on that country, and conclude with a home sketch of John

"as he appears" on this side of the Pacific.

An author who resided some twelve years in the different cities of the Empire, says: "Almost every lieament of China and her inhabitants has been the object of a laugh or the subject of a pun. Travelers who have visited that country are expected to give an account of

Mandarins with yellow buttons, handling you conserves of snails;  
Smart young men about Canton, in nankeen tights and peacock's tails.  
With many rare and dreadful dainties, kitten outlets, puppy pies,  
Birdsneest soup which (so convenient) every bush around supplies."

The impression generally entertained is that the Chinese are, on the whole, an uninteresting, grotesque and uncivilized, "pig-eyed" people, at once conceited, ignorant, and, almost, unimprovable. China is, nevertheless, in her institutions and literature, the most civilized Pagan nation in existence, her people having attained a higher position in general se-

curity of life and property, and in the arts of domestic life and comfort *among the mass*, and a greater degree of general literary intelligence, than any other heathen or Mohammedan nation that ever existed.

The Chinese are, however, backward in the departments of learned inquiry, for hard labor employs the time and energy of the ignorant, and emulation in the strife to reach official dignities, overcomes the talents of the learned.

The theory of the Chinese government is patriarchal; the emperor is the sire, his officers are the responsible elders of its provinces, departments and districts, as every father of a household is of its inmates. All officers of Government are supposed to be accessible at any time, and the door of justice to be open to all who claim a hearing; courts are held at all hours of the day and night, though the regular time is from sunrise to noon-day. Drums are placed at the different tribunals, which plaintiffs strike in order to make their presence known. At the gate of the governor's palace are placed six tablets, having appropriate inscriptions for those who have been wronged by wicked officers; for those who have suffered from thieves; for persons falsely accused; for those who have been swindled; for those who have been grieved by other parties; and, lastly, for those who have secret information to impart.

Magistrates are not allowed to go abroad in ordinary dress, and without their official retinue, which varies for the different grades of rank. The usual attendants of the district magistrates consist of lictors with whips and chains, significant of the punishment they inflict; "they are preceded by two gong-bearers, who every few moments strike a certain number of raps to intimate their master's rank, and by two avant-couriers, who howl out an order for all to make room for the great man. A clerk runs by the

side of his sedan, and his secretary and messengers, seated in more ordinary chairs, or following on foot, make up the cortège. The highest officers are carried by eight bearers, others by four, and the lowest by two; this and every other particular being regulated by laws. Lanterns are used at night, and red tablets in the daytime, to show his rank. Officers of higher rank are attended by a few soldiers in addition. The number and attire of these various attendants are regulated by sumptuary laws. When in court the officer sits behind a desk with writing materials before him, his secretaries, clerks and interpreters being in waiting, and the lictors with their instruments of punishment and torture, standing around. Persons who are brought before him kneel in front of the tribunal. His official seal, and cups containing tallies which are thrown down to indicate the number of blows to be given to the culprits, stand upon the table, and behind his seat, a *kilin* or unicorn, is depicted on the wall. There are inscriptions hanging around the room, one of which exhorts him to be merciful. There is little pomp or show, either in the office or attendants, compared with our notions of what is usual in such matters among Asiatics. The former is a dirty, unswept, tawdry room, and the latter are boggary and impertinent.

"No counsel is allowed to plead, but the written accusations, pleas or statements required, must be prepared by licensed notaries, who may also read them in court, and who, no doubt, take opportunity to explain circumstances in favor of their client. These notaries buy their situations, and repay themselves by a fee upon the documents; they are the only persons in Chinese courts analogous to lawyers in western countries, and most of them have the reputation of extorting largely for their services. Of

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course there is no such thing as a jury, or the chief justice stating the case to his associate judges to learn their opinion; nor is anything like an oath required of the witnesses."

The Chinese are so prone to falsify, that it is difficult to ascertain the truth, yet it must not be inferred that every sentence is a lie; selfishness is a prime motive for their actions, yet charity, kindness, filial affection, and the unbought courtesies of life, still exist among them. Although there is an appalling amount of evil and crime in every shape, it is mixed with some redeeming traits; and in China, as elsewhere, good and bad are intermingled. With public opinion on its side, the government is a strong one, but no other is less able to execute its designs when it goes counter to that opinion, although those designs may be excellent and well intended. One must live in the country to see the antagonistic principles found in Chinese society act and react upon each other. Officers and people are bad almost beyond belief, to one conversant only with the courtesy, justice, purity and sincerity of Christian governments and society; and yet we have cause to think they are equal to the old Greeks and Romans, and have no more injustice or torture in their courts, nor impurity or mendacity in their lives. Neither the thoroughness of Chinese education, nor the accuracy and excellency of the literature, must be compared with that of modern Christian countries, for there is really no common measure between the two; they must be taken with other parts of Chinese character, and comparisons be drawn with nations possessing similar opportunities. The importance of generally instructing the people was acknowledged even before the time of Confucius, and practiced to a good degree when other nations had no such system; and although in his day feudal institutions prevailed, and offices

and rank were not attainable in the same manner as at present, yet magistrates and noblemen deemed it necessary to be well acquainted with their ancient writings.

The great stimulus to literary pursuits among the people is the hope of obtaining office and honor, and the only course of education followed is the classical and historical one prescribed by law. Their plan and purposes of education may be learned from the Book of Rites, which directs that: "When able to talk, lads must be taught to answer in a quick, bold tone, and girls in a slow and gentle one. At the age of seven they should be taught to count and name the cardinal points. At eight they must be taught to wait for their superiors, and prefer others to themselves. At ten, the boys must be sent abroad to private tutors, and there remain day and night, studying writing and arithmetic, wearing plain apparel, learning to demean themselves in a manner becoming their age, and acting with sincerity of purpose. At thirteen they must attend to music and poetry; at fifteen they must practice archery and charioteering. At the age of twenty they are to be admitted in due form to the rank of manhood and learn additional rules of propriety, be faithful in the performance of filial and fraternal duties, and though possessing extensive knowledge, must not affect to teach others. At thirty they may marry and commence the management of business. At forty they may enter the service of the State. At fifty they may be promoted to the rank of ministers; and at seventy they must retire from public life."

In their intercourse with their relatives children are taught to attend to the minutest points of good breeding, and are instructed in everything relating to their personal appearance, making their toilet, saluting their parents, eating, visiting, and other acts of life.

For all grades of scholars there is but

one mode of study; and the imitative, unprogressive nature of Chinese mind is strikingly apparent in the few attempts on the part of teachers to improve upon the stereotyped practice of their predecessors, although persons of us original minds as the country affords are constantly engaged in education.

Literary attainments are considered creditable to a woman, and the names of authoresses mentioned in Chinese annals would make a long list. *Yuen Yuen*, the Governor-General of Canton, in 1820, while in office, published a volume of his deceased daughter's poetical effusions; and literary men are usually desirous of having their daughters accomplished in music and poetry, as well as in composition and classical lore. Such an education is considered befitting their station, and reflecting credit on the family.

The books of the Chinese are the transcripts of their national taste. Their *Shi King*, or *Book of Odes*, is one of the most ancient collection of poems extant. The odes are arranged under four heads, viz: National Airs, the Lesser and Greater Eulogies, and Songs of Praises, used at the imperial sacrifices. This acknowledged antiquity is perhaps the most interesting circumstance connected with them.

In the following canticle, found in the *National Airs*, there seems to be a refrain as if intended to be sung by two voices.

"The bland south wind breathes upon and cherishes the heartwood of these plants, hence the grove flourishes and seems renovated. But our mother is environed with cares and distressed with labors.

"The bland south wind cherishes, by its breath, the wood of this grove. Our mother excels in prudence and understanding, but we are men of no estimation.

"The cool fountain welling forth, waters the lower part of the region *Tsun*. We are seven sons, whose mother is burdened with various cares and labors.

"Sweetly, tunefully, and with unbroken voice, sings the saffron colored

phoenix. We seven sons are no solace to our parent."

In the *Lesser Eulogies* is a complaint of severed friendship, similar in its construction.

"The soft and balmy wind brings with it the rain. I and thou were sharers in labors and privations, when, in truth, our minds were closely united; but after you became prosperous and happy, you changed your mind and deserted me.

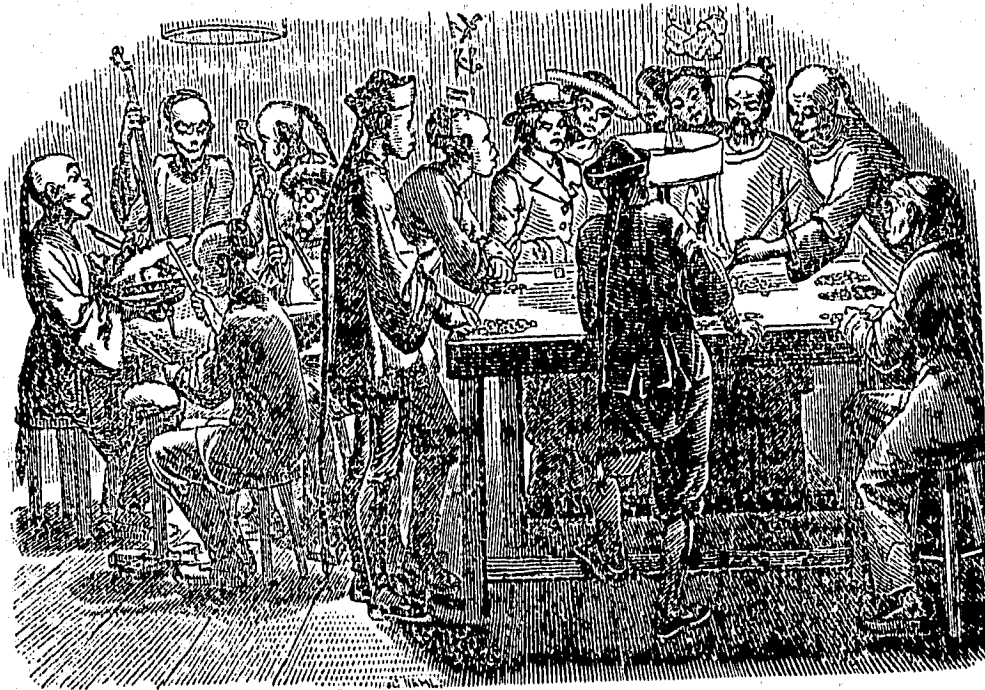
"The soft and balmy wind as it rises in the whirlwind gradually becomes more vehement. When we shared our labors and poverty, you cherished me in your bosom; now, having become happy, you have left me and I am lost to you.

"The wind is soft and balmy, but when it blows over the mountain tops, no plant but withers, no tree but crackles. But you forget my acknowledged virtues, and remember my petty complaints."

Many marriage songs are found in the collection, one of which describes a king's daughter, with somewhat different metaphors than would occur in a Grecian *epithalamium*.

"Our high dame is of lofty stature, and wears splendid robes beneath others of a darker color.....Her hands are like a budding and tender plant; the skin of her face resembles hardened lard. Her neck is comparable to the white larvae of the sphinx; her teeth can be equalled to the seeds of the gourd. The temples of her head are like the cicada, her eyebrows to the winged silk-moth. She smiles most sweetly, and her laugh is agreeable. The pupil of her eye is black, and how well are the black and white distinguished."

In our own State, with the exception of the leading Chinese merchants, who preserve the dignity and integrity obligatory upon those of their caste, we have had opportunity to observe only most unfavorable specimens of this race. Amongst the throngs of coolies and degraded women transported to our shores are displayed the most revolting features of Chinese life. We do not wonder at the prejudice felt against them by our citizens, when we consider that such are their habits that in whatever locality they



CHINESE GAMBLING-HOUSE.

establish themselves, public opinion renders it imperative that the neighborhood be abandoned to them.

Until a recent period scenes like that represented by the engraving above were re-enacted here daily and nightly without an attempt at concealment. However, their gambling establishments are compelled to confine themselves to secluded localities, where, from a wholesome fear of the police their unlawful transactions are performed in secrecy.

The coolie system, one of most revolting slavery, is flooding our State with a population inimical to the interests of its citizens, and causing a clamor that cannot long be disregarded, for enactments to rid us of its increasing evils. Each year adds largely to this class of our population, and by every vessel from Hongkong the streets of San Francisco are filled with long files of these Celestial (?) visitors, whose deafening *hi yuks* proclaim that "still they come." The attention of the Legislature is being prominently directed

to this subject, and at the present session it will doubtless prove an exciting topic for discussion. The same feeling would be directed against a like class of population sent forth from any other country. The coolies are the dregs of Chinadom, transported here for the benefit of their masters at home, and offering but shadowy advantages in exchange for their locust-like depredations. Already their introduction into California has exercised a depressing influence on free labor, and when we remember the inexhaustible horde from whence fresh supplies can be forwarded, our Legislature may well pause in their other duties to examine closely this momentous question and the consequences entailed.

The policy which would govern our intercourse with other nations cannot be applied in this instance. The state of affairs existing is anomalous, and the evil pertains to China alone. Arguments against the proscriptive policy of native Americanism do not here apply. China,

with her teeming millions, can send to us a swarm of people, unfitted by our laws for citizenship, yet who must in time become competitors with us in all the different channels of labor. In their habits they remain unchanged. The coolies are not the class that advance in civilization or progress in knowledge. They glean the land diligently for their employers, and the living and the dead are returned back to the place from whence they came.

#### CALIFORNIA BIRDS.

##### THE YELLOW BREASTED CHAT.

*Icteria Viridis.*

**T**HIS, says Wilson in his *American Ornithology*, is a very singular bird. In its voice and manners, and the habit it has of keeping concealed, while vociferating around you, it differs from most other birds with which we are acquainted, and has considerable claims to originality of character.

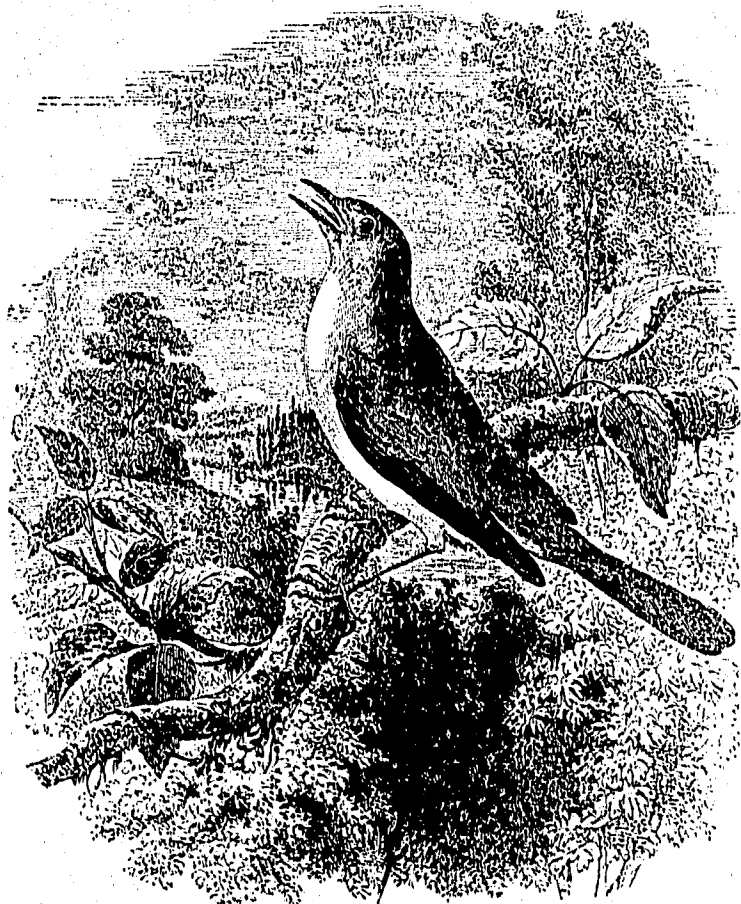
The yellow-breasted Chat is seven inches long, and nine inches in extent; the whole upper parts are of a rich and deep olive green, except the tips of the wings and interior vanes of the wing and tail-feathers, which are dusty brown; the whole throat and breast is of a most brilliant yellow, which also lines the inside of the wings, and spreads on the sides immediately below; the belly and vent are white; the front, slate colored, or dull cinereous; lores, black; from the nostril, a line of white extends to the upper part of the eye, which it nearly encircles; another spot of white is placed at the base of the lower mandible; the bill is strong, slightly curved, sharply ridged on the top, compressed, overhanging a little at the tip, not notched, pointed, and altogether black; the tongue is tapering, more fleshy than those of the *Muscicapa* tribe, and a little lacerated at the tip; the nostril is oval, and half cov-

ered with an arching membrane; legs and feet light blue, hind claw rather the strongest, the two exterior toes united to the second joint.

The female may be distinguished from the male by the black and white adjoining the eye being less intense or pure than in the male, and in having the inside of the mouth of a dirty flesh color, which, in the male, is black; in other respects, their plumage is nearly alike.

When he has once taken up his residence in a favorite situation, which is almost always in close thickets of hazel, brambles, vines, and thick underwood, he becomes very jealous of his possessions, and seems offended at the least intrusion; scolding every passenger as soon as they come within view, in a great variety of odd and uncouth monosyllables which it is difficult to describe, but which may be readily imitated, so as to deceive the bird himself, and draw him after you for half a quarter of a mile at a time, as we have sometimes amused ourselves in doing, and frequently without once seeing him. On these occasions, his responses are constant and rapid, strongly expressive of anger and anxiety; and while the bird itself remains unseen, the voice shifts from place to place, among the bushes, as if it proceeded from a spirit. First is heard a repetition of short notes, resembling the whistling of the wings of a Duck or Teal, beginning loud and rapid, and falling lower and lower, until they end in detached notes; then a succession of others, something like the barking of young puppies, is followed by a variety of hollow, guttural sounds, each eight or ten times repeated, more like those proceeding from the throat of a quadruped than that of a bird; which are succeeded by others not unlike the mowing of a cat, but considerably hoarser. All these are uttered with great vehemence, in such different keys, and with such peculiar modulations of voice, as

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THE YELLOW-BREASTED CHAT.

sometimes to seem at a considerable distance, and instantly as if just beside you; now on this hand, now on that; so that, from these manœuvres of ventriloquism, you are utterly at a loss to ascertain from what particular spot or quarter they proceed. If the weather be mild and serene, with clear moonlight, he continues gabbling in the same strange dialect, with very little intermission, during the whole night, as if disputing with his own echoes; but probably with a design of inviting the passing females to his retreat; for, when the season is further advanced, they are seldom heard during the night.

About the middle of May they begin to build. Their nest is usually fixed in the upper part of a bramble bush, in an

almost impenetrable thicket; sometimes in a thick vine or small cedar; seldom more than four or five feet from the ground. It is composed outwardly of dry leaves; within these are laid thin strips of the bark of grape-vines, and the inside is lined with fibrous roots of plants and fine, dry grass. The female lays four eggs, slightly flesh colored, and speckled all over with spots of brown or dull red. The young are hatched in twelve days, and make their first excursion from the nest about the second week in June. A friend of mine, an amateur in Canary birds, placed one of the Chat's eggs under a hen Canary, who brought it out; but it died on the second day, though she was so solicitous to preserve

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While the female of the Chat is sitting, the cries of the male are still more loud and incessant. When once that you have seen him, he is less solicitous to conceal himself, and will sometimes mount up into the air, almost perpendicularly, to the height of thirty or forty feet, with his legs hanging, descending as he rose, by repeated jerks, as if highly irritated, or, as is vulgarly said, dancing mad. All this noise and gesticulation we must attribute to his extreme affection for his mate and young; and when we consider the few young produced at a time, and that seldom more than once in a season, we can see the wisdom of Providence very manifest in the ardency of his passions.

Mr. Catesby seems to have just figured the yellow-breasted Chat; and the singularity of its manners has not escaped him. After repeated attempts to shoot one of them, he found himself completely baffled, and was obliged, as he himself says, to employ an Indian for that purpose, who did not succeed without exercising all his ingenuity. Catesby also observed its dancing manœuvres, and supposed that it always flew with its legs extended; but it is only in these paroxysms of rage and anxiety that this is done, as we have particularly observed.

The food of these birds consists chiefly of large black beetles, and other coleopterous insects; we have also found whortleberries frequently in their stomach in great quantities, as well as several other sorts of berries. They are generally found on the borders of rivulets, and other watery situations, in hedges, thickets, &c., but are seldom seen in the forest, even where there is underwood. Catesby indeed asserts, that they are only found on the banks of large rivers, two or three hundred miles from the sea; but

we have met with these birds within two hour's walk of the sea, and in some places within less than a mile of the shore.

European naturalists have differed in classing this bird. That the judicious Mr. Pennant Gmelin, and even Dr. Latham, however, should have arranged it with the Flycatchers, is certainly very extraordinary; as neither in the particular structure of its bill, tongue, feet, nor in its food or manners, has it any affinity whatever to that genus. Some other ornithologists have removed it to the Tanagers; but the bill of the Chat, when compared with that of the Summer Red-Bird, bespeaks it at once to be of a different tribe. Besides, the Tanagers seldom lay more than two or three eggs; the Chat usually four. The former build on trees, the latter in low thickets. In short, though this bird will not exactly correspond with any known genus, yet the form of its bill, its food, and many of its habits, would almost justify us in classing it with the genus *Pipra* (Manakin,) to which family it seems most nearly related.

#### THE GREAT HORNED OWL.

(*Strix Virginiana*.)

**T**HIS noted and formidable Owl, of which we give an illustration above, is found in almost every portion of the United States. From Wilson's Ornithology we learn that his favorite residence is in the dark solitudes of deep swamps, covered with a growth of gigantic timber; and here as soon as evening comes on, and man retires to rest, he comes forth and utters such sounds as seem scarcely to belong to this world, startling the solitary hunter as he slumbers by his camp-fire, and literally making night hideous. The head is large, with erectile and prominent ear-tufts. Eyes very large; and

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THE GREAT HORNED OWL.

the facial disc incomplete above the eyes and bill. Legs feet and claws usually very strong. Wings rather long—it is very variable in plumage from nearly white to dark brown—upper parts dark, under parts white, or nearly so; the bill and claws are of a blueish black color. These birds are known to pair early in February. The curious evolutions of the male in the air, or his motions when he has alighted near his beloved, it is impossible to enumerate. His bowings, and the snappings of his bill, are indescribable; no sooner is the female assured that the attentions paid her by the *beau* are the result of a *sincere affection*, than she seems to reciprocate his feelings, joins most heartily in the motions of her

future mate, and the scene becomes extremely ludicrous.

The nest, which is very bulky, is usually fixed on a large horizontal branch, not far from the trunk of the tree. It is composed externally of crooked sticks, and is lined inside with coarse grasses and some feathers. The whole measures nearly three feet in diameter. The eggs, which are from three to six, are almost globular in form, and of a dull white color. The male assists the female in sitting on the eggs. Only one brood is raised in a season. The young remain in the nest until fully fledged, and afterwards follow the parents for a considerable time, uttering a mournful sound, to induce them to supply them with food.

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They acquire the full plumage of the old birds in the first Spring, and until then are considerably lighter, with more dull buff in their tints. This bird lives retired, and it is seldom found in the neighborhood of a farm, after the breeding season; but as almost every detached farm is visited by one of these dangerous and powerful marauders, it may be said to be abundant. The havoc which it makes is very great. We have known a plantation to be almost stripped of the whole of the poultry raised upon it during Spring, by one of these daring foes of the feathered race, in the course of the ensuing winter.

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

##### CHAPTER IX.

In our last number we concluded chapter VIII. with a thrilling account of the mode in which the trappers dealt out the *lex talionis* to their treacherous foes—the *Coyotes*.

To illustrate the privations of a trapper's life at that early day, we now take up the narrative of Smith a few weeks later, and find him with Young and his party, trapping on the Rio Colorado, again, two miles above the mouth of the Virgin. Here Dutch George, as he was called, exhibited a handful of nuggets of yellow metal, which he stated that he found in the bed of a brook, and which he called gold. He was laughed at for his credulity—but since the discovery of the precious metal in California, Smith and Young entertain no doubt of its being the genuine stuff. Smith had long since made up his mind to separate his party from that of Young, and had communicated his intention to several of the men most in confidence.

Another quarrel occurring, he told his old enemy they would here part, and put an end to their difficulties for the future.

Smith counted upon the men who had promised to accompany him, but he was doomed to disappointment, for only three, Stone, Branch and Dutch George, besides two Mexicans, who were in his employ, remained to share his perils.

Building a raft, they crossed the Colorado, while the remainder of the party returned to Santa Fe. Finding the Colorado enclosed in an almost impenetrable cañon, they trapped the Virgin up some hundred miles with but indifferent success. They encountered many parties of the Pi Ute Indians, but so shy that speech could not be had with them. At length, seeing a party at a distance, Smith approached them alone, his companions secreting themselves, and by making signs—speaking a few words in their own tongue, which he had learned—throwing to them beads, buttons, etc., they, at a respectful distance, in answer to his inquiries, informed him they were entirely destitute of provisions, that they had heard the beaver striking the water with their tails, on the big river, pointing to the east, at the same time ordering him to leave, and thus ended the conference. Arriving in the evening at the river, they set their traps, but in the morning found but one beaver caught, which not being sufficient to satisfy their hunger, our adventurers were compelled to dig roots, cook their raw-hide ropes, and the raw-hide covering to their beaver packs. The third day they were compelled to kill one of their mules, an equal division of which was made.

The party traveled a northern course, though continually interrupted by almost fathomless chasms, for the crossing of which they had to make lengthy detours, sometimes for days, over a mountainous barren country, a few roots affording the only sustenance for man and beast.

Thus passed forty or fifty days of wretchedness and almost starvation, when Stone and Smith thought they recognized



a peak in the distance, but were so weak they almost despaired of reaching it. A day or two confirmed them in their surmise, and Smith was so elated with the prospect that he consented at last that his faithful dog *Blank Calio*, might be killed to afford them strength to reach the promised land. He turned away, that he might not witness what he looked upon as a foul murder; but "necessity has no law." After three more days of hard travel—somewhat invigorated by this substantial food, they suddenly came upon deer track. Immediately encamping, they placed upon the fire a kettle containing the head and neck—the remains of poor *Blank Calio*—and sallied forth in different directions in search of game. But all returned unsuccessful. Early in the morning Smith preceded the company, and in about two miles discovered a herd of forty or fifty deer, quietly feeding, at a short distance off. Throwing up a handful of dust, he found he had the wind of them. Creeping cautiously onward to the bank, he caught sight of two ears moving backward and forward, and gently raising himself a little higher, he looked through his sights. To his surprise, he felt his hand tremble, an unusual thing with him. He rested and fortified himself against it, reflecting that his own as well as the lives of his companions depended upon a sure shot—with more deliberation he fired. The deer remained lying whilst the others sprang up, but seeing nothing, they stood while he quickly re-loaded and brought another down, and another; at the fourth fire the best ones of the herd scampered off. By this time his companions came up with the packs, and anxiously inquired the result. He could not find it in his heart to trifle with the hopes of his starving companions, as he had, only for a moment, intended to do, but answered truthfully. The packs were immediately thrown off—two men with the pack-animals

dispatched up the mountain for snow—a fire built—the butchering proceeded with, and to their gratification, twelve instead of four deer were found dead, each doe bearing two fawns. This was the first full meal the party had enjoyed for more than two months.

## CHAPTER X.

The preceding chapter furnishes a brief sketch of many straits of the same kind encountered by Smith and his companions in their perilous trip. After sundry encounters with grizzlies and Indians, the hunters turned their faces toward the settlements in New Mexico, all eager once more, after an absence of nine months, to revel in the bewitching smiles of the dark-eyed and soft-spoken señoritas—to trip "the light fantastic toe," and spin the dizzy waltz to the inspiring music of the violin, harp and bandolin, and spending their hard-earned gains in treating to any amount of bad whisky.

After several days' journey they came to the rancho of Trujillo, twelve miles above Albuquerque. Here they learned that a law had been passed making all furs contraband; that Young and his party had deposited their beaver with old Vaca, in the Rio Abajo—information of which being lodged with the authorities, the entire lot had been confiscated, and old Vaca killed in defending it, and that unless they avoided the settlements or journeyed entirely by night, their beaver would share the same fate. Setting out late in the evening, and thinking they had passed all the habitations, they encamped about two o'clock. Making an early start in the morning, they had scarcely proceeded half a mile when to their mortification they discovered a house a short distance ahead, which, from the topography of the country, they were compelled to pass. Just as they came in front of the house the door opened, and they were greeted with "hoiga, Señores

quo llevan"—confronted by the Alcalde himself. Looking around, Smith discovered one of the packs uncovered, and finding he was in for it, promptly answered "beaver." The Alcalde drew a paper from his pocket, with "I have here an order from the Governor to seize all furs as contraband; I am sorry for you, Señor Don Thomas, but cannot help it." Although Smith had made up his mind not to surrender the beaver, yet he pleaded in vain that the law was not in existence when he left, that he had risked his life, toiled hard, and endured almost unheard-of privations to discharge a debt he had contracted with an honest man for his outfit—that he would give him an order for thirty dollars, and no one should know it. At this juncture the old lady came to his assistance, to whom he had eighteen months before made a present of a silk shawl, who argued the case so adroitly in his favor, that the old man accepted the order, with the addition of some powder, lead, and a few butcher-knives. Pushing on to the Riitos, they stopped just above for breakfast, hiding their packs in the bushes. They were in a short time surrounded by men, women, and children, with tortillas, tamales, eggs and chickens in abundance. Some of the women and children going into the bushes to pick berries, discovered the packs, but telling them they were put there to keep the sun from injuring them, nothing more was said. Still Smith felt uneasy, as a son of the Alcalde was present, but the young man soon relieved his anxiety by whispering to him that he would assist him in getting off. As soon as the coast was clear they packed up and pushed on to the Rio del Norte. After nightfall they secreted their packs of beaver in a cave in the rocky bluff opposite the Sioniga, which Smith had previously discovered in his rambles, crossed the river, passed through the village, were hailed but answered not, and arrived the following day

at Taos. Smith, upon old crazy Jane, entered the Plaza in a lope; raising the Indian yell, he was instantly recognized and welcomed by his warm-hearted patron, Mr. Pratt, one of nature's gentlemen, to whose house he was conducted amid the congratulations of his numerous friends for his safe return, and that of his companions.

In a few days the beaver was smuggled in, "all right side up," and *such* a fandango came off as was never witnessed in those parts before, preceded by a scalp dance around the town. A long-haired scalp, taken by Smith, was carried upon a pole, followed by the entire population, singing, dancing and yelling. Alas! for civilization in those halcyon days of the trapper, she could but "spread her wings and fly weeping away."

## WHEN THE SOLEMN MIDNIGHT LONELY.

BY EDWARD POLLOCK.\*

When the solemn midnight lonely  
Sleeps around me deep and still  
And the gentle night-breeze only  
Murmurs music on the hill;  
When the seal of noiseless slumber  
Closes every eye but mine,  
And illusions without number  
Visions for the dreamer twine;  
Then, sweet maiden, still beside me  
I thy gentle image see,  
As though lingering to guide me  
From my wandering to thee.

When the ruddy morn leaps shining  
From the oriental wave,  
And the laughing hours are twining  
Flowers to deck each other's grave,  
When the fragrant blossoms lure me  
O'er the green and dewy lawn,  
And her purple banners o'er me  
Waves the rosy-handed dawn;  
Still, sweet maiden, still beside me,  
I thy gentle image see,  
As though lingering to guide me  
From my wandering to thee.

O that future hours some token  
To my spirit would supply!  
That the spell should ne'er be broken,  
That thy charm should never die,  
Gladly would I hail the morrow  
That should bid me rove no more;  
Seeking still through life to borrow  
Sweets from time's illusive store;  
Then, sweet maiden, still beside me,  
Thy dear image would I see,  
Sighing, seeking still to guide me  
Back from wandering to thee.

\* These lines, written by the lamented Pollock, have never before appeared in print with his name attached.—Ed.

JOEL GRUM'S CHRISTMAS.

BY GEO. F. NOURSE.

CHAPTER II.—(CONCLUDED.)

“AND then—but no matter—you’ll not forget old Grum. Think of him kindly; come and see the old man some Sunday, and he’ll walk with you over the hills; will you come and make his heart feel glad again?”

“Yes, sir, I’d like to, if mother is willing; but you must come in and see her, and tell her how you found me; she’ll be sorry if you don’t let her thank you.”

“I don’t want to be thanked, I’d rather thank you; I thought one time to-night, that Heaven had sent you in my way to turn the current of my life; perhaps ’tis so; and for what you’ve done, I thank you a thousand times, but I can’t go in.”

“Hello, Lucy! is that you?” said the voice of some one coming up behind, “we’ve hunted everywhere, and the whole town is out after you.”

“Yes, ’tis me, Albert; I was lost, and this gentleman found me; but he won’t go in and see mother.”

“Oh, you must, sir, she’ll be so glad; come, no refusal,” and, opening the gate, Albert led the way; and Lucy, taking Joel Grum’s hand, almost pulled him in and up the avenue.

Joel Grum didn’t want to go; he would have given anything, everything he owned in the world not to have gone; but there was no help for him, for besides Lucy tugging away at his arm, there is some unaccountable influence urging him, and reluctantly he permits himself to be forced on. They enter the parlor to find it unoccupied; Albert has now ran up stairs with the news, and Joel Grum glances at the elegant furniture and then at his attire; he won’t sit down, he thinks, for he would spoil the chair, he won’t move about, for if he does the nails in his boots will tear the carpet: so he

stands—’tis but a moment, however, before he hears a rustle; there is a race down stairs; the widow Ashley comes in ahead, and catching Lucy in her arms, covers her with endearments. Susan is close behind, arrayed in her party dress; she is looking more than beautiful to-night, she is always handsome, but now the joy that lights up every feature, the eye sparkling with such unwonted lustre makes her almost heavenly; traces of recent tears yet linger upon her long, dark lashes, but only add to the intoxicating beauty of her face; her form is unsurpassed among women, and dressed in the rare taste which pleases, not offends, the eye. As she enters, Joel Grum starts in amazement. Why, what ails the man? how wild he looks! his wound must trouble him again. He turns his head and looks upon the widow Ashley, who, having sufficiently caressed Lucy, has risen to greet him. But what’s the matter with the widow Ashley? Catch her! quick! she’s fainting. No, she has waved them away, advances one step toward Joel Grum, drops to her knees, and with arms extended, falls forward upon her face. And Joel Grum, he stands there looking more like a devil fresh from hell than like a christian being; both fists he holds tightly clenched above his head; his wound again is bleeding, and as the blood trickles down over and lodges upon his distorted features, his appearance is truly villainous; with one stride he reaches the parlor door, another and he has opened the outer hall door, and gone forth into the darkness.

There is no party for the Ashleys now. Albert has been with excuses. His mother, with the assistance of her daughter, has retired to bed; and there she lies, whiter than the bed she lies in; she has forbidden the calling of a physician—she says that all she requires is rest, to-morrow she will be well; she has told

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the children that what they have seen they must never speak of, not even among themselves. And those were all the words she spoke, but lay there all night and never closed her eyes in sleep. Such rest! Alack! alack!

## CHAPTER III.

Robert Gruffum was an unhappy individual; he went up town to hunt amusement, but felt all the while as though he had lost something. A peep into saloons, where egg-nog was being dealt out with liberal hand, where cards were played, and turkeys being raffled for, presented nothing very attractive to him. Couple after couple he encountered, gaily dressed, on their way to pleasure, but little heed took he of them. The bulletin-board of the theatre seemed to claim more of his attention than anything else; he spelled through it from top to bottom, and then heaving a long, heavy sigh, to himself said, "If Jo'l had only come along." The fact was that Mr. Gruffum had made out a bill for the evening's entertainment, never thinking that his partner might refuse to participate. They were to go to the theatre, drink an egg-nog or two, raffle for a turkey, and if fortunate enough to win, would have a Christmas dinner on the morrow. They were to do several other little things, very likely drink another egg-nog. Mr. Gruffum had all that day looked forward to the evening with immense satisfaction, anticipating much pleasure, and a night of it, but now he was miserable, he wished a thousand times that he had remained with Joel Gram, and finally concluded to go home anyway, and thitherward, about ten o'clock, he turned his feet.

On reaching the cabin, to his great surprise he found the door locked and the key gone. "Curus," he muttered, after knocking loudly and receiving no answer. Walking on tip-toe, as though afraid of disturbing some one, he went to the back

of the cabin, and up to the window, a slide sash; finding it unfastened, he carefully pushed it aside and halloed, "Jo'l! it's me." There was no reply, and Mr. Gruffum crawled in. In a moment he stands by the table with a lighted candle in his hand, and in conversation with some imaginary person, he says, "Two plates—one on 'em pretty nigh clean—that aint mine—there's mine yonder—and biscuit, Jo'l never made them ar." He steps back from the table to contemplate, when his eye is attracted by something on the floor, he picks it up, and holding it at arm's length, gives a prolonged whistle and exclaims, "Ribbin! suthin's up—plates, biscuit, ribbin, key gone—suthin's up—Jo'l's a rat." Mr. Gruffum indulges in a kind of inward chuckle, as he says, "May be I wouldn't have liked to come home sooner, perhaps there be suthin else 'round here," and so he prospects, but has hardly taken three steps before he comes to a dead halt; a basin and towel are before him on a stool: "B-l-o-o-d," he gasps;—the candle, which he holds about a foot above his head, shakes violently; on the floor at his feet there are several spots, and one quite large. Again he whispers "*Blood*, and a good deal on it." The mind of Mr. Gruffum, not at any time very quick in its apprehensions, is now completely dumbfounded, and he mutters, "Key gone; two plates, one on 'em nigh clean; ribbin; biscuit, and blood! Suthin's wrong, sure." Poking the coals together, he planted himself upon a stool near by and with his legs stretched out, he proceeded to draw comfort and consolation from a little black pipe, and endeavored to solve the mystery. Not long did he sit there, before the heavy tread of some one coming fell upon his ear. He heard the lock spring back and foot-steps enter, but he did not move, he knew whose they were; the door closed with a slam, and he who entered paced the cabin floor with quick, nervous strides.

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"Suthin's wrong, sure," said Robert Gruffum to himself, but he neither moves nor speaks; he knows that if Joel Grum has anything to say, he'll say it. Presently Joel Grum, for he it is, comes to a full stop in front of Mr. Gruffum. He does not look so wild as when he last saw him, but his face is well besmeared with blood, and his hands bear evidence of frequent visits to his head. "Bob"—he speaks as one whose mind is made up—"find some one to work my part of the claim, sell it, give it away, or keep it yourself; to-night I leave here." Joel Grum's voice is tremulous as he adds "We must part, Bob."

Robert Gruffum draws in his legs, and rising, lays one hand on Grum's shoulder and says, "Suthin's wrong, Jo'l, with ye, but I aint curus to know what it is; whatever it is, I knows you're in the right, and where you goes I goes."

"Impossible!" said Joel Grum; "don't think of it; I am going out without a habitation or a home, going out to wander, to forget the past, myself, the world."

"Would ye forgot Bob? would ye go and leave him? Jo'l, I love ye; yezben the only friend to me I ever had. I couldn't live without ye, Jo'l, I'd be lost," and Bob Gruffum drew his sleeve across his eyes with an audible snuffle accompaniment.

Joel was not altogether unmoved by this avowal of affection on the part of his friend, and for a moment neither spoke. At the expiration of that time Mr. Gruffum having succeeded in mopping out his eyes, and having gathered courage from the silence, repented, "Where you goes, I goes!" and as a settler to all argument brought the palm of his right hand down upon the palm of his left in a most convincing manner—and Joel Grum, taking both of those hands within his own, shook them warmly, and with few, but earnest words, thanked him for his affection and pledged eternal friendship.

Locking their tools within the tunnel, as they had often done before, and rolling a few provisions in their blankets, they shouldered them, and with their trusty rifles went out into the night.

During the next ten months their wandering feet trod the hills and vales of distant mountains. Seldom were they any length of time in one place. Hunting was their principal occupation, and by selling game at the neighboring camps and towns they were enabled to keep themselves well supplied with the necessaries of life, and so they wandered on. But as the fall months began to number, a desire which had long been growing in the heart of each, became too strong to be longer smothered, and one night, when sitting by a pile of burning logs, Joel Grum said to Bob—"Do you think we could go back to the old place and put the tunnel in without it's being generally known?"

"Only say the word, Jo'l, and we'll try it," replied Mr. Gruffum.

"Well, we *will* try it," said Joel, and the next morning their steps were upon the homeward track.

## CHAPTER IV.

'Tis Christmas eve again, a year has passed. There have been births and deaths, engagements and weddings, divorces and funerals. Joys have crept in over the thresholds of some, sorrows have entered and taken up their abode with others. This is not such a night as was the last Christmas eve; then it was pleasant, now a fierce storm rages; the snow commenced to fall three days ago, and has continued almost without cessation ever since, and to-night the winds are sporting with it; they shake it from the tree tops, whirl it about and bank it up; drive sheets of sleet against the window-panes, making the sash rattle as it receives the blast, and one to almost shiver by the fire-side. The streets of

mountain towns are deserted save by those who are compelled to brave the storm; all amusements are postponed until the "first fair day." Saloons are dispensing but little if any egg-nog. A few loafers sit about the merchant's store; he brooks them with an unwonted grace tonight, and there they sit and spin yarns, and talk about the storm, and wonder if any of their friends were caught in it; "most likely there be some out," they say, and while pitying them, they bless their stars that they are by the merchant's fire. And there are some out. Two men are doing their best to reach some place of shelter. Slow work they make of it, taking turns to go ahead and break the way. They have been out in all the storm: they dropped their blankets and provisions on the first day, retaining only their rifles. They have not dared to stop, for that they think would be to die, so they have urged their weary limbs ahead, ever hoping soon to find a shelter. Slowly and wearily are they plodding on when the foremost came to a halt, joyfully exclaiming, "Jo'l, here's a fence, my hand is on the top rail."

"Thank God," says the deep, hoarse voice of Joel Grum, "thank God! there is now some hope of shelter, if not a house, at least a barn—perhaps some hay."

With the Ashley family the past year has been one of but little pleasure; the widow Ashley has been weak and feeble, the children have only had such amusements as they were enabled to find among themselves, or in an occasional visit to or from a neighbor. The Agent has almost now become the Principal; he has left the store and has commenced to study law. A perfect pattern of a son and brother is he: every evening finds him in the home circle, and to-night he is there as usual, he and Sue are poring over a game of chess, Lucy sits upon a

stool at her mother's feet reading aloud, while the latter is either listening attentively or lost in meditation. They are occupying to-night, as has been their wont of late, the back sitting-room, where an old-fashioned fire-place throws out its genial warmth in a kind and homily way.

In one of those lulls which frequently occur during a storm, when Boreas has stopped to gather breath, and the snow falls so noiselessly that a perfect silence reigns, they were startled from their occupations by a heavy rapping upon the back door. "It is surely some one knocking," said Mrs. Ashley, "go, Albert, and see who it can be that comes in such a night as this."

The features and person may be easily disguised so as to lose all traces of former appearance, but the voice never; it may change, but there are notes and chords which He who tunes must touch, and to any one with whom they have been familiar, the sound will furnish a key to the entire tune.

When Albert returned, he was followed by two men, whose personal appearance defied all recognition, the mass of matted and tangled hair which covered their heads and faces left nothing to view except the nose, forehead, and eyes, the mouth and ears were lost; their wet buck-skin coats hung about them as a shirt is said to hang upon a pole; their hats, which they pulled off when entering, were paragons of poverty; two wretched looking men were they. They must have been guilty of some great crime, or were very dissident, or coming from the intense darkness without into the glare of a bright light affected their eyes, for they kept them fixed upon the carpet until the hearth was reached, and then the tallest of the two ventured to raise his head and survey the premises. Timidly his eyes wandered until they rested on the widow Ashley, and then with a shiver he drew his person to its utmost

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height, rather more than erect, and exclaimed, "So, we have met again!"

The widow Ashley recognized the tone in every word, and in turn she stared, but immediately recovering her composure, she calmly replied, "Yes, I have been expecting you."

A loud, wild laugh answered her; it sounded terribly in that quiet sitting-room, and he who laughed seized his comrade by the arm exclaiming, "Bob, did I ever tell you that I once had a wife and family?" and then that scornful, devilish laugh rang through the room again.

"Not as I remembers on, Jo'l," said the other.

"No," continued Joel Grum, with more of his natural voice, and with a tinge of sadness in it, "I never did. I once was proud to say it, but for years the thought has been killed with curses. Look! here they are, and there she is. I saw her last year; and, but that I fled, I would have killed her. Had I not have thought that I was mistaken when I saw her in the features of that little girl, I never would have brought her home. But thanks to the storm that brought us here, to-night I shall relieve my thoughts and mind of a burden which has weighed them down and almost made me mad. I feel better now for having spoken. I left her, Bob, and came to this State in early days. I worked as I never dreamed I could; I suffered more privations than was the usual lot of man, even in those days; I risked everything, even life itself, and all for her; I worked and suffered that I might return with a fortune to exceed even that of her father, who had cast her off for marrying me. I received no letters from her; I expected none, for I was in the mountains where no mails came, but I wrote to her and sent her money, and when three years had passed, with bags of gold I started home. I reached there, and went to the house where I had left her. Almost bursting

with the pent up joys of more than three years' anticipations, I rapped at the door. A stranger came and told me this; *she was divorced from her husband, and had gone away with another man.*" Had he have told me she was dead I could have wept; but his story aroused all the furies within me, I called him a liar, and with my clenched fist I knocked him down. He raised the cry of murder, and that night I passed in the cell of the city prison, my companions thieves, vagrants, and street walkers—it almost killed me, and the remembrance of it is but little better."

Joel Grum paused a moment and then continuing said, "I never could speak of these things before, the bare thought always made me furious. I went from the prison walls to learn from her own friends the details of her fickleness and crime. She sued for a divorce, and remaining long enough to learn that the court had decided in her favor, awarding her the children, she waited not for the papers, and scorning all future marriage rites, she, with her lover, left under cover of the night and fled to parts unknown. For more than a year I traveled, and having partially recovered from the shock of that fatal night, I came again to California, and went to my old camping ground to be asked by every friend I saw, "Where is your wife?" I sought a place where I was never known or heard of, and in speculations I lost my money. Broken hearted and in poverty I thought of what I was, of what I had been, and of what I might have been, and I cursed her as woman never before was cursed. I schooled my imagination to shape her in my thoughts as something hideous and revolting. I grew morose, crabbed, and cynical; people called me grum, and by the name of Joel Grum I yet am known. I have sometimes thought that she might be in this country, and I have feared to meet her, lest I should take vengeance; but that is now past, and I shall go from

her presence feeling happier than I have for years.—Come, Bob, the winds may be rough, and the snows wet and cold, still they may be merciful, and I would rather risk my life with them, than be sure of safety here; come, let us go.”

Mrs. Ashley, when Joel commenced his narrative, sank into an arm chair near by, and covering her face with her hands remained there almost motionless; an occasional sob being all that broke the silence, until he was about to leave, and then, rising, with not a particle of color in her face and holding with one hand to the chair for support, she imploringly stretched out the other saying, “Stay, Joel, hear me, do not go.” Her words were unheeded, the two men had thrown their weather-beaten hats upon their heads, when, with a power she hardly seemed capable of, she sprang before him exclaiming, “You *must* hear me! I feel a strength to which I have long been a stranger, and while it is on let me speak; in the presence of your friend and these children I make my confession. If you will not forgive me, I have but little time to live, and ask this favor: while I live let me keep the children, and when I die—take them, they are yours.” “If you must speak,” said Joel Ashley, as we now shall call him, “go on, but be short, for the evening is late, and we are tired, wet and hungry.”

“I will be very brief. First, I never received a letter from you, nor one cent of money; you left me almost in poverty promising to remit from your earnings; you knew that there was no one to whom I could apply for assistance. For two years and a half I battled against fearful odds; sickness, destitution and the continual entreaties of my parents to sue for a separation from you, and the promise of a maintenance and home the moment I should assent to their wishes, and threats to see me starve unless I did. I indignantly refused their offers and scorn-

ed their threats. I worked and suffered, heaven only knows how much. At length I could work no more; my strength was gone; I could not earn enough to pay the rent; the furniture, piece by piece I had sold, until not enough remained to longer call it such; my jewelry, with the exception of this ring, which you placed upon that finger long since, had gone; there was nothing in the house to eat, nothing to buy it with, and no credit; the children and myself were almost naked. All this time I had hoped and prayed for your return, or at least a letter, but none came. I was actually compelled to let my parents do as they wished in order to save the lives of these children. I was but a machine that answered questions, and wrote my name; how far the suit progressed I know not; I took no interest in it. With me it was only the means of prolonging life until your return, which I felt would come to pass some day, and I had mentally resolved that then I would tell you all, and be yours again. So far relates to the divorce; I must now speak of leaving home. Do you remember old parson Wright? he was very fond of you, and loved us both so well. He sympathized with me in all my troubles, but could do no more, for he was almost as poor as I, until his son came home from California, rich; he came to take his father and mother back there with him. Just before leaving San Francisco, he met some one who had known you in the mines, and often heard you speak of the children and of me. The parson and his son both came, and told me the joyful news, and said that if I still had faith in you, and courage to undertake the journey, I was welcome to a passage with them and they would provide for me here until you were found. I eagerly embraced their offer, for I knew it came from the heart, and I was sanguine of soon joining you. We were obliged to keep everything secret,



for, had my parents known of my intention, they surely would have stopped me. The old parson and his family started upon their journey; and when three days out James left them, returning with a carriage for me, and in the night with the children and a scanty wardrobe, I left, and no one knew it save ourselves; and with the Wrights I journeyed across the plains. Every endeavor was made to find you, but without success; we could not find a soul who ever knew you. I remained with my friends some months, and then disliking to be so dependant, and being in full health, strong and vigorous, I came here to the village, and obtaining permission to occupy a log cabin, I made my home there, and took in washing; and these arms over the wash tub and ironing board, assisted by the children, together with Albert's good fortune, bought this house with all its luxuries, and made us independent of the world. I never for a moment gave you up; the children have been taught to love, honor and respect the name of their father, but have been led to believe you dead, I thought it best in case you never came. Just one year ago to-night you came here, and when I saw you, first joy choked my utterance; and then you appeared so terrible that I was alarmed and fainted. When I recovered you had gone. I have not been well since, but I have always felt that you would come again, and prayed that I might live until then to tell you all."

"And so have I," said the tremulous voice of a new comer, as the door opened and shut behind an old gentleman of rather small stature, whose form was enveloped in the ample folds of a cloak, and who carried in his hand a dilapidated beaver.—"So have I," he repeated; "and Joel Ashley, give me your hand, let me welcome you to your family and home; you have been long sought for, and eventually the mysterious hand of Provi-

dence has led you to us. I have been a listener, and have heard both stories. Maria, this eve I received a letter in answer to the one I wrote, and with it a package containing six letters directed to you from California; they have all been opened, and my letter says each contains a draft. Your father is dead. He died in full repentance of his sins, and confessing his wrongs to you, commanding that those letters, which through the agency of some one connected with the Post Office he had intercepted, should be sent to you whenever your whereabouts was ascertained; he died deeply regretting his course, and mourning that you were not by to hear his confession, and that he might learn his forgiveness from your own lips. Altho' years of your life have been embittered by his actions, yet he was your father; and let us hope that in his last moments he received full atonement and forgiveness from Him to whose presence his spirit was ushered. Here are the letters.—Joel Ashley, are you satisfied?" The brawny arms of Joel opened, and when they closed embraced the form of a deeply injured but true and loving wife.

Mr. Gruffum had been bewildered in amazement, yet fully sympathizing with his friend, he felt it his duty to embrace somebody, and with that view, advanced a step or two toward Susan; then suddenly changing his mind, he turned, and throwing his arms around the old parson, hugged that gentleman so affectionately that he cried with very pain. Need we say that the children were greeted; that Robert Gruffum was introduced as a tried and valued friend; or, that Joel and Marian Ashley joined hands, and the old parson said: "By the grace of God and the authority in me vested, I again pronounce you man and wife," and that, kneeling, he sent up to heaven a prayer full of eloquence and sincerity. Need we say that the logs blazed high and late

that night, or that the little party who sat about the hearth were happy. Need we speak of the storm's clearing up, of a dinner party next day, or of stockings which the following night loaded to the tops? No, no need. We will only say that the old parson was among the happiest, and in answer to Joel's inquiry of how he came to venture out on such a night, he said:

"I couldn't help it; for, as I sat dozing before the fire after supper, there was something kept saying, 'go to Prospect Place;' I couldn't keep it off my mind, so I told the old lady 'I would go;' she tried to laugh me out of the notion, but I said 'I will go,' and then she said I would certainly perish on the way, but I said 'I shall go;' and, when I was preparing, the expressman brought the

package, and I said 'now I *must* go;' and trusting to the will of God and the sagacity of old Dobbin, I came safely here, and into where I saw the light, when I heard a *terrible* laugh, and I knew I did right in coming. So I came in over the porch to the hall, and then I stopped and soon knew for what I was sent here. And, by the way, Albert, old Dobbin is out there yet, in all the storm; I declare, it is too bad."

We have no more to say, excepting that the old claim was worked; and if Joel Grum's vision was false as regards the diamonds and pearls, the *nuggets* were surely there; and Ashley and Gruffum are now distinguished for their wealth and philanthropy. Robert Gruffum has a home at Prospect Place, and Joel Ashley no more is *Grum*.

## HISTORICAL OF CALIFORNIA.

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

[Concluded from page 314.]

**I**N extenuation, however, it may be said that Anglo Americans had long been viewed with uneasiness in this quarter. It was prophesied, as early as 1805, that they would become troublesome to California. So wrote a Governor in an official letter now in the archives.

In a recent number of a magazine (*Harper's* for June, 1860), Sylvester Pattie, his son and six others, are said to have been the first who accomplished the journey overland from the United States to California. The dates mentioned in that account show that they could not have reached Lower California, where they first arrived, sooner than 1829 or 1830, as it is said they left the Missouri river in 1824 and remained more than five years in New Mexico. The Patties

therefore cannot dispute this honor with Jedediah Smith.

After the adoption of the Federal Constitution of 1824, by which was established The Mexican United States, the Governor of California was called the Political Chief of the Territory, and was aided by a council known as the Territorial Deputation. The Government of the Territory continued subject to the Sovereign Congress at the city of Mexico, as formerly that of the province had been to the Viceroy. Thus much will be a sufficient introduction for the next paper. It is to be regretted that it was not known to the gentlemen who designed the coat of arms adopted for this State.

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tion was made to change the name of the Territory to *Moctesuma*, the arms of the same to be an Indian with his bow and quiver, in the act of crossing a strait, placed in an oval, with an olive and live oak on either side; the same being symbolical of the arrival of the first inhabitant to America, which, according to the generally received opinion, was by way of the Straits of Anian."

The Russians and the American trappers, estrays dropping in from the mountains, seemed to have taught the Californians the value of furs. The Government of the Territory very naturally made this new business a source of revenue. They sold licenses to trap. To obtain this privilege was rather a formal matter.

Internal disturbances seem to have commenced in California about the year 1830. The liberal Spanish Cortez of 1813, in carrying out the Constitution which they adopted for the Spanish monarchy the year before, decreed the secularization of all the Missions in the Spanish dominions.

The decrees of the Cortez, not incompatible with the republican form of Government, continued after the establishment of her independence to be the laws of Mexico, but very few, if any of them, had been put into operation in California. With the rest, that of *secularization* remained a dead letter. Echandia, the Political Chief, (as the Governor was then entitled,) in 1830, very hurriedly, and without consulting the Supreme Government, published, as the custom of the Government was, a set of regulations for carrying this old law into effect. At that moment he was superseded by Victoria, who suppressed the regulations, and put a peremptory stop to the secularization of the Missions. Victoria's conduct was approved by the Supreme Government, but there was a party here warmly in favor of the secularization, and disturbances which were considered seri-

ous and threatening ensued, although I do not know that they resulted in bloodshed. The chief promoter of the scheme was sent out of the country by Victoria; and thus, I think, civil strife commenced in California.

In the secularization of the Missions, Figueroa advanced so far as to put administrators in possession in place of the Fathers, at which stage his proceedings were arrested by a decree of the Mexican President. Ruin was inevitable; it was as rapid as spoliation could make it, and it was soon complete. Governor after Governor adopted regulations upon regulations, to secure a faithful administration of the property of the Missions, *i. e.*, of the Christian Indians, who inhabited them, and by whose labor all had been built and accumulated. It was to no purpose; and of as little avail was the partial restoration of the Missions to the charge of the Fathers, by Micheltoarena in 1843. The Indian was by nature a very little above the brute; the Fathers were not able to elevate him in spite of nature; the administrators stripped him without compunction; and when the United States conquered the country, he was already exterminated, his destruction complete in ten years. When emancipation began, Figueroa says there were twenty thousand Christian Indians in the Missions of California.

Colonization was another idea introduced by the Spanish Cortez in 1813. It was embodied in the Mexican Law of Colonization, of 1824. The scheme was to reduce all the public lands of the State to private property. The Spanish rule before 1813, had been to make such grants the exception, and to retain all lands generally speaking, as the domain of the King. Other Mexican Governors may have made informal grants of which nothing appears, but Figueroa was the first to inaugurate the system of which we find the records in the Archives. He

established a course of proceeding in exact accordance with the law and the regulations, and adhered to it strictly, and executed it conscientiously and with great intelligence. From the lands subject to be granted are excepted such as belong to Pueblos and Missions. Of Pueblos, *i. e.*, villages, there were but two, San José and Los Angeles, or three including the unprosperous Villa de Branciforto. Whatever lands these owned were, at their foundation, surveyed, marked out, and set apart to them, and then recorded. The same course was followed with such of the Presidios as were converted into Pueblos, as at Monterey, and would have been pursued with the Missions when converted into Pueblos, if that change had not been arrested. In these cases there could have been no uncertainty as to what lands the Governor could grant. That no injustice might be done them, every petition was referred to the Priests, and afterwards to the Administrators of the Missions. They were asked whether the grant could be made without prejudice to the Indians. As they replied so were the grants given or withheld. So it was at least in Figueroa's day, and that, no matter how far the land petitioned for was from the nearest Mission. Other Governors were neither so exact nor so conscientious as Figueroa. And as in the hands of the Administrators to whom they were delivered over, the Missions went rapidly down to complete ruin, it is evident that the lands required for the Indians would become continually less—such would be, and was, the answer of their new guardians to the inquiries of the Governor—and finally all was granted, and in some cases, it is alleged, even the Missions themselves. Their cattle, without the aid of a grant from the Governor, took the same course. It is not too much to say, that when the United States in 1846 took possession of the

country, they found it passing through a conquest still raw and incomplete. It was the conquest of the Missions and the Christian Indians, by the settlers of the Presidios and the Pueblos, who at first had been introduced into the country mainly for their benefit; to aid the King and the Church in carrying out their pious and humane intentions towards them. Yet it was well that it was so. Who that looks upon the native Digger Indian, could wish that a superior race should be sacrificed or postponed for his benefit? We contemplate a miserable result of the work begun with so much zeal and heroism in 1769. But because they failed, we none the less respect the motives and the laborers, whether of Church or State.

The unworthiness of the Californian Indian did not altogether deprive him of sympathy. Every government expressed some feeling at seeing him hasten so rapidly to his wretched end; and the just and kind-hearted Figueroa battled for him manfully. In the midst of the complex labors of his administration, he was almost crushed by the arrival of three hundred persons, for whom he had to make provision without resources, and who came under the charge of a Director of Colonization, instructed by the Supreme Government, at that time radically democratic, to begin operations by taking possession of the property of the Missions, and admit the new colonists to a division of it with the Indians. During the winter of 1834-5, Figueroa and the Director carried on an animated discussion, in writing, on the last of these propositions. Figueroa maintained that the Missions were the private property of the Indians, and protected from invasion, by the Constitution. The Director insisted upon the letter of the order of the Supreme Government. Figueroa said it was improvident, and refused to obey it until he could make a representation to the Supreme Government on the subject. The

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end was, that some of the partizans of the Director attempted an insurrection at Los Angeles, in the spring of 1835, which was easily suppressed, but furnished Figueroa the opportunity to send the Director and the heads of his faction back to Mexico. Of these, the principal was the same man who had been sent out of California by Victoria, for the same cause, a desire to have part in the secularization of the Missions. The colony, however, remained; and, though numbering but three hundred, was a great addition to the population of California in those days. Among them we find the names of several persons who afterwards became conspicuous in the country: amongst them, Jose Abrego, Jose Ma. Covarrubias, Augustin Olvera, and Francisco Guerrero.

Figueroa died at Monterey on the 29th of September, 1835; his death being probably hastened by the effect of the anxiety and vexation of this controversy upon a constitution already broken. At that time his manifesto to the Mexican Republic, in which he gives a clear and forcible statement of the whole affair, and an able vindication of his conduct, was going through the press at Monterey. His death seems to have been very greatly deplored at that time, and he is still recognized as the ablest and most upright of the Mexican Governors. His work of the political organization of California lasted but a little while; it fell with the overthrow of the Federal Constitution of 1824, by Santa Anna, in 1836. California then became a Department; Political Chief was changed into Governor, and Territorial Deputation into Departmental Assembly.

These changes, however, were not fully completed in California until 1839. The Department of the Californias was then divided into three districts; the first extending from the frontier of Sonoma to San Luis Obispo, its principal point or seat of administration being the old Mis-

sion of San Juan, on the Pujaro river; the second district included the rest of Upper California, the seat of its administration being the city of Los Angeles, which had been promoted to that rank from the original condition of a pueblo, in the year 1835; and the third comprised Lower California, which, after a separation, was now re-united with Upper California. These districts were divided each into two Partidos, of which, consequently, there were four in Upper California. Ayuntamientos were abolished, and a Justice of the Peace substituted in each Partido. For the whole district there was a prefect, who resided at the seat of the administration of one of the partidos, and a sub-Prefect, who resided at that or the other Partido. In 1843, Micheltorena, acting under extraordinary powers, made some changes in this system; but it was substantially restored by Pio Pico, in 1845, when again Lower California was thrown off.

With Figueroa everything like stability, and indeed order, passed away. The next year after Figueroa's death, the Californians drove away the Governor; and Don Juan B. Alvarado, being at that time President of the Territorial Deputation, was declared Governor. After this was done, the Deputation went one step further, and on the seventh of November, 1836, passed these resolutions:

1. "California is declared independent of Mexico until the re-establishment of the Constitution of 1824."

2. "California is erected into a free and sovereign State, establishing a Congress," &c., &c.

Public documents for a while were headed "Free and Sovereign State of California." This anomalous state of things lasted until 1838. The demands of the Free and Sovereign State were not complied with; nor, on the other hand, was the Central Government disposed, or perhaps able, to push the controversy to

extremes. In 1838, Alvarado was appointed Governor ad interim; and Constitutional Governor in 1839, when we have seen that the innovations of Santa Anna took effect. Whilst California was in rebellion, the President of Mexico commissioned Carlos Antonio Carrillo as Governor. Alvarado refused to recognize him, and accepted the aid of a party of Americans, who, since the time of Jedediah Smith, seem to have found their way into the country. Alvarado prevailed over Carrillo; and his appointment as Governor ad interim compromised the difficulties of those times. Here is a document relating to this contest, which will serve to illustrate California warfare. It is the report of Gen. Jose Castro to Governor Alvarado, dated the 28th of March, 1838:

"I have the honor to announce to your Excellency, that after *two days* continual firing without having lost *but one man*, the enemy took to flight under cover of night, numbering one hundred and ten men; and I have determined to dispatch one company of mounted infantry, under the command of Captain Villa, and another of cavalry lancers, under the command of Captain Cota, in their pursuit; remaining myself, with the rest of the division, and the artillery, to guard this point," &c., &c.

It now appears that the Americans who sided with Alvarado had fallen under suspicion and into disfavor at about the time that their chief made up his differences with the Central Government, and received his commission as Governor ad interim. They were all arrested, some fifteen or twenty, perhaps, and sent to Mexico. Amongst them was Mr. Isaac Graham, of Santa Cruz. When the vessel reached San Blas, the Mexican authorities took a different view of the matter. They put General Castro in prison, and Graham and his companions in the best hotel in the place, (he says a palace,) and entertained them handsomely until they could send them back to California,

which they did at the expense of the Government.

In 1839, Capt. John A. Sutter, a man who had seen many vicissitudes and adventures in Europe and the wilds of America, arrived in California from the Sandwich Islands. By permission of Governor Alvarado, he established himself in the valley of the Sacramento, then the extreme northern frontier. He engaged to protect the Mexican settlements extending in that direction under the Colonization Law, (the only vital thing left of Mexican rule for many years,) from the incursions of the Indians, and he kept his word.

In 1841 he obtained a grant of land himself, and built a fort, which soon became the refuge and rallying point for Americans and Europeans coming into the country. Over all these, Sutter, by virtue of an appointment as justice of the peace, exercised whatever government there was beyond the law of the rifle. Practically, his powers were as indefinite as the territorial limits of his jurisdiction. Amongst those who early gathered around Sutter, we find the names of John Bidwell, who came in 1841, and Pearson B. Reading and Samuel J. Hensley, who came in 1843, and many others, well known at the present day.

The Pioneers of that day all bear testimony to the generosity of Captain Sutter, at a time when his fort was the capital, and he the government, for the American colony in the valley of the Sacramento. In 1844, the numbers of this population had come to be so considerable as to be a power in the State. In the revolution which then occurred, Sutter took the side of Governor Micheltorena. But before he marched, he took the reasonable precaution, so obviously required by justice to his men, to obtain from Micheltorena a grant of the land for which they had respectively petitioned. Micheltorena then issued the document known as the

General Title. (In the original document, that every Sutter, in his capacity as peace, had reported taken as granted; a document, given to serve in lieu of the This done, he was unfortunate, over, and Micheltorena country. This is wars of California.

In the spring of in the North, and in the South, we each other, and conflicts, when the Fremont with his of old mountain indomitable Pio Valley, and the their dissension prepared the way driving Fremont ty out of the M months before. ramonto never Fremont; and founded, began of hostile to can settlers. ticipations of a of this movement a doubt that approved, by United States. mont obeyed own feelings.

Fremont was of the Bay of American flag on the eve of July, 1846.

Before the United States far as that tive, upon the retention of

General Title. In this document he declares, that every petition upon which Sutter, in his capacity of Justice of the Peace, had reported favorably, should be taken as granted; and that a copy of this document, given to each petitioner, should serve in lieu of the usual formal grant. This done, he marched to the south, but was unfortunate, for he was taken prisoner, and Micheltorena expelled from the country. This is the last of the civil wars of California.

In the spring of 1846, General Castro in the North, and Pio Pico, the Governor in the South, were waxing hot against each other, and preparing for new conflicts, when the apparition of Captain Fremont with his small surveying party of old mountaineers, and the hardy and indomitable Pioneers of the Sacramento Valley, and the Bear flag, put an end to their dissensions. Castro had himself prepared the way for this aggression, by driving Fremont and his surveying party out of the Mexican settlements, a few months before. The colony on the Sacramento necessarily sympathized with Fremont; and rumors, more or less well founded, began to run through the valley of hostile intentions towards all American settlers. But resentment, and anticipations of evil, were not the sole cause of this movement. There can not now be a doubt that it was prompted, as it was approved, by the Government of the United States; and that Captain Fremont obeyed his orders no less than his own feelings.

Fremont was still on the northern side of the Bay of San Francisco when the American flag was hoisted at Monterey, on the ever-memorable seventh day of July, 1846.

Before the war, the Government of the United States had fully determined, so far as that matter rested with the executive, upon the conquest and permanent retention of California, as soon as the

outbreak of war should offer the opportunity. Orders, in anticipation of war, were issued to that effect, and it was under these orders that California was actually taken. The danger of that day was, that England would step in before us. Her ships were watching our ships on the coast of Mexico. The British pretext, it is said, was to have been to secure an equivalent for the Mexican debt due to British subjects; and it is understood that there was a party here who favored this design.

Because Commodore Sloat did not rush to the execution of the orders issued in anticipation of war, on the very first report of a collision between the United States and Mexico, the anxious Secretary of the Navy, dreading to lose the prize, hotly censured him in a letter which reached him after the event had broken the sting of its reproaches, and served only to assure him how well he had fulfilled the wishes of his Government. The flag of the United States was no sooner flying, than the Collingwood entered the bay of Monterey. There had been a race between the Collingwood and the Savannah. What a moment was that for us, and for the world! What if the Collingwood had been the swifter sailer, and Sloat had found the English flag flying on the shore! What if we had been born on another planet! The cast was for England or the United States, and when the die turned for us, the interest was at an end.

As a feat of arms, the conquest of California was nothing for a power like ours. Even more feeble, and as much distracted as the rest of Mexico, and with but a nominal dependence upon the central Government, but a very little force was sufficient to detach California forever from all her Spanish-American connections. Whatever of military credit there was, is due to the Pioneers who, under the Bear flag, had, before they heard of

the beginning of the war, with an admirable instinct for their own rights, and the interests of their country, rebelled against any further Mexican misrule, or a sale to the British. The loyalty of their sentiments was beautifully illustrated by the alacrity with which they relinquished the complete independence which appeared to be within their grasp, and turned over their conquests, and the further service of their rifles, to the country which they remembered with so much affection, and a government from which they would suffer themselves to look for nothing but wisdom and strength, and a tender consideration for the rights and interests of the Pioneer.

For three years and a half, when there was no war, and for nearly two years after there was a declared peace, California was governed, and for a great part of the time heavily taxed, by the executive branch of the government of the United States, acting through military officers. This I note as an anomaly in the experience of the citizens of this Republic.

California, separated from Mexico, a new people began to come in, from the United States and Europe. But California was remote, and yet but little understood. Mr. Webster himself spoke of her as almost worthless, except for the Bay of San Francisco, and as though the soil was as barren and thorny as the rocks of Lower California. Emigrants came, but not many—amongst the most remarkable arrivals being the ship Brooklyn, freighted with Mormons. The soldiers themselves were nothing more than armed colonists. And everything was peaceful and dull, until suddenly, when no man expected, there came a change of transcendent magnitude.

Gold was discovered at Coloma. This was an event that stirred the heart of the whole world. The motives which

pervade and most control the lives of men were touched. All the impulses that spring from necessity and hope were quickened; and a movement was visible among mankind. To get to California, some crossed over from Buenos Ayres to Valparaiso, scaling the Andes. The Isthmus of Darien became a common thoroughfare. Peaceful invaders entered Mexico at every point, and on every route startled the drowsy multerer as they passed over to the Pacific where the coast was nearest, or pushed on directly for California. Constant caravans issued from our own borders, traversed every intervening prairie, and explored every pass and gap of opposing mountains. As the long train descended to the valley, perhaps the foremost wagon is driven by an old man, who when he was a boy moved out in this way from Virginia to Kentucky; and passing still from one new State to another, now when he is grown gray, halts his team at last upon the shores of the Pacific. Ships sailed from every port on the globe. The man at the wheel, in every sea, steered by the star that led to San Francisco. So came the emigrants of 1849. The occupation of California was now complete, and she became a part of the world.

The sighs, the prayers, the toiling and watching of our o'er-wearied countrymen on these long painful journeys, are still demanding a railroad to the Pacific.

Eleven years are passed, and have they no voice? We looked out upon a wide expanse—unfenced, untilled—and though nature was lovely, our hearts sunk within us. Neither the priest nor the rancho had prepared this country for our habitation. We asked who shall subdue all this to our uses? We look again; and now, upon a landscape chequered with smiling farms and dotted cities and towns, busy and humming like the hive. What magic is it that has wrought this change? On every hand

with one answer. Labor years, here ions and his and vanity. but the gre And Labor, However sil seen, or on which has o rules us at eyes this we edge we kno it is old.

California white man mighty are the sympa We see in ward in when our tle ones, and with by nations from the seek new kingdoms Roman E other ins upon the the Sepul

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with one acclaim, comes back the answer. Labor, it is Labor. Of our eleven years, here is the lesson. Man's opinions and his passions were but insolence and vanity. Boasting and praise made but the greatness of the passing day. And Labor, only Labor, has survived. However silent, however humble and unseen, or on what bestowed, it is Labor which has created California, and which rules us at this hour. With our own eyes this we have seen, and of our knowledge we know the lesson to be as true as it is old.

California in full possession of the white man, and embraced within the mighty area of his civilization! We feel the sympathies of our race attract us. We see in our great movement hitherward in 1849 a likeness to the times when our ancestors, their wives and little ones, and all their stuff in wagons, and with attendant herds, poured forth by nations and in never-ending columns from the German forests, and went to seek new pastures and to found new kingdoms in the ruined provinces of the Roman Empire: or when swayed by another inspiration they cast their masses upon the Saracens, and sought to rescue the Sepulchre of Christ from the infidels.

We recognize that we are but the foremost rank of that multitude which for centuries has held its unwavering course out of Europe upon America, in numbers still increasing; a vast, unsummoned host, self-marshaled, leaderless, and innumerable, moving onward and onward forever, to possess and people another continent. Separated but in space—divided but by the accidents of manners, of language, and of laws—from Scandinavia to California, one blood and one people. Man of our race has crowned the earth with its glory! Knowledge is but the conservation of his thoughts, art but the embodiment of his conceptions, letters the record of his deeds. And still

in the series of his works you have founded a state. May it be great and powerful whilst the ocean shall thunder against these shores. You have planted a people; may they be prosperous and happy whilst summers shall return to bless these fields with plenty. And may the name of the Pioneer be spoken in California forever.

Since the foregoing address was delivered, the following letter has been received by Mr. Randolph from Mr. Sprague, a gentleman well known in this city, and interesting as showing the discovery of gold in California *thirty-five* years ago:

EDMUND RANDOLPH, Esq.,  
San Francisco.  
GENOA, Carson Valley, }  
Sept. 18, 1860.

Friend Randolph:—I have just been reading your address before the Society of Pioneers. I have known of the J. S. Smith you mention, by reputation, for many years. He was the first white man that ever went Overland from the Atlantic States to California. He was a Chief Trader in the employ of the American Fur Company. At the rendezvous of the Company on Green river, near the South Pass, in 1825, Smith was directed to take charge of a party of some forty men, (trappers) and penetrate the country west of Salt Lake. He discovered what is now called Humboldt River. He called it Mary's river, from his Indian wife Mary. It has always been known as Mary's river by mountain men since—a name which it should retain, for many reasons.

Smith pushed on down Mary's river, and being of an adventurous nature, when he found his road closed by high mountains, determined to see what kind of country there was on the other side. It is not known exactly where he crossed the Sierra Nevada, but it is supposed that it must have been not far from where the old emigrant road crossed near the head of the Truckee. He made his way southerly after entering the Valley of Sacramento, passed through San Jose and down as low as San Diego. After recruiting his party and purchasing a

large number of horses, he crossed the mountains near what is known as Walker's pass, skirted the eastern slope of the mountains till near what is now known as Mono Lake, when he steered an east-by-north course for Salt Lake. On this portion of his route he found placer gold in quantities, and brought much of it with him to the encampment on Green river.

The gold he brought with him, together with his description of the country he had passed through, and the large amount of furs, pleased the agent of the American Fur Company so well, that he directed Smith again to make the same trip, with special instructions to take the gold fields on his return, and thoroughly prospect them. It was on this trip that he wrote the letter to Father Duran. The trip was successful, until they arrived in the vicinity of the gold mines, east of the mountains, when in a battle with the Indians, Smith and nearly all his men were killed. A few of the party escaped, and reached the encampment on Green River. This defeat damped the ardor of the company so much, that they never looked any more for the gold mines.

There are one or more men now living who can testify to the truth of the above statement, and who can give a fuller statement of the detail of his two journeys than I can.

The man Smith was a man of far more than average ability, and had a better education than falls to the lot of mountain men. Few or none of them were his equals in any respect.

THOMAS SPRAGUE.

#### THE BOTTLE AT SEA.

[From the French of Leon Gozlan.]

BY D.

[Concluded from page 327.]

I arrived upon the quay, and searched for my brig. Gone! It was no longer there—I still looked, and finally perceived it! It had passed down the river, and its sails were already unfurled along its masts. My story had fallen into the water from whence it came. In the summer twenty little trout-nosed oar-boats would have been ready to take me on board the Chamois; but it was winter,

and they were rolling in the docks, or buried in the sand. What was to be done? Nothing! All was said; the brig was gone—was vanishing. But what had happened? The Chamois was lying to—a boat was lowered and approached Antwerp, and I recognized among those who were in it, my gigantic captain! Yes! Yes! It was him! Antony awaiting Cleopatra upon the borders of the Cydnus, was not more impatient. Finally my ivory vessel, with its purple sails, touched the quay.

"Captain," said I to the captain of the Chamois, as I tendered my hand to aid him in disembarking, "captain, has any accident happened to you?"

"A serious accident; our hydrographer has forgotten to send our marine instruments on board, so that we would presently have found ourselves in the open sea without compass or quadrant."

"Ah, yes, that is serious."

This phrase, insignificant in my mouth, I repeated to satiety, while waiting for an opportunity to enter upon a subject far more interesting to me. I walked beside the captain as he went toward the house of his hydrographer.

"To be without marine instruments is, without doubt, very unfortunate; but to be lost on a long voyage, on a voyage, for example, like that which you made in other days to India, would be a much more serious misfortune."

"To India!" said the captain, "to India!"

"Yes, captain, I said to India."

"But I never went to India."

"Is not Batavia in India?"

"Yes; but what does that prove?"

"If you have been in Batavia, must you not have been in India!"

"But who told you that I had been at Batavia?"

"You, captain."

"I? come now!" and the captain of the Chamois looked at me with a curiosity

which might have

"Permit me, because the liberty

"Speak," replied

is it you wish to

"You, certainly

ing at the Golden

"Yes."

"And you recall

friends an episode

Indies—"

"The Indies, there, then? "

"Ah, well, but

the Indies; but

found, one night

bottle?—"

"I?"

"In which volume

handwriting?—"

"I! I!"

"This woman, Floress. You know

who played up to

of your captain

night. See, I am

am I insane?"

"You are not

dreamed," replied

Chamois, pronounced

interest that I

away from her

almost reached

grapher. "Is this

recital?"

"It was not

who recounted

"It was the

the Indian girl

"A man with golden moustache

which might have been less benevolent.

"Permit me, captain," I said, and excuse the liberty of my questions"—

"Speak," replied the captain, "what is it you wish to know?"

"You, certainly, were yesterday evening at the Golden Lion?"

"Yes."

"And you recounted to several of your friends an episode of your voyages to the Indies—"

"The Indies again! have you returned there, then? But I swear to you—"

"Ah, well be it so! you never went to the Indies; but it was surely you who found, one night, in the open sea, a sealed bottle?"

"I?"

"In which was a paper, in a woman's handwriting?"

"I! I!"

"This woman called herself Margaret Floreff. You have a friend, an atheist, who played upon the flute, and the child of your captain was baptized upon that night. See, have I dreamed all this? am I insane?"

"You are not insane, and you have not dreamed," replied the captain of the Chamois, profoundly astonished at the interest that I showed in a thing so far away from hydrography, when we had almost reached the shop of the hydrographer. "It was not me who gave you this recital?"

"It was not you?"

"I affirm it to you upon my honor; and the proof is that it would be impossible for me to add a single word to the anecdote so brutally interrupted, last night, by the sudden extinction of the gas."

"It was not you! who, then, was it who recounted it?"

"It was a Dutch captain, formerly of the Indian garrison at Batavia."

"A man with blonde complexion, long, golden moustaches and blue eyes?"

"Precisely."

"Oh, deception! I just now encountered him yonder beneath that gate, while I was hurrying to the hospital in search of you."

"It is a very fine hospital,—"

"Ah! Monsieur, never mind the hospital, we will speak of that another time—it was him!"

"It was him," repeated the captain in a slightly mocking tone.

"Yes, I comprehend, now," I continued, "the same cloud of smoke enveloped you and him, and all the others at the table where you supped last evening. You are a captain; some one called him captain since he is a captain, also; I supposed he was a sea captain, and have placed to your account the history of the bottle and of Marguerite Floreff—fatal confusion!"

"Oh, there is no harm done," murmured the captain, "no harm. But I have arrived at the house of my hydrographer; my boatmen are waiting; my vessel is lying to—if you have any commissions for Bordeaux—"

"A word more, captain—"

"Be brief, if you please."

"Do you know this Dutch captain?"

"No; but one of my friends, a silk merchant, whose house is upon the *Place Verte*, knows him without doubt, as he presented him to us, and invited him to dine with us."

"The name of this silk merchant, if you please, captain—his name?"

"Here is his name and address," said the captain, giving me a card; then, after pressing my hand, he entered the house of his hydrographer.

I hastened to the silk merchant's. Here the introduction was less difficult. I presented myself to purchase a cravat. Fifteen hundred were shown me.

"Do I speak to the head of the firm?"

"Yes, Monsieur. All silk, and what silk! See, Monsieur!"

"You dined, last night, at the Golden Lion?"

"Yes, Monsieur—Lyons fashions, very superior!"

"You have a friend, a Dutchman, who dined with you?"

"Yes, his father was a friend of mine; he is a Van Ostal—a silk merchant, also."

"I will take six cravats!—Tell me of the son."

"Well, he is called Van Ostal, like his father."

"Does he live here at Antwerp?"

"He lives at Rotterdam, and has just gone to embark upon the steamboat which leaves each morning for that place."

Gone! My shudder was prophetic. Rotterdam!—I was desperate—Rotterdam!

"Will you take these six cravats?"

"I will take a dozen—but tell me"—

"We keep also English flannels, Monsieur; do you wish to look at our flannels?"

"Without doubt you listened last night with the same interest that I did to the recital of M. Van Ostal?"

"What recital?"

"The bottle opened by him at sea, upon the equinoctial line;—the letter enclosed in the bottle—that lady, Margaret Florell, who died so sadly in a shipwreck—you surely know—"

"Pardon, monsieur, but we do not keep the article," said the silk merchant of the Place Verte; "but if you wish to see our flannels?"

Flannels again!—and the statue of Rubens is upon the Place Verte!

I had expended a hundred francs for cravats, but I knew that my brave Dutch officer was named Van Ostal, and that he was at Rotterdam.

The next morning, at half past seven o'clock, I embarked upon the Prince of Orange, a superb steamer which plies between Antwerp and Rotterdam.

## CHAPTER III.

I HAD no sooner pronounced the name of Van Ostal, when I had arrived at Rotterdam, than twenty persons designated his house, situated at the angle of two canals and in the midst of one of those gardens, such as the Hollanders alone, those brave and honest people, know how to plant. Unfortunately, it was autumn—almost winter in Holland—and I had not the pleasure, in traversing these grounds, to salute their master, or of seeing them arrayed in all their vegetable glory. M. Van Ostal, when I entered his salon, was indicating the degree of warmth he wished to have given to the delightful conservatory of which this salon was the central pavilion. To the right and left along two great galleries sheltered by glass, and upon which climbed vines of red and white roses, I discovered palm trees, jacquires, of which the fruit is so heavy that it requires three men to carry it, banians, Maldivian cocoa trees, mango trees, cassia trees, and the finest Polynesian shrubs, a marvelous bazaar in which flowers bloomed, as large as umbrellas, where crept and dangled serpentine plants that seemed endowed with animal life; all unfolding their leaves without seeming to be aware of having been transplanted from the most burning climate in the world, to bloom beneath the most humid sky in Europe.

M. Van Ostal, with the natural frankness of his noble nation, and with its characteristic cordiality, hastened towards me as soon as I appeared, and inquired after my well-being.

"If," said he, "I had known your intention to visit Holland, I would not have failed to have offered to you the hospitality which you have yourself sought."

I very quickly reduced these terms of hospitality to a more modest value by informing him that I had come not upon

a simple visit of

ested politeness.  
"Will you  
also," said he  
seat myself at  
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a simple visit of politeness, but of interested politeness.

"Will you permit it to be one for me also," said he making a sign to me to seat myself at a table woven of shreds of bamboo and filaments of the cocoa tree, a vegetable Mosaic transported from New Holland; "breakfast with me and my family."

I accepted the invitation, and M. Van Ostal, as if to seal it, poured out for me, in a long glass, a colonial liqueur, that gleamed through its sides like drops of molten gold, which it is, perhaps, the general usage to drink before breakfast in the houses of his affectionate compatriots. As I never consult my tastes when traveling, I allowed him to fill my glass to the brim; neither did I inquire the name, more or less singular, of the island, peninsula, or continent from whence came the gigantic black cigars that he presented to me. I limited myself to reflecting, like Don Cæsar de Bazan: "*This cannot be the tobacco of a dishonest man.*"

"I am at your service," said M. Van Ostal to me, when our cigars were lighted.

After having arranged all my preparatory phrases in lines of battle, after having weighed all the incidents, I leaped at a single bound over phrases, incidents and transitions. "You remained alone upon the deck," said I, "and, when you had no other witness than space and silence, you pressed the paper to your lips, murmuring, 'Marguerite Floreff!'"

"Yes, monsieur," responded M. Van Ostal, as if he had waited in Holland, and in his house in Rotterdam to hear this question asked. "Until the hour when I was left alone upon the deck of the Galathee, no notable accident had occurred to disturb the calmness of the night. The prow cut through the hissing water like scissors of steel through satin. I prolonged the pleasure of my ecstasy, by forcing myself

to imagine the features, the age, and the character of this graceful and charming Marguerite Floreff. I willed that she should be charming, graceful. She was known to me. From that time I loved her. What course remained to be taken? None. Afterward, by the light of the lantern suspended along the side, I examined the writing of the billet. A hand young and delicate could alone have traced these lines, these elegant characters, half formed, fine as threads of silk. This writing, I said to myself, still clinging to my chimera, is not of the last century, it is of my own time, of yesterday; and this paper, manufactured in Europe, is too soft beneath my fingers to prove to the contrary. She was a daughter of England or of France, who placed her hand there. I remounted immediately upon my ray of poesie, and traversed anew the sweet sabbath of imagination.

"Marguerite! O! Marguerite! if you are not dead, how I love you!" And I bent over the ship's side, searching to discover beneath the waters silvered by the moonlight, the corpse of Marguerite Floreff.

"It was in looking thus into the sea, that I saw it suddenly swell, as if a volcano was making an effort to rise and rush toward the sky. The heavens before long were in an unheard of state of agitation. The moon was veiled, or rather marked by a black spot such as is seen in eclipses. After having yielded a brief and bloody light, the stars paled and disappeared.

"The waters became black, and the sky ashen gray; the slackened sails beat the masts; the wind had fallen so quickly that it seemed suddenly to have missed us. The heat of the air almost stifled me. A Malay seaman who passed rapidly near me in going to the captain's cabin, said to me, or rather to himself, 'Terrible! terrible! it is the monsoon!'

"A seaman had scarcely passed, when a

whirlwind, as of a dozen winds together, assailed the Galathea. Everybody came upon deck. The first blast of the tempest carried away half of our hoisted sails, the other half no human effort could reef. Ten men of the crew disappeared and were seen no more; no one ever heard their cries. The remaining sailors grasped the ropes, that were breaking one after another like the strings of a violin, and, with their eyes fixed upon the captain, waited his orders.

"Cut the foremast!" cried the captain; "quick; the saw, and the hatchet; cut! cut!"

"If you are a mariner, I need not tell you that these heroic means are employed only in desperate cases, and particularly when a vessel finds itself as did ours, half engulfed in the waves.

"This brave act was useless; the vessel did not right itself.

"To the pumps!" commanded the captain, "to the pumps! and cut the mainmast!"

"The pumps played, and the mainmast fell; but this last operation, instead of contributing to the safety of the ship, rendered her situation still more critical. Retained by the thousand ropes of which it was the pivot, the mainmast rolled and flew like an arrow upon the waves, where it became transformed into a battering ram, which the wind drove incessantly against the side of the ship. As to the pumps, they rendered no service; for one bucket of water that they discharged, twenty entered the hold.

Suddenly, by one of those terrible fantasies of the monsoon, the black cloud that hid the moon like a mark of pitch, revealed the half of her disc; it was horrible, from its singularity. One would have said that the heavens squinted. At the same instant the clouds burst, and a hail, white as alabaster, descended diagonally upon us; mowing down and overwhelming us. The vessel was sinking,

sinking constantly. All were compelled to take refuge upon the quarter deck, the only portion of the ship not yet submerged. It is here commences those scenes of anguish and despair which mark this spot fatal in shipwrecks. The wife of the captain, bearing her infant in her arms, and but half clad, ran to put herself under the protection of her husband, who was no longer able, alas! to protect any one. He took her hand, and made her sit down at his feet, that the wind might have less power over her; then gave anew, all his attention to his vessel and to the great family of the crew, of which he was also the protector and the father.

"Cut the mizenmast!" he cried in a stifled voice, "throw into the sea everything that you can throw! and prepare the *chaloûpe* and the long-boat!"

"We are lost," I said to myself, "lost—lost without resource!"

"The water was already entering the port holes; the Chaplain, kneeling, murmured prayers for the dying.

"At this moment of agony, I had but one thought; happily I had the power to execute it. Despite the frightfully progressive invasion of the waters, I precipitated myself into my cabin, two berths of which were submerged, and taking a sheet of paper, wrote a few words with a pencil, and, rolling it around that upon which Marguerite Floress had so touchingly traced her last wish, I slipped them both with a thousand pounds sterling in bank bills into the glass bottle, which I afterwards corked, and sealed with as much care as the disorder of the moment permitted."

"And upon this sheet you had written—?"

"These words!"

"I, Louis Van Ostal, perishing a hundred leagues from the Island of Ceylon, I give the thousand pounds sterling enclosed in this bottle to any one who, after

having found it, for me and for Marguerite Floress be erected, a sin-

"I hastened a bottle into the afforded me time appeared beneath down like a surging sound, donly enveloped tossing about; ments of our v chaloûpe, filled with vain efforts ed, and the long- ered the captain few arm's length most frightful ex heads, hats, dog stant scattered a moment after seen except for water, suffocating wet clothes; I know how, through wood that for I slipped, then I slipped; I sh drowned: an by my clothing plank. I look

"The day rays vanished storm. It is more violent duration, but I might say its tempests seem

"They wait blow, engulf give place in most perfect e

"The sun ardent beam lighting Bix upon the boat so miracul-

having found it, will have prayers said for me and for my well-beloved unknown, Marguerite Moreff, and who will cause to be erected, a single tomb for us both.'

"I hastened upon deck to throw my bottle into the sea; the vessel scarcely afforded me time to do this, before it disappeared beneath my feet, and sank right down like a stone, exhaling a sinister gurgling sound, and I found myself suddenly enveloped by the drunken waves, tossing about among the thousand fragments of our wreck. Before me, the chaloupe, filled with people, struggled with vain efforts against being engulfed, and the long boat, in which I discovered the captain and his wife, capsized a few arm's length further on, amidst the most frightful cries I ever heard. Arms, heads, hats, dogs, trunks, were in an instant scattered upon the waves, and in a moment afterwards nothing was to be seen except foam. Submerged in the water, suffocating, weighed down by my wet clothes, I found myself, I do not know how, thrown upon a large piece of wood that floated near me, I grasped it, I slipped, then grasped it again; again I slipped; I should infallibly have been drowned: an energetic hand seized me by my clothing and drew me upon the plank. I looked; it was Buxton.

"The day dawned, and with its first rays vanished the last vestige of the storm. It is almost always so. The more violent the tempest, the briefer its duration, but the greater its disasters, I might say its crimes; for these horrible tempests seem to premeditate their acts.

"They wait until they have made their blow, engulfed vessels and people, then give place immediately to calm and the most perfect serenity.

"The sun rose superbly, pouring its ardent beams upon the Indian Ocean, lighting Buxton and myself, both seated upon the broad plank, on which we had so miraculously found safety. It must

have been twenty feet long by four wide; not an ordinary proportion, but this is explained by the use to which it had been destined. At the first port at which she should stop for water, it was intended to replace a damaged portion of the keel of the Galathee.

" 'Ah, well,' said Buxton to me, crossing his legs in the oriental manner, and wagging his head like a Chinese chicken, 'ah, well, your poetry?'

" 'What do you wish to say?'

" 'What do we conclude from this; this is what I wish to say. Here is a radiant sun, it will burn our skins in a few hours; here is a sea finer and calmer than any we have seen during our entire voyage; it is probable that it will serve us for a tomb before long, for we have neither water nor food with which to resist hunger and thirst. Therefore I maintain that your poetry is weakness of mind; an imbecility of the first water; like believing in God, and other nonsense.'

" 'Buxton! Buxton!' I cried, 'you may dare to speak thus of poetry, that is not sin; but to express yourself in that fashion of the Sovereign Master of the world, whose pity we have never had so much reason to invoke!'—

" 'Invoke, my friend, invoke! and await his response by the courier. Weigh his injustice, if he exists: a child just born, has been baptized; an hour afterwards is killed, and he permits me to live, why?—me, an atheist, a perfect wretch in his eyes!'

" 'Without doubt He has His secret designs.'

" 'By a like manner of reasoning, one may justify everything: plague, famine, and shipwreck.'

" 'Wait, my friend, wait, and do not blaspheme!'

" 'For what do you wish me to wait? You do not believe that the land will bring itself nearer to us? that He will

permit roast beef, beer and rum to descend to us from heaven? Look around you as far as your sight can penetrate; what do you see? Solitude, dreary solitude. This evening, we will be dying of hunger; to-morrow of hunger; day-after-to-morrow, or in four days at the latest, you will strangle me, or I will you, to devour you?

"In the name of heaven, Buxton, be silent! be silent!"

"When night came, we were very near the same place where we were in the morning, for we had not floated far. On the following day a light breeze passed over the waters, but no sail appeared in the horizon.

"A propos,' said Buxton to me towards noon, when hunger and thirst were devouring me, 'what did you do with your bottle, and your pretty romance of Marguerite Floreff?'

"I innocently recounted to Buxton, that at the moment of the shipwreck I had thrown into the sea the bottle, after having placed in it twenty-five thousand francs in English bank bills, and the written request to have prayers said for Marguerite Floreff and for me, and to erect a tomb for us.

"Despite of the thirst that had burned him until he was livid, Buxton commenced laughing, a cruel kind of laughter, on learning what I had done.

"Ah, well,' said he, 'a shark will swallow the bottle and become your executor. However, a whale may swallow the shark, you have that chance: you have even a finer one; the whale may founder on the coast of Holland; he may be dissected—he may be opened.'

"Buxton! Buxton!' I cried, 'you can no more take away love, and the ideal from my heart, than you can wrest from it the sacred belief in God. Floreff will be the last word that I shall pronounce before dying, and I feel that the moment is not distant.'

"See,' said Buxton clasping me fraternally in his arms, for he had an excellent heart, and was the best and most devoted of friends, 'see, I do not wish to give you pain, believe everything that you wish, I will not oppose you; I will even take your advice if you urge it! He took my hand, and the next day he still held it.

"Towards five o'clock in the evening of the next day I felt myself to be dying; my eyes had closed—my heart grew pale, so to speak:—What enchantment suddenly awakened me! Was I already dead? was I still living! Harmonious sounds descended into my soul and seemed to have come to conduct me to heaven. I opened my expiring eyes, and perceived Buxton, who, but little further from death than I, played this sweet flute of which I have already told you. I was so touched by this sentiment of goodness for me, that I pardoned his good heart his blasphemies, for it was for me that he drew from his delicious instrument its last notes, its last sighs. And as if sinking to sleep, I felt myself passing from this world to the other.

"Friend,' he said to me, suddenly lifting me to a sitting posture and sustaining my head, 'friend, look! look before thee!'

"Ship!' I cried.

"Ship!' he responded.

"Ship!—But, oh my God! added I, is she not on fire?"

"I fear it,' replied Buxton—but see with what rapidity, with what fury the wind is driving her towards us. Good courage! good hope! Strange and mysterious vessel; it has no sails!—not one.'

"It is, perhaps,' said I, 'a steamer.'

"I believed so for an instant.'

"But no—'Oh! that she would arrive quickly,' I exclaimed, 'or I shall not have time'—

"It is here! Come, now an effort! Cling to your life!' cried Buxton.

"I do between moment conscious when I barque ing voy we had

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"I do not know how the time passed between the last words of Buxton and the moment when I recovered from the unconsciousness into which I sank, but, when I re-opened my eyes, I beheld a barque such as I had seen on my preceding voyages to the Maldives, along which we had coasted eight days before.

"The vessel was not on fire as we had thought, but, in the center upon a species of altar, burned slowly, and as if some one had fed the fire, a pyramid of aloes and sandal wood. This barque was high enough, but at the middle she sloped downward almost to the level of the water; Buxton easily stepped on board and retained our plank some minutes at its side to enable me to enter, for I was so feeble!

"This barque I afterwards recognized from her form and the material of which she was constructed, without sail and without crew, as one of those which are set adrift upon the waves by the half Musselman, half Indian inhabitants of the Maldives, when they wish to appease the God of the tempests. After having laden them with perfumes and aromatic woods, which they set on fire, and placed on board a store of provisions for the priests of the invisible but powerful god, they abandon them to the terrible wings of the monsoon. The tempest that had shipwrecked us was without doubt the cause of this sacrifice of the Moldivians, who, very likely, received less benefit from it than ourselves. The sacred barque was filled with fresh water, vases of cocoa-nut milk, and fruits and meats dried in the sun.

"Life was restored to us, restored by a miracle.

"When we had recovered our strength, we seized upon the oars with which the barque was furnished, and directed our course before the wind. Were we far from or near to the island of Ceylon? The question was difficult to resolve, de-

prived as we were of all marine instruments. In any case we could wait a response so long as neither food nor water failed.

"Ah, well," said I to Buxton, "if there had not been people who believed in God, would we have had to-day this barque and these fruits? would we have been saved?"

"Do not talk to me of that," responded Buxton, "let us go to sleep."

[To be continued.]

#### OVER THE SEAS.

OVER the seas they are thinking of me,  
In the home of my childhood there;  
Linked with all their thoughts I dwell—  
Morning song, and evening prayer.  
There my name is a holy thing;  
Childhood chants it with tones of glee;  
Gently 'tis breathed from the lips of age;  
Over the seas they are thinking of me.

Over the seas they are looking for me;  
There the loved ones at the gate,  
Peering through the deepening gloom.  
At the hour of twilight wait.  
And the evening board is spread,  
And the kettle sings for tea,  
And they have drawn the old arm chair;  
Over the seas they are looking for me.

Over the seas they are waiting for me,  
Loved ones who have gone before;  
Safely landed o'er the flood,  
Waiting on the other shore.  
Resting on the hills of God,  
Where the heavenly mansions be;  
Oh! how sweet, e'en now to think,  
Over the seas they are waiting for me!

G. T. S.

## K A T E.

**K**ATE! an endearing name, and by my life  
 I love it, though it slightly breathes of strife;—  
 The little whiffs and tiffs that sometimes fly  
 O'er the else cloudless matrimonial sky;  
 It has a most provoking piquant sound,  
 Sharp and yet sweet—no bitter in it found—  
 Yet 'tis amenable to reason too,  
 To prove it, read the "Taming of the shrew;"  
 With merry wilfulness the sound is rife  
 Refer, I pray, to Harry Percy's wife:  
 ('Tis my opinion and own estimation  
 A name is valued from association.)  
 It tells of purpose—feminine command,  
 While in the stately Katherine, 'tis grand.  
 And yet the thought will take my foolish pate  
 'Tis more enticing, sharp, and sweet—as Kate:  
 We're apt to fancy a small spice of devil  
 In its possessor; not the Fiend of Evil,  
 But "Little Mischief," who, with great propriety  
 Is ever found in very best society  
 Raising small squalls, occasional tongue battle,  
 And, the dear pleasure, confidential tattle,  
 That frequently gives start to scrapes and storms  
 That raise the fair creation up in arms,  
 And each dear creature's gentle temper warms.  
 But who would wish to be for e'er at ease,  
 And who would sail fore'er on summer seas!  
 A constant calm with no fresh canvas set  
 Will make the idlest sailor fume and fret;  
 A little tartness with the sweet combines  
 To flavor those rich fruits, the golden pines.

T.

## Our Social Chair.

**C**AN a "Chair" be "social" without  
 society? and in society are we not  
 individually bound to contribute  
 our mites toward the common en-  
 tertainment? Therefore, I draw near the  
 "Social Chair," with my scanty offering,  
 hoping, thereby, to provoke others to make  
 public the many good things that have, hith-  
 erto, been confined to the privacy of the  
 camp and cabin fire.  
 The exciting topic of the day is secession;  
 but I, for one, hope the storm will pass by,

leaving a clearer sky a-  
 phere. While the sun  
 the sister States are to  
 a petty jealousy for the  
 States manifested by  
 California, that is true  
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leaving a clearer sky and more genial atmosphere. While the family quarrels between the sister States are to be deplored, there is a petty jealousy for the honor of their native States manifested by some who reside in California, that is truly amusing.

During one of the sessions of our Assembly, at Sacramento, there was a small social gathering at one of the pleasant homes beautifying that city. The party was not large enough to prevent a general interchange of thought, and there was a delightful want of ceremony, and an overflow of genuine good nature that was deliciously refreshing. Among the gentlemen were two or three representatives, who contributed not a little merry-making by their good-natured disputes regarding their respective constituents. From this to their native States was a natural transition. Then the conversation became very general and animated, and but a short time passed until all except one had named the loved "home" State, and laughingly boasted of its superiority, while they disparaged those praised by their companions. The one who had remained silent was a young lady, remarkably retired and modest in manner. At last some one asked her for the information she had not seen fit to volunteer, and the young lady blushing refused to give it. This only stimulated curiosity, and presently they all joined in urging her to tell whether she was a Buckeye, Wolverine, Hoosier, or— "I am a Border Ruffian, if you must know!" she hurriedly interrupted, with evident embarrassment, and tripped away from the room.

...DEAR Social Chair, will you not entertain a plea for the children? Many pleasant things are denied them, not because their parents undervalue their happiness, but that having forgotten their own infantile pleasures, they do not sympathize with those of their little ones. How the children love the beautiful things around us—the hillsides and the bay—the long stretch of blue water and the white sails dotting it over in the sunlight. What perfect little knights and heroes they are, too, in their devotion to the objects of their love. Countless rebukes are dared and

endured for a few stolen hours spent in strolling along the beach or over the hills. Cruel and arbitrary indeed are those interdictions that deprive children of pleasures of "out of doors," for they are wants actual, real, as the want of food and drink. The rain and sunshine have again clothed the fields with their annual robe of verdure, and you who have children whose eyes you love to see glow brightly with health and happiness, try and spare an hour now and then on sunny days, to accompany them and join in their sports, whether on the turf or on the beach. Let them skip pebbles after the retreating waves till their little hands grow weary. Our word for it, the relaxation will be as refreshing to adults as to the juveniles. For once a week, at least, let the hills shut out the sight of bricks and mortar and bar the way for your thoughts to regain the bustling channels of trade and money making. Give mind a little rest and go back with the youngsters to the halcyon days when you too were a child.

.....If Californians would always realize the grief and trouble they give the loving hearts that watch around the hearthstones in the land from whence they came, by neglecting to write home, they could at least, as often as they remove, give exact information of their whereabouts, that, in any emergency, intelligence might reach them without delay. This negligence, together with the custom formerly so prevalent, of passing by assumed names, has occasioned untold sorrows in distant homes, and remorse and unavailing regrets here. A touching recital, which we here translate, is given in a recent number of the *Minor*, of grief, anxiety and death resulting from a neglect of this kind, even less culpable than ordinary. "In 1850, Octave, the son of the Count Descotieres, an impoverished nobleman, hoping that his courage and determination as a minor would enable him to gain an humble independence for himself and his father, sailed from France, after having simply written to the Count, his father, to announce his

departure, without saying where he intended to go, but promised soon to send him satisfactory news. As soon as he had arrived in this land of adventure and of gold, he hastened to the mines, and at the expiration of two months was so happy as to be able to send his father a sum sufficient to protect him against want for a year or two. Shortly afterward he was taken with a fever, of which he remained ill for nine months. In the constant hope of recovering, he deferred, for the entire period, the duty of writing to his parent. The Count Descotieres, cruelly disturbed by this silence, vainly addressed the Minister of Foreign Affairs, to discover the address his son had failed to give him, and finally fell sick from chagrin. Meanwhile Octave recovered, after a long convalescence, and returned to the mines, where his first care was to inform his father of the cause of his silence; his letter, however, did not find him in France. The Count Descotieres had, by the death of a marquis, his near relative, become the heir of more than his former wealth. After having taken possession of his heritage, his happy position having but multiplied his torments in regard to the fate of his son, he resolved to come himself to California in search of him who had expatriated himself in order to obtain the means to render his existence less painful. Lymphatic and gouty, with an obesity that encumbered his movements, a long sea voyage was a project strongly opposed by his physician; but not even the danger of death could shake his determination, and he directed preparations to be made for his voyage, saying, 'I do not hold life dearer than my affection for this dear child, the only being in the world who, in my misfortunes, remained faithful and devoted to me; and who perhaps, is dying, to snatch me from the indigence which I have already escaped.' He sailed with his steward and two valots de chambre, and reached California the 27th of December, 1852. Having been ill during the greater part of the voyage, he had almost lost the use of his limbs. His first care after dis-

embarking, was to send to M. Dillon, then the French Consul at San Francisco, a letter of recommendation from the Minister of Foreign Affairs at Paris. This officer hastened to visit the sick stranger, and though he scarcely knew how it would be possible to discover Octave, who had, without doubt, changed his name, and whose address they did not know, he encouraged and re-assured the unhappy father. After having examined several plans of search, they adopted that of employing two intelligent men to go to the mining districts to explore them by passing in review all the French miners, at the same time that a third agent visited all the localities *within and without walls*, to find where Octave had spent his time during his sickness, for in the last letter received by his father, he was staying in the city of San Francisco. Six weeks passed and no information was received except that a young man corresponding to the description given, had lain sick in a house which had been burned down, and of which the proprietors, two French restaurant keepers, had left the city without letting any one know where they were going. The Count Descotieres, who had not left his room since his arrival, felt each day his hope diminish of seeing his son, and the idea that he had unfortunately perished in some obscure manner, seized upon his mind, and gradually augmented his physical suffering. While the father, in his despair, was wasting as if by a consuming fire, in the midst of the favors of his new fortune, Octave, known by the name of Andre, was watching in an isolated cabin in Nevada county, by the bedside of a mining companion who had been wounded by the falling of a scaffold in their claim. The future seemed far from smiling in that obscure cabin, when toward the end of January, 1853, Jules Morand, one of those who were sent to discover him, presented himself at its threshold, saying, 'I am in search of a miner, whose real name is Octave Descotieres.' 'It is mine,' responded Andre. 'Your father is at San Francisco, and wishes you to come

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to him as soon as possible, for he is very sick. I have money to place at your disposal.' 'I will follow you,' said Octave, 'as soon as I have transferred my wounded friend to the care of another.' That same evening Octave began his journey, and on the next day arrived at the consulate, where they met the chancellor, who had just returned from making the will which had been dictated to him by M. Descotieres. M. Dillon accompanied the young man to the house of his father, which he entered alone to prepare him for the joy that awaited him. 'Oh, that he would hasten,' cried the old man, 'that I may embrace him and die. I am already past suffering. My pulse beats as if it would burst its tissues—Octave! Octave!' The son, fearing that a crisis would deprive him of life before there was time to make himself known, threw himself upon the bed of the dying, and pressed his father's hand and his face against his own. 'It is him, it is my dear Octave! Octave!' His voice grew feebler; he repeated his son's name a third time, in a lower voice, and died in an agony of joy."

..... We welcome to our Social Chair the wholesome little homily below, by G. T. S., heartily concurring in its recommendation to

## HOLD ON.

"My resolution and my hands I'll trust—  
What man dares, I dare." SHAKESPEARE.

"The tightest place I ever was in," says a witty writer, "was when I was dragged through a corn field, holding a mad bull by the tail. The question was, whether to let go or hold on. If I let go, I was sure he would turn and gore me to death; if I held on, he might break my neck, dragging me over rocks and stumps with which the corn field abounded. At last, I concluded it was best to hold on. I did so; and the bull landed me safely on one side of a fence, while he was on the other, pawing the ground and roaring, and butting against the fence with his horns, in his vain efforts to hit me."

This story may serve to teach us all,

who are not too wise to learn, a lesson. If troubles and difficulties beset you, and you are dragged by them into rough places, as by a mad bull, do not throw yourself supinely on your back to be gored to death by them; but "hold on," and a "fence" will soon rise between you and them, against which they may butt and rage, but they cannot harm you.

If the vehicle in which you have entrusted all your worldly goods is run away with, by the ruthless steeds of disaster and defeat, and you see before you only ruin and wrecked hopes, "hold on;" do not let go the reins, or throw yourself off; by so doing you may be dashed to pieces; while, by holding on, you may yet escape being turned over, and save yourself and your fortune.

If others judge you wrongfully and maliciously, and call "your good, evil," and regard even your virtues as if they were weaknesses, do not "be weary in well doing," but, "hold on;" the time will soon come when they will better understand you, and give you credit, at least, for much that they now do not believe you possess.

If after climbing, many years, up the steep sides of the mountain that leads to honor and fame, you find yourself suddenly falling, do not let go; "hold on;" by clinging, and struggling, and climbing, you may yet reach the top in safety.

You remember the story of the youth who attempted to ascend the natural bridge of Virginia, and write his name on the topmost stone? The cliff crumbled beneath his feet; to turn or look back, was death; he could only climb higher up the sides of the cliff, that rose so fearfully above him, with the steep, jutting rocks just ready to topple upon him over head; he pressed and struggled onward, clinging to roots and shrubs that grew from the crevices, and planting his feet in the tufts of moss that sprung from the sides, he "held on," and finally reached the top in safety.

"Adhesiveness," says Emerson, "is a large element of success; it has glue on its feet, and will take hold and stick even to a

marble slab. Out of a pine log, a yankee will whittle a Judgeship; a seat in Congress; a mission to England."

"I remember," said Gideon Lee, "when I was a lad, living with my uncle, it was my business to feed and water the cows.— I was often started off before day-light in the morning, in the snow and cold, without shoes, to my work; and used to think it a luxury to warm my frozen feet on the spot where the animals had just before been lying. It taught me to reflect and to consider possibilities, and I remember asking myself, "Is it not possible for me to better my condition?"

He reflected to some purpose. From a poor boy, he became one of the wealthiest men in New York, and Mayor of the city.

.....How these California months glide by! They seem like winged weeks sent across the Sierras to make one forget the lapse of time since the last farewell was whispered at the old homestead. A decade of years have already marked the history of our State, and yet to many it is as yesterday that the "gold fever" first hurried them hitherward to pick up the glittering ore that was to be the stepping stones on landing. There is so much excitement in the vocation of money-getting that Father Time flies on apace with us all, and we do not feel that his wings are in motion until a new date bids us heed that the calendar is changed. '61 more than hints to '49ers it would be well to pause for a moment and consider the sundry wrinkles and innumerable grey hairs which have taken the place of smooth brows and raven locks. A dozen twelvemonths have really slipped away, and the pioneer who made a journey to the land of gold in the opening years of manhood, now finds himself classed among the "middle aged" and perhaps the gilded goal far distant. We care not to glance back at the past with its daily hopes and fears. It is a sad retrospect to many, and we have no wish to hold mournful converse with our readers. The general result, at least, has been a great triumph of the labor of man over the everlasting hills and ster-

ile desert. The one is encompassed with the mighty works of his hands giving the glittering treasure to the world of trade, and the other bears plantations, towns and cities, where once was the silence of desolation. The solid basis of a giant State has been laid—each day adds to the superstructure. And the present year opens with still brighter prospects. The rains are enabling the miner to secure the proceeds of his summer's toil; new discoveries open out other fields of enterprise; agriculture is prominently taking a place in the statistics of the State; the adaptability of our soil and varied climate to kinds of produce hitherto untried is being known and acknowledged; and receiving from all these different sources the elements of prosperity, we note our cities extending their limits, and hamlets springing into importance. There is everything to hope for in California, and its depressions are after all but mole hills, over which a few may stumble but still the masses pass onward and the way is smoothed.

#### Our Treasury.

....The choicest pleasures of life lie within the ring of moderation.

....People often rail at others, for doing things which they are only angry at because they cannot do the same themselves.

....The main point in the art of pleasing is to be rich.

....A series of good fortune supposes a prudent management in the person whom it befalls.

....Everything is a matter of consequence that has the least tendency towards keeping up or abating the affection between husband and wife.

....As a known credit is ready cash to a trader, so is acknowledged merit immediate distinction, and serves in place of equipage to a gentleman.

....As the mind must govern the hands, so in every society the men of intelligence must direct the men of labor.

....Every day is a little life, and our whole life but a day repeated.

....A man has no more  
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....Politeness has its  
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....The fewer our wa  
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....Murmur at nothing  
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....A man has no more right to say a rude thing to another than to knock him down.

....Politeness has its true source in benevolence.

....The fewer our wants the nearer we resemble the gods.

....Murmur at nothing; if our ills are repairable it is ungrateful; if remediless it is vain.

....Trifles make perfection, and perfection is no trifle.

....Good manners are the blossoms of good sense.

....It is barbarous to rally people for natural defects.

....We open the hearts of others when we open our own.

....Kind words are a cheaper currency but go farther than golden coins.

....In the ferment of great events the dregs rise.

....Knowledge without justice is cunning, not wisdom.

Editor's Table.

DEAR reader, particularly dear lady reader, was it ever your fortune to be domiciliated with a person who possessed the faculty of absorbing your individuality or power of self-assertion? Such people do exist, and by we know not what combination of conceit and selfishness create an oppressive atmosphere about them most unfavorable to the development of all intellects in their vicinity. Charles Lamb terms these people persons of "superior capacity," as if he had somehow caught a glimpse of the fact that there is a legitimate analogy between gastronomical and intellectual greed. He says: "I would not be domesticated all my days with a person of very superior capacity to my own—not if I know myself at all, from any considerations of jealousy or self-comparison, for the occasional communion with such minds has constituted the fortune and felicity of my life—but the habit of too constant intercourse with spirits above you, instead of raising you, keeps you down. Too frequent doses of original thinking from others restrain what lesser portion of that faculty you may possess of your own. You get entangled in another man's mind, even as you lose yourself in another man's grounds. You are walking with a tall varlet, whose strides outpace yours to lassitude. The constant operation of such potent agency would reduce me, I am convinced, to imbecility." And we

agree with Charles Lamb; for it is our opinion that many tales of witchery and enchantment detailing accounts of people having been changed into stupid birds or animals, are figurative records of personal experience made by those who have escaped while they had sufficient sense left to rally, and after they had had time to digest their unfortunate experiences. For our own part, we could furnish instances of whole circles of persons being betrayed into donkey-like stupidity by the too near and long-continued vicinage of individuals lacking their amiability, but of superior capacity to their own simply for performing small acts of selfishness gracefully, of assuming to themselves an array of petty privileges, that escape dispute from their individual insignificance, at the same time that they refuse to accord these things as the rights of others. Let it be remembered, however, that the superiority in qualities that distinguish the animal to which we are indebted for "Billings' sugar cured," is not that which should give pre-eminence to members of the genus *homo*, and that gentleness and civility are inseparable from true excellence.

.....It seems to be the plan of providence to reserve unalloyed bliss until mortals enter upon their inheritance in the Better Land; for however nearly they attain to the state they most ardently desire, whether it con-

sist in fame, wealth, or love, it is sure to be given with some condition that depreciates its value. How it startles us to hear of suicides or other terrible disruptions, when they occur where, maybe, the semblance of happiness has almost awakened our envy. There is not in our city a home bearing greater external evidence of all that should fill a man's heart with content, than one from which a husband and father rushed, not long ago, unbidden to the presence of his Maker. None may ever know what Dead Sea apple so embittered his banquet! It is a touching story, that of L. E. L., the poetess, the yearnings of whose passionate heart seemed ever to turn, as it were, for sympathy or soothing, to the ocean, sighing now and again in her songs for a home by its shore. At last she became the mistress of a home, the very realization of her wishes and her dreams; a castle by the sea. There in her last letter she writes: "I like the perpetual dash upon the rocks; one wave comes up after another and is forever dashed in pieces like human hopes that only swell to be disappointed. We advance—up springs the shining froth of love or hope, a moment white and gone forever!"

The words were scarcely written, before some haunting spectre hunted her from her place, and she was gone forever!

..... The pique held by the married toward maids and bachelors, is surely universal—witness the splenetic fashion in which it displays itself in a recent enactment of the *Legislature des Etat de Protectorat*, by which it is provided that such of the native population of Tahiti as cling to the privilege of single blessedness are to be thus mulcted for the same, *vide the Message de Tahiti*. "A tax has been levied for the maintenance of schools. Widowers and widows having children are exempt; married men and women, having children, must each pay fifty centimes (half a franc) a month; bachelors past the age of twenty-one years, and maidens past the age of eighteen, must pay *two francs* per month each!" Felicitate yourselves anew, ye unyoked; as you compute the premium of your "State stocks.".....The foibles of

great men *do* exhibit themselves on the most *mal a propos* occasions. We are told that "Fontenelle, the celebrated French author, was particularly fond of asparagus dressed with oil, but he was intimately acquainted with an abbot who preferred this delicious vegetable served with butter. One day the abbot dropped in, rather unexpectedly, to dinner, and Fontenelle, who had ordered his favorite, with great kindness directed that one-half should be dressed with oil and the rest with butter. The value of this sacrifice is proved by the sequel of the story. The abbot falling down dead in a fit, Fontenelle, without a moment's delay, darted to the head of the stairs, and exclaimed to the cook: "Dress the *whole* with oil, the *whole* with oil, as I told you before."

... D. W. M., one of our readers in the interior, favors us with a letter recording a touching episode of his travels among the Sierras. "Last summer," he writes, "while making an excursion among the mountains, I stopped at Eureka. Walking at evening among the pines, I came upon the narrow resting-places of two departed miners—two lonely graves beneath the 'monumental pines.' Their fellows had chosen their burial place in a secluded spot, aside from their daily haunts. 'Not too near us,' they seemed to have said; 'sad sights steal from us the strength we need for our toil, and our hearts are wearied enough already.' I could call up the whole scene. Each generously vied with his neighbor in assisting at the rites that every one must at last claim from whoever is at hand to render them; then tenderly bore to their narrow beds, those whose feet had wandered a world's width from their loved ones, and left them to their dreamless sleep. That night the stars looked calmly down upon the lonely spot, and the silence was unbroken, save by the moaning of the pines, as their branches swayed in the night wind. The snow now drapes their graves, and solemn and deep is the dirge of the trees in the winter blasts—a wail of pity for the watchers who wait at cottage doors for them who sleep at the mountain's foot forever.

..... In the Young American nursery and is considered mind is being exceeded suddenly with practice of the rocking ing the cust trations of babyhood, Africa and er and no matter. N by great ous, quar less ones, for peace Congress— sprung fro no doubt, owned a s in the ha morning of it, at the I believe think of th ical troubl no doubt a nia for roo the most ..... He sometime tions of th ed in an in our d wrote the composer to him t passage. ly, he es sio? De vorts! ed pass mine ide ..... l length revolut at the p



.....In these days of progress, when Young America issues his edicts from the nursery and the policy of even ten years ago is considered "old fogyism," the human mind is becoming more and more enlightened by the mist-dispelling power of each succeeding sunrise. We were much edified lately with an onslaught on cradles, and the practice of adding the brains of infants by the rocking process. Not content with holding the custom up to condemnation by illustrations of the positive injury inflicted on babyhood, the writer carries the war into Africa and says: "But there is still a higher and more national view to take of this matter. Many of our great men—I mean by great men, those troublesome, mischievous, quarrelsome, vulgar, profane and worthless ones, we dare not keep about us, and for peace sake send to the legislature and to Congress—many of these great men have sprung from very honorable parentage, and, no doubt, some of them had mothers who owned a self-rocking cradle, and who were in the habit of winding up the baby in the morning and spending the day, or a part of it, at the meetings of the *Philo-Zaneans*, I believe that is the name. Now I beg you think of these things, and think of our political troubles at the present moment, which no doubt are all the offspring of this silly mania for rocking, and put away the cradle as the most dangerous of our *Institutions*."

.....How amusingly impetuous artists sometimes are in the defense of the creations of their genius. This is well illustrated in an anecdote of Handel, which we find in our drawer. A poet, who sometimes wrote the words of the oratorios of the great composer, once took the liberty to suggest to him that the words were contrary to the passage. Instead of taking the hint patiently, he exclaimed, "Vat, you teach me music? Do music is good music. Hang your vorts! Here," said he executing the disputed passage on a harpsichord—"here are mine ideas, go and make vorts to dem."

.....It is proven by statistics, that the length of life in France previous to the revolution of 1793, was twenty eight years; at the present it is thirty seven years. A

avant of that country assures us that if we would but live reasonably, we should attain to an average of from one hundred and fifty, to two hundred years! The life of warm blooded mammiferae, he declares to be subject to an invariable law, which appoints to them a period of existence equaling ten times the period of their growth. "It is thus," he says, "with the elephant, the ox, the cat, the dog, and the quadramana. Two mammiferae are the only exceptions—the horse and the man. And why? It is because they are slaves; the one of the dire condition of work, and the other of his passions and the necessities of his social condition."

.....C. F. Hall, writing to a New York paper, and dating his communication from some point near the mouth of Hudson's Bay in mentioning a discovery he has made in the anatomy of the whale, says:

"Scoresby, you know, is a capital writer on the Arctic regions, or Northern Whale Fishery. But I have found one important error that he has made. Volume I, page 456, he says: 'The whale has no external ear, nor can any orifice for the admission of sound be discovered until the skin is removed.' It is true that the whale has no external ear; (I speak of the *Balanea Mysteretus*, and so does Scoresby;) within a few inches of the eye is an orifice, leading from the external part of the whale to his ear drum, which is situated about twelve inches below the black skin. This orifice is of the size of a knitting needle, and as expansive as though of India rubber."

.....How universally and impudently curious young people are concerning the age of unmarried ladies who have ceased numbering their birthdays, particularly if the beauty of these victims of malice remains unimpaired. At Paris, recently, Mlle. Cico, the piquant actress of the Palais Royale, was to be a witness in favor of some cosmetic used by ladies, and as French courts invariably ask the age of witnesses, all the youngest actresses of Paris were there and all expectant of mer-

riment at witnessing the confusion of Mlle. Cico when she should be compelled to disclose her years. She was called to the stand, sworn, gave her name and profession, when the judge said, "How old are you?" She left the stand and approaching the bench, stood on tip-toe, and whispered in the judge's ear the malicious fact! The judge smiled, and (much to his credit) kept his secret.

.....In a description given in the *London Times* of one of the great mantua-making establishments of that city, the following facts are stated: Work commences every morning at seven o'clock, and continues till eleven at night, a period of sixteen hours, the only intervals allowed being about ten minutes for each meal; the total amount of time allowed for eating their food I was going to say, but surely "bolting" is the more appropriate phrase, being forty minutes a day; thus leaving fifteen hours and twenty minutes as the period devoted to work. And this be it remembered is not merely during the busy season, but for all the year round from January to December. The only leisure day which the girls of this establishment have is Sunday. From Monday morning to Saturday night they are as complete prisoners as any in Newgate. They are not allowed to cross the threshold to purchase a pair of shoes, or a new gown for themselves, and must employ their friends outside to do this for them.

The work room in which ten or twelve of them are employed, is only about twelve feet square, and is entirely devoid of any arrangement for ventilation, which is the more to be deplored, as, during the evening they have to encounter the heat and foul air of three flaming gas burners right over their heads, every door and window being shut by which a breath of pure air could possibly enter. The bedrooms are equally uncomfortable, no fewer than six persons being huddled into one, and four into another."

These are free women who have perfect liberty to chose whether to earn their sub-

sistence thus, or to starve. An English author in a recent publication, and with a note of exclamation at the fact, informs the people of Great Britain, that the negroes in Cuba are required during the season of the sugar crop to work sixteen hours a day, adding that they are allowed two hours for their meals and six for sleep; while during the remainder of the year their working hours average twelve a day.

Poor seamstresses! shut in that stifling room, how they must envy any creature unforbidden to breathe its fill of fresh air.

.....At a theatre in New Orleans, an eminent actor made his first appearance in the character of Macbeth. One of his favorite points was knocked into a cocked hat on this wise. He had struggled like a fish out of water through to the passage, "We will proceed no farther in this business," when a tall lank countryman arose in the parquette and bawled out, "I am glad on't; for sich bad actin I never yet did see!"

....."Do you see this stick, sir," said a very stupid acquaintance to Sidney Smith, "this stick has been all round the world, sir."

"Indeed," said the remorseless Sydney, "and yet it is only a stick."

All the sticks that go round the world now-a-days, provided they take the Golden State in their route, are sure to turn "bricks."

.....Dialogues like the following occurring occasionally, must have formed refreshing variations in the services of the Scottish Kirk. Old Lord Elphinstone was asleep at Church while the minister, a very prosy preacher was holding forth; at length the parson stopped and cried:

"Waukin, my Lord Elphinstone."

The drowsy Lord replied with a grunt, "I'm no sleepin, minister."

"But ye are sleepin. I wager ye dinna ken what I said last."

"Ye said, waukin, my Lord Elphinstone."

"Aye, aye, but I wager ye dinna ken what I said last afore that."

"I wager ye dinna ken yoursel."

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 And never brought to Mind.  
 Should Auld acquaintance be forgot,  
 And days of Lang Syne

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