

HUTCHINGS'
CALIFORNIA MAGAZINE.

VOL. I.

MARCH, 1857.

NO. IX.

THE WORLD IN CALIFORNIA.



CHINESE—MALE AND FEMALE.

When the magic, and almost uncred-
ited tidings of the discovery of gold, in
our newly acquired possessions on the

cious metal had been found. All
hoped it to be true; while, with sur-
prise, they thought it barely possible.

Pacific coast, were herald-
ed throughout the Atlan-
tic cities, and the world,
they produced a feeling not
unlike the relation of
some Eastern tale, upon
the romantic imagination
of the young.

Old men looked incred-
ulous; young men listened
with eagerness, and saw
the airy castles of their
future wealth arise in glit-
tering magnificence before
them. The middle aged
received the recital with
caution, not omitting to
make many inquiries of
the respectability and the
trustworthiness of the mes-
sengers. This paper de-
scribed the specimens be-
fore them; another heard
from a reliable source, that
on the Rio Sacramento, or
the Rio Americano—or
some other river in Cali-
fornia—scales of the pre-

As letter after letter, and messenger after messenger was received, each and all bore unmistakable testimony to the exhilarating fact. Therefore it *might* be true. Possibility in time was turned to certainty, and *gold was found*.

With the hope of this being the "Philosopher's Stone," the enterprising, the adventurous, and the enthusiastic decided to visit this new El Dorado. Men of every clime, and of every creed, from the icy North to the sunny South; from the East to the West; "of every nation, and kindred, and tongue, and people," forgot their nationalities, and their differences, in the all-absorbing thought for gold—who should be first was the one idea, and the great consideration. Like one Richard Whittington, of juvenile remembrance, whose imagination had paved the streets of "great London city" with gold, and whose only thought was to "get a hat full of it," and leave. (We regret, too, to see others, with no better intentions than his, towards California.)

This commingling of men of all creeds, and conditions, from all quarters of the world, with one common object—that of improving their condition—and who, more or less, have been dependent upon each other in its accomplishment, has given a commendable and cosmopolitan spirit of liberality towards each other—more perhaps than in any other land—and long may we cherish this bond of brotherhood with charity and forbearance, "asking for nothing but what is right, and submitting to nothing that is wrong."

Every continent, every country, every island, bears the foot-prints of the American, and we would have given a cut illustrative of the veritable Yankee,

alias Jonathan, were it not that almost any one, in any country, can wake up on any morning, and as early as he pleases, on looking out can see him right before his eyes, or just a little ahead of where he's looking for him. So that while we are showing that the whole world has its representatives in California, as part of Yankeedom, so assuredly are the Yankees in all parts of the world.

Jonathan is a restless genius, and a genius he is, too; full of invention, from basswood cucumber seeds, wooden hams and patent clocks, to lightning lines, locomotives, twelve cylinder printing presses, and leviathan steamships. He can, in a given time build and burn up, and build again, more cities, blow up more steamboats, smash more railroad cars, and kill more men, women, and children, *by unavoidable accident*, than any other living man, we don't care what country he comes from. He can eat the fastest, and do it with the poorest teeth, of any other man. He can do the fastest walking, and the most of it, and on the slimest pair of legs. He makes the most money, and loses it the quickest, and if he happens to take it into his head that his country isn't big enough to accommodate his growing family, and the wants of "future destiny," he takes a trip to Mexico, says good morning marm, and if she don't return the compliment, why just takes California to turn his gun carriage round on, and having done this, *guessed* he'd keep it, as it may be convenient sometime to terminate a railroad on.

He has very little time to read, but beats the world in making books and newspapers, and if he would only get into the habit of using whisky and to-

bacco in some of the balance of things but *guessed* you want to just ask you you the *hull* of no use on

Now, per acquaintance dy, types and China. A p ifornia, at the sand, half en sized State—are double or castes; sense of ser appears a fi ter in all b intelligent

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bacco in some shape, would whip out the balance of the world at almost anything but *guessing* and *gassing*; and, if you want to know more about him, just ask your neighbor,—he can tell you the *hull* story, and if he can't it's of no use our trying.

Now, permit us to introduce to your acquaintance Celestial John and his lady, types and shadows of the empire of China. A people that numbers in California, at this moment, over forty thousand, half enough to form a respectable sized State—a large majority of whom are doubtless from the lower orders, or castes; exhibiting a cringing, abject sense of servility, to that degree that it appears a fixed trait of character in all but a few of the more intelligent and wealthy.

John (for they are all Johns) is probably the best abused foreigner we have among us. In the mines, where in many places they make a largely numerous class, though invariably minding their own business, and interfering with no one, except so far as their mere presence does it, he is constantly and almost every where subject to abuse, extortion, and even robbery, and generally with very little hope of redress—against which we unhesitatingly lift our voice, believing that if our laws permit them to come amongst us, our laws should certainly give to them protection, which now, unfortunately they do not.

He is an industrious every day worker, and content with small wages. In the cities and larger towns of the State, num-

bers are engaged in mercantile pursuits, dealing almost exclusively in commodities used by their countrymen.

In San Francisco they have their Josh temples for worship, and among their amusements, their theatre—the execrating din of which, during any evening of the week, will direct the sight seer to its locality, on Dupont street.

Unlike other Oriental nations, the Chinese have sent hither swarms of their females, a large part of whom are a depraved class; and though with complexions in some instances approaching to fair, their whole physiognomy indicates but a slight removal from the African race.



CHILIANS.

This type of our population is more generally found in the mines than in the cities; and it is there, with their short iron bar, ox-horn scraper, and wooden bowl, that, considering the means employed, they very successfully prosecute their search for gold.

Their women very frequently accompany the men to the scenes of their labor, and while the men prosecute the work of cayoting, and bringing to the surface the pay dirt, the women not unfrequently do the panning out, separating or washing the dirt from the "oro," in some adjacent pool.

You may look at a score of Chilian women, and in every one of them you will see an expression of countenance, telling this kind of a tale: "I am perfectly satisfied with my condition as a woman, with my cigarita in one hand, and my other hand and arm where it should be, whether the rest of man or woman kind are or not." Whilst the men almost as invariably wear a cast of countenance indicative of a desire that the Yankees would just mind their own business, and let him and *his* mind theirs. The number of Chilians in California are less numerous than they were three or four years ago, and are annually decreasing, which can hardly be said of any other race of people among us, except the aborigines.

THE HINDOO.

Yes, Hindostan long since sent greeting to California. A type of one caste of her people is before you; but we present him as he appeared after a three years' residence in the mines; and for a Hindoo, in possession of a fair competence, earned by his industry, and saved by his economy and prudence. And yet, as if almost doubting

the fact of its being securely his own, keeps his hand upon his purse, as he calmly surveys our artist in the act of sketching him. Divested of all that apparent sense of cringing servility to superiors, so distinctly exhibited as to



THE HINDOO.

become a mark of character in most of the Chinese and other Asiatics, that swarm our cities and our mines, he has learned to stand up in the form and dignity of a man, while he awaits the first opportunity for a passage to his native land.

He came here only as an adventurer in search for gold, but possessing all the religious caprices and superstitions of his people. Nor has he learned any-

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here only as an adventurer for gold, but possessing all the caprices and superstitions of his country. Nor has he learned any-

thing more of true religion than he knew before. His Brahmin taught him from the sacred Sanscrit, of the great Creator, and he thinks that Christians show no more of religion in their practices than he. And though he once believed in numberless lesser deities, than God, he now abandons all, he says, but the Great Creator.

And thus he returns to his home and to his countrymen, thinking less favorably of Christianity than when he left his native land.



MEXICANS.

Were we to suggest to the Mexican, or native Californian, as he is sometimes termed, the proper indices for his coat-of-arms, we would name the lasso and the spur, and as an appendage

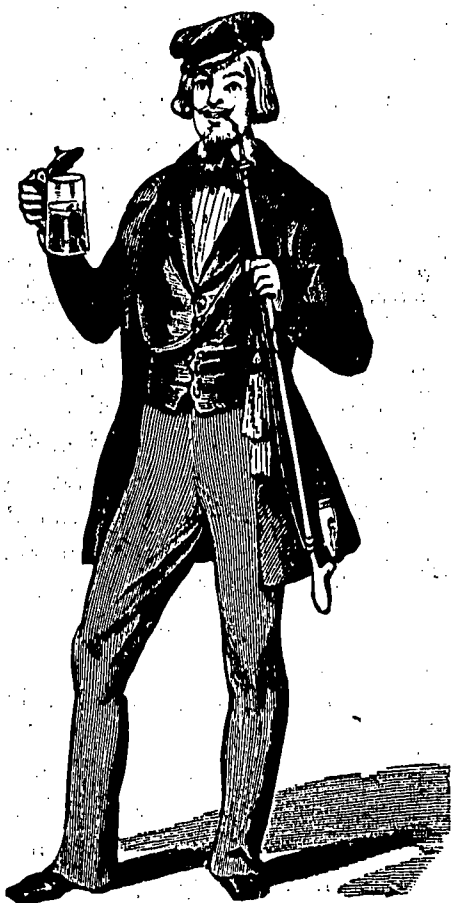
thereto the horse. And we have named them just in the order they seem to hold rank in the view of the Mexican himself. His lasso is his living, and his spur the great incentive to his locomotion, for when he moves he rides, believing that his own legs were made solely and purposely for throwing across a horse, and therefore will use them for no other purpose, if he can help it.

Of this world's possessions, the next in importance to his horse is his beautiful senorita, and which should, of the two, command the preference, seems to be the point just now being argued between them. With his fondness for horses and field sports, the resident native Californian combines many traits of a social nature, that would be deemed commendable in any people, and among these, to the fullest extent of his means and ability, are generosity and hospitality. And yet while remarking this of the few, it is equally our positive belief that from the migratory portion, has arisen more of robbery, rapine, and deeds of blood, than from any other class of our population.

THE GERMAN.

Now let us introduce to your acquaintance our social and ever happy friend the German. With a smile of good nature that no one can mistake, with his pipe and his glass, he seems at peace with all the world, as all the world usually is with him, and, to use a homely figure, it just matters to him very little "whether school keeps or not," who is or who is not President.

In our cities they constitute a highly respectable class of our merchants, traders, and artizans; and in the mining



THE GERMAN.

regions, in many places, are more numerous than any other one class of foreigners, and engaged in every possible pursuit connected in any way with money making. As citizens, they are as proverbially law abiding and upright in their dealings as any class among us. Lovers of the "Heavenly maid," they are nearly all musicians, many occupying a high rank.

The Sailor, must not be forgotten in our notice of the World in California, as he has played an important part in our history.

"The dark blue jacket that enfolds
The Sailor's manly breast,
Bears more of real honor than
The star and ermine vest."

Son of Neptune—thy cradle, the

crested billow—thy nursery lullaby the storm shriek—the toys of thy childhood, the lightning and the breaker—the play ground of thy youth, the maelstrom's verge—and the pride of thy manhood, a grapple with the fiends of the tempest. Thy daring mocks at the hurricane, and the covetous lee shore's surf growls with malicious envy at thy skill.

Thy pinions are the "wings of the wind," and the limits of thy flight the boundaries of the world. With Maury, the great ocean pilot, for thy counselor, and the compass as thy guide, the eccentricities of thy wanderings have become the very guarantees of thy triumphs; and though thy track is lost almost at its very making, the ceaseless murmurings of thy dashing prow are echoed back from every shore; and the splash of thy anchor makes musical every bay and river.

Commerce worships at thy shrine, and civilization proudly acknowledges thee her great ally. The spreading of thy bunting is the joy of the philanthropist, and the hope of Christianity, as is the flapping of thy canvass the knell of superstition and barbarism to the pagan. To thee California is largely debtor, for her present prosperity, and must long continue to be; for until a railroad shall have spanned the continent, will California look to thee for the transmission of the great pulsations of her prosperity, throughout the commercial system of the world.

Honor, then, say we, to the noble sailor, from the "quarter deck" to the "before the mast," for thine is a life full of hazards, dangers, and vicissitudes, not unmixed with cares, anxieties, hopes and disappointments. Thy

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season of rest upon the solid land seems
ever in the future, till at last, too long
deferred, as a crowning feature, yet in
perfect keeping with life's scenes, find-
est thy tomb amid the foundations of
the deep.



THE RUSSIAN.

Here we have him who may well
claim to be the pioneer of our coast
waters and islands, as were the Span-
iards of the coast lands, bays and rivers.

At a very early day in the history of
the Pacific coast, we hear of the Rus-
sian prosecuting his seal catching all
along its coast and its islands, as far
south as the Gulf of California. Alike
with the rest of mankind, he has a pas-
sion for gold, or that which gold will
bring, and this has brought him from

his high northern home, to participate
in the eager strife for its possession
among the gorges of the sierras of Cal-
ifornia.

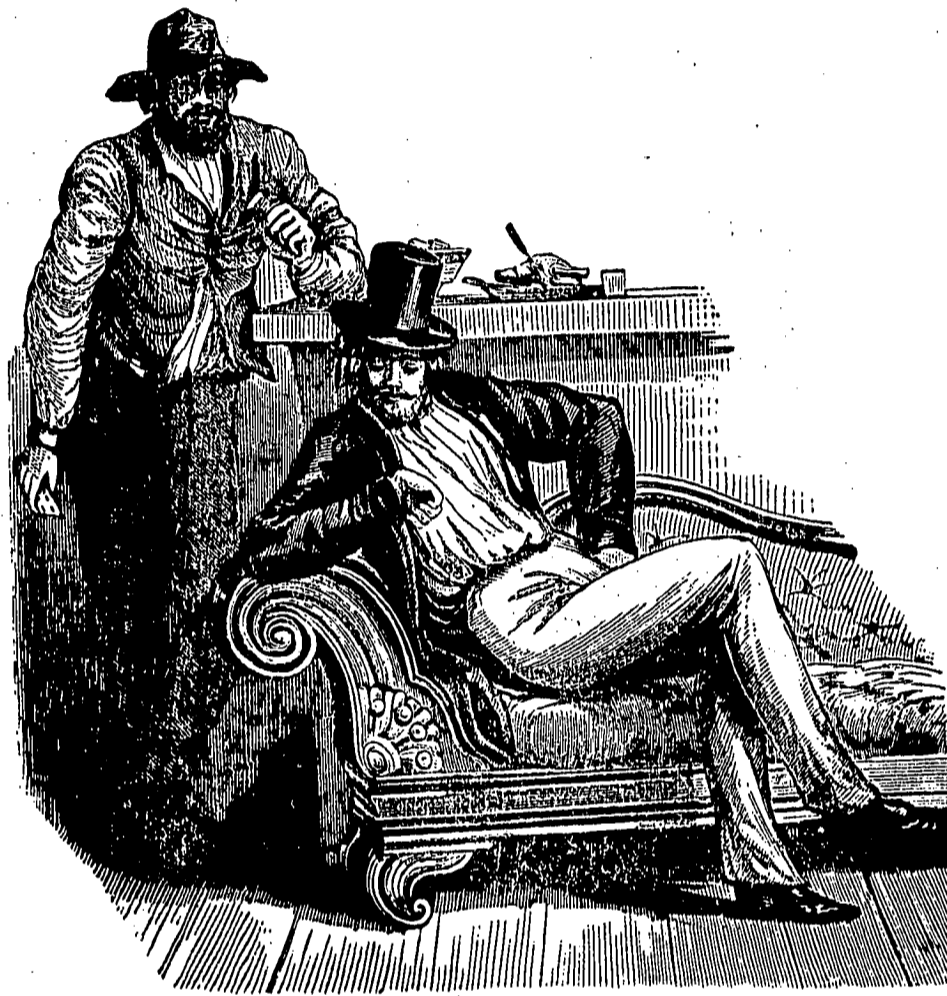
Hardy in his conformation, and in-
domitable in the prosecution of any en-
terprise he undertakes, he is almost
sure to make his perseverance and in-
dustry win a golden return.

He is miner, sailor, hunter, fisher-
man, or laborer, at anything that will
bring him money, and has learned that
great secret so difficult to most of man-
kind—that of minding his own business,
an important secret, as many in prac-
ticing it, have made fortunes.

LOAFERS.

Here they are, (see the engrav-
ing on next page,) beautiful specimens
of the genus homo, a variety of the hu-
man species as distinct from the mass
of mankind, as are the Gipsies of the
eastern world; indeed, even more dis-
tinct, and a greater phenomenon upon
the earth, for the Gipsy race is com-
posed of two genders, the loafer of but
one; therefore, their origin and early
history, to this day remains in obscuri-
ty; it is sufficient, however, to know
that they do exist—but how—it is
even more of a mystery than that of
their origin. And though all countries
may possess a fair quota, we are in-
clined to the belief that California en-
dures rather more than her share, as
every part of the world seems to have
sent its representatives here.

Their world wide creed is, that "the
world owes us a living," and they seem
inclined to get it the easiest way possi-
ble. Generally fond of pictures, and are
great patrons of the fine arts, at the rate
of four bits a pack. True republicans,



LOAFERS.

for they annihilate more *kings* and *queens* annually, or come within an *ace* of it, than there are upon all the thrones of earth. They claim to be among our best citizens, as their principal occupation tends directly to the destruction of *knaves*; yet, with the power of *clubs*, or the presentation of *diamonds*, will either destroy, seduce, or mar the purity, by rendering unclean, every *heart* that comes within their influence.

Most of them are sensible fellows; many of them scholars, graduates of the cold lunch institute, and good judges of liquor in the early part of the evening. Thus we leave him, having said more

in his favor than we supposed it possible when we first took him in hand.

THE ITALIAN.

Yes—even the classic lands of Italy and Greece have their representatives in California.

In our cities we find them of every grade, from the street organ grinder, fastened to a string and led by a monkey or an ape, up to the talented musician, and accomplished artist.

In our mines we see them an industrious and frugal class, content with low wages, and taking the world easy as it goes; while on our bays and rivers, as

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THE WHITE BREASTED SQUIRREL HAWK.

(*Buteo Californica.*)

"The wood, the mountain, and the barren waste, the craggy rock, the river, and the lake, are never searched in vain; each have their peculiar inhabitants, that enliven the scene, and please the philosophic eye."—MONTAGUE.

How well does the sentiment of the above quotation accord with my own feelings, as I have wandered alone in the wood, the barren waste or mountain heights, alone! no, I was not alone, the landscape so delightful to gaze upon, enlivened by the airy creatures, whose every movement is grace and elegance, the flowers, whose fragrance and delicate tints so pleasing to the senses, with their rich and variegated foliage, the lake, the river, the marsh teeming with life, all proclaim to the lover of nature, that he is not alone.

A thousand objects surround him, affording ample subject for contemplation and a deep reverence for the Great Creator of all,—and here in our own California, upon her quiet plains, and hills, with her calm, clear, and serene air, it is a pleasure to wander among them—to study the animated nature that enlivens her solitudes. The day is fine, low over the fields the smaller birds are flitting to and fro, varied with an occasional raven, the graceful sailing turkey vulture, the swift moving and orderly travelling geese and ducks, wending their way to their feeding grounds,—the monotonous plain animated by the frisky ground squirrel, whilst far above them all, may be seen the white breasted hawk, a mere white speck in the blue ether, floating slowly and gracefully as the gossamer, looking with a proud satisfaction upon the moving scene below.



THE ITALIAN.

fishermen, they constitute a considerable force, prosecuting vigorously an important branch of our Pacific coast commerce; and as a people, are as clearly identified as a distinctive feature of our great babel of races, as almost any other class of our citizens.

Stand up, man! stand!
 God made us all!
 The wine transcends the froth—
 The living skin, the cloth—
 Both rich and poor are small,
 Stand up, man! stand!
 Free heart, free tongue, free hand.
 Firm foot upon the sod!
 And eyes that fear but God—
 What'er your state or name,
 Let these prefer your claim!
 If there be anything you want—
 Speak up! we may respect a churl, but we
 hate a sycophant.

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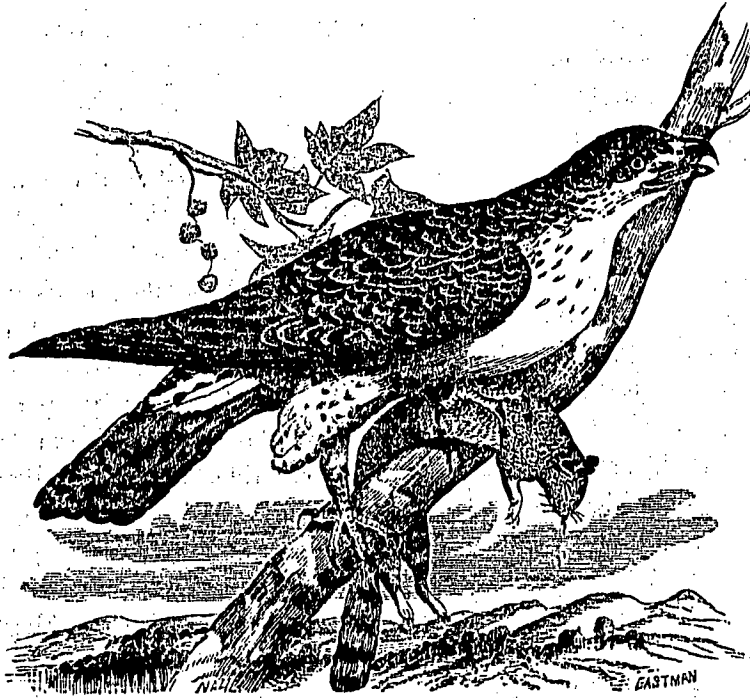
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THE ITALIAN.

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WHITE-BREASTED SQUIRREL HAWK OF CALIFORNIA.

The shades of evening have approached—it is now interesting to watch the different species hurrying to their respective retreats for the night—see that long and disorderly line of crows moving with tired pinions to the dense thicket, where they may rest in safety—now comes a flock of black birds skimming low over the plains with the rapidity of an arrow, and are soon lost to view, as they hasten to the thick and tangled “tule” of the marshes to rest in safety. The laggard raven and vulture may be seen slowly seeking some old oak or sycamore to roost securely,—and if in winter, various fresh water fowls are hurrying in every direction for a suitable place to procure their evening repast—everything seems on the move.

Darkness has prevailed—and all is now quiet! How mysterious the change! how still the silence! when lo! the stealthy bittern, and night

heron, quit their sequestered hiding place, and on silent wing they seek the muddy lagoon in quest of frogs and other reptiles. The night is dark, but nature has provided the *American bittern* and *night heron with a dark lantern*, which they carry beneath the plumage of their breast and wings, and as they steal along the silent pool, occasionally flash their phosphorescent light in front of them, in order to distinguish with more certainty, the moving objects upon which they feed. A fact just discovered, and therefore not generally known to *Naturalists*.

These and much more display the wonders of Providence, and the systematic economy of Creation!

But to our description of the White Breasted Squirrel Hawk:—

This fine variety of the genus *Buteo*, which in size is not much inferior to the Eagle, is found inhabiting the regions west of the Rocky Mountains

only, as no species (edge) has ever been range. It is a California, and is in the vicinity of the bay of this country, upon which it entirely subsists.

This species of hawk escaped the particular notice of the naturalists who have tried to describe it, which, I can only say, is a fact of its nearness to the red-tailed hawk (*Buteo calurus*) is extensively distributed throughout North America, and is confounded by the naturalists with the rough-legged hawk (*Buteo lagopus*) of Florida. More closely allied to the former, and careful examination, I am fully satisfied, will show a distinct variety of hawk, and belonging to the Pacific slope.

I have seen this hawk on the Tuare plains, the Great Salt Lake, the Great Sand Dunes, and more common in the mountains of Jose, where I may see one figured on the map.

The flight of this hawk is firm and direct, and it rises to a great height, making wide circlings, and showing its wings; at times it is motionless upon the air, and the white speck on its breast is visible at this great height. The movement of its wings is as that of the squirrels, as they fly about the plains. The eye is water-colored, and is far beyond the ordinary color; it is then, the

only, as no specimen (to my knowledge) has ever been seen East of that range. It is a constant resident of California, and is always found in the vicinity of the burrowing squirrels of this country, upon which it almost entirely subsists.

This species of hawk seems to have escaped the particular notice of Naturalists who have travelled in this country, which, I can only account for from the fact of its near resemblance to the red tailed hawk (*Buteo Borealis*) which is extensively distributed over all parts of North America, and may also be confounded by the careless observer, with the rough-legged falcon—(*Buteo lagopus*) of Fleming, to which it is more closely allied. But upon close and careful examination and comparison, I am fully satisfied of its being a distinct variety heretofore undescribed, and belonging peculiarly to the fauna of the Pacific slope.

I have seen this hawk abundant on the Tuare plains, the San Joaquin Valley, the Great Salt Lake basin, and still more common in the Valley of San Jose, where I made the drawing of the one figured on the opposite page.

The flight of the white breasted hawk is firm and protracted, rising to a great height above the plains in wide circlings, without flapping its wings; at times it seems almost motionless upon the air, looking like a white speck on the blue sky, it is then at this great height, observing distinctly the movements of the burrowing squirrels as they gambol and frisk about the plains, unmindful of the keen eye that is watching them from above, far beyond the extent of their own vision; it is then, the unsuspecting squir-

rel ventures some distance from its retreat; this, the hawk perceives and fixing his steady eye upon him, draws his wings close to its body, and headlong falls with the velocity of a meteor, upon its prey, which it soon crushes to death, and either devours it on the spot, or bears it off to a neighboring tree, where it picks the bones and skin clean, before it is satisfied.

In wet weather or damp mornings, it may be seen sitting upon a solitary tree or stake, and even upon the ground, in the neighborhood of the burrows, where it silently and patiently watches for an opportunity to seize upon its prey.— After gorging itself to its full satisfaction it retires to some large oak, or sycamore, where among its branches, it sits in stupified listlessness for hours, until the feelings of hunger cause it again to venture forth, upon the mission which Providence has evidently intended it to fill.

I have observed, at times, this hawk whilst devouring a squirrel, so teased and tormented by the ravens and crows, that becoming extremely disgusted by the black begging set, would leave his honestly gotten prey to be quarrelled over by them, and again seek for a fresh squirrel; which would in time be taken away from him by the notorious, overbearing white headed eagle, in the same manner he is known to serve the fish hawk. And thus the white breasted squirrel hawk makes himself a useful resident, in destroying hundreds of these troublesome squirrels; which are a great pest to the farmer.

This ground squirrel, as it is called, is a species of marmot, and in some localities are very abundant and a great nuisance. I have seen large fields of



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wheat and other grain entirely destroyed by them. The great number of burrows in certain localities where they most congregate, make it exceedingly dangerous to ride among them at a fast gait; a horse sometimes breaks his leg by stumbling into these holes, and not unfrequently causes severe injury to the rider.

The white breasted hawk is a great destroyer of these squirrels, he is their great enemy, and as such I would plead for his life, and request the farmer and gunner to spare him, that he may aid them in eventually exterminating this troublesome little animal.

This hawk never to my knowledge visits the poultry yard; nor have I ever seen him attempt to take any of the feathered race; confining himself to the smaller quadrupeds. Besides the ground squirrel, he preys upon gophers, rats, and rabbits. Before the white breasted hawk arrives at full maturity of plumage (which is about the third year) it might be taken by ordinary observers as a separate species from the old bird; the plumage of the young being much darker and of smaller size, the tarsus of the young, also remains bare of feathers—a peculiar feature which I have noted particularly between the old and young.

Hawks generally differ very much in different stages of life before they become fully developed in their plumage; so much so indeed, that it puzzles the best observers to place them properly.

I have seen only one nest of this hawk, which was placed in a very tall sycamore, near the top, close to the body of the tree, the nest was large and compactly built of dried branches,

exactly like the red tailed hawk, only much larger; it was inaccessible, and I am therefore unable to say anything about the interior of the nest.

DIMENSION AND COLOR (ADULT MALE).

Bill black, blueish towards the base, cere, yellow, as also the margin of the bill at the base, Iris pale yellow, projecting part of the eyebrow pale blue, tarsi and toes yellow, claws black. The general color of the upper parts of the head, neck, wings, and body, is a chocolate color, the under parts pure white, marked upon the breast and neck with a few dark brown longitudinal stripes, feathers upon the tibia marked with a few brownish spots, tail coverts white, some of the upper ones barred with reddish brown—tail, ashy grey, margined with rufous tint with dusky bars, white at the base. Body full, plumage compact, feet ordinary length, very robust, tarsus strong, roundish, feathered anteriorly to within an inch of the toes, with short white and brownish feathers, posteriorly covered with broad flat scales, from joint to joint—balance of tarsi and toes scutillated.

Length of bill, 2 in., dorsal line, from the feathers.

Length of gap line, $2\frac{3}{4}$ in.,—of tibia 6 in.

Length of Tarsus, $3\frac{3}{4}$ in.,—of middle toe, $1\frac{1}{2}$ in.

Extent of wings, 4 ft. $6\frac{1}{4}$ in.

From tip of bill to tip of tail, 2 ft., upper side.

Tarsi covered with feathers anteriorly nearly to toes, outer toe connected to the middle at the base, nails long, curved and stout. Tarsi and tibia very stout and muscular—the whole appearance of the foot indicates strength. The feet were much bitten by squirrels.

A. J. G.

A good countenance is the best letter of introduction.

TABLE



TABLE

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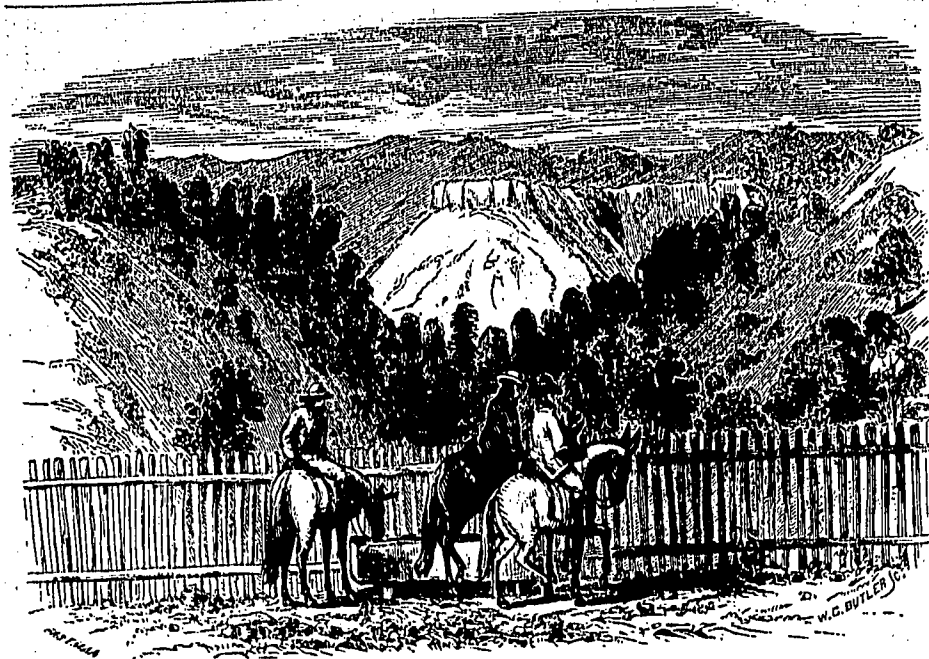


TABLE MOUNTAIN—FROM GREEN SPRINGS, TUOLUMNE CO., CAL.

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bill, 2 in., dorsal line, from the gap line, 2 3/4 in.,—of tibia 6 in. Tarsus, 3 3/4 in.,—of middle toe, wings, 4 ft. 6 1/4 in. bill to tip of tail, 2 ft., upper vered with feathers anteri- to toes, outer toe connect- middle at the base, nails long, d stout. Tarsi and tibia and muscular—the whole ap- of the foot indicates strength. ere much bitten by squir-

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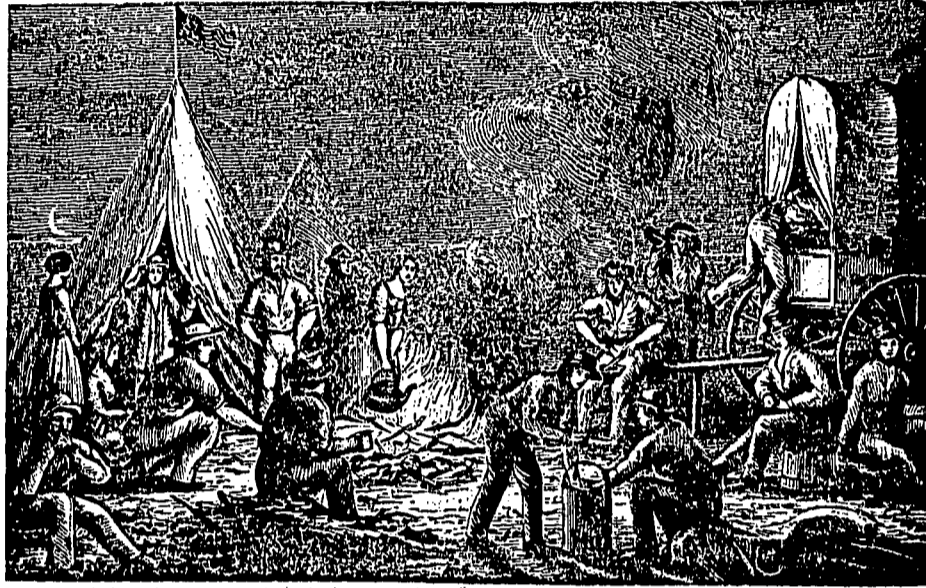
This beautiful view will be immedi- ately recognized by every one who has journeyed from Stockton to Sonora, by way of the Green Springs, as what is generally (although erroneously) called "The end of Table Mountain" near O'Byrne's Ferry, on the Stanislaus riv- er. Its bold and abrupt appearance as you look down the heavily timbered ravine, might give the impression of its being the end of this rich and re- markable volcanic formed mountain; but the same formation is easily trace- able for twelve or fifteen miles below this point. In the foreground of the picture, the fence incloses a fertile and well cultivated garden, and flourishing vineyard; and possesses the advantage of being in the vicinity of a good mar- ket for all its surplus produce. This is one of the many pleasant and green spots to be found in California; and as you reach it, will amply repay you by its beauty, for the look you may be-

stow while riding past it. Try it and see if we are right.

A PAGE OF THE PAST.

BY ALICE.

The sun shone out with redoubled splendor on the morning of the nine- teenth of April, as we left Fairfield with eight yoke of red, white, and spot- ted oxen, and three yoke of Mrs. Brindles, these drew quietly along the heavy loaded wagons, chewing their cuds, and lashing their tails with an air of (sang froid) as much as to say they knew the trip before them was one of more than common interest to them, and ourselves in particular, as they made the white topped vehicles trem- ble along the uneven, muddy road, with sundry tin trappings beating a reveille in the rear. So with a dress of dear Mrs. Bloomer's invention, I compla- cently took my seat among camp kettles, stools, bacon, and beans, waiting for the



FIRST NIGHT'S CAMPING.

carriage to overtake us, then a few miles in the rear. Just as the glowing sun was setting, its bright light became suddenly obscured, and the rain poured upon us in torrents, and night, with its sable mantle, began to spread itself upon surrounding objects, and we poor denizens, life's wanderers, out upon an open prairie, a thousand miles from anywhere, beyond the sight of shrub or habitation, facing the pitiless pelting of the angry storm. Our only guide, as to the direction we should travel, was a few stakes driven at intervals, to mark the road before us. And how the next traveler ever found his way I never stopped to ask, for we pulled those up for fire wood, [oh!] more than likely he scented his way to the land of gold by common instinct. The above engraving fully represents a first night's camping in the open plains, and reader, if you have never been an *over-lander*. I will tell you a little about camp life. The first night's camping, yes, and all the petty annoyances seem heart-breaking to think of now, in my moments of

meditative reminiscences of the past. Just think how pleasant it was to get the tent pitched, and well pinned down and then have a sweet little hurricane come, and teas up the pins from the moist earth, and lay it again as flat as a flapjack. But the watchword of life is "never give up," so after vigorously tugging against relentless fate for an hour, as luck would have it, we succeeded in erecting our little pavillion of comfort to shelter us; a band of roving Gipseys, which in every way we approximated in exterior resemblance, while seated in front of a smoky fire, listening to the howling of the storm-god as he went whirling and shrieking through the boundless fields of the western wild.

The first night's encampment on the prairie was spent till bed time by the young "hopefuls" singing California gold songs with a glee and hilarity that sounded, as it floated out upon the night air, as though their young and happy hearts intended to grasp every ray of love and sunshine that came within

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reminiscences of the past. How pleasant it was to get it stretched, and well pinned down. I have a sweet little hurricane which tears up the pins from the cloth, and lay it again as flat as a buck. But the watchword of "never give up," so after vigorous fighting against relentless fate for as luck would have it, we succeeded in erecting our little pavillion of canvas to shelter us; a band of roving rangers which in every way we appeared in exterior resemblance, pitched in front of a smoky fire, and to the howling of the storm-wind went whirling and shrieking over the boundless fields of the west. Last night's encampment on the prairie was spent till bed time by the "hopefuls" singing California songs with a glee and hilarity that as it floated out upon the night air through their young and happy throats tended to grasp every ray of sunshine that came within

their reach, while drifting out upon life's weary main. They retired at a late hour to the lulling embrace of moss beds, with a boot for a pillow, hugging the cold, wet ground, with a great big "Expectation" for an outside counterpane, soon forgetting the perplexing day dreams, bad roads, and contrary oxen. I began to think by this time that Park Benjamin must have been in sober earnest when he wrote these truthful lines:

Gold, gold, in all ages the curse of mankind,
 Thy fetters are forged for the soul and the mind;
 The limbs may be free as the wings of a bird,
 And the mind be the slave of a look and a word.
 To gain thee, man barter's eternity's crown,
 Yields honor, affection, and lasting renown.

Come, gentle reader, slip on a long stout pair of one hundred and fifty league boots, and they will take you, if I have not forgotten, over the bad roads, through Dutch towns and open plains, across the Des Moines, then to its tributaries, the Nithany, Botany, and Racoon rivers, which wander in their serpentine courses to mingle with a sister stream, which eventually goes eddying and winding, to join the Father of waters in his wandering resistlessness, towards the sea.

Then, with a few accidents and repairs, we are at the city of Kanessville, a city of "latter day saints." After hearing a short highfalutin sermon preached in the forest which skirts the banks of the Missouri, we are, on the eleventh of May, landed on the other side, to drift along with the tide of moving population, which is on every hand, all faces bent in the direction of the far-off West.

But before we part company I must take a step or two backward in my nar-

rative, and tell you of a "circular circumstance" that excited my risibilities so much that even now I can scarcely keep my face straight, as it forces itself upon my memory, long enough to write it. On the frontier lives a race of men elevated only a degree or two, in my estimation, above the red man, paying their taxes in hoop poles and coon skins, voting, as they suppose, for Jackson; yet they live a life of stupidity and ignorance. That you may better appreciate their display of education, I place it before you. We stopped in front of a farmer's house, built of shapeless logs, and just before the door swung a sign, upon ponderous hinges, and upon it were emblazoned, in bold letters, painted with lampblack, by a "masterly" hand, these words:

 PALMERS IN
 INTURTAYNMUNTS
 FUR
 STRAYNGURS

We were now beyond the borders of civilization, where the yell of the savage is heard on the hills, and in the glens. Some of our roguish boys broke open the grave of an Indian chief, [shame on you,] once belonging to the Pawnee tribe; it was tent shaped, and covered with buffalo skins, poles, and dirt.

They became so enraged at seeing their brave and valiant chief, Now-atali, exposed to the rude gaze of the passers by, that a number of the tribe followed us to Elk Horn river, and some pursued us as far as Loup Fork, where the river separated them from

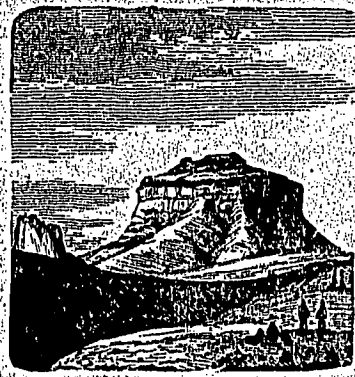
us. This river was difficult to cross, the moving quicksand making it extremely dangerous to ford. Some, who dashed into the stream regardless of entreaties, paid the penalty of their rashness and folly by being precipitated into deep and miry holes, where the bottom had fallen out! and came near being carried down to Davy Jones' locker by the swift current; horses, men, women, and children, in one grand confusion, and we standing by as helpless spectators, for they were beyond our help and assistance.

We now traveled on the north side of the Platte, whose banks, as far as the bluffs, were covered with a most luxuriant growth of flowers, of every color, including the red, white, and pink cactus. Along the North Platte bottoms are numerous ponds of alkaline waters, and in many places the alkali effervesces upon the surface of the ground for acres together.

We followed up the Platte nearly seven hundred miles. The timber is very scarce for hundreds of miles, except on the islands, which form almost a continuous archipelago for over one hundred miles from its mouth. In some places we saw numerous herds of buffalo at a distance, whilst their numerous skull bones, strewn everywhere around, attest that the animals at no greatly remote period had been far more numerous than at present.

May 30th we were opposite Court House Rock, a solitary tower, resembling a large public edifice, eight miles from the emigrant road; it is nearly square, and over two hundred feet high. The dome, at the top is vast and quite regular, rounded and fifty feet or more high; it is a magnificent structure of

nature, standing out in bold relief, far away from any hill or mountain, covering at its base about twelve acres, which gives it a strange and peculiar interest. This place will long be remembered by me as connected with a



COURT HOUSE ROCK.

scene of real misery and anguish. A man who camped near us went out, in company with another hunter, to catch buffaloes, and took his two little boys to hold the horses, as there was not a tree for miles around. Upon their return they found the horses quietly grazing at a distance, but the boys were gone. The large wolves had found them, and made of them a good supper; but the taste of blood increased their thirst for more, and we could distinctly hear their discordant howlings, mingled with the moanings of the wind, till long after the first gray streaks of morning were seen.

And slowly and sadly that father returned at nightfall, with a little bright tress of clotted hair, a stray shoe or stocking was all that the soul tortured, agonizing mother retained of her fairy-like children, over which the hungry wolves held so dreadful a carnival.

Sad was the circle that sat that night around our camp fire,—usually so light hearted and cheerful.

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In April, of the crew C— of with merchandise ramento river that so frequent of the was ours the onward before suddenly to stand still back," with high noon, only a return relief, we ration and pose of my of the slow ity, in sea present its

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THE PHANTOM FAWN.

BY PENITENT.

In April, five years ago, we were one of the crew of the top-sail schooner C—— of New York, heavily laden with merchandise, ascending the Sacramento river. The same detention that so frequently attends the navigation of the river at the present day, was ours then, for as we were driving onward before a spanking breeze, we suddenly found ourselves at a dead stand still upon the noted "hog's-back," with an ebbing tide. It was high noon, and as it was evident that only a returning tide would bring us relief, we made all necessary preparation and lowered a boat for the purpose of making a general reconnoissance of the sloughs and tules in the vicinity, in search of such game as might present itself.

With a single companion with us, we had already made a few good shots among the water-fowls, when our attention was arrested by a strange bleating, as if of some animal in deep distress. Hastily making for the shore, we were met by an almost impenetrable thicket, but as the same unusual sounds were continued and evidently increasing in intensity, we resolved upon penetrating the thicket at the cost of any effort, and at all hazards, and if possible satisfy our curiosity as to their origin. We were compelled to creep, and at times to cut a part of our way through the tangled vines and brush-wood—till at length, and when we had apparently almost reached the object of our curiosity, we saw but a few feet in advance of us, a small opening, less than thirty yards in circumference, and

destitute of all vegetation and even of grass,—because canopied dark and thick by a net work of over-hanging boughs, tangled in with the wild grape-vines.

We had hardly moved again, ere we discovered the object of our laborious pursuit. Near the middle of the opening, stood a snow-white fawn,—with neck distended, and eyeballs almost starting from their sockets, with mouth open, bleating piteously and trembling in every joint and limb. He seemed the very picture of terror and despair.

Cautiously approaching still nearer, for we had not the heart to shoot the poor animal, we saw two large pilot snakes, slowly making their circuit around him at a distance of three or four yards, but at every round, drawing nearer and nearer their victim. While on the opposite side of the opening, upon a perfect parapet of verdure five or six feet from the ground, lay an enormous rattlesnake, with his head raised high above his own horrid coil, he seemed to be acting as conductor of the attack,—whilst "ever and anon" his whizzing tail seemed to be rattling out the death knell of their victim.

Watching our opportunity for a simultaneous shot, a single discharge from each of our double barrels, and one of the two pilot snakes had left the threatening cirenit, to play with himself the game of death. The other, badly wounded, slowly made his way into the tangled thicket,—whilst the fawn, as if conscious of its rescue, with a leap and a bound disappeared through an opening in the thicket on the opposite side till then unnoticed. As the smoke cleared away, the rattler still remained in position, but silent and motionless

Another discharge and his coil was the coil of death.

We now entered upon the vacant ground, but judge of our surprise,—for we here found the unmistakable evidences of a grave. The earth had been thrown out, whilst only a part had been put back, and that portion had settled below the surrounding sides, it was a grave! But this was all we could know about it. We left the mysterious opening and its still more mysterious memento of death's doings, and had proceeded along the slough a distance of less than one eighth of a mile in the direction the fawn had taken, when we discovered a solitary Indian upon the bank,—we turned towards the shore and asked him if he had seen a white deer—a fawn, pass that way, but he seemed not to understand us. On being addressed in Spanish, his eyes sparkled with delight—and he replied—

"'Tis not a fawn! but I know what it is,—it is the spirit of the white-man on its annual visit to his lonely grave! I know it is so, for once every year, and always on the very day I buried him in yonder thicket, I see this spirit-fawn! I know it is—for often have I drawn the bow-string with strong and steady hand upon him, and swiftly let the arrows fly, but either above, below, or through, the arrow goes beyond; and so too, oft have I tried the cruel rifle on him, but the ball drops, for the spirit never dies!"

Caring but little for the superstition he seemed inclined to throw around it, we began to question him in regard to the "white man's grave"—but from that moment he maintained a perfect silence upon the whole subject, as well

in reference to the grave as to the spirit-fawn, as he termed it, and any allusion we would make to the subject, was invariably answered by placing his fingers firmly upon his compressed lips. And thus were we compelled to leave him and the whole subject, shrouded in mystery.

CHAPTER II.

"Alas!
Nor wife, nor children, more shall he behold,
Nor friends, nor sacred home."

Four years had passed away, nearly obliterating from our memory every recollection of the events of the day along the slough. Fickle fortune had sported with us, we had seen her smiles and her frowns, and now fate had brought us to the position of a keeper of a trading post at ——— on the Cosumnes river. For two years we had known Indian chief, John—for there are many such. But this John, was a miserably poor, intemperate, and loathsome specimen of his race. The only redeeming trait he possessed, was his fluency of speech, his command to some extent of both the Spanish and English languages, and his willingness at all times to communicate.

We had no recollection of having anywhere seen him but in that immediate vicinity. We had missed him for ten days,—at length he came again, and bringing with him a set of rudely constructed, old and rusty manacles or gyves. As usual, for these, as with everything else he could get to dispose of—he wanted whiskey. On asking him where he obtained the gyves,—for the first time since we had known him, he hesitated to reply, and placing his fingers upon his lips, maintained a sullen silence.

This occurred meanor, at once recollection the mysterious grave see, what for t our observation his face bore a the Indian of th

Seizing him one hand, and l panion, his rifle suming to know subject than we that he must no he knew of the the slough, or w upon him, and white man died

"Well," said you long, but y forgotten me friend, I will te ger fear the men, even th with these wo glance at the n on the ground

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recollection the circumstances of the
mysterious grave, nor was it difficult to
see, what for two years had escaped
our observation, that the lineaments of
his face bore a striking resemblance to
the Indian of the slough.

Seizing him by the shoulder with
one hand, and his ever constant com-
panion, his rifle, with the other, and as-
suming to know much more upon the
subject than we really did, we told him
that he must now tell the story and all
he knew of the white man's grave on
the slough, or we would put these gyves
upon him, and he should die as the
white man died!

"Well," said he—"I have known
you long, but you seemed to have quite
forgotten me till now,—you are my
friend, I will tell you all, for I no longer
fear the vengeance of the white
men, even though they live." And
with these words, and casting a hasty
glance at the manacles, seated himself
on the ground and then said:

"Seven times has the sun made his
journey to the south and back, since
first my home and hunting ground was
along the slough.

"One morning, just as the sun was
rising, two men in a boat approached
the shore where stood my hunting lodge,
and asked me 'if I was alone,' yes, I
replied,—'then,' says one of them, 'we
have something for you to do. In this
boat is our sick companion, he will die
soon, so we will leave him with you,
and when he dies—bury him (pointing
to the tules) where no white man can
ever find him; and we will give you
this rifle, this powder and these bullets
—but forever let your lips be sealed.'

"It was a great temptation to a poor
Indian like me, and I consented.

"Approaching the boat, I saw pros-
trate in the bottom, a white man, in
whose countenance was depicted so
much of unutterable despair, that my
heart revolted at the task I had heed-
lessly consented to perform. But his
two comrades seized him, and bore him
unresistingly to my lodge and laid him
down on my tule mats, while he utter-
ed no other sound than horrid groans.
But why, I asked, do you keep these
irons on him. 'Oh,' says one of them
'he is crazy sometimes, you must watch
him—feed him if he will eat, and give
him drink, but only from this flask,
which we will leave with you, for it
will make him sleep.'

"With these simple directions they
left me alone with the poor sick stran-
ger. For two days and nights did he
live on in an agony of pain, with no
other sustenance than sighs, no relief
but in groans. He would often raise
his manacled hands and point towards
his half open mouth,—believing him
hungry, I would offer him food, and
drink from the flask, but he would turn
his face away from it in disgust, and
seemed to loathe the sight of it.

"On the morning of the third day,
just as the sun was rising, he was lying
for a moment, and for the first time,
quiet and calm, his chin having fallen
upon his breast and the rising sun
shining full in his face, I discovered the
reason of his inability to speak.
More than half his tongue had been
cut away! and the remaining portion
so dreadfully swollen, as nearly to fill
his mouth. Presently he revived
again, and I raised him to a sitting pos-
ture, but believing him to be near

dying; asked him if he was an American,—he nodded assent, for he could not say, yes. Have you a wife and children, and if so where are they? Once more giving the same token of assent, and with eyes streaming with tears, he again raised his manacled hands, and pointed toward the rising sun.

"Believing him to be dying, I told him so, and begged he would make one effort and if possible, to tell me his name. Motionless and breathless for a moment, as if permitting nature to recover for a last effort, then raising his eyes imploringly toward the skies, breathed out with his last gasp the name of ——— but with the name, unuttered upon his lips, he died.

"And this is all I know of the poor sick stranger, except that these are the manacles* that were upon him. I buried him, but not in the rules,—you know where he sleeps, for you have seen his spirit on its annual round, you have seen the Phantom Fawn.

*These manacles, rude in their construction, old and eaten by the rust, can be seen in the window of our office, 146 Montgomery street, one door north of Clay, San Francisco.—ED. MAG.

A TALE WITH A MORAL.

We give the following as a specimen of that kind of composition so often sent us, with a desire that we will accept it, make what we can of it, and give it a place in the Magazine, as the author is a subscriber. We do sometimes try to make something of poetry thus sent us, but if there is any man in this world who can make anything more of the following than there is now, or that can better it, we would like to engage that man on a salary, as we can give him steady employment.—ED.

ED. OF MAGAZINE:—I have come To the conclusion to send you as truly Californian in character the tale I made

On the old cat, and it will be necessary To explain the case of the cat coming To such an untimely end. She was A real old thief, and it was a hard Matter to keep any thing out of her Way. She was so skilled in her profession, that She could take the lid off Of a stewpan, and her conduct had Become unseemly and my pardener Wanted to Shout her; but I thought This would be murder in the 1st degree. So we concluded it would be better to Set a Snare and leave her to be her Own executioner. So I set the snare Mearley to convince her that some Things could be done as well as others! There was 2 cats that prowled about The Shop, one was a tolerable honest Cat, and she got into the snare before We went to bed, and She was released From her peevish situation, after She Had got enough to know how good it Was, but the old cretcher Layed Lo, till We all got to bed and then She tried It, and I have now doubt that it was an Awful night to her but it was Left to Her own free will and if She had not Touched the ham She might bin liveing Still but such is the fate of evil doers.

THE TALE.

The tale to you I will relate,
Concerning a cat that bit at a bate,
Pleas hear it out, it wont take longe
And the tale is treasur as you are born.

The old cat was a midnight rober,
And I could not catch her for to flog her,
At last I hit upon a plan,
I set a snare batted with ham.

It had the desired effect,
And promptly the old rauge it did detect,
For as soon as the bait she bit, the Snare it
sprung
And in the morning there she hung.

To her that was an awful night,
When around her neck the String drew tight,
But it was left to her own free will,
And if she had not touched the ham she might
bin living still.

But her wicked course She would not alter,
Untill She found her neck faste in a halter,
She had taken that which was not her own,
And when too Late had cause to mourn.

Juste so it is with wicked men,
They will continue in there sin,

Untill there Lives
In sadness they do

I hope the morral
Some necks should
I do not know the

save,
But I know they

Now the old cat
I think she has
mourn.

Where she has go
Whether to heave
But she is

My friends fred
To the river he w
And throw her in
It mattered not
swim.

But fred backed
And Left me to
I performed the
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The old cat
And has not

I now trust
Can put this
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Sacred
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Beautiful
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Driven by
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Untill thare Lives are nearley Spent,
In sadness they do then repent.

I hope the morral may not be missed,
Some necks should not be broke but have a twist.
I do not know that the old cat had a sole to
save,
But I know thayrs no repentence in the grave.

Now the old cat is dead and gone,
I think she has Left no friends her lose to
mourn.

Where she has gone is not for me to tell,
Whether to heaven or hell.
But she is gone.

My friende fred had promised if I would
To the river he would fetcher [catcher,
And throw her in—
It mattered not whether She would sink or
swim.

But fred backed out and went to sleep,
And Left me to Lanch her to the deep—
I performed the funral servis whithout shed-
ding a teare,
And the gouste of the cat I do not fear.

The old cat is gone she has gone hence,
And has not bin seen sence.

I now trust this to your care, if you
Can put this in fite Shape to be worthy
Of a place in the Magazine you can
Use your one plasur but *if you should,*
Do not give the name you may judge
That she had not many friends for
Thare was enley one at her funral.
A SUBSCRIBER.

LONE MOUNTAIN.

Sacred to the dead of men,
Sacred to the living bird.

Beautiful is it not—that the resting
place of our dead, should be the para-
dise of birds? But so it is! and
strange is it not—that the environs of
Lone Mountain, in a Christian land,
upon the Sabbath day, should be begirt
with heartless, unfeeling, thoughtless
minds? not birds—they are within.

Driven by the murderous gun and
cruel lead from the abodes of the liv-
ing, these beautiful emblems of happy
spirits, as if to rebuke us for our heart-
lessness, and reprove us for our cruelty,

make Lone Mountain cemetery vocal
with their melodies.

Well might shame point her wither-
ing finger at the heartless vandal, who
would wantonly pluck these musical
blossoms of the air, from life.

A MIDNIGHT VISION.

BY ANNA M. BATES.

In the stairy hush of the midnight,
There cometh a vision fair,
With the summer rose buds wreathing
The folds of her long dark hair;
While the young moon o'er the meadow
Is laying her drifts of snow,
And the dew lies deep in the flowers,
And the winds are breathing low.

When the vesper bells are pealing
Through the fading sunset light,
And the rook is slowly winging
To rest on some lonely height.
There comes a tone on the zephyr,
A song on the scented air,
I turn to greet the maiden—
'Twas only a vision there.

Deep in the cells of my spirit,
Does her radiant memory fold,
Like the pearly clasp of a dew drop
Round the cowslip's leaves of gold;
And oft in my daily dreaming
Will a flower before me rise,
Whose eye hath a brighter seeming
Than the stars that gem the skies.

I go to Sleep's misty portal,
And roam in the land of dreams
She lingers, the young immortal,
With me by those shining streams:
In the stairy hush of the midnight
And in daylight's sunny hours,
Holy and precious the memory—
Strewing Life's path with flowers!
Suncook, Jun. 17th, 1857.

"Joe, so you have been out prospec-
ting to-day, eh?"

"Yes"

"Well what luck old fellow—did
you raise the 'color'?"

"No—but I raised a tre-men-jous
big blister!"

Society, like shaded silk, must be
viewed in all situations, or its colors
will deceive you.

MAGAZINE.

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continue in thare sin,

LIZZIE MEDDLESON.

BY W. B. S.

My father died when I was quite young, leaving my mother alone in the world with no near relation except her "dear child," as she called me. We resided at the time of my father's death upon a little farm in the State of Kentucky, near the village of S——.

After his death, Mother bought a little cottage in town where I could attend school. We had two servants which were given to mother by her father at her marriage, and she was so much attached to them that she would not part with them, and we took them to the village with us. Dick and Angeline, (the names of the servants), were favorites wherever they were known and would have brought a high price, but mother could not be induced to part with them unless necessity compelled her so to do.

I was about ten years of age when we moved to town and I commenced attending school. Soon after, a widow lady died, leaving a very interesting girl about seven years of age, and her last request was, that mother should take Lizzie and raise her, which mother consented to do. At first I disliked the idea of having one to share the affections of my kind mother, but so sweet a companion soon dispensed all jealous thoughts from my mind, and I learned to cherish her as my natural sister.

Lizzie was my companion in all my joys, and in all my sorrows; when I was sad she was sad, and when I was gay she was gay. Sweetly passed away eight years of my life, the happiest on record, and during that long period Lizzie and I were scarcely separated a week at a time. Many the play houses we have built together, and many the wild flowers we have gathered together to please the fancy of our youthful minds,—but I must not take up too much space in narrating those happy scenes long since fled on the wings of never tiring time, no more to return.

Such scenes could not last always; I had become old enough to enter college, and mother had determined I should go through a collegiate course.

The day came for my departure, the coach drove up to the door, a kiss from mother and one from Lizzie, and I was off for new scenes and new adventures. The first six months were tedious to me—living deprived of the society of Lizzie, had taken from me my brightest pleasure. Vacation came, and after an absence of twelve months I returned home. I found Lizzie much changed, she had become more beautiful, her dark waving hair hung in clusters about her faultless neck, her light beautiful blue eyes—the mirrors of her soul—and the gracefulness of her movements, all combined, made her a charming girl.

After a short stay at home I returned to college, where I remained another session, when I was sent for to come home, and on my arrival I learned to my sorrow that my mother was going to marry. Had I been going to follow her body to the tomb, my heart could not have been more sorely afflicted, but I said but little, as it could but make the matter worse.

Lizzie and I followed my mother to her new home, where we were offered a home also by my step-father, but which we both declined. I went to reside with a distant relative, for I had determined not to return to college, for all my future hopes of a happy home had been swept from me, and from that day I determined to leave my native hills and seek some distant clime as soon as I became of age, so that I could direct my own ship through the tempestuous waves of time. Lizzie went to reside with an acquaintance for a short time; her uncle, in Savannah, Georgia, had sent word he was coming after her, to reside with him, as they had no children.

The day arrived and Lizzie took her departure for her new home, promising to write regularly to me.

Lizzie gone, and my home broken

up, I determined to take Dick and where through the friends I procured a cantile house, where I received many letters which she spoke of her new home, and that the heart could not have aunt having adopted a full heir to their last letter which I appeared the follow-

"You know, dear you all the secrets always appeared to brother, so kind heart there is nothing in heart which I am know, or that I do in relating to you young gentleman Manning. Will him so well when ed with him, he is ing, and then so then I shall not p to you in too gl your imagination feet man, and who opinion may not wish.

"My uncle and opposed to his vis they have forbid house to see me, clandestine meet urges me to run get married, but I to do so, though I I do my own sou be as noble a sou earth.

"Dear Will, w of the matter, fo sult with. Sou ready to leave al believe he will life. He has po eloquent terms we shall spend to romantic country

GAZINE.

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up, I determined to leave also. So I
took Dick and went to Louisville,
where through the influence of some
friends I procured a clerkship in a mer-
cantile house, where I remained about
eighteen months; and during that time
I received many letters from Lizzie, in
which she spoke very highly of her
new home, and that she had everything
the heart could wish, her uncle and
aunt having adopted her as their law-
ful heir to their large fortune. In the
last letter which I received from her
appeared the following:

"You know, dear Will, I always tell
you all the secrets of my heart, for you
always appeared to me as my natural
brother, so kind have you been to me,
there is nothing in the recesses of my
heart which I am not willing you should
know, or that I do not feel a pleasure
in relating to you. I am engaged to a
young gentleman by the name of Chas.
Manning. Will, I know you will like
him so well when you become acquaint-
ed with him, he is so kind and unassum-
ing, and then so *very* handsome, but
then I shall not portray his character
to you in too glowing terms for fear
your imagination might picture a per-
fect man, and when you see him your
opinion may not be so good as I would
wish.

"My uncle and aunt are very much
opposed to his visits, so much so that
they have forbid his coming to the
house to see me, and I have had many
clandestine meetings with him. He
urges me to run away with him and
get married, but I cannot quite consent
to do so, though I love him better than
I do my own soul, for I believe him to
be as noble a soul as ever walked on
earth.

"Dear Will, write me what you think
of the matter, for I have none to con-
sult with. Sometimes I am almost
ready to leave all and follow him, for I
believe he will be my friend through
life. He has portrayed to me in such
eloquent terms the many happy days
we shall spend together in that bright
romantic country of California, for he

says he has a brother there who is
wealthy and will assist him into busi-
ness. Will, I am almost persuaded to
leave home and friends and throw my-
self under his protection, for what is
wealth, or even life, without his society
—nothing. Write to me soon and tell
me what you think of what I have told
you.

As ever, Yours,

LIZZIE."

As soon as I received her letter I sat
down and answered it, warning her of
the impropriety of these clandestine
matches, and the danger of such a man
who would prevail on her to leave her
home, contrary to the wishes of her
friends. I presume she did not like
the tone of my letter, for she did not
answer it before I left home for this
country, which was about a month sub-
sequent. I had been in San Francisco,
about a year when Dick came to me
one day and told me he saw Lizzie. I
told him that he must be mistaken, but
he insisted that he had seen her. Says
he, "I know dat was Lizzie, for you
can't fool me in dem blue eyes, or dem
curls, den she looked at me agin, and I
believe, Massa William, she thought
she know'd this darkie." I determin-
ed to find out that night whether Dick
was mistaken or not, for he had watch-
ed her until she went into a house sit-
uated on Dupont street. About nine
o'clock that night I took a friend with
me and we went up to a house that
was well known in San Francisco at
that time. We went in and had been
seated but a few moments in the re-
ception room when two ladies came in,
and one of them was Lizzie. I know
I must have turned pale for I was
nearly blind, and I trembled like an as-
pen leaf, so great was the shock, not-
withstanding I thought it might be pos-
sible she was there.

After sitting there sometime, seeing
that she did not recognize me, I deter-
mined to speak to her. So I went and
took a seat by her side and commenced
conversation, but I had spoken but few
words when she looked me in the face
and exclaimed, "My God, 'tis Will!"

and threw her arms around my neck and laid her head upon my shoulders and wept like a child.

We went to her room where she told me her sad tale, of the scenes she had passed through during the last twelve months.

"Soon after I received your last letter I ran off with Maning and went to New Orleans, where we went through the ceremonies of a mock marriage, which I thought at the time genuine, but to my sorrow I learned to the contrary. Maning kept delaying our sailing for California for some purpose I did not know, for about two months, when one night he came home and commenced abusing me, saying I was only his mistress, that he never intended to marry me or take me to California. You can better imagine my feelings at this information than I can describe them to you, and from that moment my love was turned to hatred, and still the flame burns within this bosom, and will continue so to do until the end of life.

"We had been living in splendid style and I supposed Maning had plenty of money until next day we had our orders to leave unless our board bill was paid, and the next day Maning did leave and I have not seen him since, but heard he came to this country. I tried to prevail on the proprietor of the hotel to let me remain a few days until I could make up my mind what to do, telling him I had been deceived and left alone in a strange city, without a friend whom I could call to my assistance, but all to no purpose—I was ordered to leave that day.

"Where to go or what to do I knew not,—to go back to uncle's I could not, so I wandered up and down the streets until night, when for the first time it entered my head to seek a home among the profligate. I could do no better, my character was gone, and my only wish to live was to get revenge. I remained in the house nearly eight months, and during that time I gave to the managers of the Protestant Orphan

Asylum my child! I requested them to call it Isadora, but never to let her know who her mother was, or what became of her.

"Soon after I had an opportunity to come to this country, and about six weeks since I landed in San Francisco. Since my arrival here I have learned that Maning is keeping a gambling saloon in one of the interior towns, and it was my intention to start for there to-morrow, disguised in the attire of a male. I will seek the midnight hour to drink his heart's blood to quench the hatred that is burning in my soul—for he has deceived me, he has made me an outcast in the world by taking from me that which earth cannot replace,—now he shall pay the penalty of the crime at my hands."

When she finished her sad tale she arose and walked the room with her hands pressed upon her heart. How changed from the last time I saw her! That kind smile, that gentle look which rested upon her countenance in other days, was gone, her eyes flashed forth the fire of revenge, and the haughty curl of her lip denoted there was a flame within, not easily quenched.

I tried to get her to desist in the course she was pursuing. I told her the wretch would meet his doom soon enough, for if there was one place in the bottomless pit of hell more horrible than another, or if the devil had any spirits he wished to torment more than another, it would be that of the seducer, for I believe the crime too heinous to be on a grade with any other sin that man can commit.

While I was talking she came and threw her arms around me, saying:

"If you will procure me a situation as a servant, I will work for my livelihood and let the wretch meet his fate."

I told her she should not work as a servant, only leave her present course of life—that I would see that she be provided with every necessary of life. Urgent business called me into the interior on a very short notice and I did not get to see her previous to my leav-

ing. On my southern port at a small town ter tea, a friend ing me wish street, for the the time for r

While do made for a g pecting some occurring, we room being s for some time man had stud while dealing ately. stabbe young man drew his kni be heard at remember I left in the This is my ly stabbed could arro to his own moments.

When th thought can Lizzie dre found it as covered, bu

Thus, re childhood's a flower as whose liea flakes that until she of virtue l—and that ed to one When I re found the

"Sa DEAR o'clock bo idea I shu determine Should ye them not give the o the comp

my child! I requested them to let Isadora, but never to let her go who her mother was, or what became of her.

Soon after I had an opportunity to return to this country, and about six months since I landed in San Francisco. From my arrival here I have learned that gambling is keeping a gambling saloon in one of the interior towns, and it was my intention to start for there. I was now, disguised in the attire of a woman, and I will seek the midnight hour to strike his heart's blood to quench the fire that is burning in my soul—for he has deceived me, he has made me the poorest man in the world by taking from me what which earth cannot replace,—and I shall pay the penalty of the crime at my hands."

When she finished her sad tale she walked the room with her hand pressed upon her heart. How different from the last time I saw her! Her kind smile, that gentle look which shone upon her countenance in other days was gone, her eyes flashed forth fire of revenge, and the haughty look of her lip denoted there was a fire within, not easily quenched.

I tried to get her to desist in the course she was pursuing. I told her that the wretch would meet his doom soon, for if there was one place in hell more horrible than the other, or if the devil had any power, he wished to torment more than any man it would be that of the seducer. I believe the crime too heinous to be in a grade with any other sin a man can commit.

When I was talking she came and threw her arms around me, saying:

"You will procure me a situation if I want, I will work for my livelihood, and let the wretch meet his fate."

When she should not work as a woman, I only leave her present course as it is, that I would see that she be provided with every necessary of life.

A business called me into the interior on a very short notice and I did not have time to see her previous to my leaving.

ing. On my return from the extreme southern portion of the State, I stopped at a small town to stay over night. After tea, a friend who was accompanying me wished to take a walk down the street, for the purpose of wileing away the time for retiring.

While down there we saw a rush made for a gambling saloon, and suspecting something of importance was occurring, we went over there. The room being so full we could not get in for some time, but heard that a young man had stabbed one of the gamblers while dealing cards, and then immediately stabbed himself. I was told the young man went up to the table and drew his knife, and exclaimed so as to be heard all over the room, "*Do you remember Lizzie whom you seduced and left in the streets of New Orleans? This is my revenge!*" and immediately stabbed him—and before any one could arrest the knife, he plunged it into his own bosom, and expired in a few moments.

When this was related to me the thought came to my mind that it was Lizzie dressed in male attire, and I found it as I suspected. Maning recovered, but only to die a drunkard.

Thus, reader, ended the life of my childhood's companion, who was as fair a flower as ever bloomed on earth, and whose heart was as pure as the snow flakes that fall upon the mountain tops, until she was seduced from the path of virtue by a wretch in human form—and that kind gentle disposition turned to one of hatred and revenge. When I returned to San Francisco I found the following note:

"San Francisco, June 20, '55—

DEAR WILL:—I start on the four o'clock boat for the interior. I have no idea I shall ever see you again. I am determined to carry out my sworn vow. Should you return to the States, tell them not of my fate. Forget and forgive the errors of an unworthy friend, the companion of your childhood.

"Yours Affectionately,

"LIZZIE."

Since the scenes of this narrative occurred, I have been to the Atlantic States, and saw her uncle and told him all concerning her fate, and he started immediately for New Orleans after the child, and nothing would do but I must remain at his house until he returned. He returned bringing Isadora, the most beautiful child, I thought, I ever beheld. She will fall heir to their immense fortune, and God grant her life may be more fortunate than that of her poor mother.

Pine Grove, Sierra Co., Feb. 12, 1857.

CALIFORNIA.

"Land of the West—beneath the Heaven
There's not a fairer, lovelier clime;
Nor one to which was ever given
A destiny more high, sublime."

And yet with this great truth before us, there are those who are ever speaking of her immoralities, her vices, her improvidences, her recklessness, as without parallel in the history of the world. They would magnify her faults and her blemishes, but are careful never to speak of her comeliness, or her rapid progress along the pathway of prosperous nations; for California is a nation within herself. Nearly eight hundred miles in length, and an average breadth of two hundred and fifty miles, containing an area of nearly 187,500 square miles or nearly twice as large as the whole of Great Britain, and embracing within her limits a greater babel of races, languages, manners, customs and pursuits than any other country of the same extent on earth, is it surprising that much of evil should exist with the good? Let wrong or outrage be heard of on the Gila, or on the summits of the Sierras or along the nearly eight hundred miles of ocean shore, or on the confines of Oregon and

it is charged to the account of California.

And yet with all her faults, and with now and then a retrograde movement, she is still mighty in her efforts and the aggregate of these efforts is her own and the world's advancement. All ponderous engines are susceptible of a turn backwards, and though this movement may seem at times a positive necessity for the well being and management of the great hulk that bears it, it does not become the established rule of its working.

California is a mighty engine, or rather she is our country's great Pacific wheel, and is compelled from her very position to work and keep her side of the continent along single handed and alone, as fast as all the older States united, do the other. To do this isolated as she is, she must run her own engine, a high pressure one at that, and under a heavy head of steam; it is not surprising therefore that now and then some part of her machinery should become overstrained and a little deranged. But if Captain Buchanan and a majority of the passengers are not satisfied with the eccentricities of her working, just run an iron shaft across the continent, and we'll couple our wheel to yours.

But until the world can appreciate the true condition of California, the multiplied difficulties she has to contend against and surmount, in bringing so much of barbarism to the light of civilization, and in so short a period, no one can consistently say that California is not at this hour, all that could reasonably have been expected of her.

Never be afraid to do right.

LINES TO ***

A few short weeks have passed, since last
I gazed upon thy manly form,
But now my love for thee has passed,
And I but think of thee with scorn.

I *did* love fondly! and alas! too well,
I deemed thee *noble, steadfast, true*;
Thy baseness has unhound that spell,
And proved thee a *deceiver*, too.

Ah! would to Heaven the last few years
I could recall! and live them o'er;
But vain are all my bitter tears,
For they are gone forevermore.

Thy heart I *fondly* deemed mine own,
My heart long years was *wholly* thine;
But now thy treachery is shown,
Another's love's preferred to mine.

Whilst thou,—with miserable deceit,
And vows of constancy and love,
Still lured me by thy wiles, albeit
No feeling did thy cold heart move.

Another form thy arms have clasped,
Another's lips thine own have pressed;
While *I*, in *trusting* innocence
Was by thee, *Judas-like* caressed.

Now, *false one, go!* thy reign is o'er,
No more thine image haunts my brain;
My heart is free! and nevermore
Subjected to a tyrant's reign.

NELLIE.

San Francisco, Feb. 13, 1857.

FLOWERS NOTE THE HOURS.

Flowers are the dials of the plain,
The hill, the mountain and the glen.
They tell the hour of the day, by the
unfolding or the closing of their petals
or their corols.

The "*morning glory*"—unwinding
at the dawn of day, and then a flower
for every hour, till the lazy "*dissipation*
flower"—from its rock-bound
mossy couch, looks out upon the sun
first, at feverish noonday.

Again—a flower for every hour, till
the "*four o'clock*"—a sleepy fellow,
from his pillow, snuffs the evening air,
—then awakes—but his toilet never
makes, till cooling off his temples by
bathing in the dew.

So too, at night,—the
opening flowers, could
would point the passing
"*night-blooming cereus*
of kin, ushered in the

OUR MOUNTAIN

"Once more I breathe
more I tread my own free

The noble Tell, who thine
His ransomed Swiss
heights

In rapture gazed once
Free land, felt no less
dwell

Amid the scenes of this
Immortal minds instruct
Who thus in grandeur
That waves its coronal
O'er proud Sierra's rock

And sparkling mount
on

With deafening roar
"Old ocean's heaving
source;

Where Hope, the
Points out the golden
Its rocky bed by Nature
Eternal snows and
With wildest grandeur
seems

To stand a guardian
Those lofty peaks the
And to imagination's
Like pillars vast, firm
prop

The broad blue vault
rounded thus

By Nature's works,
In contemplation see
That first upheaved
Its ragged form to
crown

With evergreen the
For man a home.

The "First Great
Creation's birth, with
hung

Along those glow
"The upper deep,
Belongs; His might
change

Which Science tell
home.

As health and pleasure
What more do we
To know that friend
Yes, even this
home

A paradise, had it
In store.

LINES TO ***

Fort weeks have passed, since last
I saw thee upon thy manly form,
My love for thee has passed,
But think of thee with scorn.

So fondly! and alas! too well,
I loved thee noble, steadfast, true;
Whom no man's unbound that spell,
Proved thee a deceiver; too.

Could to Heaven the last few years
I recall! and live them o'er;
They are all my bitter tears,
They are gone forevermore.

But I fondly deemed mine own,
That long years was wholly thine;
Thy treachery is shown,
Thy love's preferred to mine.

Thou,—with miserable deceit,
Thou dost show of constancy and love,
Which led me by thy wiles, albeit
I thought did thy cold heart move.

Thou form thy arms have clasped,
Thy lips thine own have pressed;
I was in trusting innocence
By thee, Judas-like caressed.

Use one, go! thy reign is o'er,
Thy image haunts my brain;
I am free! and nevermore
I'll be led to a tyrant's reign.

NELLIE.

San Francisco, Feb. 13, 1857.

POETS NOTE THE HOURS.

These are the dials of the plain,
The mountain and the glen,
That mark the hour of the day, by the
Opening or the closing of their petals
In the morning glory.

"Morning glory"—unwinding
In the hour of day, and then a flower
In the hour, till the lazy "dissipa-
tor"—from its rock-bound
Niche, looks out upon the sun
In the verish noonday.

—a flower for every hour, till
The "o'clock"—a sleepy fellow,
On his pillow, snuffs the evening air,
And wakes—but his toilet never
Is cooling off his temples by
The dew.

So too, at night—the sheen of hourly
Opening flowers, could they be seen,
Would point the passing hour—till the
"night-blooming cereus"—and its near
Of kin, ushered in the gray of morn.

OUR MOUNTAIN HOME.

"Once more I breathe the mountain air; once
more I tread my own free hills!"

The noble Tell, who thus exclaimed as o'er
His ransomed Switzerland, from Alpine
heights:

In rapture gazed once more upon his own
Free land, felt no less proud than we who
dwell

Amid the scenes of this, our mountain home.
Immortal minds instructive bow to Him
Who thus in grandeur reared the giant pine,
That waves its coronal of fadeless green
O'er proud Sierra's rock-girt sides.

The pure
And sparkling mountain stream, that rushes
on
With deafening roar and rainbow spray, to
"Old ocean's heaving breast," finds here its
source;

Where Hope, the goddess of our fondest
Points out the golden harvest sown o'er all
Its rocky bed by Nature's lavish hand.
Eternal snows and winter gales that crown
With wildest grandeur Table Rock, which
seems

To stand a guardian angel, watching o'er
Those lofty peaks that range along the east,
And to imagination's eye appear
Like pillars vast, from marble wrought, to
prop

The broad blue vault of heaven up. Sur-
rounded thus
By Nature's works, so wildly grand, the mind
In contemplation seeks to learn the cause
That first upheaved this mighty mass, and left
Its ragged form for Time to smoothe,—to
crown

With evergreen the mountain's brow, and fit
For man a home.

The "First Great Cause," who spoke
Creation's birth, whose mandate brought and
hung
Along those glowing orbs which stud, like
"The upper deep," to Him alone the praise
Belongs; His mighty hand has wrought the
change

Which Science tells, and made the scenes our
home.

As health and plenty crown our labors here,
What more do we require? 'tis all we wish
To know that friends surround to cheer us on.
Yes, even this would make our mountain
home

A paradise, had it no other joys
In store.

P. H.

THE TIMBER WORM.

This destructive animal, the *Teredo*
of Linnaeus, appears to be above all
human control. Notwithstanding the
advance of science, providing abund-
ant remedies for almost every insect
annoyance under the sun, it has yet to
combat with the wholesale ravages of
this timber pest.

About fifty years ago, Sir Everard
Home, an eminent English naturalist,
turned his attention to the *Teredines*
navales, or Timber Sea Worms; some
specimens were sent to him at London,
from the Sheerness Dock Yard, in Eng-
land alive; and they lived in salt wa-
ter three days after being brought to
his hand. During this time he had a
good opportunity to watch their habits,
and has left a most interesting paper in
the Royal Society's transactions respect-
ing them.

He observed that when the surface
of the wood, which they had riddled,
was examined in a good light, while
only an inch in the water, the animal
threw out sometimes one, sometimes
two small tubes. When one only was
protruded, the other immediately fol-
lowed it. One was about three quar-
ters of an inch long, the other only half
that size. When the longest was ex-
posed to its full extent, there was a
fringe on the inside of its external ori-
fice, of about twenty small tentacula, or
feelers, scarcely visible to the naked
eye; these were never seen except in
that state, for when this tube was re-
tracted, or drawn back, the end was first
gathered in, and so on, until the whole
was completely inverted, and therefore
in a half protruded state its termina-
tion appeared to be quite blunt, with a
rounded edge.

These tubes, he says, while playing about in the water, appeared at different times to vary in their direction, but were always conveniently distant from each other. The largest was always most erect, and its orifice the widest, the smaller was sometimes bent in or on itself, with the point touching the wood. In one instance, where a small insect came across the larger, the point of the smaller turned round and pushed it off, and then returned to its original situation. It was remarkable, whenever they were both retracted, they always were moved together. When the worm was confined within its tubercle, the orifice was not distinguished from the wood. The worm appeared commonly to bore in the direction of the grain of the wood, but sometimes it would bore across the grain to avoid the track of others in the same community. In some instances there was only a half transparent, skin-like partition left as a division from its neighbor.

There are two species of this worm. The *Teredo navalis* abounding for the most part on the eastern shores of the Atlantic, and the *Teredo gigantea* found on both shores of the Pacific, and in tropic latitudes of the western Atlantic. The latter pest favors our shores with its visits, and while we are writing we read of more than one house falling a prey to its ravages on our wharves.

Sir Everard Home observed, with reference to this animal's food, that, "as the *Teredo gigantea* bores in mud, on which it cannot be supposed to subsist, or even to receive any part of its nutriment from it, it becomes a question whether the smaller species, the *navalis*, derives support from the wood it destroys, or whether it is supplied from

the sea." He supposed the latter, because having red blood, and perfect organs, they would require better nourishment than the wood could afford. The aggregate of its shell and substance taken together, he found in bulk, and greater in specific gravity than the wood displaced from the hole, and therefore his conclusion must have been correct. He found, also, that the animal could be supported when detached from the wood; but sufficient time was not given to this experiment to furnish another argument for his supposition. The ravages of this creature, so apparently insignificant, are most terrible. Almost all wooden structures, subjected to the surface of sea water, are ruined by it. The amazing rapidity of its growth, especially in temperate and hot climates, and the wonderful celerity of its work, are hardly credible. The master of one of H. B. M. dockyards, exhibited a piece of deal, forty feet long and eighteen inches thick, that in twenty days was capable of compression, almost by the thumb, in any part of it; and it was so light as to be capable of being lifted out of the water by two men. All kinds of wood, it is said, fall a prey to it, but the hickory; and that, perhaps, has not sufficiently been tested to prove its exemption from its ravages. In England, the only method of preserving timber immersed in sea water is to cover all the part immersed with short broad headed nails. The action of the sea water oxydizes the iron, forming a thick coat, and this is said to be superior to copper sheeting. A Mr. Kyon, in 1832, patented in London his remedy, which is performed by impregnating timber, by means of forcing pumps, with a solution of bi-chloride of

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He supposed the latter, being red blood, and perfect oxygen, would require better nourishment than the wood could afford. The rate of its shell and substance, when he found in bulk, and its specific gravity than the wood, led from the hole, and there was no conclusion must have been corroborated, also, that the animal was supported when detached from the wood, but sufficient time was not afforded in experiment to furnish an argument for his supposition. The habits of this creature, so apparent, are most terrible. Wooden structures, subjected to the action of sea water, are ruined with the amazing rapidity of its progress, especially in temperate and hot climates. The wonderful celerity of its progress is hardly credible. The loss of H. B. M. dockyards, a single piece of deal, forty feet long and six inches thick, that in twenty-four hours is capable of compression, and is as light as to be capable of floating out of the water by two pieces of wood, it is said, fall out of the hickory; and that, which has not sufficiently been tested, is the only method of preventing its ravages. The part immersed in sea water is protected by leaded nails. The action of the iron, forming an oxide, and this is said to be prevented by copper sheeting. A Mr. Felton, patented in London his process, is performed by impregnating the wood by means of forcing a solution of bi-chloride of

mercury; but the expense of the process, every timber being obliged to be enclosed in shut up tanks, hinders its introduction on a large scale. There is no doubt of its effectually preventing the animal's progress, for the corrosive sublimate combining with the albumen of the wood, resists the ordinary chemical changes of all vegetable matter. Chloride of zinc, creosote, and pyrolignite of iron, have been tried, and in some cases appear to have been eminently successful. Coal tar, not vegetable tar, has been found also a preservative for many years; but as coal is with difficulty separated from its ammonia, which has the effect of producing an immediate decay, its indiscriminate use is not to be recommended.

Some of these, or other remedies must soon arrest the attention of the city holders of house property lying contiguous to our wharves, or they will some day find their property vanishing before their eyes as dexterously as the pantomime lots before the magic touch of the harlequin's wand.

A Mr. Felton, in New York, we hear is trying various experiments with a lime process, which he hopes will prove successful. He bores the timber the whole length with an inch auger, and inserts unslacked lime, which is hermetically sealed, leaving the fusion to commence on the first approach of the animal to its deposit. We confess we are doubtful as to its effects, but hope our anticipations may be deceived. In the meantime we deem it our duty prophetically to caution all poor chosers of this property in the neighborhood of our wharves; for in less than two years from the time we write, these invaders will constitute their only inhabitants.

In concluding this article we earnestly invite a correspondence from our scientific friends on this interesting subject, with the view of eliciting some method to effectually stop the progress of this pest. The rats, thanks to the talented inventor of the phosphoric honey, have had their quietus; they have been industriously sapping the foundations of our houses with their teeth, for a long period, (our own domicil underwent new solcing and heeling not many days ago;) surely there is to be found also some sweets for these sweet creatures, to charm away these nefarious holders of property, so that we may rest secure in our beds, and our wares in our stores, without the hazard of a tumble into the sea, unforewarned by an earthquake.

[In our Magazine for April, we shall have an interesting article on the TIMBER WORM OF CALIFORNIA, with an engraving.—Ed.]

WRITE SOON.

Long parting from the hearts we love,
Will shadow o'er the brightest face;
And happy they who part and prove
Affection changes not with place.

A sad farewell is warmly dear,
But something dearer may be found
To dwell on lips that are sincere,
And lurk in bosoms closely bound.

The pressing hand, the steadfast sigh,
And both less earnest than the boon,
Which, fervently, the last fond sigh,
Begs in the hopeful words "Write soon!"

"Write soon!" oh, sweet request of truth!
How tenderly its accents come!
We heard it first in early youth,
When mothers watched our leaving home.

We part, but carry on our way,
Some loved one's plaintive spirit-tune,
That as we wander seems to say,
"Affection lives on faith; write soon!"
Eliza Cook.

RISE EARLY.

He who would thrifty be,
 Would do well, to rise at three.
 Who would have a thrifty store,
 Should ever rise at healthy four.
 He who would aim always to thrive,
 Should stirring be at early five.
 Who would his daily business fix,
 Should never later rise than six.
 But he who has already thriv'n,
 May his sloth indulge till sev'n.
 Who live for splendor, and for state,
 Self-authorized, may lie till eight.
 The drunken sot with yester's wine,
 Can never rise before 'tis nine.
 But only sickness and old men
 Are privileged to lie till ten.
 He who is later than this call,
 'Twere better not to rise at all;

are favorite old Runic adages, which recall the rhymes in use, as we have seen them, in the old English print of Queen Elizabeth's time. That queen, it is recorded of her, till the day of her death, in health or sickness, never indulged herself in bed till seven o'clock; at that hour, she and her maids of honor had breakfasted, (a quart of good ale forming one of the components,) and were parading *ye royale groundes at our Hampton Court*. Judging from the regal slippers that we have seen in the Fitzwilliam museum in the English Cambridge University, she must have been almost gigantic in size, like unto her royal father, of queen killing memory. His javelin, we have also seen in the Tower of London, as well as his sword, and the armor he wore, when a prince. We will venture to say, that few men of the present day could shoulder the first, wield the second, or bear long the weight of the third article. How far the degeneracy of the Saxon race may be owing to the substitution of tea, coffee, &c., &c., and the practice of smoking and emasticating the Indian weed, —luxuries unknown in those times,—

we leave to every one's reason to determine for himself. The effect of the former beverages on the human constitution may be seen in that shrivelled-up, puny, sallow cheeked race, the Chinese; and the latter practice, to the dwarfish and stunted appearance of those nations where the latter predominates to any excess.

AN AFTERNOON IN A BACHELOR'S SANCTUM.

BY MARY MORRIS KIRKE.

Reader, it mattered not how I gained access to that room; suffice it to say, that I was there on an afternoon as bright and glorious as ever smiled upon our earth.

I was there alone, with no sound to disturb my meditations, save the quiet ticking of the little French clock upon the mantle, or the occasional movement of a great shaggy dog, that lay stretched lazily upon the hearth, as he opened his keen eyes for a moment, to gaze wonderingly at the new occupant of the huge arm chair by the fire.

Probably the animal had never before beheld a feminine face resting against the crimson cushions, where a manly head was wont to recline; and it might have been a mystery to his dogship, why the familiar dressing gown and cap of his master, was replaced by the full flow of a lady's dress; but as I said before, it matters not how it all came about—there I was, comfortably ensconced in the sheltering arms of that great chair, with my feet resting upon a little embroidered ottoman, one hand upon a table covered with books, papers, etc., which was drawn up before the fire, and the other holding a little box of exquisite workmanship, the contents of which were as yet unrevealed.

But my thoughts were not upon this; my eyes were wandering from one object to another, within that cozy room, from the pictures on the walls to the pattern of the carpet upon the floor.

Every article can be observed.

For a moment was actually in the chair as an i-
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 elor, startled me
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Now, after a
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Now I open-

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so, echoes l-

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AN AFTERNOON IN A BACHELOR'S SANCTUM.

MARY MORRIS KIRKE.

It mattered not how I gained
 that room; suffice it to say,
 as there on an afternoon as
 glorious as ever smiled upon

ere alone, with no sound to
 meditations, save the quiet
 the little French clock upon
 or the occasional movement
 shaggy dog, that lay stretch-
 upon the hearth, as he opened
 eyes for a moment, to gaze
 at the new occupant of the
 chair by the fire.

by the animal had never be-
 d a feminine face resting
 crimson cushions, where a
 I was wont to recline; and it
 been a mystery to his dog-
 the familiar dressing gown
 his master, was replaced by
 of a lady's dress; but as I
 it matters not how it all
 —there I was, comfortably
 in the sheltering arms of that
 with my feet resting upon
 proddered ottoman, one hand
 ple covered with books, pa-
 which was drawn up before
 I the other holding a little
 isite workmanship, the con-
 ch were as yet unrevealed.
 thoughts were not upon this;
 ere wandering from one ob-
 her, within that cozy room,
 tures on the walls to the
 the carpet upon the floor.

Every article came in for a share of
 observation.

For a moment, the thought that I
 was actually in this room, devoted ex-
 clusively to the reading, writing, cigar
 smoking habits of a fastidious old bach-
 elor, startled me; and I half arose from
 the chair as an intruder—that chair so
 sacred to "réveries" and—dozing! I
 certainly felt that it was a piece of great
 presumption in thus appropriating the
 apartment to myself; but a glance at
 the opposing expression of a pair of
 dark eyes looking down upon me from
 the canvas directly opposite, quite reas-
 sured me; and I nestled down again
 among the yielding cushions.

Now, after a few moments of quiet
 thought, I venture to turn the key of
 the little box in my hand, stealing an-
 other glance at the dark eyes before me,
 to gather courage to raise the cover.
 They still smile encouragingly, and I
 take up a package of tiny notes, which
 is the first thing that meets my eye
 upon raising the lid. I remove the
 silken thread that confines them, and
 open the first that my hand touches. It
 is addressed in a lady's delicate chiro-
 graphy, to a name very familiar. It is
 merely an acknowledgment of the re-
 ception of a volume of poems, and a
 delicately expressed wish that the ac-
 quaintance thus pleasantly begun may
 be continued. Then follows several
 more from the same hand. Gradually
 the tone grows more warm and tender,
 until the whole soul of the writer seems
 to flow with the outgushing of love,
 strong and earnest. A pure, confiding
 spirit breathes throughout the whole—
 perfect trust, joyful anticipation.

Now I open the rest of this package,
 dated some weeks later:

"Well, E—, you have spoken it!
 so echoes back my heart—farewell!
 and farewell! May God bless you,
 E—, though I feel that you have
 quenched from my life every ray of
 hope and happiness.

"I know not what the cause may be,
 but I feel it, oh! so fully and bitterly—
 you love me no longer!

"A thought comes up that you *never*
 loved me—but what matters it? I can
 live on as many have lived before me,
 passively receiving what life may have
 to give; even though the bright sun-
 light is forever extinguished—I can
 still live!

"Again, E—, may Heaven bless
 you. This is my prayer, even to the end.
 SARAH T."

I lean back in my seat, still holding
 the note open before me. Thoughts,
 strange and bewildering, are rushing
 through my mind. A new light, or
 rather a darkness made visible, is steal-
 ing into my brain—but I pause not to
 think, and soon another note, sealed,
 and directed to the same name, is in my
 hand. As I remove the envelope, a
 ring falls into my lap from a folded pa-
 per, upon which is traced in a bold,
 free, and almost masculine hand—

"A perjured gift is valueless.

IDA NORTON."

Now, a soft silken ringlet meets my
 eye. This has nothing explanatory at-
 tached. Imagination fills out the story
 of its original resting place, above a
 fair, white brow, from whence it was
 severed to whisper young love's timid
 confession to one who soon forgot the
 gift—but this is only fancy.

A miniature is in my hand. I pause
 many moments e'er I open it. Strange,
 wild thoughts are rushing tumultuously
 through my soul. A tide of indignant
 feeling flushes my brow, and crimson
 my cheek. Shall I explore yet further,
 and learn still more of his fickleness, his
 heartless perjury? Do I not know
 enough, aye, too much already? Will
 not the knowledge gained embitter the
 whole current of life? Is it not, even
 now, turning the sweet waters of trust-
 ing, happy love, into scorn, contempt,
 and hate?

But I will search still further! I
 will know the whole! I will drain the
 cup, even to the very dregs, though I
 drink to misery and despair!

My hands tremble, my breath comes
 quick and gaspingly, as I open the
 miniature.

Oh! the bewildering beauty of those eyes—dark, deep, love-lit eyes! There is a strange fascination in their gaze. I close my own to shut out the penetrating glance, but I see it still.

Upon that clear, white forehead, Intellect has set her signet; around those beautiful lips, a smile, full of passionate love, is lingering,—and the rich glow upon the full, round cheek, rivals the tint of earth's fairest flowers.

Yet there is a strange expression about the eyes, that startles, while it fascinates me. What does it mean? Oh! here is a little folded paper—I know that hand writing; many a time has it caused my heart to thrill with rapture. I read—“Revenge! oh! there is music in the sound! let me again repeat it—revenge! And have I not had mine? Let this picture tell how fully and perfectly. His wife!—his idol! into whose fair hands he placed his every hope of earthly happiness, loves him no longer! Upon *me*, the wronged of other days, is that love bestowed. *My* hand has struck the blow which deprives him of peace and happiness, forever; and now the relentless spirit of revenge can rest! Retribution has at last overtaken, one at least, of those who made me what I am.

“True, the game was long, and difficult, but it has been played out, and—*I have won!*”

“Did he think I would forget? Never!”

“I knew where his happiness rested; I marked where every hope was staked. But enough—he knows all! Let him suffer on; let him grope about in the thick darkness, vainly trying to catch one gleam of light! I exult in his misery!”

A cold shudder runs through my veins, and my heart seems turning to stone.

Oh, man! oh, evil human nature!—wilt thou ever spread desolation and ruin over the fair world? Will the reign of sin never cease?

My head is bowed in an agony of grief, and shame. Blinding tears are

falling from my eyes upon the picture of the beautiful, erring wife. Who was she? and where is she now? I cannot know—this is all!

A dark shadow seems to pervade the room—dense and oppressive. I rise and go to the window; the sun is still shining brilliantly, but to my heart, comes not a ray. I throw up the sash, push back the hair from my forehead—its weight seems crushing my very brain. The cool air fans my cheek refreshingly, and cools my burning brow. I look at the clear blue sky; at the joyously dancing little stream beneath; at the brilliant hues of autumn foliage; at the troops of children, just escaped from the restraints of the school-room; they are shouting in glee—happy, happy childhood! revel, as in the bright morning of existence; the sweet roses of life's happy morn, while yet the thorns lie hidden. Once, ah! it seems now so long ago, I too was a child—but *now* the weight of years of sorrow seems pressing upon my heart.

I cannot bear the bright glare of the sunlight, and folding the heavy curtains half over the window, to soften the light, I again take my place at the table, for my task is not yet accomplished.

I shudder as I look at the little casket. A deadly serpent seems coiling there. With averted eyes, and cold, trembling fingers, I push it from me, concealing it beneath some papers.

For a long time I sit thinking—oh! so bitterly thinking of the revelations of the last hour. But I arouse myself, and take from the table a manuscript, which bears the marks of time and use.

It is written in the same familiar, manly hand, that has so often brought joy and happiness to me—will it ever again? I feel that to me, this manuscript will prove the book of fate! Will it lift me from this darkness, to light and hope once more, or will it sink me yet deeper in despair? Let me hasten to know:—

“June, 18—. This day I bid fare-

well to home, where? I know less, aimless, wide tide of life may

“Here I cast current. Bear where; upon roo surges at their tossed upon th matters not. In deep sea, without wholly at the me But I am free! loss is free! I stances may arise me. Welcome e danger! Welco life's gayest sec thing that will d will not think! I what it brings

This is the be journal. Then sion of wanderin the earth. Upo of Arabia; am the frozen Nort groves of the “ sweet vales of S ous Italy, the res er trod; reckless Sometimes, long months occur, v journal; again t are carefully no

“I have seen beautiful creatu the last time. V as I to regret, I that one so love throw away her a word for sen What has this warm hearts? A es from them ev pulse; chills ev turns the sweet gall and wormw the false enchar victims on to d of Reality soon veil—the dream Yet it is a sweet

eyes upon the picture
of my erring wife. Who
where is she now? I
this is all!

How seems to pervade
the air and oppressive. I
the window; the sun is
brilliantly, but to my heart,
I throw up the sash,
and air from my forehead
seems crushing my very
soul; air fans my cheek re-
cools my burning brow.
The blue sky; at the joy-
ful little stream beneath;
the hues of autumn foliage;
the children, just escaped
from the school-room;
the ring in glee—happy, hap-
py revel, as in the bright
presence; the sweet roses
of the morn, while yet the
sun. Once, ah! it seems
as if I too was a child—but
the light of years of sorrow
is upon my heart.

Under the bright glare of the
sun, holding the heavy curtains
of the window, to soften the
task, I take my place at the
task is not yet accom-

As I look at the little cas-
y serpent seems coiling
my averted eyes, and cold,
I push it from me,
beneath some papers.
When I sit thinking—oh!
thinking of the revelations
of the world. But I arouse my-
self from the table a manu-
script bears the marks of time

in the same familiar,
that has so often brought
sadness to me—will it ever
be that to me, this manu-
script prove the book of fate!
Will it lead me from this darkness, to
hope once more, or will it
lead me deeper in despair? Let
me know:—

— This day I bid fare-

well to home, and friends! I go, but
where? I know not, I care not. Reck-
less, aimless, what care I where the
tide of life may take me?

"Here I cast myself upon its swelling
current. Bear me on, on, I reck not
where; upon rocks, beneath the boiling
surges at their base, or let me be
tossed upon the heaving waves—it
matters not. My bark is upon the
deep sea, without sail, chart, or compass,
wholly at the mercy of wind and wave!
But I am free! free as air! and reck-
less as free! I care not what circum-
stances may arise, or what may befall
me. Welcome excitement! Welcome
danger! Welcome the giddy whirl of
life's gayest scenes! Welcome any-
thing that will drive away thought! I
will not think! The future—what care
I what it brings?"

This is the beginning of the strange
journal. Then follows a long succes-
sion of wanderings in different parts of
the earth. Upon the burning deserts
of Arabia; amid the snow-clad hills of
the frozen North; through the orange
groves of the "sunny south;" in the
sweet vales of Switzerland, and luxuri-
ous Italy, the restless foot of the wander-
er trod; reckless, aimless and wretched.
Sometimes, long intervals of weeks and
months occur, without a word in the
journal; again the events of each day
are carefully noted down:—

"I have seen the weak, silly, but
beautiful creature, once more, and for
the last time. Were it possible for such
as I to regret, I might perhaps grieve
that one so lovely should so foolishly
throw away her heart—heart? pshaw!
a word for sentimentalists and fools!
What has this cold world to do with
warm hearts? Ah! too much! it crush-
es from them every high and holy im-
pulse; chills every gushing affection;
turns the sweet fountains of love into
gall and wormwood. Love! a fable of
the false enchantress Hope, to lure her
victims on to despair; the stern hand
of Reality soon tears aside the illusive
veil—the dream past, forever gone!
Yet it is a sweet, sweet, dream. Long

years ago I felt the power of that delu-
sive dream. Did I really love? Ah!
Lenette! you can best answer that ques-
tion; you best know whether this icy
block of marble ever contained a pure
fountain of affection; you best know why
the blight fell so early upon my soul;
you best know why the bright sunlight
was so suddenly shut off from my life-
path—pshaw! why do I yield to this
influence—away! I will not so far for-
get what I am! The memories of the
past shall not arise now to thwart me
in my purpose. I will carry out what
I have planned! No weak softening
of the marble heart; no girlish tears—
no relenting! Why should not I be like
the rest of this false world? I will!
I will test to the utmost extent the pow-
er I possess, and amuse myself while I
may. 'Irresistibly attracted'—yes,
that was what she said—does she then
acknowledge the influence? Let her
take the consequences! Let the silly
moth flutter on while its wings are un-
burned, and then let it fall and die! the
flame will burn on as brightly as ever,
unheeding the death throes of the self-
sacrificed victim.

"Beautiful I know she is; beautiful
as an houri. I love to look upon the
fair cheek; marvelously lovely is the
glow that heightens there as I whisper
praises of its beauty; gloriously light
are those eyes, growing darker, deeper,
brighter, as I gaze into their liquid
depths. I love to listen to the soft tones
of her voice as she breathes my name,
or when the gentle sigh comes trem-
bling through the full rosy lips—it is
for me that sigh is breathed.

"The timid clasp of that little hand
on mine is pleasant, but I have lingered
here too long—let me see, two months
have passed—can it be possible? Well,
so much more of life is gone; another
hour in its fitful day is past; but even
this luxurious dream is getting stale
like all of life's pleasures—to-morrow
I go again. 'Tis better not to see the
fair creature before leaving; doubtless
tears will dim the brightness of her eyes
for a while, and then some new love

will sparkle there again—but do I really believe this? Well, what matters it, I have no heart to give, and the sooner she awakes from the dream the better. The lesson must be learned, and why may I not be the teacher?"

I clutch the manuscript convulsively in my hand, while words of bitter reproach rise to my lips. Oh! man! man! created in the glorious image of God; endowed with intellect but little lower than the angels; heir to an immortal inheritance; capable of such high and holy aspirations and attainments, yet fallen, oh! how low! Grovelling in the dust of earth; marring with the dark stains of sinful passions, the spirit's purity; perverting thy lofty God-given powers; trampling beneath thy relentless foot the fairest gift heaven has bestowed upon thee, when, oh! when shall thy evil reign cease?—but I forbear.

Now comes a gleam of sunshine to the dark picture. There is a glimmer of that heaven lighted lamp which is never entirely quenched within the breast of any man; it still burns though dimly, and the feeble rays seem almost extinguished by the weight of surrounding evil, yet the vital spark remains, to lighten occasionally the darkness of sin's night. Tears of joy fill my eyes as I read this paragraph. It is written at sea:

"What means this strange influence? this unusual melting of the heart, this awakening of feelings long buried? As I sit here in the hush of night, looking into the deep blue sky, or the broad expanse of waters beneath, where the glittering stars are so faithfully mirrored, with no sound to break the deep silence, holy influences seem to be around me; pure spirits are hovering over me, shedding from their radiant wings a light, so heavenly and clear that it penetrates my very soul, and oh! how I shudder and turn sick at the scene there revealed. I cannot bid this strange feeling depart—what does it mean? 'Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil.' Oh! Lord all-merciful, keep my

darling boy from falling into temptation. Keep him, oh! keep him 'unspotted from the world!' Oh! that voice! that gently breathing prayer! Mother, Mother! thy sainted presence is with me at this hour. Oh! bless this wretched, miserable heart again. Mother! long months have passed since that hallowed name fell from my lips, but tonight it lingers there like heavenly music; again those loving eyes are bending over me; that gentle hand is pressed once more in blessing upon my head. I start to clasp the loved form to my breast, but the vision flies, and— I am alone! Alone! chill and cold in all its bitterness that word now falls upon my heart, more desolate, more lonely than ever. Alone! in all God's universe, there lives not a single friend for me. Oh! for the love of one true, constant heart! I know I do not deserve such a boon. I am more false than those I most condemn. Yet, methinks, had there been one to extend the true, honest hand of friendship, and encouragement, I might have been—but I will not look at what 'might have been.'

"I am weary, weary of this earthly wandering! Oh! life, cease thy false dream! Let me rest in eternal sleep! let me die now, before another day shall dawn; to me it will bring not a ray of light. Existence has become a burden,—why should I still bear it? One plunge—a struggle or two,—and then the aching heart will be at rest; the blue waves will flow gently over the silent form, so sweetly sleeping within their embrace. Some irresistible power holds me back—well be it so! the burden of life must be borne a while longer—look again to the cold world, where there is no truth, no peace, no happiness! Human friendship is but an idle tale, often told, but never realized. Yet there must be some faithful ones—but not for me! not for me!—alone! alone!"

Hours pass unheeded by, as page after page of this strange history is eagerly devoured.

Many conflicting emotions are awak-

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falling into temptation. I will keep him unspotted. Oh! that voice! My prayer! Mother, thy presence is with me! Oh! bless this wretched heart again. Mother! How long has it passed since that halcyon day from my lips, but to-day they are there like heavenly music. Those loving eyes are still bright; that gentle hand is still in blessing upon my forehead. Oh! to clasp the loved form, to see that vision flit, and— Alas! Alone! chill and cold in the shadow of that word now falls from my lips, more desolate, more dreary. Alone! in all God's world there lives not a single friend for the love of one true friend. I know I do not deserve it. I am more false than most. Yet, where has there been one to extend the hand of friendship, and encourage me? I might have been—but at what *'might have been.'* Oh! weary of this earthly life, cease thy false promises. Give me rest in eternal sleep! Now, before another day has passed, to me it will bring not a moment of true existence. My existence has become a vain struggle. I should I still bear it?—a struggle or two,—and my heart will be at rest; my eyes will flow gently over thy form, so sweetly sleeping in my embrace. Some irresistible force will hold me back—well be it for me, if I had but a shadow of life must be borne. I look again to the cold world, where there is no truth, no happiness! Human friendship is an idle tale, often told, but never realized. Yet there must be some true ones—but not for me!—alone! alone!

My life has passed unheeded by, as page after page of this strange history is turned over. My conflicting emotions are awak-

ened within my mind as I read. Now, scorn and indignation at the treachery revealed; now, tears of pity for the wretched, suffering, though deeply sinning heart, thus laid exposed to my view, and a yearning desire to speak words of peace and comfort to the tempest-tossed soul; now a feeling of utter hopelessness, takes possession of me. Where now is that glorious ideal, before which my soul has so long bowed in adoration? Where now is that being, endowed with more than mortal excellence, so long worshipped by me? Oh! it is a bitter, bitter thing, to learn that "the shrine which had our soul's devotion, is that of a false deity." A broken idol, a crumbling ruin, where once stood a fair temple, perfect in all its parts, is all that now remains to me.

But I have wept until the tears refuse to flow. The tempest has spent its fury, and now I can look more calmly at the still heaving billows.

The deepening twilight is throwing dark shadows into the room, shrouding in deep gloom every object; the fire burns faintly in the grate, and the clock continues its measured ticking, but seems to have become more loud and startling in its tone. The dog is walking uneasily about the room, keeping up a low whining, as if he, too, felt the oppressive influence of the hour. Occasionally he stops to gaze with a sort of mute inquiry at my troubled face. I lay my hand gently upon his head, and receive his caress in return. The fading light from the curtained window, falls upon the portrait, which, in the dim, indistinct rays, seem to assume a softened, melancholy expression; the eyes look mournfully down upon me, and a sadness seems resting upon the lips. As I gaze at the picture, thoughts, gentle, and forgiving are crowding my mind. My good angel is at my side, pleading earnestly for the erring one.

I listen to that heavenly voice, I heed the plea. I feel that into my hands have been committed a high, and holy trust. I feel that my mission is

to lead that unhappy, penitent wanderer, back to the path of truth, and peace. God grant that I may not betray the trust! I kneel, with heart and soul ascending in prayer to Heaven, that I may indeed be the means of bringing the prodigal back to his Father's house. As I pray, my soul is lifted from earth, and I seem to stand in the presence of the Infinite; a heavenly brightness is all around me, and in that light, I feel for the first time, that I have been rendering to the creature the homage due to the Creator alone, and that this lesson has been sent to raise my affections to the only object worthy of supreme love. And from my inmost soul, I render thanks to "Him who doeth all things well," for the lesson.

I am conscious of a door opening; I hear a footstep approaching, and in another moment a manly form is kneeling, beside me, a proud head is bowed low, and burning tears are falling upon my forehead, and a voice tremulous with emotion, asks, "Myra, am I forgiven?"

In a moment, my arms are around his neck—words are useless from me.

The "God bless you, my own guardian angel!" And that solemn oath, taken there, "before high heaven, and before the God, who in mercy has suffered me to live to see this hour, I will devote, from this time henceforth, and forever, life, time, talents, all, everything, to His service,"—was more than enough to repay me for all the anguish I had suffered. And if tears of heartfelt repentance, and years of striving for a better purpose, with a humble reliance upon the blood of our Great Redeemer, can atone for years of crime and sin, I know that vow will be faithfully kept.

An hour later, and I was his wife.

A WRONG—a selfish, personal wrong, inflicted upon any human being, will sooner or later meet with its merited punishment—even though that wrong may be deeply repented of.

THE STORM.

In gathering fury,
The raging storm swells,
The winds shriek in madness,
With demon-like yells ;
But the storm-driven sky,
And the element din,
Are peace to the conflict
That rages within.

The storm-king that reigns
In cold Northern lands,
Hath summoned to battle
His thundering bands,—
Wild spirits that fight
At their leader's behest :—
A type of the tumult
That reigns in the breast.

Ay ! exult in your power !
Lash ocean's dark wave ;
Mock man's puny strength,—
Fling him down to his grave :
Dash the shivering ships,
Aloft to the sky,
With howls of delight,
Drown the mariner's cry.

Ye furious winds !
In merciless hands,
Ye are sweeping away,
To fair southern lands ;
To play with the palm-trees,
In beautiful bowers,
And breathe in soft zephyrs,
O'er tropical flowers.

S * * * *

San Francisco, February.

OLD FORTY-NINE.

NO. V.

"Why then doth flesh, a bubble glass of breath,
Hunt after honor and advancement vain,
And rear a trophy for devouring death,
With so great labor, and long lasting pain
As if life's days forever should remain."

The night was past, that had begun to me as a doubting, desperate one, in hope—and the black clouds, the dull, smoky, misty atmosphere, the sighing wind, and the hushed wail of nature in her sleep were gone. God's sun was up ; God's glorious sun with bright rays flashing over the world—leaping over continent and ocean, land and sea, mountain, plain and glen ; and over our beautiful bay, it poured a flood of golden light, which peered beneath the curtains of my tent, and waked me from a dream, of a great battle-field, on which the hot sun was pouring down with a fierce

light, and I was leader of a charge to victory.

And so the morn was up again, and it was MORNING now with me, for the strong impulse of last night's adventure had given me an aim, which made the day-sun welcome, as he ushered in the morn.

Old friend, I tell thee, I was re-youthed, and as I dashed my boot home upon my foot, and threw my arms out to brace the muscles, I felt as I did of old, when a mad young student, I pulled the stroke oar in our gig, the *Firefly*, and heard the steersman's loud whisper—*give way boys for your life*, we are first, another swing and we are home.

Look back, comrade, to some hour of your life, for we all have these hours, when the chalice we drink from, hath no bright flash in the wine, for 'tis the bitter cup of death—death to our hopes, death to all our glorious aspirations,—no matter who has filled the cup—it may have been a friend, for whom you, in your loyalty, would have *pawned your soul*—it may have been a lover, whose truth you would have wagered against the brightest angel in the spheres—it may have been the failure of a darling scheme, thought sure as human calculation could assure—but they were all false—false as the earth's living daily lies, *friendship, love and truth*, as man reads them in his intercourse with man.

And the dark hour would be with you, and you looking out, away over the ocean of the future, a wanderer upon its shores ; sinking knee-deep in the quicksands of misfortune, and no friendly boat on all the long and dreary beach ; no beckoning hand, no voice to say, come, I will take thee quickly to your glorious coast, away over the dark sea, to a land of hope and joy. You must recollect this, and if in these black hours to you, a light ahead appeared, you will then understand, the elasticity of frame and spirit which I felt, on that eventful morn, to me,—as with a half musing, yet brisk step, I made my way to the quarter of the city where Harold's office was situated.

He was there, ed me, with a k ner, which wo For some hour explained my rolled on and I day, and often copying and the correspondence tended to many gaged in a schol now, years past exultant.

And Harold and worked wi new mission of often then, and his genius, and ing, I felt my which death al

The "Galts he was with ne ter, of some hu could see the s face, as he th me, in which dced. I look flushed with name. I read ed to my fee thank thee.

I was appoi ry, by the O managed the g we had engage

"Oh ! now Harold, "my proaching, and me in another will both write of the future, a lightened, free the builders of broken fragme and fallen one.

"Meet me her "and I will giv our matters an our companion the schooner, t ments—for we this. In the these letters :

He was there before me, and received me, with a kind gentleness of manner, which won my esteem at once. For some hours he sat beside me and explained my duties. *Well, months rolled on* and I was engaged, day after day, and often, night after night, in copying and making duplicates of a correspondence in cipher, which extended to many a land; and I was engaged in a scheme so glorious, that even now, years past, it makes my blood boil exultant.

And Harold was the master spirit, and worked with a giant energy, in the new mission of his life. I watched him often then, and in my admiration for his genius, and the height of his aspiring, I felt my soul knit to his with a tie which death alone could sunder.

The "Galtshut," was returned and he was with me reading letter after letter, of some hundreds he received. I could see the smile of triumph on his face, as he threw one he had opened to me, in which was a sealed parchment deed. I looked at it, and my brow flushed with heat, for I saw my own name. I read on, breathless and started to my feet, exclaiming, Harold, I thank thee.

I was appointed a Colonel of Cavalry, by the Council of Twelve, who managed the government of the work we had engaged in.

"Oh! now I am happy," exclaimed Harold, "my hour of triumph is approaching, and you, my friend, will see me in another field than this; and we will both write our names on the pages of the future, as the founders of an enlightened, free, and glorious Republic; the builders of a great State, from the broken fragments and ruins of an old and fallen one."

"Meet me here to-night," he continued, "and I will give you further insight into our matters and introduce you to six of our companions, who have come up in the schooner, to make the final arrangements—for we leave in four days from this. In the mean time you can read these letters and study those charts."

And as he left, he pointed to a pile of them, which were unloosed from their fastenings and lay upon the table. I sat down to study, and now for the first time I understood the gigantic scheme we were to be the actors in. Mexico was to be revolutionized and wrested from the indolent race who, sunk in ignorance and slavish superstition, had forfeited their title to a nation's rights; and I felt as if God had made us instruments to work out his high behests. As I quickly glanced over the well-laid plans, the deep reasons, and the evident close weighing of every contingency, I could see that master minds were at work as our assistants.

Harold's chief mission in California had been to procure arms and ammunition, of which he had procured many cargoes and, as yet, had not attracted the attention of the authorities, here or in Mexico.

Some fifty gentlemen, in the old States and Europe, well versed in the strategy of war, had pledged themselves to land each a hundred men, well drilled and trained, at a given point, within a certain time, and Harold was to be their chief—the rest was with the future and the gods of war.

You know me, old friend, how excitable I am, and you can well imagine how I was carried away with enthusiastic ardor as I read on, for I beheld fame, fortune, honor, before me, and the joy of returning home crowned with the laurels of our triumph. And in my dear home I would be surrounded by old friends to welcome back the wealthy soldier, around whose brow were twined the proud wreath of true nobility, won on the battle-field, amid the rolling war-cloud, the path of blood, the cry of death, the charge, the fight, the glorious shout of victory.

Did I forget Lavinia, the idolized—in that hour of fervid hope? True, the trumpet call, the cannon's peal, the rush of the bursting shell, the high-toned word of command, and the proud neigh of the war-steed, were ringing in my mental ear, shutting out the memory of

leader of a charge to
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 the wine, for 'tis the
 h—death to our hopes,
 glorious aspirations,—
 has filled the cup—it
 a friend, for whom you,
 would have *paroned your*
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my love. *It was not long*, for she, the adored, was with me once again, living in my heart and imagination. Her fair arms were circling round my neck and she was whispering sweet welcome to the wanderer, returned to claim her as his own, never more to be parted on this side the grave—to be his pride, his hope, his joy, his morning star; glancing bright beams and granting all their light to him in token of sweet love. For this had he crossed the boisterous ocean, for this had he toiled in unknown lands beneath the fiery sun, for this had he braved death in a hundred forms—and back again—back again—soul was knit to soul.

The night was with us once again—the sun was gone and all his glad light which had given youth and fresh heat to the earth, which had kissed the flower into life and beauty, and from his warm and wanton glances blushed their bright tints with the hues of his glowing light. For it was darkness now, all covered with the black canopy and mystery of the night.

So with the life of man—it is sunshine, shade, and night—joy and sorrow in their turns—though some have joy which hath *no night*, and some have sorrow which hath *no day*.

The Conspirators were met. Eight of us in Harold's room, and he looked in his office as President, well worthy of the post; and from his lucid explanations and clear instructions, we were filled with a certainty of success which gave us confidence and hope.

He finished, and then he placed before us, the articles of our compact, and read them with his deep toned voice, which fell upon our ear like the solemn words of a priest, before the altar.

And then came the *oath*, and we all stood upon our feet, and extending both arms above our heads, we, looking at each other, heard the words:—

"To this I swear and pledge my honor, and bind myself to hold sacred by my hopes here and hereafter. And particularly I swear that until this

work is completed, that every angry feeling, that any cause for quarrel, that any feeling of revenge, no matter what the occasion, towards any member of this confederation, *will be overlooked*—and no account be required;—to this I pledge my sacred honor."

So ended our meeting, and we separated.

And when in the silent hours of night, I thought over our instructions and our *oath*, I felt I was pledged to the work—come weal or woe, and it was now either the night or the morning of my life. I tossed in my bed, fevered for hours,—I could not sleep that night, for my brain was full of strange fantasies,—and again and again there came, half waking dreams of horror, which chilled me to the heart. Once I thought that my own hand, was held up before me, and it was white as marble, with the blue veins traced distinctly in every branch—suddenly there came upon its palm, a spot, a round dark spot of blood, which grew broader in its circle till the whole hand was covered, and, oh God! drops of the deep crimson fell from it. I tried to stop the flow—I tried to wash the stain away, in vain, for each drop as it fell, flew into Harold's face, and his eye was turned upon me with a look of powerful melancholy, so intense, so searching, that I awoke to find myself trembling with the very ague of fear. Right gladly I left the house—and soon I was standing on a rugged, rocky point which juts into the Bay, with the sea-breeze fanning my brow, amid the silvered halo of the bright, the beautiful, the glorious full orb'd moon.

I cannot tell how long I stood, watching the little waves, leaping to embrace the bright beams in their arms—and to kiss the reflected stars, that seemed to leap away and dally with their love. I think it must have been for a long time, for my heart was communing with itself, and hurrying over the past with strides which took in days and months, and years upon years. And as my eyes in their waking dreaming, wan-

dered over the to the west, and was looking which ruled my ing then of on glorious future there broke words of ter Lavinia, forg Lavinia."

I started as me in a vital the blow. It saw a man in cliff. Madly which hurled over the bank bruised and by stunned and in to my senses. He was leaning affection of a brow and facing me to cor and helpless misty, indist had happened tion. Gladly arm, and wa ere long I wa my friend ke had smoothed words soothe

THE REAT

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And when in the silent hours of night, I thought over our instructions and our oath, I felt I was pledged to work—come weal or woe, and it was now either the night or the morning of my life. I tossed in my bed, roused for hours,—I could not sleep at night; for my brain was full of strange fantasies,—and again and again there came, half waking dreams of horror, which chilled me to the heart. Once I thought that my own hand, was laid up before me, and it was white as marble, with the blue veins traced distinctly in every branch—suddenly there came upon its palm, a spot, a red and dark spot of blood, which grew broader in its circle till the whole hand was covered, and, oh God! drops of the deep crimson fell from it. I tried to stop the flow—I tried to wash the stain away, in vain, for each drop as it fell, flew into Harold's face, and his face was turned upon me with a look of awful melancholy, so intense, so alarming, that I awoke to find myself trembling with the very ague of fear. I might gladly I left the house—and soon I was standing on a rugged, rocky point which juts into the Bay, with the breeze fanning my brow, amid the gilded halo of the bright, the beautiful, the glorious full orb'd moon.

I cannot tell how long I stood, watching the little waves, leaping to embrace the bright beams in their arms—and to kiss the reflected stars, that seemed to drop away and dally with their love. I think it must have been for a long time, for my heart was communing with itself, and hurrying over the past with memories which took in days and months, years upon years. And as my eyes in their waking dreaming, wan-

dered over the heavens, they looked into the west, and I knew that my heart was looking up with them at one star which ruled my destiny. I was thinking then of one I loved, and waiting a glorious future for us—when suddenly there broke upon my ear, a voice in words of terrible agony: "Lavinia, Lavinia, forgive me, forgive me, oh Lavinia."

I started as if a bullet had struck me in a vital part, and I reeled with the blow. It was but an instant, for I saw a man hurrying down the steep cliff. Madly I followed with a speed which hurled me from my feet, down over the bank, and I fell and rolled, bruised and bleeding, for some distance, stunned and insensible. When I came to my senses, I was in Harold's arms. He was leaning over me with the fond affection of a brother, and bathing my brow and face with water, and beseeching me to come to myself again. Sick and helpless I arose, with a dreamy, misty, indistinct idea that something had happened which needed explanation. Gladly I leaned upon his strong arm, and was soon in my couch, and ere long I was asleep, and I knew that my friend kept watch—that his hand had smoothed my pillow, and his kind words soothed my fevered brain.

THE REALIZATION OF MY CONCEPTIONS.

No. III.

It is Spring again. Bright rays come and linger on the scene all the day long; the gentle breeze, laden with its gifts of balm, goes sighing among the fresh green leaves; the wild flowers are springing forth on every plain and hill side; and the birds make the air resound, all day long, with their cheerful strains. Even after our slight winter, this season comes like the most welcome of old friends, and its vital gush of gladness seems even to influence ourselves, for the sluggish blood, that winter has nearly congealed, goes rushing through our veins, reanimating

the sleeping spirit of joy within us. As we lie listlessly upon the ground, and look upon the fresh and blooming scene, and it recalls Spring past, as we live through all the events again that have become hallowed by the cherishing care of memory, what a feeling of tender sadness awakens in our breasts, a regret so pure and sweet that we love to dwell upon it. And as our thoughts glide back on the lovely distance of years, to the Springs of our youthful days, to what an exquisite grief does this feeling deepen. The holy maze of youth, that memory clothes perpetually with Spring. Time has leveled down, or tinted with charming hues, all the little asperities we knew when we dwelt in it; and as we gaze back on its flowers, its birds, its fields which never fade, never change, never feel the chilling blasts that sweep all other times of life, we look upon it as upon a beautiful Eden, from which we have been cruelly driven.

Such have been some of my thoughts during the bright Spring days, and I have ranged the hills with them for my companions, until, in the overflow of my buoyant spirits, I have forgotten the world, except as it was in my careless boyhood. There has been one great drawback on my joyousness. It has become perceptible that Ben is failing very fast. He only walks within a short distance of the house; but even that wearies him a great deal. He grows, if it be possible for one so gentle already as he is, to do so, more thoughtful, patient, and mild, every day; and in his kind care for Charley and me, appears the most cheerful person in our cabin.

DESERTED CABINS.

What is the feeling with which we always regard the heroic deeds of the great demi-gods of story?

Is it not one in which awe and cold admiration, emotions almost foreign to our natures, are mixed? It certainly is with me. On the contrary, when we hear of the noble action of some ob-

scure persons like ourselves; whose station and sentiments are similar to our own, it elicits for him the gush of sympathy, the earnest gratitude and warm affection of our hearts. It is the same when we gaze on ruins. When we behold the remains of great cities and mighty nations, the same vague feeling of awe and cold sorrow presses us. But when we look upon the desolate hearth of some humble dwelling, the scene of homely life, the tenderest emotions of heartfelt interest and sadness are awakened.

The life of the California Miner, makes this last description of ruins very numerous. Almost as restless in their mode of life as the Arabs, to-day you see their tented roofs forming a part of some scene, and to-morrow they are gone; but, unlike the habitations of the desert dwellers, the traces of the miners' cabin remain visible for years.

How near are these cabins a type of our knowledge of their owners. They spring up suddenly as scenes in the drama of existence—teeming with all the active bustle of life; and their owners, as characters, help to carry out the plot of our little tale of life—known for a time in all the warmth of reality; and then they are gone. The cabins stand plain and life-like, like the fresh memory of those departed from them. Time hurries on and the freshness of the memory fades; the moss covered logs of the cabin fall to the ground, vegetation springs up and clothes the wasting heap, and in a few short years the ruins become as indistinct as our memory of their owners.

I love to linger about deserted cabins, and try to discover among their ruins some traces of the nature and tastes of their departed dwellers. The tokens are few enough, indeed, generally consisting of a host of empty bottles. Yet even they are not wholly uninteresting, unless seen with the contracted vision of some prejudiced temperance votary, they speak of good cheer and jovialty; for the miner rarely enjoys his luxuries without the assistance of his neighbors.

It is easy, while standing beside the remains of some old cabin, to vividly recall, without any other assistance than these few scattered bottles, the time when the old cabin stood in its glory—the picturesque company around the huge fire—the freely circulating bottle—and all the boisterous mirth and unreserved, unrestrained good fellowship of the early miners.

This, perhaps, is the most common thought that connects itself with the ruins of strange cabins. Yet I always believe that there are deeper secrets of strong affection, and parting grief linked with all of them. There is with many, I know, and they so much resemble the others, that there certainly must be with all. Would a stranger observe anything different from the remains of other cabins, in that old pile of ruins across the creek, those moss covered logs, and fallen chimney? Yet they have had their part in the events of my life. I remember, as if but yesterday, how one morning I heard the strokes of an axe among the pine trees, and I knew a miner had begun to build his cabin. In course of time it was finished, and I came to number Jones, its occupant, among my intimate friends; and he and his cabin became as much a reality in my little world as if I had known them from the hour of my birth. Time passed on, and I could have almost believed Jones to be an alchemist, for all he touched seemed to turn to gold. He amassed a fortune, and prepared to return to his home in the east. Before he went he gave a great feast to all his friends. In the course of some valedictory remarks, delivered under the genial influence of the dinner, he said:

"One of the greatest regrets which I feel on leaving this place, is the parting with this old cabin; I have formed such a strong attachment for it, during our long companionship, that I look upon it with almost the same feelings of affection that I should upon an old human companion. When I think of the fierce storms that have raged around

me, and to have shielded most royal protectors so familiar reception of elegance—think that familiar as my destiny grand, and I shall such per-loyed ha-society cabin."

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me, and the faithful roof and walls that have shielded me from their fury, I almost regard them as conscious friendly protectors. Every inch of it has grown so familiar, every cosy place for the reception of some article, every spot of elegance and comfort, that I sigh to think that I shall never find one so familiar again. And, though doubtless my destiny leads me to a more elegant, grand, and luxurious home, I feel certain I shall never again experience such perfectly unrestrained and unalloyed happiness as I have felt in the society of my friends, in this old cabin.”

Jones disappeared from my little world, and the floods of time closed over his departure. The circling waves of memory, so distinct at first, grew fainter and fainter, as they spread away over the distance of years, until now I sometimes doubt whether it was a waif sunk in life's sea, that caused these faint vibrations, or not. And when these spells of doubt come over me, I go and sit down among the ruins of Jones' cabin. It is like striking the key note of a forgotten tune. All the old, cheerful recollections come rushing back upon me. I sit again at the parting dinner, and hear Jones' words of strong attachment for his cabin, sounding again in my ears. I start, and these visions fade; I sit amid the wasting ruins of the object of his attachment, and then my wonder tries to pierce the veil which hides the world's secrets, and see where upon the human sea floats Jones, the waif that disappeared from my sight long ago. It is a vain attempt. But the ruins of the cabin, for which he had so strong an affection, stand, like a sad memory of the departed cheerful times, and speak as eloquently in their desolation, as if they possessed tongues, and were not the inanimate things that they are.

Such are the feelings that stir within me as I sit among the ruins of the cabin of the wealthy Jones. God knows there is but little sympathy between the rich and poor—not half so much as

there ought to be; yet when I stand by those wasting fragments, and recall the sincerity of Jones' grief at parting, I cannot say but what it affects me as much as if I stood by the remains of the cabin of Brown, and recalled his parting. I feel in common with both of them, although my sympathies naturally incline to Brown, as being a poor man, like myself.

Brown came on the creek at nearly the same time as Jones; for years he worked hard, early and late, and was strictly temperate; yet he barely managed to make a living; and when he went away he had not a dollar in the world. He could not give a feast, like Jones, but he invited me over to spend the evening, before he departed. In the course of our conversation, when speaking about going away, he said:

“I should have left this place long before, but I could not break the attachment I have formed for this cabin. Of all the partings of my life, and they have been by no means few, I have never had one come so heavily upon me as this; and I shall turn from this place as I would turn from the grave where I had buried all I loved of earth. If I knew that life were long to be that which it has been, the forming of affections but to have them broken, I should be fain to never see the morrow.”

“During the years of adverse fortune in which I have remained here, I have formed a love for this place so deep, that I now leave the dearest thing on earth in leaving it. When without everything has gone wrong, and friends have proved faithless, I have come into this cabin, and left the world and its cares at the door, and the silent logs have spoken so frankly, as it were, of my reliance on them as things that could be implicitly depended upon, that I have given them my confidence and affection, for want of any other object to bestow it upon. And they have borne their trust well. It may appear weak to you, but I doubt not but that I shall shed tears when I take the last look of it; and for a long, long time,

whatever my fortune may be, I shall yearn for its beloved hearth."

Strange words to read in connection with a log cabin. More strange to hear them uttered with all the vehemence of passionate speech. And yet I think that Brown was less sensitive than Jones. But in the adversity of fortune in which some of the brightest and purest love that earth has ever known, has been nursed, and had formed bonds of feeling stronger than even his own passionate words expressed.

I saw him next morning, as he turned from its beloved hearth, with all he possessed in the world upon his back, to go again among strange scenes, and strange faces; I saw him as he paused on the last elevation from which he could see his cabin, turn and look long and fondly on its cherished form; and then dashing the tears away with his coarse sleeve, move onward with such a swelling heart, as only those who have parted from dearly loved homes can know.

Smith, died in his cabin. As we gathered around his bed, where he was dying, he feebly said:

"When I am dead, boys, bury me near the cabin. It softens the thought of dying away from all the dear friends who should gather around us in this trying hour, to think that I shall rest close to the spot which, of all on earth, but one, I love the best."

As his voice failed him, his eyes wandered around the familiar room, and a smile lighted up his features, which remained on them when they were fixed and cold.

With such recollections of the partings I have witnessed, can I fail to be interested in these fireside ruins? They were all occupied by Joneses, Browns, or Smiths. It may be that it was only the condescension of a rich man, to his less fortunate fellows—it may be that it was only the solicitation for sympathy, of a poor man—it may be that it was only the peevish request of a dying man—it may be that selfishness lies at the bottom of all of our affections—it

may be that the sophisms of philosophers, who have not the capacity for feeling deep emotions, are truths. I leave such belief to others. I believe in the spontaneous flow of affection that extends even to inanimate things, the love with which the heart invests every object that comes within our sphere of life. And for this belief, and the recollection of the pain with which I have always parted from former homes. And in memory that some day this old cabin, where we now gather so cheerful and happy, will one day be numbered among them, while we are scattered widely over the earth. I shall always look with sad interest upon deserted cabins.

YES, WE MISS THEE.

[Many, doubtless, there are in California, who have sent home to friends, cut from the newspapers of the day, the beautiful lines beginning with

"Do they miss me at home?"

And many are the heart-throbs that have beat a response to those thrilling lines. But here we give the warm gashings of a sister's love in answer to C. A. K.—ED.]

Dear wanderer from home, yes we miss thee,
And the tear will unbidden come,
As we think of the time when we met thee,
And gave thee a fond welcome home;
For once to the bright El Dorado,
O'er the desert's far reaching track,
You hastened for gold, while forgetting
Home voices were calling thee back.

But far, by the bright blue Pacific,
Our spirits once whispered to thee,
And you longed for the home of your childhood,
For the shade of the old homestead tree;
We miss thee at morn and at even,
And waft thee a love-laden sigh,
For a shadow that seems like our loved one's
In fancy we see gliding by.

Come back! 't is a sister that calls thee;
Come back, to thy home and her love;
Come back, say the loved ones in chorus,
We sigh, till no longer you rove;
For sorrow and care may be tracing
Deep lines on each fair open brow;
Though time glides on, and we're changing,
We will love thee even as now.

MARY.

WA
"Why do you said a gentleman was busily employed fresh roll, and between his thumb and forefinger, and was about to the gentleman, the arm, said, "you a circumstance board of my wife ago; and which sion on my mind endure to see a

"A few years New Bedford, whaling cruise, requesting that very interesting years, to sea w

"It will be with Willie, so all I have; but and he is so dear him at home, I Had his father ken him to sea.

"I readily request, and W took but a short apparently, had mother, for W daily; and his him a favorite

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"A whale "I went, as indicated, dis making right late in the hope of captu

Juvenile Department.

WASTE NOT.

"Why do you waste that biscuit?" said a gentleman to a young lad who was busily employed in breaking up a fresh roll, and molding the pieces between his thumb and finger, into different shapes. The boy hung his head, and was about to leave the table, when the gentleman, taking him kindly by the arm, said, "See here, I want to tell you a circumstance which occurred on board of my whaling ship, a few years ago; and which made such an impression on my mind that I can never again endure to see a crumb of food wasted.

"A few years ago, when I was in New Bedford, preparing for my last whaling cruise, my Aunt came to me, requesting that I would take her son, a very interesting boy of about fourteen years, to sea with me.

"It will be very hard for me to part with Willie," said the mother, "for he is all I have; but his health is so poor, and he is so delicate, that I fear to keep him at home, lest I lose him by death. Had his father lived he would have taken him to sea long before this time."

"I readily consented to the mother's request, and Willie sailed with me. It took but a short time to prove how wise, apparently, had been the course of the mother, for Willie's health improved daily; and his amiable disposition made him a favorite with all on board.

"We had been out nearly three years, and would, with two or three more whales, have completed our cargo. Willie was now able to engage in the exciting and dangerous sport of whaling. One day it had been unusually dull; towards night the man on the lookout cried—

"A whale! a whale!"

"I went, and looking in the direction indicated, discovered a large whale making right towards us. It was too late in the day for us to entertain the hope of capturing her, so I ordered our

ship to be 'put-a-about,' well knowing that a whale will not attack a vessel, under ordinary circumstances. Having seen my orders obeyed, I went below deck, where Willie and some more of my companions, were whiling away the time by song and jest; when, suddenly, something struck our ship with such force that every timber quivered. A loud cry from the men on deck; and ere we had time to think, we received another shock, and the water came rushing in upon us.

"To the boats, to the boats," I cried. "In less time than I can tell it to you, the boats were lowered; and, snatching such articles of provision as were in our way, we embarked in them.

"Scarcely had the last man left the wreck, ere our gallant ship went down. The whale, I think, must have been maddened by other pursuers, and wreaked her vengeance upon us. The boat in which it was my lot to be cast, contained some ten persons, among whom was my young friend, Willie. Our hope was that we might fall in with some whaling vessel, and by it be rescued. Our stock of provisions was very small, and from the first was dealt out in rations, with great care, that one should not have a crumb more than another. When the fifth day dawned we had not one particle of food, and the little that we had eaten for the few days previous, had been far from sufficient to satisfy the cravings of hunger, to say nothing of keeping up the strength of men who were toiling at the oars day and night. The small jug of water that we had with us was nearly exhausted, and yet no friendly sail hove in sight. As far as our eyes could reach there was nothing to be seen save the sky above, and the sea beneath; and yet we toiled on, hoping that each succeeding morn would reveal to us a sail.

"But no! the tenth morn dawned, yet no sail had been discovered; hope

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MARY.

had nearly deserted us. The men were frantic and clamorous for food. One had suddenly thrown himself overboard, preferring drowning to the lingering death of starvation; and the sea, like some huge monster, opened her insatiate jaws, and swallowed him. Now the men whispered to one another, and their eyes glared like maniacs. At last, one, bolder than the rest, spoke out.

"There is no denying the fact, starvation stares us in the face. To go longer without food is impossible. I propose that we shall cast lots to see who shall die first, and by the sacrifice of one perhaps save many."

"For a moment a death-like stillness hung over our little boat; and nothing but the convulsive tremor of the oars in the water betrayed that those fearful words had been heard. At length the oars resumed their usual beat, and the proposal was seconded by another, and assented to by all. The lots were soon cast—alas, that I should live to tell! the lot fell upon Willie. And now the question arose, Who shall slay him? No one was willing to do the dreadful deed, and yet they were dying for food.

"We can cast lots to see who shall do it," at last spoke out one of the most ferocious of our crew.

"No sooner proposed than done; and the lot fell upon me.

"I will not do it," I cried; "I will give myself in his stead. He is the only son of his mother, and she is a widow."

"The lot fell upon him," was the reply, "and if you won't kill him, some one else must. We will cast lots again."

"It was done, and this time the lot fell upon a burly sailor.

"How shall I do it?" said he.

"As a pistol was produced by one of the men, it was agreed to shoot him. All this time Willie had been pulling at the oar; he now asked for some one to take his place, which being done, he moved along to the stern of the boat; when, turning his back to us, and lifting his tarpaulin from his head, he knelt in prayer for a few moments. Then

rising, he approached me, and taking my hand, said—

"Captain, if ever you reach home, remember my poor mother. Say to her, Willie was ready to die, but never let her know the *real circumstances* of my death."

"Then turning to his comrades, he said—

"Comrades, I am ready."

"A neckerchief of one of the men served to tie his hands. He took his place in the bow of the boat. I turned my back, and leaned far over the boat side. The sharp report of a pistol, and Willie was no more. Thank God, he did not linger.

"The men seemed fearful at first to eat that which they had so coveted; but hunger soon compelled them to partake. They ate, sparingly at first, then ravenously. I did not partake; *I could not.*

"Four days after this, near sunset, we thought we discovered a dark spot upon the water. It might be a vessel; every nerve was strained to reach it. It proved to be an English whaler, and the Captain most humanely took us on board, and did everything he could for our relief and comfort.

"When the little boat which had been our home for fourteen days, was hoisted along side, some of Willie's remains were yet to be seen; and the good Captain gave orders to have them gathered, and prepared for burial. It did not take long to fold them in a sheet, nor long to sew them in the canvass—which is the sailor's coffin. His comrades, with such of the whaler's crew as could be spared from duty, gathered round his remains, and the Captain, reading that most impressive service from the book of 'Common Prayer,' committed his body to the deep."

"Never, since that time," said the gentleman, "do I see a well spread table, but I think of those poor famishing men. Never do I see a *crumb* wasted but the sweet, pale face of Willie rises before me.

"Many months afterwards, when I

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tened to me, to inquire, with anxious
heart, after her dear boy. I could *not*
tell her all, and left her with the im-
pression that he was lost on the wreck."

CARRIE D.

San Francisco, Feb., 1857.

CLOUD AND SUNSHINE.

BY BESSIE.

A blissful dreaminess had rested upon
my heart all day. Oh! how could I help
but be happy in this sweet spring-time,
when the skies are so blue, and the
earth so fair; when little dimpled hands
have placed the early violets in my hair,
and gentle voices, and soft bright eyes
have spoken so pleasantly and encour-
agingly to me. Unhappy I could not
be, gazing forth into the glad world,
where every thing I see is a type of
heaven, and heaven scarcely hid by the
blue between! I had stood by the win-
dow two hours, though it seemed to me
not as many minutes. A gay proces-
sion of the good, the true, the beautiful,
of days long-gone, passed in review be-
fore me, and a gush of olden melodies
thronged every avenue of my heart—
filling it with gladness. In my selfish-
ness, I prayed that I might ever thus
enjoy the beautiful sun-light, and star-
light, and love-light, which made my
heart the dwelling-place of such angelic
guests; forgetting for the moment,
though Marah's bitter waters may have
circled above us, it has been that we
might rise with the pure pearls we have
gathered beneath their dark waves.

A gentle tap at the door, and my reveries
are dispelled by the familiar voice
of one of my pupils, exclaiming, "She
is dying! Oh! Mrs. W—, Lizzie is
dying! Come quick, she is almost gone!"

Dying? dying? My little blue-eyed
pet Lizzie? who but yesterday was the
light of our charmed little circle! * *

I am by her bed-side, and a glance
at the little sufferer tells me it is even
so. * * Hist! the pure spirit ap-
proaches nearer and nearer the shore,
where to such as are of the kingdom of

heaven, every footstep is upon flowers;
and clear and low murmur the limpid,
amber-colored waves, that we call the
Jordan of death. See! they are dash-
ing over her, and the cool spray falls in
pearls upon her forehead. Another
struggle, and the frail dwelling that en-
thralled her pure spirit, is without an
occupant.

Oh, there are so few who love us,—
and surely there was room enough in
this great world of ours! But death is
like "the flower-girl, who, going forth
to gather the first-born of the spring-
time, the lily, bending with the purest
distillations of night, is gathered first."
Oh, be not distrustful ye stricken moth-
er—be silent. Is not yon heaven your
daughter's home? dwells not your *Fa-
ther* there?

They brought me the little shroud,
and asked me to put it on, and the ribbon
to tie her hands, those hands which had
so often clasped my own with such lov-
ing confidence, and smoothed my hair.

They took from her *finger* a ring,
and placed it upon mine, and told me
to keep it, for her sake; and rose-buds,
and geranium leaves, were nestling
over the little guileless heart, that for
two years had beat lovingly for me.

And now, there are five little graves
up there in the church-yard, which in
that time have been made for those
who have passed out from under the
school-room roof, to "a house not made
with hands." Five times has the mu-
sic which echoed from heart to heart,
been muffled by the shroud-folds, and
the funeral pall. Five times have I
gone with my little flock, and folded
back the winding-sheet, to show them
all that remained of their playfellow, or
classmate,—and to-day we all knelt
around little Lizzie's grave; and I
prayed, not for long life to any of us,
but that when we shall go hence, we
may die as only the pure in heart can die.

This will be a hallowed spot, years
hence; and loving hands will part the
boughs of the lupine, and read on a
plain little head-stone,—*"Elizabeth
Merker, aged 6 years and 4 months."*

Editor's Table.

The following epistle explains and introduces itself.—

LOUISVILLE, Ky., Dec. 13, 1856.

Messrs. Editors:—When we feel grateful to a person for anything, it doubles the pleasure of that gratitude to let him know it. That is all the apology I have to offer for intruding thus upon you, and I shall feel still more grateful, if I do not have to apologize for such an apology. I had read and digested all of the sentimental, the grave, and the witty, of Harpers' latest monthly; had pored over some of the rather weighty articles of Putnam; had delighted myself to satiety by the perusal of that glorious and venerable Knickerbocker; and had, as I thought, absorbed the best, the brightest, and the sweetest of the light literature which America could afford, when, behold! fresh and unfatigued from its long journey, bearing its treasure of literary gems, came your magazine. Yea, verily! had I forgotten that California contained anything of importance, except the dear brother who sent me your book, and who I have most heartily wished out of her dominions. I had forgotten, that within a few years, a people powerful in their magical and upward progression, have already displaced the stigma of barbarism in California, and instituted in its stead, the fame of brilliant enterprise; not only as regards the attainment of gold from the mines, or by commerce—but that which is more important, the dissemination of education, by means of the school, the newspaper, and that last of all, which combines in itself both instruction and entertainment, the monthly California Magazine. All this I had forgotten, but your welcome visitor brought it back to my recollection; and, when I had devoured its pages with delight, I felt really ashamed of my memory.

Its faithful portrayals of California life and scenes are indeed both novel and rich, and doubly so, when they step in to relieve the monotony of this dull portion of our country. Then why should I not be grateful? Then why should I not make these few lines travel such an immense distance to inform you of my gratitude? Why not? Perhaps after all, it may gratify you to know that your distant readers appreciate and enjoy the benefit of your labors. Be that as it may, I shall henceforth look forward with pleasure, to the perusal of your magazine.

Yours Respectfully, H. C. D.

We regret that distance prevents our taking you by the hand, and thanking you for your kind words of approval; but, you will please consider our palm in yours, and by the friendly grip, feel that (in imagination at least)

we are shaking you by the hand, although several thousand miles away.

REPUDIATION.—Everybody knows that, by a decision of the Supreme Court of this State, over two millions of dollars of our State indebtedness, is declared to be "illegal."

We are sorry to see, that, because of this decision, there are some who raise the cry of "repudiation" of the debt.

We grant that we have been cursed with official corruption, to an almost unprecedented degree—with betrayals of trust, by men in high places—with swindling, in every conceivable shape—with office holders, who have, for a per centage, disposed of contracts at a fearful and unjust price. But rather than see that word, "repudiation," endorsed by California, we would prefer that she should be sold, "stock, lock, and barrel," to pay her debt.

What! shall a country like ours, which, from almost nothing, has, within eight short years, amassed a taxable property of over *one hundred millions of dollars*, besides sending away, annually, not less than *fifty millions* more, "repudiate" the paltry sum of a couple of millions of dollars, more or less? The amount carried away on a single steamer? Shall her fair name, and glorious destiny be ever dimmed, or tarnished, for *any* consideration? much less for the insignificant amount declared to be "illegal?"

We answer NEVER. Yet we are glad of the decision, for the lesson of economy it may teach. But when it is submitted to a vote of the people, as it doubtless will be, we hope one emphatic and unanimous voice will resound, in tones of thunder, from Utah to the Pacific, and from the Gila to the Siskiyou mountains, shouting and voting, NO, NEVER.

We believe that the miner, with his wearying and heart sickening disappointments—his untold patience, while waiting for water—his toiling beneath a burning sun, or in a drenching rain—with hopes and longings treasured up for dear ones far away—surrounded by every drawback, would prefer to give his day or two of labor, however hard it might prove to him, if need be, than dishonor should ever rest upon our glorious California. And when that amount can be paid, by over three hundred

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TO CONT

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Doct. Dot-

thousand men, and the vast wealth of our mountains is backing us up, shall we ever, even for a moment, encourage the thought? We know the answer will echo from the east to the west, from the north to the south, **NO REPUDIATION. NEVER—NEVER.**

OUR HOMES.—Among the real wants of California, such as are to give prosperity and permanency, particularly to her agricultural interests, is a guarantee to her people of their homes and their firesides.

From all parts of the State comes up the soul-withering exclamation, "I have no heart to improve my lands, or beautify my home—for I know not that it is mine!"

And the effect of this state of things will remain a crying evil, retarding our advancement until a policy is pursued, or plan devised, for a more immediate survey of the public domain, and a defining of the boundaries of the "private grants," that cover so large an area of the finest lands in the State.

And though we have no sympathy with the land stealer, or any desire to interfere with the lawful owners of these large grants, yet justice to that large portion of our citizens who constitute the actual settlers, and who, with their families around them, are the pride and glory of our country, requires that something more than the present tardy system of surveys should be adopted by the government; while we wonder at the prolonged remissness of the Department to which this great interest more especially belongs.

Please stir your stumps, gentlemen; heaven knows the farmer has waited long enough, and patiently enough, for some plot of land where he and his can sit "under his own vine and fig-tree, (and upon *his* own land too,) none daring to make him afraid;" or brand him as a "squatter" on other men's land.

Wake up gentlemen, and rub your eyes open, that you may see the interests of others, and in those interests, indirectly it may be, your own.

TO CONTRIBUTORS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

Will the author of "The Phantom Fawn," in the present number, favor us with his address?

Doct. Dot-it-down's.—Deferred for one month.

Our Neighbor on the right.—With all his eccentricities and peculiarities, will appear next month.

Wake the Heart's Echoes.—On file for next month.

*F***.*—We refer you to a "tale with a moral," in the present number, that you may judge how your article would look in print; but with this difference, that while our hero's tale had some little point, being founded on fact—yours can hardly be said to possess even that merit.

A Landscape.—We would have preferred a California landscape, with the "old chestnut" (we don't know whether horse or tree) left out of it, as the *tree* is not found in California. The other article, from the marks of quotations, seems to have been borrowed. We usually like to make our own selections.

Realization of my conceptions.—Number 4 is received.

L. S. L.—There is nothing like trying, and as this is your second attempt, you are entitled to much credit; but unfortunately, we are wholly unacquainted with Digger Hieroglyphics!

A Sketch.—Is received and placed upon file. Communications should reach us by the tenth of the month in which they are expected to appear.

My Teachers.—Received, and on file.

Doings.—Your article is a little too much on the "Bug"-gy order, for one not engaged in the livery business. We hope you will take another subject, and let us hear from you.

D. K.—The earthquake, or something else, has played the very "Dickens" with your "Poetry;" here is the first line, in which the letter A, owing to its peculiar shape, stood up good and strong, but look at the rest—
A = ? o t m n x f r e i g n o
m a u u o y r ? o o o'—Badly mixed up we think, and as the most of your manuscript is harder to make use of than this, can you blame us for not giving it, in full?

The City of our God.—Reserved for next number.

Niantic.—Three hundred men, have been employed for as many days, in transcribing your manuscript and fitting it for the compositors—(and if that is not a fib, we will tell you one that is) but as no two of them have made the same story out of it, we don't know which to give, consequently! we must decline it.

Springfield.—We give in this place, four lines of what you call verse:

"Read and pause with delight o'er the verse,
Read it, to thy friends, or rehearse—
It, to a world, and sound the Fame,
Ever let thy name be sung, in living flame."

We have heard of names being *written* in lines or characters of fire, or "living flame," if you choose to have it so. But to *sing* it, or get it *sung* in "living flame," would make a warm business for somebody. If you will let us use *singed* for "sung," we can make capital sense of it.—We also give two lines from your Poem—

"I am far away from those I love,
Far away from those that's true"—

Now there is a terrible responsibility resting upon that little 's, after the word "that"—for let us convert the 's into is, as it would be in sober grammatical prose—and we have:—

"Far away from those that is true,"

Rather ambiguous we think!

Common-place Notes.—We regret that the author did not bestow the same amount of labor, upon some subject possessing a Pacific coast interest.

M. Cherokee.—That promised Dag. has not reached us. Please send it immediately—if not sooner.

George P.—You are right; and we wish you distinctly to understand that we do not endorse the sentiment contained in the three characters you mention of the "World in California," in our last number. A friend requested that he might write those three, and we complied; and, being on a little cruise in the interior, we did not see them until after the number was issued, or they would never have appeared.

Joe.—We unhesitatingly and unrepentingly, pronounce you a very wicked sinner! First for supposing it possible even that we could belong to any of the "erabed" species. Next for your presuming on the bare probability of our being anything but "human!"

And more, that (did we ever do such things) we would wager you one of the oldest of our very old boots, that before we had been in your cabin half an hour, that you would acknowledge yourself wrong in every "count" of your "calculations!" The fact is, "our family" intend visiting the Yo-Hann-i-to Valley sometime in May next, and (but for your being such a sinner against us!) we thought that you might like to be one of the number. That's all.

T., Diamond Springs.—Certainly. If you will give us a *drawing* of a *sigh*, we can certainly get it engraved; but it would be about as interesting to our readers as the subject you mention: nevertheless, we thank you for the suggestion.

Scipio, Sacramento.—Any loathsome reptile, in human shape, that would bite or strike his own parent, we shun with natural contempt and abhorrence—and any one who rails against his native land—especially for "hunkum"—is that reptile, in our estimation, whatever may be her failings. We feel polluted by the very touch of your viperous paper, and instinctively wash our hands of its poisonous influence, as we commit it to the flames. We had rather that our hand should wither at our side (and your's too) and that our tongue should cleave to the roof of its mouth (and your's too) than either should be instrumental in sowing the seeds of discord among brethren. Go, *Scipio*, to the tomb of the venerated Clay, and there repent thee of thy evil words, in sackcloth and ashes, that, peradventure, the spirit of his sentiments may teach thee that the true patriot "knows no north, no south, no east, no west,—nothing but the Union." We believe that it is such men as you, who have sold and betrayed our own California for the traitor's sum of "thirty pieces of silver," and who would to-day barter away their conscience and their country for "a mess of potage," or a drink of whiskey. Once and for all, both you and your class, may rest assured, that never, by our knowledge and consent, shall these pages be desecrated by such unholy sentiments. Are you answered?

Kitty Cloud.—Is at hand, but just a little too late for this number.

John S.—Yours is a glorious good article, but it must lie over for next month.