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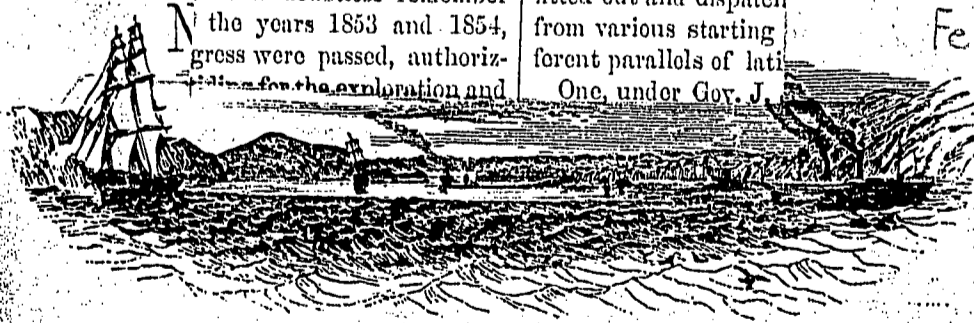


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OVERLAND, FOR A RAILWAY—FROM THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER TO THE PACIFIC OCEAN..... 337

ILLUSTRATIONS.—Fort Smith, Arkansas—Scene on the Canadian River—Columns of Sandstone, on the South Bank of the Canadian River—A Comanche Camp—Zuni Sacred Spring—A Conical Hill, 500 feet high, in Laguna Colorado Valley—Lava Bluff, on Bill Williams' Fork—Valley of La Cuesta, Rio Pecos—San Francisco Mountain—Valley of Bill Williams' Fork—Camp Scene, in the Mojave Valley, of Rio Colorado—Mojave Indians, Male and Female—Rio Colorado, near the Mojave Villages, (from an island looking north.)

VALENTINE, To S**** M**..... 352

MARY MORTON, A LIFE SKETCH..... 353

BUTTE-MAKING IN THE VALLEYS OF THE SIERRAS..... 355

THE STEP BESIDE THE DOOR..... 356

THE SPIRIT'S LODGE, A LEGEND OF LAKE BIGLER..... 356

A LAMENT..... 359

THREE YEARS IN CALIFORNIA. CHAP. VII..... 359

TO "LITTLE MARY," DEPARTED..... 362

ADVENTURES OF A CALIFORNIA PHYSICIAN (No. 2)..... 363

ONE OF NATURE'S PROVISIONS FOR SELF-PROTECTION..... 366

EMIGRATION TO CALIFORNIA—HER RESOURCES..... 367

A WORD TO THE DISCOURAGED..... 368

THE MOTHERS OF NEW ENGLAND..... 369

AN UNLUCKY DAY..... 369

EVENINGS WITH THE POETS, (No. 5.)..... 374

OUR SOCIAL CHAIR..... 374

You can't Please Everybody—Correspondence, How to Conduct a Magazine—In Earnest to make ours a California Magazine—Letter from "Old Mountaineer"—Letter to Miners, No. 4—Live Sewing Machines Wanted—The Pacific Medical and Surgical Journal—Packing Ship off Shore..... 382

EDITOR'S TABLE..... 382

The President's Ideas on the Pacific Railroad—The Mormon Rebellion—Financial Daylight to California—The Inauguration of a New Governor—The Seventh Session of the California Legislature..... 384

MONTHLY CHAT—With Contributors and Correspondents..... 384

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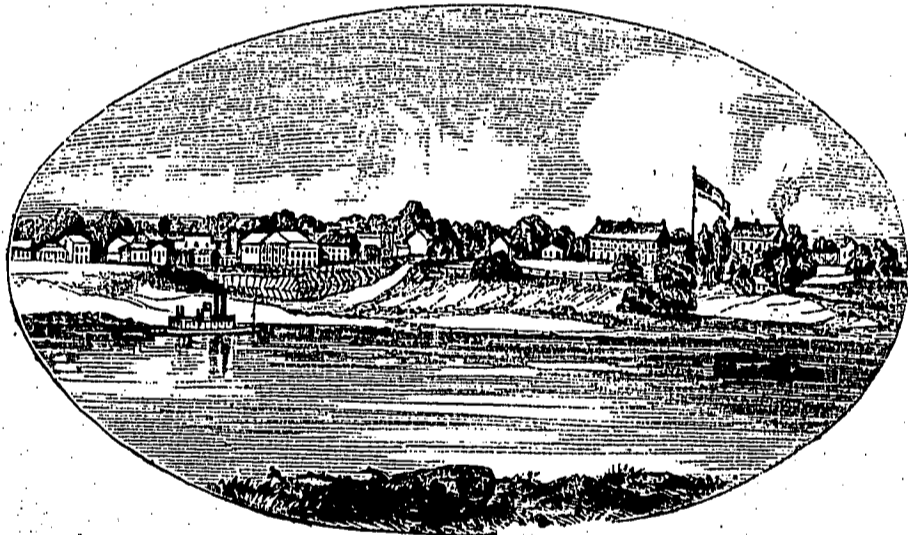
CALIFORNIA MAGAZINE.

VOL. II.

FEBRUARY, 1858.

No. 8.

OVERLAND, FOR A RAILROAD,
FROM THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER TO THE PACIFIC OCEAN.



PORT SMITH, ARKANSAS.

The reader will doubtless remember that during the years 1853 and 1854, Acts of Congress were passed, authorizing and providing for the exploration and survey of the country lying between the Mississippi river and the Pacific Ocean, for the purpose of ascertaining the most practicable and economical route for a railroad across that portion of the American continent. In accordance with the provisions of that Act, expeditions were

fitted out and dispatched on that mission, from various starting points, and on different parallels of latitude.

One, under Gov. J. J. Stevens, left St. Paul's, at the head of steamboat navigation on the Mississippi river, in latitude 45°, and explored from thence near the forty-seventh and forty-ninth parallels of north latitude, to Seattle, on Puget Sound, Washington Territory, a distance of 2025 miles.

Another, from Council Bluffs and Fort Leavenworth, on the Missouri river, to Fort Bridger, on a tributary of Green river, was examined by Col. Fremont and Capt. Stansbury; and the examination and exploration continued from Fort Bridger to the Pacific, under Lt. Beckwith, near the forty-first and forty-second parallels of north latitude, by way of the Madelin Pass, in the Sierra Nevadas, to Fort Reading, on the Sacramento river, a distance of 1980 miles.

A third, under Capt. J. W. Gunnison, (who, with seven others, was barbarously murdered on the 26th of October, 1853, said to be by the Pah Utah Indians, on the Sevier river, and near the lake of that name in the Territory of Utah, while engaged in the performance of the duties committed to his charge,) with Lt. E. G. Beckwith as his assistant, (and upon whom, after the lamented death of Capt. Gunnison, devolved the command,) left Fort Leavenworth, to explore the route near the thirty-eighth and thirty-ninth parallels of north latitude, through the Rocky Mountains in the vicinity of the head waters of the Rio del Norte by way of the Huernano river and Coo-cho-to-pa Pass (Col. Benton's route) to Grand-river valley, Blue, Green, White and San Rafael rivers by the Great Salt Lake Valley to Fort Bridger, and from thence on the forty-first and forty-second parallels, to California, as mentioned above.

A fourth, under Lt. A. W. Whipple, from Fort Smith, Arkansas, started up the valley of the Canadian river and explored the country lying near the thirty-fifth parallel of latitude, to Los Angeles, California.

A fifth, under Capt. John Pope, from Preston, on Red river, to the Rio Grande; continued from thence by Lt. J. G. Parko to the Pimas villages on the Gila river, and from that point to the Gila's mouth the reconnoissance was made in 1846 by Maj. Emory; from the mouth of the Gila to San Francisco the exploration of Lt. R. S. Williams has furnished the data; the line of survey being near the thirty-

second parallel of latitude. The whole distance from the navigable waters of the Mississippi to the Pacific on this route being 1600 miles.

In this connection we might mention the one from San Antonio, Texas, to San Diego, California, known as the Arizona route, on which, (according to the President's Message,) between the western boundary of Texas, on the Rio Grande, and the eastern boundary of California, on the Colorado, the distance does not exceed four hundred and seventy miles, and the face of the country is in the main favorable.

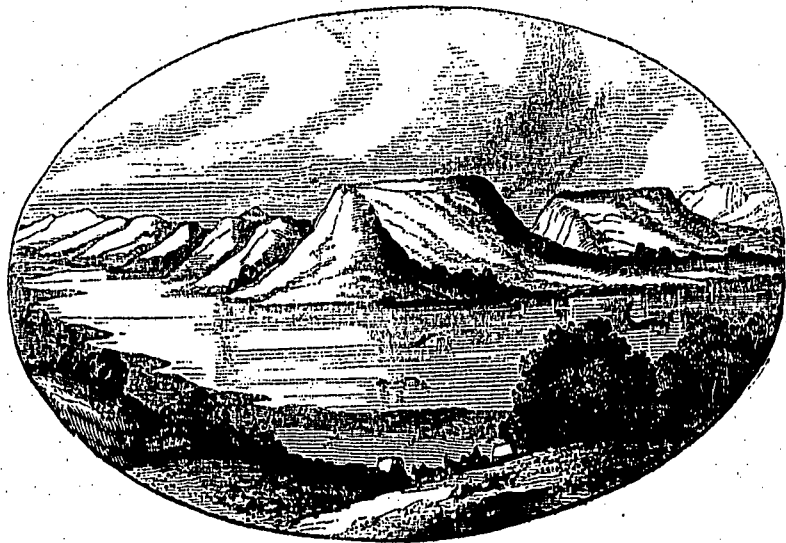
These form the principal routes surveyed by the U. S. Government for the purposes named.

It is less our intention at the present time further to explain the various routes surveyed, or to advocate any particular one, than to present to the California public a brief outline of *one* of those routes, and which, although among the most interesting, is perhaps, upon the whole, less generally known than either of the others, and deserves a better acquaintance; we allude to that lying near the thirty-fifth parallel of north latitude, extending from Fort Smith, Arkansas, to Los Angeles, California, surveyed under the direction of Lt. A. W. Whipple, of the Topographical Engineers, in 1853 and 1854; in giving which the language of his report will be preserved as much as possible.

This expedition consisted of a surgeon and botanist, geologist and mining engineer, physician and naturalist, principal assistant railroad engineer, topographer and artist, assistant astronomer, two assistant meteorological observers and surveyors, assistant astronomer and secretary, assistant engineer, assistant astronomer and computer, and an assistant surveyor, with the necessary outfit, escort, etc., and all other accompaniments to such an expedition.

The party made their place of rendezvous at Fort Smith, (a military post of the United States on the Arkansas river, 100 feet west of the boundary line of the State

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SCENE ON THE CANADIAN RIVER.

of Arkansas;) and proceeded with their labors up the heavily timbered and fertile bottom lands of the river, adjacent to the Fort, and ceded to the Choctaw Nation, (where no white man can, in his own right, acquire a land title or residence without the permission of the Indians and their agents,) when after passing through forests of oaks to an elevated plain, known as Ring's prairie, covered with rank grass, upon which herds of cattle were feeding, they arrived at Scullyville, (*Iskuli-fehna*, Indian for money,) the seat of the Choctaw Nation Agency, fifteen miles from the Fort. This place consists of about thirty buildings, mostly stores, where the Indian can purchase such articles as he pleases for use or ornament. A pretty brook flows through the centre of the place, bearing the same name as the town.

Leaving Scullyville the road traversed a country of well wooded hills, with gentle slopes and fine grassy prairies intervening, upon which farm-houses, surrounded by corn-fields and gardens, were thinly scattered; through dense forests, occasionally somewhat broken, and across numerous rivulets; everywhere around the scenery being as beautiful, and somewhat resembling an English park.

The route of the expedition lay principally up the main valley of the Canadian river—one of the large branches of the Arkansas—to ascend which, a number of its tributaries, and several points of elevated ridges, with occasional patches of undulating prairie were crossed. Upon the rich and well timbered bottom lands of nearly all of these streams evidences of semi-civilization were visible in the many cultivated farms, gardens, and homes of the Choctaws, Shawnees, and other Indians who occupy this beautiful, exceedingly fertile, and well watered domain. It is a fact somewhat singular that among these Indians are many Mexican captives; which once purchased from the Camanches, who had stolen them, are kept for the most part as slaves, many of them possessed of considerable intelligence.

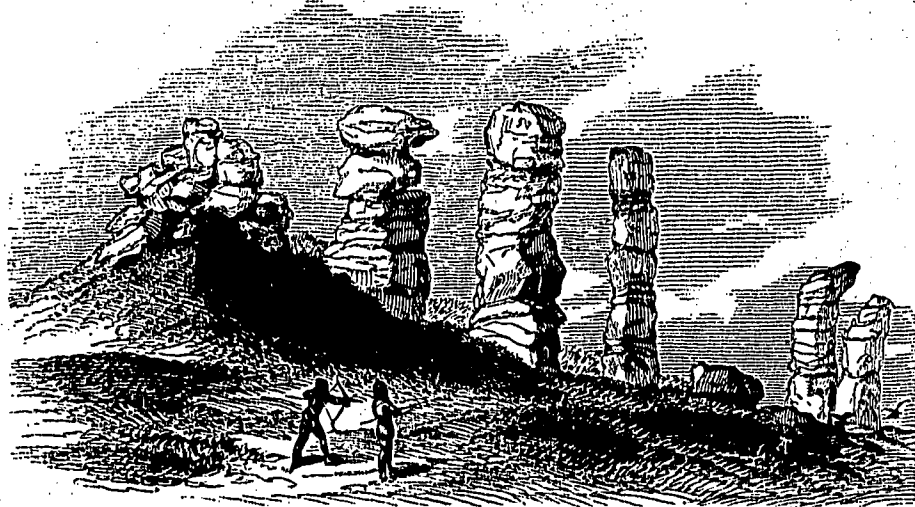
For a distance of over one hundred and twenty miles from Fort Smith carboniferous formation is distinctly visible, and believed to be rich in bituminous coal. On Coal Creek, as its name indicates, large veins crop out in many places; and the Indians speak highly of it; and from its use in the blacksmith's forges belonging to the survey, it proved to be of excellent quality. Sandstone, and lime-

stone, suitable for bridges and viaducts, is also found in large quantities.

When near the outskirts of the half-civilized Indian settlements, a good guide became indispensable to the successful prosecution of the work; inasmuch as the streams were unusually low, water scarce, and the country before them almost unknown; to obtain this was a matter of much difficulty, as those who were the best qualified to fill such an important position, could not be prevailed upon to take it; and even when one had consented (John Bushman, a Delaware,) to accept it at \$2.50 per day, on

the following morning he receded from his engagement, saying—"Maybe you find no water; maybe you all die;" and no amount of persuasion, argument, or money, could prevail upon him to accept the post. In this position they determined to press on and take their chances; but fortunately Mr. Chisholm, a Shawnee trader, placed at their disposal an intelligent Mexican boy named Vincente, of about sixteen years of age, well acquainted with the Indian character, and who understood Comanche, Spanish and English.

This difficulty met in some degree, the



COLUMNS OF SANDSTONE, ON THE SOUTH BANK OF THE CANADIAN RIVER.

party struck out upon the vast western prairies, where the Indians, untamed by civilization, roam at will. Now crossing a wide and gently undulating ridge, resembling an extensive plain, that is watered and fertilized by streams fringed with trees; now descending the difficult crossings of those streams; now, again, climbing the ridges, and crossing points of land broken up by ravines; still keeping as their main route the southern side of the Canadian valley—of course entertained with the usual variety of traveling and camp life, such as the upsetting and breaking of wagons and instruments, tents hurled down by the wind, clothes saturated with rain, coffee or camp-ket-

tles tipped over in the fire; washing clothes, standing guard, and fifty duties which each individual has to perform, and which cannot be shirked; it being fully as much as any one person needs, at such a time and place, simply to discharge his own, without being burdened with the duties of others.

About three hundred and twenty-five miles distant from the Fort, large quantities of gypsum were discovered, in every variety of form—fibrous, laminated, and crystal.

By the opposite and north bank of the river, some four hundred and eighty miles on their journey, stood or rather laid the adobe ruins of an old trading

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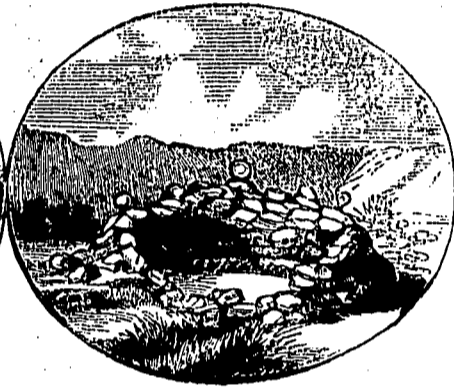
post, large, and finely situated in a grove of trees, and well-supplied with water from an excellent spring. Desolation seemed to sit upon the whole scene. It appears that, several years ago, whiskey was here sold to the Indians; who, in a fit of wild intoxication, murdered the in-

habitants, and set fire to the establishment. We commend the lesson which it teaches to every low, base-hearted and inhuman seller of spirits to the Indians in California, or elsewhere, upon any pretext whatever.

A short distance above were seen over



A COMANCHE INDIAN CAMP.



ZUNI INDIAN SACRED SPRINGS.

three hundred deserted Comanche Indian lodges, or huts, covering many acres, but which are very temporarily constructed of branches planted in the ground, and shaped to resemble a horse-shoe. A short distance above, on a creek known as Rocky Dell, is a cave, which the Indians have converted into a gallery of the fine arts; the rocks forming the floor are very elaborately carved, and the sides of the cave ornamented with paintings.

It is astonishing how many small Mexican traders risk their lives and property, by travelling among the wildest Indians; several small parties being met by the survey.

About seven hundred miles from the Fort, upon the head waters of the Canadian, is situated a district called the Plaza Larga, famous for its beautiful scenery, fertile soil, and charming climate, and which of itself would make an excellent centre for a large and flourishing State.

A few miles above here, on the Laguna Colorado, is a singularly-shaped hill, resembling a pyramid, five hundred feet in height.

Having reached the head of the valley of the Canadian, the expedition proceeded up the valley of Tucumcari Creek, (one of the highest branches of the Canadian,) the sides of which were composed of red sand-stone, worn into many curious shapes, resembling monuments, vases, and caves. Less timber was seen upon the line of travel for the last few days, although sufficient for camp purposes. Occasionally, however, large groves of cedars were passed. Numerous villages of prairie dogs were visited—old, familiar friends to those who have crossed the plains.

The party having ascended to the divide between the Canadian and Pecos rivers, a distance of seven hundred and fifteen miles from Fort Smith, found that the elevation was 5,034 feet above the sea; the attainment of which was generally so gradual, that nothing in the least was discoverable that could possibly stand in the way of a railroad; while plenty of timber, rock, coal and water were found very convenient for such purposes. Besides, such a road passing through so fine and fertile a country,

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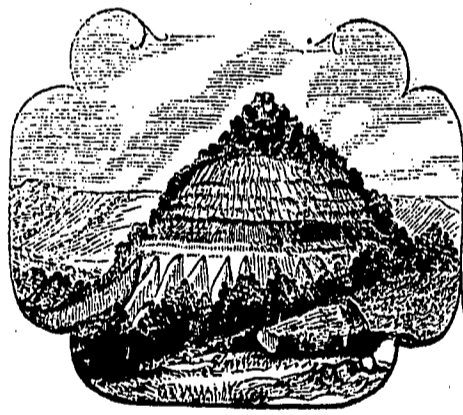
whether it becomes *the way* or not, would open up vast tracts of land for agricultural, grazing, and mining purposes, that will become invaluable to the people of the United States.

Near the top of the divide is a formation of sandstone, much of it broken, and lying in irregular shapes, among which are several enclosures resembling fortresses, where it is more than probable that some of the New Mexican shepherds protect themselves and their sheep from Indians and wolves.

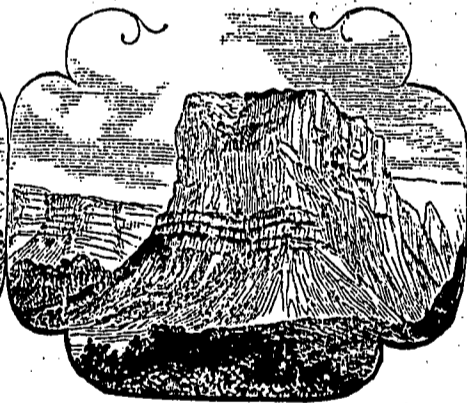
It may be mentioned that no evidences whatever were found which could suggest that the district lying upon the upper waters of the Canadian, or any of its tributaries, has ever been in the possession of semi-enlightened tribes, such as exist on the Gila, and in several other sections of country west of the Pecos and Rio del Norte.

The line of travel now laid over a somewhat broken and elevated table land, resembling an undulating prairie, until the crest of a hill was reached, from

which could be seen the valley of the Pecos, at Anton Chico, a town of New Mexico, and which was gained by an easy descent. The principal part of the town itself stands upon the west bank of the river, upon the first rise of ground above the irrigated fields. The houses, as usual in New Mexico, are built of adobes, and are singularly festooned in front with strings of red peppers—the much prized *Chili colorado*—intended less for ornament than use. The entrance to the town was guarded by wolfish-looking dogs—which, by-the-by, are celebrated for their sagacity in guarding sheep—and a large number of children; the latter dressed in loose cotton robes, generally torn from the feet to the very neck, and gracefully flowing behind. Having no other covering, they looked cool, if not comfortable. At this town resided an English and an American trader; the latter, Mr. Kitchen, entertained the officers of the expedition at his mansion with great hospitality during their brief stay there.



CONICAL HILL, 500 FEET HIGH.



LAVA BLUFF, ON BILL WILLIAMS' FORK.

The general surface of the country here seems to have been, originally, an elevated table-land, through which has been worn a deep chasm, with bluff banks five hundred feet in height, which, above the town, rise directly from the river, and form a narrow cañon; but on descending

the valley, the bluffs recede, leaving a strip of valley, and the fertile basin in which Anton Chico is situated. The river Pecos, which courses through this valley, rises and subsides very rapidly, occasioned most probably by heavy rains in the mountains near its source.



VALLEY OF LA CUESTA, RIO PECOS.

After a day or two spent in exploring the vicinity, recruiting of stock, and refreshing themselves, the party left the beautiful rich meadows and fields of ripening grain on the Pecos, to climb the steep bluff before referred to, and proceed upon their way. In order to explore two routes from here to the Rio Grande, the party was divided; the main portion proceeding with the survey directly to Albuquerque.

Their course now laid over a hilly prairie to the entrance of Cañon Blanco, a district comparatively level, and sparsely wooded with small cedars and pines.

The pretty valley and town of La Cuesta, on the Pecos, a couple of miles to the north of the road, was visited and sketched; and where, as the party descended the hill on foot and somewhat in a hurry, they were taken for Comanches, and consequently were the cause of some unnecessary alarm to the resident Mexicans; but who, after the mistake was discovered, treated them civilly.

Proceeding through the gorge at the entrance of Cañon Blanco, they traversed the valley to Laguna; where the party was again divided, the main part contin-

uing to Albuquerque, and the other towards Galisteo, a snug-looking adobe-built village on the river of that name. The country traversed was through a succession of pleasant valleys, almost like an extended plain, with occasional hills and spurs; yet scarcely a tree was to be seen, although grass and water were abundant.

From Judge Baird—who was met in company with Major Wightman, on their way from Albuquerque to the county court at San Miguel—they learned that there were beds of good coal in the cañon between San Antonio and Albuquerque. Continuing a north-west course, they arrived at the village of Cienega, situated in an extinct volcano, where the gaily clad Mexican rancheros were sunning themselves. On leaving this village, the road lay through a deep arroyo—on the sides of which were cultivated fields, lava, scoria, and smooth-faced rocks covered with hieroglyphics representing the sun, animals, foot-prints, &c.—until they reached an open country, extending to the base of the Gold Mountains, and over which they traveled to the valley of the Rio del Norte, which they entered at Peña Blanca; and which, though the de-

scent to it was almost imperceptible, was found to be one thousand feet below Galisteo. Passing the corn-fields, gardens and vineyards of the Indian pueblo of San Domingo—a town of striking contrast to most of the Mexican, exhibiting at a distance considerable architectural effect—an Indian came forward and offered the hospitalities of his home, supper and a bed; at the same time showing a field where, well protected, the mules could graze for the night. Such hospitality is said to be no way uncommon among them.

As it will be impossible, in a brief outline of this expedition, to describe every

object of interest and curiosity that was seen, we must pass the various towns comparatively undescribed, and proceed with the main object of the survey of the country—a railroad. As no obstruction to such a road has yet been found, let us accompany them by Covero and San Felipe, up the left bank of the Rio del Norte—or Rio Grande, as it is more generally called by Americans, past Algodones, Bernardillo, (celebrated for its excellent wine,) and Zandia, to Albuquerque, one hundred and two miles from Anton Chico. One portion of the surveying party report passing from the generally level country through a deep



SAN FRANCISCO MOUNTAIN.

and narrow cañon at Carmel, and through which a road could easily be made to the valley of the Rio Grande.

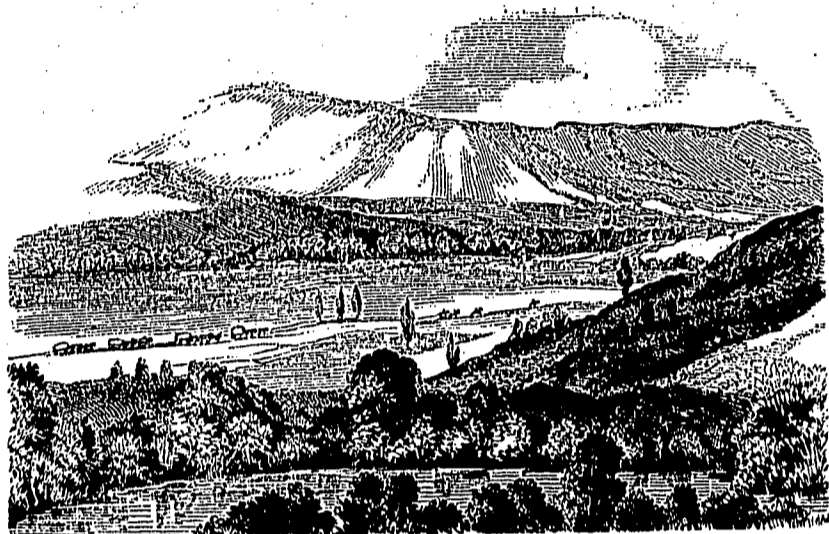
Albuquerque contains a smaller population than Santa Fe. Its situation, however, is more central to the inhabited portions of New Mexico. The number of inhabitants, including the rancheros, is estimated at 2,500, exclusive of Atrisco, a town of some importance on the opposite bank of the river. Nearly the whole valley of the Rio del Norte is capable of yielding good crops; and between Bernardillo and Albuquerque are

the finest ranchos and vineyards to be found in the Territory. As Indian depredations, and anticipated trouble on the Mexican frontier, had created considerable excitement, a day or two of delay was the result.

Fording the river at Atrisco, the journey was continued westward, by gradually climbing the ridge which bounds in this great valley, at the average of about eighty or ninety feet to the mile for about six miles, when the country was again found to be comparatively level; until by a ravine they were gently led to the val-

ley of the Puerco, three hundred feet below the summit of the dividing ridge. In this valley a ledge of coal crops out, apparently of good quality.

From the Puerco the fine wide valley of Rio San José was easily reached, the border of which was followed, occasionally crossing some low hills, to Laguna.



VALLEY OF BILL WILLIAMS' FORK.

"As we approached the town," says Lieut. Whipple, "the Germans of the party almost imagined themselves in 'Father-land.' The western sun shone upon the place through a haze, which softened the outlines, and rendered the view strikingly similar to pictures of Dutch cities." This is an old Indian pueblo, containing about one thousand persons; and where Mr. Gorman, a missionary of the Baptist persuasion, has established himself, and opened a school, which is well attended; and where even the adults listen respectfully to his instructions. In the centre of the pueblo is a plaza, surrounded by houses facing inwards. Here the Indians collect upon certain festivals, which no Mexican is allowed to witness; although Americans are freely admitted, because, say they, facetiously perhaps, we are of the same race and people as themselves. Here the ancient buffalo dance is performed, as well as other superstitious rites regarding Montezuma.

For the greater distance from Rio Puerco to this place, although the soil appears to be good, it is little cultivated, for want of moisture. The country, however, seems favorable for artesian and other wells.

From Laguna the party proceeded westwardly, up the valley of San José, till opposite Covero; then leaving the river-side, turned north two and a half miles to the town, where they encamped. This town contains about sixty families; and, being a frontier Mexican settlement, has suffered greatly from the incursions of the Navajoes. While here, a singular old custom of Mexican peonage was illustrated. A fandango was interrupted in the evening, when people rushed to see what was the matter, in a state of great excitement. Menacing words were bandied, knives flourished, and pistols drawn. The whole town was in an uproar, and no one seemed to know what it was all about. At length it was ascertained that one of the herders belonging

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to the survey, named Torrivo, had been recognized as a peon, and some man wished to seize and imprison him, till he could be restored to his original state of servitude. Torrivo had tasted freedom, and was manfully defending it. The claim was only fifteen or twenty dollars; so the money was advanced, and order immediately restored. Had it not been paid, this little debt might have kept the poor fellow bound to his master for life; and of all the Mexicans who accompanied the expedition, no one was more efficient than Torrivo. In New Mexico the system of peonage has been abolished by law, though not its practice.

When preparing to start on the following morning, there was great delay, which, upon inquiry, was found to be due to a lot of herders and packers belonging to the survey. It appeared that

this was the home of the greater part of them, and that their female friends were begging them to stay. It seemed doubtful for a while which would prevail—love or duty; but at length, a month's pay being advanced for them to leave behind, their families became somewhat reconciled, and allowed them to depart.

All things being satisfactorily adjusted, the surveying party continued their course up the Rio San José to a short distance above Hay Camp—so called by Americans, and where hay is sometimes obtained for the military posts. Here the roads divided; when they continued westwardly to the head of the valley, towards Zufi, until they reached the base of the mountains, where the road turned gradually towards the south and south-west, rising at the rate of about sixty feet to the mile, along the smooth slope which



CAMP SCENE IN THE MOJAVE VALLEY OF RIO COLORADO.

bounds the valley; and near a forest of spruce and pine trees, that were tall, straight, and sound, and for railroad-ties would be very suitable.

From this valley their course lay up a gradual rise, at the rate of about ninety feet to the mile, through a beautiful pine forest, to Agua Fria—the last stream up on their route which finds its way to the

waters of the Atlantic. Its source is near the summit of the Sierra Madre, seven thousand nine hundred and forty-six feet above the level of the sea. Leaving Agua Fria, they turned around the point up a ravine to the foot of a bluff ridge, about two hundred feet high, leading to the summit of the Sierra. Here, by a deep cut of a few hundred yards, or a tunnel



MOJAVE INDIANS—MALES AND FEMALES.

of about three-quarters of a mile in length, communication for a railroad could be opened to a similar ravine on the other side. The rock would be easily excavated, being a soft, compact limestone. Descending the ravine, at about fifty feet to the mile, they reached a beautiful valley, in which stands the singular rock called "El Moro" by the Mexicans, but which was christened "Inscription Rock" by Mr. Simpson.

This rock at its north-east corner is rectangular, one side of which is vertical and smooth to the height of nearly two hundred feet. Here are found numerous Spanish inscriptions and Indian hieroglyphics. In the distance, from the singularity of its shape, it appears like a large Moorish castle, and from which its Spanish name is evidently derived. Scattered about in great profusion were fragments of pottery, painted in bright colors in checks, bands, and many stripes, similar to those found upon the Gila. Here were also found obsidian arrow-heads, stone axes, and numerous other evidences of connection with the founders of the Gila cities. East of the Rio del Norte, it

has before been stated, none of these has ever been found.

Upon leaving this interesting spot, the road lay over a low ridge into a long valley, whose bed was upon lava, now mostly covered with a grassy soil; thence to another charming valley named Ojo Pescado, and where also an endless quantity of relics were found. It is by no means improbable that in this district once were the celebrated "seven cities of Cevola;" which Coronado says stood within four leagues of each other. Here a few thin veins of bituminous coal were discovered cropping out from the bluffs; the specimens of which were good, although the quantity is supposed to be small.

After gathering many curiosities of the singular people once occupying this district, the train moved down the Rio Pescado, past another Indian village, to its intersection with Rio de Zufi; the wide valley of which sweeps westwardly, with precipitous cliffs apparently encompassing it, which rise proudly from the plain to the height of a thousand feet. In the valley are numerous ranchos and gardens, and just at the foot of the moun-

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tains stands the large and sombre city of Zufi, the governor of which, on the day of its arrival, paid the expedition a complimentary visit.

On the following morning, as the party were journeying towards this place of odd interest, and when near it, a most revolting spectacle met their view. Small-pox had been making terrible ravages among the people, and yet they surrounded the visitors in great numbers—men, women, and children—exhibiting this loathsome disease in various stages of its progress.

Arriving at the city by an arched way, they entered a large court, which was consecrated to the Montezuma dances. These dances are in imitation of beasts with horns, at which the dancers dress in beast-like costume, when they appear as wild and fantastic as can or need be imagined. This court was surrounded by houses of several receding stories, which were attained by ladders on the outside, from one story to another. From the top of the fifth and highest story, a view of the pueblo reminded them of an immense ant-hill, from its similar form and dense population. The number of its inhabitants is estimated at about two thousand.

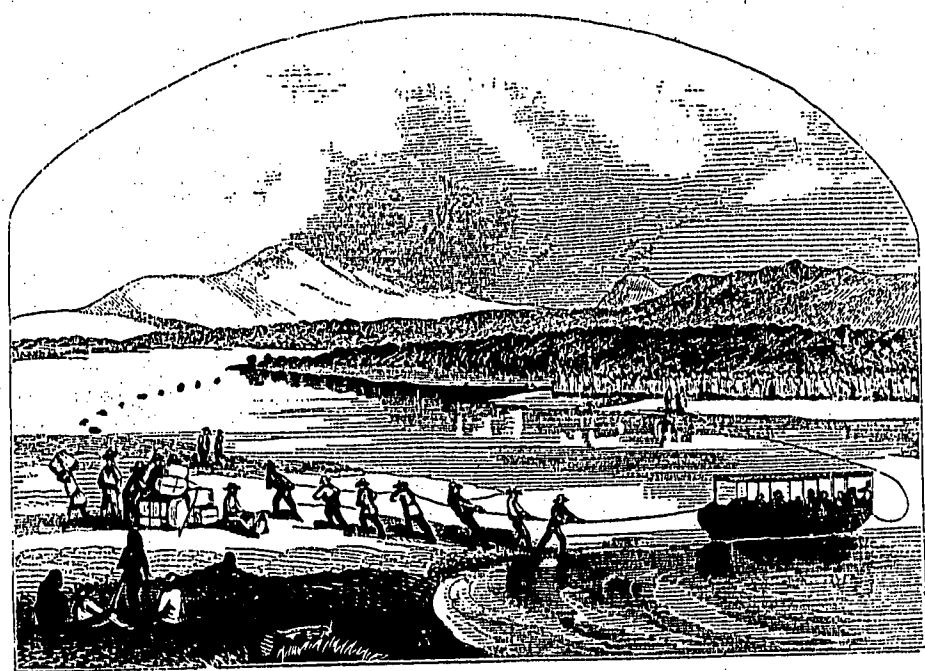
There are said to be Zufi white Indians, with fair complexion, blue eyes, and light hair; but the prevalence of the small-pox among them prevented their being seen. A sort of tradition among the Mexicans thus accounts for their presence there: "Many years ago, centuries perhaps, a company of Welsh miners with their wives and children emigrated thither, when the Zufians killed the men and married the women." This story, however, the people themselves deny. One fact is somewhat singular—the words in the Zufi language very much resemble the English. "Eat-a" is to eat—"Eat-on-a-way" signifies *eaten enough*. To express admiration of a thing, they exclaim "Look-ye!" or "Look-ye-here!" "Hachas" are *stone axes*.

On a singular legendary table-land, about a mile in width, and bounded upon all sides by perpendicular cliffs, were seen the ruins of another city, and near which were two immense stone pillars or statues, nearly five hundred feet in height; carved pieces of wood, and other interesting objects, the description of which, with the country around, would fill an interesting volume. From some cause or other, it was an especial favor to be allowed to visit this curious spot.

We must not further linger here, however temptingly strong may be the inducement, but continue on with the train, as the Zufi war-chief had arrived, and informed the officer in command that a council of the caciques had been held upon their affairs, at which the objects of the expedition had been discussed and approved, and they were willing to place any assistance in their power at his disposal. Accordingly, Indian guides were procured, for which no recompense was accepted, to accompany the train by a new and better route than that generally known, to the Rio Colorado Chiquito.

The guides having arrived according to promise, the train moved a short distance further down the Zufi River, and entered a wide and fertile ravine, which led westward for about twelve miles from the pueblo. Rising gradually to a plain, they traversed a country moderately level to the crest of a sand-stone ridge, which was abruptly descended some forty feet; thence, at a fall of four hundred feet in six miles, they entered a fine large valley called Wáh-núk-ái-tin-ái-è. From this valley they crossed a prairie country, intersected by open valleys—passing once quite a forest of petrified trees, the largest of which was ten feet in diameter and a hundred feet in length, yet where now but very little wood could be found—until they entered the valley of the Colorado Chiquito.

From this point eastward, the route for a railroad, says Lieut. W., should ascend



RIO COLORADO, NEAR THE MOJAVE VILLAGES.

(From an Island, looking North.)

the Puerco to near its head at Ojo del Oso; thence, turning the heights of Sierra Madre by Campbell's Pass, pursue Agua Azul to Rio San José. The country travelled is probably superior in richness of soil and abundance of water; but as regards the grades, the other would be preferable.

The valley of the Colorado Chiquito resembles that of the Gila, and is very wide, with a good soil. Here the Zuffi guides left; the survey proceeding down the right bank of the river, in a course a little north of west, towards the snowy peaks of San Francisco Mountain, which for several days had been visible, and of which, after passing a net-work of river channels bordered with alamos and cottonwoods, they commenced making a reconnaissance westward towards its southern slope, which they found to be nearly level, with the exception of a short distance through a cañon, which they named "Cañon Diablo."

Now thickets of cedar and forests of pine and *Douglass spruce* were passed. Following up a wide, valley-like opening, and ascending 200 feet in five miles, they reached the divide between the waters of the Colorado Chiquito and those flowing into the Gila. Thence appeared a smooth grassy valley, sloping towards the south; and beyond, a magnificent view of a vast forest, extending as far as the eye could reach, probably over fifty miles. Tufa, volcanic scoria, and sandstone, are here abundant.

San Francisco Mountain, so often referred to, is a huge volcanic pile, with several conical peaks near the centre; its steep slopes covered with a dense growth of timber, spruce and pine, extending nearly to the summit. The height of this mountain is given as twelve thousand feet above the sea.

Some considerable time having been spent in exploring the country lying at the base of San Francisco Mountain, and

other hills and cañons in that vicinity, they turned their backs upon it, and making across a tolerably level district, arrived at the Cosnino Caves. Here Christmas was celebrated with much éelat, when a magnificent display of fire-works was made by setting on fire a large number of isolated pines standing around their camp. A fall of snow, too, gave them Christmas weather, and changed and perhaps improved the landscape. With a slight cutting at the summit of a dividing ridge here, the road across this district would be nearly level.

The march was continued through a long prairie, surrounded by pine forests and volcanic hills, in a south-west course towards Bill Williams' Mountain, over a country appearing beautifully smooth at a distance, but cut up by ravines; the party having to depend much upon pools of water for their animals, until they reached Cedar Creek, down and by which they traveled westwardly, by a gradual descent into the great basin of the Black Forest. Here, as in nearly every other portion of the route, wild game of all kinds was in very great abundance. Here, too, it appears were found "partridges with tufted plumes, like those of California." Coal is supposed to exist in this basin. The volcanic hills and streams of lava passed here, put the magnetic instruments out of order.

The country around the Black Forest is somewhat uneven, although not difficult for road or railroad, and is the pleasantest region which the party saw since leaving the Choctaw Territory; and inasmuch as there are clear rivulets, fertile valleys, and fine forests extending from the Black Forest, down the Rio Verde to the Salinas and Gila, there is every indication of its being able to support a large agricultural and pastoral population; the mountains and streams, too, show signs of mineral wealth.

On, on they journey, over a country similar to that described above, until they reach Aztec Pass.

In the general summary of the various routes, it is said of this one—and these remarks, from the necessarily limited space of this magazine, must for the time being embrace the remaining observations to be made upon it—from the Aztec Pass the descent to the Colorado of the West is made by a circuitous route, northward along the valleys of its tributaries, the largest and last being Bill Williams' Fork; the mouth of which, on the Color-

ado, is 1,522 miles from Fort Smith, and at an elevation above the sea of about two hundred and eight feet.

The Colorado is now ascended thirty-four miles, the route leaving it at the Needles. The supposed mouth of the Mojave River was examined; by the valley of this stream it was expected to ascend to the Cajon Pass in the Sierra Nevada. This proved, however, to be the valley of a stream, dry at the time, whose source was in an elevated ridge, which probably divides the Great Basin from the waters of the Colorado. It is not yet ascertained that the valley of the Mojave River is continuous to the Colorado, though Lieut. Whipple is sanguine that it will be found to be so. From the summit, 5,262 feet above the sea, the descent is made to Soda Lake—the recipient, at some seasons, of the waters of the Mojave River—1,117 feet above the sea, at an average grade of 100 feet to the mile for 41 miles; the steepest grade yet required on this route. The ascent to the summit of the Tunnel, elevation 4,179 feet, in the Cajon Pass in the Sierra Nevada, is made by following the valley of the Mojave river. The summit of this pass, by the line of location, is 1,798 miles from Fort Smith, and 242 from the point of crossing the Colorado. Here, according to Lieut. Whipple, a tunnel of 2½ miles is required. But according to Lieut. Williamson; who spent more time upon it, it would be 3 4-10 miles. The Tunnel descends to the west with an inclination of 100 feet per mile, which grade will be the average for 22 miles, into the valley of Los Angeles, by side location, and thence to the port of San Pedro, one thousand nine hundred and eighty-two miles distant from Fort Smith.

Should it be desired to reach San Francisco by the Tulare and San Joaquin valleys, the route should leave the Mojave Valley some twenty miles from the entrance to the Cajon Pass, 1,708 miles from Fort Smith, elevation 5,555 feet, and proceed across the south-west corner of the Great Basin, towards the Tah-cchay-pah Pass, reaching its entrance at an elevation of 2,300 feet, in a distance of 80 miles.

An examination of the profile of this route shows that in respect to grade it is not only practicable, but that the heaviest grades that will probably be required do not equal those in use on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad.

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TABLE
CONTAINING THE DISTANCES AND ALTITUDES OF EACH CAMP, FROM FORT SMITH TO
THE PACIFIC OCEAN.

Camp No.	Name of Station.	Traverse distance from Fort Smith.			Camp No.	Name of Station.	Traverse distance from Fort Smith.		
		Miles.	Miles.	Feet.			Miles.	Miles.	Feet.
0	Ft. Smith, Camp Wils'n	460.3	56	Lagunas.....	16.75	784.30	6995.5
1	Ring's Prairie.....	10.00	10.00	564.7	57	17.25	801.55	6471.9
2	Choctaw Agency.....	5.00	15.00	558.5	58	San Antonio.....	22.50	824.05	6624.1
3	8.82	23.82	336.3	59	Albuquerque.....	18.75	842.80	5032.8
4	4.94	28.76	432.4	60	Atrisco.....	0.88	843.60
5	8.60	37.36	677.9	61	Isleta.....	12.16	855.84	4945.1
6	2.74	40.14	595.9	62	Rio Puerco.....	22.78	878.62	5372.0
7	San Bois Creek.....	9.83	49.97	595.9	63	Rio Rita.....	18.30	896.92	5675.7
8do.....	7.50	57.47	643.8	64	Covera.....	13.77	910.69	6280.4
9do.....	8.75	66.22	698.2	65	Hay Camp.....	14.66	925.34	6440.4
10do.....	17.50	83.72	650.4	66	Sierra Madre.....	17.71	943.05	7330.9
11	Near Gaines' Creek....	2.75	86.47	688.9	67	Agua Frio.....	8.06	951.11	7946.6
12	Near mouth Coal Creek	13.50	99.97	625.8	68	Inscription R'k (el Moro)	17.49	968.60	7413.9
13do.....	5.25	105.25	614.3	69	Ojo del Pescado.....	14.23	982.83	6774.5
14	Head of Coal Creek....	10.25	115.50	720.1	70	Zuni.....	11.74	994.57	6354.9
15	Near Shawnee Villages..	10.00	125.50	752.5	71	Arch Spring.....	8.33	1003.40	6485.4
16	Near Shawnee Town....	8.50	134.00	771.3	72	10.77	1014.17	6329.7
17	Branch of Boggy Creek	11.60	144.60	765.5	73	Jacob's Well.....	19.69	1033.86	6064.7
18	Boggy Creek.....	13.00	157.60	889.9	74	Navajo Spring.....	7.04	1040.89	5665.7
19	Branch of Topofki Cr'k	14.50	172.10	1072.2	75	Rio de la Xara.....	12.13	1053.02	5557.6
20	Topofki Creek.....	12.25	184.35	1172.4	76	Rio Puerco of the West	10.87	1063.89	5537.6
21	Beaver's Town.....	14.00	198.35	1211.2	77	Lithodendron Creek....	11.59	1075.48	5212.5
22	Br'ch of Canadian Riv'r	18.00	216.35	1338.2	78	First camp on Col. Chi.	11.99	1087.47	5014.1
23	Road from Chouteau's..	10.50	226.85	1294.7	79	On Colorado Chiquito..	14.42	1101.89	4775.5
24	Walnut Creek.....	6.00	232.85	1130.6	80do.....	8.63	1110.52	4747.5
25	Branch of Walnut Creek	11.95	244.80	1431.5	81do.....	4.94	1115.46	4934.6
26	Branch Creek.....	16.00	260.80	1436.5	82do.....	1.35	1116.81	5225.3
27	Near Deer Creek.....	15.00	275.80	1331.3	83do.....	4.90	1121.71	4981.9
28do.....	13.00	288.80	1668.0	84do.....	10.99	1132.70	4836.2
29do.....	19.50	308.30	1728.5	85do.....	15.88	1148.58	4775.3
30	Gypsum Creek.....	15.50	323.80	1832.8	86do.....	4.44	1153.02	4375.3
31	Washita River.....	11.50	335.30	1750.7	87	Last camp on Col. Chiq.	1.51	1154.53	4928.6
32	Comet Creek.....	15.25	350.55	1950.6	88do.....	11.11	1165.64	5518.1
33	Washita River.....	14.50	365.05	1893.0	89	Cohnino Caves.....	14.61	1180.25	6298.2
34	Near Canadian River..	20.00	385.05	2343.2	90	Near S. Francisco Sp'g.	11.81	1192.06	6859.5
35	First camp on Canad. R.	12.25	397.30	2392.5	91	Leroux's Spring.....	10.46	1202.52	7450.6
36	On Canadian River....	19.00	416.30	2302.7	92do.....	8.23	1210.75	7336.7
37do.....	15.50	431.80	2391.1	93do.....	6.17	1216.92	7216.9
38do.....	17.50	449.30	2500.6	94	New Year's Spring....	8.54	1225.47	6767.7
39do.....	11.75	461.05	2224.2	95	Lava Creek.....	9.77	1235.23	6246.0
40do.....	14.50	475.55	2676.6	96	Cedar Creek.....	9.89	1245.12	5753.6
41	Last camp on Can. R..	19.25	494.80	2665.3	97	Partridge Creek.....	13.26	1258.38	5189.2
42	Antelope Creek.....	18.37	513.17	3396.5	98do.....	3.89	1262.27	5182.5
43	Arroyo Bonito.....	19.88	533.05	3528.8	99do.....	13.52	1275.79	5056.6
44	Beautiful View Creek..	20.75	553.80	3718.6	100	Picacho Springs.....	0.87	1276.66	4867.8
45	Arroyo Amarillo.....	19.75	573.55	4128.0	101do.....	7.45	1284.11	5241.3
46	Llano Estocado.....	102	Turkey Creek.....	8.69	1292.79	5518.6
47	Rocky Dell Creek.....	27.50	606.05	4207.0	103	Pueblo Creek.....	5.71	1298.50	5107.7
48	Near Halt Creek.....	23.50	624.55	3980.5	104do.....	6.67	1305.17	5661.2
49	Branch of Fossil Creek.	22.25	646.80	4093.3	105	Cañon Creek.....	5.98	1311.15	5790.1
50	Tucumcari Creek.....	20.00	666.80	4191.8	106do.....	5.80	1316.94	5293.4
51	Laguna Colorado.....	19.00	685.80	4541.6	107do.....	12.16	1329.10	4640.9
52	Pajarito Creek.....	16.00	701.80	4701.8	108do.....	0.30	1329.40	4680.1
53	Hurrah Creek.....	13.75	715.55	5034.3	109	White Cliff Creek.....	11.29	1340.69	4711.0
54	Sheep Springs.....	23.00	738.55	5425.7	110	Cactus Pass.....	9.64	1350.33	5182.0
55	Anton Chico.....	6.25	744.80	5444.3	111	White Cliff' Creek.....	7.97	1358.30	3511.9
56	Cañon Blanco.....	22.75	767.55	6503.3	112	Big Horn Springs.....	11.60	1369.90	2760.9

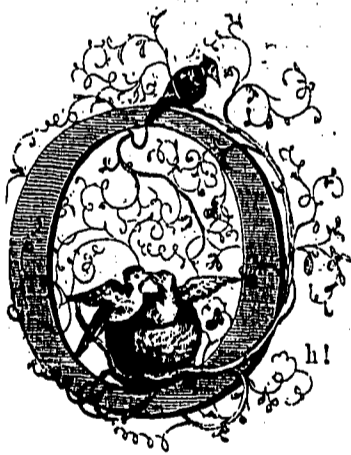
Table of Distances, (concluded.)

Camp No.	Name of Station.	Altitude above the Sea.			Camp No.	Name of Station.	Altitude above the Sea.		
		Paces from preceding Station.	Miles.	Feet.			Paces from preceding Station.	Miles.	Feet.
113	Mouth of Cañon Creek.	12.83	1382.73	2116.3	132	Mojave villages.....	1.02	1532.21	326.1
114	Bill Williams' Fork....	9.21	1391.94	1845.4	133	Crossing of Colorado R.	9.46	1541.66	368.5
115do.....	4.35	1396.29	1722.6	134	On Colorado River....	0.33	1541.99	415.7
116do.....	6.21	1402.49	1563.3	135	Last c. on Colorado R..	2.78	1544.77	350.4
117do.....	4.08	1406.56	1501.6	136do.....	20.71	1565.48	2109.3
118do.....	6.10	1412.66	1433.1	137	Pai-ute Creek.....	9.06	1574.55	2745.8
119do.....	5.56	1418.22	1343.4	138do.....	13.38	1587.93	4377.4
120	Mouth of Big Sandy C'k	6.41	1424.66	1218.2	139	Rock Spring.....	6.66	1594.59	4938.8
121	First camp on Bill Williams' Fork.....	6.52	1431.18	948.0	140	Near Marl Spring.....	17.65	1613.23	3959.9
122	On Bill Williams' Fork.	8.97	1440.15	851.0	141do.....	16.41	1628.64	2220.1
123do.....	6.83	1446.98	881.0	142	Soda Lake.....	13.34	1651.98	1116.8
124do.....	7.22	1451.20	674.2	143	On Mojave River.....	12.31	1654.29	1239.3
125do.....	3.90	1458.10	414.1	144do.....	12.94	1667.22	1700.9
126	Last camp on Bill Williams' Fork.....	8.69	1466.79	325.2	145do.....	11.18	1678.40	1980.6
	Mouth of Bill W. Fork.	4.33	1471.12	146do.....	19.48	1797.38	2225.7
127	First c. on Colorado R..	4.74	1475.86	272.0	147do.....	22.37	1720.25	2555.4
128	On Colorado River....	5.02	1480.88	224.7	148	North of Cajon Pass...	24.47	1744.72	3539.7
129do.....	9.06	1484.94	270.0	149	South of Cajon Pass...	19.43	1764.15	2623.4
130do.....	11.39	1501.32	370.0	150	Coco Mongo Creek....	19.72	1783.87	1307.9
131do.....	29.87	1531.19	250.2	151	San Gabriel Creek....	24.16	1808.03	354.5
					152	Los Angeles.....	14.26	1822.27	457.1
					153	San Pedro.....	23.00	1845.27

VALENTINE.

To S * * * * * M * *.

BY W. H. D.



dearest my heart is over
Fondly yearning for thee;
Naught shalt my bright hopes sever
From thy goodness and purity.
Whose Sacramento's river
Is flowing so rapid and free,
'Midst scenes of beauty forever,
Unto the glorious sea;

There where the birds of heaven,
Soar and so sweetly sing;
While unto Nature is given,
That bride of earth, the Spring;

There where the distant Sierras,
In dazzling beauty glow,
Towering into the heavens,
Robed with eternal snow;

There where all Nature meets us,
With beautiful gifts so free,
And each lovely wild flower greets us,
Love proffers a home to thee.

Come from all other pleasures,
For Love brooks no delay,
Come for his precious treasures,
Call thee away, away.

Come with a faithful promise,
Come with a loving heart;
Come with thy beauty and goodness;
They shall never depart.

Come with a heart all lightness,
Come with thy mirth and glee;
Come to a heart whose brightness
Shall never find clouds with thee.

Come to the love that greets thee,
Come to the heart that is thine;
Come and make happy forever,
Thy faithful Valentine.

[ERRATA.—For seventh session read ninth, page 384.]

MARY MORTON.

A. LIFE SKETCH.

Nobody know Mary Morton but to love her. Wherever she dwelt, the house was flooded with sunshine. Her silvery voice rang the loudest and sweetest in the merry laugh, and filled the dwelling with music so rich and melodious, as to make one forget for the moment that there was aught else in the world but beauty and gladness.

It is a duty I owe to the memory of Mary, to give the reader some description of what she *once was*. Her complexion was not exactly a blonde, but it was much too fair for a brunette. Her forehead was high and smooth; her features regular and impressive, tending somewhat to the Grecian, and when in repose there was an air of languishment about them that was perfectly bewitching, and yet at the same time entirely exempt from affectation. Her hair was black and glossy, and she wore it either in long, rich curls, or braided bands, that set off the beautiful contour of her features to the best possible advantage. Her eyes were of the same jetty blackness as her hair; and full, round, large, lustrous, and fringed with the most beautiful silken lashes, they evinced a depth of feeling that is much easier imagined than described, which gave a singular charm to the whole countenance, and made you love her whether you were in a good humor or not.

We had both exchanged the boarding-school for home, during a month's vacation, and were to return at the expiration of that time. At all the little parties and merry-makings could the petted Mary be found, and a report was soon rumored that Gilbert Cleaveland was the accepted lover. And so he proved; for Mary never returned to the seminary of L—, to con over the much dreaded "French lesson," or her daily routine of studies.

Bright and beautiful was the morning

that the young and promising lawyer bore Mary, the only daughter and child, to his cot of love; and for five long years life had been to her one sweet dream of wedded bliss. Who then could not say that the horizon to her was rose-colored, and that her small feet were destined to tread the future upon the silver sands of love and hope? Time to her, thus far, had been measured off in golden hours. A change, alas! was yet to come over the spirit of her dream, and the bitter chalice of sorrow drained to the dregs. The cup overflowing with happiness was soon dashed to the earth, ere she had scarcely poised it at her lips.

In 1849, Gilbert gained the consent of Mary to visit the gold region of California, that her future years might be made happy, and her sky cloudless from want or care. That moment of her life had come when she saw Gilbert for the last time bend over the cradle of their two smiling cherubs, and invoke a father's blessing upon his darling ones. "Good bye!" was at last spoken, between sobs and tears, and the cottage home was now desolate and lonely, where had ever been a long, protracted day of love.

Like all castle-building of the mind, before the dome is properly shaped, the whole structure falls to the ground. Gilbert Cleaveland was unsuccessful in his hurried attempt to gain a rapid fortune in the golden placers of the mountains. After a little, his letters, once overflowing with love and kindness, became more and more unaffectionate and unfrequent, until he had altogether ceased to remember the absent wife and children, except with the bitter pangs of a remorseful conscience.

He soon dipped deep in the prevailing vices of the day, and could be nightly found among the devotees of chance in the gambling-houses, or in other foul dens of iniquity, and the Lethaan draught from the wine cup was now his daily potion. Mary, broken hearted at home, had received the startling and sad intelligence of his shame, and of heartless deser-

Atlanta
above the Sea.

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55	2745.8
93	4377.4
59	4938.8
23	3959.9
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8	1116.8
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tion. It was even said that he had taken to his home and heart a Spanish wife, and, with their child, lived somewhere upon the slope of the Nevadas.

Mary now began to feel the need of kindly protection from some one, though her heart still clung to the absent with all its wonted love and tenderness. Could it be that Gilbert had forgotten her and the little ones, and left them to battle single-handed with the ills of life? Sometimes she would hope for his return, or for a letter, or something that would whisper words of comfort, and say, "My Mary, thou art still the remembered and loved." In this the poor bleeding heart was doomed to a bitter disappointment; and hateful taunts about him, from her friends, had reached her sensitive ear.

One proud and firm resolve she had now fostered in her bosom; that was, to seek him in that land, at that time, of cards and gold. To be near the idol of her heart would be a consolation, even if she was denied the privilege of his society—and though his love was given to another.

Now look in upon the inmates of that once happy home, and witness the misery that is brooding there! There is a being pacing the floor, whose hollow eyes fully attest the sleepless vigils they have kept. How she gazes into vacancy, as her pale countenance speaks of the mind's agonizing bewilderment. There in that room, where the lamplight and moonlight are struggling for the mastery, are three pure beings that dream not of their future desertion, and which is as yet untold, though written in the sealed and mysterious book of Fate. Why does she now and then falter and hesitate for a moment, as she adds another to her household gods, while making up the small bundle that is to go with her on the long, long journey to the El Dorado? Yes, she has it now; she will take her babes with her, to be with him, near him. She kissed the worn and rumpled letter—his first; put a little dear and tear-stained miniature in her bosom, and she was gone. "My destiny,"

she soliloquized, "was linked with his, and why should I stay when duty calls me? What if he should reject and scorn me? cast me upon the cold charities of the world? If he does, revenge then would be sweet!"

From that moment the demon of distrust crept into her guileless heart, and she began to doubt the integrity of her kind—ofttimes doubting, in her madness, the love and goodness of her Creator, who had thus meted out with an unerring hand the bitter wormwood and gall, as her greatest portion.

After a few short months of dusty travel across the plains—for she had prevailed upon a friend to allow her a place in the train with his family—she at last arrived in Sacramento. In the fall of 1852, the reader perhaps will remember seeing a woman playing upon the violin, in one of the gambling-houses of that place, and who afterwards was engaged at the Union Hotel at Placerville. Do not be startled, dear reader, when I say it was none other than the once faultless Mary Morton!

She accidentally met Gilbert, who saluted her, in the house where she dealt monte. She soon found, to her soul-withering sorrow, that it was too late; he was lost to her, and to the little ones that still said, in artless ignorance, "My Pa," and wondered why he did not come. The first piercing gaze she had of his bloated features told her that he had been stung by the still-worm, that lay coiled by the way-side, and could be no more the idol of her poor broken heart.

In the fall of the same year, the wily tempter wove his meshes firmly about her, and upon the lofty pinnacle of soul-agonizing despair she saw love's guiding star set in a night of darkness. Her ill-secured feet slipped from the dizzy height, and like a shattered temple, the fragments looked beautiful amid ruin and decay. Goaded to desperation, she sank deeper and deeper in the slough of dissipation. Ofttimes Mary was heard to revile the name of the Creator; and she

felt to her heart's core the blighting curse of gold, and the loss of womanly virtue—as the sequel will show. * * * * *

One evening, we were startled from a pleasant chat at the supper table by the entrance of Dr. Rodolph, who visited the dining-room of the Iowa House at Placerville, and said to us, in an under-tone, that our assistance was needed in laying out the corpse of a young lady who had suddenly died a few moments before. It had been raining most of the day, and the streets were now muddy and dark, as we wended our way to the house of death, which stood at the foot of the hill before us. As we reached the steps of the lonely-looking hovel, we could see no light burning at the window. We stood with mute expectation in the dark, until Mrs. L. brought us a light, which soon revealed to us the sad spectacle before us. Oh! how can I write it? There, partly reclining upon the bed and floor, lay a beautiful creature, and—could I trust my eyes! When the light fell full upon her face, I discovered, to my infinite horror, my old school-mate, Mary. There were to be seen the same dark, lustrous eyes, staring deep in their sockets—eyes that had once beamed with tenderness upon me, in days the remembrance of which only embittered the present. There lay the long curls, partly shading the face, and falling down over the long attenuated arm and hand—looking much like a sleeping angel, save that calm look of despair, and the compressed expression of the lips, looking bitter at the world in the last struggle with the grim monster. It needed no far-fetched theology to convince me that I was in the room of vice and lewdness; but she could not harm me now, as the soul had left the beautiful casket that lay so icy and rigid before me.

Oh! what a weight of sinking misery I then felt creeping into my heart. Laying my head upon her throbbless bosom, I mingled her dark tresses with my own. The misery of an eternity was crowded into the space of an hour. How could I

still the wild agony that now deluged the soul with all the fury of a tornado? Vainly did I call upon her name; she heeded not my wild lamentations. Yet at that moment I felt the angels of heaven to be lifting the gates of paradise; for how could I believe her to be anything but that pure being, Mary, my school-mate?—she was not the denounced the world had made her.

I then know why the tall woman who played in the gambling-house had passed upon the other side of the street, and pulled her thick veil over her face—it was the fear of recognition. In one corner lay a hideous looking creature, who was her partner in crime, and who was a mass of corruption. We gleaned from her, however, that Mary was called to the door by somebody rapping, who, upon opening it, proved to be none other than the perfidious Gilbert. She articulated, "Oh, my God!" and fell a corpse upon the floor. Her husband dragged her to the bed where we found her, and immediately fled to parts unknown. Her children both died from want and negligence, while the mother nightly played in a gambling-house.

The next day, a few gamblers and women from the dens of shame followed poor Mary Morton's remains to the hillside. I felt glad when the clods fell with a hollow sound upon the coffin lid, and rejoiced with her freed spirit that the mother, earth, had hidden away so much sorrow, and guilt, and wretchedness.

ALICE.

BUTTER MAKING IN THE VALLEYS OF THE SIERRAS. Last summer, when the feed became scant in the Sacramento Valley, a friend of ours took his stock, including some sixty-five milch cows, into one of the many grass-covered valleys of the Sierras; and during the season, such was the heavy richness of the cream, was enabled to make *six thousand two hundred pounds of butter*, of the finest quality, and which netted him sixty-five cents per pound.

THE STEP BESIDE THE DOOR.

BY MRS. S. N. DRYDEN.

"Thus o'er these scenes my mem'ry wakes,
And fondly broods with miser's care,
Time but the impression deeper makes,
As streams their channels deeper wear."

Gloomy shadows 'round me gather;
Weary is my heart to-day,
For I'm thinking, sadly thinking,
Of the loved so far away.
Memories come with busy voices,
Telling of the days of yore,
Like the music of the waters,
Sighing on a distant shore.

O, 'tis weary, very weary,
Sitting here for many an hour,
Of that home so fondly thinking,
Thinking of each tree and flower;
Thinking of the smiling faces
I have seen, but see no more,
As we sat in early twilight
On that step beside the door.

Oh, that spot, how many pictures
Spread upon my heart-leaves now,
While I'm thinking, sadly thinking,
With the shadows on my brow.
There I've sat for many an hour,
Dreaming of the joys in store,
Dreaming of the future, dreaming
On that step beside the door.

Youthful footsteps gayly fleeting
O'er that step so light and free,
How their music-voices greeting,
Still like echoes come to me.
There we've stood in silence musing
When the daylight long was o'er,
And the moon and stars were shining
On that step beside the door.

But sad time has left its traces
On each eye and heart of care,
And they're scattered, widely scattered,
Hearts which lingered with me there.
Now the merry laugh is silent,
Joyful voices come no more,
And I sit so lonely thinking
Of that step beside the door.

Laden'd breezes 'round us stealing
From the blooming roses there,
Breathing, O, so sweetly breathing,

From their opening beauties fair.
Other footsteps now are lingering,
Other faces brighten there,
And the greetings still are precious
On that step beside the door.

But fond memories o'er them gather,
In the stilly twilight gray,
And they feel the spirit-whisperings
Of the loved so far away.
O, could I with those whispers softly
Fly the stormy ocean o'er,
And then sit me in the twilight
On the step beside the door!

Nevada, New Years, 1858.

THE SPIRIT'S LODGE.

A LEGEND OF LAKE BIGLER.

On the east side of Lake Bigler there is said to be a cavity formed in the rock, which, according to Indian tradition, sends forth a terrible voice, especially at certain seasons of the year; and on this account has been called "The Spirit's Lodge."

For half a mile along the border of the lake, and stretching back for a mile and a half, is a beautiful and fertile slope of country, in which is to be seen small groups of the fir, the ash, and pine, the ground completely netted with the mountain clover, which forms a most beautiful landscape. The shore of the lake is sandy, and at this point free from that irregular jutting of the rocks which doubtless lie in masses but a few feet below the surface. At the west end of this cañon is a lofty mountain peak, in the top of which is an open crater of considerable dimensions, of an extinct volcano, which long since ceased to send forth its volumes of burning lava. The Diggers generally assemble in the above valley in the spring, and continue to reside there until the snows of winter compel them to seek a more genial clime. The lake abounds in salmon and trout, which they take out in large quantities. Opposite the above vale is the great grotto whose hoarse voice has terrified father and son for numberless generations. A party visited this lake some time since—sailed into the grotto, and explored it thoroughly. They found that the unearthly sounds which proceeded from its huge mouth for so long a time was produced by the swells striking the rock at

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its extremity, and the sound gathered force and tone as it passed to the entrance or mouth of the presiding geni's home.

The following legend, written by W. Wadsworth, as interpreted by Col. J. C. Johnson, is so very near to all others that have come to our knowledge, that we give it in full. It is related by an old blind father of his race, who has felt the chilling frosts of more than a hundred winters gathering around his shriveled form. His eyes can no longer behold the sunbeams play around the heaven-piercing peaks of these eternal hills ere it sinks to nightly rest. Those who wish to speculate upon the former situation of this wonderful country and its inhabitants, can do so by reading the tradition, and find food for conjecture for time to come.

"Long before these mountains were lifted up so very high as they now are, the Digger Indian possessed the whole earth, and was a great people. Then the little valley and lake made a part of the great river Tro-ko-nene, (or Humboldt) which at that time poured its waters into the great sea in which the sun sets. Then were our people happy, for the whole country was more level than now, and far more beautiful. The great fish (meaning the salmon) now only numerous in the lake, were plentiful even to the head waters of the Trokonene, and the whole country was filled with trees and vines that bore fruit.

"But the time arrived when a new people, unlike our fathers only in being more warlike and powerful, though speaking a different language, came down from the north and began a terrible war, destroying our homes, our wives and our children. Though unaccustomed to war, our fathers made a long and determined resistance; but after years of troublesome warfare, they were at length all driven away, or made the slaves of their conquerors, for life. Yes," said he, his sightless eyes streaming with tears, "our fathers and mothers made slaves. And for ages did their children toil on and serve their terrible masters. So hard was their lot, so deep and abject their servitude, they became *fools*, and lost all record of the moon, or time, and, like trees, know nothing. But at length the Great Spirit put a stop to this by destroying alike our people and their oppressors. A great wave like a mountain came up

from the sea, and swept away all of them, and they were seen no more—all but a few Digger slaves and their masters. They were the great spirits or teachers of their people; and as there were no mountains then, they had to assemble on the top of a great temple that our people had been compelled to rear, and where they worshipped the column of perpetual fire; and thus was a remnant of our fathers and mothers saved, together with a few of their task-masters.

"But no sooner had the waters all gone back, the earth once more become green, and the Tro-ko-nene flowed within its banks as before, than the earth became convulsed and rolled from side to side, and then the first thunderings ever known beneath the ground were heard, and they were terrible. At length, however, all was still again; but before half a moon had passed away, terrific fire burst forth from out the ground, and showers of hot sulphurous ashes fell around. Our masters sought refuge in the great temple we had reared, *but they shut the poor fools out*. The Great Spirit was displeased; for now the heavy thunderings were heard again, the earth shook and trembled, and deep chasms were formed, that threw up vast volumes of smoke for a few moments, then suddenly closed again. And then it was that these great mountains, never before seen, were lifted up; the Tro-ko-nene was stopped, or lost in the great new sea then for the first time seen in the east, and which continued to exist for many years, but at length dried up and was lost, as the waters of the Tro-ko-nene now are, by the sands that lie under the rising sun." On being asked what became of the Great Spirit, their masters, that had taken refuge in the temple, he replied—"First let us follow the fortunes of my people. No sooner had their hated masters closed the doors against them, than our people, to escape the fires that were bursting out around them, hurried to the Tro-ko-nene, and in their canoes bounded along its now rapidly extending current to the sea; and they had barely made their escape, before these mountains, by one awful convulsive shock of the earth, were lifted up, and all the beautiful grounds and homes of our ancient fathers and their subsequent conquerors were alike wrapt in an awful chaos of fire, ashes and smoke. The Tro-ko-nene, no longer the greatest river in the western sea, coursing its entire length through

field and forest of perpetual green, but reduced to a mere mountain torrent, came hissing and boiling down among the deep volcanic gorges.

"But the pale-faces would fain know what became of the remnant of the oppressors of our people. For more than twenty moons were the mountains hid from our view, by day in a canopy of smoke and ashes, and by night great fires streamed up until they reached the stars, many of which were melted away and fell to the earth like rain-drops, and these made the ore that the white man seeks. At last, when all was still again—when the great rain had put the fires all out, and a wind greater than ever was felt before had driven the smoke away—our fathers saw how terrible had been the anger of the Great Spirit. Instead of green fields, and trees teeming with rich fruit, every vestige of vegetation had been swept away; and instead of a plain, so gentle in its descent to the sea as hardly to be perceived, all was one sterile mountain, traversed by rocky precipices and deep gorges, as you now see them, and on which the first snows ever seen by our fathers fell, and from which they have never fully disappeared, nor ever will until the children of the Great Spirit shall again displease him, at which time the whole earth will be burned, and the ashes thrown into the sea.

"It was a long time before the spot where stood the great fire-temple could be recognized; for though the mountains had ceased to tremble, and the great fires that had caused them all had gone out, yet were there five great volcanos that continued to burn, and which neither the great rains or yet the winter's snows could extinguish. One of them, and the last and greatest of them all, is the one on the top of the mountain at the head of this little vale; but even this long since has gone out; for when I was but a boy, small volumes of smoke issued from deep fissures in the rock; but while it did burn, say our fathers, it cast forth a vein of fire, which ran along the ground, filling up deep yawning chasms that lay along it. But for this little lake freezing the fiery river in its course, the spirit home of the fire-worshippers would have been filled up, and every trace of their prison-house would have been lost forever."

The question was asked, "How came they *there*, when your fathers left them locked within the temple walls?" He

replied—"The temple stood upon the bank of the Tro-ke-nene, but all trace of that deep and ancient river was lost, except this lake, this valley, and a deep ravine beyond yonder cave in the western slope of the mountain. Here, where now sleeps the lake, once stood the temple-grove of the ancient conquerors of our fathers; but when the mountains from all around were lifted up by the mighty force beneath, and raised so very high, the temple and its groves were lifted too, but its foundation was the substance that fed the burning volcano from beneath. At length a vast chasm was formed, that when the mountain came to burn and throw up its fiery torrents from below, became filled with water from the melting snow on the mountain; but its great foundations had been weakened, and it sank down with all its altars and burned-up groves, deep beneath the level of the waters of the lake—all but the dome of the great temple, around which clung the remnant of the brutal race. Because they would thus cling to life, the Great Spirit became enraged, descended to the earth, walked upon the waters as though solid ground, and taking them one by one, hurled them, as a child would a pebble, into the deep recesses of the cavern. The waters of the lake rose to their present height, and shut them in. Since that day, to this hour, their wailings and moanings have been heard, increasing in tone and intensity as the waters of the lake are increased by the melting of the winter snows. And there must they ever remain, until the great spirit releases them, by another and the last of earth's volcanic burnings."

Nearly in the centre of the lake is a rock, whose top reaches nearly to the surface of the water, being in the form of a dome. It is supposed that reference was had to this, as being the top of the sunken temple spoken of in the above legend. It is rather a singular formation, and resembles much the shape of a tower. The cave adjoining the lake is one of great beauty; the water in it is perfectly clear. The lake and the cave adjoining it will doubtless become ere long subjects of frequent visit from those who love the contemplation of nature's works in all their grandeur and glory. Of these, no country can boast a more bountiful supply than California.—For a beautiful view and full description of Lake Bigler, we refer the reader to the second volume of this magazine, p. 107.

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A LAMENT.

BY W. H. D.

I.

The Autumn winds around me sigh,
The night-bird trills her dismal cry,
And from the branches of the tree
The withered leaves part silently,
Their glory fled,
While in my heart each mournful tone
Finds echoes sadder than its own,
Where Love's fair flowers of promise, all
Too early withered, soon shall fall,
Forever dead.

II.

O, why should sacred joys depart,
Or pure affections of the heart,
That throw enchantment o'er the day,
And glorified life's devious way,
Be doomed to blight?
Or why should sorrow's awful power,
In scathing tempests o'er us lower,
And with a force beyond control,
Drive downward the despairing soul
To blackest night?

III.

What a dark mystery is life,
Its solemn thoughts, its earnest strife,
Its joys and sorrows, hopes and fears,
Its tranquil peace, its bitter tears,
Which soon must end;—
Come childhood with thy joyous glee,
Come youth with aspirations free,
Come manhood with thy thoughtful brow,
Come age with wisdom, tell me now,
Where do you tend!

IV.

No more returns the silent past,
The now and future shall not last,
Life's quick pulsations with its breath,
Must soon be swallowed up in death,
That comes to all;—
Answer, thou dark and silent tomb,
Where all shall meet a kindred doom;
Hast thou no voice from thy repose,
To mitigate the crushing woes
That on us fall?

V.

Say, shall we not again arise,
And, soaring upward to the skies,
The Father's many mansions find,

Where Jesus' love for all mankind
Shall all restore?

Is there no region of the blest,
Where sorrowing souls may find a rest,
Where troublings from the wicked cease,
And all are tranquil in God's peace
Forevermore?

THREE YEARS IN CALIFORNIA.

BY J. D. BORTHWICK.

CHAPTER VII.

DIGGER INDIANS—COON HOLLOW—COYOTE
DIGGINGS—COYOTES—WEAVER CREEK—
THE WEATHER AND THE CLIMATE—CHI-
NAWEN—A CELESTIAL "MUSS."

We had a visit at our cabin one Sunday from an Indian and his squaw. She was such a particularly ugly specimen of human nature, that I made her sit down, and proceeded to take a sketch of her, to the great delight of her dutiful husband, who looked over my shoulder and reported progress to her. I offered her the sketch when I had finished, but after admiring herself in the bottom of a new tin pan-ikin, the only substitute for a looking-glass which I could find, and comparing her own beautiful face with her portrait, she was by no means pleased, and would have nothing to do with it. I suppose she thought I had not done her justice; which was very likely, for no doubt our ideas of female beauty must have differed very materially.

We continued working our claim at Middletown, having taken into partnership an old sea-captain whom we found there working alone. It paid us very well for about three weeks, when, from the continued dry weather, the water began to fail, and we were obliged to think of moving off to other diggings.

It was now time to commence preparatory operations before working the beds of the creeks and rivers, as their water was falling rapidly; and as most of our party owned shares in claims on different rivers, we became dispersed. A young Englishman and myself remained, uncertain as yet where we should go to.

We had gone into Hangtown one night for provisions, when we heard that a great strike had been made at a place called Coon Hollow, about a mile distant. One man was reported to have taken out that day about fifteen hundred dollars. Before daylight next morning we started over the

hill, intending to stake off a claim on the same ground; but even by the time we got there, the whole hillside was already pegged off into claims of thirty feet square, on each of which men were commencing to sink shafts, while hundreds of others were prowling about, too late to get a claim which would be thought worth taking up.

Those who had claims, immediately surrounding that of the lucky man, who had caused all the excitement by letting all his good fortune be known, were very sanguine. Two Cornish miners had got what was supposed to be the most likely claim, and declared they would not take ten thousand dollars for it. Of course, no one thought of offering such a sum; but so great was the excitement that they might have got eight hundred or a thousand dollars for their claim before ever they put a pick in the ground. As it turned out, however, they spent a month in sinking a shaft about a hundred feet deep; and after drifting all round, they could not get a cent out of it, while many of the claims adjacent to theirs proved extremely rich.

Such diggings as these are called "coyote" diggings, receiving their name from an animal called the "coyote" which abounds all over the plain lands of Mexico and California, and which lives in the cracks and crevices made in the plains by the extreme heat of summer. He is half dog, half fox, and, as an Irishman might say, half wolf also. They howl most dismally, just like a dog, on moonlight nights, and are seen in great numbers skulking about the plains.

Connected with them is a curious fact in natural history. They are intensely carnivorous—so are cannibals; but as cannibals object to the flavor of roasted sailor as being too salt, so coyotes turn up their noses at dead Mexicans as being too peppery. I have heard the fact mentioned over and over again, by Americans who had been in the Mexican war, that on going over the field after their battles, they found their own comrades with the flesh eaten off their bones by the coyotes, while never a Mexican corpse had been touched; and the only and most natural way to account for this phenomenon was in the fact that the Mexicans, by the constant and inordinate eating of the hot pepper-pod, the *Chili colorado*, had so impregnated their system with pepper as to render their flesh too savory

a morsel for the natural and unvitiated taste of the coyotes.

These coyote diggings require to be very rich to pay, from the great amount of labor necessary before any pay-dirt can be obtained. They are generally worked by only two men. A shaft is sunk, over which is rigged a rude windlass, tended by one man, who draws up the dirt in a large bucket, while his partner is digging down below. When the bed rock is reached on which the rich dirt is found, excavations are made all round, leaving only the necessary supporting pillars of earth, which are also ultimately removed, and replaced by logs of wood. Accidents frequently occur from the "caving-in" of these diggings, the result generally of the carelessness of the men themselves.

The Cornish miners, of whom numbers had come to California from the mines of Mexico and South America, generally devoted themselves to these deep diggings, as did also the lead-miners from Wisconsin. Such men were quite at home a hundred feet or so under ground, picking through hard rock by candle-light; at the same time, gold mining in any way was to almost every one a new occupation, and men who had passed their lives hitherto above ground, took quite as naturally to this subterranean style of digging as to any other.

We felt no particular fancy for it, however, especially as we could not get a claim; and having heard a favorable account of the diggings on Weaver Creek, we concluded to migrate to that place. It was about fifteen miles off: and having hired a mule and cart of a man in Hangtown to carry our long tom, hoses, picks, shovels, blankets, and pots and pans, we started early the next morning, and arrived at our destination about noon. We passed through some beautiful scenery on the way. The ground was not yet parched and scorched by the summer sun, but was still green, and on the hillsides were patches of wild-flowers growing so thick that they were quite soft and delightful to lie down upon. For some distance we followed a winding road between smooth rounded hills, thickly wooded with immense pines and cedars, gradually ascending till we came upon a comparative level country, which had all the beauty of an English park. The ground was quite smooth, though gently undulating, and the rich verdure was diversified with numbers of white, yellow and

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purple flowers. The oaks of various kinds, which were here the only tree, were of an immense size, but not so numerous as to confine the view; and the only under-wood was the mansanita, a very beautiful and graceful shrub, generally growing in single plants to the height of six or eight feet. There was no appearance of ruggedness or disorder; we might have imagined ourselves in a well kept domain; and the solitude, and the vast unemployed wealth of nature, alone reminded us that we were among the wild mountains of California.

After traveling some miles over this sort of country, we got among the pine trees once more, and very soon came to the brink of the high mountains overhanging Weaver Creek. The descent was so steep that we had the greatest difficulty in getting the cart down without a capsize, having to make short tacks down the face of the hill, and generally steering for a tree, to bring up in case of accidents. At the point where we reached the Creek was a store, and scattered along the rocky banks of the Creek were a few miners' tents and cabins. We had expected to have to camp out here, but seeing a small tent unoccupied near the store, we made inquiry of the storekeeper, and finding that it belonged to him, and that he had no objection to our using it, we took possession accordingly, and proceeded to light a fire and cook our dinner.

Not knowing how far we might be from a store, we had brought along with us a supply of flour, ham, beans, and tea, with which we were independent. After prospecting a little, we soon found a spot on the bank of the stream which we judged would yield us pretty fair pay for our labour. We had some difficulty at first in bringing water to our long tom, having to lead our hose a considerable distance up the stream to obtain sufficient elevation; but we soon got everything in working order, and pitched in. The gold which we found here was of the finest kind, and required great care in washing. It was in exceedingly small thin scales—so thin, that in washing out in a pan at the end of the day, a scale of gold would occasionally float for an instant on the surface of the water. This is the most valuable kind of gold dust, and is worth one or two dollars an ounce more than the coarse chunky dust.

It was a wild rocky place where we were now located. The steep mountains, rising abruptly all round us, so confined

the view that we seemed to be shut out from the rest of the world. The nearest village or settlement was about ten miles distant; and all the miners on the Creek within four or five miles living in isolated cabins, tents, and brush-houses, or camping on the rocks, resorted for provisions to the small store already mentioned, which was supplied with a general assortment of provisions and clothing.

There had still been occasional heavy rains, from which our tents were but poor protection, and we awoke sometimes in the morning, finding small pools of water in the folds of our blankets, and everything so soaking wet, inside the tent as well as outside, that it was hopeless to attempt to light a fire. On such occasions, raw ham, hard bread, and cold water was all the breakfast we could raise; eking it out, however, with an extra pipe, and relieving our feelings by laying in fiercely with pick and shovel.

The weather very soon, however, became quite settled. The sky was always bright and cloudless; all verdure was fast disappearing from the hills, and they began to look brown and scorched. The heat in the mines during summer is greater than in most tropical countries. I have in some parts seen the thermometer as high as 120° in the shade during the greater part of the day for three weeks at a time; but the climate is not by any means so relaxing and oppressive as in countries where, though the range of the thermometer is much lower, the damp suffocating atmosphere makes the heat more severely felt. In the hottest weather in California, it is always agreeably cool at night—sufficiently so to make a blanket acceptable, and to enable one to enjoy a sound sleep, in which one recovers from all the evil effects of the previous day's baking; and even the extreme heat of the hottest hours of the day, though it crisps up one's hair like that of a nigger's, is still light and exhilarating, and by no means disinclines one for bodily exertion.

We continued to work the claim we had first taken for two or three weeks with very good success, when the diggings gave out—that is to say, they ceased to yield sufficiently to suit our ideas: so we took up another claim about a mile further up the creek; and as this was rather an inconvenient distance from our tent, we abandoned it, and took possession of a log cabin near our claim which some men had just vacated. It

was a very badly-built cabin, perched on a rocky platform overhanging the rugged pathway which led along the banks of the creek.

A cabin with a good shingle-roof is generally the coolest kind of abode in summer; but ours was only roofed with cotton cloth, offering scarcely any resistance to the fierce rays of the sun, which rendered the cabin during the day so intolerably hot, that we cooked and ate our dinner under the shade of a tree.

A whole bevy of Chinamen had recently made their appearance on the creek. Their camp, consisting of a dozen or so of small tents and brush-houses, was near our cabin on the side of the hill—too near to be pleasant, for they kept up a continual chattering all night, which was rather tiresome till we got used to it.

They were very averse to working in the water, and for four or five hours in the heat of the day they assembled under the shade of a tree, where they sat fanning themselves, drinking tea, and saying "too much hot."

On the whole, they seemed a harmless, inoffensive people; but one day, as we were going to dinner, we heard an unusual hullabaloo going on where the Chinamen were at work; and on reaching the place we found the whole tribe of Celestials divided into two equal parties, drawn up against each other in battle array, brandishing picks and shovels, lifting stones as if to hurl them at their adversaries' heads, and every man chattering and gesticulating in the most frantic manner. The miners collected on the ground to see the "muss," and cheered the Chinamen on to more active hostilities. But after taunting and threatening each other in this way for about an hour, during which time, although the excitement seemed to be continually increasing, not a blow was struck nor a stone thrown, the two parties suddenly, and without any apparent cause, fraternised, and moved off together to their tents. What all the row was about, or why peace was so suddenly proclaimed, was of course a mystery to us outside barbarians; and the tame and unsatisfactory termination of such warlike demonstrations, was a great disappointment, as we had been every moment expecting that the ball would open, and hoped to see a general engagement.

It reminded me of the way in which a couple of French Canadians have a set-to. Shaking their fists within an inch of each other's faces, they call each other all the

names imaginable, beginning with *sacré cochon*, and going through a long series of still less complimentary epithets, till finally *sacré astrologe* caps the climax. This is a regular smasher; it is supposed to be such a comprehensive term as to exhaust the whole vocabulary; both parties then give in for want of ammunition, and the fight is over. I presume it was by a similar process that the Chinamen arrived at a solution of their difficulty; at all events, discretion seemed to form a very large component part of Celestial valor.

TO "LITTLE MARY," DEPARTED.

A child of three years, remarkable for her ideality. "What the flowers said," and "what the birds said," was always her theme. At last she told of "what the angels said." Then we knew that voices from the unseen world had said "come up hither."

The angels called for thee, and thou didst go!
In the still purple evening, when the stars
Had set their watch in heaven, thou didst go
Up to thy home on high.
Didst thou not know their voice? Oft had they
talked [winds.
With thee in birds and flowers, and whispering
O! they were angel voices, sent by God,
Heard in the golden visions of the night,
In accents far too sweet for mortal ears,
Oft heard by thee, and now in mercy sent
To summon thee away.

The Spoiler touched thee, and thy face was
changed
Into a seraph's, for the Conqueror
Had plucked his sting away.
'Twas hard to give thee up, with thy sweet smile
Of angel beauty, and thy soft blue eye,
And locks of burnished gold.

Gone to God!
E'en in thy early dawning, ere the star
Of morn had set; gone to dwell
With the Good Shepherd, where he leads his lambs
By the still waters, and in pastures green,
Upon the hills of God. G. T. S.

San Francisco, Jan. 1, 1858.

It is a gratifying fact to record, that the John L. Stephens took away from our shores but one hundred and eighty passengers, on the fifth of January last. California has never been appreciated, even by her own sons, until now.

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ADVENTURES OF A CALIFORNIA
PHYSICIAN.

NO. II.

Another day awoke. The tinselled rays of morning played upon the bosom of the sleeping valley—the wild birds chanted merrily their orisons to the Great Giver of life and light, and beauty was spread on "Nature's face," that filled our hearts with surpassing joy and delight.

Our company was camped upon the bank of the American River, near its junction with the Sacramento, and where the two meet in liquid harmony, and proudly roll along the fertile plains—low murmuring to the breeze, as if still "amorous of the scenes" of mountain clefts and deep ravines they left behind.

The hour of breakfast came—but no breakfast was provided. Here was a hungry demonstration of the saying: "What is everybody's business is nobody's business." But who was to be our *maitre d'cuisine*?

Having finished kneading, the dough was placed upon plates of tin, which were set around the fire, *backed* up by sundry pieces of wood, and other articles none too delicate for kitchen use. Somehow it slipped several times into the ashes before it was cooked, so that when it was declared to be done, it presented no very inviting appearance to a fastidious appetite, but gave an occasion for one to declare the cook had converted the "staff of life into the cudgel of death." This, however, we managed to eat, without tea, and pork cooked as on a former occasion.

Having determined to make Vernon our rendezvous, it was agreed we should run all night, in order to avoid the scorching rays of the sun.

Accordingly, at 4 o'clock, P. M., we left, half doubting, yet hoping for success to crown our future efforts. To me, ascending the Sacramento was not less adventurous than the ascent of the Nile by Ledyard. The current was strong,

and on either bank was seen the native wildness, with here and there a few wigwams or thatched huts, that bespoke the habitations of a wild and roving people.

I was selected to pilot the party up this (to us) unknown river,—as if it were a difficult matter to tell whether we were going forward or coming back; for no one could have been more ignorant of the obstacles to be overcome than myself.

Accordingly I seated myself on the prow of the boat, and, to give dignity and importance to my station, I often cried out, with the voice of a Stentor: "Luff that starboard oar!" "Porthelm!" when it would have been better to have remained quiet. Alas! the right we too often neglect, and pander to human weakness in our ambition to gain immortal fame. Another morning came, and we were busy pitching our tents upon the banks of Feather River; and in this vicinity were most of my labors spent in the fall of 1849.

I entered largely into speculations—bought cattle, horses, and land—built houses—had boats running to Sacramento for goods, and teams carrying them to the mines—hired men to cut hay and stack it, and practiced medicine. My success in business begot a corresponding convivial spirit. I was full of life and animation. It was then I made the acquaintance of a beautiful young lady. I thought her the "peerless empress of my affections." Her name was Polly Ann. O! what melancholy pleasure that name brings to my memory. When I told her how dearly I loved her, she replied—"Well, that's right purty talk, anyhow." No sooner were those words spoken than a cold breeze passed over my system. The fever of my love was quenched, and I *weakened*—took my hat, bade her good night, and—left. I soon, however, became familiar with the *cant* phrases of the West, but saw no more of my Polly Ann. I have since learned to regard the difference between "mine and thine" and "thine and mine" to be equal; or, in other words, the difference between

the West and East to be mutual; and am convinced that custom is the topographical idol we unconsciously worship, and that it limits our conceptions of right and propriety to the narrowed associations of home.

During the protracted rain of '49, and while the country was inundated, I domiciled in a small *marquee*, whose dimensions were 10x8 feet, with two of my companions to this golden land. Three hammocks were hung lengthwise, while my bed was made directly under them, upon the damp ground. My friends, having somewhat of the Yankee about them, managed to take boarders, and kept a little good *gin* for sale, which we thought added much to the *tone* of society, and prevented our "taking cold." Thus our little tent was converted into a bar-room, dining-room, hall and sleeping apartment, besides serving as a storehouse for sundry articles of baggage. Thus I spent three weeks without an article of dry clothing to wear or a dry blanket to sleep under. This was the most comfortable lodging-place I could find—for not an acre of land on either side of the river could be seen above the swelling flood.

During the high water a sad and most thrilling accident occurred, resulting in the loss of several lives. One Sunday, about sunset, while the wind was blowing fresh from the north, a banter was given to cross the river in a small boat. The banter was accepted. Six of us jumped into the frail skiff, and in a few moments were borne by the wind near the middle of the river. The current bore us rapidly down: the oars were put out, and long we tried in vain to gain the opposite side. We turned, in hopes of gaining the side we had left, and were still borne rapidly down the river. But we were doomed to disappointment: night, cold and dark, came on, and we again changed our course and pulled for the opposite bank; but just as we were coming in reach of the bushes that grew along the river, a flaw of wind struck the

boat—in an instant she capsized, and my comrades went down to rise no more. Being an expert swimmer, and self-possessed, I struggled hard, and my good fortune led me to grasp hold of a limb, which enabled me safely to get upon the bank. I called to the others, but no voice answered my call—a solemn silence hovered around me. I knew they were lost. I turned away in sadness; and though unaccustomed to shed tears, my emotions were too earnest and deep to suppress their flow; and my heart was full of gratitude to that Being who is mighty to save.

After wading a long time in the water, and swimming several creeks, I arrived at Fremont, where I was warmly received and made comfortable for the night.

A few weeks prior to this, I very narrowly escaped being shot by a villain, who sought my life. I shall never forget the strangeness of the feeling that came over me, when last I saw him alive; a maniac's smile curled his lip—a feverish excitement was in every movement. Oh how I shuddered as I gazed upon him; my blood recoiled upon its own impulse, my head became giddy and confused—while I stood spell-bound, with rigid muscles, like one half-waking from some horrid incubus of the night.

At four o'clock P. M. the report of a gun was heard—the cry of "Doctor! Doctor!"—and I was hurried to the spot, just in season to see one gasp, and hear the death-rattle, and behold the lifeless form of the man I had so much feared stretched out before me. The aim was too unerring—the ball had passed through the left lung—he was dead; and he who would have been the assassin became the victim, and justice was avenged. Why and by whom the deed was committed is still unknown.

On the first of January, the waters having returned to their natural channels, I determined to try my *luck* in the mines—to cease longer to be a follower of the famed Esculapius, and become an "honest miner." Our goods were to be

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taken to a certain place on Bear River, and conveyed from thence by teams to the place of destination.

All arrangements having been made, we left, and rowing hard against a strong current until late at night, arrived at a little place called Oro, which was a town without any houses except one log cabin, (that was a mile out of town!) where there lived a family of bouncing girls, and an elderly lady, who, by the number of juveniles about her, was justly entitled to that very endearing name of mother, and by her incessant talking I think she had an equal claim to the title of *woman!* She delighted in telling *bar* stories, and received our jokes and jeers as high compliments and marks of our cordial approbation. She looked like one who wrought witchcraft, and her voice well would chime with a file upon a saw; but suffice it—she was hospitable and kind.

We waited here two days for the teams, sleeping at night upon the damp ground; and having no boot-jacks or hat-stands, our boots were left upon our pedal extremities, and our hats upon our heads; in short, we were not divested of a vestige of clothing, but, wrapt in our blankets, we stretched ourselves upon the damp ground for refreshment and sleep. The second night our slumbers were somewhat obtruded upon by a pack of wolves that came howling about us, overhauling our sacks of provisions. In their hurry they seized a small bundle, and carried it far away; it was tobacco, and as they were not sufficiently *refined* and *civilized* to appreciate the article, it was dropped probably as soon as discovered, and they did not return to make us another visit.

On the third day the teams arrived—the goods were loaded—"haw!" and "gee up!" and the wagons rolled on—and we followed, each with a haversack hung about his neck and dangling under his arm.

We had not gone far, before the teams, in attempting to cross a marsh that was partially covered with water, became

mired, and unable to advance. The cattle were unyoked and driven out, except one, that was mired beyond our ability to relieve, and soon sank down and died. What now was to be done? There was no alternative but to pack the goods out upon our backs; so we rushed pell-mell into the mud and water, and after several hours of hard labor, had the satisfaction of seeing the wagons once more loaded upon dry land. It was near sunset, so we concluded to camp there for the night, having made but three miles upon our journey that day. Overcoming many difficulties, we arrived, on the evening of the fourth day, at the crossing on Bear River opposite the old barracks, a distance of fifteen miles—or, at the present time, about two hours' drive.

Here we "unteamed" our "fixins," swam the cattle, made a boat of the wagon, ferried over our baggage, and got every thing ready for a start the next morning; spent the night at Dr. O.'s; lodged in a room with three women, one darkey, four soldiers from the barracks out on a furlough, and six babies, (and it did not seem to be a very good season for babies either.) I think I should have slept soundly, had it not been for one of the soldier-men, who was very much "how-came-you-so," and who, attempting to scratch his foot, made a slight mistake and scratched that of his neighbor, who happened to be one of those dear creatures to whose benign influence we owe so much for all the sunshine of our lives. The mistake was natural enough, for we were all lying on the floor together, and could not tell "which from t'other." But she thought differently, and spoke sharply to the intruder, and, like the good lady at church, "kept speakin'," until we were all fully aroused, and the interloper ejected from the room.

How I spent the rest of the night I cannot tell; whether in dreams, slaying fleas, or in cogitations sad; but morning came, and thanking my host for his *peculiar* kindness and courtesy, I left.

With a certain crack of the whip, such

as none but those who have crossed the plains can give, and a loud "roll up there," our teams moved on. This day we went about six miles, to a very pleasant valley, where the teamsters concluded to lay up one day to recruit the cattle. Here we met with some trouble with the Indians, who came upon us at night, and drove away two of our best oxen. In the morning, three of our company followed upon their trail about twelve miles, when they came suddenly upon their camp, and were as suddenly obliged to beat a retreat to escape the arrows shot at them from the surrounding hills.

Having a pretty good "constitution for comfort," I did not care to waste my strength hunting after Indians, that were known to be rather unfriendly; so I took a jug-full of something, said to be a very good antidote for the bite of rattlesnakes—as in those days we never failed to provide ourselves for such emergencies—and in company with Mr. P——, I started for Rose's Bar, on the Yuba River, where we arrived about noon. Here my attention was at once called to a gentleman sick with the scurvy, who had been under treatment nearly three months, and one leg was swollen from the foot to the body, presenting a very red and glabrous appearance, such as follows the bite of a rattlesnake or tarantula. As this disease often baffles the skill of the most eminent physicians, I deem it proper here to state that I invariably bound the affected part in the fibrous portion of beef, changing as often as occasion required; and in no case failed to cure my patient. At the expiration of three days, my patient had so far recovered as to be able to move about; and as I was notified that the teams waited for me on the hills, I hastened to join them, and on the twelfth of January we arrived at Nevada.

Shortly after arriving there, I discovered my body was infested with one of the plagues of Egypt. Pride and mortification made me desperate; I tore every article of clothing from my body, and burned them to ashes, and in future was

careful not to covet the warmth of any of my companions at night, lest a similar misfortune might again befall me.

I afterwards learned that I was not alone, and that the misfortune was not uncommon; and as "misery likes company," this was some consolation, although it did not wholly comport with my idea of a hero—for I never lost sight of the presentiment that I was to be a hero—and the following lines, by Longfellow, constantly rang in my ear as the sure cynosure of my future greatness,—viz.:—

"In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of life,
Be not like dumb driven cattle—
Be a hero in the strife!"

How often have I reflected upon these words—wafted by some kind angel's breath to my memory; and how much have they comforted and encouraged me in times of great trouble, and made me desire more than all else to leave some "foot-print" behind, that should be worthy of imitation in the future—

"Foot-prints that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's stormy main—
Some forlorn and shipwrecked brother—
Seeing, may take heart again."

FE NIX.

LONELY DALE, Jan. 8, 1858.

(To be continued.)

WHILE walking across the beautiful farms on Dry Creek, Sacramento Co., on Christmas day, I observed that the young wild oats were springing up in small and irregular rows, when I inquired of my companion, "What is the cause of all these crooked and green rows running in every direction?" "Don't you know?" said he. "No." "In the dry season," he replied, "the ground cracks; and after the first rain, and before the ground swells and closes again, the wild oats, by the help of the wind and their own legs"—"Their own legs?" I remarked, interrogatively. "Yes, their own legs; for, by some provision of nature, they have a kind of leg, by which, when the rain swells them, they manage actually to crawl into those cracks, and are there saved, otherwise the fire that sweeps across the prairie would destroy them."

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EMIGRATION TO CALIFORNIA—
HER RESOURCES.

BY W. D. S.

There has been so much said upon emigration to this country, I do not anticipate I shall bring forth anything new upon the subject. Yet it is one that all true Californians are deeply interested in; therefore too much cannot be said, if said in the right spirit. We want a larger population. We have every thing that nature can produce to sustain a larger one; and had we a more convenient mode of conveyance, we would soon have large accessions to our already prosperous State.

There is not another country in the wide world which has more beautiful natural scenery than California. You can ramble among her woodland bowers and in her verdant valleys at midsummer day, and at the same time look upon her snow-capped mountains. You can bathe in her smooth-flowing streams, and gambol on the banks, until weary with summer sports; and in two hours you can ascend the mountain, and chase the deer over snow twenty feet deep, until amusements cease to give any pleasure; and return home the same night, to inhale the evening breeze, mingled with the sweet perfumes of flowers of every hue. A more delightful climate cannot be imagined by man than California contains. During my residence here, I have lived where there is snow the year around, and I have lived where there is no snow; so there is no difficulty in any one getting a climate to suit them in this country. To some this may look improbable, but such is the case; for here where I am now, or at least a few hundred yards from here, there is snow all the year. We have as fine agricultural land as there is under the protection of the stars and stripes; indeed, this soil appears peculiarly adapted to raising supplies for the wants of mankind. The best potatoes I ever ate in my life were raised on the

mountains, where they are subject to snow eight months in the year.

The great beacon star of the emigrant to this country is the gold mines. It is that which leads them on to the far distant west; it is that which tempts them to leave their native land, and break loose from the bonds of childhood's associations, and seek a new home on the Pacific shores; and it is of the mines I wish to speak; for I have been, to use a common phrase, an "honest miner," and have been in different portions of the mines, and what I say is from my own observation, with some exceptions. I shall not exaggerate things, as hundreds can bear testimony. I hear men around me, every day, cursing the country, and complaining they cannot make money enough to take them to the Atlantic States; now, if those same men were there, they would not remain, if they could get money enough to return to California. I do not wish to be understood to say that all who follow mining make money, for such is not the case. There are many sober, industrious, noble-hearted fellows, who have toiled month after month—yes, year after year—and made nothing more than a living; but is there a country on the face of the globe where all men make money? make a fortune, in a few months or even years? If there is, I should be most happy to find it; but I will venture the assertion, that there is not another country on the earth where so many men make money, and in such a quantity, in so short a space of time, as California. The emigrant comes here with too bright anticipations dancing before his delighted fancy. I know this from experience. Although the idea of making a fortune in a year is fast dying away, yet it is too much believed by many at this period, and when they arrive here, they are dissatisfied, from the fact they do not find things as they anticipated in regard to the mines. Would they come to this country as they do to any other, they would think it the garden spot of earth; a climate unequalled, a soil unsurpassed

and rich gold mines combined, make the country the brightest in the galaxy of all the green spots inhabited by civilized or uncivilized man.

This portion of the mines in which I reside is known as "Sears' Diggings," and comprises a district about three and a half miles in length by two in width. There are about seven hundred inhabitants within this district, as near as I can get at the number. The principal mode of mining here is tunneling, though there are several hydraulics in operation during the water season, and would be many more, had we plenty of water; but there is only a sufficiency about four months in the year, and then not enough to supply the demand. Those who are working in tunnels drift during the winter, and wash up in the spring; and for four months here we have a lively time. We have three ditches completed, and the three will carry about two hundred sluice heads. The amount of dust taken out here last year is said to have been eight hundred thousand dollars, which would be an average of a little over one thousand dollars to each inhabitant of the district. This I do not think can be surpassed much by any district in the State.

I have taken some pains to procure as near as possible the true state of things. I do not wish to exaggerate, for it would be of no benefit to myself, as I am one of the laborers. I do not wish to mislead any one.

The mines here around Pine Grove were once almost abandoned, but now they are good diggings, and well worked; and I feel confident in saying, from what I know of them, they are scarcely prospected. It is not always the case that the mines that are puffed up are the best. This I learned from experience, and to my sorrow; therefore I would not make false representations, neither would I advise any one to come here if he has any profitable employment elsewhere; but otherwise I do not think he could lose any thing in coming.

My only desire is to give your readers

a fair and impartial statement in regard to this portion of the mines. As for myself, I would not exchange it for any other that I have seen. This spring we anticipate an unusually prosperous season, for there is more snow here now than there has been since 1852, and there is a large quantity of drift dirt out, ready to wash. I think, from present prospects, we shall have water five or six months.

I know of no better place for those who have families, and wish to follow mining; for when you get a claim opened, it will last for years, and you are not under the necessity of moving about so often. And then a family is always hailed with pleasure in the mountains; it brightens the miner's heart, and makes him think the world is not so desolate, after all; it calls to mind other days, when he was gathered with loved ones around the domestic fireside in his native land. Had we plenty of ladies here, our winters would not appear so long, and time would fly swiftly away, while wealth was crowning our labors. I hope we shall have many additions to our present stock, which is small, though unsurpassed in kind. God bless them—"May their shadows never grow less."

Pine Grove, Jan. 7, 1858.

Did the disconsolate and discouraged one ever stand by the sea-shore, and while listening to the hoarse-tongued waves of the foaming brine, watch a piece of driftwood floating upon its troubled and seething surface?—now within a few inches of the beach, now again borne back several yards to the surging bosom of the deep; tossed hither and thither, now forward, now backward, apparently without aim, course, or end, for hours; until, at last, some huge swelling wave heaves it high and dry upon the beach? Let that floating fragment teach thee this lesson: that, however long and uncertain apparently may be thy lot upon the sea of fortune, bye-and-bye a wave of success will land thee with thy hard-earned wealth on the peaceful shore of Home.

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THE MOTHERS OF NEW ENGLAND.

The mothers of New England!
How doth the very name
Wake up, through all the echoing heart,
As with a tongue of flame,
The voices of the buried Past—
The treasured ones of old—
As down the silent tide of time,
Above its wrecks, they're rolled.

The mothers of New England!
Who lived in days of yore,
When battle shook the startled land,
And bathed its fields in gore;
They saw the valleys and the hills
Red with their children's blood,
But shrank not, as they pledged them
To Liberty and God! [there

The mothers of New England!
Their names are garnered wide
In every land where sweeps the breeze,
Or swells the ocean tide.
Deep, deep in many an echoing heart,
Like treasured gems they lie,
Gilding with glorious beauty there
The halls of memory.

The mothers of New England!
How deep the music thrills!
The sailor sings it on the sea,
The wanderer on the hills;
The traveler in the stranger's land,
The soldier on the plain,
Starts as he hears the magic sound
Come bounding back again.

The mothers of New England!
The blessed ones of old!
They reared a noble race of sons,
In conscious manhood bold.
They taught them to defend the right,
To fear no hireling crew,
And only bow the knee to One—
The God their fathers knew!

The mothers of New England!
The name is holy there!
It mingles with the morning song,
And with the evening prayer;

It goes like sweetest incense up
Where swells the choral lays;
And thousands learn to bless their name,
And thousands speak their praise.

The mothers of New England!
They sung us to our rest,
When we were cradled in their arms,
And pillowed on their breast.
They led us all our infant days,
And watched the paths we trod;
They blessed us with their dying breath
And then arose to God!

The mothers of New England!
Their graves are scattered wide
Through every hamlet in the land,
By every mountain side.
They're watered by the summer showers,
And robed by winter snows—
Oh! hallow ye the sacred spot
On which their bones repose.

San Francisco, Jan., 1858. G. T. S.

AN UNLUCKY DAY.

BY DOINGS.

Unlucky days, who does not have them?
Who does not sometimes arise in the
morning, and, however strange it may
seem, commence with a trifling, or per-
haps serious accident; continue through-
out the day to break things, or inflict
injuries upon themselves and others;
feeling ill-tempered, cross and peevish
towards themselves, and venting their
spleen and bad humor upon unoffending
persons and things?

There are various causes assigned for
such days, by "old women," and also by
some of the opposite sex, who are doubt-
less as learned and profound as their ven-
erable authority. Such people tell us,
that "to get out of bed on the wrong side,"
or, "to put the wrong sock on first," are
among the primary incentives to an "un-
lucky day." We shall not attempt to
investigate history, for the purpose of
ascertaining how or when such valuable
and important information was first dis-

covered; but we will not deny the theory, and thereby perhaps involve ourselves in controversy. We confess to "unlucky days." We have had experience, and purpose here to detail the adventures of one such day. We are in this instance obliged to set aside the causes given as above, for the reason that the scene is in the mountains, and the time years ago, when we had no beds save mother earth, and but one possible way to get up, and that the simple and ingenious method of *unrolling*. As for socks, the kind most in vogue were those more readily removed by water, and of a material so common that a fresh pair every day was not considered at all extravagant; and besides, the rolling-up process often-times left our feet exposed, and for their better protection during the night, we usually wore our boots, as we did on this occasion.

It was yet dark when our camp was aroused, and preparations for a start commenced. We had for some days been encamped in Grass Valley, and were now to leave, intending to go up, and crossing Nelson Creek and the Middle Fork of the Feather, proceed westward. This had been determined the day previous, and in order to facilitate matters, a large quantity of bread had been made up and baked. One among our number was a Spaniard, Domingo by name; he having become dissatisfied with our company, and preferring to associate with his own countrymen, was to leave us that morning, and retrace his way back to the valleys.

I think I never felt better; in fact, we were all in good spirits; glad with the prospect of being so soon under-way, and full of bright anticipations. Breakfast was prepared, and sitting as usual in a circle, with the bread and pork in the center, we were about to "pitch in," when my boot in some unaccountable manner became entangled with the handle of the coffee-pot, and that utensil was capsized, and its contents spilled all over the table, damaging a goodly portion of our bread, and depriving us of that which the miner

ever considers his main stay in the grub line. This innocent and unintentional act upon my part, brought upon this reverential head curses without number. I meekly bore them all, for I felt very badly, and thought that for my carelessness I deserved them. Our breakfast, I assure you, was not a pleasant one. We ate and finished in silence, and as punishment for my misdemeanor, I was left to collect the culinary utensils, wash the dishes, and prepare for packing, while the others went out to find and drive up the animals. Domingo was first to return, and having fastened his blankets and other accouterments upon his saddle, touched his hat, and was in the act of saying, "Adios, senior," when I happened to notice by the fire a pan which I supposed was his; near it was a large quantity of bread, our intended supply for the day. Pointing towards the fire, I said, "Domingo, don't forget your pan." Having completed the duties assigned me, I walked off to hunt up and assist the boys. The animals were nearly packed, when Harry, our captain, said—

"Where's the bread?"

"Bread?" said I—for it just then crossed my mind that I had neglected to put it in the sack; "Down by the fire."

"Where?—I don't see it."

I looked, and sure enough it was not there.

"Domingo must have taken it," I replied.

"Impossible!" retorted Harry; "Domingo I know would not have taken it without permission. What did he say when he left?"

"Well, he didn't say much of any thing. Just as he was going, I saw his pan, and told him he had better take it; but there it is, and he has certainly taken the bread."

"You're a fool! Don't you know that 'pan' is the Spanish for bread? That's not his pan, but one I loaned him; and understanding so little of English as he does, he very naturally supposed you told him to take the bread."

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If ever a person felt cheap, I think I did then; it was one of my first lessons in Spanish, and I shall never forget it. This time, instead of curses, my ears were greeted with the loudest kind of guffaws, in which I was compelled to join; and I was notified that at the next camping there would be a nice little job for me.

One of our animals was a dark gray mule, and was called after that renowned Mexican individual, Santa Anna. He was not a large mule, but a very tough one, and could carry a good load very handsomely when he had a mind to. I don't think any harm was intended, but he often indulged in little episodes, which, however amusing they may have been to him, were to us sources of great annoyance. He doubtless considered kicking up with the hind legs, lying down and endeavoring to roll with a pack on, and a sudden halt, with a firm determination to stay there, as grand jokes, and in a mulish way enjoyed them. Somehow he had fallen to the especial protection and guidance of "Phran," "Doc.," and myself; and we three, on this day, as usual, packed and started him off. Before reaching Onion Valley, he contrived to work his pack loose six or eight times, and upon our arrival there we were not in the best of humors, for the frequent detentions had caused us to be some distance behind the remainder of our company. Growling at each other, and unitedly heaping imprecations upon Santa Anna, we endeavored to push more rapidly ahead; but Santa Anna was opposed to such proceedings, and upon the hill, going out of the valley, came to a determined stand, and refused to go further. We whipped and coaxed, and coaxed and whipped, but he would neither be persuaded or driven, and only started when the spirit moved; and then, feeling that he had made his point, he went along very well. On the apex of the hill leading to Nelson's, his pack again required fastening; and knowing that the hill was rough and steep, we

took extraordinary pains to have it well secured, and commenced the descent. We were following a trail worn on the hillside, and were winding around a spur on the very worst portion, where the track was so narrow that it appeared almost impossible for even unladen animals to pass each other, when we heard voices, and presently a pack train came in sight on their return trip. We stopped Santa Anna; to retreat was impossible, and so we stood there. The train was moving on a slow trot, and just as the head mule came up, the vaqueros gave a shout, and with a bound he dashed by, nearly knocking Santa Anna from the trail, and the others followed in quick succession. On the hindermost was attached sundry camp utensils, and on the side towards us was an old musket, with the bayonet pointing forward. When passing, the point of this instrument caught in a sack of our flour, and tore nearly if not quite half the sack away. The flour poured out and fell upon the ground, the lashings slackened, and the pack commenced to turn; with another shout, the vaqueros themselves rushed by. We did not stop to swear, nor to speak a word, but springing to the pack, caught it as it fell, and taking off piece by piece, laid it on the ground near by; then, with the most heart-rending and woe-begone expression, looked alternately at the wreck and at each other, and then, sitting upon our "plunder," laughed loud and long. It was too much. We had been cross-grained and ill-tempered since morning; we were as irritated as we possibly could be ere this last mishap befell us, and that was so bad as to border on the ridiculous, causing a reaction which made us laugh our cross-grains smooth again.

There is no such annihilator to "blue devils" as laughter; no panacea to a mind diseased like a shaking of the ribs; no better pass-word along the road of life than laughter. Would you have health, laugh; would you be happy, laugh; would you be sure of a welcome among friends, laugh. But do not laugh out of

time and place; for there are moments when the heart is full of sorrow, then laughter is a mockery, and harshly grates upon the soul.

And so we laughed our troubles all away; and, feeling bright and gay as any given number of jay-birds, gathered as much of the spilled flour as possible into an empty sack, packed Santa Anna once more, and without further accident arrived at the mouth of Nelson Creek just after noon. We found the balance of the company at dinner awaiting us, and we congratulated ourselves that the disasters of the day were over. About 2 o'clock, P. M., being refreshed and in excellent spirits, we were ready for another start.

Across the creek was a very large log. It must at some time have drifted down the stream and lodged there, for I could see nothing to indicate its having grown near where it lay. In diameter it measured nearly five feet, and some thoughtful person or persons had hewn the top down, until it presented a level surface about three and a half feet wide, making a capital bridge, across which both men and mules passed daily. Over this log our route laid; and, as a matter of course, Santa Anna led off *in the rear*. The other animals had passed over in good style, and it came to Santa Anna's turn. Cautiously he stopped upon the log, and timidly advanced to the center, where he stopped. We allowed him a moment to collect himself, and then by coaxing endeavored to urge him on; that failing, we tried driving; and then we took a hitch over his nose with the halter, hoping to lead him; but settling himself back, he converted his fore-legs into a pair of braces, and effectually thwarted our purpose. Several miners now came to our assistance, and with poles pushed behind, while we pulled in front. That was more than Santa Anna could possibly endure, and he commenced to use his hind-legs in a most fearful manner. Now, above the bridge had collected a large quantity of logs and driftwood, bark and leaves; the latter of which, being light,

floated upon the surface, causing the whole to resemble an unbroken plot of earth. Santa Anna, doubtless considering it genuine terra firma, with a sudden jerk, pulled the halter from our hands, jumped from the bridge, and disappeared. He soon came up, and then began a desperate conflict. Sometimes he had the best of it, and then the logs; and there he splashed, floundered and struggled. Santa Anna was becoming exhausted; his pack was heavy, and very inconvenient; the logs were round, strong, accustomed to the water, and had every advantage.

Miners came rushing up by dozens, bringing with them short poles and long poles, big poles and little poles, straight poles and crooked poles; and they pushed, pried, and shouted, they laughed and halloood, and some of them I think used profane language. That the logs would win seemed hardly a matter of doubt—nothing but the head of Santa Anna was to be seen. The hope we had entertained of his rescue, slight though it was, had faded quite away, when most opportunely a Mexican arrived upon the opposite bank, and with precision threw his lasso over the receding head. Eight or ten able-bodied men caught hold and hauled with the Mexican; the miners in the rear pushed, pried, and shouted; the logs gave way, and great was the triumph of Santa Anna. He was drawn upon dry land, and stripped of his burden; which, consisting of flour and pork, sustained but little damage. After indulging in several wholesale rolls, he stood up, shook himself, and nodding to his brother and sister mules, with very loud and sonorous voice remarked, "Ee-ah! ee-ah! ee-a-a-ah!" and whistled. Experience is mighty, and Santa Anna had experience.

The Middle Fork of the Feather was fordable; we crossed it, and proceeding up the hill, camped in what is now called Long Valley, without further accident. Sitting around the fire that night, we talked and laughed over the incidents of

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the day, from the capsizing of the coffee-pot to the baptism of Santa Anna, considering each as a capital joke, and worthy of being treasured up for the purpose of amusing posterity on long winter evenings, as well as to form the basis for a "yarn" to be spun about future camp-fires, but without the shadow of an idea that the details would ever appear in print.

Feeling in right good humor with myself, and with the boys, too—for they had forgotten their threat made in the morning, and Harry himself had made the bread, only asking of me to oversee the baking—I related an adventure concerning my mule experience previous to joining this company, and which I considered as first among mule stories. I never told it but exclamations of surprise and wonder interrupted me as I proceeded, and I was always rewarded in the end, by hearing it pronounced univorsally as "tough, but devilish good"; nor did I fail of applause this time. Yet I should have known better than to have told it while "Bluff" was about; for no one ever told a story in his presence, no matter how ludicrous, how pathetic, or how extravagant, but he would follow, relating one that was almost certain to knock the preceding into insignificance. He had a story for all occasions. I believe the fellow made the most of them up as he went along; and, although a true, stanch and honest friend and companion, he was in his way the most consummate liar I ever knew. When the applause over my story had subsided, I heard a short, dry cough. I knew it in an instant, and with an inaudible groan I mentally exclaimed, "This is an unlucky day!"

Taking another pull at a short, black pipe, he commenced—"Little more nor six months ago, I was down south on the Stanislaus. Mo an' some other boys had four mules. One on 'em war white, a little bigger 'n Sant' Anna here, an' the wickedest animal I ever see; he always gut ugly an' kicked jest in the wrong time. Wal, one day we was goin' long

on the side-hill, steeper nor any hill up this way: 'twas right up an' down all the time, an' the trail was blamed bad. I reckon 'twas 'bout a mile nigh perpendicular from the trail to a sort of a bench, an' 'bout nigh on to thirty foot straight down on to a flat. We was right in the roughest piece of the trail, when that blamed mule—Dick, we called him—began to kick. Presently he lost his holt, an' away he went down the hill, over, an' over, an' over. I tell you, 'twould 'a' made yor har git right up, to see that ere mule go it, over rocks an' bushes; an' oncet or twicet he struck agin the trees, but it didn't make no difference—he jest slowed roun', an' never let up till he went over the bench; an' then I sez to Bill Smart—him as I told yor fit that bar with me—sez I, Bill, he's a goner, d—n him; but grub's mighty scarce. I reckon the boys mout go on, an' you an' I'll go down an' git that plunder. So Bill, he an' I started out. We had to go nigh on to three miles round, afore we struck the spot whar the blamed mule cum down; an' then, dog on my pictor, of that ar cussid mule want browzing thar jest as nat'ral as life"—

"What! was he alive?"

"Sartin he wis. The tin pans was pretty much smashed; but Dick was jest as good as new, an' arter that, nobody ever had a better nor truer animal nor he was. An' of you ever cum across Bill Smart, he'll tell you that's so."

He told this in a manner forcible and sincere, with nothing upon his countenance to indicate the least deviation from truth, or to carry a doubt to the mind of the listener. Having finished, he relighted his pipe, and like a man fully prepared and ready to meet any emergency, blow out dense clouds of smoke. During the next half hour, not a man of us spoke a word, and then, with side-long glances at Bluff, we retired to "roll up," and end—AN UNLUCKY DAY.

Memories of an evil past bring sadness, though all else in the present be joyous.

EVENINGS WITH THE POETS.

NO. V.

PARADISE LOST.—HELL, AND THE FALLEN ANGELS.

Let captious critics assert that Paley wrote his "Reasons for Contentment" for preferment purposes; that well-written tract speaks to the heart, and it matters little for what purpose he wrote it. There is also an illustration in it which I consider particularly appropriate. He compares mankind to the audience in a theater, who, as long as the actors perform their parts properly, have their attention so taken up with the acting and the play, that they do not think for the time of the comparative respectability of pit and boxes.

Let us suppose ourselves in such a theater. Let us amplify the idea, and imagine it large enough to contain the whole human race, and that the principal characters which are about to appear on the stage are the Powers and Potentates of Heaven and Hell. "Mysteries," as they were called, of a subordinate description, have been acted for the gratification and instruction of semi-barbarous Christians, who probably would have convened in greater numbers to see a bull-fight; but the grandeur of our theme—

"That with no middle flight intends to soar,
Above the Aonian mount, while it pursues
Things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme,"

demand an audience consistent with the importance both of the play and the performers.

If the incantations of the witch of Endor could raise from the dead a prophet of the Lord, to denounce the fate of an inquisitive and impious king, the "heavenly muse" of Milton—

"That on the secret top
Of Horeb, or of Sinai, did inspire
That Shepherd, who first taught the chosen race
In the beginning how the heavens and earth
Rose out of Chaos,"

shall bring each individual, whether god, or man, or devil, to perform their several parts before us in *propria persona*. There

never was such a performance advertised for human eyes to witness.

Away with fiddling orchestras!—the poet himself conducts the music, at the grand organ of Nature; he who knows how to reach the "hidden soul," and bring out all her harmonies as he wants them. He runs his fingers across the keys, as if to ascertain that his instrument is in tune—he breathes a short prayer, not to a heathen muse, (the subject is too sacred,) but to

"The Holy Spirit, that doth prefer
Before all temples the upright heart and pure,"

he sings a few verses by way of prologue, in which he tells us the nature of the performance. There is a pause. The curtain rises, and we behold!—talk no more of theatrical scenery—awe-struck and astonished!—

"A dungeon horrible on all sides round,
As one great furnace flamed; yet from those
No light; but rather darkness visible [flames
Serves only to discover sights of woe,
Regions of sorrow, and a fiery deluge, fed
With ever-burning sulphur, unconsumed!"

The footlights have been extinguished, but through the unearthly glare of this hideous spectacle, though startling at first, we begin to contemplate the objects which it dimly discloses, with coolness and curiosity. We discover living beings "in the sulphurous canopy, afloat on the sulphurous lake—figures of gigantic proportions, unsurpassed by those of Grecian song—and chief, the Arch-Angel Satan:

"With head up-like above the wave, and eyes
That sparkling blaze; his other parts besides
Prone on the flood, extended long and large
And floating many a rood; in bulk as huge
As that sea-beast
Leviathan, which God of all his works
Created hugest which swim the ocean stream;
Which haply slumbering on the Norway foam,
The pilot of some small night-foundered skiff
Deeming some island, oft, as seamen tell,
With fixed anchor in his scaly rind,
Moors by his side under the lee, while night
Invests the sea, and wished-for morn delays."

Though vanquished, banished from Heaven, and subjected to such heart-rending punishment, his spirit is not subdued, neither is his faithful Achates, Beelzebub, at his side, whom he thus addresses:

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"Not what the potent victor in his rage
Can else inflict, do I repent, or change, [mind,
Though changed in outward lustre, that fixed
And high disdain from sense of injured merit,
That with the Mightiest raised me to contend,
And to the fierce contention brought along
Innumerable force of Spirits armed,
That dared dislike his reign, and me preferring,
His utmost power with adverse powers opposed
In dubious battle on the plains of Heaven,
And shook his throne. What! though the field
All is not lost—the unconquerable will, [be lost,
And study of revenge, immortal hate,
And courage never to submit or yield.

To bow, and sue for grace
With suppliant knee, and deify his power,
Who from the terror of this arm so late
Doubted his empire—that were low indeed!
That were an ignominy and shame beneath
This downfall!
That glory never shall his wrath, or might,
Exact from me."

Whatever doubts we may have of Satan's prudence, we cannot help admiring his magnanimous courage. It is properly appreciated by Beelzebub, who replies to him with respectful deference:

"O Prince, O chief of many throned powers,
That led the embattled Seraphim to war
Under thy conduct, and in dreadful deeds
Fearless, endangered Heaven's perpetual king,
And put to proof his high supremacy."

But it is neither time nor place for referring to past exploits, or pining over the severity of their punishment. So Satan suggests the immediate assembling together of the scattered chiefs, for the purpose of holding a general council in regard to their future proceedings:

"See'st thou yon dreary plain, forlorn and wild,
The seat of desolation, void of light,
Save what the glimmering of these vivid flames
Casts pale and dreadful? Thither let us tend
From off the tossing of these fiery waves;
There rest, if any rest can harbor there,
And reassembling our afflicted powers,
Consult how we may henceforth most offend
Our enemy, our own loss how repair,
How overcome this dire calamity,
What reinforcement we may gain from hope,
If not what resolution from despair."

They stretch out their mighty pinions.
The flames roll from their wings. They leave a hollow in the waves where their huge forms have been lying. They cleave the "dusky air." Their feet settle on the solid land—

"In hue as when the force
Of subterranean wind transports a hill
Torn from Pelorus, or the shattered side
Of thundering Etna,
And leaves a singed bottom, all involved
In stench and smoke."

Satan does not like the looks of the country; but while he mournfully contrasts it with "the blissful seats above," he meets his fate with scorn, undaunted:

"Is this the region? this the soil, the clime,
That we must change for Heaven? this mournful gloom

For that celestial light? Be it so; since he
Who now is sovereign can dispose and bid
What shall be right. Farthest from him is best.

Hail, horrors! hail,
Infernal world! and thou profoundest Hell
Receive thy new possessor.

The mind is its own place, and in itself
Can make a Heaven of Hell, a Hell of Heaven.

The Almighty hath not built
Here for his envy, will not drive us hence.
Here we may reign secure, and in my choice
To reign is worth ambition, though in Hell;
Better to reign in Hell than serve in Heaven."

We have only seen Satan grovelling on the lake, or spreading his drenched and heavy pinions in the scarcely penetrable gloom of an unnatural atmosphere, without an opportunity of examining his majestic proportions. See him now—

"His ponderous shield,
Ethereal temper, massy, large, and round,
Behind him cast; the broad circumference
Hangs on his shoulders like the moon, whose orb
Through optic glass the Tuscan artist views
At evening from the top of Fesole,
Or in Valdarno, to descry new lands,
Rivers, or mountains, on her spotty globe;
His spear, to equal which the tallest pine,
Hewn on Norwegian hills to be the mast
Of some great admiral, were but a wand."

There is nothing like it in this world, except the giants of our own California mountains, which are (to slightly alter the well-known words of Thompson, to adapt them to our purpose),

"At once the wonder, envy, and delight
Of other states and nations."

We can fancy

"The leader of those armies bright,
Which but Omnipotence none could have foiled,"

from his accouterments; but we need not. Like Saul among the Israelites, magnified a hundred times, when all were met—

"He, above the rest
In shape and gesture proudly eminent,
Stood like a tower; his form had not yet lost
All its original brightness, nor appeared
Less than archangel ruined, and the excess
Of glory obscured; as when the sun new-risen
Looks through the horizontal misty air
Shorn of his beams, or from behind the moon
In dim eclipse,

Darkened, so yet shone,
Above them all, the Arch-Angel."

He calls his warriors to the council—

"Angel-forms who lay entranced
Thick as autumnal leaves that strew the brooks
In Vallambrosa, where the Etrurian shades
High over-arched embower; or scattered sedge
Afloat, when with fierce winds Orion armed
Hath vexed the Red Sea coast, whose waves
Busiris and his Memphian chivalry, [o'erthrew
While with perfidious hatred they pursued
The sojourners of Goshen."

He summons them, stunned and stupor-
fied, and lost in amazement and terror,
as only Archangel could—

"And called so loud that all the hollow deep
Of Hell resounded. Princes, Potentates,
Warriors, the flower of heaven, once yours—now
If such astonishment as this can seize [lost,
Eternal spirits. Or have ye chosen this place
After the toil of battle to repose
Your wearied virtue, for the ease you find,
To slumber here as in the vales of Heaven?
Or in this abject posture have ye sworn
To adore the conqueror, who now beholds
Cherub and Seraph rolling in the flood
With scattered arms and ensigns, till anon
His swift pursuers from Heaven gates discern
The advantage, and descending tread us down,
Thus drooping; or with linked thunderbolts
Transfix us to the bottom of this gulph?
Awake! Arise! or be for ever fallen!"

His bitter and sarcastic words have the
desired effect:

"They heard and were abashed, and up they
sprung

Upon the wing, as men who went to watch
On duty, sleeping found by whom they dread,
Rouse and bestir themselves ere well awake—
Innumerable, as when the potent rod
Of Amran's son, in Egypt's evil day,
Waved round the coast, up-called a piteous cloud
Of locusts warping on the eastern wind,
That o'er the realm of impious Pharaoh hung
Like night, and darkened all the land of Nile.
A multitude like which the populous North
Poured never from her frozen loins to pass
Rhine or the Danube, when her barbarous sons
Came like a deluge on the South, and spread
Beneath Gibraltar to the Lybian sands.

God-like shapes and forms
Excelling human, princely dignities."

Proud of their ready obedience, Satan
unfurls his imperial ensign, and marshals
them with the stirring sounds of music
in proper file; and

"Ten thousand banners rise into the air,
With orient pearls waving."

To use the words of another poet—

"'Twere worth ten years of peaceful life,
One glance at their array."

He addresses them briefly, reminding
them that their exile had emptied Heav-

on, and that it was by no means impossi-
ble but that they might yet repossess
their native seat. He points out the ne-
cessity of caution, as they may have to
use stratagem to accomplish what they
had failed to effect by force; and men-
tions a rumor current in Heaven, that
the Omnipotent was about to create a
new world, where they might have many
opportunities of furthering their united
interest.

Meantime, Mammon and Mulciber are
not idle:

"Mammon, the least erected spirit that fell
From Heaven, (for even in Heaven his looks and
thoughts
Were always downward bent, admiring more
The riches of Heaven's pavement, trodden gold,
Than aught divine and holy, else enjoyed
In beatific vision);"

has discovered "rich diggings," the gold
of which he employs liberally in all man-
ner of ornaments for a palatial structure
befitting the princely residents of Hell,
of which Mulciber, who has been simi-
larly engaged in Heaven, is the architect.
There, Satan proclaims that the council
will be held; and thither they all wing
their way, to ascertain the result of the
debates.

"As bees
In spring-time, when the sun with Taurus rides,
Pour forth their populous youth about the hive,
In clusters; they among fresh dews and flowers
Fly to and fro, or on the smoothed plank,
The suburb of their straw-built citadel,
New-rubbed with balm, expatiate and confer
Their state affairs. So thick the airy crowd
Swarmed and were straitened; till, the signal
given,

Behold a wonder: they who now but seemed
In bigness to surpass earth's giant sons
Now less than smallest dwarfs, in narrow room
Throng numberless; like that pygmean race
Beyond the Indian mount, or fairy elves,
Whose midnight revels by a forest side,
Or fountain, some belated peasant sees,
Or dreams he sees, while overhead the moon
Sits arbitress, and nearer to the earth [dance
Wheels her pale course, they on their mirth and
Intent, with jocund music charm his ear;
At once with joy and fear his heart rebounds.
Thus incorporeal spirits to smallest forms
Reduced their shapes immense."

Except they had possessed this power
of reducing themselves within small di-
mensions, the courts of Pandemonium,

"Though like a covered field where champions
hold

Wont ride in armed, and at the Soldan's chair
Defied the best of Paynim chivalry);"

would have been incapable of containing them. They are only inferior spirits, however, who are necessitated in this manner to concentrate their giant forms.

"Far within,
And in their own dimensions like themselves,
The great Seraphic Lords and Cherubim
In close recess and secret conclave sate,
A thousand Demigods on golden seats,
Frequent and full. After short silence then,
And summons read, the great consult began."

Thus concludes the first book, and we naturally come to a pause. We have now for the first time an opportunity for reflection, which the vividness and truth-like coloring of the story, the unnatural strangeness of the scenery, and the boldness of the language, all so different from any thing to be found elsewhere, have hitherto prevented. We have been fascinated to an extent which we could not have believed possible. We are not sure that we have not been corrupted. The nursery stories about Mother Shipton, and the Catholic legends regarding Father Dunstan, we now believe alike to be mere libels. There may be nothing wrong in this; but the flights of Milton have carried us further. We feel an honest indignation rising in our breasts at the manner in which Satan has been abused, and the way in which we have heard him vilified from Protestant pulpits. From what does this proceed? Has Milton struck a chord in our bosoms which till

now sent forth no sound? "Beware!" says Fanaticism, "the heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked." Even the Scriptures say so; and there is no denying that many of our natural impulses do not prompt to virtue. But for once that we have done wrong by listening to the heart, we have done so ten times from stifling its emotions. Beattie, the Minstrel of the North, forbids us to stifle them:

"Nor be thy generous indignation checked,
Nor checked the tender tear to misery given."

But his advice never came at a more unfortunate moment. Milton has half seduced our affections to the cause of the enemy of God and man. Even gentle ladies feel indignant that one so noble should be consigned to such soul-barrowing punishment; for as Moore says, in apology for the occasional wilfulness of Nourmahal—

"Even in the tranquillest climes
Light breezes will ruffle the blossoms sometimes,"

and Scott, the poet of a more philosophical people, admits that Ellen, "the Lady of the Lake," cherished similar feelings,

"When tale of injury called forth
The indignant spirit of the North."

The matter is beyond the jurisdiction of the heart; we must rule it out of court, and leave it to be decided at the tribunal of reason. AGRICOLA.

Our Social Chair.

Did it ever occur to the reader that, however proficient any one might be in any or every department of Science, Letters, Art, History, Politics, or the thousand and one branches of general knowledge, he could not please every body? Perhaps, even, the reader may remember some portion of his experience being itself the teacher of the fact. He may be, even, as wise as the third king of Israel, as learned as Chiron, as skillful as Archimedes, as eloquent as Cicero or Demosthenes, as devoted as Leonidas, as inspired as Pindar, and withal as persuasive

in address as Prometheus, or as illustrious in all the noble qualities of true greatness as Washington—yet shall he not please everybody. And, although we write the above as a kind of proface to what is to follow, we do not wish the reader even for a moment to suppose that we claim any relationship whatever to the illustrious personages we have mentioned.

For the reader's amusement, we will present him this month with a sample or two of the correspondence we are at times receiving—and most of it, too, in the very

best of good-humor. One of our readers at Camptonville, for instance, sends us the following:

Dear Ed.—I am delighted with your excellent magazine, and the gloriously spirited and true California style in which it is conducted; still, I would suggest as an improvement that you put *all* the poetry into one number, and then I assure you I would buy the darned thing and immediately burn it! and all of the boys in our cabin would do the same.

Yours,
C.

Now, any one can see at a glance that C. has no portion of the poetic element in his composition. A few mornings afterwards, and before we had fully recovered from the laughter which the reading and remembrance of C.'s singular and good-natured suggestion had occasioned, came the following from Petaluma:

Mr. Editor.—If it would not be intruding too much upon your good-nature, or be interpreted that I wish to find fault with your pleasing and truly California magazine, I would suggest that it would gratify myself and friends, could you possibly give us a little more poetry, [!] as the sentiments there expressed make us feel nobler and better for its reading; and such is its charm, that we watch for its coming each month with impatience. You will excuse me for these suggestions; now, won't you?

LIZZIE T.

The reader will see that Lizzie T. and C. are somewhat at variance in their sentiments, so that we hope they may never become man and wife, as in that case it might take a serious turn. We, however, concluded that we might as well not expect, even though we tried, to please every one, lest it might be all "labor in vain." Another writes us:

"It would be an especial favor to your subscribers here, if you would give us more tales, especially such as ——. Do give us more tales. Every body likes tales!"

A SUBSCRIBER.

Upon the very heels of this last, and by the self-same mail, another subscriber wishes to know if we "cannot find something a little more substantial to fill the pages of your otherwise excellent magazine than such nonsense as tales!"

Some, again, want scientific or statistical articles; others don't want any of that kind, and say, "Give us something to laugh at; we have no time up here to read anything that is dry. 'Laugh and grow fat' is a good saying, and as we work hard we are poor

enough, and if that will put any flesh upon our bones, or make us feel a little jolly during our leisure hours, why, let's have it."

It would be easy to fill many pages with well-meant and mixed-up advice, similar to the above; and which, after all, would resemble the kind of weather which every one would have, could it be made purposely to suit his or her individual tastes and circumstances. Many valuable suggestions we have cheerfully adopted, and shall continue so to do, if we think they are worthy of it; and we always welcome any kindly and well-meant advice, even if we do not see fit to take it. It has ever been our desire to make the Magazine a cheerful visitor to the cabin of the miner, as well as to the parlor of the tradesman, or the drawing-room of the man of wealth.

Before the publication of this magazine was commenced, we expended many thousands of dollars, and nearly two years of time, in visiting the many singular and beautiful objects of interest from one end of California to the other, and procured over one thousand sketches and daguerreotypes of all the remarkable scenes to be found; many of which have from time to time appeared, and others will in due course follow. We mention this to show that we were in earnest to make ours a *California* magazine; and we think that there has not as yet a single illustrated article appeared in its pages, which *alone* was not well worth the twenty-five cents charged for the number.

Of course, the reader will understand that we wish to give, and do give, as great a variety and as excellent a quality of articles as we can, many of which we know the writers may never feel ashamed of; but as time and improvement roll on together, the one to assist the other, we hope that all will as now, upon the whole, be well satisfied.

The following, we think, will be a little amusing, as showing the way some folks handle an editor, and is, we suppose, a sort of retaliation for what has been some time said to some contributors; and as we have given the reader one peep into the sanctum, we will now give him another, although at first sight it may appear as though the tables were turned against us:

Quincy, Plumas Co., Jan. 14.

By my troth, Mr. Editor, one would sup-

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pose, from your strictures applied to your correspondents, that you were born in a crab-apple orchard, cradled in a vinegar-vat, and suckled on a pap compounded of gooseberries and green persimmons. Ugh! I guess you got the grapes that the fox swore were so all-firedly sour. Why don't you imbibe a quart of alkali every morning, and rid yourself of a portion of your acetic qualities? How in the name of common sense do you suppose that aspiring genius is going to have a "clean nest," so long as you clip its half-fledged wings, thereby preventing flight? T. M., for instance, whom you sardonically intimate is no wit. Now we are well satisfied that he is a real funny sort of a chap, and is fully capable of setting the world in an uproar furious, would you but give him utterance. We laughed for four hours at the immensity of the fellow's fun, and swore two more at you for not "spigoting" him, thereby drawing it out. But thus perishes genius in embryo, and humanity mourns her loss in sack-cloth and ashes.

What a mighty field of accountability an editor has to plough, to sow, to reap and mow, to thresh and winnow; and if he's not a good wind-mill, [!] he's sure to let the grain go over the sieve with the chaff and fallings. Editing a journal or magazine is like plowing in a stumpy field with a yoke of young cattle; if you are n't careful, you will learn profanity, which savors of ungodliness to those who are not acquainted with the privileges given by the New Testament [!] to California editors.

By the way, did our friend, your poetical correspondent in the October number, live after that "first kiss?" 'Twas an awful affair, that—equal to the Maelstrom; two calves at one cow are "no whar." We asked a gentleman of the "cullud pussuation," the other day, what he thought about it? to which Cuffee replied, "dat he tink de gemman's sense got head ob de reason—dat suckin' raw eggs was nuffin' to dat circumstances." When we calmly think of the affair, and the great "suck"-tion used, it draws our bowels of compassion into our throat so thoroughly, that we can taste "biled" cabbage we ate a week since. His predicament, so poetically expressed, fills our soul with poetry, and we will tell you what befell us in our family—(private, you know)—2-8 time:

Her eyes with lightning were enrich-ed,
And thunder gathered on her brow,
And into us she fiercely pitch-ed,
As I will tell you how.

She kick-ed my shins with her purty foot,
She likewise bung-ed my eye,
She tore-ed my hair by the handful out,
And I thought it was time for to die.

The above is purely classical and original.
He has poetized his joys, I my sorrows. But

don't think I wish to botanize on the graves of your correspondents, whom you have slain. No such a thing. There is an inutility in your strictures—nay, worse than inutility; for your prohibition acts on genius as a productive rather than a preventive cause, and this is why I write. The more you trample and fetter genius, the more prolific it becomes!

In my next, you will get "AN ELECTION-FERRING CAMPAIGN; or, One Week's Canvass among the 'Sovereigns'."

OLD MOUNTAINEER.

LETTER TO MINERS.—No. IV.

SAN FRANCISCO, Jan. 12, 1858.

Dear Brothers,—The Holidays are over, and I suppose that you have all resumed your work. That you have enjoyed yourselves I doubt not. I thought of you on Christmas and New Year's mornings, and in my heart wished you all a "Merry Christmas" and a "Happy New Year." I thought how much I should like to tie on my hat, and slip round from cabin to cabin, and drop a pair of nicely worked slippers in at the door, or leave some other kind of a Christmas present; just such a one as you would like—just what your own sister would give you, were you at home.

I had a turkey dinner, a happy heart, and a great deal of fun, on Christmas. In the evening we had music, songs, and a pleasant dance. In the east, I generally had my Christmas dinner in the country, at grandmother's. The ground was always covered with snow; and at evening, when Jack Frost was having every thing his own way without, we gathered round the great blazing fire, ate nuts and apples, told stories, and cracked jokes. Grandfather, who was an old Revolutionary soldier, would take me on his knee, and tell some of those Indian stories, such as you all have heard; and I would place my little hand under my head and sleep,—to dream of bows and arrows, scalps, and so forth. Then on New Year's I often enjoyed myself at a little party—that was, if Willie Walters was there. He was my beau; I used to ride down the hill near the school-house on his sled—used to write him such funny little notes, done up in a triangular shape, and on the back of it made two hearts pierced with a very badly made dart—used to stop working an example in long division, turn my slate over and mark out a card, and write on it "Mr. and

Mrs. Willie," (I never did like William—Willie was the prettiest name), "Mr. and Mrs. Willie Walters," just to see how it would look, in letters that were like what I would now call—well, I don't know what; at least it was almost as badly written as Rufus Choate's autograph. But I'm now in California, and Willie is at college in one of the Eastern States. He once wrote little brother a letter, since we came here, and closed by saying that as he (brother) could not write, perhaps Sister May would answer it for him; but May didn't take the hint—at least, she pretended she didn't.

We don't have any fine sleigh-rides here, do we? Isn't it too bad that I've grown so much that I am too large to ride down hill on a hand-sled? But never mind; when I come to see some of you away up in the snowy regions of California, we'll have a great sleigh-ride? Who knows but what I'll have one with the reader?

Dear Brother Frank,—I was going to give you a scolding—but never mind, I'll let it pass this time, (that's what my good mother sometimes says)—because you wanted me to pay a visit to your cabin, and of course I very naturally inquired where it was, and propounded a few other questions, whereupon you became a little indignant, didn't you? Why, brother, I couldn't start out and march through the northern and southern mines, and rap at every cabin door, and ask if *Brother Frank lives here?* Though I don't know but what I'd like it first-rate, if those girls I mentioned would go along; but I expect that you would have to pay the mileage. But coz., we'd be so hungry when we would have gotten to the *Franklin Cabin*. Just think of it—half a dozen hungry girls! You'd have to go out and kill a grizzly bear!—we're not afraid of well-cooked bear meat, if you'll only make us believe it's mutton, or anything else; to say nothing of good dough-nuts and ginger-bread, because some of the girls are Yankees. Why, my heart is all through the mountains, with all of my brothers; and it appears rather selfish in you to want it all to go to your cabin and remain there—don't you think so, now, Brother Frank?

On Christmas evening, when we were dancing a quadrille, Dr. A., who was my partner, said—"Don't you think Frank a

very fine young man, Miss May?"—referring to some one in the room; and I replied, "Yes." Just as I did so, I heard a loud ahem! from the other side of the room, and upon looking around I espied Billie, pretending to be unconscious of what had been said, addressing himself to a pretty black-eyed young lady. I determined to await an opportunity for *paying him back*. Every thing went on smoothly for several dances; but just as a polka was about half-finished, I observed Billie and the pretty young miss slip out on the piazza, unnoticed, as they thought, to take a moonlight promenade. I waited a few moments, and then went cautiously to the open window, and peeped. Yes, I did—I peeped out! "Luna was shedding her effulgent beams," etc., etc., and there stood the two at the end of the piazza. I just exclaimed, "Bea-u-tiful!" and ran away. They came into the room immediately; but I was then dancing a quick redowa, and looked like innocence itself. Billie suspects me, but he keeps *num*. But I must be brief.

Brothers, I wish you, every one, many, many Happy New Years.

Your affectionate SISTER MAY.

P. S.—Perhaps the reason why I did not invite Brother Frank to come and see me, was not because I thought him a "rusty old bachelor," but, on the contrary, a *very nice young man*; and if he were to come to San Francisco, he might meet some young lady who is better-looking than myself, and then—and then—but you can imagine all the rest. Sincerely yours, SISTER MAY.

A young man of our acquaintance—says the editor of *San Jose Tribune*—who has long been a candidate for matrimony, but has not yet succeeded in securing an help meet to do his cooking and his sewing, has compromised the matter lately by buying and setting up in his room a patent sewing machine. He says it is a pretty good makeshift. We do not exactly understand how it is, but we're afraid to ask any questions.

Exactly—why don't the genuine article come out, (minus the crinoline) and give gentlemen here a chance? Ladies at the east, there is only one woman to five men in California; why do you hesitate? Come with your hearts full of love and goodness, contentment and sunshine, hope and truthfulness, and within a few years our glorious

State shall be progress, as she now is every other

We have rephlet of 128 appearance, The First No J. S. Kirkpa

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State shall be as high in moral and social progress, as the most favored in the Union; as she now is the richest and the best in every other respect.

We have received from the author a pamphlet of 128 pages, somewhat singular in appearance, entitled *The Morning Star; Or, The First Notes of the Seventh Trumpet*, by J. S. Kirkpatrick.

On the outside is an engraving of a darkly dressed angel—a color somewhat unpopular and unprepossessing in its associations—holding a trumpet. The contents of the work are the author's interpretation, verse by verse, of the Book of Revelations, (excepting the last two chapters, which he has "in manuscript, and would print, but for his pecuniary embarrassment, and the high price of printing.")

The singular title suggested to us the idea of the author's engagement as a temporary or earth-angel (although we have generally been under the impression that such employment was especially reserved for those of the fair sex, who were adepts in the art,) to unlock the mysteries of that Book and proclaim them to the world; as the "First Notes" we suppose to be the contents of the pamphlet, or so much thereof as the comment of the text implies.

Be that as it may, the author is evidently a thinker, and those who feel interested in such subjects would no doubt like to see the work. We believe, however, that California has not as yet arrived at that point when religious works, for their own sake, will be extensively bought and read.

The first number of the *Pacific Medical and Surgical Journal*, published monthly in San Francisco, under the editorial charge of Drs. John B. Trask and David Wooster, is before us. It contains several able and original articles of interest to the general reader, and especially so to members of the medical profession, from Drs. Morrison, Rowell, Toland, Cooper and others, in addition to a large amount of other valuable matter.

There is a community of interest and feeling that should be cemented and cherished by the faculty, first for the general good, and next for its protection and advancement. To those who would seek to elevate the profession by intelligent communication

and inquiry, this journal will be an invaluable medium. We are pleased to see that the spirit manifest on the pages of this monthly tends much towards such a result. The illustrated article on the removal and reproduction of bones, is alone worth many times the whole year's subscription, and must suggest the desirability of diffusing information upon so important a subject as our physical organization, to all classes, and we most cordially wish it God speed.

From the January and third number of the *Atlantic Magazine*, we cannot resist the temptation to steal the following beautiful and spirited sketch of

TACKLING SHIP OFF SHORE.

The weather leech of the topsail shivers,
The bowlines strain and the lee shrouds slacken,
The braces are taut, the lithe boom quivers,
And the waves with the coming squall-cloud
blacken.

Open one point on the weather-bow
Is the light-house tall on Fire Island head;
There's a shade of doubt on the captain's brow,
And the pilot watches the heaving lead.

I stand at the wheel, and with eager eye
To sea and to sky and to shore I gaze,
Till the muttered order of "FULL AND BY!"
Is suddenly changed to "FULL FOR STAYS!"

The ship bends lower before the breeze,
As her broadside fair to the blast she lays;
And she swifter springs to the rising seas,
As the pilot calls, "STAND BY FOR STAYS!"

It is silence all, as each in his place,
With the gathered coils in his hardened hands,
By tack and bowline, by sheet and brace,
Waiting the watchword impatient stands.

And the light on Fire Island head draws near,
As, trumpet-winged, the pilot's shout
From his post on the bowsprit's heel I hear,
With the welcome call of "READY! ABOUT!"

No time to spare! It is touch and go, [DOWN!]
And the captain growls, "DOWN HELM! HARD
As my weight on the whirling spokes I throw,
While heaven grows black with the storm-
cloud's frown.

High o'er the knight-heads flies the spray,
As we meet the shock of the plunging sea;
And my shoulder stiff to the wheel I lay,
As I answer, "AYE, AYE, SIR! HA-A-R-D
A-LEE!"

With the swerving leap of a startled steed
The ship flies fast in the eye of the wind,
The dangerous shoals on the lee recede,
And the headland white we have left behind.

The topsails flutter, the jibs collapse
And belly and tag at the groaning cleats,
The spanker slats, and the mainsail flaps,
And thunders the order, "TACKS AND SHEETS!"

'Mid the rattle of blocks and the tramp of the
Hisses the rain of the rushing squall; [CREW,
The sails are aback from clew to clew, [HAUL!
And now is the moment for "MAINSAIL,

And the heavy yards like a baby's toy
 By fifty strong arms are swiftly swung;
 She holds her way, and I look with joy [flung,
 For the first white spray o'er the bulwarks
 "LET GO AND HAUL!" 'Tis the last command,
 And the head-sails fill to the blast once more;
 Astern and to leeward lies the land,
 With its breakers white on the shingly shore.
 What matters the reef, or the rain, or the squall?
 I steady the helm for the open sea;
 The first mate clamors, "BELAY THERE, ALL!"
 And the captain's breath once more comes free.
 And so off shore let the good ship fly;
 Little care I how the gusts may blow,
 In my fo'castle-bank in a jacket dry,—
 Eight bells have struck, and my watch is below.

This month we beg to apologize to our readers for the lightness of the paper we are obliged to use. It is the best to be found in the market at the present time, although plenty of the excellent quality we generally use is now upon the way, and over due at this port.

We wish we could obtain suitable paper of California manufacture; as then we should feel it a duty to give it the preference at all times.

Editor's Table.

Each month as it passes brings us some events of general interest and importance. The last is not among the least so to California. With its beginning came the President's Message; which, in addition to a distinct, moderate, and manly vindication of the interests of the Union as a whole; contains other topics of especial importance to the people on this side of the continent; and first of all in magnitude and need is the Pacific Railroad. On this the Administration unites its expressed wish with that of almost every man and woman on this western coast. United in heart, sympathy, interests, hopes, and government; until that road is constructed we are virtually separate. This our excellent President and his Cabinet most forcibly feel. Nothing is now wanting to insure its speedy commencement and completion but the action of Congress. Will the Legislature of California issue its instructions to our Senators and members of Congress to ask the attention of that body to this important want of the age, and of the Pacific coast?

The unfortunate position of our Government with the Mormons in Utah, while it is convincing evidence of a present need, will offer the most striking proof of past indifference, if not of neglect, and thus accelerate an earnestness to begin it without unnecessary delay;—especially, now public opinion will no longer brook its postponement by designing politicians, who may still seek to make party capital out of it by continued agitation.

The views of the President should be read

and treasured by all until we see and hear the "Iron Horse" puffing and snorting its own advent across the plains to the Pacific.

THE MORMON REBELLION.—Upon this subject there seems to be a diversity of opinion as to the treatment or course proper to be pursued by the Government. Nearly all are ready to admit the necessity of its immediate suppression; and yet there are not wanting those who are advocating measures that, if carried out, would tend rather to strengthen the rebellion, than to crush it.

Of this class, are those who at every opportunity are endeavoring to lead the public mind to the belief that the Mormons are the best abused, and best persecuted people, at this time, upon the face of the earth; and solely on account of their religious faith and social condition, when nothing can be further from the truth.

As a people, they have been permitted to occupy United States territory, with all their peculiar religious doctrines and social practices, undisturbed. All that the Government has ever asked of them, is obedience to the same laws that characterize the government of other Territories of the Republic.

They have never been asked, much less compelled, to abjure any portion of their strange creeds, or put away one of their many wives; and yet, as if knowing they were committing a great moral wrong, are so exceedingly sensitive, that the slightest appearance of a desire on the part of the Government to see that the laws are properly administered among them, is met a

once with persecution

As religious anomalies; practices shall be the subject of our take offered called a Mormon that then know to

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once with the hypocritical rant and cry of persecution.

As religionists, they seem to be a positive anomaly; not willing that their social practices shall be fully known or made the subject of argument or hardly comment, and take offence at nothing so quickly as to be called a Mormon or bigamist, thus indicating that there is something they themselves know to be wrong in their social condition.

You may call the first man you meet a Methodist, the next an Episcopalian, the next Baptist, and the only rejoinder you get is—"Well, what of it?" But in journeying over the plains, and while passing through Utah, you call a man a Mormon—and one who really is—and you do it at the peril of your property and even life.

But why this sensitiveness? Simply because they know that their very practices as Mormons, have sunk them low in the scale of a civilized morality; so that there is no necessity for an argument to prove their social degradation.

But not for this, have they ever been persecuted, unless calling them Mormons—just what they profess to be—is persecution.

It is evidently nothing but the fear of justice being meted out to them, in accordance with their just deserts and positive crimes, that causes them to dread the proper administration of the laws, in accordance with former precedent and usage, in other territories.

It should not require the first breath of argument to show, that such a state of things cannot be tolerated long under any government, without weakening, to some extent, the moral strength of that government.

This is now the relative position of the Mormons with the Government; one or the other—to use a homely but expressive phrase—must "weaken." Either Mormonism, with all its social horrors, and open rebellion against the Government, must be permitted to go on in all its rampancy, increasing in its strength, with the increase of its devotees, or it must be crushed out.

Nor is it enough simply, that they be permitted to leave United States territory; they must be made to feel the power of the Government they have abused and defied; and for the wrongs and crimes and treason, already perpetrated, should be taught that justice and the honor of the Nation require

something at their hands, that should stand as a precedent, a warning beacon to all future rebellionists.

FINANCIAL DAYLIGHT TO CALIFORNIA.—

From Gov. Johnson's second, and last, annual message—and we think his political enemies will do him the justice to admit that both of his annual messages have been characterized by considerable ability; but, unfortunately for himself and the State's interest, his views did not receive the respect and support of the Legislature to which they were entitled; and the result was, that in spirit as well as letter they became comparatively dead—from Gov. Johnson's message, we repeat, we learn that daylight, financially, is breaking upon California. That, we know, to those who love her, will be good news; but let us show the fact by figures.

The expenditures for 1855 were...	\$1,427,517 07
The receipts for the same period were.....	990,848 87
The excess of expenditures for that year were.....	\$436,668 20

The expenditures for 1856 were..	\$1,030,912 19
Receipts for the same year were..	886,023 48
Excess of expenditures for 1856..	\$144,888 71

And during the past year, ending the 31st of December, 1857, the receipts were.....

receipts were.....	\$1,152,234 09
The expenditures for the same period were.....	699,803 94
Excess of receipts for 1857.....	\$452,430 15

From the foregoing it will be perceived that the expenditures of the year 1857, ending with the thirty-first day of December last, were less than one-half of the expenditures for the corresponding time in the last year of the preceding administration; and the excess of receipts during the year 1857 were greater than the deficiency for the year 1855; and for the two past years the receipts have exceeded the expenditures \$307,641 44, and without resort being had to an additional tax upon the property of our citizens.

The total bonded debt of the State is \$3,900,000. Now, providing the amount collected from customs in California, before her admission into the Union, is refunded by the general government—which in all fairness it ought to be, after deducting the moneys expended for her benefit—the account would stand thus:

Total amount collected in 1848,	
1849, and 1850.....	\$2,968,788 40
Expenses during that time.....	262,268 27
Balance due California.....	\$2,705,512 13

When the sum due from the general government is paid, it will stand thus:

State Debt.....	\$3,900,000 00
From U. S. Government.....	2,705,512 13

Actual State Debt.....\$1,194,487 87

That amount of debt in a State which possesses an acknowledged taxable property already to the extent of \$140,000,000, besides sending away from eighty to one hundred millions annually, we think will show that there is nothing whatever to stand in the way of our future greatness, with all the political mismanagement for which California in the past has been proverbial—especially should her future course be that of justice, prudence, and economy.

On the eighth ult. came the inauguration of a new Governor (and of a new era, we hope) for California, when the Hon. John B. Weller was formally invested with the important duties and responsibilities of that office. His inaugural address, as "coming events cast their shadows," indicates his fu-

ture course. Firm, temperate, prudent, suggestive of watchfulness for the public good; it invited the confidence of the people, and the cooperation of both branches of the legislature to the earnest work committed to their care. We confess that we shall be much mistaken if the session just commenced, be not the brightest and most useful California has ever seen.

On the fourth day of January last, the seventh Session of the California Legislature was convened. On the morning of the eighth, we looked in upon them as they sat; and although their acts alone can tell their strength of mind, purity of motive and earnestness of purpose; yet their clear and open countenances gave us the fullest confidence in their integrity and business ability.

If wrong is done it will be because the new members are not sufficiently watchful against the influence of the designing ones, whose every thought will be to perpetuate the disgraceful practices of past legislators; but most earnestly and reverently we say may God forbid, and they prevent.

Monthly Chat,

WITH CONTRIBUTORS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

J. G.—We will most certainly do so.

Rosa L., Sonora.—Our advice would be this—*be careful.* Admiration is not love, by any means. True, it may sometimes become the index and pathway thereto, but should never be mistaken for it, or the discovery might come too late. We may admire a beautiful painting, or a fine figure, or the good and noble qualities of an individual; yet we opine that such a feeling of admiration is very far from that known as love—"the heart's elixir of life." It is better to think and judge before than after marriage.

A Vermonter.—We shall be most happy to find it a place in the magazine; but why didn't you send us your name? It puzzles us to know why men sending such articles as yours, should omit it. Neither yourself or any one else need ever think that under any circumstances the name would be made public.

Ichabod.—Send us your name and address.

G. H., Mormon Island.—Yours is received, for which we shall find a place.

C. A.—No. All foreign letters should invariably be paid in money, inasmuch as any letter not fully paid is considered and treated as wholly unpaid, according to treaty stipulations with foreign governments.

L.—Yours is not quite good enough for a corner, although a very fair beginning. Keep trying.

Sonora.—When a lady is in the case, it is O. K. we suppose, and the voice shall be listened to, providing the pieces are not too long.

***—The sketches are in process of engraving.

RECEIVED.—"Friends of my Youth"—"S. M. H."—"Where are the Forty-Niners?"—"Lights and Shadows"—"I am Coming, Dearest"—"A...., Yuba Co."—"A Memory"—and several others.

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