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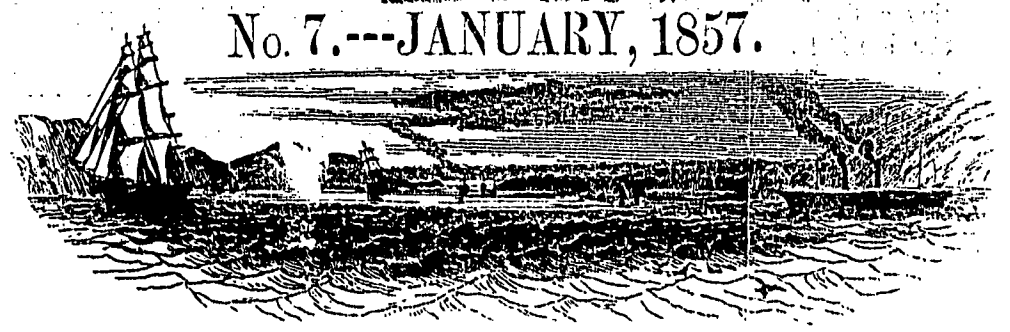
Published Monthly. Price 25 Cents.

HUTCHINGS'

CALIFORNIA MAGAZINE

No. 7.---JANUARY, 1857.



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HUTCHINGS'

CALIFORNIA MAGAZINE.

VOL. I. JANUARY, 1857. NO. VII.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL FOR CALIFORNIA.

BY DR. DOT-IT-DOWN.

Hail, Christmas! Hail, of olden time!
Usher in Thee, ev'ning chime,
From ev'ry town, and ev'ry steeple,
From ev'ry country, creed and people.
Hail! thou bless'd day of the year;
Welcome, welcome all thy cheer.
Hail Christmas! time of mirth and glee,
Frolic, fun and jollity,

Free from ev'ry enmity.—
Ye miners leave your picks and shovels,
Your shanties, tents, your bunks and hovels;
Merchants close your musty books;
Storekeepes, your counter nooks;
Lawyers, hide your mortgage deeds;
Farmers, work no more your steeds;
Printers, let your wives make pie, (pi.)
Nor press for copy, ink undry;
Clerks, put journals on their shelf,
And let the ledger post itself;
Let all, in short, without delay,
Let ev'ry hearth, let ev'ry door,
Be open'd wide to rich and poor.
Come one, come all, none keep away,
From celebrating this Great Day.
Now let the lord of all the Feast,
In tones befitting faithful priest,
Offer to the God of all,
Thanks responding through the hall,
For all his glorious, bounteous care,
For health and wealth throughout the year.
That done, from biggest to the least,
Take their seats;—and now, the Feast;

C. NAHL.

Make universal Holiday,
Christians all, yourselves among,
Perpetuate the sacred song:
"Glory to God, on high," it ran,
"Peace, good will, to ev'ry man."
Come thy votaries near and far,
Grand papa and grand mamma,
Fathers, mothers, sisters, brothers,
Wives and sweethearts, and all others,
Uncles, nephews, aunts and nieces,
As far as one's own kin increases,
Not forgetting country cousins,
If not in scores, at least in dozens.
Open purse strings, free and wide,
Give vent to the gen'rous tide.
Mine host, the head, surveys them nigh,
With glowing cheek and sparkling eye.
Welcome! welcome great and small,
Welcome! welcome! welcome all!
Slice after slice, the good old chief
With magic speed, carves he the beef.
How grave, he gravy on you presses,
All mindful of the ladies' dresses.
And now what mirth and joy abound;
How fun, and joke, and wit, go round.
"Doctor," a Tar cries, "clear the deck, (decorations.)
And help me to a brother quack," (duck.)
In turn replies he "show good breeding,
I'll take part in you fowl proceeding;"

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"Parson without Apollo G,
Will you eat an el-e-gy?" (leg.):
"Nay, while your 'time is on the wing,'
I will in praise of turkey sing;
I'll take, too, after your hard knocks, (bad carving,)
Some stuffing from its ballot-box."
Some Hamlet go—without his ghost,
To place beside the turkey roast.
Now snipes, not snips, their little bills
Discharged, but not from money tills,
One after other disappear,
Victims to the season's cheer.
Send the grand plum pudding round,
With holly green's red berries crown'd.
The sparkling wine now passes by,
With old jokes ready cut and dry;
One says, "the sherry on the table,
To other wine's incomparable.
The port compared, he'd not advise,
'Twould change to porter in a trice."
A bashful youth, beside a lass,
Is not observed to fill his glass;
He takes no port, he takes no sherry,
Because he's near his own my deary. (Madeira.)
And now, when all have had enough,
Tables are clear'd for blind man's buff:
The heaviest, fattest guest is siez'd,
And of his handkerchief soon eas'd,
And many an O! he roars aloud,
From pinches giv'n him by the crowd.
In vain each shout he tries to track,
And for his pains receives a whack.
And while the smart he's rubbing out,
He runs his nose against a spout
Of kettle black, which had been placed
To spoil the beauty of his face:
When tired at last of the whole rig,
On grandmamma's best cap and wig,
He pounces next, all desperate,
And overturns her chair of state;
The good old grandame laughs as loud,
As any youngster of the crowd.
Suddenly, when no one's near,
The host and hostess disappear;
Follow we them, and leave the rest,
To any sport they may suggest.
Ah! what a scene is now before us,
Worthy of an angels' chorus:
In a large room with cheerful fire,
Blazing higher and still higher,
(Regardless of the snow and frost,
The hail and sleet, all tempest toss'd
Without,) appears three tables spread,
At which the ladies take the head,
There to dispense to young and old,
The liberal viands hot or cold,
There young and old, in gratitude
Pour out their thanks, in accents rude
For celebrating hearty cheer,
At least one day throughout the year.

* * * * * * * *

Visit we now the lonely miner,
(Fresh comer or the forty-niner,)
With head and hand on knee reclining,
He shuts out once all thoughts of mining,
With eye fixed on the log that's burning,
Thoughts of dear home, and all its yearning
Burst fresh and vivid on his mind,
Of all that's dear, left far behind;—
Takes from his breast the last long letter,
His glistening eyes still growing wetter,
Reads o'er again his mother's blessing,
His father's hopes, sweetheart's caressing:
It tells perchance, of a lost mother,
Wife, or father, sister, brother;
Sweetheart perhaps, yet still more sad
A pet just lisping name of dad;
How treasures he the last words said,
And pictures where the dear one's laid.
The letter falls—down drops his head—
Between his hands 'tis buried;
Now nature's tears flow thick and fast,
Remembrance, tribute of the past.
Almighty God, spare thou his tears,
Grant him success in later years;
Let not his sweat be thus all spent,
Without a hope, without a cent.

Miners excuse a longer call,
Our sympathies are with you all;
May blessings fill your lorn abode,
May you soon strike the wished for lode,
A lode that leads to such a vein,
Would welcome Christmas here again.

Bound as by spell—wish all God speed,
Be bless'd the Day, and blessd the Deed.

THE RIFFLE BOX WATER FALL,—DEER CREEK.

To those who are unacquainted with the technicalities of mining, the meaning of the above name when applied to a waterfall, may be somewhat of a mystery. To make it plain to every reader, perhaps it will not be uninteresting to describe one of the implements of mining called a *Long Tom*. This consists of a long flat box, open at the top, into which the wash dirt is thrown and through which a stream of water is turned; the back end being elevated, gives sufficient fall to it for the water to pass down with considerable force. At the lower end there is a plate of perforated iron called a "tom iron," through which the water, dirt, and gold pass into a "riffle box" underneath, where the gold is saved. This box has narrow strips of wood across the bottom; and, when one end is elevated, the water makes a fall or riffle, and, from the great resemblance in the shape of the above falls to a riffle box, comes the name of Riffle Box Falls.

These romantic and beautiful falls, are situated on Deer Creek, about nine miles below the city of Nevada. In the winter season, when the water rushes over with an impetuous sweep, it is remarkably wild and picturesque.

In 1852, a company was formed to test the richness of this great riffle box of nature; and to accomplish which a

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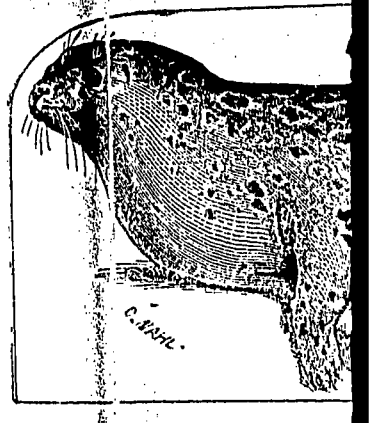

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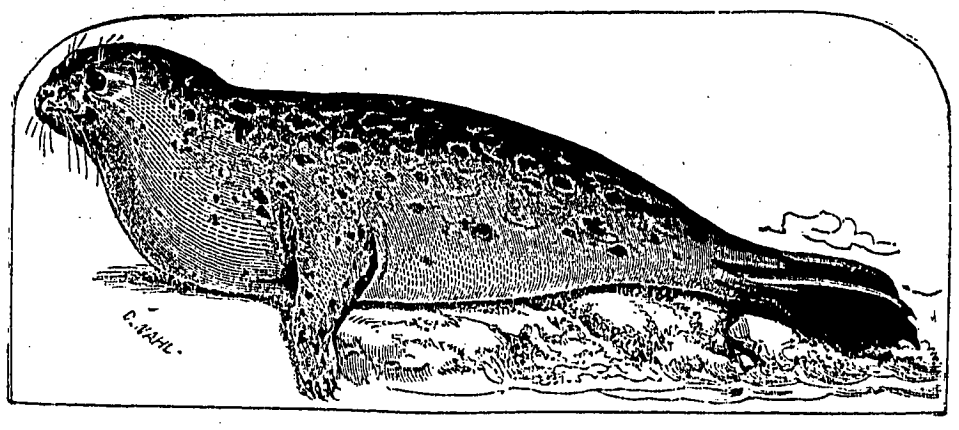
tunnel was cut through a hill of solid rock, about three hundred feet in length, at a cost of twenty thousand dollars. Through this tunnel the waters of the creek were turned, and by which the falls were drained.

The water had worn deep holes in the bed of the creek, and to pump these dry, seven thousand dollars more were expended in machinery, &c. When this was accomplished and the "box" was made dry, *the whole of the gold that was taken out was only about two hundred dollars.*

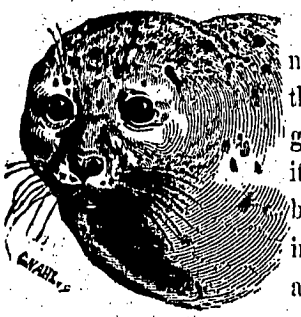
This is one of the many enterprises into which the Californian enters, and where his money and time—frequently all that he possesses—are embarked, in a single venture, and he thrown penniless upon his own energies to begin life again—as he terms it. This will give friends in the East at least, one idea *why* the miner frequently remains from dear friends and home so long, when his hopes of returning were built upon the success of his undertaking—and which too often proves a complete failure.



THE HAIR SEAL OF THE PACIFIC.

This Seal, with which the coast of California abounds is the *Phoca Jubata* of naturalists, is generally known as the hair seal, and is by no means rare, as almost all the coasts in high southern and northern latitudes, abound with it. To the Laplander it is meat, drink, clothing, &c. To the Indians of Behering's Straits and Kamschatka it is most valuable; in fact they could hardly exist without it. Far away in those inhospitable regions, where winter reigns three fourths of the year, no timber can be obtained sufficiently large to build a canoe; but with a few seal skins, and a little whale bone, the Indian will construct one of the most perfect life-boats in the world. In this he will fearlessly venture miles from land to catch fish and seals, aye and even the whale. These canoes are difficult to manage to those who are unacquainted with them. It requires no small degree of practice, even in the Kamschatkan, in a rough sea to keep such a boat alive. He is not allowed to marry unless he have the ability of so making and guiding them. So it is make a canoe, guide a canoe, with him, before rule a wife and have a wife. Indeed his canoe is all to him. His house, his clothes, his furniture,

his food, for without it, his shores, prolific in fish, would be useless.



Its countenance bears the impress of great sagacity, its full, round, beautiful eye indicates even an intelligence rarely to be found in any other inhabitant of the waters. This was remarked by the ancient historian Pliny. He gives an amusing account of one that was easily taught to perform certain tricks. It would salute visitors freely, and would answer to its name when called. F. Cuvier narrates of one that he saw, that was made to stand erect on its tail, and hold a staff between its flippers, like a sentinel on duty. It would tumble heels over head when desired, give a flipper to be shaken and and present its lips for its keeper's kiss.

Captain Russell, the traveller and explorer of the sea-board resources of California, and who favored us with the narrative of the woman who was eighteen years alone, says that it is most amusing sometimes to see their contests with the Coast Indians. These fellows skulk behind the rocks adjacent to some gently sloping sand banks, and when the shoal has become dry by the receding of the tide, they front the body and interpose their return to the water; each selecting as his prey the biggest and most powerful. Catching hold of the tail flipper, the animal scuffles along the sand, dragging along after him the Indian, who with a tight grip follows, until by ploughing a deep furrow with his feet, leaning back, and with all his strength resisting the powerful progress of the animal, until both come to a dead stand, the animal's side flippers are then tied by another party, and the poor beast then easily becomes his prey. He often, he says, remonstrated in vain against their barbarous cruelty of preparing them for food, or for blubber. A hugh fire is made in a large flat hole in the ground, and the poor beasts are hurled in, and roasted alive. We have no other way said they of singeing or scorching off their hair. If they were put in dead we should have to get in the fire ourselves to turn them, but being alive they spare us the trouble, and turn themselves when one side is singed sufficiently.

The whole tribe possess remarkable peculiarities of respiration and circulation of blood. The interval between their respirations is very long. A full grown animal can remain under water without requiring a fresh inspiration, for upwards of half an hour. They can open and close at pleasure, for these purposes, their valvular nostrils in a surprising degree, eating their food all the time under water with perfect enjoyment. Their breathing is remarkably slow, and very irregular. After opening the nostrils and making a long expiration, the creature inhales air by a long inspiration, and just before diving, closes its nostrils as tight as any mechanical valve. In confinement they have been observed to remain asleep, with the head under water, for an hour at each time, without any fresh inhalation of air. Naturalists account for this power by the animal's possessing a great venous canal in its liver, which assists it in diving, so that their respiration is somewhat

A MAGAZINE.

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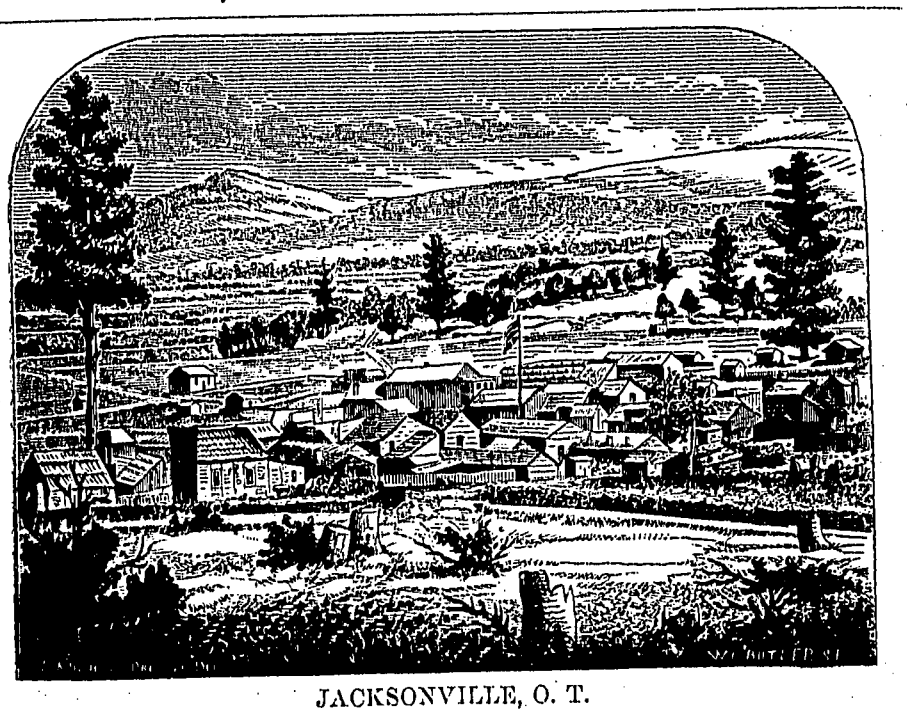
independent of the circulation of the blood. The animal exhibited in San Francisco at the present time, is in very excellent condition, exceedingly tame, and very submissive to its keeper. This animal seems to enjoy the music, and appears to listen to it with some pleasure. This is not to be wondered at, because the hearing of these animals is very acute, and well attested instances are by no means rare, of many, even in a wild state, being attracted by the sound of a flute, or a horn, rising up to the surface to enjoy it the more, and sinking immediately the sounds discontinued. The brain in the seal is very large, and its whiskers are connected with nerves of immense size, serving almost every purpose of sensation to the animal.



JACKSONVILLE, O. T.

This half mining, half agricultural settlement, is situated in one of the most beautiful and fertile valleys in the world—a valley that is about thirty-five miles in length, by from one to twenty miles in width; and from whatever point obtained, the view is peculiarly diversified and picturesque; its evergreen slopes and timbered knolls, its cultivated farms, rich with the black soil just turned up by the plow, the fresh, light green of the wheat just peeping above it, and the stock quietly feeding, give it a pastoral appearance that speaks of industry, beauty, and contentment: while from the high mountains that stand near you, small brooks run babbling on, laughing and leaping as they pass through the oak openings and across the farm lots. And by these streams nearly the whole south-western side of the valley can be irrigated—though the perpetual green that covers every portion of the valley, even to the slopes and summits of the hills during the long summer drought would indicate a climate more moist and congenial to the production of all

the finer grasses and clovers, than that of California.

In the midst of this ampitheatre of loveliness, stands the flourishing town of Jacksonville, being a very important town to the whole section around, from whence the inhabitants of the valley, and the surrounding settlements obtain their supplies. The principal business of Crescent City on the sea coast, is with this place. The Indians have been very troublesome throughout the valley, ever since its first settlement.

Within a circuit of twelve miles of Jacksonville, there are about one hundred and twenty families; and, what is very important to the male members of the genus *homo*, there are about fifty marriageable ladies. All of them young and good looking(!)

About eight miles south-west of this is another very prosperous mining locality named Sterlingville, and which bids fair to be one of the best in the State. All they want is plenty of water.

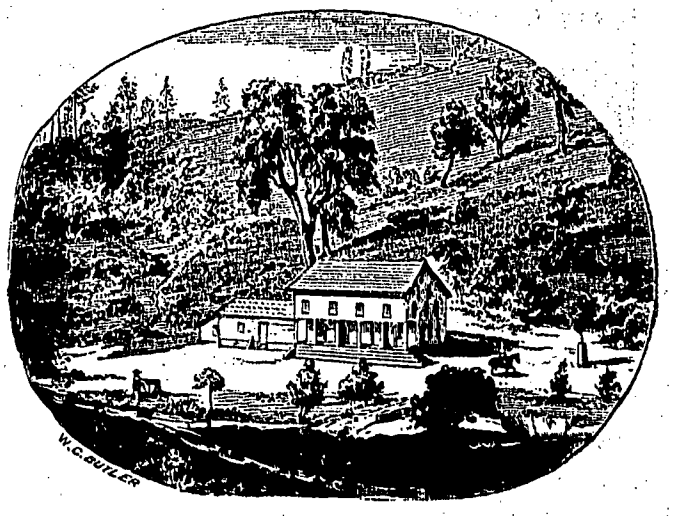
In February, 1851, two men, one named Cluggage, and the other Pool, were out on a prospecting expedition for gold; and, near the site of the present town found their labors rewarded by a "good prospect," of the precious metal, and immediately pitched their camp. At that time there were but three log cabins in the valley.

As men began to gather in, a little town sprung into existence, and from a singular rock at the lower end of the valley, about nine miles below the town, resembling a hugh table, this little village was first named Table Rock City; but as the valley became settled, it became the county town of Jackson County, Oregon, and was then changed to its present name.

There is a population of about 700 persons here, and it seemed to us that not less than about half that number were called "Doctor!" although it is considered a very healthy place.

THE GREAT CAVE OF CALAVERAS COUNTY.

This remarkable natural curiosity is situated upon a creek generally known as McKinney's Humbug, but a short distance from its junction with O'Neil's creek; about sixteen miles south, by the trail, from Moquelumne Hill; and seven miles north from Murphy's Camp, and nine from San Andres.



THE HOTEL AT THE CAVE.

It was discovered in October, 1850, by Capt. Taylor, while he and some others were shooting at a mark near the back of their cabin.

In 1853, it was taken up under a pre-emption right, by Messrs. Magee and Angel, who erected a large and substantial hotel adjoining the cave, for the convenience of the public, at a cost of about $4,500. This hotel is

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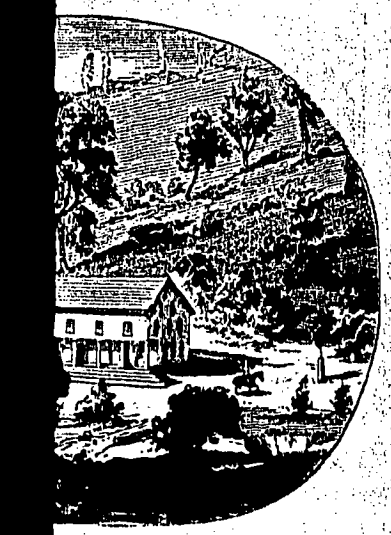

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commodious and comfortable, and we shall long remember, the enjoyment of our visit, and the personal attention we received from Mr. John Wasley, the present agreeable and enterprising proprietor.

The following excellent description of this remarkable cave, from the *Pacific*, will be read with interest:

Seven miles north of Murphy's, in Amador Co., is Cave City, the locality of one of the greatest natural curiosities of California. The entrance is around the jutting angle of a ledge of rocks which hide the town from sight. Only the house of the proprietor is to be seen. The country around is wild and romantic. Provided with adamantine candles, we entered through a small doorway which had been blasted out to sufficient size. Thence we crept along twenty-five or thirty feet, threading our way through an irregular and difficult passage, at first descending rapidly, but afterwards level. Sometimes we were forced to stoop, and at others to bend the body in accordance with the seam of the rocks which constitute the passage. Suddenly we emerged into a large vault or room, about sixty feet in length by twenty in breadth, with an irregular roof, running up in some places thirty feet. This room is called the Council Chamber. The walls are dark, rough, and solid, rather than beautiful. Descending a little to the South-west, we again made our way through a long, low passage which led to another room of half the size of the Council Chamber.

Rising from the floor of this room, by another narrow passage, we soon came into a third large room of irregular construction. The roof ascends until lost to sight in perfect darkness; here as far up as the eye, assisted by the dim taper, can reach, the lime deposits present a perfect resemblance to a vast cataract of waters rushing from an inconceivable height, in a perfect sheet of foam, leaping from one great shelf of jutting rock down to others, onward, widening as they near, in exact perspective. Well it deserves the name it bears, the Cataract.

Next we descended a short distance by another passage, and entered a small, round room, in the center of the roof of which runs up a lofty opening sixty feet high, of singular appearance. This apartment is called the Cathedral.

Turning back by the Cataract, we passed an easy way by a deep well of water upon the left, and very singular small pools or reservoirs on the right. Leaving these, we soon entered a spacious room, full one hundred feet square and of fair proportionate height. Through another low opening, we entered yet another great room, near the center of which stands a large, dark structure, the perfect likeness of a full-robed Roman Bishop, minus the head; whence the name for the room, the Bishop's Palace.

ENTRANCE TO THE CAVE.

Descending through another small opening, we entered a room beautifully ornamented with pendents from the roof, white as the whitest feldspar, and of every possible form. Some like garments hung in a wardrobe, every fold and seam complete; others like

THE BRIDAL CHAMBER.

curtains, with portions of columns, half way to the floor, fluted and scolloped for unknown purposes; while innumerable spear-shaped stalactites of different sizes and lengths, hung from all parts; giving a beauty and splendour to the whole appearance, surpassing description.

Once, as the light was borne up along a glorious fairy stairway, and back behind solid pillars of clear deposits, and the reflected rays glanced through the myriads of varying forms, the whole—pillars, curtains, pendents, and carved work, white as snow, and translucent as crystal—glistened and shone, and sparkled with a glory that surpassed in splendour all we had seen in art or read in fabled tales. This is called the Bridal Chamber.

Immediately at the back of this, and connected with it by different openings is another room called Musical Hall. It is so called from the fact that on one side, suspended from a singular rock, that has the character of a musical sounding board, hang a large number of stalactites, arranged in a line very large at one end, and gradually decreasing in size towards the other, so that if with a rod you strike the pendents properly, all the musical tones, from a common bass to a very high key, can be produced in perfection, ringing loud and clear through the halls, as a well toned instrument.

Here the present exploration of the cave terminates, at the distance of about one-sixth of a mile from the entrance.

WRITE HOME.

It was in the year 1852, that my father, who had been in California nearly two years, at last yielded to my entreaties and gave his consent to my meeting him in that golden land. My preparations were soon made, and I, in company with an old friend of my father, commenced my journey.

I was looking from the window of one of those magnificent palaces that float upon the bosom of the beautiful Hudson, when suddenly the words, "They tell me you are going to California," arrested my attention. I turned, and met the earnest, anxious gaze of an old lady, who was clothed in the deepest black—without any trace of white to be seen about her, save her

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on the bosom of the beautiful
when suddenly the words,
tell me you are going to
ia," arrested my attention.
, and met the earnest, anxious
an old lady, who was clothed
epest black—without any trace
to be seen about her, save her

hair, which had been bleached to a snowy whiteness by the frosts of many winters.

I replied to her that I was indeed on my way to California.

For a moment her whole frame seemed convulsed with emotion; then, drawing nearer to me, she grasped my hand, and, with affecting earnestness, said, "God bless you; I am thankful that I have lived to see the day when women—sincere, true-hearted women—venture to California. Oh, had they gone in earlier days, how many anxious, sorrowing wives might now have been happy."

Moisture had gathered behind her glasses, and tears now flowed freely down her aged cheeks. Recovering herself a little, she said, with great energy—

"My child, God has put it into your heart to go to California, and He will be sure to protect and prosper you on your long and toilsome journey. When you arrive there, oh, forget not your mission; let not gold, nor flattery, lure you from the path of duty. Remember that the prayers of many a childless mother, like myself, are going up to heaven in behalf of those few women who have determined to go to that far land.

"Listen to me," she continued, "and I will tell you. A few years ago, I lived a little farther up, on the bank of this same river. I often thought I was the happiest woman that ever lived; for I was blessed with one of the kindest and best of husbands; and one son, just growing into manhood. Soon—too soon—death claimed my husband for his own. It was hard, *very hard;* but I was enabled to say 'The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord.' We owned the small cottage in which we lived, and had a small amount of money, but not enough to support us without labor. My son stood by me—my strength, my all. 'Fear not, mother,' said he, 'I can support you.' And so he did; God bless him. A few months passed away, and our wants were all supplied by that dear good boy's cheerful labor. Then the California excitement began; and my William, like many others, was anxious to be off to the land of gold. In vain I told him that his presence was more to me than money. He urged, in reply, 'I shall only be gone a year, or two at most, and then I will return and make you independent, for life, mother.' At last I yielded. We mortgaged our cottage, to raise the necessary funds, and, with an aching heart, I bid good bye to my dear son, and prayed that God might speed him on his journey.

"Eighteen months passed away, and every mail brought me tidings of him. At the end of that time he wrote, 'I am coming home, dear mother, to solace your heart, and to comfort you in your declining years. The next steamer will bear me to your arms. I have done well—better than, in my wildest dreams, I had ever dared to hope. I shall pay off that mortgage, and have enough left to make us comfortable for life.'

"With what a thrill of joy—with what intense thankfulness, I read that letter. My son was coming home; soon, very soon, I should have him by my side, close pressed to my heart, as in the days of his infancy. How anxiously I looked for the arrival of that steamer; hours seemed lengthened to days, and days to weeks; twice I arranged and re-arranged every article in my house, that it might look the more cheery to my dear boy. At last the steamer came; but it came without my son.

"A day or two afterwards I received a letter, saying, 'Mother, I have lost all; not a dime of what I have labored so hard for, is left me. I am beggar.' Since then—and it is now nearly a twelvemonth ago—I have not heard one word from my poor boy. Oh, I could have received him, with joy and thankfulness, without a cent. And oh, if I could but hear from him, it would be some consolation. Oh, this unceasing anxiety, this ago-

nizing uncertainty, not to know whether he is sick or well, dead or alive, is killing me."

Her aged form shook like an aspen leaf; and, covering her face with her hands, she sobbed aloud. I tried to speak to her a word of comfort, and to point her to some ray of hope that was glimmering in the distant future. Alas the task was vain. Struggling for composure, she said—

"Go, my child—go to California. God be with you and bless you there. And, oh, if you should meet my poor boy, tell him how I long to see or hear from him; if he is sick, or in want, provide for him, as if he were your own brother, for my sake; or, should you ever hear what has befallen him write to me, and God will bless you—I know He will.

My California friends, this is no fancy sketch—no pencilling from the imagination—but a scene which actually occurred; it is long since, 'tis true; but I hope that long ere this his mother's heart has been gladdened by word of her absent son. If, as your eye falls upon this sketch, memory should bring to mind an absent loved one, to whom you have neglected to write, I pray you delay no longer, but let the next mail rejoice that heart by news from the California wanderer.

CARRIE D.

THE REALIZATION OF MY CONCEPTIONS.

Reader, do you live in a log cabin in the mountains of California? You wonder why I ask that question, I see. Simply for the reason, that if you do not, I cannot expect as warm a sympathy from you, in my undertaking, as if you were one whose emotions help make up the great heart-throb of the California miner's cabin, of which great social pulse this is the thrilling of one slight chord.

Hidden in one of the wildest ravines in the Southern Mines, stands a modest little log house, in no way differing from the thousands of others scattered throughout the mines. That, kind reader, is our home—our happy home. And who are they who constitute the "our," you ask. I was going to tell you they were ourselves, but that makes the matter no plainer, I perceive, and so I will be more explicit.

There are three young men, all under the age of twenty, as happy a family as there is in the State, I believe. Individually, there is Ben, a handsome, slight built fellow, one whom frontier life has denied all education, but who naturally possesses a fine taste; he is very sensitive; perhaps this is quickened by disease, for the hardships of his early life have done their work upon a form so naturally slight, and the "silent cheater of the eye" is fast working its ruin upon him. I know no sadder sight than to see him sit for almost hours at a time, with his large thoughtful eye fixed steadily upon some object; it tells a sad heart history, and one which it pains me to read.

Then there is Charley, the very opposite of Ben, black eyed, curly headed, the very picture of health, and always gay and light hearted. I don't remember that I ever saw him look sad; he's the very life of our home. He might, perhaps, be called a little wild, as he preferred California to College; and although his parents, who are rich, write constantly for him to come home, he cannot be persuaded to leave this fascinating, independent, miner's life. Speaking of him reminds me that it is a misstatement about our cabin differing in no way from the thousands of others throughout the mines, for it does in one respect. Charley has sketched with charcoal on the canvass roof, until the complexity of figures and scenes resembles the sculptures on an Egyptian temple.

The other one is hardly worth mentioning; he would scarcely be noticed beside two such interesting fellows as Ben and Charley. It is understood by them that he is to be a writer, and when they rouse him from the dreamy

spells in which he frequently falls, with a "well, Joe, what are you thinking about now," he generally mutters something about *conceptions*, giving them to understand that he is forcing ideas with which to gain his future fame, I suppose, for he hardly knows himself what he means. Well now, dear reader, you know who we are. And so we might have lived on happily together, Ben taking his quiet, thoughtful enjoyment, Charley laughing and singing, and Joe kept on conceiving in his dreamy way; so we might have lived on, I say, and you have known nothing about us, but for the advent of the California Magazine.

I'll tell you how our acquaintance commenced. The very cold nights had come again, and we had once more kindled the cheerful fire in our cabin. One evening we were gathered round the hearth, Ben was fixing his gun for hunting in the morning, Charley was reading the Magazine, Joe had laid down his book, and sat tracing figures in the glowing embers, as he had often done in childhood, by the old family hearth. At such times he recollects not himself, but is lost in the beautiful images before him. Charley arose, and clapped him on the shoulder, saying,

"Come, come, my boy, we can't have any more of your fruitless dreaming. Some of your 'conceptions' have got to be realized. Here," said he, pointing to the Magazine, "is a general invitation to all such fellows as you, my young *author*. And now I'll tell you what you have to do; you may write whatever you please, and read it to Ben and I, on Saturday night, and then send it to the Magazine. Let's see, its Tuesday evening; you can get off a very short composition this week, but hereafter we shall require more lengthy ones. No excuses, now."

This had attracted Ben's attention from his gun, and he now joined Charley, in his solicitations, with a look so full of pleasure at the idea, that I could not refuse two such dear old friends, however much I distrusted my own abilities; and so I promised, obliging reader, just as you would have done yourself.

Accordingly, on Saturday night, after we had gathered around the fire, after supper, I read them the following, prepared at odd moments during the week.

THE GRAVE UNDER THE PINE TREE ON THE KNOLL.

You know the grave under the pine tree on the knoll, and, doubtless, have often wondered whose ashes had their "wonted fires" smothered there. I confess it has always been a subject of curiosity to me ever since I saw the mound in such a wild, sweet spot. The wish to know who rested there has continually haunted me. I am not philosopher enough to explain what there is in common between sadness and graves; but there is certainly something; for whenever a feeling of melancholy or twilight sadness comes over me, my footsteps invariably lead me towards the grave under the tall pine tree; and the breast's cares and the heart-yearnings gradually melt into the thought of who rests there. So many, many ideas will suggest themselves. It must be a man; for the heart rejects the idea that affectionate friends or kindred would leave a woman in so lonely a place, without one token of affectionate remembrance. But, whether he was old, or young—one who was content to live with only a fondly cherished name, or one who had higher aspirations and yearnings after fame—whether he clung to life, friends, and the warm enjoyments of earth, or welcomed his lonely grave as a long prayed for object; and so they crowd on endlessly; all that I could say w r, that whoever it was, he had found the deepest oblivion the tomb can give; for the action of the elements had effaced the inscription upon the rude head-board, and the generation of Forty-Niners, who laid him there, had passed away. No one knew who occupied the mound; and the conclusion

had forced itself upon me that my curiosity would be unsatisfied forever. I unwillingly yielded the thought of ever knowing who rested there; but the desire was none the less. You know how reluctantly we yield up things that have been near our hearts, and how we cherish their memories and every thing connected with them, after they are taken from us, and you can judge my affection, I may call it, for the grave was none the less.

A few weeks ago, an old Forty-Niner came straying back here—as, I sometimes imagine, spirits come back from heaven to their old haunts on earth—to find them scarcely more changed. After dinner we strolled to the back of the cabin, and the old pine invited us to its shade. As we passed the grave, it attracted my friend's attention. Taking a long whiff, and removing his pipe, he breathed out a light cloud of smoke, and coolly remarked, "I helped to roll that fellow under the sod."

I cannot describe the sensation that I felt as he said this. My curiosity was at last about to be satisfied—all the old questions answered. They came rushing upon me with such interest, that I scarcely cared to know who rested there, if I but knew what he was; and so I asked my friend, as he had resumed his pipe, what sort of a person he was.

"I had quite forgotten him," he resumed, "until I saw this grave. Poor fellow! I pitied him. I don't think I ever felt so bad, in my life, as I did the night he died. He didn't take California life easy—never joined in our jovial times, but kept moodily by himself. Many a time I've seen him sit till late at night, under this very tree—watching the stars, I expect; if not, I know not what. He was quite young, and we all regarded him as a boy; but when the poor fellow was taken with the fever, he showed a spirit worthy of any man. He never complained, and was so patient and mild that it was almost a pleasure to take care of him. He never showed the least weakness but once, and that was a glorious weakness. Just before he died, when telling me what to write to his mother and sister, his voice faltered, and tears came into his eyes, I felt my own heart rising, nearly to choking me. I tried to cheer him, but he was already dying, and had scarcely finished his message to his dear old mother before he was gone."

And this was the occupant of the grave. In all my imaginings, I had never pictured such a likeness. And who was this, who had shrunk from the rude society of the early miners—whose last thoughts had been for loved ones far distant? I asked my friend if he remembered his name.

"'Twas Story—Edward Story, I believe," he replied.

A knife could hardly have sent a keener sensation to my heart than did that name. I had known him at home. He lived but a few miles from our place. I was quite young when I knew him; but his memory—perhaps more, on account of the circumstances of his death, was vivid in my mind.

His father died when Edward was quite young, leaving Mrs. Story with a scanty fortune for the maintenance of herself and two children, Edward and his sister, a year or two younger. In a few years they grew to idolize one another. You have seen families,

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where each member seems to live more for the others than for themselves; like some delicate plants, of which, if one branch be broken, the others wilt and die. Such was the Story family. Edward entered college early, and the greater part of the little fortune was expended upon his education. He graduated with much credit and ability, and returned home with the knowledge of the necessity of doing something immediately to repair their straightened circumstances.

The California gold excitement had just broken out, and he hailed it as the speediest means of accomplishing his object. After many preparations, and with the heartfelt blessings of his mother, and the kind wishes of his sister, he departed on his journey; and after a prosperous voyage, arrived in the land of gold in safety.

His labor was well rewarded; he remitted enough to have made them comfortable for life, but still, with that strange avarice of man, he wanted more. I do not think he worshipped money, like too many of our number; his intellect was of far too high an order for that, but it was a glorious chance, and he wanted to be independent. His letters bore the deepest traces of affection, speaking warmly of the time when they should be reunited. From their tone he always appeared contented and happy, as in his absence from the beings of his affections he possibly could be. A long space ensued, in which the usual tidings from him came not; a space of painful suspense and fear. And then came that soul chilling thing, a letter dressed in mourning, and written in a strange hand.

Their worst fears were realized; Edward *was* dead! It told the same tale of deep affection as his own prized letters had always done; throughout his long illness his thoughts were only for them; how his only regret at dying, although life was bright before him, was the thought of leaving them; and how the last sounds, ere the parting spirit breathed its last, were their ever precious names.

You can judge the effects of this sad intelligence upon those whose affections were so wholly bound up in the departed one. The mother never recovered from the stroke, but sank almost immediately; and it was only by the tenderest care that the frail sister survived the first shock of that heavy blow. Her delicate and sensitive nature had been clouded by a gloom from which it never could recover. This was previous to my leaving home. I had always forgotten it until the forty-niner's visit brought them back again so vividly to my mind: and the interest still increased by my sister's letter, which I received last mail. This is an extract from it: "You remember, dear Joe, Nelly Story, whom you used to think so pretty. Poor Nelly; you would scarcely recognize her now. Her slight form has wasted until she has become so fragile, and sadly beautiful, that she hardly resembles a thing of earth. She has never recovered from the effect of the news of her brother's death, but has been wasting gradually away ever since. The physicians can treat the case with no success. It is the effect of morbid mental action upon a delicate brain. They have tried change of scenery, society, all that is usually done for such cases without any effect, and they now only

try to make as pleasant as possible her stay on earth, which, I fear, will be very, very short."

Such is the story connected with one lonely grave in the mountains of California. There are *hundreds* of them scattered among the hills, and probably many of them possess as sad an interest as this one if their histories were known. But they will remain untold until the great recital of the last day. Meanwhile the recitors shall remain unknown under their earthy mounds, eliciting many a casual notice, like that with which my friend the forty-niner ended his remarks: "He lies in a pretty rich bed. I have got a six cent prospect out of his grave."

I finished reading, and folded up the manuscript slowly, hesitating to look up at the boys; we sat a long while silent. Finally, I glanced at Ben; he was looking steadfastly at the fire, and its reflection made something in his large eye glisten, which resembled much a tear; noble fellow, he had let his sympathies dwell upon my feeble words of recital until they had brought his great, generous heart into his throat.

I then glanced at Charley; he had his fine black eyes fixed more thoughtfully than usual, upon the candle light. So we sat silent for a minute. Ben was the first to speak.

"I've been thinking, my boys, we might fix some kind of a grave-stone over that grave, and Charley can take a drawing of the spot; its a beautiful spot, you know, and send it to the poor girl. It seems to me it would be a comforting thought to know that her brother's grave was cared for, and to see in what a handsome place he lies." These were the very words in which he expressed his manly ideas.

"I've been thinking the same," said Charley starting from his reverie. "The granite in the gulch has a splendid cleavage, and luckily I know something about handling a stone chisel, and with a very little labor we can make quite a nice monument. What say you, Joe?" I was highly pleased with the idea, and so we agreed to build a monument on the grave, under the pine tree, thus:

THE END.

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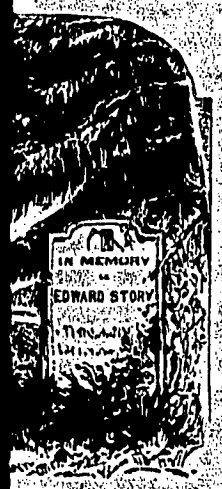

END.

THE HIGHEST WATERFALL IN THE WORLD.

A correspondent of the Lowell *Courier*, writing from Norway, gives an interesting account of a visit to the renowned "Voringsfos," remarkable, among other things, for being four or five thousand feet above the level of the sea. While it is undoubtedly the highest, it is believed to be the most difficult of access of any important waterfall in the world. Starting from Eidfjord, the party travelled ten miles on foot, to a deeply sunken lake, across which they rowed in a boat to the village of Steboe. Here they took horses and guides and started for the mountains; and after a two hours' ride, during which they crossed some perilous passages, they reached the foot of the so-called "Steep." This is a mountainous mass of barren rock, rising two thousand feet, apparently perpendicular, which, it would hardly be imagined, could be climbed by horses. It was climbed, on horseback, however, by the party, up a zigzag course turning to every point of the compass in the space of a single rod, and ascending flights of irregular, artificial stairs.

The party suddenly emerged upon a broad moorland, interspersed with quagmires, rock-beds, and stinted vegetation. It extends for several miles, and at the further extremity is a dairy-maids' village. The river rushes through a cavernous gorge in this plain; but the only sign of its vicinity was the eternal cloud of spray which rises and soars above the plain. Says the writer:

"In five hours after leaving the lake below, we stood upon the brink of the precipice into which the thundering cataract makes its final plunge of *nine hundred feet!* Standing about six hundred feet above the top of the fall, we could look down to its base, *fifteen hundred feet below us!* Here, again, we were spell-bound in mute amazement at the wonderful 'works of creation;' and here would I gladly lay down my pen; for who can describe such a scene, or his own emotions when contemplating it? Language fails, and the beholder is made conscious of aspirations that reach beyond this world and take hold of eternity—aspirations to comprehend infinity. So deep is the chasm beneath this projecting stand-point, that every object within it—even the rocks and shrubbery on the borders of the now quiet stream—has a tinge of reflected sky-blue.

"If the estimates are correct—and they were made by Prof. Hansteen, of Christiana University—the fall itself is about six times higher than Niagara, and the summit from which it is seen nine times higher. The cross on the tower of Trinity Church, New York, is 383 feet above the sidewalk. Place four such towers one above the other, and they would rise but thirty-two feet above this precipice; and six Bunker Hill monuments would not reach the top by 180 feet. Should the Washington monument be carried to three times its contemplated height, (though there is no danger of it), and were it set into this ravine, one could step from this rock upon its capstone.

"So steep are the walls of this gorge, that one yard from the brink the water is nowhere visible. The channel extends several miles, and the vegetation of the plain, in some places, so conceals its verge, that venturesome sheep are sometimes precipitated into its frightful depths. It is said to be a well-authenticated fact, that a broken-hearted girl once deliberately threw herself off into the yawning gulf."

The astonishing height of the waterfall described above, although situated in one of the most romantic and mountainous countries in the old world, cannot compare with those of our own California, which surround the magnificent valley of the Yo-Hamite. One of these falls is *thirteen times* the *height* of Niagara; that being 165 feet, while the Yo-Hamite Falls is over 2,000 feet

It is the vast volume of water rushing over Niagara that makes it so justly celebrated.

We insert below, from the San Francisco *Chronicle*, the report of Mr. Thomas Long, Surveyor of Mariposa county, who has been engaged for some time in the Yo-Hamite valley, in taking the altitudes of the most prominent rocks and falls, and which is the lowest estimate of some of those stupendous heights yet given. The following is the result of his calculations:

The large rock, about one and a half miles above the entrance of the Valley, on the north side, known as El Capitan—3,090 feet.

The falls on the south side of the Valley, nearly opposite to El Capitan, and known as the Bridal Veil—940 feet.

The falls on the north side, about the middle of the Valley, known as the Yosemite—2,063 feet.

The point below the Yosemite falls —2,938 feet.

Pyramid Rock, on the north side, nearly opposite the Yosemite falls—3,200 feet.

The dome-like rock, on the north side of the Valley, known as the North Dome—3,630 feet.

The rock opposite the North Dome, and which stands over Mirror Lake, known as the South Dome—4,484 feet.

The peak on the south side of the Valley, near the upper end, and below a small stream, emptying into the south fork of the main river, known as the Junction Rock—3,503 feet.

THE OLD ELM TREE AT HOME.

I remember, I remember, nor can I e'er forget,
My old home, where the swallows built their nests beneath the jet;
The sweet-briar clambering to the eves, nestling the honey bee,
While far above them all arose the shady old elm tree.

That tree had stood through many a storm of wind and wintry rain,
While many generations had come and gone again;
My grandsire sat beneath that tree, smoking his pipe of clay,
While close beside his old arm chair, the aged house-dog lay.

My granddame sat beside him, with her book and spinning-wheel,
Or laid aside the distaff, while she turned the busy reel;
The gray cat lay upon the step, watching her kittens play,
While crickets chirped beneath the stone, as blinking there she lay.

I remember, I remember, the day my father died,
How that old tree bowed heavily, as shorn of all its pride;
And when they bore him slowly on the funeral hearse away,
A wail went through its branches, on that bleak November day.

I remember, I remember, how often I have laid,
In the long and sultry summer hours, beneath that old tree's shade,
And watched the golden oriole's nest, as over head it swung,
Or mocked the robin and the thrush, that on its branches sung.

I remember, I remember, when a little wayward child,
How I used to play beneath it, with my two white rabbits wild;
And look up to its branches, then they seemed to me so high,
I almost thought they reached to heaven, and stood above the sky.

I remember, I remember, and wheresoe'er I roam,
I often think of that old tree above my childhood's home;
How gladly would I seek its shade and lay me down once more
Beneath the shelter of its leaves, beside my father's door.

SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 15th, 1850. G. T. S.

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OLD FORTY-NINE.

NO. IV.

"My mother earth!
And thou, fresh-breaking day; and you, ye mountains;
Why are ye beautiful? I cannot love ye;
And thou, the bright eye of the universe!
Thou span'st over all, and unto all
Art a delight; thou shin'st not on my heart."

One bright star in the west shone out from the dark blue vault; it was like an eye, looking out on the world beneath—a silent watcher of the night. Somehow, we were both looking at it; there was a magic in its glance—an influence, which thrilled through all our being, as if the spirit of that star was searching our inmost souls, and that all their hidden secrets were known to it; and not only ours, but all others in the circle of its light; aye, our most hidden thoughts, long buried in the past. I knew the star; and soon it was changed to me—and the beautiful face of a dear maiden I had loved was looking down upon me from its high place in the heavens; for we had often looked up together at that star, and sworn eternal fealty as it beamed on us.

I was entranced, and had forgotten my companion, when, suddenly, his voice dispelled the charm.

"Markham," he exclaimed, "this is a beautiful world, seen in a light like this; and when I look up to that glorious firmament, and feel the spiritual influence of those bright orbs, speaking to my heart, I feel the God within me, and know that I am immortal and hold communion with the dead, who, in this world, have died and gone down into the dust, but whose souls live and are around us now; for I can almost feel their touch; and they whisper to my spirit of the mystery of the coming life; they would win me to their God; but the morrow comes, and they are forgotten, as we mingle in the warfare of life; and human passions and earth's cares drag us down again; and we, who but the night before held converse with the dwellers in an eternal life, crush down our aspirations, to stain and pollute all that is godlike in our nature, to gain—what? Speak, Markham! This earth's golden hopes—*a mockery, at best—an hour of death for an eternity of life!* Strange, this warring of the good and bad within us. As I feel now, I am fit to rest in the home of innocence, amid the endearing affections, the true heart-impulses, of a true woman's love—and, from the truth and purity of my thoughts, draw to myself human hearts to elevate, refine, and make happy, in the long years of the coming future. I can see the very pathway to such a home; and many, of the past, are lingering there—the shades of loved departed ones—and they are beckoning me, and pointing, with extended hand, to the prize that I might win. But, alas, they do but mock me; for what have such as I to do with dreams like these? The home of innocence I would corrupt, and change the happy laugh, ringing the heart's chimes in the music of its peal, into the howling wail of maddened sorrow.

"See! look west, my friend; you see that glorious planet;" and he pointed to the orb which had shed its silver light on the dreaming path of my first love. "See," he exclaimed; "that star, in every ray, is accusing now, and telling me of the false heart that lives within my breast. For, in an-

other land, on such a night as this, somehow, by chance, or as my evil destiny would have it, I was seated at an oriel window, beside a beauteous maiden, unknown to her; I, partly hidden in the shade, was watching her speaking countenance and wondering at the halo of devotion which beamed around her, ever, when she looked upon that star. She was one of those beautiful beings, the light of whose angelic beauty gives a lustre to all around them; on her high forehead, it seemed as if God had written truth; and when she smiled, and the light of her bright eyes sparkled on you, a joyous flood of electrical force thrilled through every nerve of your whole being, and every pulse in the human heart was set beating, in its turn. It was an inspiration to draw the feelings of a lifelong power—a divinity, and a worship, to guide you ever after; and, over lake and mountain, land and ocean, to bring the traveller back, after long years of exile, to bend the knee again in admiration.

"Well, here was a prize for me; for the magic fire of love was burning in my heart; and I would have placed that jewel on my breast, and worn it all my life. Markham, I never knew love until then; and, while the pure thought lived within me, I was fit to mate with the very angels in the spheres. Oh, how I loved; and, months after, when I wooed her for my bride, and she told me she loved another, oh, how I cursed my folly in giving away my very life to the caprice of a woman. And then I looked again at that dear face, and I did plead, with all the despairing eloquence of a lost soul, that she would forget that other, and think only upon me—it seemed in vain; and she pointed to that very star, and told me she had pledged her faith, looking up into its light; and ever, when it looked out from heaven upon her, she thought of him who, in a foreign land, was trying to make a fortune for her alone.' And we became fast friends, and I never whispered love again; and oh, how fondly she spoke of the absent loved one. And many a long walk we had, in the forest glades, and by the clear stream; and I have listened, wrapt, to her conversation; for her spoken thoughts were, oft, the very music of poetry. And, in these delightful meetings, she lifted me up to the exaltation of her self—to the high point of her intellectual and moral worth—until my life, in the deep, earnest-toned reasoning of its future, promised to be a happy and a peaceful one.

"Many a letter she received from her lover; and, in truth, he must have been a gallant youth; for sometimes she has read little passages to me, from them, which were filled with high, chivalrous thought; and many a scene he described, of danger and adventure, with a master hand. He, too, became my friend, and I felt to him as a brother. She never told to me his name, nor did I ask her then, as it seemed a secret with him and her; for her friends knew not of it; and sometimes the simple folks wondered that she and I were not wedded.

"How happy we were, Markham, I cannot tell you; I have no words to describe the full perfection of our friendship or its truth and purity. But, alas, we were on the brink of an abyss, and the evil demons of my fate were

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drawing a circle round us then, which was to girdle us with fire.

"One night I was listening to her beautiful words, when, suddenly, I lifted my face, to look at her, and found her eye was fixed on me with a light which flashed to my brain and heart and soul; 'twas love; by the immortal passion, it was there; and the tell-tale crimson tide mounted o'er cheek and brow.

"And I was triumphant. I uttered not, nor even by look or gesture, for many a day, spoke of the knowledge I had gained; but it came out at last; and a fair arm was round my neck, and eyes, with the diamond's lustre, looked down into my heart. Why did I not flee from her then? for the evil of my soul had overcome her own, and I was dragging her down, hour by hour, day by day, to a level with myself, until —come nearer, Markham, till I whisper it to thee—*She fell!* and, in her fall, she blotted out from my page of life, all the little faith I had in our humanity.

"For a little time, a few short months, it was a brilliant life to me; but there came a change; the devil which had gained possession of her had lost its power, and the old love and deep remorse came back with tremendous force. And I, loving more than ever, could see deep hatred to me and horror at our guilt, had taken the place of love. In my madness, I offered her my hand, to make her my wedded wife, but she scorned the offer, and cursed me, with language so terrible, that ever since then I hear it ringing in my ears.

"Well, months rolled on; she went mad; and then her reason came back again, and she knew that she was dying, and made her peace with God. She sent for me; and I, kneeling beside her couch, listened to a prayer she offered up for me; and then she placed her hand in mine, and died. And I—the accursed—the seducer—was alone in the world, with the brand of Cain upon my brow.

"How can I ever hope for happiness again, Markham? How can I dare to look up to those heavens and feel that accusing star fire eternally torturing my doomed soul! What have I to do with the spiritual world? The worst evil spirit of the ghostly throng is an angel, in purity, to me; and the after life must be to my soul a fearful and despairing doom. What is left to me? This world; and I have marked out for myself a path on it, in another land, where, amid the battle and the strife, I will write out a name illustrious in history. Yes, in a land steeped in guilt and crime, sunk and degenerate, I will raise the standard of a new hope; and, amid the burning ashes of its sin, purified with blood, I will reyouth its soul, and, with the name of my lost one for my battle-cry, urged by the generous hope, I will be triumphant, and in the hour of victory will dare to look up to heaven again; and, elevated by the power of high resolve, and baptized anew at the altar of liberty, I may be a *man* again, and dare to hope for heaven.

"Till then, my friend, help me in my plans and schemes, and by and bye I will show you a pathway to honor, wherein a soul like yours will need no urging on."

I had listened like one entranced. One part of Harold's story touched so

close upon my own, that I felt as if the evil-one himself was beside me, and, perchance, that it was my own loved one he had betrayed; but I crushed down the thought, as blasphemy to her; still I could not shake the feeling off, and it made me sick unto death as I asked of him her name. When I did so, he turned upon me like a tiger, and his eyes flashed fire, as he exclaimed—

"Must you know all? I have forgot myself, and, like a fool, have made bare the secrets of my heart; and now you would make me breathe dishonor on a name that went down to the grave fair and untarnished, to the searching eye of the world's scorn. Still, at another time I will tell thee it; for I feel, somehow, you are linked with my destiny. Before she died, she placed a sealed packet in my hand, to be opened in two years from then. In a few months more, the time will have come. It is among some papers I expect by the return of the Galtschut. On that night, the evening of her death, I will again make you my confidant, and you will see her picture, and read her last request, and know how fearful must be the agony of one who destroyed so pure a being, and feels, living in his soul, the accusing torment of so foul a deed. I would be alone now. Go back to the tents; I will join you soon."

He walked on, and I was alone, wondering at the events of the night and the terrible tale I had listened to. I looked up to the heavens above, and at the stars, which were speaking nature's poetry in the influence of their beauty; and over the waters of the bay, and amid the cloud-land of the dim, star-lit horizon; and then I inwardly looked into my heart, and fervently prayed that I might be so guarded from sin and wrong, that my soul would never be a curse unto itself.

MY POET SISTER.

How pleasant it is, in our sadness,
When the present comes laden with pain,
And sickness has banished all gladness,
And demon-thoughts conquer the brain,
How pleasant to turn to some message,
Warm and fresh from the loved ones at home,
As it comes, like a morning star, presage
Of faith to the pilgrims who roam.

Alone in my chamber, the singing
Of summer-birds falls on my ear,
And Memory comes to me, bringing
The treasures I ever hold dear;
The love of a beautiful maiden,
Like sunlight, is over me cast—
Each moment with happy thoughts laden,
Came up from the wrecks of the past.

I roamed through my own native village—
To the bridge which is spanning the stream;
And the rushing of waters was music,
Which lulled my heart into a dream;
I saw there a beautiful vision—
On the bridge, where the shadow was cast—
And revelled in day-dreams Elysian,
Floating up from the mists of the past.

Our thoughts wandered down the dim vista,
And cast off the burden of years,
While the eyes of my sweet poet-sister
Grew brighter, though filling with tears.
Years had passed since we met in our gladness,
And deemed that our souls were as one,
Nor dreamed that cold shadows of sadness
Should darken the sunlight begun.

Then the hand of my beautiful sister
Put back the soft locks of her hair;
And, Psyche, my lips would have kissed her,
So pale was her brow, and so fair!
But she fled from the bridge, and the shadow,
Away from the shadow and gloom,
And I followed her steps to the meadow—
The meadow all sweet with perfume.

The fairies were dancing around us,

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The fairies were dancing around us,
Or resting amid the closed flowers;
The soft spell of soul-love had bound us;
We whispered away the warm hours;
Low, soul-winning voices were filling
With music the still air of night,
And the notes of their melody thrilling
My heart with intensest delight.

And the hours of the night fled unnoted;
Unmarked was the dawning of day;
For my soul into paradise floated,
And cast the dull body away;
An angel guide was to me given,
In the radiant beauty of youth;
Together we swept through the heaven,
To the fountains of Beauty and Truth.

The flowers, which the dews had been kissing,
The dews from the soft summer skies,
In the dawning of morning were blushing,
With tears in their half-opened eyes;
But the form of the fair poet-maiden,
Whose eyes had gazed into my own,
Away to her beautiful Aiden,
On the wings of the morning had flown.

San Francisco, Dec., 1856. S****.

A PAGE OF THE PAST.

NO. III.

BY ALICE.

From false caresses, ceaseless strife,
Wild hope, vain fears, alike removed,
Here let me learn the use of life,
When best enjoyed—when most improved.
Dr. Johnson.

Spring, with all its vernal beauty, began to deck the broad prairies of Iowa, and, as we went trembling along in the big topped wagon, I could but admire the spring violets, early bursting from an icy bed, and now germinating into beauty and loveliness. Our driver was a jolly German, seated just ahead of us, on a disconsolate looking horse, just dragging one weary foot after the other, at a snail's pace, with ribs almost protruding through the hide, and receiving now and then an encouraging tone from the rider, with a slice of the lash to tingle him to remembrance. The sun, that had risen so dazzlingly beautiful this morning, now became obscured, and half congealed rain-drops beat in our faces, making them much longer than the moral law, and twice as blue and frozen. In the month of March a good snow-storm is not uncommon, and the driver consoled us with the idea that we should soon be at the side of his blazing fire, and remain at his house for the night, and the following day he would take us to Fairfield.

The mud in the Spring, in this country, is very deep, which, by the cold northern wind, had become slightly frozen, and was an ugly impediment to such anxious travelers as we were. We became often fastened in the mud, where the wagon sunk to the axletrees. Our company was snugly ensconced behind a pile of trunks, traveling sacks, and carpet bags, and no one would leave his warm place to help the driver from his perplexing dilemma. He chirped, and clucked, and swore, exhausting the few words he could master in English, and fell back upon his native tongue. The boys told him they had paid their fare to Fairfield in the huge vehicle, and would not walk it through, let what would come. Being stuck fast in a mud hole for half an hour, I became benumbed with cold, and seeing a log house by the roadside, which stood alone on the open plain, and around which the wind moaned and howled like so many infuriated beasts, eager for their prey, I hastened thither to warm myself. Upon knocking at the door a half suppressed voice said, come in. I had seen houses of poverty, and famished misery, but

on no former occasion had I come in so close a contact with so heart sickening and loathing a scene as presented itself on this never to be forgotten occason. The woman who had bidden me enter, was seated on an old rickety chair, from which she rose, and then pushed it with her foot towards me. She held in her arms a puny, half-starved infant, which was vigorously tugging at the milkless breast, to keep the little life it had; its sweet chiseled and upturned features, so innocent in their imploring expression, made the the tears of sympathy start from my eyelids. The mother, slender, yet symmetrical in form, and beautiful to a fault, with large blue eyes that were red and swollen with recent weeping, and with a heart that was full to overflowing with wormwood and gall, bursting its forged fetters, soon to quit such sickly scenes of earthly despair and misery. Such a hopeless and despairing look had she that even now the slightest recollection embitters my mind. Her sweet, silvery, and hollow sounding voice, is still ringing in my ear as plaintive as though I heard it but an hour ago.

My entrance caused the wretch to lay the whip down, and which but a moment before he was using upon that sweet being who now stood quailing before him, apparently so angelic, so self sacrificing, while leading this life of horror. This author of her misery was intoxicated, and in his drunken phrenzy had brutally wronged the only heart that ever trusted him. On a cupboard, which stood in a corner of the room, was a few broken plates and saucers, and on the other shelves stood whisky bottles, both full and empty. A few rags, placed in another corner of the room, made their bed, and never before had I witnessed such squalid misery and intemperance.

The wagon being extricated we again started, and arrived at the German's house that night. A warm, steaming supper being prepared by two romping looking girls, who, in linsey woolsey dresses were in attendance, we hastily despatched it; meanwhile these lasses several times stole sheep's glances at the young men in our company, and who looked more feminine, with their white beards and downy moustache, than themselves. Some of the lesser juveniles were so frightened at the appearance of strangers that they ran and crawled under the bed, until they became gradually emboldened, and came out, still looking shy and frightened as startled fawns. Soon sleep claimed us for its own, and we forgot the bad roads, and German swearing, in the land of Nod, reveling in sweet slumbers and pleasant dreams of home.

The next morning we started on our journey, but it was bitter cold, and the snow fell slantingly upon the frozen roads, and drifted into the wagon, which made it very unpleasant traveling. We arrived in Fairfield just as the Sunday bells were ringing to call the worshippers to church.

Music or Words.—Listen to the mother talking music to her young babe. The comfort is surely not in words, for the child understands not one of them. It lies, of course, in the music of words. It is the mother's tone of voice—her music—which the child understands and receives into its little troubled heart.

LOS

LOSS AND GAIN.

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"I suppose it is time
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LOSS AND GAIN.

On a clear but cold morning in January, Bernard Harcourt sat down alone at his father's table, to breakfast; for of the numerous members of the family, no one seemed in readiness to join him on this, the morning of his departure for California.

It was but seven o'clock, an early hour for breakfast, but the cars left Staunton in half an hour, so there was no time to wait. His handsome face wore a sad expression, as he sat there alone. There was a great rattling of china, considering there was but one person at the table, and the young man buttered his bread, regardless of the high price it was then bringing in market; helped himself a second time to the milk toast, though the first spoonful remained untasted on his plate, where he had but a few moments before deposited it; salted, instead of sweetening his chocolate; and committed numerous other excusable extravagances, apparently unobserved.

His father, while this make-believe-affair-of-a-breakfast was going on, was walking, in silence, up and down the long dining room, with his arms folded upon his breast, and his eyes fixed intently upon the carpet, as if in search of something, but evidently thinking, with sorrow, of the separation that was to take place between him and his youngest, dearest son; and when at last he raised his eyes to the face of the young man, who was, like himself, endeavoring to shut in the farthest cell of his heart, the feelings of tenderness and regret, which, in spite of his efforts, would be seen in the countenance as he sighed, and found himself several times on the point of saying, "Bernard, you had better not go."

Soon the young man arose from his almost untasted breakfast. The time of parting had come sooner than either wished; and yet both were glad when it was over.

"I suppose it is time you were off, Bernard," said the old gentleman, with a voice that sounded a little husky, as though something unpleasant were sticking in the throat. "I may as well wish you success and a prosperous journey, and say good bye at once."

Bernard faltered "good bye;" another hearty shake of the hand, and they had parted.

The elder Harcourt turned from the room to conceal his emotion; the younger sought his mother and sisters in the parlor, who, with sweet and tearful faces, were there awaiting him.

"The worst of it all is, this getting away," said Bernard to his brothers, who were accompanying him to the depot; "I would have given all the money I shall make in the first six months in California to have escaped the 'good bye' of dear ones at home; and yet it is not done with; here, Charley, take my overcoat, while I just pop in and say a word to Lillian."

"The worst is to come, then, Bernard," said Charley, as he took the overcoat and walked on slowly in the direction of the depot, while his brother ran up the steps of a fine mansion and hastily rung the bell.

A quarter of an hour afterwards he joined his brother at the depot; they had just time to notice that his eyes looked a little red, as though he had been weeping, and there was a slight quivering of the lip; but the noisy engine that moment coming up, put an end to their observation. The last "good bye" was soon said, and Bernard Harcourt, stepping in the cars, was whirled along the curving rail track as rapidly at he could wish.

Arriving in Boston early in the afternoon of the same day, he took passage in one of the steamers that ply between that city and New York, at which place he arrived in due time, transacted a little business, and then shut himself in his stateroom, on board one of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company's beautiful and fast sailing steamers, and was soon bounding away o'er the billows. The sea was unusually rough, and Bernard, with many more

of the passengers, bowed to the decrees of Neptune, who "demanded his dues" with a vengeance.

When his seasickness subsided he recovered his spirits, and was the life of an interesting party of ladies and gentlemen who, like himself, had left dear ones behind them, and embarked for a land where they hoped to amass riches, without toiling a lifetime. With them Bernard was lively and cheerful, but when he retired to his stateroom a thoughtful shade passed over his face, and he would sit for hours, with a finely wrought locket in his hand, gazing at the lovely portrait of Lillian Martin. It was for her that he left father, mother, and his cherished home. It was for her that he sought the land of gold.

But while he is riding on the deep blue sea, at the rate of fifteen knots an hour, sometimes chatting with others, or joining a glee party in the chorus to a lively negro melody, and sometimes in the quiet of his stateroom, singing with a mournful voice, "Do they miss me at home," we will transport our readers back to Staunton, for a brief space.

Bernard, our hero, was the youngest of a family of eight children, and his father had endeavored, thus far, to fulfill the scriptural injunction, "train up a child in the way he should go," etc., and, as his amiable and respected wife often said, his children were such that he might be proud of them.

Bernard, quite early in life, fell in love with a beautiful girl, the daughter of a wealthy neighbor, by the name of Martin. The attachment he evinced for the fair Lillian was returned, and as the parents on either side made no objections, young Harcourt paid her semi-weekly visits, and in due time they became engaged.

Then it was that Bernard aroused himself to action. He had thus far "taken life easy," as the saying is, but he now felt that the time had come when he must carve a name and a fortune for himself; and as California was then the great rendezvous for all who desired wealth in a hurry, he accordingly bent his steps hither. Lillian also felt the necessity of the step; yet, she would have been better pleased to have had him nearer home. No good opportunity, however, appeared, and he tore himself away, hoping and praying that success might attend his efforts, and enable him to return in at least two years time, with wealth enough to justify him in making Lillian his wife. Having thus given a hasty description of the interesting friends of our hero, let us now return to him.

He was detained but a short time on the Isthmus, yet long enough to contract that lingering disease styled the Panama fever, and which has made thousands of adventurers its victims. After leaving Acapulco a slight fall lamed him, and made him feel so ill that he was obliged to keep his berth for some time, and ere he recovered from it, the fever which had been in his system since he left Panama, made its appearance.

When he reached San Francisco, the place of his destination, he was very ill, and at times delirious. He was, in his sane moments, happily conscious of his danger, and sent to a former acquaintance of his, who was then in business here, to come to him as soon as possible. Mr. Ferguson obeyed the summons. He found Harcourt in his berth, looking extremely ill, but the young man assured him he was not sick, only a little disabled by a fall, and begged Mr. Ferguson to use his influence to get him into some good, quiet family, where he thought a few days nursing would set all right again. Mr. Ferguson promised, and while running over the list of his acquaintances could think of none who would like to admit an invalid into their house.

While on his way to his place of business he met a young man who had been for some time in his employ, and who was a distant relative of Ferguson's, and as far as worldly goods were concerned, was poor. This Ferguson knew, and thinking a boarder, though

somewhat an invalid, might help Savage to live, he inquired of him.

Savage, after hearing Ferguson's statement of the case, consented to have young Harcourt taken to his house. The room was hastily prepared, and in about two hours the carriage bearing the invalid, and one or two of his old friends from Staunton, stopped before the door.

Harcourt was assisted, or rather carried, into the house, for he was unable, from weakness, to take a step alone. In the hall he met Mrs. Savage, and looking anxiously into her face said, "I fear, madam, you will regret having allowed me to come to your house." He fainted when they attempted to take him up stairs, and both Mrs. Savage and her husband felt that the young man was more seriously ill than Mr. Ferguson had represented.

Dr. Selden, who had been summoned, soon arrived, and pronounced the young man's disease to be the Panama fever, in its worst form. Mrs. Savage's heart sunk within her at these words. Having always been blessed with health herself, and never having had any sickness in her family, she felt herself incompetent to the task of taking care of the young invalid.

"What is to be done," said she, looking with tearful eyes at her husband, who had just left the sick man's room.

"Why, we must do the best we can," he replied.

"But I know nothing about nursing a sick person, and I fear he never will get well here; indeed, he looked like a dying man when they brought him into the house," said Mrs. Savage.

"I will leave my place for a while, at least till there is a change in him," said Savage. "He has a father and mother, and many friends at home, who would be broken hearted if they knew his situation here; sick, and almost without friends."

"I will cheerfully do everything in my power to make him comfortable; yet I fear my inexperience may make it worse for the young man. If he should die here, husband, I should think it was through some neglect or inattention on our part," said Mrs. Savage with a sigh.

While they were yet conversing a neighbor, who had from her window noted the arrival of the invalid, came in to ascertain the particulars, and when informed that the young man was a stranger, and had been brought there ill with fever, she raised her hands in horror, and replied, "I would not have a person in *my* house, with a fever, and I wonder you don't have him sent away directly."

"I did not know the young man had a fever when I consented to give him a room in my house," said Mrs. S. mildly. "I was informed that his indisposition proceeded from a fall on board the steamer, which proved to be incorrect; but now that he is here, and comfortably housed, he certainly shall not now be moved."

Her visitor left, saying, as she did so, that "she would not like such a responsibility, and that *she* could not be imposed upon as easily as some folks."

To the satisfaction of all who knew him before, or had made his acquaintance since he arrived, young Harcourt began slowly to mend. An old friend of his, whom he had known as a merchant in Staunton, came, "rain or shine," as regularly as the physician, to see him every day; and his visits were a source of gratification to all. He dispensed his good advice freely to young Harcourt, and Mrs. Savage found herself not only amused, but interested in his conversation; and Mr. Savage enjoyed an argument with him better even than eating and sleeping, and he was remarkably fond of both.

It was five tedious weeks after Bernard Harcourt's introduction into the family of Mr. Savage, before he was able to walk around. Occasionally, on a sunshiny day, his friend Waters came in his carriage, and took him to ride a short distance. These rides, and the exercise he otherwise obtained, strengthened him so much that, after a week,

he was able to pay his respects in person to Mr. Ferguson, thanking him over and over again for the interest he had taken in seeing him so well cared for, when sick and alone, in a land almost unknown to him.

Ambition returned with health, and Harcourt sought eagerly for employment, but he sought in vain, nor was he the only one, as thousands were and had been for months, idle in San Francisco.

"I am not discouraged," said he to his friends, as he returned home after another day's fruitless effort to obtain a situation in some mercantile house. "I am not discouraged, because I have determined I will not allow myself to be." And he took off his hat and rubbed his high full forehead, in deep thought.

Savage, who was of a lively turn, by his cheerful countenance and conversation, soon brought a smile on the face of Harcourt, and helped to dissipate his gloomy thoughts for a time.

The young men were fond of each other, and having talked the matter over, formed a desire to go in business together; but neither possessed sufficient capital to commence, and they tried in vain to get assistance. They were therefore obliged to give up their darling project. Savage continued at his old employment, and Harcourt started for the mines.

He soon, however, returned to San Francisco, worn out with his travels, almost discouraged, as he found mining to be very hard work, and often very unprofitable.

Letters awaited him, for the steamer had arrived while he was absent, and none but those who have come to these shores as he did, leaving every dear one behind, can realize the pleasure with which he grasped those letters, and eagerly perused the contents.

Lillian, the dear girl, was well, thank heaven. Then there was a long one from his father, who never let a steamer pass without writing to his son, but his heart beat fast, and his hand trembled as he read these words:

"My Dear Bernard:

It is a cold but beautiful day, and group after group of happy faces are continually passing my window, yet I cannot rejoice with them, for my heart is sad. Our precious household band is broken—ruthlessly broken—for death has suddenly entered and borne away a dear one from our bosoms.

"Yes, Bernard, Helen has gone. When you return, you will miss her dear, interesting face, and sweet voice. Her seat in the family circle is vacant. My hand trembles while I write this sad intelligence, for we have but just received the news of your terrible illness, and in the midst of our agonized bereavement for the loss of Helen, we tremble and fear for you. Would you were here Bernard. Let me entreat you not to put either your life or health in peril again. You are not strong. You had better return to us. Do not grieve too deeply for her who was ready, we trust, to go; but live so, my son, that you may meet your angel sister in heaven."

"Your affectionate father,

"John Harcourt."

There was no letter from his mother. She was too ill to write, but a loved sister wrote, and with his father pleaded that he would return soon to his home.

He went. Sad indeed was the meeting with his parents, brothers, and sisters, for his return brought the loss of Helen fresh to their minds. Yet while they wept they thanked their heavenly Father that Bernard had been spared to see them again.

Lillian received her lover with much apparent pleasure; but her father did not seem quite as well pleased, when Bernard called there, as formerly.

Bernard was sensitive, and quickly noticed the change in Mr. Martin's manners towards him, and in his frank and open candor spoke of it to Lillian.

She could not say that it was imaginary on his part, for she had noticed it herself, but had endeavored for a time to excuse it. Bernard, however, was

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not to be blinded to the fact, and he sought and obtained of the old gentleman an explanation of his conduct.

Mr. Martin reasoned that as Mr. Harcourt had not succeeded in obtaining a situation in some lucrative business, either here or in California, that the engagement ought to be broken off, at least until such time as she should be able to take care of and support a wife in her present style of living.

Harcourt was indignant at the unfeeling manner in which Mr. Martin had expressed himself, though he smothered his anger, and said "very well." As they parted, Harcourt on his way home thought of his exertions while in San Francisco to get into business, and was convinced that he had not let an opportunity escape him, and now to be censured, when he felt he was undeserving of it, was more than he could well endure, and as a consequence he did not go to Mr. Martin's house again, but wrote to Lillian.

After receiving his letter she wept all night; and when, as usual, on the next day, the hour came round for him to call, and he did not come, she shut herself in her own room, to hide the agony she could not conceal in the presence of her sister and parents. And she felt that what he had expressed in his letter to her was true, "that he should come there as her suitor no more." And she could not but feel that if her father had looked with an eye to her happiness, he would have bestowed enough of his wealth on his intended son-in-law, to start him in business in Staunton, or some of the larger towns adjoining.

All Harcourt wanted was for some one to give him a fair start, for he had energy and talent, but that was withheld. Mr. Martin was an austere man, and Lillian's pale cheeks and swollen eyes did not in the least affect him.

Gold was a necessary requirement, and he made up his mind that his son-in-law must have no small pile, ere he could claim the hand of his daughter.

Harcourt and Lillian met occasionally, but only as friends; yet it was a hard struggle for both, as she yielded to parental authority.

"I can endure this no longer," said Harcourt one day as Lillian passed him in the street, with only a cold bow of recognition. "This is no place for me; I will travel, I *must* forget the *past*."

Once more Harcourt is on his way to California, but with what different feelings does he set out to what he did at first. The bow of promise has faded from his sky, and Lillian, bright Lillian, his star of hope, is obscured by the dark clouds of mercenary expectation.

"The world is all the same to me," said Harcourt to himself, as with hurried tread he paced the steamer's deck. "I may as well die in one place as in another. What?" said he, recovering himself, "do *I* talk of dying? and for *one* who is not worthy of the love I have lavished upon her; for one who cares not for *me*, since *I* have *no money*. Away with such weakness; I will be a man, and prove to Lillian, to the world, that I am worthy of the name.

On arriving in San Francisco he bent his steps to his friend Savage's dwelling, and, though it was past ten o'clock, he ran in without any announcement, and surprised them all, for they had not expected his return.

It is needless to add that they were delighted to see them again; and little Molly, who used to make herself useful in various ways during his former sickness, endearing herself to young Harcourt, fairly danced for joy at beholding him again, and her first inquiry was for Lillian, as he had often spoken of her, and allowed many little notes to be seen, that had passed between them.

Harcourt's eyes sought the carpet when that once loved name was mentioned, but he said nothing until the little prattler, Molly, was sent to bed, when he related the circumstances to Mr. and Mrs. Savage, that led him to return to California.

"Do you think she really loves you as she ought?" asked Savage, after Harcourt had concluded.

"I don't know," replied he thoughtfully; "when we met she looked unhappy. Time alone will tell."

When morning came Harcourt's first thought was to go again, and seek employment as he had so unsuccessfully done before; and knowing that his old friend, Ferguson, could assist him by his advice and information, he went to him at once.

After the welcome salutations were exchanged, Harcourt opened his mind to Ferguson, when he informed him that nothing could have been more opportune, as business had very much increased, and he wanted just such a man.

As time rolled on prosperity rewarded his faithful services to his employer in an extending and profitable business, and as he, by his frugality and untiring devotedness, had not only won the admiration and confidence of Mr. Ferguson, but had saved himself a snug little sum of money, he was admitted as a member of the firm; which, to this day, is one of the most respected and the most prosperous in San Francisco.

He kept his good success to himself, occasionally writing to Lillian, as they had engaged to communicate with each other. Her letters became less frequent, as months rolled away, and so unsatisfactory were they to Harcourt that he threw down the last one with a sigh, saying, "Her love, alas! has grown very cold." He did not answer it.

The next mail brought letters from home with a blackened seal. His beloved father was no more, and he so far away that he could not receive his parting blessing. It was hard for him to accept consolation from the many friends around him, in this his greatest affliction. He regretted his leaving home, and would have given all that he had earned could he but have seen his father's face once more o'er his departure to the land of spirits. Earthly pleasures now charmed him no longer. He had met with too many disappointments, and drunk too many times of the bitter cup of affliction, to trust it longer.

* * * * * * *

A year and a half has passed away, and prosperity still smiles upon Bernard Harcourt. Each night he may be seen seeking a snug and comfortable home on the hill side, overlooking our magnificent Ba[illegible], and where the climbing rose and woodbine partly hide it from view; but where, within, there is a loving hearted watcher awaiting a return from his daily duties, and one who feels that "his very foot has music in't as he comes up the stairs." That watcher is not Lillian. Bernard, however, is married to a fair and noble lady, whose glad smile of welcome fills him with joy as he crosses the threshold of his happy home; and he now says, with pride and pleasure, that although he has traveled twice around the world, there is not her equal to be found.

And Lillian, what of Lillian? Soon after Harcourt's departure, she met with a young and fashionable man, the only son of one of her father's old friends; and as he inherited a considerable amount of money, there was no objection raised to the suit, which he pressed with so much ardor that in due time she became his wife. Lillian, however, learned, alas! too soon, that there is but *one* step from *fashionable tippling*, to beastly intoxication; for, unfortunately, he became an inebriate; his money vanished like snow before the sun; and ere two years had elapsed, Lillian was obliged to seek the shelter of her own father's roof, as much to protect herself from her brutal husband's violence, as to provide her helpless babe with the common comforts of life.

Home is man's ark when trouble springs,
When gathering tempests shade the morrow;
And woman's love the bird that brings
His peace-branch o'er a flood of sorrow.

Estimate a man according to his worth, and not according to what he is worth to you.

Only weak minds allow their judgments to be warped by sympathy or indignation.

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MANAGING A WOMAN.

"Show me a man that can manage a woman."
[*Old Block.*

Do you speak from experience, Mr. Block?—or, are you so far without the pale of woman's influence, that you have become a misanthrope? If not, look around you, and see, if among your acquaintances, there are not a few who make exceptions. Can you find none? Then, let me point you to two or three of mine.

Do you see, that pale, care-worn woman, with high intellectual brow, and noble, dignified mien? She sits alone, in her little cottage, to-night, keeping sleepless vigil over a little piece of clay, which seems all too dainty for the cold earth yet to cover. The little child, the last of three, who has, for days past, struggled on the confines of eternity, is dead! The lamp in the little front parlor, emits a feeble light—emblem of the hope that is dying out in the mother's heart. God pity her—the time was, when her heart was as blythe as a May sunbeam; but, wedded to an intemperate brute, who has, long since, ceased to regard her otherwise than as a slave to his caprices; there is nothing left to her, but the grave. Her weary, throbbing head will soon recline, on the dark, damp, welcome pillow. The little babe, her bright and beautiful boy—for whom her last proud hopes were garnered up, has only gone before—the waves of the Jordan of death are already dashing over her frail form—and the friends of her youth, those who know how to appreciate her excellence—are far, far away.

I have not asked concerning her history. I only know she lives in the alley, near our house; and, that she is poor and destitute, and her husband has *managed* to crush the loving, guileless heart, that ventured her life's happiness in his keeping.

Let me introduce you to another. There is my friend, Annie P——, Mr. "Block;" I was her bridesmaid fifteen years ago—the white orange wreath, and the snowy satin dress, were not less pure than the heart that beat so confidingly beneath them. She was most beautiful; but, it is said, "intellect and heart are the worst dower of nature," and she possessed both. That attachment came nearest my idea of a love-match, than any I had met with. He, the proud, the noble-hearted, and so handsome, and, like the heroes in the old romances, with a strong arm to battle with the caprices of fortune; and she, the sweet innocent being, who looked up to him, with such child-like dependence, as one superior to herself—it seemed as if they were formed for each other. When she gave her hand at parting, a tear trembled in her eye, for we were to see each other no more—for years—perhaps never. But a letter came, telling me of all the deep bliss which she enjoyed in her new home—an out-flowing of a heart fluttering and trembling with an excess of joy; intensely beautiful were the strange day-dreams which filled her soul. It spoke of lovers' walks, of fireside readings, and of two loving hearts. Years went by, on the wings of light and shadow, and strange things were told of Edward P——. First, a rumor came that he had become a spend-thrift, and then, a gambler—and finally, that he had committed a crime, for which he was obliged

to flee to elude the officers of the law; it proved from the latter he was exculpated by some legal technicalities, but the former was too true. I wish I could picture to you, Annie, just as she is—her inner and her outer self—she is as white, as frail, and as pure as the lilly, yet, she has strong womanly character—a perfect contrast to her husband. Could you read her heart, you would there see only the records of disappointed hopes and inward conflict of her experience. They met with reverses, and he had not the courage to brave misfortune, and meet it heroically, and is now the self-indulgent, exacting man you see him. He *managed* to squander his own and his wife's fortune, and now seeks the gaming table to retrieve his losses, and the wine-cup to dull his sense of honor.

I was sitting alone, in my quiet little sanctum, the other evening, when the door opened, and Annie entered; but the bright, joyous girl of years ago stood not before me. She came to lay her head upon the only breast that could sympathize with her in this land of strangers—to tell me of her heart's sorrow. She says, "an awful thought has obtruded itself upon me of late—that of leaving my husband and returning home—what shall I do?" Do no such thing, said I, it is a fearful step for a wife to take. Be the same angel you always have been, and take God at his word, who has said, "in due season ye shall reap if ye faint not"—and she returned to her cheerless home, to suffer, and endure, and bear patiently, like a good christian as she is, until such time as an all-wise Providence sees fit to remove the burden from her heart. In God's own appointed time, she will meet with her reward, and, over her night of sorrows, stars shall arise, and she will walk by their heavenly light.

And then, there is my old seminary chum, Mr. Block, Mrs. M——d, (now a staid matron of thirty-five.) That calm, sweet countenance before you, does not look as if it masked an evil spirit, does it? No—neither does it. It is the index of as happy a heart as ever beat. And yet, could the walls of No. 9 speak, they could bear testimony to many a shameful scene; for she was the worst specimen of feminine ugliness that I ever knew. Why she quarreled with me every week, and once came near being sent home, in disgrace. Being an only child of wealthy and indulgent parents, her every wish was gratified, and she was petted and spoiled. Her wayward and impetuous spirit could not, seemingly, be swayed by gentleness; even the tears of her companions, failed to soften her heart towards them. Her reputation for being a wild and heartless girl, always preceeded her everywhere, and had found its way into the seminary before she arrived; and it was with many misgivings that I accepted her as my roommate. Wilfulness was her ruling passion, and she cared no more for the encouraging word, the tender look, the loving caress, the approving smile of her teachers and class-mates, than she did for the beautiful "book" that I one day presented to her; thinking, in my childish simplicity, to gain her friendship; she looked daggers at me, and threw it out of the window. After that, I sought no more for her confidence, and our business hours were spent apart. Two years after, I heard of her

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marriage to a young clergyman, whom I knew intimately. His was the very nature to love with that devotion—which the poets of old have sung—but his choice was to every one a mystery! He yielded up the treasures of his love to the proud beauty; and if ever I saw any beings in the world, whom I thought too happy, it is Mrs. M——d, and her husband. No thorns seem to have grown among the roses of their lives; and one by one comes forth the blossoms of hope and love. There is a purity in the very atmosphere of their home, which charms away the world's infections. What?—do you ask—has wrought this great change? Ah! Mr. Block, he knew just how to *manage* her; *like* begets *like*, you know—and *love* begets *love*; and the mystery of sympathy is a curious power—that which makes us feel we possess the rich blessing of a heart on which our own can lean; and, when our faults are kindly made known to us, by those to whom we have surrendered up the best and holiest affections of our natures, we are very apt to commence a reform. I have always thought, and still persist in thinking, that a good man, can make of his wife almost what he pleases.

BESSIE.

A HOMELESS NATION.

The following from the New York *News* is applicable, to a greater or less extent, to every city and village in the country:

The present generation lives on the sidewalk. The ladies pay seventy-five dollars for a bonnet to adorn Broadway, and they sweep the pavements with the costliest silks. Our sole aim now is to create a sensation at the hotel or boarding-house table. Our flirtations are carried on in Broadway, on promenade, and our young and blushing brides commence the honeymoon on a steamer. We no longer live for ourselves, and for the calm enjoyment of the family circle; we only exist to show our neighbors how very fine we can be. We live, in fact, not to please ourselves, but to astonish the Browns. The household gods have been packed up in an old trunk and put in the cellar, and we have only one sincere, genuine worship in the world—its temple the marble goods-box in Broadway, and the high priest is Stewart. The result of this is even now beginning to be visible in the lax public virtue, and private morality. The centre of all godliness, home, is disappearing, and we shall not be astonished to hear it announced that the next generation will be conducted by patent labor-saving machinery, and farmed out by contract at fashionable hotels.

This living in public, in addition to the laxity of personal morality it engenders, which will produce two enormous classes of society, the distinctions in which will be, simply, master and self-tyrant and slave! That noble republican simplicity and independent quality, which carried our infant republic of three millions of freemen through the appalling struggle of '76, will be replaced by a mere Helotism, which will render our present force of thirty millions inferior in all respects.

We repeat, that the great defect in our system is the abolition of the sentiment of home, which will inevitably lead to extravagance, debt, dependence and bankruptcy.

A kind *no*, is often more agreeable than an unkind *yes*.

MANY a true heart that would have come back like a dove to the ark, after its first transgression, has become frightened beyond recall by the angry look and menace—the taunt, and savage charity of an unforgiving spirit.

DOCTOR DOT-IT-DOWN'S NOTES.

THE SHEPHERDS OF MOUNT JURA.

"Come, Pierre," said I, thundering at the door of my servant's room, "get up! I'm off for the Jura Mountains."

"What can your honor want in such a desolation as that? Why, I have lived there, man and boy, off and on, for seven years; and never had as many hours sleep the whole of that time."

"Why, you are always harping upon sleep. What has your sleep, or want of it, to do with my journey hither?" I replied, "Come, get up, and pack my valise, or I shall be off without you."

There's nothing to be got in that *maudit pays* but fleas and snow-water! What in the world can the Doctor want in that blind place?" muttered Pierre, loud enough for me to hear, as I made my way down stairs to the little cafeé of the pretty romantic village, or rather town of Arbois.

A few words about its pretty, natural pictures:—Nothing can exceed the beauty of its situation. It is placed high and dry, amidst clumps of well-grown trees, on the romantic Loue, and is crossed by two stone bridges, about sixteen miles from Besançon. Just outside of the town, are to be seen the venerable relics of one of the finest old castles in France. It was the favorite residence of the old dukes of Bourgogne; and, judging from its majestical remains, these old gentlemen must have had lofty notions of the honor and dignity of *the ancien regime*. Almost all the old towns in this arrondisement have their chateaux celebres, which would take a month's inspection, to do them justice.

I had just left the celebrated Doubs' Leap, a cataract, eighty-seven feet high, the finest in this part of France, and that is saying something. I never shall forget the scene I witnessed on my approach to it—the savage nature of the gorge, through which almost the whole waters of the Doubs dashes perpendicularly down this distance, causing a thundering roar, and dashing up cloudy foam and spray, only equalled, perhaps, by our Yo-Hamite and Niagara.

Tired of Pierre's yawns, (the fellow, verily, some day, is destined to see his jaws part company forever,) I saddled my own steed, and left him more than three parts asleep, to do the like office for himself; and making my adieux to the obliging hostess and her pretty little daughter, I jogged on at break of day, on a journey to the Juras. The air was as fresh as myself, and I fully realized the poet's utterance:

"Sweet is the breath of morn; her rising sweet;
"With charm of earliest birds—"

My old horse was in the same happy vein as myself, and carolled and snorted like a young colt. Ten miles soon passed—and another ten—and still nothing of sleepy Pierre. Well, I suppose he's gone to bed again, thought I.—No, that can't be; I am his debtor to the amount of a hundred francs, and that will keep his eyes open, if it does not shut his mouth from yawning. The day passed—and another—and another; no Pierre.

I had just entered the district of the Jura, and began to look out for the Reculet, Tendre, la Dole, and Colombier, the highest points in the crest of the eastern chain of these magnificent mountains, when who should I see, directly opposite, on some mad animal, in the attitude, almost, of flying, legs, and arms, and whip moving, with wonderful jerks of velocity, but the lost sheep, Pierre.

"Why, from what hole in the clouds have you fallen?" said I, "Pierre, I had long ago numbered you among the seven sleepers, never to rise again."

"Master," said he, "'twas the francs that awoke me, I dreamt that you had paid me, and given me my discharge; but I awoke and found it a lie; and here I am making up for lost time."

"Well! that's pretty well!" said I. "So you suppose I am to pay you for attending upon myself."

"But, Monsieur might have commanded my services."

"Eh bien!" said I, "and so I might those of King Louis Philippe; but there is a probability of his not attending to such command."

"*Comme vous voulez, Monsieur, comme vous voulez*," growled Pierre, "let's make for yonder chalet, I know the keeper. We may get something for our horses and ourselves, but as for beds, Monsieur."

"You have had enough sleep, at Orndas, to last you as long as I shall remain here; so do not let us hear any more grumbling on that account," said I.

I had come thus far, to collect specimens of petrifactions for my cabinet, with which the eastern sides of the Jura abound. Here are magnificent samples of oolites; some good alabaster, almost transparent; and marbles of the richest vein; asphalte, gypsum, stalactites, in abundance. In some nooks you suddenly alight upon grottoes of the latter, surrounded by miniature and picturesque waterfalls, which burst upon you, in the most pleasing manner. And here is the great naturalist's puzzle—two or three strata of rocks, of quite a foreign kind to those of any other part of the Jura. One would think some mighty volcano had transferred them thither.

We arrived at the chalet in good time. Pierre shrugged up his shoulders at its outside appearance looking first at me, and then at the host, as much as to say, "can you put up with the nothingness this fellow has to offer?" But I made no scruple, sat down on a vacant three legged stool, took out my meerschaum, puffed away, and left Pierre to find out the way to be as comfortable as myself.

These chalets are substantial looking houses, serving as habitations for the herds; stores, for dairy produce; sheds, for cattle; and inns, for stray passengers. In these the cows, many of them numbering hundreds, are milked, and their cheese and butter are made. Every twenty cows has one herdsman, and every eighty has one cheese-maker. These great droves are taught to come of their own accord, to be milked, and to go away again to pasture, in the utmost order. In mild weather they never lair in the chalets, only in cold weather. Their stalls extend along the whole length of the building, arranged in two rows, head to head; and they feed from a manger that runs from one end of the apartment to the other. In that part of the tenement inhabited by the herdsmen, (there are never any women among them, men do every thing,) the chief head quarters, are about fourteen feet square; in the center stands a stove, the smoke of which issues out through a tube, carried up a wide chimney, kept close from the wind side by an ingenious trap door, that turns to accommodate the wind, and to keep out the smoke.

Around one of the stoves, in such a habitation, I used often to listen to the patriarchal herdsman, and many a tale of thrilling interest did I add to my budget; some I noted, as follows:

"It was at least fifteen years ago, when the greatest snow storm, remembered by the oldest inhabitant, fell. I was then herding with old J. * * * * We had been blocked up for five days, and our cattle were getting restless; our number was fifteen hundred head. We used to smoke and doze, doze and smoke, through the livelong day, tired of our existence. On the fifth night, 't was St. Denis' Day, when you know we ought to be far away from the mountains by that time; for then, the winter sets dead in; but it had been an unusually mild season.

"On this night, we had just made up our litter, when that distant, indescribable rumbling, loud crackling of an avalanche was heard. I thought there was no time to be lost, so I ran up to the upper roof; when, just at the moment, as I reached the last stave of the ladder, the field of ice came sliding down, and shaved off the top of our chalet, as clean as a scythe would take a head of

clover. I lost all consciousness, and when I came to my senses, I found myself in bed, in Father Stephen's house, in the hospice, and learnt that the chalet's whole inmates, numbering some ten men, without myself, together with the whole of the cattle, had perished; and when I had recovered from my sick bed, many weeks after, the greater part of the avalanche had slid further down, and the snow had melted behind it; and when I visited the spot, the scene was most horrible. There were my former companions, discovered seated round the stove, with their arms intertwined amongst each other, with their dead, glassy eyes glaring, and mouths distorted in every conceivable horrible shape. The poor animals had broken their tethers, and had, many of them, been jammed in a corner, having carried away the timber of their stalls. Dozens of them had their legs torn from their bodies, some had been ripped up by the horns of others, in their endeavors to escape. It took nearly two weeks to dispose of them, and I cannot bear to dwell on the scene. My merciful and miraculous safety is a theme to me of constant gratitude."

"Ah!" cried another, "that was old Detrais' chalet; somehow or other the place never prospered, and never will. Have you never heard of the murder of the two brothers in that chalet? I'll tell you how it happened. 'Twas discovered by one of their cows."

"A cow!" said I. "Who ever heard of a cow turning police officer? After this, one need not be surprised, in one of these marvellous days, to find one performing on the tight rope."

"However you may doubt it, Monsieur, it is the fact. Nor ought you to be surprised at their having no less sagacity than other animals. Why, don't you know, amongst our countless herds, there are thousands, when our graze breaks up for the dead winter, that are led back, without a herdsman, by some venerable, wise matron of the drove, miles and miles away, to their own village, where they arrive safe and well, without any loss or hindrance, and, perhaps, in better condition than if they had been under the guidance of a herdsman.

"Well, to go on with my story. These two brothers had a quarrel, and didn't speak to one another for weeks. Their herdsman, observing this, took it into his head to take advantage of it; and one night, amongst a dish of champynors, of which both were marvellously fond, he took occasion—at least, 'twas thought so on the trial—to sprinkle a handful of arsenic over them, in the pan, and by this means caused their death. Each died, swearing and cursing, and accusing the other as the cause of his death. The murderer buried their bodies under the planking of an old leader's lair; and, for a while, their absence was not noticed. But the herdsman, either to drown conscience, or in too much haste to enjoy the proceeds of his villany, was often discovered intoxicated; and, while so, was seen throwing about a good deal of money. This excited suspicion, on account of his former poverty, and the Mayor, hearing strange rumors, caused a search to be made throughout the whole Department; and, on their coming to the old chalet, this old cow's strange antics, of biting the planks, and endeavoring to pierce them with her horns, drew them to the spot; and when the planks were removed, there they lay, all doubled up, like a heap of old clothes, with some of their limbs chopped off, because they could not be laid straight, and having become rigid and contorted in death by much suffering. These old leader cows are always favorites, and their herdsman have always some tit-bit of food for them. The loss of these usual marks of favor, no doubt, caused the animal's sagacity to show itself in this manner."

With such, and many other narratives, we were wont to pass the night. Friend Pierre, in the meantime, despite of the fleas, finding entertainment and consolation always in long draughts of snoring sleep.

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of a herdsman.

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These two brothers had a quarrel [illegible]
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Their herdsman, observing this, [illegible]
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endeavoring to pierce them with [illegible]
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when the planks were removed, there
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old clothes, with some of their [illegible]
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of favor, no doubt, caused the animal
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tives, we were wont to pass the [illegible]
Friend Pierre, in the meantime, [illegible]
spite of the fleas, finding entertainment
and consolation always in long draughts
of snoring sleep.

THE ADVENTURES OF MR. DICKORY HICKLEBERRY.

CHAPTER XIII.

SHOWS MR. H. TAKING ARMS AGAINST A SEA OF TROUBLES, AND BY OPPOSING ENDS THEM—OLD TRICKS UPON YOUNG TRAVELERS—ANOTHER TRIO.

As soon as breakfast was over, Mr. H. fearing to lose his passage, waited upon a party at Liverpool, in connection with Messrs. Suit & Nabb; he detailed, in a very summary and graphic manner, how he and his wife had been victimized, and requested their advice how to proceed. As no time was to be lost, that worthy immediately furnished him with funds to replace what had been stolen. His own outfit fitted him to a T; but as for that of Mrs. H. she couldn't be suited, "not no how;" but knowing the importance of promptitude in all matters relating to embarcation, she was "obleeged to take just what they please to give her, and to be satisfied."

The last gun of that comfortable steamer—the Asia—proclaimed its departure just at the very time when Dickory and suite had set foot on board, and the chapter of their experiences was about to commence. Mrs. H. and Flory were charmed with their state cabin, and anticipated a delightful voyage. Dickory, with a shilling weed, puffed away all his vexations, and was soon charmed with everything and everybody. For three days did these comfortable feelings exist; but on the fourth day "that ugliest of all sows, a sou'wester," caused a great many grunts and squeaks, destroying the harmony of many a pleasant circle, and taking the conceit out of many a would-be-old-salt. It was amusing to observe how one after another they retired into the precincts of their cabins, when they observed the stewards busy in adjusting the table rails to confine and reduce the edibles to proper order and proper behavior at dinner. To some who had experienced the horrid *malaria*, the hint was quite enough; to others, who had to make the experience, the preparation seemed superflous and ridiculous. All above, in awful stillness, were, each man at his place, anxiously awaiting the blast, while the captain ever and anon diving below, and consulting, with his physician the mate, the fevered pulse of the barometer, looked with that imperturbable gravity, that the reader may have noticed in the hangman, who is about to take the life of a creature as a matter of course.

And now came "the war big with elemental strife." Mr. H. had already escorted Mrs. H. to her stateroom, as she felt "quite overallish," as she said, and had prescribed that sovereign cure for all complaints among women at a certain age and station; albeit brandy, when, on returning to the saloon, he began to feel "desperate queer himself." His walk, not adapted to the lurchings of the ship, caused him to make several saltatory movements, such as a bear might be supposed to make, who, for the first time, had essayed to walk without the proverbial hot plates. These movements were so grotesque, and his gestures on the occasion so comical, as to attract the notice of a coterie of three young gentlemen seated there, and to afford them abundance of amusement. They had long wanted a butt for their shafts of pleasantry, and Dickory and his family were just the proper objects to alight upon. Dick observed it all, but was too ill, even to make a remark upon their ill-timed sport; but thought he, my fine fellows, it shall be my turn next.

"Where is Adam," said Hick, looking as fishy as a dead herring in water.

"O, he's fast asleep, thanks be. How do you feel my dear?" rejoined poor Mrs. Hick, with a face utterly woe-begone.

"Queer, queer," replied H. Where's that thing with a long name that you bought at the milliner's to cure sea—sea—sea—sick—sick, up?"

"O! my—poor—poor—stummick,"

answered Mrs. H.—"As for that stuff, 'tis nothing but stick liquorice and mustard. O, O, O, dear!"

"Never mind about it being dear," replied her spouse, "if it's the rale thing.—Steward, bring,—"

"Sir?" said the steward, ubiquitous on such occasions, "What shall I bring?"

"Stick liquorice and mustard, ho, you know, anything."

The steward, taking any thing in its received sense to mean nothing, closed the door, and left the invalids to themselves.

Pass we over to the events of the second day after the storm, when the prostrate chrysalides began to arouse themselves from their cocoon blankets, etc., and to look vallient again—when good humor presided at the dinner table, and courteous strangers began to exchange kind health-inquiries amongst each other. It was on this occasion, that the coterie mentioned above, resumed their jokes upon their fellow passengers. One of them coming late to his breakfast, having had more than an usual bout of it, surrounded by his two friends, observed little Adam trotting about the saloon, and calling to him "*the young Muggins*," as he facetiously termed him, inquired what might be his name.

"Oh, Chickabidy, is it, Mr. and Mrs. Chickabidy—quite a pastowal name, I dequare," lisped out this one, designated among his own circle as the Oxford swell.

"Does Chickabiddy want the mustard pot?" said the third;—a cockney city swell,—"Chickabiddy shall have it." Then putting into the child's hand the vessel, he, to the delight of his two companions, gave to the child, nothing loth, a good spoonful of the pungent. Adam, roaring with the heat in his mouth, bawled for his mother, and a scene onsued, between the young gentlemen and Mrs. H. which baffles all description.

Hickleberry was deaf to his wife's remonstrances to expose her quarrel about this affair. "The child," he said, "had no business there, without Mary or his mother. Young men were fond of a lark, and his generous nature forgave, but did not forget, the affront." But a second assault upon this young passenger was not destined to pass so quietly off. Hickleberry, on this occasion, found his anger rising, and appealed to the Captain; who took them to task, in a manner that lowered, somewhat, their self importance and dignity. Young Adam, it appeared, had strayed from Flory, below, while she was engaged with one of this hopeful trio above, who was befooling her with his tender addresses, to afford the clique entertainment for the evening. While thus away from her guardian, the two below amused themselves by grotesquely marking the little Adam's face with ink, after the manner of one of the little Der. Frieschutz devils; this, the child took quietly enough at first, and enjoyed the joke as much as they did, until his face was shown in the looking-glass, after which the saloon resounded his cries of fright and alarm. Hickleberry's wrath, this time, was not fully appeased by the gentlemanly remonstrances of the Captain, and he waited only a fitting opportunity to be quits with them. He could have borne this impertinence, himself, as did his wife the rude glances of their quizzing eye-glasses, but to make a helpless child a butt for their ridicule, betrayed, he thought, such a dastardly character as deserved a signal punishment. However, this little storm blew off, and nothing appeared of it, for a time, and all, as the trio thought, was forgotten.

On a memorable day—the Captain's birthday—when the passengers had memorialized him, expressing their wish to celebrate it in a becoming manner, to mark their esteem for his complaisant and gentlemanly behavior, the trio dressed for the occasion: the swell, as firm as a peacock, profusely garnished with gold and jewels; the snob, in a light suit, quite *outre;* and the

about this affair. "The child," he said, "had no business there, without leave or his mother. Young men were bold of a lark, and his generous nature forgave, but did not forget, the affront. But a second assault upon this passenger was not destined to pass quietly off. Hickleberry, on the occasion, found his anger rising, and appealed to the Captain, who took him to task, in a manner that lowered somewhat, their self importance and dignity. Young Adam, it appeared, had strayed from Flory, below, and she was engaged with one of this delightful trio above, who was befooling her with his tender addresses, to afford the clique entertainment for the evening. While thus away from her guard, the two below amused themselves by grotesquely marking the little fellow's face with ink, after the manner of the little Der. Frieschutz each; this, the child took quietly enough at first, and enjoyed the joke as much as they did, until his face was shown in the looking-glass, after which the saloon resounded his cries of fright and alarm. Hickleberry's wrath, this time, was not fully appeased by the gentlemanly remonstrances of the Captain, and he waited only a fitting opportunity to be quits with them. He could have borne this impertinence himself, as did his wife the rude glances of their quizzing eye-glasses, but to make a helpless child a butt for their malice, betrayed, he thought, such a debased character as deserved a signal punishment. However, this little storm blew off, and nothing appeared of it for a time, and all, as the trio thought, was forgotten.

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bear, in a toggery, as he called it, quite *de-gar-jay*, were standing at the bottom of the stairs leading to the dining saloon, engaged in a supercilious gaze upon the dresses of the various ladies as they entered. Hickory, watching an opportunity, when no one was near them, for the signal to be given to him by a congenial spirit, poured a pot full of tar over them.

Their surprise, and the scene consequent thereon, it would be impossible for human pen to do justice to. The ladies could not restrain their laughter, and the men joined, with hearty good will, their laughing choruses; and when they made their complaint to the Captain, *in propria personæ*, the snob, with his head as if dressed for an Ethiopian performance—the swell, with his face and clothes like a spotted hyena—and the bear, with one half of his person and clothes habited in a sombre hue, and the other half (as if from some freak of the tar-pot) scarcely touched; that gentleman loudly joined the rest, declaring, as soon as his cachinations would allow him, that they had really brought the tar crisis upon themselves, and recommending them, after the lesson they had received, not to indulge in jokes again at the expense of his passengers' comforts; however, Mr. Hickleberry, no doubt, had certainly taken an undue course, for which he was scarcely justified, and he would speak to him about it.

"I'm ready," quoth Hick, hearing the Captain's speech, and standing at a respectful distance for fear of being attacked by the three at once, "to give them the satisfaction of an Englishman; how, when and where they like, with your leave, good Captain. Only allow me to beg the favor of you, to stand a little out of the way, while I finish my painting." And with that, the same congenial hand, from above, regardless of the captain, or any one near, shook a bag of white feathers over them. Their grotesque appearance, at this stage of Hick's proceedings, convulsed again the whole party in the saloon, and the large room rang again with peals of loud laughter, while the three discomfitted heroes, making all haste to their respective cabins, spent the jovial time in scraping the tar and feathers from their persons and devising means of ample revenge.

The festivities of the day closed without the august presence of any of the trio, who had already got by heart their speeches on the occasion, to signalize themselves. The result was particularly annoying to the college youth, whose prepared classical quotations had thus evaporated in smoke. On the next morning, as soon as the hands began to swab the deck, an unusual stir was taking place; something was going on above in a very mysterious manner, and many turned out of their warm berths to satisfy their curiosity.

The occasion was as follows. Dickory, on the same night, was waited upon by a youth, whose beard "no nineteen summers yet had shorn," with a challenge from each of the trio.

"What is that, my dear?" said Mrs. Hick, turning around, in apparently great suffering; for, while all this had been going on, she had been confined to her bed with her old enemy the "roomatiz."

"Nothing, my duck; only three articles on deck that want polishing off to-morrow morning, and no one there knows how to do it but myself."

"What on airth do they want you to polish so early in the morning, Mr. Hickleberry? If I was you, I should make them pay well for it."

"That you may rest assured of; I shall, my dear." Then, whispering to the boy an answer, he retired for the night and slept as soundly as a top. Not so the trio, who had ajourned behind the stoke hole, for the purpose of practising with the gloves; and, before they had done, each thought himself a match for any modern Mendoza in the noble art of self-defence.

"I calculate, as Brother Jonathan would say, that our friend Chickabiddy

will be minced meat before this time to-morrow night, Septimus."

"Nous verrong; nous verrong," responded Septimus, laying on most lustily to an imaginary Hickleberry, with the boxing gloves.

As we said before, the three worthies were pacing early, to and fro, the deck, amongst the splash of the swabbers, regardless of their cautions to get out of the way, when Hickleberry made his appearance.

"Gents," said he, "have a care what you're all about. This has been a favorite pastime of my youth; and if I love any thing in this world, more than another, it is a good game of cricket and a bout or two of boxing. But mark ye. Fair play's a jewel. One down, and the other come on. No foul monkey-tricks, or donkey-tricks; but let all be fair and above board, arranged as in the regular ring. Where's your seconds? Here's mine," said he, clapping a lad of fifteen, a stranger to him, on the shoulder, who seemed to be on the qui vive for the sport; then, stripping himself, and displaying to their astonished gaze the massive limbs of a Hercules, he put himself opposite to the snob in the most scientific position.

The instant he made this display, the poor snob became chop-fallen; he had discovered his mistake, and regretted his courtesy in ceding to his adversary the choice of weapons. However, he was in for it; and, with the hands gathering around to form a circle, he could not recede. The very foul blow of the snob, Hickleberry parried; and, in exchange, sent his opponent flying amidst the ring, with the blood spouting in profusion from his nose and mouth. He fell senseless on the knee of his second, and the two other gents, heedless of all laws of the game, rushed headlong on Hick.

"Shame! shame!" cried the bystanders. "Cowards! cowards!" echoed all present.

"Never mind," said Hick, not at all out of breath; "when there's a choice of game, I like a brace."

Their queer scientific blows fell lightly on his shoulders, for they were the only spots accessible to them; like small hammers on a large spike nail—making scarcely any impression; while those of Hick, true to their aim, told with fearful force upon their frail frames.

When both had been nicely polished off, as Hick was wont to express it, he called out for a truck It was getting cold, he said, and he would put on his shirt; and, when he had got that on, he would show them a little science.

"Why," said one of the jolly Jacks, an admirer of the art, "if we haven't seen any science yet, I don't know what you call science."

Dickory, at the third round, as it is called, began to warm on his subject, and chased the two poor discomfitted heroes round and round the after deck, exchanging blows right and left, like a steam-hammer, until a passenger thus addressed him:

"Mr. Hickleberry, let me prevail upon your generosity, to desist from punishing these young men any longer. I fear some mischief may come of it. A dozen of such men are no match for you. Let me prevail upon you."

"With all my heart, sir. Give me your hand; it belongs to a kind heart. I wanted an excuse to give over. I wouldn't hurt the young gentlemen for the world, beyond teaching them a lesson of good behavior for the future. Do me the favor, sir, to see them taken care of; for they all appear to be in a fainting condition."

"He's a trump, and no mistake; he's a hearty old cock—that he is; he's a true Briton—that's a fact;" were the ejaculations of the crew, one and all, as they resumed their work.

QUINCY, being asked why there were more women in the world than men, replied:

"It is in conformity with the arrangements of nature. We always see more of heaven than of earth."

This does not apply to California.

[Concluded, from page 28

THE GOOD-FOR-NOTHING.

UNCLE JOHN'S STORY FOR HIS LI
NEPHEWS AND NIECES.

After some years, Hans Schmete
spected the old schoolmaster of
ing his mother oftener than
friendship demanded. Old Grub
so fond of spending his evenir
her comfortable little parlor, an
lightening the good woman wit
age counsel, which Hans thoughi
could get along as well without.
old skin-flint observed, at such t
that the furniture, and other etce
about the house, bespoke much
for, and said more, even, in aid o
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"It is in conformity with the arrangements of nature. We always see more of heaven than of earth."

This does not apply to California.

[*Concluded, from page* 284.]

THE GOOD-FOR-NOTHING.

UNCLE JOHN'S STORY FOR HIS LITTLE NEPHEWS AND NIECES.

After some years, Hans Schmeterling suspected the old schoolmaster of visiting his mother oftener than mere friendship demanded. Old Grub was too fond of spending his evening in their comfortable little parlor, and enlightening the good woman with his sage counsel, which Hans thought they could get along as well without. The old skin-flint observed, at such times, that the furniture, and other etceteras, about the house, bespoke much comfort, and said more, even, in aid of the suspicion, that good Mrs. Schmeterling had a nice little pile of money hoarded away, in some sly, out-of-the-way place. So Hans was not surprised, one lone evening, to find his mother beating about the bush, and laboring to disclose something of grave interest to her darling son.

"The long and short of it is, mother, old Grub has offered his old skinny hand to you, in marriage; but you have not accepted it, I hope," impatiently broke out Hans, who was no longer a heedless boy, but a smart, stout lad, the noticed of all the village.

"Why, Hans, what do you think of it, my boy?" simpered his mother.

"Just this," replied Hans, "that the old nip-cheese wants your money, and not you!"

"Money! Hans—you know I've no money."

No, but he thinks you have. I tell you what, mother, just to show this old Grub in his true colors, I'll go and borrow a sum of money from him, and tell him it is to pay your rent, that you are behind hand with."

"Well, that is so—for I have not paid off all the last quarter, Hans."

Away went Hans, to the old schoolmaster, who saw him trudging along the lawn, in front of his house, long before he heard his bold and fearless knock at the door. It was not now—"*Come in! don't you hear?*"—that he was answered with; but—"*Hans, dear Hans, how glad I am to see you; sit down, and make yourself at home!*" (Thought Grub, he has come to let me know how soon I may take up my quarters at his mother's cottage, and break up this

disconsolate bachelor life.) "Well, Hans, what a fine lad you are grown. What will you take?"

"Why, as much," replied Hans, modestly, but firmly, "as you are inclined to lend me. Mother's behind with her rent, and wants you to lend her thirty thalers, till next"——

"Thirty thalers! Hans,—I'm not worth half that."

"Why, I thought," said Hans, "that the hundred thalers you sent me with, the day before yesterday, to put in the bank, was yours—at least you told me so."

"Did I? Well, that might be so—at least I have the use of it; but, not exactly the use of it either—but"——

"In short," said Hans, "your friendship is not worth so much. Can you lend us ten thalers?"

"Ten! Hans—to be plain with you, I have not one thaler for any such purpose."

"Then I wish you a good morning, and many such to improve your reputation," replied Hans, as he took his leave.

Hans should not have said that; but away he trudged, and when easy Mrs. Schmeterling heard, at how much the schoolmaster estimated her friendship, and perhaps, as she thought, her affection, it was difficult to say which exhibited the most surprise—*old Grub's* disappointment, or Mrs. Schmeterling's gratification at her dear boy's wisdom and forethought.

Years again rolled on—some two or three—a bad harvest, and many local failures of small merchants, brought around much distress in Hans' native village—indeed his mother was often without a full meal, and all Hans' care and toil, added to her own, seemed to be of no avail; it merely bought bread, and often not enough of that. One morning, when the gaunt hand of want was pressing them sore, and the poor widow was in hourly expectation of being deprived of house and home—many rents being unpaid, and many tradesmen's bills, with long scores, owing—Hans rose from his bed, and, after an earnest prayer, (he never forgot that duty, children, and I hope you never will,) he bent his weary way, without his breakfast, leaving his poor old mother, almost heart-broken, in bed. Crossing the road, he espied old Grub. "I am sorry to hear Mrs. Schmeterling is so poorly," said he.

"Are you?" said Hans, and off he set, walking as fast as his legs could carry him. Turning off, up the next lane, with his heart almost ready to break, he saw, lying on the ground before him, a black morocco pocket-book. To pick it up, and open the clasp, were but the action of a moment. Out tumbled a large quantity of gold money, and on opening another tuck, bills, and notes, and silver, to a large amount, fell upon the ground; he carefully picked all up, closed the pocket-book, and put it in his pocket.

Now, thought Hans, here is a temptation; I said this morning, in my little prayer—"*lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from all evil,*" and now I see I am called upon, in the midst of my misery, to make this sore trial of my duty. However, I will take it to our minister, and although he's as poor as mother, his advice and assistance have always been ready. Good man, he sent mother, last Sunday, a part of his own poor dinner. Bless him!—what a shame that he should be worse off than old Grub."

"Hans! my noble boy!" said the good man, eyeing him with feelings of affection and admiration, "so your poor mother knows nothing of this?"

"None, but yourself, your reverence," replied Hans.

"My boy, God will reward you, for thus performing your duty, in the midst of severest temptations. Struggle on yet longer; I will advertise this money, and, if God please, I will induce the owner amply to reward your conduct."

He did publish it, and that by every public means, but, strange to say, no one could describe it, and, of course, no one could own it.

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A month after this, one fine frosty morning, his Reverence made his appearance at their door. Hans and his mother were seated at their humble meal. Times had been very hard with them—as hard as the frost that chrystallized their breath on the little window of the only room of their present abode.

"Mrs. Schmeterling, I've come to take you and Hans to see a farm, that I think would be a good purchase, in the neighborhood," said the pastor.

"You are very kind, your reverence; I don't know how I should have stood the winter, without your kind assistance."

"You are wrong there, my good woman, I could not afford the one-half of what was sent to you, I am very poor myself."

"Then, upon whom have I to ask God's blessing for the deed?"

"Upon your son,—your own Hans, Mrs. Schmeterling," and, with that, he told her the whole affair of his finding the pocket-book.

"Gracious! who would have thought it!" cried, and laughed, by turns, the poor old woman. "And to keep it so long a secret, from his poor, old, almost broken-hearted mother. Yet, I thought somehow, his evening prayer, before retiring to rest, when we went often supperless to bed, had good hope of relief:—'Trust in God! mother, trust in God! *Who never sees the righteous forsaken, or his seed begging their bread,*' he would say."

* * * * * *

"Mrs. Schmeterling, do you say?—Hans Schmeterling, the honest boy, who"——

"The same, Mr. Grub, the very same," said the housemaid to old Grub, as she stood rubbing his school stove, and her nose at the same time, with the back of the brush, making the latter article as black as the former—"the very same. The minister paid the gold thalers, in my very presence, while I was lighting the lawyer man's fire, on Thursday, last week."

You should have seen how old Grubs' eyes, even his mouth, stared, as the woman narrated the gossip of the village about it.

"Well! who would have thought it," muttered old Grub to himself; "what a fool I have made of myself. I dare say it was a trick of cunning Hans, to try my friendship. Stupid fellow, I must be, not to see it all as I now see it. Ah! a lucky thought. I will sit down this very moment, and write a few lines, as it were, showing my ignorance of her good fortune, and offering my kind sympathies in her distress, thereunto appending my sincere regret that my inability has disenabled me to do this before, and begging her acceptance of the enclosed five—no, say ten—aye, ten thalers. I can afford to give a shrimp to catch a herring. I know Hans' goodness of heart. He will call the next morning to thank me, with tears in his big blue eyes, and hearty shake of the hand, and give me, at the same time, a cordial invitation to see his farm. I see—I see. Let me alone for a stratagem, mumbled the old man between his bare gums. I am not so old yet, but that I may confer the honor of the name of Grub on his old nurse Schmeterling.

He sent the letter by the woman—but wondered all the next day, and the next after that, seeing no Hans Schmeterling. The boy is busy in his new farm, thought he, I will go over and congratulate him, having just heard, by mere accident, of his extraordinary good fortune!

"Good morning, Mr. Grub, walk in," said the ruddy young farmer. "I received your kind gift, and lost no time in sending it over to the old woman, your poor old sister, in the alms-house, just by. It would have done your affectionate heart good, to have heard the blessings she poured on your reverend head."

Hang the old woman, my sister! thought old Grub; the money is thrown away, and Hans is laughing at me.

And this was the fact—Hans and his mother laughed outright, and Grub taking his hat, and thumping the top of it, when on his head, ran out of the farm-yard, slamming the gate after him; and he soon afterwards died, afflicted with *many* rheumatics, in a *one* room attic.

As for Hans, I have not done with him yet. He married, and had a charming family. On the birth of his third child, and first boy, as they were merry-making—celebrating the event—a knock came at the door, and upon opening it, some men, with lighted torches, were seen, bearing, on a litter, an elderly man, who had been thrown out of the diligence, when passing that way; and as Hans' farm was the nearest dwelling, he was taken there, being sure of a kind reception; for Hans was known, far and wide, to possess a kind heart, and a helping hand, to all in distress or want. The stranger was unclothed, and put to bed in the best room; and this event entirely put a stop to all farther merry-makings, that night; and the doctor, who was fortunately present, found he had three patients instead of two—the mother and child.

It was many months before he got well—for several of his ribs were broken, his left arm badly dislocated, and the whole of one side one huge bruise. However, by means of his good constitution, and the careful nursing of Mrs. Hans Schmeterling, and the skill and pains of the worthy doctor, and the kind attention of the village pastor—Hans' best friend—he, at last, quite recovered. The first day he rode out, Hans showed him all over his farm, his greatest pride and delight, next to that of his family. Pausing, at one turn of the road, the stranger suddenly remarked—"why, this is the very place, where, seven years ago, I lost a large sum of money, and it was on this very spot, I do believe, the diligence was upset then—and where I, but for your kind care, should have ended my days."

Hans listened with astonishment—but his cheek was not flushed, nor did he betray any marked emotions of surprise, while the late invalid continued.

"I have, thank Heaven, amply recovered my loss, since, and my health is now better than ever it was. I feel no more inclination to travel. I have no family. I have no soul, beyond mere acquaintances, who care a kreutzer for me. If you would consent to my taking up an abode with you, I should end the remainder of my days happily. Money is of no consideration with me, in comparison with the daily satisfaction I should experience in having the innocent and peaceful delights of your little social circle. Your family has been to me a source of much pleasure—and the cheerful society of your amiable mother, and your exemplary wife, and, last of all, your entertaining and sensible conversation, have become a part of my very existence, so that I know not how I can live, deprived of them. Consent, my dear friend, to add one more to the cares of your happy heart, and in so doing, be assured, you shall never have cause to regret it."

Hans took the hand of the stranger. His feelings for a while almost choked the utterance of the words he wished to express. In a few short sentences he told him all that he held was his; all, except the dear ones of his family.

The next day, after this confession, the stranger made over to Hans, by a deed of gift, the whole of the farm purchased with this money he had lost; and which, by a kind Providence, had fallen in such worthy hands.

I have no more to add, my children, but that Hans, "the good-for-nothing," lived, a blessing to the poor, an example to the rich—and that all who knew him, found him never wanting, in any kind of office; but was, always, instead of "the good-for-nothing," the good-for-everything.

Remember all that is truly good and beautiful in life, blooms around the altar of domestic love.

Literary

Hills of the Shatemuc, by the author of "Wide, Wide World." D. Appleton & Co., New York.

The characters in this work are all well drawn, and possess much interest. The picture of farm life is so true to nature, that every one familiar with it must recognize it at once as a faithful picture; and the noble impulses of the self-sacrificing mother will touch a responsive chord in the hearts of many. The various characters, however, though well drawn, in too many instances are left unfinished. In the beginning, too, the work bids fair to carry with it a high toned and important moral, but which is evidently lost sight of at the end; and no work of this kind, in our opinion, should close with this important omission.

California In-Doors and Out. Or, *How we Farm, Mine, and Live Generally in the Golden State.*—By Eliza W. Farnham. Dix, Edwards & Co., New York.

It will be remembered that Mrs. Farnham is the talented lady who first sought to bene-

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To an independent and noble nature, t few things are more annoying and humi ating than to be in debt; especially wh surrounding exigencies and empty coff preclude and postpone its speedy and hon able payment; and but few transactions business give greater pleasure and satis tion than the ability to pay, when a just bi presented.

On looking over the debtor side of memory's ledger, for the six months last as the lawyers would have it, we find a account with friendly contributors, subs ers, and a host of well-wishers, that we expect to be able fully to pay; and, wha may be the interpretation put upon it

Literary Notices.

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It will be remembered that Mrs. Farnham is the talented lady who first sought to benefit California, in 1849, by the introduction of a number of intelligent, virtuous and efficient women; and who has made her home among us since that time, occasionally giving lectures in public.

The volume before us, while it briefly alludes to her original proposition, is more in defence of motives, than to trouble the reader with the details of its failure.

The volume before us we repeat, is descriptive of adventure, climate, scenery, soil, population and production.—Of mining, farming, grape-growing, gardening, milling, ranching, and dreaming.—Of men and women, their education, pursuits, social habits, and condition; of what they have been, are, and can be. In fact, of almost everything that is interesting in and to Californians, from digging gold to raising calves; not omitting some suggestions of improvement to men and women.

It is an interesting book, fluently and pleasingly written, and we commend it to our readers. It is, moreover, the first book that has been written in, or concerning California, by a lady. Buy it.

Editor's Table.

To an independent and noble nature, but few things are more annoying and humiliating than to be in debt; especially when surrounding exigencies and empty coffers preclude and postpone its speedy and honorable payment; and but few transactions in business give greater pleasure and satisfaction than the ability to pay, when a just bill is presented.

On looking over the debtor side of our memory's ledger, for the six months last past—as the lawyers would have it, we find a long account with friendly contributors, subscribers, and a host of well-wishers, that we never expect to be able fully to pay; and, whatever may be the interpretation put upon it, we must confess that it neither humbles nor annoys us.

We cannot close our eyes to the fact, even if we would, that the many imperfections, so naturally attendant upon a new undertaking, have been generously overlooked; and almost every one has spoken a kindly word for us and our enterprise, and none more so than the California press, throughout the State; for which, we beg of one and all, at this festive season, that they accept our most hearty thanks as our "New Year's Present;" and, as Time gently lifts the curtain of another year, and Hope gilds the horizon of our little world of cares, we will endeavor to make our Magazine more worthy of their kind ap-

proval; ever striving to keep in view the expressive word "Excelsior;" that, as time flies, it may bring improvement with it.

At this festal season, too, a few monedictory and consolatory words from the Editor, to the opposite and various classes forming a reading public—the young and the old, the rich and the poor, the successful and the unsuccessful—may not, if even common-place, be out of place.

The Monedictory.—To the Young, we would say—Improve your time. Time flies with the speed of the wind, scattering the chaff of Idleness before it, but leaving the good seed of Industry to bring forth its timely fruit.

To the Rich—You are made, by an All-wise Providence, the constituted guardians of the fatherless, the widow, and the poor. See that you perform that duty aright, or, sooner or later, perhaps too late, you will repent it. You say, you must look to your own family. The community at large is your own family; and if one of its helpless ones perish by neglect or want, you are morally guilty of the crime of homicide, and that sentence will be passed upon you at your trial before an incorruptible Judge.

To the Successful—May the good genius of good luck still be with you. You have found out the paying strata, where plenty of the yellow dust is most picturesquely scattered. Do you lend a helping hand to the poor fellow who lies prostrate before you, struck down to the very earth by the repeated blows of bitter disappointment. Put a little of your dust in his dirt, by helping him to a good claim; and administer to him the words, Cheer up, old mate! Try again, my hearty! Never say die! Better luck next time, and plenty of it!

The Consolatory.—To the Old—You need not be reminded that a few more festival pages, like the present, must close your Book of Life. Let us hope that you have been useful in your generation; that you, too, have lent a helping hand to the helpless, in advice and from the pocket; that your example has become, like a full wheat-ear, just ripe for the granary; that your sons and daughters around you are vieing with each other to smooth your downward path. Still, be happy. If your sun is about to set, they will know that its last rays promise a bright and everlasting morrow, and you will meet them again, never more to be separated.

After they have softened down your pillow, where you are to take your last sleep, it will appear to you, when you wake again, but as yesterday that you saw them. You will have left all your infirmities and sorrows behind, and will have a renewed existence, capable of enjoying, without alloy, and for ever, all their fond endearments.

To the Poor and Unsuccessful, we would say—Take heart! there are some good people and some good luck left in the world yet, despite appearances, however you may despair of it. Be up and stirring! Do any thing! Battle with your apparent fate; and, at last, you will say, who would have thought it? if I had not tried the one hundredth time, my ninety-nine labors had been without their reward.

The Valedictory.—To All—We have endeavored, and shall still endeavor, to inculcate, in our writings, the sentiments of a holy bond of brotherhood to mankind, by every possible example; feeling our duty to be only half done, if we assist to develope the vast resources of this great country, while we leave unurged the paramount one of upholding every element that conduces to constitute a community of sufficient moral power to avail itself of them.

Farewell! a kind farewell! a grateful farewell to all; until another Christmas, if it please God to spare our pen, and call us to a like duty of reciprocating kind offices of advice, consolation, comfort, encouragement and entertainment.

We have several times called the attention of the public to *California's only pecuniary salvation* being, in an ABUNDANT and exhaustless supply of WATER; as no one presumes to doubt that the immediate available wealth of California, unquestionably, to a great extent, lies in her gold fields. For the successful developement of this wealth, the introduction of water through artificial channels, to extensive and rich placers, otherwise destitute of a supply, for their working, is of the highest importance. Not only are enterprises of this character of incalculable value in promoting the general welfare, but, in numerous in-

AGAZINE.

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stances, they have proved most valuable and productive investments.

In this we are reminded that, even now, on our list of friends is a practical engineer who can command ten thousand dollars, and who is desirous of an interview with some person or company having a like sum to invest in the construction of a new mining canal less than twenty miles in length, in a locality where none at present exists, and where, if one is constructed, there can be no other with an adequate supply of water. The canal will command a large scope of excellent mining country, and besides the hydraulic power furnished for mining and milling purposes, the water can be used for the irrigation of hundreds of acres of the finest orchard, grain, grass, and meadow lands to be found upon the Pacific coast; and if once introduced for this purpose, will ever afterwards be indispensable.

The entire work, we are assured, can be completed, easily, in six months, at a cost not exceeding twenty thousand dollars, and will pay from fifty to one hundred per cent. per annum.

One has thus begun, let others come, by thousands, to the rescue, for water we want, and WATER WE MUST HAVE.

Having received and published several pieces from the well written manuscript paper that is weekly circulated in the Benicia Young Ladies' Seminary, so prettily named "The Wreath," we felt desirous of looking upon the fair flowers which composed it. Accordingly, we paid them a visit, at the closing examination of the session; and we must say that we have never looked upon a more cheerful and intelligent group of happy faces than the pupils in this Seminary. We shall now look with additional interest upon the bright flowers culled from the sunny gardens of their imagination; assuring them that they have our hearty good wishes for their prosperity and success. From the closing Number of the session, we select the following—first the Editorial.

Of the *character* of the pieces we will not speak particularly. No one can expect from pupils of from fourteen to eighteen years of age, that maturity of thought and clearness in expression which is looked for in those who have the *rational principle* ully developed and cultivated. We consider ourselves as children every day learning something new. We feel convinced that this paper has been of great benefit to us all, in allowing us to write out our thoughts and emotions just as they have arisen spontaneously in our minds. We never can correct any bad habit until we see it. When we hear the paper read, we can see faults in the style and composition of our pieces that we could not detect in any other way. We know that many of us have improved greatly in composition, writing and reading through the medium of the WREATH. —We shall soon separate, to spend the vacation at our own dear homes, but we fondly hope that many of us will assemble again within these loved walls to renew our studies. We will hope to hear occasionally through the WREATH from those who do not return.

The first editress of our paper was Miss Emily A. Walsh; she still remains one of our most valued contributors. As our school has increased in numbers it was found that the task of copying and reading was too laborious for one, therefore, during the past year, two have been selected each week, upon whom devolved the duty of correcting and transcribing all the pieces furnished, and also of reading the paper before the school.

We have but few remarkable events either of joy or sorrow to record. During the past year, four of our contributors have left us and entered into a "new State," one not yet laid down in our *school maps*, viz: the "State of Matrimony." We should be glad to receive articles for our paper from their pens, but can scarcely expect it, now that more important duties claim their time and attention. Two of our loved schoolmates have entered the spirit land, one of them a contributor to our columns. They were both greatly beloved by us all while they shared our joys and labors, and we deeply mourn their early departure. They are only removed, however, to a *Higher School* where they may learn *lessons of Heavenly wisdom* of the *Great Teacher Himself*. Let us all strive to imitate their virtues that we too may be ready whenever we are called "to come up higher."

THE HOUSEHOLD BAND.

The household band!—'tis broken now;
The links that bound love's golden chain
Are tossed upon the stormy waves
Far, far upon life's crested main.

The loved!—the dear ones! Scattered far
On, on amid the wide world roam,
Far distant from their native clime—
From sunny childhood's happy home.

One wandered far in search of fame,
"Hope's bow of promise" in the sky,

They placed the laurels on his brow
And sadly laid him down to die.

And then, upon a distant shore,
They gently bore him to his grave;
One loved one, from the household band,—
One bark engulfed in death's dark wave.

And soon an angel summons came;
The fairest of the household band,
Mid heavenly songs and murmurs low,
Was beckoned to a heavenly land.

The brightest flower was crushed and dead;
The ransomed spirit flown afar;—
Again a death—a broken link—
The loved, the lost, the household star.

And when the mother's aged form
Was bending low, while silent tears
Were on her cheek, and on her brow
Were clustered all the woes of years.

And oh! a heavenly call was heard,
A whisper from the realms above;
And then, the household band had lost
A priceless gem—a mother's love.

And soon the spirit world was spread
Before the father's weary feet;
And safely was he enclosed there,
Where loved and dear ones gladly meet.

A pall hung o'er the cottage home;
The mother's gentle voice no more
Arose to welcome loved ones home
Each evening at the open door.

And now, the few, the lingering few,
Are wanderers from their native land;
The sun is set, the night-cloud dark,
For broken is the household band.

LILY-BELL.

ANSWERS TO CONTRIBUTORS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

T. S.—We don't know.

C. G.—We shall act upon your advice, and "take the kinks out" as we like it.

George H.—By no means.

Joe.—Maxwell's Creek.—If you don't send us your address and an invitation too, that we may "drop in" and make one of the "dreamers" when we come your way—why, there will be another grave needed near your cabin, and the first letter on the stone will be J. If we cannot accomplish it, either Ben or Charley will be sure to help us;—and then, Mr. J. where will you be, think you? Keep her going, boys, and the family of the "large hearts" and the happy, will generally increase.

Harry N.—"No sirree!" "not a once." Did you never hear of a poor fellow once becoming immensely rich by simply minding his own business?

Coon Creek.—Is received; and, with several others on the same subject, will be attended to next month.

W. B. S.—Filed for next issue.

J.—We shall be happy to see you, for we like those friends whose hearts are as large as a miner's bread-barrel; and we think yours *must be*—nearly.

W. D. C.—Is not well written; and, moreover, it has the common fault of being *spread out* so much as to make it useless. Besides, "haste" is no excuse for slovenly composition.

Thos. M.—Send it along. We like short articles, full of good thoughts; as they, in our estimation, are worth a cart-load of long ones, containing but very little; the latter we have no use for—"nohow."

L., Alameda.—Is received.

J., Monte Christo.—We are very sorry for you. Send us an onion, that we may weep.

T. H.—We cannot help it. Your letter, containing *fifty cents*, cost us, by express, "four bits." Always send by mail.

Jesse M.—We know one young gentleman who, like you, was impatient to return to his lady-love in Charleston; and, poor fellow, he went—*without the dimes*; and, after the first "sweet" meeting, he told her "that sad tale;" and what do you think she said? Why, this: "Charley, you don't want *vaccinating* for the simples as you have them naturally. *I don't want a simpleton.* Do you understand? A precious husband you'd make. Pshaw! Go to the land of gold, and then come home without any. No, sir. I wish you a very good evening." And she gave him the mitten; and the girls all said that "it served him right." So, draw your own inference.

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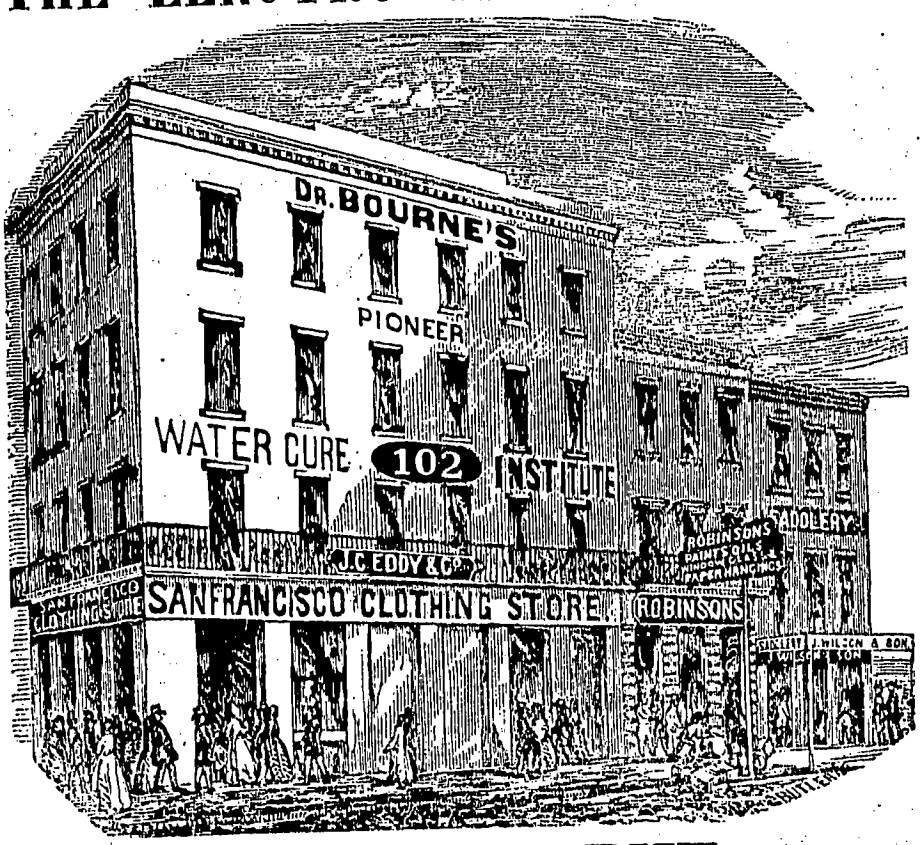
THE ELECTRO-CHEMICAL BATHS



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(SEE NEXT PAGE.)

Dr. B

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See the preceding pag

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I will so employ NATURE'S
Clothing, the Electro-Chemic
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Importer into this State of
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Having every facility for t
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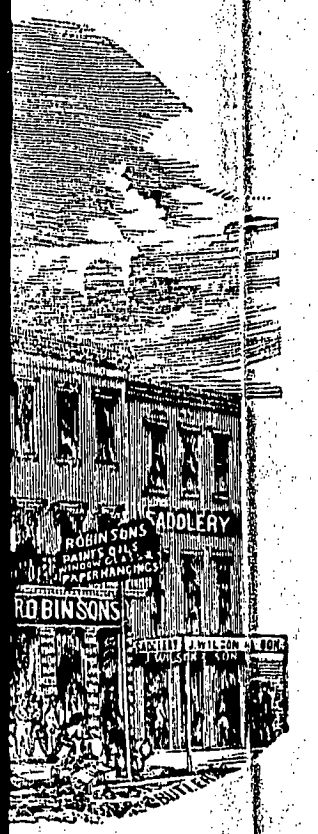

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Dr. BOURNE'S
ELECTRO-CHEMICAL BATHS

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See the preceding page.

iron, antimony, iodine, or any other POISON, should have been, or be, administered to the human system, or in which bleeding, cupping, or leeching, was required; and further, that hundreds of thousands fill premature graves through an ill-timed or over-dose of salts or oil. Let the people ponder on these things, and if the poor deluded victims of medical rascality, desire health, I pledge the honor of one man at least, that I will so employ NATURE'S AGENCIES of Good Food, Air, Pure Water, Exercise, Clothing, the Electro-Chemical Baths, and the Sleeping and Waking Hours, that without a particle of NASTY and POISONOUS medicine, I will so arouse the powers of their systems, that if there be any strength left, they shall speedily get perfectly well in body, with minds so expanded to the perception of natural philosophy, as thereafter to cause them to set their faces against all professional rogues or fools, and awake them to a knowledge of the evils of entrusting their own vital interest to the keeping of others whose interest must ever be antagonistic to their own.

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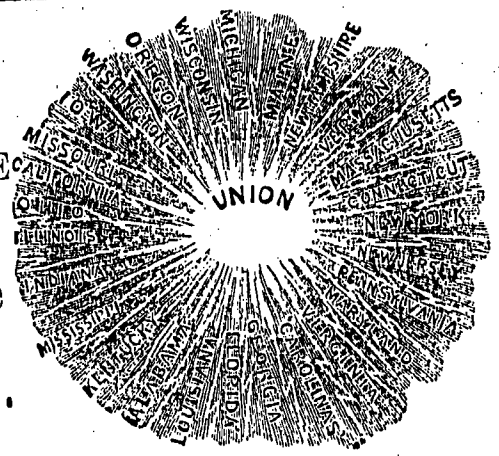

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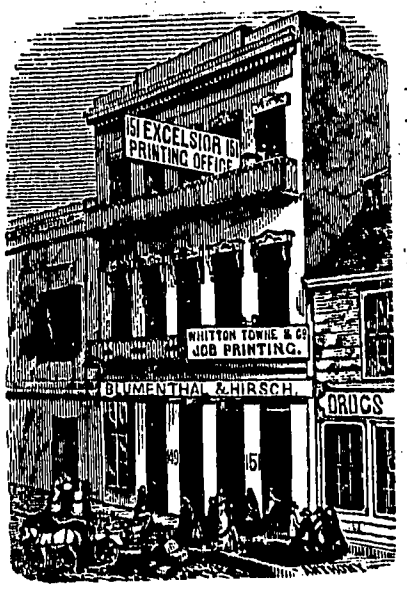

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ALMANAC.

1857.	Sund.	Mond.	Tuesd.	Wedn.	Thurs.	Friday	Satur.
January					1	2	3
	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
	11	12	13	14	15	16	17
	18	19	20	21	22	23	24
	25	26	27	28	29	30	31
February							
	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
	8	9	10	11	12	13	14
	15	16	17	18	19	20	21
	22	23	24	25	26	27	28
March							
	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
	8	9	10	11	12	13	14
	15	16	17	18	19	20	21
	22	23	24	25	26	27	28
	29	30	31				
April							
				1	2	3	4
	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
	12	13	14	15	16	17	18
	19	20	21	22	23	24	25
	26	27	28	29	30		
May						1	2
	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
	10	11	12	13	14	15	16
	17	18	19	20	21	22	23
	24	25	26	27	28	29	30
	31						
June		1	2	3	4	5	6
	7	8	9	10	11	12	13
	14	15	16	17	18	19	20
	21	22	23	24	25	26	27
	28	29	30				

1857.	Sund.	Mond.	Tuesd.	Wedn.	Thurs.	Friday	Satur.
July							1
	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
	12	13	14	15	16	17	18
	19	20	21	22	23	24	25
	26	27	28	29	30	31	
August							
	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
	9	10	11	12	13	14	15
	16	17	18	19	20	21	22
	23	24	25	26	27	28	29
	30	31					
September							
			1	2	3	4	5
	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
	13	14	15	16	17	18	19
	20	21	22	23	24	25	26
	27	28	29	30			
October							
					1	2	3
	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
	11	12	13	14	15	16	17
	18	19	20	21	22	23	24
	25	26	27	28	29	30	31
November							
	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
	8	9	10	11	12	13	14
	15	16	17	18	19	20	21
	22	23	24	25	26	27	28
	29	30					
December							
			1	2	3	4	5
	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
	13	14	15	16	17	18	19
	20	21	22	23	24	25	26
	27	28	29	30	31		

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