

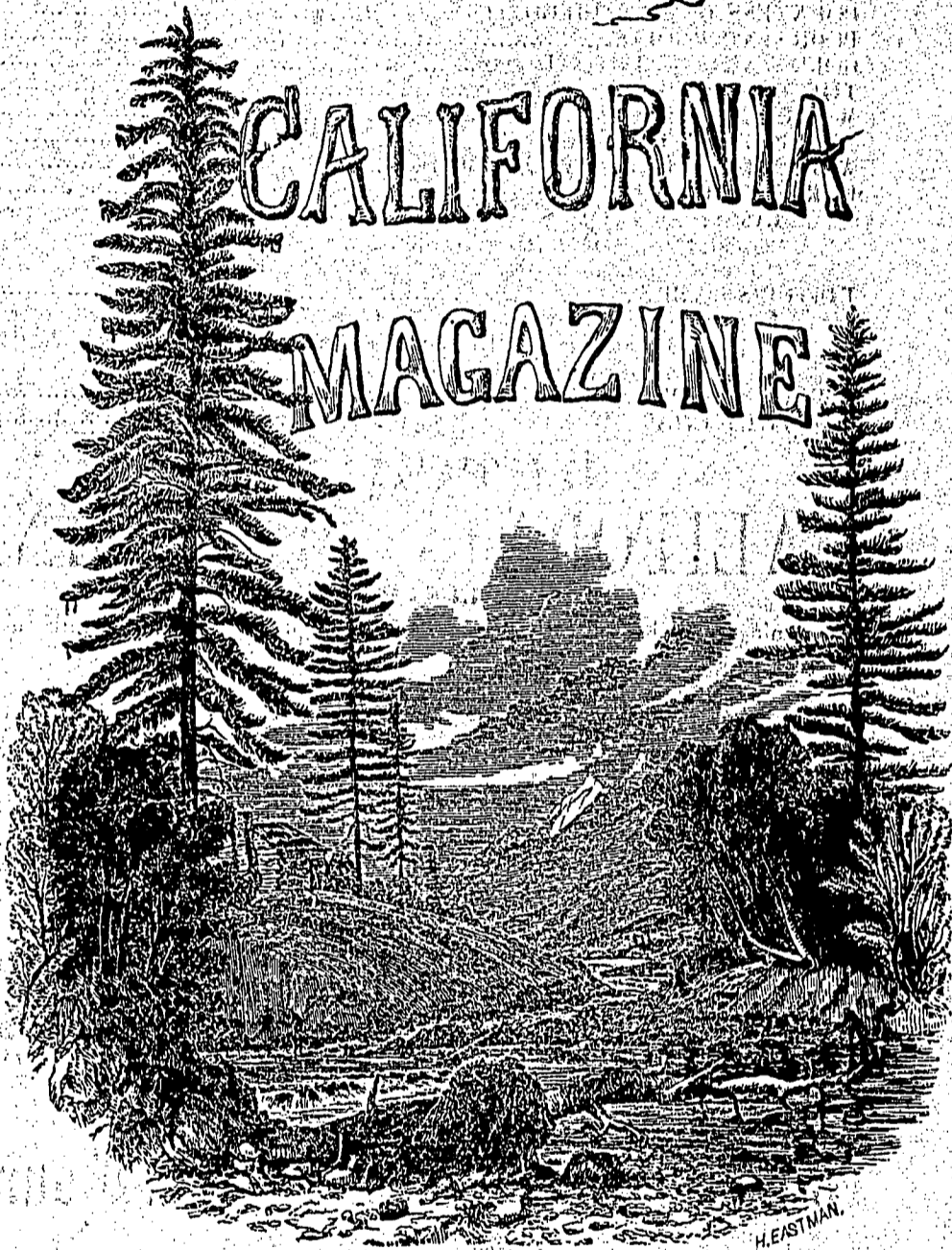
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CALIFORNIA MAGAZINE.

(ILLUSTRATED.)

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CALIFORNIA

VOL. II



A TRIP TO WALKER'S RIVER AND CARSON VALLEY

At 3 o'clock, partially drained make it more like them, we w The road from th our encampment

HUTCHINGS' CALIFORNIA MAGAZINE.

VOL. II. JUNE, 1858. No. 12.



FARM HOUSE IN CARSON VALLEY. SCENE NEAR GENOA.

A TRIP TO WALKER'S RIVER AND CARSON VALLEY.

BY *.*.*

(Concluded.)

At 3 o'clock, p. m., we came to a lake, partially drained by the emigrants, to make it more easily forded, and which, like them, we were compelled to ford. The road from this point to the place of our encampment three miles below, beg-

gars all description. How an emigrant train could ever get over it with their wagons, was, to us, almost a problem. In this short distance we passed the wrecks of about twenty wagons, some of them still in a tolerable state of preservation, while the bones of cattle were thickly strewn on either side; a sad memorial of the hardship of the passage. In many places, had our animals made a misstep, they would have been hurled into a yaw-

ing gulf below. I was compelled to ride from my utter inability to walk, excepting down some of the roughest descents, and then I clung to my horse with suspended breath as he clambered up the rocky steeps.

Just before sunset we descended to the river again, which was here a great deal larger than where we last crossed it, three miles above, showing that some considerable branch from the east had formed a junction with it, as we were still on the west side. On a little grassy flat, we pitched our camp, tired and exhausted, each entertaining a vague hope that we might not be obliged to retrace the road we had just passed.

We were now twelve miles from the Summit and in a somewhat milder climate, yet our cheerful fire imparted a pleasing sensation to our still shivering bodies.

Anxious to get out of this inhospitable region, we made an early start on the following morning. In the first half mile we crossed the river three times; then, for a mile, our trail was as rugged and difficult as it was the evening previous, when we descended suddenly into a large and beautiful valley, and through which wound the river, now quiet and noiseless, and we felt assured, from the appearance of the country to the north and east, that we were now out of the rugged hills, and that our road henceforward would be comparatively easy. Here we met the U. S. Surveying party of Von Schmidt, on its way to the west side of the mountains, having closed its labors for the season. This party had been running the eastern boundary line of the State, having been out since February. The party numbered some ten men and as many animals. Von Schmidt himself was not with them, he having returned by one of the southern routes.

We detained the party a few moments in making inquiries respecting the country beyond and the trail to Carson Val-

ley, but of this latter they could tell us nothing. Their last camp, from whence they started the day before, was in the vicinity of Mono Lake and distant some thirty-five miles, and on or near the extreme eastern branch of Walker's river, and we hastily came to the conclusion to follow their trail to that point. We inquired respecting the mining in that region, for just previous to our starting on our journey we had read glowing accounts of successful mining on the east fork of Walker's river, but they informed us that these reports were mere fabrications, for they had known of but one prospecting party having penetrated that section—that they "raised the color," but nothing more, and very soon left. To our inquiries respecting Indians they told us that they had seen none, excepting a small party of Monos that hovered about their last camping place, but that the evening before they saw fires, indicating that there were some around. Bidding them a hasty good morning, with an injunction to report us to our friends in Sonora and Columbia, we passed on across the river and over the low ridge to the east, and in a half hour we descended into the valley where the surveying party had camped the night previous—the smoke still curling up from their camp fire.

This little valley, or basin, was one of the few truly beautiful spots in this wild region, containing perhaps thirty or forty acres, and at the northern extremity a little miniature lake, the water cool and clear as crystal, and floating upon its surface was a little flock of ducks, which gave life to the picture. On the south and east, and rising abruptly from the little grassy meadow, were high barren peaks, while on the west was a low sandy ridge, over which lay our trail.

One mile further on and gradually descending, we came to another valley, larger but less romantic and beautiful; then the trail bore more to the east, and a little way beyond we rose a sandy ridge,

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when we overlooked still another little basin and lake quite similar to the one just described, lying a little to the left of the trail, and in the pond a flock of canvas backs, which we at once resolved to attack. Just as we came to this conclusion we descried a smoke curling up from behind a low ridge a little beyond the valley we had just crossed, and directly, a little more to the north, though at a greater distance, another and more suspicious smoke rose suddenly, leaving us no longer in doubt of our proximity to Indians. We felt thankful for so much good luck, for this was the first game of any description since that memorable duck of Strawberry Flat.

We now resumed our journey, and one mile further on we came to another lake of the same beautiful nature, but considerably larger than the last two. A large flock of ducks were occupying this also, but our efforts to get a shot were unavailing. Passing on two or three miles further we descended to a fourth and larger valley, and here we discovered in the trail fresh Indian footprints, made since the passing of the surveying party the evening previous, which fully confirmed our suspicions of their being around us, and we doubted not that even then they were watching our movements from behind some screening rock on the adjoining ridges.

About midway the valley the trail ran blind, and we spent more than an hour in searching for its place of egress, and finally struck off to the northwest, regardless of it, and about two miles further on, struck another large fork of the river coming in from the southeast, and here again found the trail. There was excellent grass on either side of the stream, and this being the first consideration in selecting a camping place, we crossed over and concluded to end this day's journey here.

The country now immediately around us began to indicate the existence of gold,

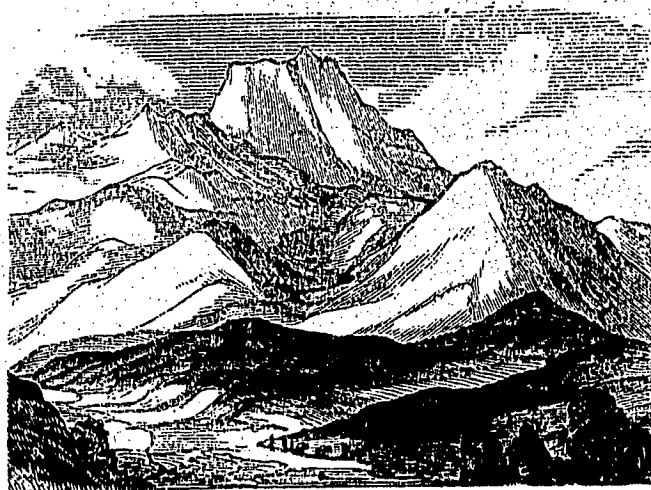
and P. resolved to make here his first prospect, and, accordingly, unbundled his pick and shovel and struck into a little bar a few yards below, and his first pan prospected a color, as did also two or three succeeding ones, but nothing more. This, however, he got in the loose gravel high up from the ledge. What a more thorough prospect might develop we are unable to say. That gold exists in this locality is certain, but we doubt if it does so to any considerable extent.

This night we used more than ordinary caution in our camping arrangements, taking our animals close in beside us and letting our fire go down early, lest it might more readily expose our position to the Indians should they entertain hostile designs towards us, but the morning found us all right, as usual. The night was cold and chilly, the white frost gathering thick on our blankets and water froze in our cups; but, nevertheless, we passed it very comfortably under the lee of the thick willows that lined the bank of the stream.

From this point we took a direction due east; saw a sandy table land a few hundred yards from our camp, and now our trail lay for a mile and a half over a sandy plain, when a slight descent brought us into a lovely little valley running east and west, at the far end of which we observed a curious mist rising, and as we entered the meadow we discovered a beautiful and limpid little streamlet silently coursing through the tall rich grass which lopped over and so nearly concealed it that we were not aware of its presence until my horse was about to stumble into it. Our trail lay along the northern margin of the valley, and as we approached its eastern end, we discovered the origin of the mist or steam. Here was a large and beautiful hot soda spring, from which flowed the stream that ran through the meadow. The spring boils up from the level ground just above a rocky point that makes out

into the valley from the low ridge on the north, making a noise like that of a boiling cauldron, and presenting a novel and beautiful appearance. Its temperature was equal to boiling water, and what appeared to us very curious, not more than twenty feet above it was another spring, though very small, the water of which was almost ice cold. The hot spring yields about forty or fifty inches

of water, and just below the rocky point it has formed a large body several feet in depth, of what appears to be decayed soda, while here the pure, fresh soda, like a heavy white frost, borders each side of the stream, and more singular than all, only four hundred yards below the spring the stream is literally alive with little fish, which we ascertained to be suckers.



VALLEY OF THE HOT SODA SPRINGS, TWO MILES EAST OF WALKER'S RIVER.

About three hundred yards below the spring the soda mound terminates abruptly, making a little fall, or rapid, over which a small portion of the stream ripples, while the main body of the water sinks a few yards above, and again gushes out at the base of the mound, forming a kind of natural bathing tub, in which we luxuriated—for it was indeed a luxury compared to any other bath. The temperature of the water here was just as high as our bodies could bear, and as we lay with the swift soft current passing over us, our heads a little elevated by making a pillow of a rock, we could gaze upon the heavy banks of snow that lay on the lofty peaks to the west, and set at naught the chilly air that wafted down from them.

The next morning we were off early. About one mile from the spring a high ridge of ragged granite, intermixed with

the conglomerate rock, intersected our trail, but through which there is a natural pass, the cliffs rising almost perpendicularly on each side, while the little space between of a few yards in width, across which lay our trail, was smooth and level and carpeted with rich grass, while underneath the cliff to the right was a little grove of a dozen poplars, making it, altogether, a romantic spot, and we named it "The Portal."

Beyond this pass we entered another valley of some three miles in length by a half mile in width, with a gentle inclination to the east, and bound on the north and south by high ridges, their bases well timbered with pine and cedar. Passing this we descended suddenly into another valley larger but less beautiful, stretching away to the south, and through which ran a beautiful stream, one of the tributaries of the middle eastern fork of Walk-

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THE PORTAL.

er's river. This valley was some six miles in length, but far less fertile than those through which we had just passed, being for the most part a barren, sandy waste, corresponding with the hills surrounding it.

Following the trail of the surveying party we passed the entire length of this valley, and down the stream for about two miles beyond, when we suddenly emerged into another valley that far excelled in extent and fertility any that we had yet seen, being, as we judged, fifteen or twenty miles in length by five or six in width, and coursing through it to the north runs the middle east fork of Walker's river. The tall rank grass, as I rode through it, reached nearly to my knees, and at a distance, as the wind waved it, it presented the appearance of a vast field of grain. To the east of the valley rose a low, barren ridge, apparently that which separated this from the extreme eastern branch of the river. We called the valley the Big Mono, from the fact of our finding here a small party of Mono Indians.

The trail for the first few miles was dim and difficult to follow, running entirely blind in some places, causing us to pick our way cautiously, but presently it became more broad and beaten, showing the recent footprints of Indians, which induced us to believe that we should come out somewhere, at least, and probably at

some large rancheria; but this mattered little to us, since it kept a course agreeable to our notions of the locality of Carson Valley. It lay through a country rough, wild and barren, with not a single valley for a distance of twenty-five miles to relieve it of its desolate appearance, yet, agreeable to our expectations of it as an Indian trail, it was comparatively easy. It crossed one deep gorge or chasm through which bubbled a limpid stream which run to the west and emptied into the river. The ground on either side, to the very brink of the chasm was nearly level, it being here a kind of table land lying between the high ridge to the right and the river low down to the left, and it seemed that the ground had some time been opened here by some terrible convulsion of nature. It was little more than an easy rifle shot across it, and yet it was not less than three hundred feet to the bed of the stream. We had to lead our animals down the zigzag trail with the greatest care, and in ascending the opposite side, I was obliged to pass my rifle to my companions and give all my attention to the guiding and clinging to my horse, now swerving to one side to avoid some sharp jagged rock, then lying forward on the neck of my horse to keep my head from coming in contact with some overhanging trees, for though I was much improved in health, yet it would have been impossible for me to have

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ascended this steep on foot, and as my kind and faithful horse rose to the plain above he trembled in every limb. From this place on for five or six miles our trail was again easy, when the ridge over which it lay terminated abruptly in a rugged granite range which stretched across the country from east to west, and pitching to the north, and here again, for a short distance, we found a rough trail. As we turned a sharp point of rock an extensive valley suddenly burst in view far down below, but apparently within an hour's travel, and though it was now only about 3 o'clock, yet it was near sunset ere we fairly struck into it, and descending rapidly all the while. Such is the delusion of vision in this region. Distances that seemed only three or four miles generally proved to be twice and even thrice that number.

We designated this the Big Pyutt Valley. It is some fifteen miles in length by four in width. The main chain of the Sierras rises abruptly from the valley on the west, and near the base is sparsely covered with pine and cedar, while on the east rises a low ridge almost entirely without tree or bush, while to the south the mountains rise suddenly to a great height and are a succession of sharp peaks. The western fork of Walker's river, with all its tributaries concentrated, traverses its entire length near the base of the western ridge and passes out to the northeast. The northern portion of the valley in the immediate vicinity of the river is rich alluvial soil, but by far the greater part of it is a sandy desert.

In the afternoon I proposed to C. to take a little *pasea* down the valley, and, accordingly, we mounted our animals and



PYUTT INDIANS FISHING IN WALKER'S RIVER.

proceeded down the river about two miles, when we crossed over and came up the opposite side. As we rounded a little knoll we discovered what appeared to be nearly the entire rancheria of Indians in a bend of the river making preparations to catch fish, and we at once rode down

to witness the sport, which proved to be a novel scene. Stretching nearly across the stream was a rocky bar, over which a very little of the water rippled, while the main body of it made a sudden bend around, keeping close to the opposite bank. Just above the bar was a deep

eddy, and above this the stream was broad, shallow and rapid, and skirted on each side with a thick growth of low, withy willow. Here of this willow the Indians made a drag about two feet in diameter and in length sufficient to reach across the stream. On the bar they had built a slight wall of the small rock in the form of a half circle, at the lower side of which was a willow fish-trap, the water being only a few inches or a foot deep inside the circle. When all was ready they swung the drag out across the stream and let it sweep down to the eddy when they all gathered in above it and keeping it near the bottom swept it through to the shallow bar, bringing the two ends to join the wall, when they had all the fish "corraled" within the circle, then pressing their knees upon the drag to keep it firmly to the bottom, they commenced the exciting sport of pulling out the fish, which as a matter of course endeavored to find a place of egress at the upper side. The suckers, which constituted a greater portion of the fish, were easily taken in this way; but the trout, more wily, slipped lightly over the drag and away up stream again. The scene they presented as they knelt over the drag, men and squaws, old and young mixed up indiscriminately, and carried the fish to their mouths as they caught them to bite their heads, frequently holding them in their teeth for some minutes, the poor suckers twisting themselves spasmodically in their death agonies, was truly ludicrous and amusing. A few of the fish entered the trap, and at the last, one big fellow seemed to have got an idea of the danger that awaited him on either hand, and slipped about in the centre of the pool, foiling for a long time all their efforts to catch him, they in the meantime getting highly excited, but finally a squaw pounced upon him and held him up in triumph.

These Indians were of the Pyutt tribe, and this range of country was evidently

their summer hunting ground. They were very friendly, but a little shy, and the information that we desired respecting the locality of Carson Valley they would not or could not give us.

The next morning we made an early start. We had discovered the emigrant trail on the west side of the river, and crossed over immediately at our camp. It was rather a cool, frosty morning, and none of us relished the idea of wading the stream; so we spliced two of our trail ropes, and attaching one end to the neck of the little mustang, C. rode her over, then P. hauled her back, by which means he too got over with dry feet; but Judge becoming a little impatient at the time which this course occupied, pulled off his boots, and rolling up his pants, started across on his own hook, with his boots slung over his shoulder and the shovel for a staff, presenting a very apt illustration of Pilgrim's Progress.

We soon came to where the valley narrowed up and the river made out to the east, our trail now lying along its bank, occasionally bearing out over the little rolling knolls to the right. An hour's travel brought us to where the river made into a wild gorge, the hills rising abruptly on either side, and here we halted for a few minutes to water our animals and rest our own weary limbs. We felt the importance of getting through this pass before nightfall, knowing that our safety for that night depended upon our camping in an advantageous position, and we very soon pushed on again. The trail entered the gorge, and in the next mile and a half crossed the river four times; and here along the banks of the stream was growing in considerable numbers the tree known as the Balm of Gilead—a fact that we consider worthy of mention.

The valley that we were now entering was after the style of the last, being, for the most part, a sandy waste, and skirted on the east by a range of barren hills.

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The river, after making into it, turns suddenly and runs north about four or five miles, and then takes a course directly east and passes out through the ridge. The trail, after leaving our camp, for a mile was broad and well defined, and then made into a grassy bottom, where all traces of it were obliterated. We searched a while for it and then halted for a consultation. To the north we observed a low pass in the mountain, and we judged the trail must pass out there, and we accordingly crossed the river and struck out for it.

Keeping down the river for about a mile and a half we struck a broad Indian trail bearing off to the northeast, and at once resolved to pursue it. An hour's

travel brought us on to the ridge, when we entered the gap into which it made, and then descended rapidly down a rocky gorge, and in a half hour more emerged into another extensive valley, which we called the Pyutt Desert, and through which coursed Walker's river, with all its tributaries concentrated.

Being now all anxious to return to our respective homes, and feeling also the necessity of "hurrying up" on account of the shabby condition of our purses, we determined, as the sun was yet near two hours high, to prosecute our journey a little further still, and accordingly started on again, accompanied by one of the guides, who now took it on foot, leaving his pony with his companion. We pro-



FORDING WALKER'S RIVER.

ceeded up the river a short distance and crossed over to the north side and very soon struck into the emigrant road, that great highway between the Mississippi and the broad Pacific. We passed on about five miles and camped just at sunset on the bend of the river, and in close proximity to a small party of emigrants.

We started the next morning at an early hour and at noon arrived at the trading post, a little bush concern, the proprietor's stock of trading material consisting of a very few drygoods and a good deal of whisky. Here we got some butter to go with our bread, making us what we then termed an excellent din-

nor, which having dispatched, we then proceeded to dress up our Indian guide.

This night we reached Gold Cañon, crossed the river and camped on the opposite side in order to find grass for our animals. At this place we found about twenty American miners and some forty or fifty Chinese, and from the man who kept the little trading post here we learned that the diggings prospected well, and that a company of men were about conducting water in by a ditch about four or five miles long. From where we first struck the road to this place it had kept along the bank of the river, which was skirted by thrifty cottonwoods; but

from here on to Eagle Valley, it lay across what is termed the Nine Mile Desert, when it again struck the river, and then again bore off across a rolling country and came into Carson Valley at Silver Creek, leaving Eagle Valley to the northwest.

We had been told that the Mormons were in encampment at Eagle Valley just preparatory to their exodus, and C. and myself rode around to look at them, while Judge and P. took the direct road to Carson Valley. We saw probably a hundred wagons drawn up in a half circle, and in an enclosed field, containing many hundred acres, were several hundred head of mules and horses, while the saints themselves were loitering idly about, evidently ready to move at a day's notice. Having satisfied our curiosity we put our horses into a smart gallop across the rolling sandy plain to the south, in order to come up with our companions, for we had traveled out of our direct course some four or five miles, and in a half hour came into Carson Valley at Silver Creek, and again joining our companions pushed on to Genoa, better known, however, as the Mormon Station, where we arrived a little before night, and adding a little to our stock of provisions—or rather to our stock of flour, for a few pounds of that article constituted all we had—we moved on two miles further, and camped near a farm-house.

Genoa is a little village containing, in all, about twenty-five buildings, among which there is one store, one hotel, a billiard saloon and blacksmith shop, and it presented, at this time, a very lively appearance, from the fact probably of the great number of emigrants that were recruiting in the valley. Its location is pleasant and romantic withal, for it stands upon a little slope at the very base of the mountains, which rise abruptly from the valley to a great elevation, the northern sides of their bold sharp peaks still glistening with snow.

It commands a view of almost the entire valley, which is here some fifteen miles broad, and is shut in on the east by a lower range of mountains and the prospect is really beautiful, for the serpentine course of Carson river can be traced by the willows that border its either bank, while thousands of cattle may be seen scattered over its entire surface. Altogether, it is a pleasant place.

We next came to Carson Cañon, entered it and camped on a little flat about a mile from its mouth, in company with five emigrants, with whom we had traveled most of the day. This cañon, through which Carson river leaps and foams, is a wild rocky gorge, six miles in length, and opens into Hope Valley, when the road forks—that to the right leading to Placerville, and the left to Murphy's, by the Big Tree Grove. The next day we passed through the cañon, and taking the Big Tree road, accompanied by several emigrants, we camped that night one mile to the west of the Summit. The road thus far from the cañon far exceeded in excellence all that we had previously anticipated of it, presenting a strange contrast with that over which we passed in our outward journey, and which, we will venture to assert, will hold true also in regard to any other road over the Sierra Nevadas, and we predict that when its superior excellence is more generally known, almost the entire overland emigration to our State will pass over this road, notwithstanding the powerful influence that is constantly kept at work in Carson Valley by the people of the northern districts to turn the emigration that way. We amused ourselves somewhat while passing through the valley in testing the truthfulness of this northern influence, for our companion C. had twice passed over both the Placerville and Big Tree roads, and mixed up as we were with the emigrants, and presenting an exterior, from our long journey, essentially the same, to our inquiries

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we received the same recommendations of the northern routes, and the same derogatory opinions of the Big Tree road that was dealt out to the luckless emigrant.

The next morning we rose from our blankets at an earlier hour than usual, from the fact of our suffering somewhat with cold. As we gathered around our cheerful fire it occurred to us that this was the Sabbath, and as the sun shot in upon us his genial rays through the tall junipers that grow on either hand, we felt, standing as we were almost on the very summit of the "snowy mountains," with the broad view of the receding hills, even to the valley of the San Joaquin, before us, a thrill of devotion and a higher conception of Him who teacheth us wisdom in the simplest of His works, and speaketh to us in the thunder of the elements.

Passing on over a road equally as easy as that from the Cañon to the Summit, we camped at night within three miles of the Big Tree Grove. The next morning, having resolved to take breakfast at the Big Tree, we started unusually early, and before the inmates of the Big Tree House were astir we reined our horses up before it; the thought of the excellent table that was sure to be spread before us having doubtless accelerated our steps. Ordering our meal, we occupied the intervening time in scrubbing our grim and sunburnt faces and clearing the dust from our swollen eyes.

Our breakfast over—and it took no little time to get over it, either, considering its excellence together with the length and breadth of our stomachs—we took a hasty glance at the sights—their world-wide celebrity leaving it unnecessary for us to enter into the description in regard to them. For my own part I climbed, by means of a ladder, on to the section of the tree lying near the house, rolled a game of tenpins on one of the two alleys on the log, and danced a single-handed

schöttische to music of my own making on the stump; then, jumping on my horse, galloped out into the grove and rode my horse, sitting nearly erect in my saddle, through a section of some thirty feet of one of the old fallen trees, and returning to the house we again resumed our journey, and at 1 o'clock entered Murphy's, where, to my companions, Judge and C., the journey was ended. Taking a social dinner at Sperry's excellent hotel, we separated, P. and ourself to return to our respective homes at Sonora and Columbia, where our friends met us with some doubts as to our identity, so disguised were we under our sunburnt skins and tattered habiliments; and on comparing dates we found that we had been absent twenty-seven days, and had traveled in that time four hundred and fifty miles.

Fix Your Mind.—Lay it down as a sound maxim, that nothing can be accomplished without a fixed purpose—a concentration of mind and energy. Whatever you attempt to do, whether it be the writing of an essay, or whittling of a stick, let it be done as well as you can do it. It was this habit that made Franklin, and Newton, and hundreds whose labors have been of incalculable service to mankind. Fix your mind closely on what you undertake; in no other way can you have a reasonable hope of success. An energy that dies in a day is good for nothing; an hour's fixed attention will never avail. The heavens were not measured in a day. The inventions that bless mankind were not the work of a moment's thought and investigation. A lifetime has often been given to a single object. If you, then, have a desire to bless your species, or to get to yourself a glorious name, fix your mind upon something, and let it remain fixed.

Rest satisfied with doing well, and leave others to talk of you what they please.

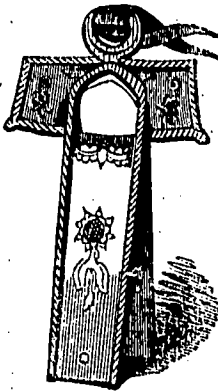
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TEHUANTEPEC,

With all its Indians, is a happy place. The *fiestas* commence in May and end in October; thus devoting one-half the year to revelry and religion in a peculiar manner. Each *barrio*, or ward, has its regular time for celebrating its *fiestas*; which continue from ten to eighteen days, until all the *barrios* are finished, numbering sixteen in all. No one who has not witnessed the scenes at these *fiestas*, can form any idea of them; my pen is incompetent to convey to the reader the ridiculous comicalities they present to the stranger who is unaccustomed to the manners of these people. Differing as they do from any other portion of Mexico, or any other portion of the known world, one is carried back in studying them, to the days anterior to the conquest, and even to the discovery of this continent, for these simple people are but little changed in their habits, their customs or their religion. Simple, and gentle in their manners, you seldom see any drunkenness or disorderly behaviour in the streets, and during my stay there of nine months, I did not see a single combat, or any person carrying arms. There are no murders or assassinations to chronicle, and if a newspaper was published there, it would present something of a contrast to a California paper in that respect. But these *fiestas* to a foreigner are a great nuisance; the constant ringing of the church bells, the eternal popping of fire-crackers, processions accompanied by horrid music on tin and brass horns, drums beating, fandangos, bull-fights, ending with horse-racing in the street; these are kept up until the whole round of *fiestas* are completed. During the whims of the *fiestas*, a *Ranchero* who had come in from the country to participate in the horse-races, attracted my attention from his singular dress, and the immense stirrups, in the shape of a cross, which nearly reached the ground. His "tout ensemble" reminded me favorably of the figures I

have seen representing Don Quixote—and his carrying an old fashioned lance completed the character. These stirrups were of Iron, weighing each twelve pounds.

It is said, when Cortez first came to Tehuantepec he ordered the natives to make him a pair of stirrups of gold, which was done, and if they were the size of the above mentioned they must have been valuable.



In the month of September I made the journey to Cerro Guingola, upon the summit of which the ruins of a once large city is situated; after engaging a guide a day or two before hand and making all necessary preparations for a three day's absence, taking Manuel, my servant boy, with me, we crossed the river early in the morning, and found my guide waiting for me, with a horse to pack our camp requisites, which consisted of a couple of hammocks, water gourds, coffee, chocolate, dried beef and tortilla, which could have been easily carried by Manuel and the guide, but I thought the horse would be required in case I should find some of the antiquities worth bringing away. A walk of about nine miles brought us to the foot of the mountain where we found an old deserted shed, under which I hung my hammock.

The morning was bright and beautiful. We were beneath the shadows of this rugged old mountain, upon whose summit and base once thronged a dense population, long since passed away. After breakfasting on broiled game, we proceeded to the gorge where we were to ascend, and proceeding a mile along the foot of the mountain, whose precipitous

sides towered above our heads, and the Tohuantepec river upon our right, my guide stopped and directed my attention through an opening in the woods to a point high up on the mountain's side. I there beheld what at first seemed to be only a pile of rocks, but upon examining them with my glass, I could see plainly that it was a wall built by the hand of man. We now followed up a ravine which led in the direction of the centre of this mountain. As we advanced, and commenced ascending this dark and gloomy gorge, our way became exceedingly difficult and dangerous—scrambling over rocks, through brush, vines, and thorns, sometimes near the edge and on the sides of awful precipices, that made me tremble to look upon. In about two hours' hard scrambling, that made the perspiration stream from me, we reached the wall that encloses the old ruins, where it crossed the gorge we had been following. It was here very solid and perfect, about thirty feet high and four feet thick, built of ledge stone. In the rainy season the torrent rushes over it here, causing a water-fall. We climbed to its summit by the aid of vines, trees and huge boulders. In every direction within this wall I found the ruins of many large and small houses, temples and broken pottery. The walls and pillars were built of ledge stone, some of which were cemented with lime and still perfect. Wherever there was a place sufficiently level, could be seen a ruin. The wall which surrounds this ancient city is said to be nine miles; they are all nearly covered by trees and creepers. The city was evidently intended as a place of security against enemies, and a more wild and inaccessible location could not be found. After scrambling about among these ruins for a mile and a half or more we at length reached the summit of the mountain, where we had a magnificent view of the surrounding country and the Pacific Ocean, distant about

twenty miles. Rocks, gorges and caves, overrun with low stunted trees, vines, cactus and thorny shrubs, gives to this mountain a savage and forbidden aspect, and indeed moving about among the ruins is attended with great labor, fatigue and danger. From the summit I could



WALL ENCLOSING AN ANCIENT CITY.

see the continuation of the wall and ruined houses and temples, raising their dark and frowning brows above the trees, as far as the eye could reach. I could only discover indications of but one street, which seems to run through the centre of the ruins. The walls of these ancient buildings were not high. Many of them are still standing. Some of the houses were large—perhaps one hundred feet square—with pillars in the centre, doubtless to support the roof. The timber used

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in their construction had long since decayed. Quarries from whence the ledge stone in building was taken, I discovered near at hand. Some of the larger houses contained small rooms, some of which were very small, measuring not more than six feet by four. The general formation of the mountain is of high granite boulders, projecting very sharply, and upon striking them with another stone, a clear ringing sound is produced, not much inferior to the best bell. The Indians with us took great delight in ringing these natural bells, and the different tones produced by them cast a spell of melancholy over the picture before us. I regret exceedingly my time was too limited to make sketches of the ruins, and to make further investigations; but our water-gourd having been drank dry, we were compelled to retrace our steps down the mountain, for the shades of evening were already upon us, and to make the descent in darkness would be impossible. After a tedious and dangerous tramp, we finally reached the plain below. As darkness set in, my guide directed me to a fine spring of water, gushing from beneath the root of a large wild fig-tree, where we encamped for the night, not a little fatigued after our toilsome day's adventure.

On October 28th, 1857, at 3 o'clock, A. M., in company with the Juez de 1st Instancia of Tehuantepec, the Pagador, an officer of the army, servants, pack animals, &c., &c., I departed from Tehuantepec for a journey across the Isthmus, the object of which was to give formal possession to certain claimants of lands situated at Boca del Monte (mouth of the woods,) lying between the rivers Morgonia, Larabia and Tortuga, and immediately upon the transit route, where the ever to be railroad is to cross, in all about fifty leagues of land. Besides our party, we were to be joined by a company of soldiers at El Barrio, who were also to play a part in the ceremony of giving

possession to the claimants of said lands. I went along that I might make hereafter a survey and map of the country for the owners. Don Juan Abendaña, a merchant and land-holder of Tehuantepec, had been soliciting me for some time to survey this land, he being part owner, and of course I was glad of the opportunity. Of this gentleman I cannot say too much in his praise. He was exceedingly kind to me, after our acquaintance,



THE WILD FIG TREE OF TEHUANTEPEC.

and I found in him a true and disinterested friend, such as it has seldom been my good fortune to know. Both Mexicans and Americans share his kindness; to know him is but to love and respect him. He is a native of "Chapas," in the southern part of Mexico, and every American who has visited or sojourned in Tehuantepec will remember Don Juan Abendaña with the kindest and best wishes, as I do. "Que Dios lo conserve mil Años."

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Our party set out in fine, buoyant spirits. Though still dark, the stars gave sufficient light to discover who were *compañero de viaje*. The *Pagador* or Pay-Master of the Troops, was agreeable; he is very dark, a real Mexican; the other I did not know, the Judge's Secretary carried his staff of office wrapped up in a silk handkerchief. We traveled along a level, but sandy road, through a forest of low trees, many of which were, at this season of the year, bare of leaves. We now left the American road, as this transit is called, and took a smaller one leading through a mountainous country. About noon we arrived at "Chuatán," where we dined, after which, we proceeded on our way by a small path or trail, which was through the mountains, and at dark arrived at a small hacienda belonging to Don Joaquín Pablo, who lives in Tehuantepec and owns a sugar mill and hacienda, called "Santa Cruz," near by. The road was mountainous and bad; my horse fell down in passing a narrow place between precipitous sides, with scarcely room enough to pass—no harm done, however, we reached El Barío and Patapa about 2 o'clock, both of these places which are near together contain a population of 2000, mostly Indians, filthy and degraded, the houses are miserable huts, with no comfort whatever. Each place contains a church of large enough size and tolerable good appearance. We stopped at the Prefects at Patapa where we found the company of soldiers that were to accompany us, who had preceded us from Tehuantepec. There is nothing worthy of remark about these two places. I shall consequently pass on to "San Juan Gehecora," which we reached the next day after passing over the worst road I ever saw, and in many places dangerous. It was very mountainous, and in the very worst part of the road, and upon a high mountain is Gehecora, an Indian town of 5000 inhabitants who lived there when the country was first discovered by the Spaniards, and have changed but little since. A large church was commenced here, upon a very extensive plan, but was never finished. No one can tell when it was commenced, or who commenced it. The Indians here have a tradition, that Cortez had a contract from God to build it in one night, using as a cement, the white of eggs, but as he failed in his contract to finish the said church in one

night, having his contract from so high an authority, no one has dared attempt to complete what he has failed to accomplish. But I think the Padres who first came to this country from Spain compelled these poor Indians to do what work has been done on it, and before it was finished, perhaps, refused to work any more, in consequence of which, it has remained unfinished to the present day. The work that was done on it, however, was well done, and calculated to last for ages; indeed, it is stupendous. The walls are as solid as rock, and present a great contrast to the miserable huts that surround it. The size of this building is 300 feet high by 80 feet in width. The walls are built to the necessary height of brick and stone, and are ten feet thick with "Estrilos" on either side. Over the altar, the arch or roof is completed, as also, at the principal entrance. These arches are ten feet thick. The whole roof was to have been arched of the same material. Nothing remains to complete this stupendous building but the roof, and it is to be regretted that it was not finished, although such a building is of about as much benefit to these dull and uncouth savages, as a granite boulder of the same size would be. Mass is sometimes said in it by a priest who is very diminutive in person, and who is permitted to live there by special consent of the Indians of San Juan. But the natives are about as far advanced in christianity as they were at the time of the conquest. They are still idolaters; over the altar is a large wooden figure of Cortez, whom they call a Saint, and worship his image in their own peculiar way, sometimes by cutting off a turkey's head and letting the blood spill or flow upon the altar. There are many other wooden images over the altar and niches of the wall, many of them so worm eaten as to look like honey-comb wood, in which myriads of ants live. St. John the Baptist is there, with his head off, lying at the feet of Cortez, and in his head a small honey-bee (peculiar to that country,) has lived; these bees I have no doubt will ever remain sacred and free from the invading hands of the lover of the sweets of their toil. The Turkey with those people is a sacred bird, of which they have great numbers, as also mules, neither of which they will part with for love or money.

On the 30th, we continued on our journey, having been joined here by the al-

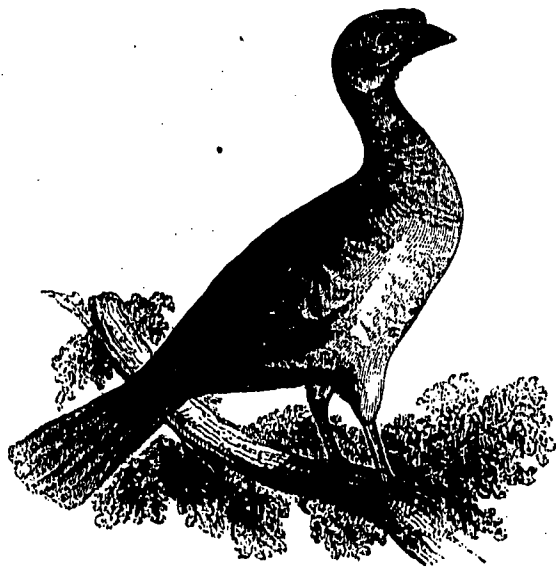
cade or chief of large retinue of carrying some over his back, a chief, who is a the denizens of are true aboriges marched on foot creased to about Juan. Those in the ceremony they were in s land, it being San Juan Gehecora Ind Gehecora Ind sensive but ind vate large qu sugar, of which pec and other is gloomy and the dreary abo ed for their h for ages unch that cheerful which is so Tehuantepec cheerful and attributed to tains in wh

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cade or chief of these Indians with a large retinue of his own people, each one carrying something in a net swinging over his back, and all on foot except their chief, who is also an Indian; in fact all the denizens of this interesting country are true aborigines. The soldiers also marched on foot. Our number was increased to about eighty persons at San Juan. These Indians were to be a party in the ceremony of giving possession, as they were in some way interested in the land, it being a part of the district of San Juan Gehecora. The San Juan Gehecora Indians are an ignorant, inoffensive but industrious race; they cultivate large quantities of corn, rice and sugar, of which they supply Tehuantepec and other places. Their appearance is gloomy and wild, corresponding with the dreary abode which they have selected for their home, where they have lived for ages unchanged. We see none of that cheerfulness, even in their children which is so manifest in the Zapotaco or Tehuantepec Indians, who are always cheerful and happy. But this may be attributed to the gloomy forest and mountains in which they live, the deep and

dark ravines, the rushing torrents, and above all the almost constant obscurity of the sun, and the interminable rains. On we floundered, and slid through narrow defiles, down steep hills, over torrents, up to belly in mud, then sliding over smooth rocks, through places so narrow, our mules could scarcely move; along the sides of terrible precipices, that I dare not look down for fear of dizziness. Those on foot preceded us, as they could travel faster than we could on our animals. I sometimes envied them their pedestrian comforts, and were it not for the mud, I would gladly have exchanged situations, for I must confess, that at every step of the horse, I expected he would fall down some steep place.

We at length got through, and down into the plains of the Mogonia, where our trail intercepted the road which is to be the transit route. We were here joined by another party, Mr. Lefont a Frenchman, and a German, with the servants etc. We soon arrived at an open space near the Mogonia river, which was the first point where the possession was to be given. The grass was cleared away by the Indians with their machetes,



THE "PARA" OF TEHUANTEPEC.

and our little Judge taking his staff of office from his secretary, proceeded to give possession to the claimants, in the following manner: Placing his stick in the cleared place, he took the hands of those who were to receive the land, throwing up some of the earth in the air, led

them around the stick, read aloud from a paper the boundaries of said land, No. of Leagues, &c., and possession was given at No. 1. After these proceedings, we continued on the transit road, which was here only a small trail, crossed the Mogonia, which was fordable, and a quarter of

a mile farther brought us to Mr. York's place. Mr. York is a young man, who has just finished his education in Paris, and who has settled in this wild country as a Pioneer, he has commenced improving his ranch; intends cultivating sugar, &c., and should the Railroad ever be completed, his place will be valuable, should he survive the mosquitoes and

sand flies, which are very numerous and annoying in this part of the Isthmus. We then proceeded to the "Boca del Monte;" the country here which is called the Sarabia plains, situated between the Mogonia and Sarabia rivers, is a rolling prairie land, not unlike the lands of the Western States. After erecting a high cross at Boca del Monte, we broke



VIEW FROM TEHUANTEPEC CITY, LOOKING WEST.

up camp early in the morning and proceeded four miles over a beautiful prairie country, to Sarabia river, which we crossed by swimming our horses and the aid of a canoe; here another possession was given, in the same manner as the first, but to different parties; after this we continued on, over a beautiful prairie country, and in about a mile and a-half, arrived at another Pioneer's ranch, a Mr. Sanderson, who had built himself a tolerable mud house, with thatched roof, but no doors. Taking possession of the land, we breakfasted with Mr. Sanderson, got a few bottles of very bad American whiskey, and proceeding on our journey, over the beautiful country, we reached the Rio Tortuga, upon the banks of which we encamped, in the woods, which are here very dark and impenetrable, except by the aid of a machate. For a wonder, it did not rain, and there were no mosquitoes. Mr. Lafont shot some rare and beautiful birds, among which, was the King, or Mexican Vulture, the most beautiful of its species, also, a Black Curasaw, or Craxas, called here, "Para," about the size of a Turkey. I saw numbers of rare, and pretty birds, altogether new to me; we also saw a couple of deer bounding over the prairie,

heard monkeys in the woods, and many other objects of natural history, that interested me. I caught a fine cat-fish out of the Tortuga, off of which we made a scanty meal, for he it remembered our party had not provided themselves with any provisions, many of us in consequence went hungry. Here, another ceremony of giving possession was performed, and cutting a huge cross upon a tree to mark the spot, we took up our return march, this being the extreme north boundary of the land. We returned to San Juan Gehecora by a different route, thence to El Bario, where we rested a day, when the judge finished the formalities of giving possession, by making out and signing the deeds.

Having again recovered my health, I had a longing desire to make farther explorations of this interesting and primitive country; but the next time, my explorations will be by water, along the sea coast, north of this place, in a canoe, or bongo. And thus I take my leave, until I again have an opportunity of sending you a letter.

Come gentle wave of the Tropic sea,
And breezes fair from the fragrant land,
Thy murmurings are ever sweet to me,
Breaking on the distant strand. G.

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SONG.

BY W. H. D.

I.
 We met in the gay halls of pleasure,
 We revelled and danced with the throng;
 We listened to music's sweet measure,
 To wit, jest and laughter and song,
 'Till night with its honied sweets laden
 Glided swiftly away into morn,
 When I said to a beautiful maiden,
 "Shall I wait on thee home ere the dawn?"
 Then we soon bid adieu to the pleasure,
 The revel, the dance and the song;
 But our hearts began beating a measure
 More joyful than that of the throng.

II.
 'Twas in the small hours of the morning,
 The starlight beamed down from the sky,
 With flashes of beauty adorning,
 The heaven around us so nigh;
 We wandered amid the green bowers,
 And under the wide-spreading trees,
 Where the odors of early spring flowers,
 Arose on the dew-laden breeze;
 Two hearts were still beating one meas-
 Two foot-falls were blending in one; [ure,
 And all thought of the receding pleasure
 Was lost in the new one begun.

III.
 We lingered among those green bowers,
 We reclined on a moss-covered seat,
 Where the fragrance of love's Eden flow-
 Arose from the earth at our feet; [ers,
 The moon through the tree tops then
 We welcomed its love-laden light, [peering,
 For we knew that no mortal appearing,
 Would poison our dream of delight; [ure,
 Our hearts were still beating one meas-
 Our souls, they were blending in one,
 The world held for us but one treasure,
 And that our hearts surely had won.

IV.
 Our voices grew gentle and tender,
 And few were the words that we spoke,
 To one shrine did our hearts then surren-
 While tremulous whisperings broke, [der,
 From lips that were laden with kisses,
 From lips that were destined to meet,
 And joy in those rapturous blisses,
 That only love's votaries greet; [measure,
 Then our hearts quickly throbbled to one
 Our souls they had blended in one, [ure,
 This earth held for each but one treas-
 Each heart that dear treasure had won.

THE COUNTESS OF SAN DIEGO;
OR, THE BISHOP'S BLESSING.

BY CLOE.

Her youth and beauty their admira-
 tion, her superior intellect their highest
 respect, Ella went on deck to bid good-
 bye to all her friends, and to thank them
 for their kindness and sympathy. Her
 eyes were filled with tears as she beheld
 the warm feelings of the many who were
 pressing around her to say good-bye.
 She had been the recipient of so much
 kindness on board the Queen Ann, that
 it filled her heart with sadness to leave.
 Ben approached her and extended his
 hand; his form quivered; a tear stood in

his eye as the words good-bye fell from
 his lips. Ella looked at his manly face;
 she remembered her obligations to him
 in saving her life. Words were denied
 her as she warmly grasped his hand.
 Jack now came forward with a good-
 natured smile:

"Why, what are you all crying about?
 even the Admiral's eyes look wet. Good-
 bye, young lady, and remember Jack as
 a friend."

"Yes, while I live," sobbed Ella, "I
 will remember you and Ben with grati-
 tude."

Here the Admiral took Ella's arm and
 conducted her to his sister's residence.
 Lady Dunbar received her with marked

kindness. She was the Admiral's only sister. Although past forty, the traces of beauty were still plainly visible. An expression of care and unhealed sorrow left its course on her benevolent brow. Her eyes filled with tears as her brother repeated to her all he knew of Ella's singular history.

"In your loneliness, dear sister, you will find in her a sympathizing friend. I hope she will compensate you for all the kindness it will be necessary to show a friendless girl."

The Admiral's brief stay at home was in consequence of being ordered to America with Packenham. Lady Dunbar saw her brother depart with feelings of deepest regret; it seemed to open afresh a wound but partially healed. Ella could not restrain her sympathy.

"Dear Lady Dunbar, why weep thus? you will injure yourself," said Ella, exceedingly distressed at her violent grief; "has this earth nothing bright or cheerful for you?"

"Yes, my dear, God is good and would not willingly afflict, but the flesh is weak; you will excuse me, my dear, while I retire, that I may better overcome my grief. My brother wished you to be treated as his daughter, and it is time for you to dress for dinner;" and, kissing Ella, she retired.

She was long in her room, while Ella dressed and returned to the drawing-room. While waiting for Lady Dunbar, she amused herself by playing some favorite pieces on the piano; her rich, melodious voice caught the ear of Lady Dunbar; she was perfectly charmed. Could it be Ella? She listened, still the sweet music enchained her attention.

Lady Dunbar stole in the room unobserved by Ella; tears like crystal diamonds were chasing each other down her lovely cheek. Lady Dunbar could restrain her feelings no longer; throwing her arms around Ella's neck, in the language of a fond mother she adopted her

as a daughter to her heart. After making a hasty dinner, Lady Dunbar gave Ella the following history of herself:

"My husband has been dead for fifteen years. I had a son and a daughter. My daughter married Sir James Frank. Through his cruel treatment she found relief in an early grave. My Edward, my noble Edward! could not endure the thought of the cruelties inflicted on his only sister. With these bitter feelings rankling in his heart, he met Sir James at the House of Commons. Sir James treated him with many indignities, in presence of several gentlemen. Edward resented it with much warmth at Sir James—drew his cane and struck him over the head; in a moment of passion Edward drew his sword and pierced the side of Sir James; the wound was decided to be mortal, and my Edward had to flee from his country, and I have never heard of him since." Here Lady Dunbar could go no farther; her voice choked, her tears fell freely as her head rested on Ella's bosom.

"Why feel so sadly, my dear lady? God will reward so good a mother."

She raised her head from Ella's bosom. "Your words comfort me, my child; I have trusted in God, and I will still trust in Him; for he has promised that the righteous shall not be forsaken."

"You mentioned Sir James Frank—has he a sister?" asked Ella.

"Yes, dear; she married a rich merchant from Cuba, by the name of Thompson."

"Is it possible? Dear Lady Dunbar, Mrs. Thompson is the lady that brought me up."

"Are you sure?" said Lady Dunbar.

"Yes, quite certain that she is the same. My mother died in their house."

"Well, then, things look more suspicious than ever, my dear Ella." Mrs. Thompson had some motive in view; or she would not have delivered you to those murderers. There is something wrong.

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"I shudder at the thought," said Lady Dunbar; "and the fact is, I think that family is capable of doing any deed that would advance their worldly interest."

"We will now leave Ella with her adopted mother, while we take a look at Mrs. Thompson. After seeing the murderers in possession of Ella, Mrs. Thompson felt quite relieved. She heard nothing of Tom Alavon. The deed was done, and he had left the country, was her conclusion; and satisfying the children that Ella was going to remain in Italy, she made quick preparations and sailed for Spain.

On reaching Madrid, Dr. Valette was waiting for her under the assumed name of Mr. Adair. Mrs. Thompson told the children that she and this Mr. Adair were married in Italy, and had kept it a secret, in consequence of the too recent death of their father; and also requiring them to be silent and call themselves by the name of Adair. They had no trouble in proving their identity, with the will and other letters, and also the family pictures. No one even suspected their spurious claim to the estate of San Diego.

Taking possession of the former residence of Don Desmonde, and assuming the responsibilities of the liege lord, no one was there to dispute.

Don Desmonde being a man of solitary habits, his daughter was little known. This circumstance facilitated in no small degree the success of the unworthy claimants. Don Desmonde had never returned. He was still in Mexico.

Castle San Diego was one of those magnificent Spanish buildings, standing a monument of the wealth and grandeur of this ancient family. Several crowned heads had emanated from its high walls. This castle was venerated by all classes of the Spanish people as a peculiar favor from God. Many superstitious stories were told of promises made to this family. One was, that the Castle San Diego, in giving succor to the Catholic Church

in a time of great need, had been blessed and presented with a cross—a token of the bishop's blessing and promise; that none of the house of San Diego should ever die a violent death—a promise which had been kept for more than a century.

The family burial-ground gave strong credence to the validity of the bishop's promise. In this elegant and sumptuous palace Mrs. Thompson, as the Countess of San Diego, received the homage of her Spanish subjects. Her son James, now the Count, was idolized as the head of this favored family, while Velette was content to be Mr. Adair. For a while she dazzled by the acquisition of opulence; but, alas! in spite of all her success, dark visions would flit before her imagination, and the innocent Ella would rise up before her. That superstitious promise troubled her. Perhaps Tom did not murder her, after all. Then she would try to banish such thoughts and endeavor to enjoy her ill-begotten wealth. Her children were the pictures of happiness.

Dr. Velette, or would-be Mr. Adair, passed his time in gambling and dissipation, to his perfect satisfaction. He soon became a great annoyance to his pretended wife. She began to fear him. She thought she could see feelings of hatred manifested to the young counts. Thoughts strange and dark crossed her mind.

"Yes, I must get rid of him. I believe I could be happy if Velette were dead."

No sooner had she come to this conclusion, than she made preparations to carry into effect her resolution. Being a great lover of wine, she always kept a supply for her own use. Procuring some poison, she filled a bottle with wine, and added the fatal mixture. Placing it in a closet by itself, she watched a favorable opportunity of giving him the dose. His habits had become so dissolute that she knew he was liable to be taken off at any time. Under these circumstances she knew that

there would be no suspicion excited if he were to die at any moment. She became more attentive to him, and solicited his presence in her evening amusements. He seemed to be in no mood to be sociable. The poisoned wine still remained in the closet. A gentleman called to pay her an amount of money. Taking the money, she placed it in the closet which contained the wine. Hearing the Doctor below, in an unaccustomed good humor, she hastily closed the door without locking it, and descended to the drawing-room, in hopes of decoying him to drink wine with her.

The young Count wishing some money, and knowing that his mother had just received some, went to her room, supposing her to be there; but seeing no one, and a closet door partly open, he espied the bottle of wine; he tasted and pronounced it excellent. He was delighted with its flavor. Taking the wine, he carried it to his own room, where two of his sisters soon joined him. They were not long in emptying the bottle of its contents. They soon began to feel symptoms of sickness, but unconscious of their danger, they delayed calling for assistance until the young Count fell in spasms. The mother was called, but the young Count lay in the agonies of death. The young ladies were soon similarly affected. The Doctor pronounced them poisoned. The horrid truth flashed through the mind of Mrs. Thompson. She hastened to the closet, and found that the fatal bottle had been removed. The young Count and his two sisters had fallen into the snare laid for Dr. Velette, by their own mother. No one could account for this dreadful calamity, except their mother. Everything was hung in mourning—three bodies lay in their coffins side by side.

This unusual occurrence at the house of San Diego caused superstitious people to doubt that all was right, or there was no virtue in the bishop's promise. The

Countess had still one son and daughter to build her hopes upon. This partially solaced her sufferings.

At the burial, consternation was depicted on every countenance. Three of the house of San Diego had come to an untimely end. Dissatisfaction seemed to pervade the superstitious community. Perhaps it was the curse of Desmonde upon his daughter for her disobedience in marrying against his will. This seemed to quiet, but not to satisfy the minds of the people entirely. They were the first to be deposited in the burying-ground at San Diego that had come to an untimely end. Mrs. Thompson endeavored, by dissipation, to drown the remorse of conscience that was continually praying upon her mind. Her villainy had murdered three of her own offspring.

Tortured with these reflections, we leave Dr. Velette and Mrs. Thompson and take another look after Ella.

CHAPTER V.

A year had passed since the Admiral left for America with Paekenham. Every one was in high expectation of the return of Mr. Keane and Admiral Lambert. The battle of New Orleans had been fought and lost. Paekenham, Ronie and Gibbs were the victims of that bloody battle. Lambert was spared and unhurt. Lady Dunbar rejoiced to see her worthy brother again, after so long an absence. Ella welcomed him home with a sincere affection, such as a daughter would feel. She had improved wonderfully during his absence. She was faultless in looks. The Admiral thought he never saw a more handsome young lady. Lady Dunbar was never tired of speaking of Ella's good qualities. Admiral Lambert received an invitation from an old friend, Sir Parker, to spend a few weeks with them in Scotland. They accepted the invitation, Ella accompanying them. Sir Parker received them as old friends. Lady Parker was quite charmed with

Ella's graceful appearance, and having a daughter of her own, though much younger than Ella, she was anxious that Lettie should cultivate Ella's acquaintance. She spoke freely of this to Lady Dunbar.

"Have you a good governess for your daughter?" asked Lady Dunbar.

"Yes; a lady of much experience—a Miss Summers."

"Miss Summers!" repeated Ella—"why! that was the governess' name that was at Mrs. Thompson's at the time we left for Italy. I would like to see her very much."

"Lettie, go call Miss Summers, and ask her to come down," said Lady Parker.

Miss Summers was immediately presented. Ella recognized her old teacher immediately.

"Dear Ella, is this you?" exclaimed Miss Summers; "you have grown so that I scarcely know you. Have you left Mrs. Thompson?"

"She sent me away," answered Ella; and she told all that happened to her since she had left the Thompson Mansion.

Miss Summers was quite shocked at the recital of Ella's story.

"I am confident," said Miss Summers, "that Mrs. Thompson hired those men to murder you."

"What makes you think so?" inquired the Admiral.

"My reasons are these: While I resided in the house of Mrs. Thompson, I noticed that Mrs. Thompson took great pains to keep Ella ignorant; and this is not all. She told me that Ella was of Spanish descent, and that her mother died in their house, and that she had in her possession MSS. and letters, and also family pictures in a curious ebony box. The writings were in Spanish, and she could not read them. She wished me to read them for her, but first wished me to keep it a profound secret. I would not

promise, and Mrs. Thompson dismissed me on that account. I did not read the papers, so that I am ignorant of their contents.

"Are you willing to testify to this before a court of Justice?" asked the Admiral.

"Yes," answered Miss Summers; "I am perfectly willing."

"Light begins to dawn on this subject—a deep-laid plot," continued the Admiral. "I will ferret out this thing."

All seemed interested in the singular development of coincidences.

"I soon ascertained through her agent that Mrs. Thompson was a resident of Spain."

This convinced the Admiral that she had good reasons for plotting Ella's death.

"I think it best to have this thing looked into immediately. We can all make a pleasure trip to Spain, and see if our conjectures are right."

Sir Parker and lady and Miss Summers determined to accompany them. Hasty preparations were made for the journey. Meeting Ben and Jack in London, the Admiral thought it most prudent to take them along. After a somewhat tedious voyage, they arrived in Madrid. The Admiral soon ascertained that Mrs. Thompson was in possession of Spanish property, in company with a Dr. Velette, passing himself off as Mr. Adair. The Admiral had them arrested. Much excitement prevailed in consequence of the arrest. Every possible device was resorted to by Dr. Velette and Mrs. Thompson to sustain their claim to the title of San Diego. False witnesses were lavishly paid by Mrs. Thompson. The Admiral brought in Ella as the heir to San Diego. Miss Summers' testimony was good, but not enough to establish the fact in the eyes of the Spanish Court. It was decided that, as Don Desmondo was still alive, he should decide whether the present Countess was his daughter or not. The old gentleman was still in Mexico. This

decision brought terror to the heart of Mrs. Thompson, but there was no escape. She was kept closely watched under arrest until the case should be decided. Officers were dispatched after Don Desmondo. The Admiral and party spent the interval in visiting and examining the most important places and buildings in Spain. They were detained much longer in Spain than they anticipated. They hailed the old gentleman's arrival with delight. The day at length arrived when the case should be decided. The Judge took his seat, and the venerable Desmondo was seated at his left. His tall figure, gray locks and stern countenance convinced the audience that he would not be easily deceived. Dr. Velleto was first brought before him. Taking his glasses from his side-pocket, he applied them to his eyes. A solemn silence seemed to pervade the crowd as the question was asked:

"Is this man William Adair, the man who married your daughter Ella, Desmondo?"

"He is not the man who married my daughter," answered Desmondo, firmly.

A murmur of revenge followed, and a curse was on every lip for the impostor. He was led back to prison, while Mrs. Thompson was next brought before the old gentleman. Pale and haggard, she could scarcely be recognized as Mrs. Thompson. Her veil was removed again, while Desmondo was interrogated.

"Is this your daughter, Ella Adair?"

He was positive that she was not his daughter. Mrs. Thompson fainted, and was carried back to prison.

The Admiral supported Ella as she approached her grandfather. "This is the lady who claims to be your granddaughter." The eyes of the old gentleman were fastened on her, and a strong resemblance to her mother was plainly visible.

"She is the picture of my daughter," he exclaimed, descending to where Ella

stood, and embracing her. "Is your mother dead? I had hoped to see her."

At this affecting scene, many were brought to tears. Mrs. Thompson was again called, and offered pardon, if she would confess her faults and give in her evidence of the conspiracy. Life was still sweet to this wicked woman. She made a full confession, and received pardon. Dr. Velleto was condemned and executed. Mrs. Thompson was requested to leave Spain, on peril of life.

Ella's friends took a reluctant leave for England, with many hopes and promises of meeting again. Lady Dunbar could not be prevailed upon to leave Ella. Ella rewarded Miss Summers with a handsome yearly income. The trusty Ben and Jack were retained in the young Countess' service. After Ella gained her title and possession, her grandfather soon grew tired of Spain; he longed for his wild home in Mexico. Ella saw his discontent, and determined to accompany him, to be a comfort to him in his declining years. He still held his office, and could not be prevailed upon to resign. Ella left her estates in the hands of trusty servants, and accompanied her grandfather to Mexico, taking Lady Dunbar with them. They were delighted with the city of Mexico. Don Desmondo had estates in several different localities, and in traveling from one place to another, he passed his time to his highest gratification. No expense was spared—some of his locations were a garden of Eden. He had taken great pains in the cultivation of fruits, grain and vegetables. Many half-breeds were employed in herding his numerous cattle. At one favorite place in old California, he spent a few months each year.

Lady Dunbar and Ella were soon as fond of rambling on horseback as he could wish. Ella was quite attractive, and he wished to keep her from the influence of Cupid. She had a heart, and as yet it was at ease, he wished to keep it so for

a time. He was to some of his life. Ella and fifty in company, Don the lead. Lady closely behind. ant enjoyment a beautiful place much waste, ar a wild fascina in great abund over the vines were exceeding health was ne and they enjoy place to their of rest and D to visit his thought he di in some of th he passed. bellion again was fast rip the evening California; and they herds of w They were ceeded the grapes, n plantation modious enclosed. Many su closure, f Several the encl ored the nished, pearanc pressed this, w were and G wants dence brong them. know

a time. He was now preparing for a tour to some of his locations. Lady Dunbar, Ella and fifty Mexicans, comprised the company, Don Desmonde proudly taking the lead, Lady Dunbar and Ella riding closely behind him. Four days of pleasant enjoyment brought them to a castle, a beautiful place. Ella wondered at so much waste, and yet there was about it a wild fascinating appearance. Grapes in great abundance hung in blue clusters over the vines; a fruit of which they were exceedingly fond. Lady Dunbar's health was never so good in her life,—and they enjoyed the good things of this place to their heart's content. A few days of rest and Desmonde proceeded further to visit his other locations. Desmonde thought he discovered unfriendly feelings in some of the little villas through which he passed. He was not aware that rebellion against the Spanish government was fast ripening. They arrived late in the evening at his favorite ranch in old California; everything looked prosperous and they had the pleasure of seeing many herds of wild horses, deer and antelope. They were delighted to find this place exceeded their expectations; peaches, pears, grapes, and many other fruits graced the plantation. The house was a large commodious mansion, built of unburnt brick, enclosed by a wall of the same material. Many small houses were also in the enclosure, for the accommodation of soldiers. Several beautiful live oak trees graced the enclosure, while a soft green turf covered the yard. The house was well furnished, and had a cheerful home-like appearance. Lady Dunbar and Ella expressed a wish to remain some time in this wild, fascinating retreat. Mexicans were dispatched to San Lucas for luxuries, and on their return Desmonde's present wants were supplied. A pleasant residence of three months in this little fort brought many rich Buchananians to visit them. Don Desmonde was extensively known in this quarter and was believed

to possess rich treasure, concealed in this adobe castle. This was often referred to by visitors, but as often unnoticed by Don Desmonde. Lady Dunbar and Ella were taking their accustomed walk one evening, when they espied a man riding furiously up to the house. His excited manner alarmed them.

"What can be the matter," inquired Lady Dunbar, eyeing the stranger as he continued to converse with Don Desmonde on the outside of the wall. It was evident that something unusual engaged them in conversation.

"I fear something has happened," said Ella. "Grandfather is quite excited; let us return to the house."

As they approached Don Desmonde, they discovered a change in his countenance.

"What is the matter, grandfather?"

"Don't be alarmed, child; there is singular movements in the neighborhood; there is no telling what will be the result; we may be attacked before morning."

"What shall we do?" asked Lady Dunbar.

"There is no need of so much alarm," said Desmonde, hurrying from the room and calling up all his men to prepare for an attack, should there be one. Gathering in his forces, he was surprised to find but thirty guns, while his ammunition was also limited. In this dilemma Don Desmonde was somewhat puzzled to know the best course to pursue. He could not hide his fears. Lady Dunbar and Ella watched him with anxious eye, and noticing his excitement, Ella asked in tones of despair, what they should do.

"Leave that to me, child; I have no fears of being conquered by any of them," said the old General, in a spirit of bold defiance.

The evening was now fast approaching. Desmonde called his men, gave them his particular orders, and placed sentinels in an elevated position, so that they could see if any one approached. At 7 o'clock

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the moon arose in full, shedding a soft, mellow light, almost equal to daylight. There is a splendor and magnificence in the moonlight nights of Mexico and California, unequalled in any other place in the world. Scarcely a leaf moved on the trees; every ear was open to the least sound. At length the sentinel gave the alarm.

"They are coming! We hear them! Yes, we see them! There is a thousand armed men!"

"A thousand?" repeated Don Desmonde, "there is not half that number. Call the men to station themselves near the gate." Desmonde caught a glimpse of the enemy; there was a larger number than he expected. "Don Desmonde was never conquered," said he, looking back at the pale faces of Lady Dunbar and Ella; and closing several rooms, he stood beside a chapel that contained a much venerated cross. It was of peculiar construction. It seemed an ancient relic. Lifting it from its place on the chapel he returned to where Lady Dunbar and Ella stood in dread of the approaching enemy. Holding the cross in his hand he handed it to Ella, saying, "Take this in your right hand; place this dagger in the rings; it will do for a handle: it can be elevated higher—there, that will do; now, my dear Ella, go and stand in the open gate; hold the cross so to attract the attention of the enemy—it will save us."

Ella obeyed. Gathering her white robe closely about her, her long black curls hanging floating over her white neck, she seemed an inhabitant of another world.

Taking her position in the open gate she elevated her little jeweled cross on the point of Don Desmonde's dagger. Not another human could be seen. The enemy saw her.

"What is that?" asked the leader. "Halt!"

Ella moved forward with her elevated cross. The Catholic Mexicans looked at

her as ominous of evil and refused to advance. A superstitious dread was fast freezing in their veins; they thought her a ghost; all order was forgotten, and they were fast retreating. One ruffian, not a Catholic, surprised at the absurdity of their superstitions, dismounted and approached Ella. Grasping the cross above Ella's hand, the sharp dagger cut his hand severely. The blood streamed over Ella's white dress, making her look more singular. The undaunted Ella stood firm, still holding her cross.

"D—n that cross," said the ruffian, retreating a little, and endeavoring to stop the blood that streamed from his wound. The superstitious soldiers and commanders were horror-struck—and, without striking a blow, returned to the village to ruminate on the frightful spectre that stood in their way. After discussing the matter, some of the men were not content to let Desmonde rest. Making up a company of about thirty, they returned to the charge.

Don Desmonde was now rejoicing at his victory. The gate was closed, and they had retired to a room to compliment Ella upon her fortitude and perseverance in not giving way.

A knock was heard at the gate. A servant inquired their business. They wished to remain for the night; said they were travelers.

Don Desmonde, ever hospitable, ordered their admittance. He soon had cause to regret it, for no sooner were they admitted than they commenced butchering all that came in their way. Don Desmonde soon saw that to regain order was impossible. The cries of the flying servants soon brought confusion and consternation. All was lost. Don Desmonde, quickly taking Ella, Lady Dunbar and two servants, led the way to the chapel. Lifting a little trap-door, he motioned them to enter. Snatching the cross from the servant he let the door down softly. Still they heard the shriek of the

flying servant room to another motioned the stair-way; the feeling their door. Ella, suddenly touched open and they A wax-candle rude chapel; treasure. Descended the taper he opening to another which was a key to unlock and Wasa ran the robbers and Lady Dunbar narrow passage door, she unprisoned, a large and other furious gaze.

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flying servants, as they ran from one room to another, for safety. Desmond motioned them to descend the narrow stair-way; they descended in the dark, feeling their way, and soon came to a door. Ella, feeling for an opening, accidentally touched a spring; the door flew open and they were admitted into a room. A wax-candle was dimly burning near a rude chapel; the light was a welcome treasure. Don Desmond hurriedly descended the stairs. Taking the wax-taper he opened another trap-door, leading to another passage, at the end of which was another room, giving Ella a key to unlock the other room, while he and Wasa remained to ascertain whether the robbers could intrude further. Ella and Lady Dunbar descended a long and narrow passage. At length, coming to a door, she unlocked it; here, to their surprise, a large room with seats, and beds and other furniture met their wandering gaze.

"This is a singular place, Ella," said Lady Dunbar.

They were soon aroused by a loud knocking. "Grandfather is coming," shouted Ella. "How they do hammer; I fear they will break the door down."

Don Desmond now entered with his man Wasa, and taking down a fire-board, Wasa touched the candle to some dry sticks, which made a cheerful fire.

"Will they not discover us by the fire, grandfather?" asked Ella, with much concern.

"No; we can escape through a secret flue." Crash went a door. Desmond startled; a yell of triumph was plainly heard; they soon discovered the other trap-door. It was evident the robbers would succeed in opening it. Drawing a dagger, Desmond secreted himself in a place in the wall, while he commanded Wasa to drag the robbers in the room. He took his place in a cavity in the wall, and as they advanced, one by one, his sharp dagger pierced their hearts. Wasa,

true to his master's commands, hauled them bleeding into the room. The others, unconscious of their danger, in noisy tumult pressed their way to the point of Desmond's dagger. Another and another received his death at the hands of Desmond; fifteen lay as they were dragged by Wasa on the floor. The blood ran in thick puddles over the hard cement floor. Don Desmond waited; but no more came. Desmond, faint from over-exertion, leaned on the arm of his faithful Wasa. Ella waded through the pools of blood to his assistance, to hand him a draught of wine. This revived him. The cold perspiration now covered his venerable face. Ella bathed his temples. He lay as if asleep, while Lady Dunbar and Ella sat watching him in great anxiety, lest he should die. Wasa ascended the stairs cautiously to see the state of things above. Stopping at the chapel, he listened. All was still. The sun had now risen. Not a single cloud obscured its pleasant rays. Examining the room, he saw many dead bodies in all directions, lying cold in death. All the servants that had not been killed had fled. Many of the robbers had been killed in the conflict. After a hasty examination he returned to report the issue of the fight to Desmond. As Wasa explained to them what he saw, Desmond looked up.

"Wasa," said he, "drag those men in yonder room, where more than one enemy's bones are laid."

Wasa obeyed. Opening a door to a dark square room he dragged them one by one throwing them in a promiscuous mass, sweeping the blood after them. Ella approached the door, and, looking in, she saw several skeletons. A feeling of horror crept through her veins. She still gazed on them.

"Ella," said the old man, "this is the third time that the devils have tried to rob me, and met my never-erring dagger. My treasures are still safe. They

are for you, my Ella." Here the old man's voice trembled—almost ceased. Ella sprang to his side.

"Wasa, can't you take grandfather above?" Desmond shook his head. He motioned to Ella and Lady Dunbar to follow him. Opening another side door a narrow passage led to a little door which opened to a small room, twelve feet long by six feet wide. Desmond seated himself on a singular elevation across one end of the room. As soon as he was sufficiently revived, he spoke:

"Ella, my dear, under this step is gold that I purchased from an Indian. It is in its pure state. I have vainly tried to discover where the Indian found it, but, as yet, have failed. The Indian comes only once a year; last year he failed to make his appearance; I feel that I can survive but a few days, and these are some things to tell you. In the first place, when I die, I wish to be laid in this little room, until such times as it will be prudent for you to remove my bones to Spain, and bury me in our family vault." Suddenly rising he opened a trap door to the step, requesting Lady Dunbar and Ella to look. "Did you ever see so much virgin gold?" The beautiful yellow mottle lay in little piles, all shapes and sizes, just as he had procured it of the Indian.

"Have you any idea of its value?" asked Lady Dunbar.

"Near a million. I have been buying of this Indian for near twelve years."

"Did the Indian live near here?"

"I think not. I accidentally met a party of Indians on a hunting excursion, and observed one Indian with this metal in his ears and pieces pounded flat strung around his neck. I bought several pieces, for which I gave him some clothing. I saw at once it was gold, and endeavored to find out where he procured it, but he would tell me nothing. He promised, if I would bring clothing, some guns and powder, he would procure for

me abundance of this metal. He came at a stated time once a year. Half of this gold belongs to my Sovereign, a fourth to the Church and a fourth to Ella." Shutting the door, Desmond again locked up his gold. Turning to go back to the other room, they followed him, seating himself again on his bed and taking another drink of wine, he paused; turning to Ella, he handed her a key. Wasa approached his master and prevailed on him to go up stairs, as it would be more pleasant. Desmond, with difficulty, ascended the stairs or narrow passages that led above.

Everything was in confusion; fifteen dead bodies were lying above; Desmond sent Wasa in search of help to bury the dead; after some delay Wasa found some assistance and buried the dead Mexicans. The robbers were defeated, and most of them killed. Desmond was quite sick; his strength was fast failing; the fatigue he had endured for the last two days was too much for his old age; it was evident his days were numbered; he awoke from a long sleep quite refreshed.

"Wasa, call Ella." She was soon at his side. "Ella, my time has come—I will soon die. When I die, put me in the treasure room, and fasten the door with your own hands; at some future time remove me and the treasure; I wish to lie beside your grandmother. I also wish you to go to England and remove the bones of your mother and bury them beside me. Divide the treasure as I have told you; here is my will and my wishes that I desire you to perform; you are young and inexperienced—without a protector. I received a letter from your father several years ago, which I never answered. I know your father is in the United States; he fought in the battle of New Orleans; I believe he lives in the State of Kentucky; I saw his name among the generals of Kentucky; I wish you, soon as I am dead, to return to the city of Mexico, and draw money and proceed to America, and search for your

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father; the business of your estates are in the hands of good agents; let them still retain their offices. Wasa, bring me that cross that Ella held in her hand that drove the Mexicans from their purpose." Wasa presented it to him. Desmonde took it in reverence.

"Ella," said he, "swear on this cross that you will fulfill my wishes;" he held the cross to her lips while she kissed it in consent. "Ella," said he, "this is a solemn promise you have made on this favored relic; this is the cross on which the Bishop's blessing was performed to the House of San Diego—a promise which has been kept for a century; it was this promise that saved you from the hands of those ruffian murderers."

Ella put her hand on her heart and again kissed the revered relic. Desmonde put his hand on Ella's head and blessed her, closed his eyes and fell asleep, from which he never awoke. Ella had him removed to the treasure-room, placing the little favored cross at his head, securing the door with her own hands, according to promise.

"Wasa, these underground rooms must be kept secret and sacred. I wish them to be kept shut until I return to open them and carry my grandfather to Spain. Swear to keep this promise, Wasa," said Ella.

"I swear," said Wasa, kissing a crucifix.

It was now near Christmas, and Lady Dunbar and Ella determined to return to the city of Mexico. The winter rains had already begun to fall, and mud had taken the place of dust.

Leaving the place with Wasa, Ella procured the services of a priest to accompany them, to insure safety. After a tedious journey they arrived in the city of Mexico. Evident signs of rebellion were visible in the city among the people. Ella and Lady Dunbar had already seen enough of fighting to satisfy them.

Leaving the Desmonde property in the

city of Mexico to the Bishop, Ella prepared to visit America in search of her father. After a hasty preparation they took passage for America. After a tedious voyage they landed in the city of New Orleans. Ella could scarcely suppress a tear as she gazed upon the place where her father had fought a battle with other brave generals in behalf of liberty. While ruminating over these things Lady Dunbar touched her elbow.

"So, this is New Orleans, where my noble friends Paekonham and Gibbs lost their lives; but, thank God, Lambert was spared; don't you think, dear Ella, we have much to be thankful for?"

"Yes, much; but I have gone through so many trials, lately, that I can scarcely believe in my own identity."

"No wonder, my dear, when we consider the changes that you have experienced in so short a time."

Having their rooms in a good hotel, the ladies had good opportunities to make social acquaintances. Ella's first object was to ascertain where she could find her father. To her many inquiries she could learn nothing but that General Adair was from Kentucky. Ella's anxiety to find her father made her impatient to leave New Orleans; in this Lady Dunbar shared.

(Concluded in our next.)

Now.—"Now" is the constant syllable ticking from the clock of time. "Now" is the watchword of the wise. "Now" is on the banner of the prudent. Let us keep this little word always in our mind; and whenever anything presents itself to us in the shape of work, whether mental or physical, we should do it with all our might, remembering that "now" is the only time for us. It is, indeed, a sorry way to get through the world, by putting off till to-morrow, saying, "then" I will do it. No! this will never answer. "Now" is ours; "then" may never be.

Says Longfellow: "Sunday is the golden clasp that binds together the volume of the week."

POOR AND PROUD.

Mother! I weary of toil and care,
 Say, is there never a rest for me?
 My brow is white and my hands are fair,
 I toil that others may whiter be.
 Why was I born on this beautiful earth
 Only to gather the thorn that grows?
 Why does sorrow, instead of mirth,
 Sadly her visage to me disclose?

Poor—*am* I poor? is there naught but wealth
 Worthy of striving and living for?
 I snatch pleasure only by stealth,
 Others enjoy a boundless store.
 Go to!—God never created me
 To pander to folly, or foster vice;
 My heart is as warm as others be—
 I sell it not for a paltry price.

Lie with my lips while my soul rebels?
 Stand at the altar all false and cold?
 Hear the chime of my marriage bells
 Solemnly utter sold—sold—sold?
 Nay—he has gather'd worldly pelf,
 Men will honor him by and by;
 But let him look to his inner self—
 His daily life an embodied lie!

Seeming virtue varnishes o'er
 A black and worldly heart within;
 What should I soil my white robes for?
 Gold is dross when it glosses sin.
 Nay, fair hands, lift up your white
 Tapering fingers to God, and say:
 Rather labor from morn till night,
 Flinging the bridal ring away,

Than lay yourselves in his heated palm,
 Fevered with grasping unlawful gain.
 Mother, see, I am proud and calm—
 Tell him I never will bear his name.
 Tell him that Truth, and Honor, and Right,
 Are dearer far than the gold he brings;
 Say his passion would cast a blight
 Worse than that which to Poverty clings.

Sweetly the beams of the sunshine fall
 Warming the tiles of our cottage floor,
 Coldly his shadow would strike the wall,
 Leaving darkness forever more.
 Give him again his proffered vows,

All unworthy my heart's high shrine;
 Gold is the God to whom he bows,
 Gold shall never be god of mine.

Mother, my love his wreath disdains,
 Hearts can never be bought or sold;
 Bid him go with his wicked gains—
 Wed another as rich and cold.

Poor! I am poor—from morn till night
 Sitting with Toil for my daily bread;
 Better thus in the Father's sight [head;
 Than bowing with shame my womanly
 Better to mourn under Poverty's cloud,
 Tho' our hearts rebel when the rich go by;
 Better, Oh, mother! be Poor and Proud,
 Than stand at the altar and speak a lie!

San Francisco, May, '58. H. L. NEALL.

GOLD LAKE—AN INDIAN LEGEND.

BY ALICE.

California can justly boast of as beautiful scenery as any country in the world. Switzerland, with her many crystal lakes and rugged cliffs, and her far-famed snow-wreathed Blanc, loses some attraction when viewed beside the wonders of California. Egypt will no longer be the wonder-land when they come to explore our woodland heights rearing their lofty heads heavenward till lost in the morning mist or mingle with the blue clouds that hover beneath the sunlit dome of heaven; and no portion of this, "the garden of the world," will eventually be more attractive than Gold Lake, for the many pleasing associations that cluster around it. This lake of magic beauty lies high up in the mountains, midway between Downieville and Sierra Valley. It is fed by the melting snows that cover the hoary-headed Buttes and other small mountains of minor importance. This lake is three miles long and a mile and a half wide, deep and very clear, and remarkable for its finny tribes that disport themselves in its transparent waters for the angler's jolly sport and pastime. Steep hills to the westward stand out to the water's edge as yearly sentinels, and at the low bank

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 I love his wreath disdain,
 I can never be bought or sold,
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 rather as rich and cold.
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 with Toil for my daily bread,
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 May, '58. H. L. NEALL.

AN INDIAN LEGEND.

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at the southward stands a first-class ho-
 tel, kept during the summer season by
 Mr. Coleman, who has built a sail-boat,
 which plays upon its broad still bosom
 like a thing of life, often freighted with
 the elite and beauty of the mountains,
 which make the old primitive woods re-
 sound with glee and laughter. The lake
 is the head waters of the south fork of
Rio de la Plumas, and also famous in the
 annals of California history for creating a
 great excitement and gold panic in 1850
 among the miners who flocked thither in
 hundreds, supposing the bottom to be
 entirely covered with the glittering ore,
 pearls and precious stones. Hence the
 origin of its name—Gold Lake.

There is yet another legend in the red
 man's mythology connected with this
 spot of beauty worthy of notice, which I
 learned from Hotakah, an old Pyutt
 Indian, who has been blind this many a
 year, and led about by his grandchildren;
 and the beautiful Indian girl pounding
 acorns on the hill yonder is Hotakah's
 grandchild. He has lived more than a
 century, and the pitiless storms of many
 a cold, bleak winter have beat upon his
 faded locks and unprotected head. He
 keeps the number of years he has lived
 notched upon a pine stick, which will be
 handed down from generation to genera-
 tion as an heir-loom and relic of ancient
 antiquity.

Many, many years ago the Pyutt tribe
 was a great and powerful nation, and
 ranged from Humboldt river to Honey
 Lake Valley, and far beyond it. Their
 war-horses numbered many thousands;
 their warriors were numerous, valiant
 and brave, and in all the valleys of the
 Sierras they roamed. They were young
 giants compared to the now puny, half-
 starved creatures that prowl around the
 infant settlements. No feud or animosity
 then existed between this tribe and the
 Washoe's. Each hunting ground was the
 common property of the other, and a
 friendly relation sprung up between

them. It is not to be supposed that in
 those days they had drank freely from
 the fountain of science, but they were a
 more stalwart, brave race of men, than
 the now degenerated race can ever hope
 or attain to be. This unbroken brother-
 hood and friendship remained the same
 until a singular circumstance intervened,
 which made them hostile and deadly en-
 emies forever, and which feeling will ex-
 ist until the last trace of the red man is
 obliterated by the hurrying march of civ-
 ilization.

One morning, just before the monarch
 of day had climbed up over the red bat-
 tlements of the east, a white man, pale
 and hungry-looking, came down the
 mountain side, and asked at Kaywood-
 tucks—the chief's lodge—for food. They
 gave the wanderer dried berries and roast-
 ed venison, and nursed him until he grew
 strong.

In due time he became reconciled to
 his fate; and joined in their hunting ex-
 cursions; and in a few moons learned
 their language, and readily adopted their
 crude manners and customs. Whether
 the pure Castilian or Anglo-Saxon blood
 coursed in his veins, there were no
 means of knowing, but certain it is, that
 the woods never echoed to the foot-fall of
 a white man before, and from this time,
 the Pyutts dated their misfortune; and
 the coming of the pale face was the omen
 of ill luck. Still he grew in favor as
 years advanced, and married Kaywood-
 tuck's prettiest daughter, who loved him
 with all the affection of her race, and
 soon became the mother of a little girl,
 who, as she grew older became the pet-
 ted one, and because she could dance
 with a lighter foot than any girl that
 slumbered in her father's wigwam,
 took the name of Kahlanno, (a pretty
 dancer,) and won the love of Mowatoo
 and Itochero, the latter belonging to the
 Washoe tribe, to which she showed a de-
 cided preference. Her mother and the
 rest of her people disapproved of her

choice and preferred Mowatoo, as he was the son of a brave. Kahlanno grew more fascinating and beautiful each day of her life. She partook of all the Indian cunning and pale beauty which belonged to her parents. Strange to say, the white man, Kahlanno's father, disappeared as mysteriously as he came, and many rude conjectures were surmised of what and who he was.

Hochanno had often sat by the lake side pouring forth devotion into Kahlanno's willing ear, and both drank in the bewildering beauty and enchantment of the surrounding scenery. He told not his burning words of love, by the white light of noonday. But his loved tones were whispered long after the crimson weirdness of evening had passed away; when the harvest moon rode upon her silver car high up in the heavens, and the bright eyed stars were keeping their tireless watch above; Mowatoo grew enraged when Kahlanno refused his hand and pined and languished when away.

One day when the lovers were hunting together on the hill side, a dispute arose, and with the rashness of an Alexander, Mowatoo drew a poisoned arrow from his quiver and pierced his rival's heart. Cold distrust crept down into Kahlanno's soul when she saw the hatred of her own tribe turned against her—and even her mother, once so tender, now despised her for the white blood that mingled with the red current of her heart. The love of Mowatoo could not fill the vacuum she felt at her heart's core; and one night when the sun had sunk down behind the bulwarks of the west, and queen Luna was shedding her silver halo over earth, Kahlanno, the wretched in heart, walked forth into the shadow of the mountain, and tread lightly the narrow path the deer had made among the rocks till she neared the lake—which slept as peaceful as an infant in the pale moonlight. There she shed her unavailing tears, which fell with the night dew

among the sleeping flowers. She sank down where the wild thyme grew, and a fragrance of bruised flowers and of a bruised heart floated out upon the audible stillness of the evening. Stepping into her bright canoe, she moved out into water till the middle of the lake was gained, when she raised her proud form still higher till she stood on the prow of the boat. Nothing could enhance the beauty of the scene, as she stood gazing upward into the clear sky. She raised her beautiful form still higher, lifting her arms above her head and clasping a moonbeam to her aching bosom, disappeared down among the voiceless waves. Death rested on her soul, the feverish dream of life was over, and all was still! Then the moon was shrouded; a veil of mourning hung before the face of nature, and the stars hid their sparkling eyes behind a dark gloomy cloud. The same angel that delivered the message to the shepherds on the plains of Judea announcing the birth of Christ, in dazzling beauty was seen moving along the front of night. When hovering over the lake, he raised the spirit of the drowning girl in his arms and soared aloft. The hand that killed the Indian lover became palsied, and whenever Mowatoo came down to bathe his shrunken limbs in the pure water of the lake, a muttering was heard as dreadful as the thunders of Sinia. Then nature grew convulsed, for the Great Spirit was angry. The fearful heights grew dizzy, tottered and fell—and the tribes of Pyutts also fell. Their campfires went out, their councils were broken up, their lodges moved further and further in the wilderness. The grass and flowers were blighted; the chase failed and many died from hunger and want. When the sturdy oak refused to yield their acorns, they knew the curse of the Great Spirit rested upon them; and an air of faded pomp and decayed grandeur followed the waning glory of the red man.

THE BLOODY HAND.

BY G. T. SPROAT.

He could not shut it out,
Or drive it from his sight;
'Twas there through all the weary day,
And through the live-long night.
'Twas blazing on the clouds—
'Twas burning on the sea;
Fiery and red, it quivering hung,
On every rock and tree.

He sought his room at night;
He shut his chamber door;
He threw himself upon his couch—
'Twas burning on the floor.
He cast his eyes above—
'Twas on the wall o'erhead;
It flickered through the dark, dark night,
Blazing and bloody red.

Oh! bloody hand! Oh! heart!
Crimsoned and dark with sin!
How couldst thou scorn that fearful thing,
The voice of God within?
It wakes the sheeted dead—
Their ghosts before it stand;
They shrink and shiver in their shrouds,
Before the bloody hand!

San Francisco, May 1, 1853.

WHERE ARE THE FORTY-NINERS?

When the first wonderful story of gold reached the eastern shore, the adventurous pioneers embarked on their long and tedious voyage for a nearly savage and almost unknown land. The "inducements" which influenced them were various. The young and sanguine easily enlisted in an adventure so promising and so romantic. That unsettled, fortune-hunting, brave and adventurous class, embarked on the first wave of immigration which rolled to these golden shores. The dissatisfied of all classes, to whom the strange stories seemed to promise an opportunity of placing their fortunes on a sure foundation, flocked hither. They were men, most of them, of the true Anglo-Saxon blood, who had

not much to lose, and everything to gain, whom no danger could affright and no difficulty appall. What they accomplished let the records of California tell.

But where are they now? The ships which brought them are dismantled and broken up; the beach where they landed is obliterated by the advancing streets of a populous city; the river, up which they toiled in their boats, or sailed in their storm-battered ships, is plowed by the keels of splendid steamers; the mines where many of them labored, are long since exhausted and abandoned, but where are *they*? The answer to my question has carried happiness and comfort, or sorrow and mourning to many homes. Too many have shared the common fate of pioneers; they have fallen in the contest, and others have come after them to reap the benefit of their toil. Along the banks of the rushing rivers, in the wild cañons, in lonely ravines, or near old forsaken camps, you may find their neglected graves. No mourner's tear moistened the sod which covers their ashes; but their memory lives in the brave hearts of those whose toil-worn hands consigned them to their last repose, and a mother's tear, a sister's sigh be their memento. Though the dim eye that watched their fleeing sail fade on the far horizon may never rest upon them again, though no stone mark the spot of their interment, they are remembered.

But many of the old 49-ers have met a different fate. Some returned with improved means, to lend usefulness to their manhood, and shed comfort on the years of declining age; while others, unsuccessful, have followed, preferring home with its associations, to a longer contest with the fickle goddess. Some have chosen this as the land of their choice, here to establish a new home of their own, many of whom have risen to stations of respectability and honor. But there are others still, who continue the

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weary hunt for gold, from whom fortune ever seems to flee; who seem unable to abandon this, and embrace some other occupation, and who yet, are continually unsuccessful, but whom the dazzling dream of gold still allures.

But there are a few whose fate is more deplorable than that of those who sleep in their forgotten graves among the mountains. Disappointed in their hopes of retrieving their previously broken fortunes, heart-broken and hopeless, they have given up the strife, or thrown themselves away in the intoxicating draught. They remain in out of the way corners, and unfrequented portions of the mines, ashamed to return to their friends, despairing of all success, and losing all of life that is worth living for. How hopeless is *their* fate.

Forty-NINE.

"A DIGGER IN THE CHIMNEY."

A MINING INCIDENT OF EARLY DAYS.

My story is concerning the Indian of the class usually denominated "Diggers," and who on this occasion was made to "scratch gravel"—if I may be allowed the expression—for other purpose than obtaining sustenance. Now, I hope I offend no aboriginal individual when I say, that Mr. Indian will steal, which statement I will proceed to substantiate.

The "natives" were decidedly troublesome in the locality which we inhabited at an early period in California history; and while we were absent, had a habit of cleaning out our cabin of everything it contained in the way of provisions, blankets, and sometimes even the frying pan was missing, though of what use they put it to, I cannot conjecture, never having learned that their knowledge of the science of cooking extended so far as to cause them to fry anything. Well, after having our cabin sacked and pillaged several times while we were absent, we at last determined to secure the premises.

So, boarding up the windows, (which, by the way, were as free from glass as we might suppose are those of heaven,) and applying a huge padlock to the door, we considered the place impregnable against Indian ingenuity, and proceeded to work our claim perfectly regardless of our stores.

While at an early hour in the morning one of the company ascended the bank to adjust the hose, he cast a glance towards the cabin, and discovering unusual proceedings thereabouts, called out to us, and with rapid gathering up of revolvers we scrambled up the bank. The first glance discovered to us an Indian sitting on the chimney top. A rascally "appropriator" was inside passing *our* blankets to the "receiver" on the chimney, who quickly transferred them to the "purveyor" on the ground. Then came *our* sack of flour pursuing the course of the blankets. Our goods were rapidly taking their departure, for in wake of the sack of flour came *our* frying-pan, afterwards *our* old clothes, and finally, the Indian came also. He, however, left in a hurry, the chimney's upper story having been warmed by a pistol shot. The scoundrel of a "purveyor" seized the flour and commenced making quick time for the mountains, closely pursued by him of the chimney bearing the blankets, followed by the villainous "appropriator" with the frying-pan and old clothes.

Then came a race, in which those making the fastest time were to have the plunder. Three enraged miners were close on their heels, shooting straight ahead and at random. One ball took effect in the old clothes and *they* fell, and with them the cooking utensil, but the sneaking thief only made more rapid progress. We next stumbled over the blankets, and were rapidly overtaking the flour, when the savage concluded to drop it and save his bacon. The pursued being frightened out of their load soon gained the mountains, where it was

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less to follow. Sorry that we could not make mince meat of the marauders, we turned attention to gathering the scattered plunder, and went to work and secured it by an arrangement in which we were certain that thieving Indian would not molest it again. And how do you think we did it? *Why, we inverted the chimney and built it down in the ground!* What do you say? How did the smoke get out? I will not tell you any more about it; but you may be sure that our flour didn't rise out of that chimney again.

ROCHESTER.

ADELAIDE.—THE FEMALE GAMBLER.

BY W. B. S.

In the village where I was raised there lived a gentleman named James Thornton, who was possessed of considerable wealth and had an only daughter by the name of Adelaide, who was as fair as a new-born rose. For three long years we were school-mates. She was the favorite of the village, for she was so gay and full of life, and none became acquainted with her but to love her. At the age of fifteen she was sent off to a boarding-school, and during her absence we removed to an adjoining State, and I did not see her for over three years. My mother had a sister residing in the village, and we returned there on a visit, after an absence of three years, and on our arrival I learned that Adelaide was about to marry a gentleman of reputed wealth, who had been spending the summer months in the village.

Adelaide invited me to the wedding, which was to come off on the following Thursday evening. The time came around, and as I was intimate with the family I went very early and had a long conversation with her. I soon learned she was not going to marry the choice of her heart.

"Will," she said, "there is a still small voice which whispers in my ear that I am not doing right, although obeying the wishes of my parents. Yet that voice still rings in my soul."

"Why do you feel thus?"

"I can only account for it in this wise,

and I presume you have heard of the circumstance: I was engaged to Charlie Watson, and through the influence of my parents was induced to break that engagement."

"Do you not feel as though you could live happily with your intended husband, Mr. Matson?"

"Oh, yes, I feel as though I should be happy, but I cannot banish from my mind the image of Charlie. Will, I loved him better than I can ever love another; but my parents forbid our marriage, and have encouraged the addresses of Mr. Matson, causing me to be in his society until at times I thought I might love him—and during one of those times I gave him the promise of my hand in marriage; but as the time draws near for the fulfilment of that promise, my heart begins to shrink. I feel I have done Charlie injustice, done injustice to my soul's future happiness in thus giving away to the influence of my parents, in marrying one whom my heart did not select. Will, say nothing of what I have told you, for perhaps I shall love him as well as Charlie when we are married, and then I shall have obeyed my parents' wishes; but oh! Charlie! Charlie! could I but banish your image from my heart, how much happier I should be!"

"Adelaide, have no fear. I sincerely hope your life in future may be lighted by hope's lightest lamp, and that a tear of sorrow may never dim those eyes, or a sigh escape that bosom."

"Will, I do from my very heart thank you for the kind wishes you express. I feel as though I could open the flood-gates of my soul and let loose the inmost thoughts therein caged from the world, and you would not laugh at my folly, or censure me for the indiscretion I have manifested in yielding to the will of my parents, who know not the heart of their child."

She wiped away the tears that filled her eyes, and arose, saying she must go and prepare for the wedding.

The guests began to arrive, and the house of Mr. Thornton was brilliantly lighted as soon as the sable curtain of night began to draw near. The conversation I had with Adelaide had thrown a melancholy shade over my feelings, and the pleasant time anticipated had all banished, and my heart was made sad by the thought that so beautiful a creature was to be sacrificed upon the matrimo-

nial altar to please the peculiar notions of her parents. As they came upon the floor they made a deep impression upon those around, for they were a handsome couple. After the ceremony was over, they crowded around them to wish them a happy future. When I went up to give them my best wishes there was a sweet smile playing upon Adelaide's countenance, but behind that smile I could see a glistening tear-drop lingering in her light blue eyes, as she looked me full in the face, and thanked me for my wishes concerning her future prosperity.

The wedding passed off as well as could be expected, and the wedded couple next morning started on their bridal tour through the southern States. I returned home with fearful apprehensions that the match would prove an unhappy one.

Uncle Lou, as we always called him, was a well known New Orleans merchant. It was his usual custom to go up to Kentucky to spend the summer months during the sickly season. He went up during the summer of 184— and remained at our house about three weeks, and while there they prevailed upon me to return with him, which I consented to do. I pictured to my delighted imagination many pleasant scenes and romantic adventures I should experience during the coming winter. On the 12th day of October, a day long to be remembered by me, we left the wharf at Louisville for New Orleans, where we arrived after several days' pleasant travel in good health and fine spirits. I remained in the city about six weeks looking after the "elephant," before my departure on a collecting tour. It was a beautiful morning when I left New Orleans. We had a full complement of passengers, mingled with a variety of characters. There were some gamblers on board who were known by many of the passengers as desperadoes, and who followed the river for the purpose of fleecing the unsuspecting of their money. There was one among the passengers who is destined to have a prominent part in our story; therefore, an introduction is necessary, or at least a description. In the absence of any other name we shall call him Reiny Johnson. He was about five feet four inches high, very fair complexion, light blue eyes, hair rather dark. He kept aloof from all the passengers, having nothing to say, unless spoken to. There was something in his countenance which attracted the attention of all ob-

servers of human nature. The night after we left Orleans there was a game of "poker" commenced between two of the gamblers and a young planter, whose name I learned was Stebbins. The game promised to be one of considerable interest, and many crowded around the table. The betting began to be as high as a thousand dollars on one hand. Johnson appeared to be deeply interested in the game, for he did not leave the table during the evening. I was standing immediately opposite to him, where I could see him and watch the color come and go on his cheeks, as the money changed hands, while the young planter, Stebbins, was loser to a large amount. I was standing behind him when I saw him raise his cards. He had three "kings" and two "queens," but "passed," and one of the gamblers bet one thousand dollars. Stebbins then "covered" it and "raised" him five hundred dollars, while the other gambler "passed out." The gambler "see" the five hundred and went a thousand dollars "better." Stebbins sat for a moment with his eyes riveted upon the "stakes," and then called to him a servant which he had, at the same time, and drawing a splendid gold watch from his pocket, and a diamond ring from his finger, he said: "Here is my servant, worth one thousand dollars in any southern market, my watch and chain, worth three hundred and fifty; and a diamond ring worth seven hundred, which I put up. 'See it,' if you like." The gambler "called" him, and Stebbins was a ruined man, for the other had four aces against him.

All through the betting the passengers had crowded around the table, and everything was so still that you could hear a whisper anywhere in the room. The servant, who had changed masters, began to cry, saying:

"Master, I cannot leave you, but must go with you;" and he started to follow his master out of the cabin, when the gambler called to him:

"You black rascal, come back; you belong to me, now."

The passengers talked some of taking up a collection to buy him, but the gambler asked fifteen hundred dollars for him. It was evident to all who witnessed the game that the cards had been "put up" on Stebbins, who, consequently, had been swindled out of his money. Reiny Johnson, who was standing opposite to me and took such interest in the

game had displayed a great deal of interest in the game, for he did not leave the table during the evening. I was standing immediately opposite to him, where I could see him and watch the color come and go on his cheeks, as the money changed hands, while the young planter, Stebbins, was loser to a large amount. I was standing behind him when I saw him raise his cards. He had three "kings" and two "queens," but "passed," and one of the gamblers bet one thousand dollars. Stebbins then "covered" it and "raised" him five hundred dollars, while the other gambler "passed out." The gambler "see" the five hundred and went a thousand dollars "better." Stebbins sat for a moment with his eyes riveted upon the "stakes," and then called to him a servant which he had, at the same time, and drawing a splendid gold watch from his pocket, and a diamond ring from his finger, he said: "Here is my servant, worth one thousand dollars in any southern market, my watch and chain, worth three hundred and fifty; and a diamond ring worth seven hundred, which I put up. 'See it,' if you like." The gambler "called" him, and Stebbins was a ruined man, for the other had four aces against him.

The betting scale, and before its appearance, the gambler's mind. There were two stood around the table, and came not to our was made was gambler saw in a grab for the drew his revolver few inches of one cent of the dead man." with a wild and left the returned, telling now prepared, tion for the his ing his revolver was no duels to fight him do him, he could they arrived in a short distance to be satisfied him to solve meeting. Stebbins were acquainted to prevail upon as he was shot, but not Johnson, second, and wished to go and wished to provided he astonished knew what prevailed upon sented. It should be of his paper

game had disappeared, and I knew nothing of his whereabouts. I was anxious to know what had become of him, for I thought he was in some way or other connected with one of the parties. The gamblers, flush with their ill-gotten treasure, commenced drinking and carousing, and asked if there were any more who wished to play a game of "poker," when young Johnson stepped forward and said he would try a hand with either one of them, but would not play with them together. The victorious one took his seat at the table. All eyes were turned on Johnson, and I do not believe there was one who did not wish he might come out winner.

The betting commenced on a large scale, and before the morning's sun made its appearance, Johnson had won all the gambler's money and Stebbin's servant. There were three or four of us who had stood around the table all night, so interested were we in the game that sleep came not to our eyes. The last bet that was made was \$3,000, and when the gambler saw that he had lost, he made a grab for the money, when Johnson drew his revolver and held it within a few inches of his head, saying: "Touch one cent of that money and you are a dead man." The gambler drew back with a wild look, not saying a word, and left the table. In a few minutes he returned, telling Johnson that he was now prepared, and must have satisfaction for the insult offered him by drawing his revolver. Johnson told him he was no duelist, neither was he inclined to fight him; but if nothing else would do him, he could have satisfaction when they arrived at Little Rock, which was but a short distance ahead. This appeared to be satisfactory, and the gambler told him to select his weapons and hour of meeting. Some of the passengers who were acquainted with the gambler tried to prevail upon Johnson not to fight him, as he was considered an extraordinary shot, but it was all to no purpose.

Johnson selected Stebbins as his second, and came to me and asked if I would go and witness the duel, saying that he wished to leave some papers in my care, provided he was killed. I was perfectly astonished at his request, and scarcely knew what answer to make him; but he prevailed upon me so that I at last consented. It was a mystery to me why I should be selected by him to take charge of his papers and money, but I asked no

questions, concluding to let time solve the question. After we landed at Little Rock, the preliminaries being all arranged, we repaired to the place designated on the banks of the Arkansas river, about a mile and a half below town. The distance ten paces, with dueling pistols. The first fire, Johnson's ball entered the gambler's right arm, just above the wrist, and came out above the elbow. The code of honor being maintained, the affair was settled. After the duel was over, we returned to the hotel. The affair did not create much excitement, for there were but few who knew anything about it, and duels were so common those days in Arkansas that little attention was paid to them, with the exception of the sporting characters. I felt a peculiar interest in Johnson from some cause, I knew not what, notwithstanding I knew him to be both a gambler and a duelist. I had some business to attend to in Little Rock, and then intended to continue my journey to the interior of the State, where I had several bills for collection. About three o'clock that afternoon a servant came to my room and handed me a note, requesting me to call at room No. 3, but making no explanations in regard to it. This rather astonished me, but I immediately repaired to the room where Johnson was waiting for me, or whom I shall now call Adelaide, for it was none other. I had scarcely entered the door before she came and threw her arms around my neck and commenced weeping. I could not speak for several moments, for the surprise was so great to find the beautiful and accomplished Adelaide, dressed in male attire and following the occupation of gambler, but the greatest mystery to me was that I had not recognized her. She said she could not keep herself longer disguised from me, for she desired to tell me her misfortunes.

About three months after she was married, Matson was arrested for forgery on one of the eastern banks; tried, and sentenced to the state prison for ten years, where he soon afterwards died. My fears had been more than realized in regard to the unfortunate wedding, which was almost forced upon her by her parents.

"Adelaide," said I, "what could induce you to follow the river as a gambler?"

"Will, I hardly know, but I could never think of returning home again to endure the jeers of my old acquaintances. I sacrificed all my future happiness on

the matrimonial altar to please my parents, and gave my hand to one I did not love, who has since proven to be a felon. Once knowing I had made myself unworthy of the only one I ever did love, I made up my mind to choose between two evils the least. Will, do not censure me, and I know you would not if you only knew the pangs of anguish that are gnawing the cords of life, one by one."

"You have not forgotten Charlie."

"Forgotten Charlie! Ask me if the sun has forgotten to rise, or the moon to send her pale rays over the earth, or time cease to move. I love Charlie dearer to-day than I love my own soul, but I know I am now unworthy of him."

I kissed her care-worn brow, and told her that although she was doing wrong in pursuing her present course of life, she could not now adorn the circles of good society with that grace and dignity which she did in other days. Yet I could not discountenance my childhood companion, but should ever cherish for her feelings of the warmest character, hoping that she would yet reform and become a lady once more.

"Will, you almost persuade me to become a woman again, but then you know, when woman falls from her position, she falls never to rise again. It is different with man, for he can reform and enter society; but poor frail woman has no hope, for when the lamp which lights the path of virtue and rectitude is once extinguished, it can never be lighted again."

"You should not talk so despondingly, for there are some in this world who are ever willing to assist those who desire to reform."

"They are few and far between. My own sex would be the last ones to countenance me should I attempt to reform, and then if I should reform, I could never make myself worthy of Charlie, for without his society the world has no charm for me. The Rubicon is past, hope enters not my heart. *I am lost, forever lost!*"

We parted, and I took the coach for the village of M——, to attend to my duties, but I was in a poor mood for doing business, my mind being so excited over what had transpired in the last twenty-four hours. After four weeks' travel over the State of Arkansas, I returned to New Orleans, hoping I might meet Adelaide again, as she told me that she calculated to return on the boat she came up on.

Let us pass over ten years which has so swiftly rolled by. Many changes have transpired in that space of time. Countless thousands have set sail on the dark river of death, while the sands of life of those who are living have been washing down into the dark waves which close upon them forever. Within that space California has been peopled by the Anglo-Saxon race, who have been drawn here by the exhibition of her marvelous wealth. The mountains, which are covered with eternal snows, have become the dwelling place of civilized man, and the untold treasure which lies buried beneath those craggy cliffs is being brought to the eyes of an astonished world. The valleys have been made to yield all the luxuries of life. Cities have sprung up as if by magic, proving the indomitable spirit of the American people. In the grand rush for the golden land, many tender ties have been severed, which has given rise to many incidents of a romantic character. It was considered early times when I came to California, that is in the discovery of gold, and the mines were the great attraction. Nothing could induce me to remain in the city, for I thought I could make my fortune in a short time by mining; in fact, I felt sure I could pick up enough to do me. It was in the spring when I left San Francisco for Auburn. The gold was more difficult to procure than I imagined, and then the "lumps" were not so large as I expected to find them, but I continued mining for about twelve months, and in that time I had managed to make some money. I came to the conclusion to return to San Francisco and go into some business which would not require so much hard labor. I got into the coach at Auburn for Sacramento; there being five other passengers, I took the middle seat, and immediately in front of me sat a man whose countenance looked familiar to me, but his face being covered with whiskers, I could not make up my mind whether I had ever seen him before or not. We sat for some time without any of us speaking, when the gentleman by my side entered into conversation with me, while the other was watching me all the time; but I paid no attention to him, when of a sudden he raised up and asked me my name, which I told him, when he took my hand, saying:

"Do you remember Charles Watson?"

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I told him I did; when he embraced me and wept like a child.

"I know you think I am foolish and am devoid of the feelings of a man, but such is not the case, for I have not seen one I knew since I left my native land, nine long years ago."

"How long," he continued, "since you left home?"

"About eighteen months."

"I presume there have been many changes since I left."

"Yes, Charlie, you would not know the place. Little girls have become young ladies since you left, and some have been laid in the cold earth, while others have gone forth into different portions of the world to seek their fortune."

"Did Adelaide and her husband ever return to the village?"

"They never returned."

"Do you know where they are?"

This question I did not know how to answer; but after hesitating for a moment, I concluded to tell him all I knew concerning poor unfortunate Adelaide, for I presumed she was long since dead. When I finished the sad narrative of her fate he covered his face with his hands and sat for some time without uttering a word, when he looked at me with tears glistening in his eyes.

"It is too hard," said he, "that two hearts that once beat in unison, should forever be separated."

When we arrived at Sacramento we took rooms together, and I learned he had been practicing medicine in Texas until the discovery of gold in California. He was then on his way to San Francisco to commence the practice of medicine again.

One evening we entered his office, and found a Spanish woman waiting for Dr. Charlie. She said there was a lady near by, very ill, and must have a physician. Charlie and myself followed the directions which led to the house. When we arrived, we found the patient in a little four by six room, with an old lamp burning, which did not give light enough to distinguish anything in the room. Charlie told me to take a seat and he would go and get some candles. Neither of us had gone near the patient. As soon as he returned he struck a light and went up to the bed; the rays of the light had hardly fell upon her countenance, when he started back trembling like an aspen leaf, his countenance as pale as the driven snow, exclaiming: "Good Heav-

ens, it is Adelaide!" Adelaide, hearing her name pronounced, rose up in the bed, looking more like a ghost than a human being, and cried out, "Oh, my God! is that Charlie?" The next moment they were in each other's arms. The scene of that meeting is one long to be remembered by me, for it is stamped upon my mind with such a deep impression that time can never erase it, but it will cling to me while time with me remains. A comfortable room was procured, with a waiting maid in attendance; everything was done for her that medical skill could desire, but all to no purpose; in less than two weeks, *Adelaide, the female gambler, was no more!*

On examination of her papers, which were in a little box under the head of her bed, it was found that she had left, by her will, all her money to Charlie. Eight thousand dollars in different banks in this State, and ten thousand in New Orleans. Charlie closed out business in San Francisco and returned to the Atlantic States, to see if he could find Adelaide's parents. The following letter explains all, and is the conclusion of our narrative, which we hope is not without some interest, as it is not fiction, for the scenes portrayed are of real life.

"LOUISVILLE, Ky., 185-.

"MY DEAR WILL:—I write you according to promise, but have nothing of interest. I have again wandered over my childhood land; again I sit beneath the red wood tree on the banks of my favorite meandering little stream where love's first dream entered my heart, while the fairest creature that ever graced the earth rested her hand upon my bosom, and with a smile as sweet and bright as that of an angel, looked up into my face and told me that she was happy only by my side; but I must not continue this subject. Adelaide's parents are both dead, having died with grief from the loss of their child. My kind benefactors, Dr. Longsby and lady, are both gone to the spirit-world and have left all their property, which amounts to over twenty thousand dollars, to me; but Will, what is all this money to me, since my brightest hopes have passed away? I start for Europe in about two weeks, and will write you occasionally while in that country. My respects to all my friends in California. I shall return to that country to make it my future home, for the remains of the only one I ever loved are there. Adieu.

"CHARLES WATSON."

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Charlie's Watson?"

OUR SOCIAL CHAIR.

It is rarely that we find in the public prints of the day anything justly entitled to the name Poetry. This, we are aware, is a bold assertion, yet we repeat it, and would like to see the man with sufficient impudence to put us to the proof. Nevertheless, poetical productions of striking merit do sometimes find their way into the busy papers, many of which, we may add, are so marked by the hand of Genius, that it is impossible to pass them by without pleasing recognition. Our attention was thus arrested not long since, by a Poem in the *Sunday Globe* of this city, entitled "Labor," from the pen of our well known fellow-townsmen, FRANK SOULE, Esq. While cheerfully transferring this charming production to the pages of our Magazine, we can almost hear the joyous sound of the hammer and saw, and fancy that we can see the "fair ribbons" as they curl out gracefully from the "rabbit plane." How sweet is the Song of Labor, and how sweetly is it sung by California's Poet! The effort is entirely worthy of the gifted author, and specially honorable to the State he takes delight in calling his home:

L A B O R.—BY FRANK SOULE.

Despise not labor! God did not despise
The handiwork which wrought this gorgeous globe;
That crowned its glories with yon jeweled skies,
And clad the earth in nature's queenly robe.
He dug the first canal—the river's bed—
Built the first fountain in the gushing spring,
Wove the first carpet for man's haughty tread,
The warp and woof of his first covering.
He made the picture painters imitate;
The statuary's first grand model made,
Taught human intellect to re-create,
And human ingenuity its trade.
Ere great Daguerre had harnessed up the Sun,
Apprenticeship at his new art to serve,
A greater Artist greater things had done,
The wondrous pictures of the optic nerve.
There is no deed of honest labor born,
That is not godlike in the tolling limb,
Howe'er the lazy scoff, the brainless scorn

God labored first, toil likens us to Him.
Ashamed of work! mechanic with thy tools?
The tree thy axe cut from its native soil,
And turns to useful things—go tell to fools—
Was fashioned in the factory of God.
Go build your shays, go, raise your lofty dome,
Your granite temple that through time endures,
Your humble cot, or that proud pile of Rome—
His arm has tolled there in advance of yours.
He made the flowers your learned florists scan,
And crystalized the atoms of each gem,
Enobled labor in great Nature's plan,
And made it virtue's brightest diadem.
Whatever thing is worthy to be had,
Is worthy of the toll by which 'tis won,
Just as the grain with which the fields are clad,
Pays back the warming labor of the sun.
'Tis not profession that enobles men,
'Tis not the calling that can e'er degrade;
The trowel is as worthy as the pen,
The pen is mightier than the hero's blade.
The merchant with his ledger and his wares,
The lawyer with his cases and his books,
The tolling farmer 'mid his wheat, or tares,
The poet by his shady streams and nooks,
The man, whate'er his work, wherever done,
If intellect and honor guide his hand,
Is peer to him who greatest state hath won,
And rich as any Rothschild of the land.
All mere distinctions based upon pretence,
Are merely laughing themes for manly hearts,
The miner's cradle claims from men of sense,
More honor than the youngling Bonaparte's.
Let fops and fools the sons of toll deride,
On false pretensions brainless dunces live,
Let carpet heroes strut with parlor pride,
Supreme in all indolence can give
But be thou not like them, and envy not
These fancy tomtit burlesques of mankind,
The witless snobs in lilliness who rot,
Hermaphrodites 'twixt vanity and mind.
Oh, son of toll, be proud, look up, arise,
And disregard opinion's hollow test,
A false society's decrees despise—
He is most worthy who hath labored best.
The sceptre is less royal than the hoe,
The sword, beneath whose rule whole nations writhe,
And curse the wearer while they fear the blow—
Is far less noble than the plough and scythe.
There's more true honor on one tan-browed hand,
Rough with the honest work of busy men,
Than all the soft-skinned punies of the land,
The nice white kildery of "upper ten."
Blow bright the forge, the sturdy anvil ring,
It sings the anthem of king Labor's courts,
And sweeter sounds the clattering hammers bring,
Than half a thousand thumped pianofortes.
Fair are the ribbons from the rabbit plane,
As those which grace my lady's hat and cape,
Nor does the joiner's honor blush or wane,
Beside the lawyer with his brief and tape.
Pride thee, mechanic, on thy honest trade,
'Tis nobler than the snob's much vaunted pelf,
Men's soulless pride his test of worth has made,
But thine is based on that of God himself.

JOE BOWERS' WEL

BY ONE WHO WAS

The county of —, "mountains," boasts of judges in California.

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JOE BOWERS' WEDDING.

BY ONE WHO WAS "THAR."

The county of —, "away up in the mountains," boasts of one of the best judges in California. On the bench he is firm, decided, and prompt, not earning the snap of his finger for either the applause of friends, or the mutterings of enemies. He is, perhaps, the most devoted man to the law in all creation, and has his head so full of what he terms "judicial talk," that he not unfrequently finds himself making learned charges and passing sentence outside of the court room.

On a recent occasion, the judge was called on to exercise the "power and authority in him vested," in the case of a young couple, who desired to have their hearts united in the holy band of wedlock. Of course he consented to perform the pleasing duty, and on the appointed evening, was promptly on hand, at the house at which the affair was to come off. The room was crowded by the beauty and fashion of the town, and none looked more dignified or happy than the judge himself, who was dressed within an inch of his life.

It is customary on occasions of the kind referred to, for the good folks of the mountain towns to pass around the wine quite freely, and to their everlasting credit, we will add, they consider it no harm for one to manifest his interest in the joyous event, by getting "lively." The judge is an ardent admirer of the fair sex, having in the course of his life led the third one to the altar. To use his own language, he is a "great believer in weddings," and that *he* should become a little mellow amid the glorious scene of the evening, was not to be wondered at by those who knew him intimately. He had the weakness of all good judges. He would take his "tod."

The wine had passed round and round and round. The music had ceased.

The time for making Joseph Bowers and Nancy Harkens *one*, had arrived. Every heart throbbed with the most delightful emotions. The young gentlemen desired to know how "Joe" would stand it, and the young ladies were anxious to see how "Nance" would suffer the awful shock. Others, again, who had closely observed the turn of affairs during the evening, fixed their attention upon the judge, to see how *he* would come out of the serapo.

At length the trying moment was announced. The judge arose very cautiously from the chair which he had occupied in one corner of the room, and casting his eye over the company, he recognized the sheriff of the county, who was present as an invited guest. The judge had imbibed just enough to make him forget the nature of his business. He was full of his "judicial talk," and required nothing but the presence of the sheriff to *start* him. Looking sternly at the officer, he shouted:—

"Mr. Sheriff, open the Court and call order!"

A general twitter followed this command, in the midst of which the sheriff took the "court" gently by the arm, and led him to his seat in the corner, at the same time informing the august personage of his mistake.

Everything now bid fair for a pleasant and sudden termination of the affair, until another annoyance, which was nothing less than the absence of the bridegroom, was observed. It turned out that he had just stepped across the street to join his friends in a parting drink, but before his return, some cold blooded wag had whispered into the ear of our foggy judge, the cause of "delay in proceedings." Instantly the chair in the corner moved, and in that direction all eyes were fixed.

"Mr. Sheriff," slowly drawled the judge, "bring Joe into court on a suppcnar"—the judge had his own way of

pronouncing the word—then addressing the bride who stood in the foreground, and hung her head in confusion, he added, "I spose you're the plaintiff. Well, don't take on. Innocence and virtue will be protected by this here court."

This was the saddest blunder of all. The judge was again made to see his mistake, and would have been considerably set back, had it not been for a corrective in the shape of "forty drops of the critter," which he instantly applied.

In a few moments all was ready in right down earnest. The bridegroom had arrived, full of joy. The bride in "gorgeous array," stood at his side. The company pressed forward. The excitement was intense. The judge never looked so dignified in his life. He evidently felt every inch a judge.

"J-J-o-e B-B-B-o-w-e-r-s," commenced the man of law, in that distressing style of speech with which he was invariably troubled when under the influence of liquor, "J-J-o-e B-B-B-o-w-e-r-s, stand up. Have y-y-you anything to s-s-say w-w-hy s-s-sen-t-t-ence—"

"Stop, stop, stop, Judge," shouted the Sheriff from the back part of the room. "You are not going to hang the man, but marry him."

The Judge drew a long breath and blinked rapidly, but stood his ground well. Recovering himself, he proceeded: "J-J-o-e B-B-B-owers, do y-you t-t-take Nancy H-H-Harkens for y-y-your wife, so h-h-elp you God?"

This was a tolerable effort, and Joe nodded assent.

"N-N-Nancy Harkens, it now remains for this here C-C-Court to—"

Here the Sheriff again interrupted the Judge, reminding him of the real business of the evening,

"Miss N-Nancy," resumed the Judge, after being set right, "d-d-do y-y-you t-t-take J-J-Joe B-B-Bowers for a husband, t-t-to the best of your knowledge and b-b-belief, or d-d-do you not?"

"You bet!" softly answered the light-hearted Nancy.

The Judge then took the hands of the happy couple, and joining them, wound up the business as follows:

"It now r-r-remains for this h-h-here C-C-Court to pronounce you, J-J-o-e Bowers, and y-y-you, Nancy Harkens, man and wife; and" (here the Judge paused to wipe the perspiration from his face,) "m-may G-G-God Or-mity h-h-have mercy on y-y-your s-s-s-ouls!" *Sheriff, remove the culprits!*

The company roared. Joe and Nancy weakened. The Sheriff was taken with a leaving. The Judge let himself out loose in a glass of apple jack. Taken by and large, it was the greatest wedding ever witnessed.

Look here, young man! Cast your eye over this. It may do you good. And when you have read it, stick it up in some place where you will be apt to see it at least once a day. It is equal to fifty of our modern "sensation" sermons:

Keep good company. Never be idle. If your hands cannot be usefully employed, attend to the cultivation of your mind. Always speak the truth. Make few promises. Live up to your engagements. Keep secrets, if you have any. When you speak to a person, look him in the face. Good company and good character is above all things else. Your character cannot be essentially injured except by your own acts. If any one speaks evil of you, let your life be so that no one will believe him. Drink no intoxicating liquors. Ever live (misfortune excepted) within your income. When you retire to bed, think over what you have been doing the day. Make no haste to be rich, if you would prosper. Small and steady gains give competency, with tranquility of mind. Never play at any game of chance. Avoid temptation, thro' fear you might not withstand it. Earn your money before you spend it. Never run in debt unless you can see a way to get out again. Never borrow, if you can possibly avoid it. Never speak evil of any one. Be just before you are generous. Keep yourself innocent if you would be happy.

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Our readers, we feel sure, will share the pleasure we experience in being permitted to introduce a few gems from the mind of a lady whose contributions to the journals of the South and West—we might have said throughout the great Valley of the Mississippi—have long since gained for her a reputation of which she has just cause to feel proud. We have the promise that E. will contribute regularly to our pages. Certainly, nothing could be finer than the following:

"MUST I LEAVE THEE, PARADISE?"

"Must I leave thee, Paradise?"
Thus spoke the gentle Eve,
As from her blessed Eden home
She took her mournful leave;
With agony of heart and brow,
She gazed upon the wild,
Where she must make her cheerless home—
Eden's once happy child!

"Oh! must I leave thee, Paradise?"
Again that mournful cry;
And every leaf and blossom thrilled
To her deep agony:
For blissful had the hours been
Within each bower and grove;
And God had walked in glory there,
And bathed the scene in love!

Forth from the gate she sadly came,
With mournful step and slow;
Her beauteous head upon her breast,
Dowed in despairing woe;
With heaving heart and quivering lips,
She stood upon the wild;
And heard the gates of Paradise
Close on its banished child!

A blessed Eden home had I,
Where flowers of beauty grew;
Where my young sisters round me smil'd,
And God was with us too!
For in our mother's earnest tone,
Such holy words were given;
That silently we caught each breath,
And knew it came from Heaven!

But now, afar from Paradise,
In mournfulness I roam;
Musing upon the golden hours
That decked my happy home!
A stranger in the wilderness—
An exile on the wild—
I feel as did the stricken Eve—
An Eden-banished child!

E.

AN up-country correspondent cracks us the following nut for the "Chair:"

I observe that you treat your readers in the last issue of the Magazine to a veritable "Ghost Story," of which the renowned "Col. Taylor," of the tripod, stage and bar is the hero. In truth "the aforesaid" is "a fellow of infinite jest," and among other good things he has got off in his day and generation the following, which deserves to be placed on record:

It is a well known cant and slang custom with certain sets when an individual treats himself to a bran new suit, or even sports a single new article of wearing apparel, to intimate that there has been a recent fire in his neighborhood.

There was a fire "to once't" in the mountain town where Col. Bob. resides and practices at the bar, which, among other establishments, took in its course all the clothing stores of the place. The owners implored the bystanders to aid them in "shaving to gootsch," and the crowd pitched in and carried off the stock of wearing apparel with a will. The Colonel, who was aiding and assisting in the good work, not liking the distribution of the garments, addressed the crowd in an indignant tone of remonstrance, with—

"O come, now, boys, don't act the hog!
Don't all take coats—some of you take pantaloons!"

The said appellant, however, "took nothing by his motion."

We have always considered *Fashion* a great humbug, but until we came across the following in the last number of the *Hesperian*, we did not know what an awful thing it really is:

It is a shapeless agent, stalking abroad and assuming all conceivable forms and figures. It always wears a mask, and often conceals beneath it the basest of human motives. It is the deadly enemy of reason, and its mission is to render mankind as miserable as may be. It moves with stealthy tread through the halls of domestic peace,

and promotes discomfort in every household. It presents itself upon all public occasions, to the exclusion of every worthy purpose. Its wants are insatiable; it is not content to dwell in the humble cot, but with its ceaseless suggestions, it tortures every heart with discontent. Whimsical as a bachelor, it poises the lady's hat high in the air, or suspends in the rear of her head, at the absolute defiance of all laws of gravitation. It reduces or expands, lengthens or shortens the skirt at pleasure. It pales the cheek, pinches the foot, or tortures the waist. It substitutes the smile and simper for the solicited song, and possesses the happy faculty to conceal ignorance under a profusion of monosyllables. It thrusts the neglected infant into the nursery, and burdens the library with an unknown jargon. It suggests the whalebone and the cotton, the rouge and the perfume, as indispensable appendages to the gentleman's toilet. It delights in street-smoking, profane language and brandy toddies. It gilds conversation with unmeaning words, and rarely finds sufficient incentive for action in an intellectual pursuit. It is, altogether, a heartless tyrant, and has never yet been discovered to be the presiding genius of a prosperous people.

An exchange, received by the last mail from the East, tells us about a new and soul-stirring romance, entitled the "Bloody Bushwacker," by the gifted author of the "Phantom Gridiron, or the Skeleton Friend of the Haunted Coal Hole!" We have room but for an extract;

"Scarcely had the Knight of the Green Garters uttered this thrilling imprecation, when the door of the prison was thrown violently open, and from behind a tapestried screen a man in glittering armor sprang upon him, and drawing a dagger from his helmet, plunged it to the scabbard in the breast of the Knight. He uttered one long groan, and fell a corpse. No sooner had he ceased breathing, than, from a secret door, a stranger entered, and stealthily approaching him, struck him one fearful blow. The unknown Knight fell senseless at his feet. Ere a moment had elapsed, from behind an embrasure in the wall, stalked forth a giant-like form, who advanced steadily towards the stranger, and seizing him by the throat, tore his eyes from their sockets, and cast his head to the vultures of the neighboring hills. Ere the quivering form of his victim lay still in the icy embrace of death, a withered hag, with long, skinny

fingers, emerged from the door of a ruined hut, and clasping her hands over the eyes of the giant-like murderer, dragged him shrieking to the deepest dungeon of the castle. 'Ha, ha!' shouts the Whackini, from an adjoining cell, 'thou, too, hast come down to these depths of woe.'

'Who speaks?' said the unfortunate Knight, as he revived at the sound of human voice; at the same time he felt the gliding coil of a huge boa-constrictor gathering about his body. Anon it opens its vast mouth, its eyes glisten like fire-balls—and it slowly devours its victim. Still does he shriek fearfully, and long after his bones are crushed by the remorseless jaws of the insensate monster, does that last heart-rending cry come up from the recesses of his stomach.

We pause here—the scene is too harrowing for our nervous temperament, and we can give but small instalments at a time."

TO * * *

I miss thee in the morning,
When the birds begin to sing,
When the dew is on the flower
And the lark is on the wing,
When all is bright and beautiful,
And nature seems to shine
With that quiet, peaceful beauty,
Which seems almost divine.

I miss thee in my daily walk,
As through the world I roam,
There is no one near to love me,
To watch when I shall come,
No eye to glance with pleasure,
No hand to clasp my own,
No thrilling tones to welcome
The weary wanderer home.

I miss thee in the evening,
When the day is past and gone,
When all is hush'd and quiet,
Each hope and joy has flown.
I'm lonely then without thee,
The unbidden tear will start,
While memory's proudest gleanings
Are busy round my heart.

In dreams, I still am near thee;
That bright and gentle eye,
Shows down its light upon me,
Like moonbeams from the sky;
Thy lips are on my forehead,
Thy form leans on my breast;
Oh! why should I awaken,
In dreams I still am blest.

YOUR BROTHER.

San Francisco, March 26, 1858.

The second volume of our
with the present number
refer to the fact without
grateful acknowledgment
of the California press,
giving have shown a
disposition to encourage
our enterprise. People
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Editor's Table.

The second volume of our Magazine ends with the present number, and we cannot refer to the fact without making our most grateful acknowledgments to the gentlemen of the California press, who from the beginning have shown so whole-hearted a disposition to encourage and push forward our enterprise. People may say what they please. For our own part, we love the good opinion of our cotemporaries; and frankly confess that to their kindly monthly greetings we feel indebted for much of the prosperity we now, after a labor of two long years, enjoy. We would, in this connection, be pleased to reprint all the handsome notices we have received, in order to let our friends at a distance know what competent judges think of us, but to do so would occupy more space than the limits of one number of our Magazine. One paper says "the great merit of the Magazine is that the subjects it treats of are Californian, and come home to the bosoms and business of all Californians who love their adopted home." Another says: "As the Magazine is the exclusive production of California, it has great claims on our citizens for a generous and liberal support." And such, we may say, is the almost universal opinion of the press.

We have reached a pretty pass, indeed! We have Scotchmen finding fault with the sweetest of our ballad writers because, forsooth, he sometimes breathes into his songs a spirit not wholly unlike that of the immortal Burns. We have Englishmen crying "thief!" every time they find a California story-writer with the faintest touch of the genius of Dickens or Thackeray, or any of the men of that lofty stamp. The French and German prints we seldom read, yet we would not be surprised to hear that complaints often proceed from those quarters, to the effect that their literary countrymen have, like other famous individuals,

suffered from the incursions of the remorseless intellect of the Pacific Coast. Of the justness of the charges to which we refer, it is unnecessary for us to say much. That we have had, and still have, unblushing plagiarists amongst us, is too true; still, we should take care that in our denunciations of the guilty, we are not so sweeping as to cast suspicion upon those whose merits entitle them to honorable distinction. For example, we confess we are of those who can find nothing in the productions of our respected fellow-citizen, JAMES LINEX, Esq., which warrant the savage and malignant attack made upon his reputation by one of the city papers. If some of his songs have the delicious tone and melody of a Burns, we should put it down to his credit, rather than strain a weak point to show too close a resemblance to the great Scotch Bard, for honest dealing. Taking the shameless expositions of plagiarism that have been made in this State as a text, certain critics have favored us with some very learned disquisitions and essays on the subject of Literature. Indeed one would be led to suppose, from all that has been written on the subject, that some new and far more brilliant light than anything we have yet seen, was soon to burst on this dark and benighted region. Now we have no particular fault to find with the literature of California. On the contrary, we are decidedly in favor of cultivating and encouraging just the sort we are now treated to. We, for one, are proud of our California writers. Taken as a whole, the press of our State, in point of taste, enterprise, vigor and genuine ability, will compare favorably with any in the known world; while our weekly journals, devoted exclusively to literature, have long since very justly been pronounced as able and entertaining as they are complete and perfect. We would not part with them for bushels of the namby-pamby "sensation" trash

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aken,
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OUR BROTHER.
), 1858:

imported into the State by each mail from the Atlantic. It is not altogether impossible that the majority of those who are so shocked with what they term *California literature*, are disappointed, unhappy spirits, whose own literary wares have been coldly received in this or some other market. Poor souls!

A GREAT and good man is gone! Col. THOMAS HART BENTON, the noble Missourian, whose proud boast in his declining days was that he was a Senator of "six Roman lustrums," has passed from earth! After a long life of unflinching devotion to his country, such as few have displayed, he gently whispers, "I am comfortable and content," and drops into the arms of Death! He died as he had lived, with unshaken nerve; an intellect pure, healthy, powerful, and hard at work. Mr. Benton's place in the Councils of the Nation has never been filled—perhaps never will be. There were giants in his day, and he was of them. He was in the 76th year of his age.

READER, have you a wife or mother, or brothers or sisters beyond the ocean that separates us from the rest of the world? You *have*? And do you write them by each steamer? No! Then we hate you for it. You are an unfeeling, cold-hearted wretch, who doesn't deserve the prayers of that wife and mother, or the constant thoughts of those brothers and sisters. We do not believe there is anything in our nature despotic or cruel, yet had we the power we would make a neglect to write home by each mail a high crime, and attach a heavy penalty to all such instances. This we would insist upon until Californians were taught to perform what we conceive to be their duty. Let us not forget home! In the change of seasons and lapses of years, we little know what is passing *there*. A young lady, with whose pleasant favors our readers are already familiar, writes us on this subject, and cannot fail to touch a tender chord in the breast of those for whom our remarks are intended. She received a letter from home the other day: Such

good news, and such *sad* news! All about the happy, joyous band of girls that she played with. How beautiful some had grown—how accomplished others! How some of them had worn the orange wreath, been led to the altar, and were now happy wives. How the trees had grown in the school-yard! And how Harry was going to be a lawyer, and Ned a merchant, and Charley a printer—and many were at college. And how, when the day was cold and dreary, the snow was brushed from off a spot in the church-yard, and a grave received the form of one that she had so loved in years gone by, and whom she still loved—*he*, who carried her over the rippling streams in the wild-wood, and swung her in the grapevine, and made her believe that *echo* was a fairy.

Gone when the flowers were all away,
When the bright sunshine was absent,
When no song-birds made music,
When the singing brook was frozen up,
And all around was silent. Gone,
Where flowers ever freshly bloom. Where
Sunshine ever lingers. Where all is music,
Where all are angels. Where God is King!

THE story goes—and we desire to give it without any speculation or addition of our own—that Spriggins, the unfortunate individual whose troubles our artist has so graphically depicted in this number, came to California in the "flush times"—made money (of course) very fast—had a palace fit for a queen—drove his own horses—rode in his own carriage—drank his own wine—and sent for his wife, the loved idol of his heart, to enjoy with him the rich fruits of his early efforts. That the "better half," though a plain, sensible, home-spun woman, up to the time of her arrival in this country, soon caught the prevailing infection and insisted on mounting a lofty horse. That *he* yielded, and rode with her. That Spriggins was wrecked in the financial storm of a later day, and consequently found himself unable longer to live up to the high mark fixed by his wife. That she grew furious. That he remonstrated, and exhibited his cash account. That she raved and stormed and broke things. That he struggled on until he became exhausted in mind, body and purse, when the devoted

companion, whom he at the altar had rescued from the factory, quietly informed him—*live* like other women, and could not afford to support her; have her own way, she knew. That the heart-broken Spriggins, desperate, praise-worthy effort failed. That he contemplated was turned by friends from his. That he was soon after deserted on a plea of "inhuman treatment" embodied in the bill of divorce upon he hastened to Stockton for admission to the Insane Asylum, being told by the examining physician he was not quite far enough from a straight jacket, he resolved to be a politician. His dream of business explains the reason why only thing to be wondered at is that a man should be at the bottom of a calamity. Yet so goes the

In the present number of the magazine, entitled "A Trip to Walker's River," is a recent gold discovery and having directed public attention to the quarter, we doubt not that the articles published in our pages will be interesting. We like the style in which the writer has journeyed. The illustrations are taken on the spot, and as strictly correct.

Our interior correspondence is a gratifying fact that the State is a rich harvest. Such parts of the State. This as an offset to those who give as a reason for others to go, to the fact that the California gold. From the first we have seen the existence of an abundant metal in the country. On occasion in our history, toward that class of our cities and to

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companion, whom he at the matrimonial altar had rescued from the fangs of poverty, quietly informed him that she must live like other woman, and that if he could not afford to support her, and let her have her own way, she knew who could. That the heart-broken Spriggins made a desperate, praise-worthy effort to rally, but failed. That he contemplated suicide, but was turned by friends from his rash purpose. That he was soon after deserted by his wife on a plea of "inhuman treatment," which was embodied in the bill of divorce; whereupon he hastened to Stockton and knocked for admission to the Insane Asylum. That being told by the examining physician that he was not quite far enough gone for a straight jacket, he resolved to become a politician. His dream of the delightful prospects that awaited him in his new business explains the rest. Perhaps the only thing to be wondered at is that a woman should be at the bottom of the terrible calamity. Yet so goes the story.

In the present number the admirable article, entitled "A Trip to Carson Valley and Walker's River," is completed. The recent gold discovery along Walker's river, having directed public attention to that quarter, we doubt not the information furnished in our pages will prove both useful and interesting. We like the plain, familiar style in which the writer describes his journey. The illustrations are from sketches taken on the spot, and may be relied on as strictly correct.

Our interior correspondents note the gratifying fact that the miners are reaping a rich harvest. Such is the news from all parts of the State. We make mention of this as an offset to the croakings of those who give as a reason for going, or inducing others to go, to the Frazer river diggings, that the California mines are "giving out." From the first we have never doubted the existence of an abundance of the precious metal in the country north of us, and took occasion in our last number to urge forward that class of persons who hang about our cities and towns, never venturing be-

low the "surface" for a fortune. Let such go, but when we hear them giving as a reason for so doing that our mines have failed, or that they no longer hold out flattering prospects, we begin to think they are too ignorant to be so far from their mothers. For it is well known, as is stated by our correspondents, that as much, if not more gold is being taken out now-a-days than ever before in California; while throughout the entire mining district we behold scenes of prosperity, happiness and general contentment, such as have never before been witnessed.

THE HESPERIAN: A Journal of Art and Literature. Published Semi-Monthly, and Edited by Mrs. A. M. SHULTZ and Mrs. F. H. DAY. Terms: \$4.00 per Year.

Though we are not in the habit of noticing the new publications of the day, we cannot permit the opportunity to pass to direct the attention of Californians to the journal, whose title, as well as aim and object, we have given above. It has been said of us out here on the Pacific, that we pay for and devour more literature than any other State in the Union. Without stopping to discuss a point upon which there may exist doubt, we would ask whether, amid our continued longing for "something to read," we will fail to give a proper reception to a well-conducted journal controlled entirely by California ladies, and devoted to the cultivation of the good, the true, the useful and beautiful in California Literature? The *Hesperian* approaches us with more than ordinary claims. It is, we may say, the first enterprise of the kind ever presented for our consideration, and managed as it is by well known ladies, whose brilliant efforts have for years been so highly prized by the press and people of the State, we should take peculiar pride in rendering it assistance. The number before us, viewed either with regard to its literary merits or typographical appearance, will compare favorably with any of the leading journals of the United States. We trust the ladies may receive the encouragement they deserve, and that they will soon be able to announce that their paper is on a sound, substantial basis.

The Delightful Dream
 OF
 MAJOR GEORGE WASHINGTON SPRIGGINS,
 AN AMBITIOUS POLITICIAN,
 WHO READ THE "LEADING PAPERS" OF THE STATE DURING THE SESSION OF THE
 LEGISLATURE.



Spriggins imagines himself a defeated candidate for Constable, in a large commercial city.



Disgusted with the "filthy pool" of politics, the Major proceeds to the "Interior," where he falls in with an Honest Miner, just about the dinner hour.



"Hurrah for Spriggins!" Elected Coroner of the County, he becomes exceedingly popular.



He holds his first Inquest!—A Shocking Death.



Spriggins "Nominee" for a "card."



Having he proceeds cautious and



Jones on a r

SPRIGGINS,
CIAN,
THE SESSION OF THE



the "filthy pool" of poli-
ceeds to the "Interior,"
with an Honest Miner,
per hour.



Inquest!—A Shocking
Death.



W
Spriggins stock up.—The "Regular
Nominee" for the Legislature.—He prints
a "card."



W
Having been elected to the Legislature,
he proceeds to qualify himself for the ar-
duous and responsible duties of his position



Jones having once been "down South"
on a raft, calls the Major out.

THE MAJOR'S "KEERD."

FELLER SITIZENS.—I am a Dem-
crat and go in for the grate Merikin
Egle. I never wuz anythink else 'cept
a Democrat, only wen I jined the K.
N'S, and them's gone in and busted all
to Smash long go. Ef I git your suff-
eriges, I will do all I kin to extend the
Merikin flag over our parts. I will
I am in favor of universal edication,
and go aginst niggers. I wil vote to
have every emty house in our county
hired by the Governor, and turned in-
to night scules. No more at present.
From your affectionate fren.
Geo. Washington Spriggins.



W
He rises to a question of privilege.



W
Spriggins though not hurt, is a little
weak after the excitement of the day.



The Major feels braver under different circumstances.



It's all up with Spriggins.—He is "elevated" by his constituents.

MONTHLY CHAT,

WITH CONTRIBUTORS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

J. E. Nourse, Jacksonville, Tuolumne Co.—*"Notes and Pencilings,"* by Erwin, received. The sketches go at once into the hands of the engraver. Much obliged.

L. T., Sacramento.—Glad you have become so deeply interested. The "Countess" will be concluded in the July number. We are unable to answer your last query.

Inquirer, Stockton.—The *Hesperian* has no connection whatever, with the defunct *Athenaeum*. Fie! considering the high and well known character of the ladies engaged in the enterprise, we do not see how you could think otherwise.

Prospector, Marysville.—Have we a map of the Frazer River Diggings? Of course we have—plenty of them. But why ask us? Our Agents, Randall & Co., in your own town have, or should have them. Drop in on them and see for yourself.

Hunter, Oroville.—If nothing happens, you may look for about a dozen of the California wild animals in our next number. Nahl has tried himself on the drawings, and Armstrong has hit it exactly in the engraving—so we fancy.

New England, San Francisco.—We beg to be excused. Nothing of a violent political character can find a place in our pages. The MSS. is subject to your order.

S. M., Downieville.—Really it is not in our power to furnish the information you desire. One of our daily papers—a very reliable one, by the by—stated a day or two since that Vanderbilt & Co. were about opening the Nicaragua route. This may be true—we know nothing to the contrary. But hold on—something may turn up soon.

O. P., San Jose.—Package received "right right side up with care." Thanks for your kind remembrance.

F. P., San Francisco.—Your "Farewell" is on file for our next number. Let us hear from you again.

Carrie, Sacramento.—Send us the "Reminiscence." Shall be glad to introduce you to the public.

C. H., Shasta.—We refer you to the "Minor's Own Book," just issued by us, for the information you desire.

CAL

HUTO