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HUTCHINGS'

CALIFORNIA

MAGAZINE



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HUTCHINGS' CALIFORNIA MAGAZINE.

(ILLUSTRATED.)

containing a variety of articles descriptive of Life and Scenes in California, and beautifully illustrated.

Only 25 Cents per Month, or \$3 00 a Year.

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[July, 1858.

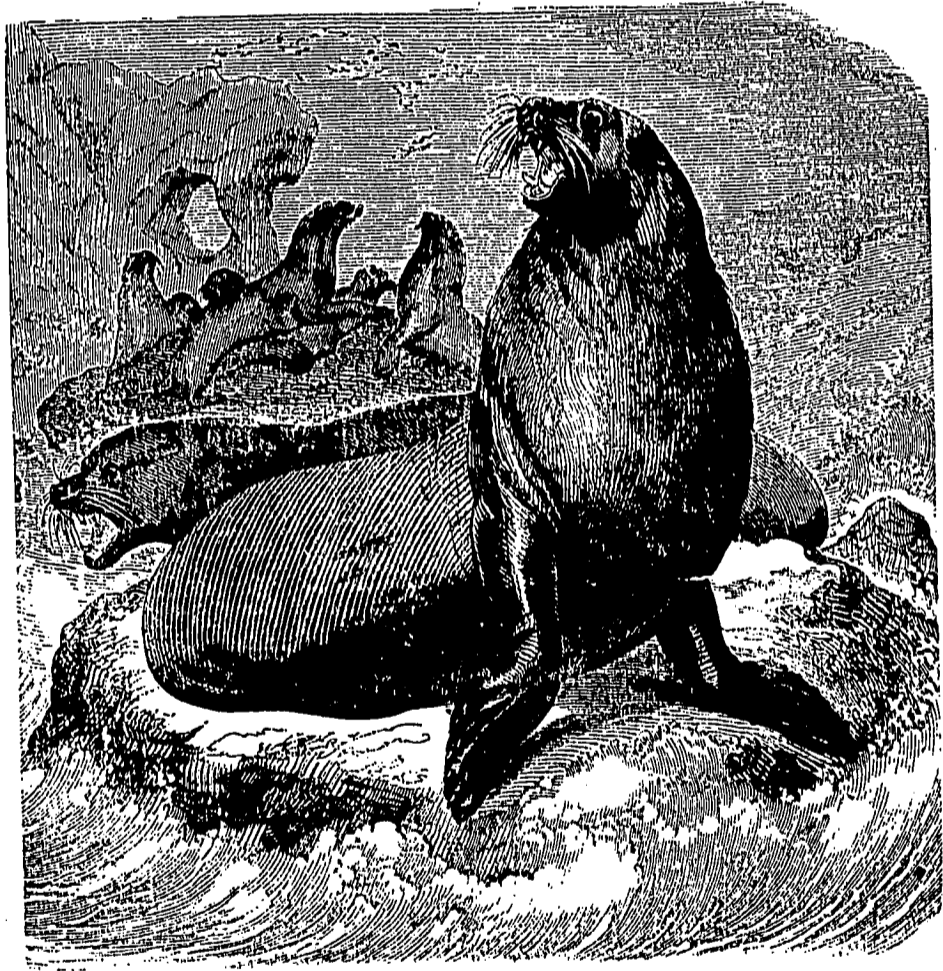
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HUTCHINGS'

CALIFORNIA MAGAZINE.

VOL. III. JULY, 1858. No. 1.

CALIFORNIA ANIMALS.



SEA LIONS.

MAGAZINE.

... in California, and
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 ... we will pay
 at the same price.
 ... for a year gratis.

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BATTERY STS.

The wonders of California extend beyond her rich gold fields, mammoth trees, towering mountains, beautiful valleys, and her delicious fruits and huge vegetables. The strange variety of animals found within her borders, form not the least remarkable and interesting portion of her history. An enthusiastic admirer of our astonishing products has said that "California is the whole world, on a small scale;" and that that which, in days past, was only secured after long and perilous voyages from one country to another, is found here, without difficulty, "all in a heap." That there is much truth in this assertion, no one who is posted will deny.

In previous numbers, as our readers will remember, our artist has furnished us with some very correct engravings of California wonders and curiosities. We have also given the more beautiful and remarkable Birds. The great interest taken in the subject induced us to send our artist among the wild animals; and the result of his visit will be found in the present issue. We think he has succeeded to a charm. The first in the list,

which forms a sort of frontispiece to the gallery of sketches, [see first page] is the far-famed "Sea Lion" of California. This is, indeed, a strange work of nature. Great numbers of them are to be found, almost at any time during a clear, warm day, upon the rocks adjacent to the sea, where they keep up a clatter not at all pleasant to hear. They manifest the fondest regard for their young calves, over which they keep the closest guard. Some of the older ones appear, at first, to be very brave, and often, when teased, make towards you with open mouths, displaying at the same time their tusks. But we have discovered them to be, as a general thing, great cowards. The simple wave of your hand will often make them "take water." Still, should they be so pressed as to render a fight inevitable, they would, in our opinion, prove very ugly customers to handle. We for one would not care to come in too close contact with them under such "pressing" circumstances. It is said, by those well acquainted with their habits, that they fight like tigers among themselves.



THE CAYOTE.

This animal is, it is claimed by some, any other country. Of this we have our peculiar to California, and not found in doubts. It may exist elsewhere—pos-

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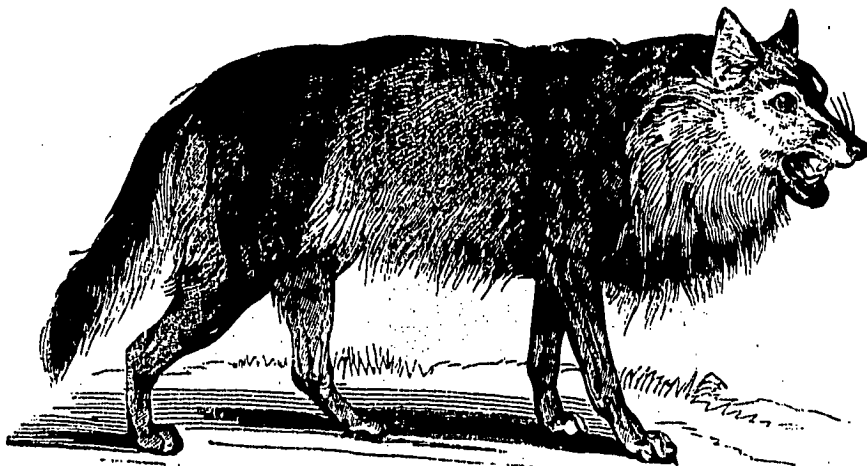
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CALIFORNIA ANIMALS.

sibly in Mexico—yet on this point we cannot speak knowingly. One thing, however, we do very well know: It is the most thieving thing that walks on four legs. Our artist has, we think, displayed his genius and taste in the manner in which he presents this strange animal to our view. It will be observed that the rascal is feasting on the bone of some poor victim which he has evidently pounced upon in an unguarded moment, during a dark night, (Coyotes seldom leave their holes during the day,) while his sneaking attitude and villainous expression of eye plainly indicate his general disposition. Our excellent Governor, during the political campaign which ended in his election to his present position, made allusion to this animal, in the

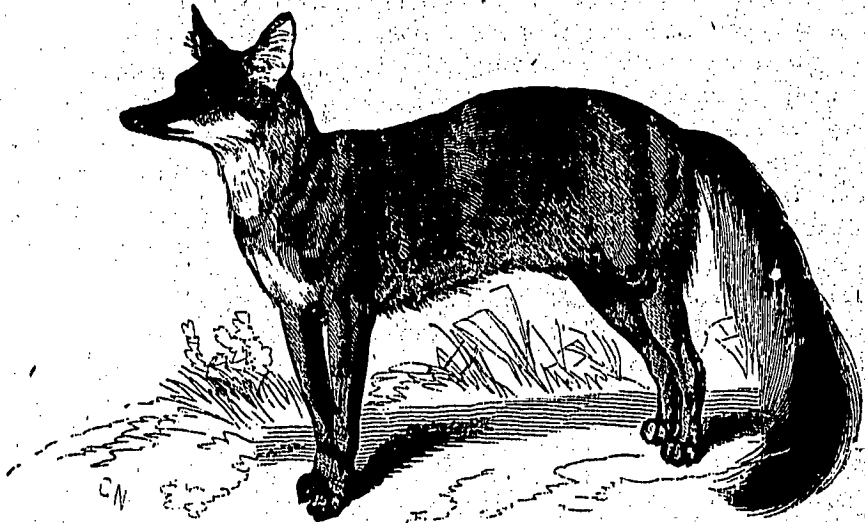
course of a speech, which is still fresh in our memory. The Governor had been accused by his opponents of doing something very mean on a certain occasion, and was replying, in most vigorous and effective style to the charges. Said he: "Fellow citizens, I would rather be a Coyote, and sneak about your hen-roosts for a living, than be guilty of such an act as *that*." Certainly, the Governor could not have selected an illustration which would convey a greater abhorrence of the charges in question. It is, perhaps, unnecessary to add that, after that speech, the "mean charge" fell to the ground. Those who know anything about the Coyote will, we think, agree with us, that the engraving furnished by our artist is "to the very life."



THE WOLF.

The California Wolf, unlike those found elsewhere, is of a gray color, slightly mixed with black. It is also larger and more dangerous. It boldly attacks cattle, and its power of muscle in the neck is so great that it can gather up a calf or sheep and easily run off with it. Its scent is quite remarkable. It is said that it scarcely ever fails to reach its object, when once on the track.

In the winter season it ventures very near the towns and villages, and creates considerable excitement. It never attacks horses or cattle in the rear, from the fact, probably, that the latter use their heels to too much advantage. It, however, pounces upon them in front, and generally conquers them. When suffering from hunger, it will, it is said, eat the flesh from its own bones.



THE FOX.

If there is any one animal, in the list furnished by our artist, that will be admired more than another, it is the Fox. There he is, in all the beauty of life. For

swiftness of foot, and shrewdness, the California Fox is said to surpass those of any other country. Isn't he a beautiful fellow?

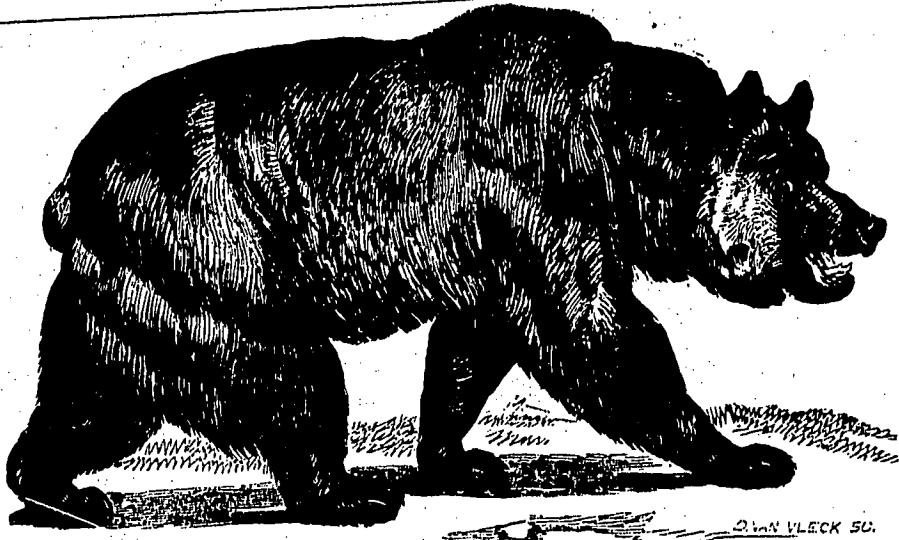


THE RACCOON.

It is not claimed that the above is any relation to that "same old coon" about which we have heard so much in other days. It is a native of California, and, upon examination, will be found to be different in many respects from the Coon of other States. The drawing is perfect, and is so taken as to enable the reader to view the animal in all its points. We are informed that, at certain seasons of

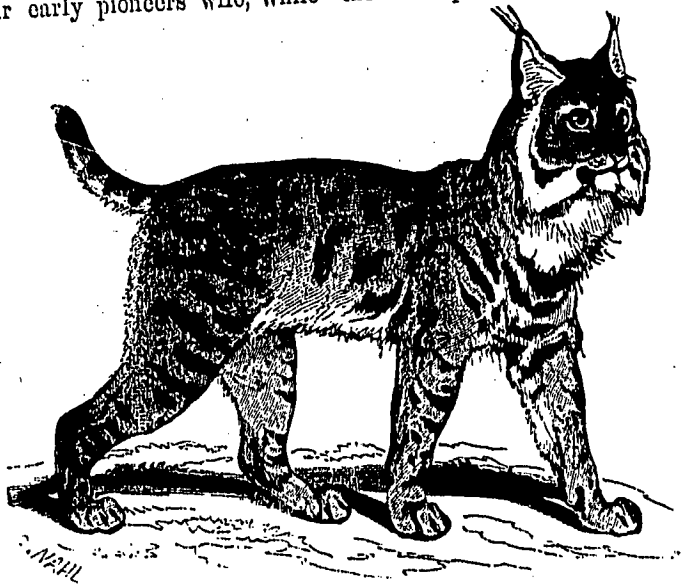
the year, these Coons are to be found in great numbers along the upper Sacramento. We presume, however, they are confined to no particular section of the State. The California Coon is a beautiful animal, and we do not see how we could have got along without it in our series of sketches. In the above engraving we have secured it in the happiest style.

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THE GRIZZLY BEAR.

The Grizzly Bear of California is so well known, that we do not deem a description necessary to introduce it to our readers. The above engraving is a most truthful representation of this remarkable animal, as competent judges will readily admit. It appears almost as natural as when roaming at large through the mountains, and we dare say there are many of our early pioneers who, while marking out trails, or hunting for the precious metal, have seen some "just like him." The California Grizzly is unlike those of his species found in most other countries. It is exceedingly ferocious, and powerful; and, unless treated to a deadly bullet, is a hard customer to manage in an encounter. It fights with great desperation, and never yields while the least spark of life remains.



THE LYNX.

The Lynx is of a reddish color, with dark brown spots on the end of the tail. In size they measure from three to four feet in length. They are exceedingly

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to be found in the upper Sacramento section of the mountain is a beautiful how we could in our series of engraving we piest style.

blood-thirsty, often pouncing upon more victims than they can devour at one time. They have been known to kill as many as thirty sheep in one night. They are the terror of young cattle—though the deer, it appears, is their principal food. They lie upon the branch of a tree, like a cat, and leap upon their unsuspecting victim from a distance of twelve or fourteen feet. Immediately upon grasping a sheep, they kill it by opening the veins of the throat, and then drink the blood. They then eat the intestines, head and shoulders, and leave the remainder. Singular to relate, after having killed more sheep than is required at one meal, they

remove them to some secure place, and spread them out carefully in the air. They then leave for two or three days, and if, upon their return, they find the meat tainted, it is deserted for something more fresh. We have this interesting fact from old mountaineers who are well acquainted with the habits of the animal. The eyes of the Lynx are very large, full and piercing, and of a bright yellow color. The Lynx has a beautiful skin, and its meat is pronounced by those who pretend to be well posted, a rare and delicate morsel. The engraving furnished by our artist may be relied upon as entirely correct.

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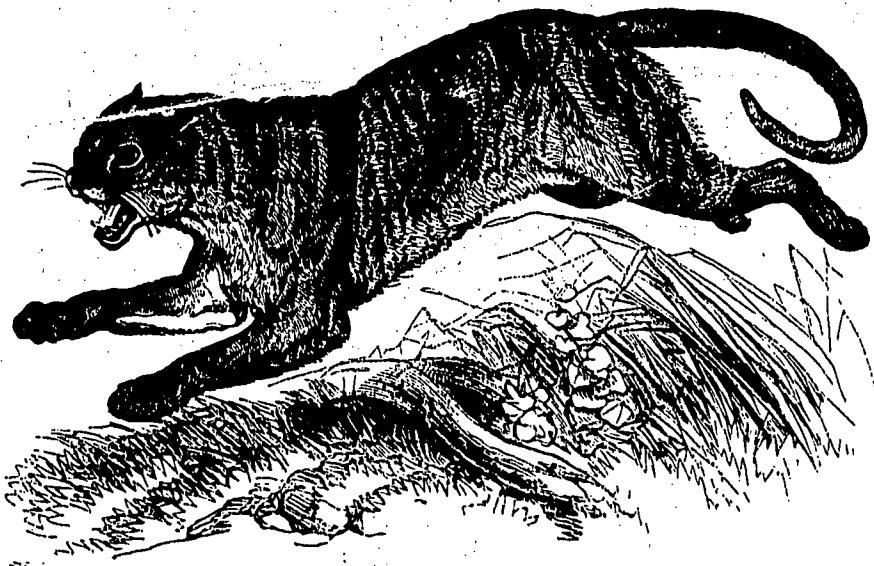
THE CALIFORNIA DEER.

We give above a very correct drawing of the California Deer—by many called the Elk. We are at a loss to conceive how this beautiful animal should be confounded with the clumsy, ill-shaped Elk. It differs from the Elk in a great many

respects, especially in its most striking features. The Elk, besides the great hump on the neck, has a much longer head and ears, and heavier horns. The nostrils of the Elk also resemble those of the horse; while those of the Deer, as

will be observed, bear no resemblance to the horse. A most striking peculiarity of the California Bucks, and one which has doubtless been observed by hunters, is their savagedisposition after being wounded. After being pursued for hours, and arrested at length by a bullet, they turn suddenly upon their pursuers, and make

desperate battle. This movement on their part, as may be imagined, generally creates considerable excitement; still as it is never resorted to until a leaden messenger has been felt, the gallant bearing of the animal is of but short duration. The venison of California is pronounced the finest in the world.



THE LION.

With all her wonders, there are few persons at a distance who will be willing to believe that California produces an animal like that represented in the above engraving; yet, strange and remarkable as it may appear, it is true. A veritable *Lion*, of which the above is a correct sketch, is found within the limits of our State. Hence, we choose to refer to it as the *California Lion*. We have seen one of them, and a splendid fellow he was, too. In point of size, strength, or beauty, we hesitate not to pronounce the California Lion equal, if not superior, to any that we have ever met in the famous menageries of the Atlantic States. It will be observed that they differ greatly in appearance from the Lions of other countries, resembling more the ferocious tiger of the old world.

A gentleman who passed through the northern portion of the State in the fall of '50, describes a fight which he witnessed between a Grizzly Bear and Lion. Upon facing each other, the Bear showed signs of distress, and commenced "backing out." The Lion at the same time drew himself forward very cautiously, until within ten or fifteen feet of his adversary, when coiling his tail under his body, he made a spring, with a hissing noise. He missed his object, but suddenly gathering his energies, he made a second leap, landing full upon the Bear's back. The result of the struggle soon became apparent. The Bear fought with desperation, but was finally compelled to yield beneath the huge jaws of his antagonist. The fight lasted about half an hour. The Lion was considerably bruised.

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ALONE.

BY T. E. F.

When joy upon the heart, with feeble glare,
The smile of inward pleasure spreads around,
Or glee and mirth within the mind declare
That happiness shall reign and there be crown'd:

 This joyous night,
 These visions bright,
Are as sunbeams that mark when day has flown;
Though strange it seems, 'tis night, and I'm alone.

When memory brings its traces of the past,
My heart in sadness heaves a heavy sigh,
And longs again to wear what cannot last—
The smile of joy it wore in days gone by:

 Like fading flowers,
 Youth's sunny hours,
And cherished dreams have quickly come and gone;
How strange it seems, in sadness, I'm alone.

In sorrow now, no tear is shed for me,
No feeling of true pity can I find;
No heart, by chords of love or sympathy,
Or fond affection, is to mine inclined:

 With spirit meek
 I humbly seek
The flowing streams that Hope to me had shown;
How strange it seems, in sadness, I'm alone.

But not alone beside the sparkling rill,
Along the meadows, clothed in verdure green,
Beneath the giant trees that crown the hill;
There birds within their lazy bowers, unseen,
 In merry glee
 Bring back to me

The past, that beams with all I have known
Of joy: it seems that here I'm not alone.

When night has shrouded earth with its net,
And luna's lamp sends forth its mellow rays;
When myriad stars in Heaven's blue vault are set,
I walk where we have walked in other days:

 I gaze above
 In mournful love,
Fancy redeems the light which long had flown,
Her spirit here communes with mine alone.

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DID I LOVE HER?

BY AN OLD BACHELOR.

Many years ago—so very many that it almost makes me dizzy to look back at them—I was in love; so, at least, I fancied, though older heads insisted that it was some other feeling. Well, I'll tell you the story, and, when I have closed, I may again have occasion to ask the question: "Did I love her?"

It was, by all odds, the loveliest village in all Pennsylvania—the place where I was born. I can see it now, with its fine old trees and comfortable houses; its hardy old people and healthy children; its neat, tidy, handsome girls, and strong, active young men. The reader will observe that I indulge in none of the usual fancy pictures here, for the purpose of winning attention. When I say that the old people were hardy, the children healthy, the girls handsome, and the young men hearty and active, I mean it. I desire to present them in no other shape.

I had the reputation of being the wildest, most reckless boy in that quiet, beautiful, Heaven-favored village. Though I never, in all my life, did any member of the community an intentional injury, or even had the remotest idea of doing so, I continued (why, I know not,) to keep up the reputation just alluded to; and until, perhaps, up to within the last year of my residence there, the very children, as they clustered around the blazing family hearth, in the cold wintry evenings, were frightened half to death by senseless, unfounded stories, in which I was, as a matter of course, the terrible hero. As before remarked, I was not what might be called a *bad* boy—neither am I considered a very bad man. It is true that, during my boyhood days, I was always full of

life, and that I occasionally loved as dearly to invent a little fun as to enjoy it after it was invented. It is equally true that I was compelled to own up to every wicked thing that transpired in town; and, this being a position from which it was impossible for me to back out, why, I very naturally stuck my hands deeper and firmer than ever in my pantaloons pockets, and whistled much louder than I might under ordinary circumstances.

But, what has all this to do with our story? I will endeavor to show how a misunderstanding, produced by the bad name unjustly fastened upon me in the village, hurried two innocent beings to an untimely grave, and embittered the life of a third, which might otherwise have been sweet. I will not attempt, nor is it particularly necessary that I enumerate all the charges laid at my door. I will simply say that the Great Judge knows how innocent I was. The old people were too hard on me; but, as they now sleep beneath the dear old trees that sheltered me in the spring-time of life, I have not a harsh or unkind word to utter. May they rest in peace!

Among the many girls in my list of acquaintances, was one whom I at a certain period of life loved. I was going to say I *thought* I loved her; but that would hardly do. I know too well—she knew too well—God and the Angels know too well, I loved her as man seldom loves. A little patience, reader, and I will proceed. This is the love I spoke of at the start. The good old time, with all its sunny days, is upon me again, and my torn, lacerated heart, that has bled so long, feels just as if it were about to melt.

There, that will do! I feel much better. Well, as I was saying, I loved the girl. There certainly could be no mistake about *that*, though you have but my word for it. She, I believe, never doubted it; and I have reason to know, gave me a good, pure heart in return.

We were children together—my Mary and I. We had sat close together on the same old bench at the village school—had rejoiced at each other's triumph over the "hard words," as they were given out by the fierce teacher—and had taken "great big bites" from the same slice of bread and butter, over and over again. We had climbed the long hills together—had chased butterflies together—had sang pretty songs together, and picked berries together. Why, our little cheeks and lips had been pressed together "as often as we had fingers and toes." And thus the years rolled on. Thus we grew up. She was ever ready to defend me. She understood me perfectly.

At length the shock, from which my soul never recovered, came. I had reached the age of twenty-three. Mary was eighteen. I proposed marriage. So far as Mary herself was concerned, there was no difficulty. She had long been preparing for the event. We had long enjoyed the most blissful dreams of the future. But, ah! how little do we know what a day may bring forth! How suddenly is the sweet current of one's life turned into a dreary, desolate waste! Such was our fate. The shock came. Mary's parents and friends objected to me, in the strongest and most positive manner. *I did not love her; said they, and could not make her happy!* So obstinate and furious, indeed, became their opposition, after my intention was made known, that I concluded to absent myself for a time, in order, if possible, to bring about a change in their feelings. But things only grew worse for me. In less than a year my

poor mother, borne down with grief at my distress, sank into her grave.

In despair, I returned to the village. It was in mid-winter, and the scene was as cheerless as can well be imagined. With the exception of several kind friends—whom I will ever remember with delight—I was pointed at as that "wild, reckless, *bad* young man." I bore up bravely beneath all this, for I know how little I deserved the treatment; but when I sought an interview with her in whom my dearest affections were centered—when I asked to see my Mary, *and was refused*—my heart and voice failed me. This was more than I could bear. She, too, had been poisoned against me. So, at least, I supposed—and that was enough.

There is no longer need of detail. Being the only surviving member of my family, I turned the dear old homestead into money, and, bidding adieu to the place of my birth, wandered off to the then "Far West." I at once settled down in business, and endeavored to banish from my mind all thought of my former life. But that was out of the question. I could not forget how deeply I had been wronged. I could not but think how little they knew my heart, who declared I did not love my Mary.

My days and nights were long, and heavy, and bitter, though the years, after all, crowded-fast upon me. Indeed, I sometimes felt that I was a very, very old man. One day, long after I had concluded to outlive it all, I was startled by the reception of a letter, bearing the post-mark of the village in which I had spent so many pleasant hours. I had been absent so long, it was impossible for me to recognize the superscription. This I did not attempt, though while gazing upon it I indulged in some very strange conjectures. Who could have thought of me, the "wild, reckless, *bad* man," after so long a separation? It proved to be from a very dear old lady friend, who informed

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me that my Mary, too, after withering away like the tender flower beneath the rude blasts, had gently sank to rest! The letter closed as follows:

"Her last breath sounded your name, and when they told her, the day before she took her departure from earth, that it must be, she smiled contentedly, and only requested that her body be laid near your mother, who, like herself, knew and loved you so well."

Reader, all this happened many years ago. I have since visited the old village, and faced those whose conduct caused so much anguish. I looked about me, and my eyes met many changes and strange faces. There stood the same old trees, still blooming, with the return of spring. The old school house, where Mary and I spelled the hard words, and rejoiced in each other's triumphs, was there; new faces occupied the long, pine benches. The tall hills we used to climb appeared as

high and as fresh as ever; but with my eyes, just then, I could see nothing beautiful about me—not even the butterflies Mary and I used to chase!

He who visits the old-fashioned village about which I have been talking, will doubtless find somebody who will remember the main features of this story. He will, I dare say, hear more than I have told—much more. He will hear how that "wild, reckless young man" faced those who had injured him, and how, on a certain occasion, with one hand pointing to two newly-made graves, and the other towards Heaven, he *forgave them all!* The visitor will hear more than this. He will hear how, up to the hour of their death, that *bad* young man supported and consoled the aged parents of Mary.

I never married. I never expect to marry. But one word more of my Mary: "Did I love her?"

Marysville, June 1, 1858.

FAREWELL.

I ask no farewell token
Of thine afar to bear;
No link of bright gold broken,
Nor locks of thy dark hair.
My soul shall still be near thee,
Though far from thee I fly—
I only wish to hear thee
Say "Bless you and good-bye."

This miniature that beareth
Thy semblance I refuse,
Because my fond soul wearoeth
One that it may not lose.
The love that needs a token
To keep its faith may die;
Then all I would have spoken
Is "Bless you and good-bye!"

San Francisco, May 25, 1853.

THE BRIDAL BELLS.

Merrily ring the bridal bells!
Merrily, all the day;
Merrily sing the little birds—
It is the pleasant May.
Sing on, sweet birds! Oh! sweetly sing!
Bloom, little flowers, so gay;
Shine, sun, on my sweet Mary's head!
For we are married to-day.

The pleasant skies are bright with smiles,
The earth is dress'd in flowers;
The little rills dance down the hills,
And sing among the bowers.
Merrily ring the bridal bells,
O'er the hills far away;
Merrily dance two happy hearts,
For we are married to-day. G. T. S.

San Francisco, May, 1853.

THE CAPTIVE MAIDEN.

A TALE OF SUTTER'S BUTTE.

The sun was sinking behind the coast-range—the moon was rising over the Sierra Nevada. Oglesberry Higginbotham sat on a stone near the summit of Sutter's Butte, and gazed on the varied landscape beneath. In his contemplation of the beauties of nature, he had forgotten that it was near night, and that it was some three miles to his camp.

"The mighty Pacific!" he said, "once washed the base of the Nevadas. The mountain on which I stand was not; the coast-range of mountains are of a comparatively late creation. Where the fawn now sports, 'mid flowers of every hue, in the rich valley of the Sacramento, was once the playground of the whale. And was all this done with one grand stroke of the will of the Creator? Who knows but some enlightened nation was swept from existence by this one command from on High? 'He stood, and measured the earth,' saith the prophet; 'He beheld and drove asunder nations. The everlasting mountains were scattered; the perpetual hills did bow. His ways are everlasting.' Oh, fool! why dost thou say, in thy narrow heart, there is no God? But the ways of God are mysterious. Sin is spread abroad over the land. Wickedness and ingratitude find a harbor in almost every human heart. This mountain was once called after an old pioneer, who was the personification of hospitality; but the same men that he fed, after having robbed him of his worldly goods, must needs rob the mountain of his name, and call it the Marysville Butte! Oh, ingratitude! thou art indeed more fell than the assassin's steel!"

"Oglesberry!" said a familiar voice, and a female approached him, and laid

her hand upon his shoulder. Higginbotham was naturally brave—he had been called fool-hardy; but the blood now ran cold in his veins. He could not speak, for he believed that he saw a ghost.

The lady knew his thoughts, and said:

"Be not afraid, Oglesberry, I am flesh and blood. Let us get away from here, and I will explain all. You must live near here, or would not be here at this late hour."

"Maggie Lane," said he, "can this be you?" He took her by the hand, as if to satisfy himself that it was a reality.

"It is I," she said, "and I am in the hands of bad men, and wish to escape. Can you do anything for me! No, no!" she said, vehemently; "no, leave me to my fate. I love you too well for that. If those men knew that you were here, they would kill you. They are powerful, and should you help me off, they would follow us up wherever we might go, and then they would kill you."

"Maggie," said he, "Maggie! two years ago, two thousand miles from here, we plighted our love. I then promised that when I got back, I would lead you to the altar, and protect you through life. We now meet under circumstances which I cannot understand. But my camp is about three miles from here, so let's be getting that way. I fear no man, nor no body of men, and no inducement could tempt me to part from you."

They started to walk along, but in an instant they were surrounded by a dozen men; nor could Higginbotham tell from whence they came.

"He has seen her," said one, and he must die. Advance and take him!"

Oglesberry raised his gun, and told them to stand back, but still they ad-

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vanced. His gun fired, and one of them fell, to rise no more. They took him, however, blindfolded, and gagged him. They then passed on for a few steps, stopped a moment, and, when they moved on again, he knew that he was under ground.

"What do you think of this fellow?" said one of the men. "He is grit, ain't he? Why, he must o' knowed the gal."

"Yes, I'll be bound he knowed her," said another, "for, as I was out to-day, I went to their camp and got to talking with him. He said he was from Overton county, Tennessee, and that is whar she come from, you know. I ain't half liked it, nohow, since them fellers have been out here hunting. I believe they knowed something afore they come. There ain't no tellin' what word that wench—I beg the Captain's pardon, I meant lady—I say nobody can't tell what she has been doing; she is as sly as a fox."

"Them's my sentiments," said the first speaker, "and if I had my way, I'd go down thar to-night, and kill the last one of 'em."

"Now you are talkin' sense," chimed in a third. "They can't give no regular account of themselves, no how. When Bill and me was a layin' around thar, to-day, tryin' to pump 'em, they said that they lived away down in Mariposa, and they come up here jist on a huntin' excursion. Now I don't believe that. I believe, as Jack says, that this gal has sent word out to 'em in some way."

While this conversation was going on, they were going down steps. Two men led, or rather dragged Iligginbotham. Maggie walked alone, and in sullen silence.

So sudden had been all these movements, that Oglesberry could hardly realize his position. He would at times think that he was in a terrible dream; but then he would know that it was a reality, and he felt that he was a doomed

man. They had said that he must die; but who they were, where they were going, and how Maggie came there, were all questions of such deep mystery that it was painful for him to contemplate them. When a man *knows* the ordeal through which he is to pass, he can nerve himself for the worst of human calamities; but *mystery* will unnerve the bravest heart. Then, what would be Maggie's doom?

When they had gone down a long flight of steps, they reached a level place, where they stopped, took the blind from his eyes, and the gag from his mouth. He found that he was in a room some hundred and fifty feet square. It was brilliantly lighted, and presented the appearance of a magnificent palace.

A man who was seated at the farther extremity of the room, when they entered, now rose and walked up to them, and demanded an explanation of the scene.

"I thought," said he, "that you were on your way to Marysville. How come you here; what are you doing with this fellow, and what is she (looking at Maggie) doing with you?"

"I went to breathe a little fresh air," said Maggie, "and met with that gentleman there. He appeared frightened, and I had to tell him that I was flesh and blood, to keep him from fainting. These ruffians of yours saw us together, and rushed upon us, at the same time swearing that he must die. He, like a brave man, shot one of them, and you see how they have treated him. In order to gain favor with me, you tell me that you never kill people—that you only take their money; but I have now seen enough to satisfy me to the contrary."

"I believe," said a tall, raw-boned individual, "that she knowed him. He is one of them fellows as has bin huntin' round here for several days, and I believe they aint after no good, neither. We

have made up our minds that they must be cleaned out, to-night, too."

"Well," said the *Captain*, "we will consult about that. Now, Miss, what say you—did you ever see this fellow before?"

"I don't like to be catechised in so authoritative a tone as the one you are using just now," said Maggie. "If, sir, you will use another tone, I have no objection to answering your question."

The bandit chief bit his lip, and motioned his men off.

"Now," said he, "will you tell me whether you ever saw this gentleman before, or not?"

"I have seen him before, sir," she replied.

"Where?"

"In the Atlantic States."

"He is, then, perhaps, a lover of yours?" said he.

"Perhaps he is, and what then?" said Maggie.

"Perhaps, then, I'll make fish-bait of him," said the *Captain*.

"Perhaps you won't," replied Maggie.

"Why not?" demanded the bandit.

"Because," said Maggie, "you dare not."

Oglesberry was as much surprised at this scene as he had been at anything else. He had always looked upon Maggie as being as gentle as a lamb, and as timid as a fawn; but now he beheld her holding at bay a man who, from the position he held, was bound to be not only brave, but ferocious. "Here," thought he, "is an example of what courage will do. In all ages of the world, we have seen men rise into power and influence, simply with courage. There is a sympathy between minds, and which is not yet understood. A coward will wither beneath a courageous *smile*. If I only had as much of it as Maggie has, we would get out of this scrape."

The bandit chief seemed to reflect for a moment, and then he said:

"If I will let this young man go, will you go with me to-morrow to Marysville, or Colusa, and marry me? But mind, you would have to put your own life in pawn for *his* silence."

"If you will allow me a half hour's private conversation with him, I will agree to your proposition," was the unexpected reply.

"Well, talk away," said he, and he walked off.

"Now," said Maggie, in a trembling voice, "what shall we do?"

"You don't propose to marry that fellow, do you?" said Oglesberry.

"Certainly not," said Maggie; "I only want time. But now I leave it all to you. Can you devise any plan for me to escape from him to-morrow, and for you to get off, too?"

"Stipulate with him," said he "that I am to leave first; and then, that you go to Colusa to get married, and I will fix the balance."

"Oglesberry," said she, "you will have to *kill* him; there is no other way. It may seem improper for me to give such advice, but we must get away."

"I will fix that," said Oglesberry; "but now tell me something about how you came here, for I am terribly bewildered on that point."

"Well," she began, "Pa took a notion to come to California about a year ago, and in a few days we were under way for the land of gold, *via* New Orleans and Panama. We arrived safe in the country and settled on Feather river. I wrote to you at Shasta, your old post-office, but I got no answer, and I did not know where else to write to. In about a month after our settlement on the river, I had been visiting one of our neighbors, and was returning home about dusk one evening, when I was overtaken by a man on horseback. He rode by my side for

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some time without speaking, and then, all he said was to ask me to get on behind him, and ride home. I told him that I preferred to walk. Just at this moment, another man rode up. 'Get down!' said the first one to him, 'and hand that girl up to me.'

"I tried to scream, but the ruffian stuck an old handkerchief in my mouth, which nearly suffocated me, and I was lifted from the ground like a child, and placed on the horse in front of the man, who put spurs to his horse, and flew across the plains. I did not faint, as I should have been in duty bound to do, had I been the heroine of some romance. Well, I was brought to this place, and here I have been ever since; and I must say that I have been well treated in everything, except being kept closely guarded all the time, and having that fellow importuning me about once a week to marry him. In everything else I have had my own way, and never, for one moment, have I felt afraid of any of them. I have always believed that I would escape unhurt. But oh, Oglesberry! how will, or how have my poor parents borne the mysterious loss of their only daughter?"

"I have not seen them," said he. "I have written regularly to you, but have received no answer to my letters. I did not know that you were in California."

While they are talking to each other, let us listen to another very important conversation that is being held in another portion of the same room.

"You think it best, then, Bill," said the Captain, "to clean those hunters out to-night, do you?"

"Well, I does," replied Bill.

"How many of them are there?" asked the Captain.

"There's four of 'em besides the one we have got," said Bill.

"I have promised that girl that if she would marry me I would let that fellow

go, and she has agreed to it. Now, I propose to make him swear that he will never say a word about our place, nor us, and then let him go to-night, and when he gets to his camp turn out and kill the last one of them and put them where the coyotes won't find them. She will think he's gone, and will marry me. I know that I can depend on her word."

"That's a capital idea," said Bill; "and I tell you I just want the job of doin' for this feller we have got now. I want my revenge for his killin' Dick Jobson. Dick was a good feller."

"Make ready for the work," said the Captain, and he walked off towards our hero and heroine.

"Are you through with your talk?" said he. "If you are, you can listen to the arrangements. Mr. What-you-may-call-him is to leave to-night. You and I leave in the morning at sunrise for Marysville."

"I much prefer going to Colusi," said Maggie. "Some one might know me in Marysville."

"Any way to please the children, and keep peace in the family," said the Captain.

"Now, sir, I shall require you to promise me, upon the honor of a gentleman, that you will never, in any manner, tell what you have seen here to-night. You can depart at any moment, but I will keep that gun of yours. She appears to be a fine piece."

"He will take his gun with him," said Maggie, "if he wants it."

"Well, you may have your way in that too," said the bandit, and he stepped across the room to speak to Bill.

"I will write a note by you to my mother," said Maggie, "and that will keep down suspicion." She had hardly finished speaking when the Captain again joined them. Maggie asked him if she might write a note to her mother.

"Write one," said he, "but I must see it."

She went to the table, took a pen and wrote:

"MY DEAR MA: You have, perhaps, ere this, given me up for lost. I am, dear mother, lost to you. You will never see me again; but grieve not for me, for I shall want for nothing in this life. There is a mystery hanging over me that will never be solved; but be assured that your daughter will always maintain her honor, and never give any one cause to blush for any act of hers. I am to be married to-morrow to a Mr. —" Here she stopped writing, and said:

"Now, Mr. Captain, you see what I have written. Will you please give me your *real* name? I want none of your aliases. If I marry you, I must marry the name you had when a child. I will give you my real name if you will give me yours."

"I had sworn never to tell my real name," said he, "but it will be just as good on the parson's book as an alias."

He took the pen and wrote where she had left off, in a bold, elegant hand: OSCAR LANE.

Maggie looked at the writing for an instant, and then at him; tears filled her eyes, and she jumped up, threw her arms around his neck, and exclaimed:

"My brother! Oh, by brother! Can it be a reality that I now see you? You have said that if I would give you my love you would be happy. Come, now, leave off your evil ways; go home with me, and I will always love you. Oh, say that you will do it!"

Oscar spoke not for some time; Maggie dropped herself into a chair; Oglesberry read the name and understood it all.

"You, then," said Oscar, "are the little sister Maggie that I left at home in Virginia some twelve years ago; but I am ashamed to acknowledge myself your brother. My life has been so bad that you can never forgive it. Oh, that we could drink of the Lethean Spring!"

"I can do it," said Maggie, "and I will try and administer the draught to you. Oh! let us leave this place *to-night*. I can stand it no longer."

Oscar knelt down by her side: "Maggie," he said, "Maggie, henceforth you shall be my guardian angel; whatever you say do, I will do it; you have been sent as a special messenger to rescue me from the path of destruction."

The three talked together for several hours. Oscar told them about how he ran away from home when he was only fifteen years old, and when Maggie was five. He told of his adventures since then, and how he was induced to become a robber.

His men were then called from an adjoining room in the cave, and he said to them:

"I am going to leave you, and I leave you all my share of our property, which, I believe, amounts to about one hundred thousand dollars. I would advise you to quit the life you are at present leading, and become honest men. Neither of us, then, will ever recognize you if we should happen to meet; nor will we ever say aught to prejudice you in any manner whatever."

"I 'spected you would get chicken-hearted after a while, by havin' that gal around here," said Bill.

"You will recollect," said Oscar, picking up a pistol and cocking it, "that I am *Captain* here as long as I stay."

"I ask your pardon," said Bill, "but I meant no insinuation. We all wish you much joy with your wife. * * *"

The moon yet cast a shadow as Maggie, her lover and her brother emerged from the aperture in the rock. When they had passed out a stone rolled, by machinery, into the door, and no human eye could detect it. They walked down the side of the mountain until they reached a small valley, where they were met by a man who had previously been sent out to obtain horses. He held three splendid animals. Our party mounted, and as they put spurs to their animals they bid farewell to Sutter's Butte.

The meeting with their parents I will not attempt to describe. Maggie told them that she had been taken by robbers, and rescued by her brother and Oglesberry; but that she was not at liberty to give the particulars of her capture or of her rescue.

They never knew that Oscar had been a bandit. * * * * *

Five years have passed. Oglesberry and Maggie are married, and are happy. Oscar lives with them; but he is of a melancholy disposition, and all he seems to care for is to minister to the happiness of his sister; while she does all she can (and that is much) to give him the longed for draught of the waters of Lethe.

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

BY CLOE.

Leaving the city they ascended the river to Louisville. They were delighted with the country and the hospitality of the Kentuckians. They were soon very comfortable, and quite at home. Ella improved every opportunity in inquiring after General Adair, but as yet without success. One evening, after they had retired to bed, Lady Dunbar was aroused by the cry of fire. Opening her door, she distinctly saw the flames fast consuming the roof. Rushing down stairs she soon found herself in the street with many of the frightened inmates; looking around she could not see Ella; the horrid truth that she was still in her room caused Lady Dunbar to cry in frantic tones for Ella, begging every one she saw to rescue her. A young man standing near asked where she was.

"In room No. 10, second floor," sobbed Lady Dunbar. He rushed up the blazing stairs, and, bursting open the door, he saw a lady lying on the floor. Taking her in his arms, he rushed down the stairs just as they gave way with a terrible crash, while the flames enveloped the whole house. On he pressed with his precious burden, his clothes and skin badly burned. Gaining the street, the fresh air soon revived the fainting Ella. She raised her head, still supported by the noble young stranger.

"Are you much injured, sir?"

"Nothing serious, madam."

"Thank God!" again exclaimed Lady Dunbar.

"Allow me, ladies," said the stranger, "to conduct you to comfortable quarters. Unusual exposure may prove injurious."

"We accept your kind offer with grateful feelings, sir."

Once more in comfortable lodgings, Ella made another attempt at expressing her gratitude. She was interrupted by his early leave to help others in distress. Strange feelings came over her.

After his departure Ella expressed her admiration of the noble young stranger, who so valiantly saved her life.

Lady Dunbar smiled. "You owe him gratitude; perhaps it would not be prudent to give him your heart."

Ella blushed. "A serious time to jest, Lady Dunbar; but, do you know his name?"

"No; but he promised to call to-morrow, when we will be more particular in our inquiries and acknowledgments."

Early the next morning, according to promise, the young stranger called. They received him with cordial warmth, pouring out their grateful feelings in immeasurable quantities. He was evidently much embarrassed. He expressed his regret that circumstances were such that their acquaintance must be brief.

"Do me the honor, dear sir, to receive this ring as a token of my esteem and gratitude." Lady Dunbar joined in the request. A diamond ring of considerable value, once the property of Sir James Frank, but sold to Ella by Mrs. Thomp-

"A thousand thanks, generous stranger," said Ella, rising from his singed bosom. "Words are inadequate, to express my feelings for the salvation of my life."

"Say no more, dear lady, I have done nothing more than my duty."

son in Spain, to procure money to defray her expenses in traveling. He took it, and drawing it on his little finger, shook Lady Dunbar by the hand with a warm grasp. He extended his hand to Ella. She placed her trembling hand in his. He pressed it to his lips. Looking in her face he saw a tear drop from her eye as the words were spoken, "Good bye."

"I hope we may meet again," said Lady Dunbar, endeavoring to relieve Ella.

"I hope so," said he, and he turned and was gone.

Ella and Lady Dunbar conversed long on the merits of this noble young man. His modesty was as great as his bravery. They had lost all in the fire, and were obliged to remain until they could procure remittances from New Orleans. Ella loved to talk of the unknown stranger; he had awakened a new feeling in her heart unknown to her before. "Ben saved my life—this man did no more." Thus she was compelled to acknowledge that it was no common interest she felt for the man that saved her from a burning death. The unwelcome thought that perhaps she would never see him again would intrude upon her heart, causing the tears often to fall from her lovely eyes. Lady Dunbar noticed a change in Ella, and suspected the cause. She regretted it, as it was not probable they would ever meet again.

Soon as they received their remittance they left for Lexington. They registered them as Lady Dunbar and Countess of San Diego. As the sound of the bell announced that supper was ready, Lady Dunbar and Ella took their seats at the table. Many of the guests had already read the names on the register, and the unusual occurrence occasioned considerable speculation. They were shown every possible attention and respect. A middle-aged gentleman sat opposite Lady

Dunbar, and endeavored to engage her in conversation.

"You seem to be strangers, madam."

"Yes, sir; we just arrived this evening."

"How long have you been in this country?"

"A few months only, sir."

"From England, I presume?"

"Not immediately; we are from Mexico. My young friend, here, is in search of her father, who is a resident of this State."

"What part of the State?" asked the gentleman.

"Of that we are ignorant," answered Lady Dunbar; "we have inquired at every place, but have, as yet, heard nothing."

"What is the gentleman's name, madam?"

"General Adair."

"General Adair! Why, that is my name."

This announcement created considerable excitement. Adair fastened his eyes on Ella, who sat perfectly immovable, with eyes fixed upon the gentleman.

"Your name, young lady?"

"Ella Adair."

"Who was your grandfather?"

"General Don Desmonde."

"Your mother?"

"Ella Desmonde."

"God be praised," said the General, springing to her side, and embracing Ella as his daughter. "Your sainted mother, where is she?"

"She is in heaven, dear father. I will give you all our history; let us retire."

The company were all affected to tears by this unexpected incident. When alone Ella gave her father a history of all that happened to her mother, and likewise of herself. Again and again the General pressed his daughter to his heart. Ella led her father to her room and introduced him to her dear friend, Lady Dunbar.

General Adair
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General Adair now endeavored to give Ella and her friend his history.

"After I left your dear mother in Madrid, I came directly to this country. I was, for a time, unfortunate. The war was a total prohibition to my return to England. My letters to Spain were never answered. Soon as possible I returned to Spain after my wife, but I could not find her. My friend knew nothing of her whereabouts. I came to the conclusion that Ella had gone to her father in Mexico. Knowing his feelings towards me, I knew he would do all he could to prevent his daughter from living with me. In this dilemma I wrote to your grandfather, but received no answer. I supposed your mother had forsaken me for her father; I could not blame her, however. Hard it was for me to give up my idol. I visited England, and again Madrid, hoping in some way to hear from my dear wife. I had endeavored, during my stay in this country, to do all the good I could for an oppressed people. This was indeed a solace to my wounded spirit. It was useless for me to grieve over unavoidable consequences. My last letter to your grandfather was returned unopened. It was then that I became disheartened, and gave up in despair of ever again seeing my Ella, my darling Ella. O, could I recall what has passed, and again be permitted to search for her, I would find her or hunt during life; but this cannot be. Nothing is now left me but to forget and make happy those spared to me."

The old General was quite a favorite with all classes; he had amassed wealth enough to be independent. He had a beautiful farm, well stocked with negroes and cattle, with every appearance of luxury. The locality was in every way suited to elegant taste, being picturesque and romantic. After a detention of a few weeks the General returned to his home, accompa-

nied by Lady Dunbar and his daughter. They were delighted with all they saw, especially with the home of the veteran General. Lady Dunbar was as much pleased with the General as with the farm. His natural congeniality of feeling, his high order of intellect, won for him Lady Dunbar's warmest esteem; in her estimation, it was no wonder Ella Desmonde loved him; it was impossible to know and not love him. So thought Lady Dunbar.

"How your father must have suffered in the unavoidable separation," said Lady Dunbar. "Poor Ella Desmonde. She died of a broken heart, while her desolate husband was searching for her in despair. Strange providence, don't you think so, Ella?"

"Yes, very strange providence, indeed; but so it was, and it seemed unavoidable, quite."

"No one was to blame," said Lady Dunbar, who felt a deep sympathy for her friends. Their sorrows ever enlisted her warmest feelings. Her own troubles were forgotten in the solicitude she felt for them.

Company thronged the General's pleasant home. His unbounded hospitality was well known to all; few indeed were those that received a cool reception at his house. His beautiful daughter now was an additional attraction to his ever cheerful home. The General proudly presented Ella to his friends. She received them in a friendly, cordial manner, as her father's friends, showing no partiality to any.

Ella, having a mind above coquetry, her feelings were easily understood. Her father was rather disappointed at her reception of some of his favorite young friends, especially a Mr. Rutlige, who was evidently much smitten by the artless Ella. Mr. Rutlige was a handsome, talented young man, in high standing in society; his wealth and family were also

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ner soon discovered to them where her heart was. Lady Dunbar soon returned to the drawing-room, followed by the stranger. Lady Dunbar had been weeping. Her eyes were red, though her face wore a happy expression. She approached the General, and taking the young man by the hand, said:

"Let me introduce you to my son Edward, Lord Dunbar."

The General welcomed him with unusual warmth. Turning to Ella, "My son, Ella."

Ella arose, and with a cordial and hearty welcome, she expressed her happiness at her friend's meeting her long absent son. Lady Dunbar presented him to Mr. Rutlige, who extended his hand with a warm and generous feeling, with a wish for a better acquaintance.

Edward was a resident of Alabama, a representative of the State, and not agreeing with Mr. Rutlige in politics. This being the case a discussion arose, that plainly showed that Edward was equal to the talented Mr. Rutlige.

"Ella," said her ladyship, "how do you like my Edward?"

"Why, my dear friend, you told me once not to give him my heart, while I only owed him gratitude."

"True, dear girl; but did you obey my injunctions?"

A deep blush suffused her cheek, as she attempted to answer her friend.

"My dear Lady Dunbar, I have not sufficiently analyzed my feelings to answer you correctly."

"Your truth-telling countenance needs no interpreter; my love," replied her friend. "It does not take much of a philosopher to read your heart. Believe me, dear Ella, nothing would give me greater pleasure than a consummation of your wishes with my son, my dear Edward. I would be the happiest of mothers."

"And I," said Ella, "the happiest of daughters. But, dear Lady Dunbar, do

not even breathe my feelings to your noble son. Will you promise me? If my hand is not sought by him, let my feelings perish with their birth."

Dropping her head on Lady Dunbar's breast, she wept aloud.

"Why do you weep, my child? I know my Edward cannot be indifferent to your charms."

"I know, my dear Lady Dunbar, that I love without hope; something tells me so."

"Do not give yourself so much uneasiness. I know my son better."

Ella wiped her tears away. Her countenance bore marks of disquiet, if not of sickness. The General appeared not to notice her unusual melancholy. Soon they were joined by two young men. Mr. Rutlige inquired after Ella's health, while Edward made only a polite bow.

Edward could not hide his admiration of her, in spite of his desire to quench a feeling that had taken possession of his heart the first time he saw her in the burning flames. Seating himself by her side, he intuitively yielded himself to her charms.

The evening passed away quickly. Mr. Rutlige seemed to be unconscious of the flight of time, as the more favored lover. Lady Dunbar was giving them a history of the fight Don Desmonde had with the robbers. All were astonished at the strange story. The singular underground rooms and their contents were displayed in Lady Dunbar's most eloquent language.

A month of pleasant social intercourse found Edward a companion, lover. He knew that Ella loved him, and this made him the more miserable. In this dilemma he was walking his room in the greatest agony of mind. A gentle tap at the door, and Lady Dunbar entered her son's presence. Struck with his disturbed look, she inquired the cause of so much disquietude. "Your feelings frighten me, my son."

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"Give yourself no uneasiness, my dear mother; it is only one of my gloomy fits."

"There must be some cause, my son, love. You withhold your trouble from me, when you know the interest your mother feels in everything that concerns your happiness."

Edward made rapid strides across the floor.

"My dear mother, do you think that Ella loves me?"

"Yes, my son, too much for her own happiness, unless it is reciprocated."

"Who could see her, dear mother, and not love her? Love her, did I say? Love is a poor word to express my feelings. I worship—I idolize her."

"Why do you not propose to her, my son? I know you would not be refused."

"Before I saw her I promised my hand to another—one who loved me, and one in every way worthy of me. Rather than see her droop with hopeless love, I promised her marriage. The time has been set twice and postponed, for various reasons. I was a stranger to love before I saw Ella. I am in honor bound to marry Mary Ruthven."

Here Edward covered his face with his hands, to hide his weakness from his mother. At length, drawing his mother's hand to his lips, he requested her to tell Ella his situation.

Lady Dunbar was exceedingly distressed at this unlooked-for development. Poor Ella! how can I break to her the sad news that my Edward is betrothed? Yet it must be done. While these painful feelings were occupying the mind of Lady Dunbar, she descended to the drawing-room. Seating herself on the sofa, the big tears were chasing each other down her cheek. The door suddenly opened, and Ella bounded in, full of glee. Lady Dunbar turned her head, to avert Ella's notice.

"See, Lady Dunbar, how do you like my nowdress? My maid says it becomes

me better than any other color. Edward said buff was his favorite color."

Ella, surprised to see her friend in tears, ran to her, and putting her arms around her neck, she affectionately inquired the cause of so much grief. This kind and affectionate inquiry brought a fresh flood of tears to Lady Dunbar's eyes. At length, overcoming in some degree her grief, she took Ella's hand, and motioned her to be seated by her side.

"Ella, dear Ella, I have sad news for you. Edward, my son, my dear Edward, is betrothed to Mary Ruthven! He loves you, Ella, he told me so in accents of despair, but honor forbids his marrying any but Mary."

Ella sank fainting, unable to move. Her friend bathed her temples, but it was some minutes before she was sufficiently recovered to speak.

"Did I not tell you I loved without hope? Sweet hope, thou hast fled!"

Lady Dunbar related to her all Edward had told her of Mary Ruthven.

"Let him never act dishonorably, under any circumstances," said Ella, while bitter tears of disappointment ran down her cheeks. She called to mind Mr. Rutlige's noble spirit. As the hour arrived which was the signal for again meeting in the drawing-room, Ella reluctantly took her place at her father's side. Each seemed absorbed in his own thoughts.

Edward's eyes unconsciously met Ella's. Her sad and melancholy countenance touched his breast. He was under the necessity of moving his seat, to evade notice.

"I hope," replied Lady Dunbar, that I shall be permitted to spend the rest of my days with my only child."

"Did you not adopt me, dear Lady Dunbar?"

"Yes, my dear child; and hard will it be for me to part with you."

Unable longer to refrain, Ella burst into tears. From this solemn interview

Mr. Rutlige and the General soon felt disposed to withdraw, and, excusing themselves, retired. Lady Dunbar followed. Ella rose to follow, but, seeing herself left alone with Edward, he turned to her, and, with feelings that oppressed his heart, he approached her.

"Ella, will you hear me a few moments? Perhaps it will be the last time."

She again seated herself on the sofa.

"You have, I know, heard from my mother the cause of my trouble. I feel that a statement of my feelings to you will in some degree lighten my sorrow. Dear Ella, honor forbids me breaking my vows to Mary Ruthven. That my heart is yours, it is useless to deny; and that there is a similar feeling in your heart for me, I am also aware. Hard indeed is it for me to forego the blessedness of a union with one calculated to make me so happy, but the sacrifice must be made. Your noble heart could not love one who was false to another. Long, long ago would I have sued for your hand, were it not for my promise to Mary. Dry your tears, dear Ella; our fate is hard, but unavoidable. Ever believe me your friend."

"I would not ask you, Edward, to break your promise with Mary. No, Heaven forbid that she should feel what I feel; and it is useless for us to prolong this interview, as it will only augment our sorrow."

"Let my mother still occupy a place in your heart; look upon her as a mother. You are as dear to her as I am. Can you look upon me as a brother, dear Ella? Can you grant this precious favor?"

"I am and always will be the friend of my dear Lady Dunbar and her son. I am indebted to you for saving my life. Can I forget this obligation? No, whatever circumstances may occur, it will not change my obligations to you or your dear mother, who befriended me when I was without a home or friends. But this only

harrows up my feelings; let us close this interview."

"Your words are true, my dear Ella; still I linger on this dear forbidden ground. He drew close to Ella, took her extended hand, and, pressing her madly to his heart, he kissed the tears from her cheek. Adieu my darling, my only love! God bless you! May you be happy. Remember me in your fervent petitions, that I may be equal to my trials."

Ella rushed from the room. When in her own room she turned the key, that she might weep unobserved. Her grief was so violent that she became quite sick. Confined to her bed for several days, Lady Dunbar was her constant attendant; her sympathy and counsel were of special benefit in this trying time. Lady Dunbar saw two persons made wretched; it was not in her power to remove the cause; she could only advise.

"Dear Ella," said Lady Dunbar, "my advice to you would be to travel; it would take up your mind."

"You are right, my friend. My grandfather's last wishes I will perform. I will go immediately to England, and take my mother's bones to their native home, in Spain, there to lie beside her ancient family, in the burying-ground of San Diego."

Lady Dunbar's sorrowful countenance bore true testimony of the deep interest she felt in Ella. The General saw the necessity of a change in his daughter's society, and readily acquiesced in the proposed plan. The General immediately engaged passage to Liverpool. In a few days Ella and her father bid a reluctant farewell to their friends, and sailed for England.

After the General and Ella's departure for England, Lady Dunbar experienced a loneliness she had seldom felt before. She was not sorry when the session closed, and when Edward was ready to return to Alabama.

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Lady Dunbar was quite anxious to see her intended daughter-in-law, Mary Ruthven. This desire she mentioned to Edward. He promised to gratify her soon as convenient.

Mr. Ruthven, Mary's father, was a lawyer of high standing, possessing but a limited share of this world's goods. Believing Edward to be rich, he was anxious to have him marry his daughter. He had a wife and four daughters, Mary being the oldest. Mary was a very handsome girl, of more than ordinary ability. Her advantages had been good. She had a good share of vanity. Her's was one of those changeable natures, which could die for a thing to-day, and throw it away to-morrow. She loved Edward to distraction, and she was unable to hide it. Thinking him unattainable, she sickened. Edward pitied her, and, in a moment of sympathy, he proposed to her, which was eagerly accepted.

Mary and her mother soon called on Lady Dunbar. They were much pleased with Edward's accomplished mother, while Lady Dunbar made the best of Edward's friends.

In appearance Mary was unlike Ella. A fair complexion, light brown curls, tall yet well formed, changeable yet warm-hearted; while her love lasted, her large blue eyes were her chief beauty. Her character was formed by a vain, proud mother and an aristocratic father, whose circumstances made it necessary to resort to many speculations in regard to his daughters marrying rich. To maintain their high notions, the daughters were as well posted on this as the father. Edward looked upon Mary as a superior girl. He felt that he was to blame for not loving her, and was willing to suffer penance for his lack of affection. Mary met Edward with her usual fervency. She thought there was a drawback with Edward, but she was not very sensitive, so that he fulfilled his promise of mar-

riage. The time had now arrived when Edward could postpone the marriage no longer.

Lady Dunbar determined to love Mary as a daughter, and shut her eyes to her faults.

The day at length arrived that was to crown Mary's happiness. The neighbors were collected at Mr. Ruthven's to witness the marriage ceremony. Edward did not make his appearance until quite late. The minister was in waiting. At length Edward arrived, in full dress for the occasion. Mary was sitting in a private room, waiting for him. He was shown where her room was by a servant. He approached Mary as she sat on a rich ottoman, and, taking her hand in his, he said:

"I wish I was worthy of you, Mary."

"You think more of me than I deserve," said Mary, putting her arm over his neck.

Edward kissed her, while a conscious pang of unintentional injury covered his manly face.

"They are waiting us, Mary; let us not keep them in suspense."

Taking her arm, they walked out upon the floor where the ceremony was to be performed.

The minister arose, requested them to join hands, while he made a long prayer. Edward still held Mary's trembling hand. A confusion of loud and strange voices arrested the ceremony. An officer approached Edward, and, clapping his hand on his shoulder, said:

"You are my prisoner!"

The ceremony was of course postponed until the matter could be investigated.

The arrest was made on two charges: for attempted assassination, and theft of a diamond ring. A legal process had been taken by the English Government for Edward's arrest.

Lady Dunbar accompanied her son, now a prisoner, to England, to stand his

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trial. Edward soon discovered that his arrest had been made in behalf of Sir James Frank. While indignation filled his very soul, he determined never to leave England until he was avenged on this cowardly enemy.

Mary Ruthven, in the moment of excitement, determined to accompany Edward to England. Lady Dunbar advised her to remain, especially as Mr. Ruthven seemed quite shocked at the disgrace Edward had so unintentionally brought upon his family.

Edward's spirits were quite good—much better than usual. Lady Dunbar was astonished at this.

"You have no fears, Edward," said she, "about the consequences of this trial?"

"No, mother, not in the least; he can do nothing unless he proves false. I only hope we may get to England before the General and his daughter leaves for Spain, as Ella's evidence would be much in my favor, as she gave me the ring."

"Yes, my son, but it is not likely that they are still in England. Soon as we get there your uncle, Admiral Lambert, can ascertain whether the General has left, and also what to be done relative to the trial."

"I wonder, mother, if we will find him in London?"

"Do you mean Lambert?"

"Yes."

"We will have no difficulty in finding him, my son."

It was a dark and gloomy day that they arrived in London. Edward was taken to prison. Lady Dunbar immediately sent for her brother. Lambert arrived sooner than she expected. He hastened to her, astonished at the charges against Edward. Lady Dunbar met her noble brother with eyes full of tears, while Lambert pressed her warmly to his brotherly heart.

Here, for the first time, Lambert heard

of Ella's being in England. He wrote immediately to ascertain if they were still in England, and found they had left one month before.

Lambert entertained high hopes of the speedy acquittal of Edward. The day of trial at length arrived, and Sir James Frank had prepared, with many false witnesses, to sustain the prosecution. Admiral Lambert had also been procuring witnesses in favor of Edward.

The witnesses testified to all Sir James could wish, and the case was about going against Edward. The Admiral had the suit put off until he could procure other witnesses. Admiral Lambert became quite alarmed at the unfavorable appearance of the case. He regretted that Edward would have to lie in prison much longer than he anticipated.

At this stage of affairs Lambert found that public opinion was in favor of Sir James Frank. Sir Parker was subpoenaed as a witness, he being present at the time Edward struck Sir James. Lady Parker accompanied her husband to London to console Lady Dunbar.

Edward's leaving the kingdom at the time of the affray seemed rather to make an unfavorable impression. In this dilemma Lady Dunbar received a letter from Mary Ruthven, in answer to one Edward wrote to her soon after he arrived in London. She opened it, and was surprised at its contents. Mary Ruthven requested to be released from her engagement to Edward, stating that she did not wish to be allied to disgrace. Lady Dunbar's feelings were hurt at this thrust at Edward's honor. Taking the letter in her hand, she proceeded to the prison. Edward, being unwell, his countenance wore a haggard look.

"I have a letter, Edward, for you; but I am almost afraid to give it you."

"Who is it from, mother?"

"Mary Ruthven."

"From Mary! let me see it. Is she well?"

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"Yes, quite well, my son."
Edward opened and read the letter. When he came to where Mary did not wish to be allied to disgrace, his cheek burned with a feeling close akin to anger. Taking up a pen, he wrote her a short letter, dissolving the obligation.

The day at length arrived for the continuance of the trial. This time Lambert was more fortunate in procuring witnesses for the defence. Sir Parker's evidence proved that Edward stabbed Sir James in self-defence, and Lady Dunbar testified to Ella's giving Edward the ring. She also testified to Ella's purchasing the ring of Mrs. Thompson. Lady Parker testified to the same.

This prosecution brought out so many things of a criminal nature against Sir James Frank and his sister that Sir James made his escape, taking Mrs. Thompson and her children with him.

Edward's pardon and acquittal brought much pleasure to his friends, who congratulated him on the favorable termination of his suit. His title of Lord Dunbar was again ceded to him, with the estates belonging to the title, which had been mortgaged by his extravagant father.

Lord Dunbar had few inducements to remain in England, and, as his mother intended to make her friend, Lady Parker, a visit, he determined to join General Adair and his daughter.

Bidding his friends a temporary adieu, he took sail for Spain. Having a prosperous voyage, he found himself safe in the city of Madrid. Making the necessary inquiries, he found that the General had gone to Mexico, with a Bishop, and agents for the treasure left by Desmonde to the Spanish monarch. Ella was prosecuting to the utmost her grandfather's wishes.

Edward was not long in determining his course. Improving the first opportunity, he sailed for Mexico. His tedious voyage was at length accomplished. Arr-

iving in the city of Mexico, his first inquiry was for the General and his daughter. To his joy he found that they were still in the city of Mexico. Losing no time, he sought their residence, and, knocking at the door of the General's office, he was admitted. The General was astonished at seeing Edward in the city of Mexico. Edward explained to him, in as few words as possible, what had taken place with him since the General left Washington, and likewise his desire to join him and Ella in Mexico.

"No one was ever more pleased to see you than I, except Ella," said the General, in a joëular manner; "and, as you are free from one, you haste to bind yourself to another—is this not the case?"

"Yes, I believe you are right; and now, my good General, will you be so kind as to tell me where I can find your daughter?"

"Come along, my Lord, and we will give her an agreeable surprise."

Crossing the Plaza, they arrived in front of a fine building, once the residence of Don Desmonde. Opening the hall-door, Edward stepped aside and the General called Ella. She immediately made her appearance, and with affectionate interest inquired what were his wishes.

"How would you like to hear of Lady Dunbar?"

"O, I would like it so much. Have you heard?"

"Well, yes."

"Is Edward married?"

"No, not yet, Ella; his girl gave him the mitten."

"You are jesting, father."

"No, indeed; and, if you don't believe me, there is the young man to answer for himself."

Edward now stepped out from behind the door, to Ella's astonishment.

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"Heartily, my dear sir," said she; "especially when you bring good tidings from dear friends."

"Come, Ella, Edward is tired; sitting is pleasanter than standing. Invite us in the sitting-room."

"Excuse me, father, my surprise was so complete that I forgot myself."

Seated in the parlor, Edward began giving Ella a history of all that had happened to him and his friends since they last saw each other. Ella was surprised at what she heard, especially of Edward's arrest.

The General, in turn, gave Edward a history of their adventures since they left the States.

"We had a pleasant trip to Liverpool. Arriving there, we immediately rode over to the Thompson Mansion. Inquiring at the village for the sexton, he was pointed out to us; making our business known to him, he pointed out Mrs. Adair's grave; ordering the necessary things for her removal, we had some leisure to inquire after the people of the mansion. We were informed that it was sold, and that the Thompsons had removed to one of Sir James' houses, in Essex."

"Soon as expedient we sailed for Madrid. After spending a few months here to rest, we left my dear wife's remains in the vault of the church, and prosecuted our journey to this city. We are now about to start on an expedition after the bones of Desmonde and the treasure. Our company is almost complete."

"Then I am just in time," said Edward.

"Yes," said the General; "and we congratulate ourselves on having one with us that is not of this untrusty nation."

"Yes; and now I think of it, I have some business that must be attended to directly, so I will leave you with Ella."

Taking his hat he left them to themselves. Edward approached Ella, and

seating himself by her side, he asked her if she had changed in feeling for him since they last met in such unfavorable circumstances.

"May I hope you have not?"

"Make me the happiest of men by confirming hope."

"I have not changed, Edward; mine is not a changeable nature."

Pressing her to his heart he thanked Sir James a thousand times for the arrest; as it put him in possession of that which was dearer than life. His dear Ella would not have been his but for the timely arrest.

"Dear Ella, may nothing separate us during this life."

Ella accepted his hand in terms of modest sincerity. Soon as convenient, Edward conferred with the General, asking his consent to the marriage. The General gave his hearty consent, knowing his daughter's attachment to Edward.

The company was now ready to engage in the expedition of removing Desmonde's remains and the treasure. A band of Mexican soldiers, a few servants, a bishop and his Spanish Majesty's officer accompanied them. Many tedious days' travel brought them to their journey's end. Ella scarcely recognized the place; it was horribly altered. The wall that surrounded the house was broken down, piles of shattered stone lay in broken heaps; fragments hung on loose places ready to fall.

"How changed this place is!" said Ella, in astonishment. "Once this place was the most beautiful and cultivated of Lower California. It has been but a short time since we left it. I can hardly account for the change."

On inquiring of some Mexicans the cause, they said the walls had been torn down to search for hidden treasure by the Mexicans. Ella could not refrain from weeping, as she looked upon the heap of ruins.

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"Yes, my daughter," said the General, "this place seems to have had a terrible overhauling for some cause, and I am afraid that we will have difficulty in finding the entrance to the underground rooms that contain the objects of our mission; piles of rubbish lay in tangled masses over the torn up floor."

Ella walked through the ruins some time before she could find the remains of the chapel. At length, coming to a broken cross covered with the remnants of the shattered chapel, she said:

"Here, father, I believe this is the place where the trap-door to the underground rooms is. Here, men, remove this rubbish."

After some difficulty the trap-door was plainly visible. Ella remembered the way in which the door could be easily opened. A few choice men and the General, and the priest and his Majesty's agent, with Edward and Ella at their head, descended the narrow passage; the torches cast a gloomy glaze over this underground fastness. At length they arrived at the room where Desmonde had the dead robbers thrown. Many bloody spots were plainly visible on the floor and passage. A chill of horror passed over every face as they surveyed this once horrid bloody field. Proceeding further a door stood open; here a little cross on a rude chapel, a vase for holy water, and some withering cedar, met their inquiring gaze.

"This is a curious place for devotion," said Edward.

Another long dark passage brought them to the treasure-room. Here Ella opened the door with her own hand. Everything was as she left it. The venerable remains were undisturbed. A solemn silence pervaded the crowd for the space of a few minutes. The priest, after some ceremony, commanded the men to remove the remains of Desmonde above. Ella lifted the little diamond cross from

her grandfather's decaying head. The men carried him above, while the General divided the gold according to the old General's will—reading the will to all present. Soon as possible all retraced their steps to pure air.

The house and once beautiful ranch had now such a forlorn look, that all were glad when the word was given to return to the city of Mexico. Nothing worth recording transpired during their tedious journey to the city.

Once more in the city, specimens of the gold were shown to many in all shapes and sizes. Many were the conjectures where it came from. It was generally believed to be found in Mexico. Ella preserved the little cross, so precious in her grandfather's eyes. Edward often laughed at the history of the ring. The dagger with which Desmonde conquered the robbers, she also preserved as a relic of that memorable night, when she stood in the gate to face the robbers. Their stay was short as possible in Mexico. Soon as practicable, they sailed for Spain.

Here they had long been expected, and as the boom of cannon sounded their welcome to Madrid, they also rejoiced to bestow the remains of one of Spain's most faithful officers. They arrived on All Saints' Day. Processions of nuns, and priests, and people, were marching in solemn order through the city. Images of favored saints were carried in reverence, decorated in the most beautiful style.

The tokens of high honor were received by the young Countess. It was her mother's home—it was hers.

The funeral of Don Desmonde and his daughter, who had died in strange lands, was an unusual occurrence, and drew a large crowd of people. The illumination of the Castle of San Diego, the ostentatious burial, was a great contrast to their felon burial in other lands. It would be tedious to attempt to describe the impos-

ing service, and the renewal of the Bishop's promise on the little jeweled cross, which came in for a share of reverence and honor. The General and Ella were not sorry when this tedious burial was at an end.

Many devout Catholics looked upon Ella, the young Countess, as a special favorite of Divine favor. Her heroism and many encounters won for her a wide celebrity. The Castle was again in the hands of the blood of San Diego. Nobles flocked, in crowds, to congratulate the young Countess.

In the possession of the ancient family residence of San Diego, Edward was now anxious to have his and Ella's nuptials celebrated. A magnificent wedding, at the Castle, consummated their happiness.

The General soon became tired of Madrid, and longed again for America. Bidding his children adieu, he returned to England. Visiting Lady Dunbar, he prevailed upon her to become Mrs. Adair and return with him to America. Lady Parker was very much pleased with this wedding, as it seemed the very thing that would make her friend happy. Miss Parker's health was rather poor, and it was thought travel would be beneficial. The General prevailed upon Sir Parker to allow her to accompany them to America. After a pleasant voyage, they again stopped upon American ground, and they were most happy when they arrived at the General's lovely mansion in Kentucky. Miss Parker's health was much improved.

Mr. Rutlige again visited the General's social fireside. He found Miss Parker equal to Ella in appearance, and more susceptible of that affection which Ella lacked for him. A few months found him again in love. This time he was more fortunate. A letter was sent to England to Sir Parker, asking his consent to a marriage of his daughter with the American Senator. To their agreeable

surprise the Baronet gave his willing consent, and, to show his approval, a handsome sum of money was also sent. Mr. Rutlige now reared a mansion that graced his plantation, equal to any in Kentucky.

Lord Dunbar was not much attached to the Spanish people. They determined to remain in Spain two years. One evening, as the Countess and her husband were walking in the church grave-yard, after a residence of little more than a year, they discovered some one lying dead on the graves of the unfortunate young Thompsons. They approached nearer, and found, to their surprise, it was Mrs. Thompson. She was quite dead, and seemed in great destitution. They had her removed and buried beside her children. Finding a piece of paper in her pocket, Ella read it, and was shocked at its contents. It seemed that Mrs. Thompson became enamored with an adventurer who persuaded her to run away with him. With all the money she could get, leaving her children and her brother, Sir James Frank, she eloped with this scoundrel, who got all her money and then deserted her. Selling all her jewelry, she procured money enough to bring her to Spain. Sickness overtook her; and it appeared, in one of her visits to her children's graves, she was seized with a spasm and died. As she had turned poor Mrs. Adair unmercifully out of doors to die, so she died upon the cold ground, without one single friend to soften her sorrows, which she so richly merited. She was buried by the very family she had tried to wrong.

The young Countess was now about to present her lord with an heir. This event was looked for with much interest by the young and doting husband. At length the time arrived, and a pair of fine boys were placed in his arms. This joyful occasion caused much speculation as to which should be the Count San Diego.

The Bishop was called to
should be the Spanish heir
chose the larger of the two
ere christening was
suzerain, who stood as
young Count of San Diego
The other son was christened
Lambert, Lord Dunbar.
Soon as prudent, Ella
to visit America to see
mother, having a great
twin-boys sit on their
They had a pleasant
and were welcomed with
happiness that any
Rutlige and lady were
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The Bishop was called to choose which should be the Spanish heir. The Bishop chose the larger of the two. The expensive christening was honored by the sovereign, who stood as god-father to the young Count of San Diego, or San Dago. The other son was christened Edward Lambert, Lord Dunbar.

Soon as prudent, Ella was determined to visit America, to see her father and mother, having a great desire to see her twin-boys sit on their grandfather's knee. They had a pleasant voyage to America, and were welcomed with all the joy and happiness that any could desire. Mr. Rutlige and lady were also very much delighted to meet their old friends. Edward and Mr. Rutlige visited Alabama, to see other acquaintances, and were surprised to find Miss Mary Ruthven married. Edward was received by all his old friends with many congratulations.

After a visit of a year, Edward and his family returned to Spain, taking England in their journey. Visiting Sir Parker, they were surprised when told that young Mr. Thompson was in France, having married a rich lady, and that his sister had married an Italian nobleman. Sir James was killed in a duel, and young Mr. Thompson was now Sir Lawrence Frank.

The Countess and Lord Dunbar were received with acclamations of joy by all, poor and rich. The young Count of San Diego grew up to be an honor to the Spanish nobles; while Lord Dunbar fell heir to Admiral Lambert's property. At his death he was a rich and popular member of Parliament.

Thus we leave them, in possession of many good things—besides the Bishop's blessing.

ISADORE LEE—A SKETCH.

BY ALICE.

The proud Ruth Houghton married, against her parents' will, wild and reckless Arthur Leo; and when too late she came to repent of her choice in taking a companion for life, he fell, forsook his desolate hearthstone and came to California, and his slowly willing, unheeding footsteps brought him down to a drunkard's grave. Yes! The unconsecrated ground of a strange land covered his many wild dreams and hopes, and the dark night of death shut down on his miserable life, and left Ruth, the maniac worshipper, with her broken heart, her blighted affection, her little Isadore. Poor Ruth, with reason bereft, had forgot all save his dishonored name. The lips of cold oblivion drank up his name, and a deep, mysterious, weird-like silence

hung around his neglected remains, such as rested on the world when order was brought out of chaos on the morning when the stars sang together. The calm wave of forgetfulness swept over his grave in Sierra, where all was still.

Crazy Ruth then began to wander through the streets and by-places all day long with her low moans and cold, pale brow; and wild maniac laughter broke from her thin white lips and fell on the morning air like the discordant wail of a broken harp strain. When the world looked cold and frowned she hugged little Isadore, her jewel, more closely to her aching heart, and wept scalding tears of grief on her small upturned face. Then when the rattle and clatter of noisy day was turned to quiet night Ruth and her

jewel slept with a stone for a pillow, like the beggar-boy under the hedge. When the weary eyelids drew down over the blue eyes she dreamed of comfort, of happiness, which came to play with heart-strings, and on the pinions of imagination she was wafted beyond the walls of time, where the weary in heart find rest and the tears of the orphan are wiped away by the hand of sympathy and love. Many a night Isadore slept on her long bony arms—the portraiture looking much like the sleeping Madonna and child.

Then, when the bare trees were bending low with the white drapery of the storm, and the window-panes were covered with a deep fretwork of glistening frost, Ruth still was a wanderer, and the same wild wind that held so strange a carnival abroad, roaring and raging through the vast ocean of forest, came and played with her tattered garments and pierced the thin covering of Isadore, wantonly straying through the matted ringlets, toying with her small hands and feet. 'Twas then the hand of common charity fed the paupers, and Ruth talked more wildly of Arthur as she moaned and wandered from place to place. Many grew tired and weary of "crazy Ruth," and rude boys pelted her with stones by the wayside. But when they saw the tender mist of sorrow dimming Isadore's sweet blue eyes and the sunbeams playing with her golden hair, or gazed upon the small upturned face with that imploring look to save her mother, they felt a rebuke for their wickedness, for such purity and loveliness never rested upon the face of a child and won their confidence before.

On a bleak December night, when the blast blew bitterly cold, Ruth stood outside a princely mansion, and with half-restored reason she saw within the blazing Christmas fire, which made her thin form still colder. There she saw merry groups of happy youth; girls with dim-

pled arms and hands, with joyous sunny smiles; for care, sorrow and the world's blight had not written their wrinkles upon the open brow of light-hearted youth. All was joy there. As if to make her hunger more biting and acute, she saw, through the half-closed shutters, spread in rich profusion, a feast dainty enough for a king. The large tables groaned with many a luxury. There was plenty for each.

That night, after the gay throng had departed to happy and cheerful homes, Ruth feasted too—feasted upon the dreams of her dear childhood, and upon thoughts of what she once was, and what stern destiny had doomed her to. Then the young moon came up, skimming her faint light o'er tower and tree, while Ruth wept. Then came that wild unrest, and she slumbered down, down among the white snow-flakes, and such a sweet sleep that angels might envy her. Two pearly tears trembled and fell over the half-shut lids—a sigh of gnawing hunger—and the troubled waters of the soul were stilled.

The next day they buried poor Ruth in the frozen ground of a country churchyard, and the beautiful orphan was taken home to live with the proud and great. But coldly fell the stranger's kiss upon her forehead; for she daily pined and wasted away, looking more like a child of another sphere than one of earthly form. Day by day her form grew slighter, and her eyes shone more and more with a heavenly lustre, and in early spring-time Isadore was missing; and when the milk-maid sallied forth at the early blush of dawn, the little pot was found *sleeping* by the maniac's grave; and when the God of Day came up over the hills Isadore was dreaming—not among the bruised flowers, where the little body lay, for that night the spirit of the maniac mother hovered over the dying child, and clasped her little fairy in

her spirit arms and soared something like the fragments of a rainbow lingered around the then nothing but the hem of her garments was seen as he appeared in the mist, with the spirit of Isadore clinging around her. Isadore had gone to see the angels and play upon a harp melody in that hallowed land where the sun never sets, and the joy of daylight never fades—gone to the crown of the Redeemer. He said, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not."

FIRST

For several days past I have been sharp look out for a good article. At one time, failing to find anything suitable to the occasion, I decided to try our own hand on the subject, but, before we were half-way, a friend called to my attention the following soul-stirring first battle of the American Revolution. It is a chapter from the ninth and last volume of the history of the United States, the battle of Lexington, which was fought on the 10th of April, 1775, before the struggle at Bunker's Hill. Bancroft, himself, reads the New York Historical Society's account of the time since.

After some preliminary remarks, Bancroft alluded to the fact that the British Parliament had passed an act and to the fact that the people in the colonies expected that a bold effort would be made. The confidence in the British was entire, and the

her spirit arms and soared aloft; and something like the fragments of a broken rainbow lingered around the spot and then nothing but the hem of her immortal garments was seen as she disappeared in the mist, with the laughing spirit of Isadore clinging around about her. Isadore had gone to sing with the angels and play upon a harp of living melody in that hallowed land, where the sun never sets, and the love-light and daylight never fade—gone to be a jewel in the crown of the Redeemer, who hath said, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not."

When the chaste rays of the sunlight played over the sweet features and golden hair, and drank up the breathing dew, Aunt Patty laid out the small shrunken form, lovingly twined the dark hair away from the pure forehead, and tied the cold thin hands with a blue ribbon above the bosom, and placed the form in a tiny coffin, and then there was another grave in the country church-yard for the flowers to grow and nestle upon, and the darkness of a raven's wing fell over the two voiceless sleepers—separated in life, though united in death!

THE SPIRIT OF 1775.

FIRST BATTLE OF THE REVOLUTION.

For several days past we have had a sharp look out for a good Fourth of July article. At one time, failing to find anything suitable to the occasion, we concluded to try our own hand on the glorious subject, but, before we were fairly under headway, a friend called our attention to the following soul-stirring account of the first battle of the American Revolution. It is a chapter from the forth-coming seventh and last volume of Bancroft's History of the United States, describing the battle of Lexington, which took place on the 10th of April, 1775; fifty-nine days before the struggle at Bunker Hill. Mr. Bancroft, himself, read the chapter before the New York Historical Society, a short time since.

After some preliminary remarks Mr. Bancroft alluded to the state of feeling in the British Parliament before that battle, and to the fact that there were not fifty people in the colonies at that time who expected that a bold effort had been made. The confidence in England was perfect and entire, and the King in Parliament

expressed his opinion that the disturbance in America would be quelled.

On the afternoon, he said, of the 18th of April, the day on which the Provincial Congress of Massachusetts adjourned, General Gage took the light infantry and grenadiers off duty, and secretly prepared an expedition to destroy the colony's stores at Concord. But the attempt had for several weeks been expected; a strict watch had been kept; and signals were concerted to announce the first movement of troops for the country. Samuel Adams and Hancock, who had not yet left Lexington for Philadelphia, received a timely message from Warren, and in consequence, the Committee of Safety removed a part of the public stores and secreted the cannon.

On Tuesday, the 18th, ten or more sergeants in disguise dispersed themselves through Cambridge and further west, to intercept all communication. In the following night, the grenadiers and light infantry, not less than eight hundred in number, the flower of the army at Bos-

ton, commanded by the incompetent Lieut. Col. Smith, crossed in the boats of the transport ships from the foot of the Common to East Cambridge. There they received a day's provisions, and near midnight, after wading wet marshes, that are now covered by a stately town, they took the road through West Cambridge to Concord.

"They will miss their aim," said one of a party who observed their departure. "What aim?" asked Lord Percy, who overheard the remark. "Why, the cannon at Concord," was the answer. Percy hastened to Gage, who instantly directed that no man should be suffered to leave the town. But Warren had already, at ten o'clock, dispatched William Dawes through Roxbury to Lexington, and at the same time desired Paul Revere to set off by way of Charlestown. Revere stopped only to engage a friend to raise the concerted signals, and five minutes before the sentinels received the orders to prevent it, two friends rowed him past the Somerset man-of-war across Charles River. All was still, as suited to the hour. The ship was winding with the young flood; the waning moon just peered above a clear horizon; while from a couple of lanterns in the tower of the North Church, the beacon streamed to the neighboring towns, fast as light could travel. A little beyond Charlestown Neck, Revere was intercepted by two British officers on horseback; but being himself well mounted, he turned suddenly and leading one of them into a clay pond, escaped from the other by the road to Medford. As he passed on, he waked the captain of the minute-men of that town, and continued to rouse almost every house on the way to Lexington. The troops had not advanced far, when the firing of guns and ringing of bells announced that the expedition had been heralded before them; and Smith sent back to demand a reinforcement.

On the morning of the 19th of April between the hours of twelve and one, the message from Warren reached Adams and Hancock, who divined at once the object of the expedition. Revere, therefore, and Dawes, joined by Samuel Prescott, "a high son of liberty," from Concord, rode forward, calling up the inhabitants as they passed along, till in Lincoln they fell upon a party of British officers. Revere and Dawes were seized and taken back to Lexington, where they were released; but Prescott leaped over a low stone wall and galloped on for Concord.

There, at about two in the morning, a peal from the belfry of the meeting house called the inhabitants of the place to their town hall. They came forth, young and old, with their firelocks, ready to make good the resolute words of their town debates. Among the most alert was William Emerson, the minister, with gun in hand, his powder-horn and pouch for balls slung over his shoulder. By his sermons and his prayers, he had so hallowed the enthusiasm of his flock, that they held the defence of their liberties a part of their covenant with God; his presence with arms, proved his sincerity and strengthened their sense of duty. From daybreak to sunrise, the summons ran from house to house through Acton. Express messengers and volleys from minute men spread the alarm.

Lexington, in 1775, may have had 700 inhabitants, forming one parish, and having for their minister the learned and fervent Jonas Clark, the bold inditer of patriotic state papers that may yet be read on their town records. In December, 1772 they had instructed their representatives to demand "a radical and lasting redress of their grievances, for not through their neglect should the people be enslaved." A year later they spurned the use. In 1774, at various town meetings, they voted "to increase their stock of ammunition," "to encour-

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 list" arms and ammunition, and resolved
 to "supply the training soldiers with
 bayonets."

At two in the morning under the eye
 of the minister, and of Hancock and
 Adams, Lexington Common was alive
 with the minute men; and not with them
 only, but with the old men also, who
 were exempts, except in case of immedi-
 ate danger to the town. The roll was
 called, and of the militia and alarm men,
 about one hundred answered to their
 names. The captain, John Parker, or-
 dered every one to load with powder and
 ball, but take care not to be the first to
 fire. Messengers, sent to look for the
 British regulars, reported that there were
 no signs of their approach. A watch
 was therefore set, and the company dis-
 missed with orders to come together at
 beat of drum. Some went to their own
 home; some to the tavern, near the south-
 east corner of the common.

Adams and Hancock, whose proscrip-
 tion had already been divulged, and whose
 seizure was believed to be intended, were
 compelled, by persuasion, to retire to-
 wards Woburn.

The last stars were vanishing from
 night when the foremost party, led by
 Pitcairn, a Major of Marine, was discov-
 ered advancing quickly and in silence.
 Alarm guns were fired and the drums
 beat. Less than seventy—perhaps less
 than sixty—obeyed the summons, and in
 sight of half as many boys and unarmed
 men, were paraded in two ranks, a few
 rods north of the meeting-house.

The British van, hearing the drum and
 the alarm guns, halted to load; the re-
 maining companies came up; and at half
 an hour before sunrise, the advance par-
 ty hurried forward at double quick time,
 almost upon a run, closely followed by

the grenadiers. Pitcairn rode in front,
 and when within five or six rods of the
 minute men, cried out: "Disperse, ye
 villains; ye rebels, disperse; lay down
 your arms; why don't you lay down your
 arms and disperse?" The main part of
 the countrymen stood motionless in the
 ranks, witnesses against aggression; too
 few to resist, too brave to fly. At this
 Pitcairn discharged a pistol, and with a
 loud voice cried, "Fire!" The order was
 instantly followed, first by a few guns,
 which did no execution, and then by a
 heavy, close and deadly discharge of
 musketry.

In the disparity of numbers, the Com-
 mon was a field of murder, not of battle;
 Parker, therefore, ordered his men to dis-
 perse. Then, and not till then, did a few
 of them, on their own impulse, return the
 British fire. The random shots of fugi-
 tives or dying men did no harm, except
 that Pitcairn's horse was perhaps grazed,
 and a private of the 10th Light Infantry
 was touched slightly in the leg.

Jonas Parker, the strongest and best
 wrestler in Lexington, had promised nev-
 er to run from British troops; and he
 kept his vow. A wound brought him on
 his knees. Having discharged his gun,
 he was preparing to load it again, when
 as sound a heart as ever throbbed for
 freedom was stifled by a bayonet, and he
 lay on the post which he took at the
 morning's drum beat. So fell Isaac Muz-
 zey, and so died the aged Robert Munroe,
 the same who in 1758 had been an ensign
 at Louisburg. Jonathan Harrington, jr.,
 was struck in front of his own house on
 the north of the Common. His wife was
 at the window as he fell. With the blood
 gushing from his breast, he rose in her
 sight, tottered, fell again, then crawled
 on hands and knees towards his dwelling;
 she ran to meet him, but only reached
 him as he expired on the threshold. Ca-
 lelb Harrington, who had gone into the
 meeting-house for powder, was shot as

he came out. Samuel Hadley and John Brown were pursued and killed, after they had left the green. Asahel Porter, of Woburn, who had been taken prisoner by the march, endeavoring to escape, was shot within a few rods of the Common.

Seven of the men of Lexington were killed; nine wounded; a quarter part of those who stood in arms on the green. These are the village heroes, who were more than of noble blood, proving by their spirit that they were of the race divine. They gave their lives in testimony to the rights of mankind, bequeathing to their country an assurance of success in the mighty struggle which they began. Their names are held in grateful remem-

brance, and the expanding millions of their countrymen renew and multiply their praise from generation to generation. They fulfilled their duty not from the accidental impulse of the moment; their action was the slowly-ripened fruit of Providence and of time.

Heedless of his own danger, Samuel Adams, with the voice of a prophet, exclaimed, when he heard of the resistance of Lexington: "Oh! what a glorious morning is this!" for he saw that his country's independence was rapidly hastening on, and, like Columbus in the tempest, knew that the storm did but bear him the more swiftly towards the undiscovered world.

BRIDE AND GROOM A CENTURY AGO.— To begin with the lady. Her locks were strained upward over an immense cushion that sat like an incubus on her head, and plastered over with pomatum, and then sprinkled over with a shower of white powder. The height of this tower was somewhat over a foot. One single white rosebud lay on its top like an eagle on a hay stack. Over her neck and bosom was folded a lace handkerchief fastened in front by a bosom pin rather larger than a dollar, containing her grandfather's miniature set in virgin gold. Her airy form was braced up in a satin dress, the sleeves as tight as the natural skin of the arm, with a waist formed by a bodice, worn outside, from whence the skirt flowed off, and was distended at the top

by an ample hoop. Shoes of white kid, with peaked toes, and heels of two or three inches elevation, inclosed her feet, and glittered with spangles, as her little pedal members peeped curiously out. Now for the swain. His hair was sleeked back and plentifully beflowered, while his cue projected like the handle of a skillet. His coat was a sky blue silk, lined with yellow; his long vest of white satin, embroidered with gold lace; his breeches of the same material, and tied at the knee with ribbons. White silk stockings and pumps with laces and ties of the same hue, completed the habiliments of his neiter linon. Lace ruffles clustered around his wrist, and a frill worked in correspondence, and bearing the miniature of his beloved, finished him.

THE GOLDEN HARVEST SHEAVES.

The golden harvest sheaves,
On the slopes of the sunny hills,
When Autumn crowns the fields with corn,
And the barns with plenty fills.
The stores of waving grain,
All glittering in the sun;
When the harvest moon is in the sky,
And summer's work is done.

So sow the seeds of truth,
In thy life's early spring,
That in the Autumn thou may'st reap
A joyful gathering.
Fruits of thy early years,
And wealth that Summer leaves,
Bound in the glorious Autumn days,
Into golden harvest sheaves. G. T. S.

A LITTLE over a year ago our readers with a fine of that sublime reality accompanied by a grand ascent by Rev. I. S. not aware, when we pling in the hands of the ascent had before been description far surpassing interest anything we have in print. We have that as early as 1852 Esq., our pleasant fri- ville Express, soared a

Hoary top where Of that mountain builds and there, with the pe draw a picture as fa- cle is grand and impo fallen on this admirab we gave our engraving have appeared. We with pleasure, which fact of its being the pro noblest members of th

Behold the dread Mount Imperial midst the lesser Some mighty, unimpassion And cold. The storms of Against it, but it stands in Grandeur still; and from th Its tower of pride e'en pu The wintry showers and leave

Their frozen tributes on f Doth make of them an eve Thus doth it day by day, Dely each stroke of time- Into Heaven!

Aspiring to the eagle's No human foot hath stain Nor human breath hath c Which it holds unto the creign

Sun. We may not grow f Of its hoary top, whereo Of that mountain builds Far lifted in the boundle

Our Social Chair.

A LITTLE over a year ago we presented our readers with a finely engraved view of that sublime reality, Mount Shasta, accompanied by a graphic description of its ascent by Rev. I. S. Diehl. We were not aware, when we placed that engraving in the hands of the printer, that the ascent had before been made, or that a description far surpassing in beauty and interest anything we had met with, was in print. We have recently discovered that as early as 1852, JOHN R. RIDGE, Esq., our pleasant friend of the Marysville *Express*, soared aloft to the

—“Hoary top whereon the Genius
Of that mountain builds his glorious throne!”

and there, with the pencil of a true Poet, drew a picture as faultless as the spectacle is grand and imposing. Had our eye fallen on this admirable Poem at the time we gave our engraving, it would certainly have appeared. We now give it a place with pleasure, which is enhanced by the fact of its being the production of one of the noblest members of the California press:

Behold the dread Mount Shasta, where it stands
Imperial midst the lesser heights, and, like
Some mighty, unimpassioned mind, companionless
And cold. The storms of Heaven may beat in wrath
Against it, but it stands in unpolluted
Grandeur still; and from the rolling mists upheaves
Its tower of pride e'en purer than before.
The wintry showers and white-winged tempests
leave

Their frozen tributes on its brow, and it
Doth make of them an everlasting crown.
Thus doth it day by day, and age by age,
Defy each stroke of time—still rising higher
Into Heaven!

Aspiring to the eagle's cloudless height,
No human foot hath stained its snowy side,
Nor human breath hath dimmed the icy mirror
Which it holds unto the moon, and stars, and sov-
ereign

Sun. We may not grow familiar with the secrets
Of its hoary top, whereon the Genius
Of that mountain builds his glorious throne!
Far lifted in the boundless blue, he doth

Encircle, with his gaze supreme, the broad
Dominions of the West, that lie beneath
His feet, in pictures of sublime repose
No artist ever drew. He sees the tall
Gigantic hills arise in silentness
And peace, and, in the long review of distance,
Range themselves in order grand; he sees the sun-
light

Play upon the golden streams that thro' the valleys
Glide; he hears the music of the great and solemn
Sea, and overlooks the huge old western wall,
To view the birth-place of undying Melody!

Itself all light, save when some loftiest cloud
Doth for a while embrace its cold, forbidding
Form, that monarch-mountain casts its mighty
Shadow down upon the crownless peaks below,
That, like inferior minds to some great
Spirit, stand in strong contrasted littleness!
All through the long and summery months of our
Most tranquil year, it points its icy shaft
On high, to catch the dazzling beams that fall
In showers of splendor round that crystal cone,
And roll, in floods of far magnificence,
Away from that lone vast Reflector in
The dome of Heaven.

Still watchful of the fertile
Vale, and undulating plains below, the grass
Grows greener in its shade, and sweeter bloom
The flowers. Strong Purifier! From its snowy
Side the breezes cool are wafted to “the peaceful
Homes of men,” who shelter at its feet, and love
To gaze upon its honored form—aye, standing
There, the guarantee of health and happiness!
Well might it win communities so blest
To loftier feelings, and to nobler thoughts—
The great material symbol of eternal
Things! And well, I ween, in after years, how,
In the middle of his furrowed track, the plowman,
In some sultry hour, will pause, and, wiping
From his brow the dirty sweat, with reverence
Gaze upon that hoary peak; the herdsman
Oft will rein his charger in the plain, and drink
Into his inmost soul the calm sublimity;
And little children, playing on the green, shall
Cease their sports, and turning to that mountain
Old, shall of their mother ask, “Who made it?”
And she shall answer, “God!”

And well this Golden State shall thrive, if, like
Its own Mount Shasta, sovereign law shall lift
Itself in purer atmosphere—so high
That human feeling, human passion, at its base
Shall lie subdued; e'en pity's tears shall on
Its summit freeze; to warm it, e'en the sunlight
Of deep sympathy shall fail;—
Its pure administration shall be like
The snow, immaculate upon that mountain's brow!

standing millions of
new and multiply
neration to genera-
their duty not from
se of the moment;
slowly-ripened fruit
of time.

own danger Samuel
ee of a prophet, ex-
ard of the resistance
al what glorious
for he saw that his
ence was rapidly has-
to Columbus in the
t the storm did but
swiftly towards the

Shoes of white kid,
and heels of two or
on, inclosed her feet,
spangles, as her little
peeped curiously out.

His hair was sleeked
by beflowered, while his
the handle of a skil-
a sky blue silk, lined
ing vest of white satin,
gold lace; his breeches
erial, and tied at the

White silk stockings
laces and ties of the
ed the habiliments of
Lace ruffles clustered
and a frill worked in
ad bearing the minia-
, finished him

VES.

truth,
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n thou may's reap
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y years,
e Summer leaves,
ous Autumn days,
vest sheaves. G. T. S.

THROWING WATER.—A couple of milkmen got into an angry quarrel, yesterday, about some trifling business matter, during which one of them seized a bucket of water that was standing on the sidewalk, and threw it into the face of the other. A waggish bystander present turned the affair into ridicule by remarking, dryly, that their business might suffer more in the loss of the water than by the matter over which they quarreled.—*Exchange.*

The above item has opened a "voim." The stories told at the expense of the milkmen are so varied and numerous, that they, like more of the milk sold by this much maligned guild of tradesmen have become "stale, flat and unprofitable."

The old Jo Miller of the practical jokers, ramming a ruta-baga into the spout of the dairyman's pump late one cold frosty night, and then rousing the snoring lactarian with the astounding intelligence that *his best cow was choked*, was hard to beat in its day, but we know of one that, in our opinion, will match it.

In the vicinity of a certain country town of Ohio, not a thousand miles from where our worthy Governor broke ice as a member of the bar, there lived an ancient, devoutly pious and strictly conscientious milkman, whose customers always said that, while he gave good measure, some how, when his "night's milk" was left in a cool place, for the cream to rise with the family, for breakfast in the morning, the rich yellow scum came up missing.

Being called away one cold winter day, leaving early in the morning, he ordered his man Friday to give at night to each of the cows one sheaf of oats, and to the best cow an extra allowance of one. He, on returning in the evening, went into the stable and found that his favorite milker had but one sheaf, like the scrub stock. Indignant at the supposed neglect of his strict orders, he made rapid strides to the house to give his servitor a blessing, when, passing the pump, he was astonished to find two sheaves of oats lying

under the nozzle of that institution. Scratching his head over it, the thing made its way through his wool in a moment. Patrick, who was a wag—and in the parlance of "Ipsodoodle" "a humorous cuss"—had given each of the cows one sheaf, and *the best cow, or the one that gave the most milk, two!* The old man, however, being one who "couldn't take a joke," especially of so practical a nature, waited until morning, the meanwhile "nursing his wrath to keep it warm," when he gave Pat his walking papers, for being too *strict a constructionist* to suit the milk business.

An honest milkman residing in the vicinity of a pleasant village bearing the euphonious name of Helltown, a few miles out of Cincinnati,

"On muddy mill creeks' marshy marge," in crossing that famous stream yecept in the original Miami dialect, "Mako tew-wah," on his way to supply the denizens of the Queen City with what the inscription above the beautifully painted cow on the panel of his wagon informed the public was "PURE MILK, Fresh FROM THE COUNTRY," usually filled his cans with the pure and limpid element, making a regular "'arf an' 'arf" of the mixture. One morning, dipping a little too deep, he scooped up a live minnow, which he, without noticing, measured out to a regular customer. When the morning's milk came to be measured out, the family were astonished to find a good-sized fish swimming in his semi-native element. The thing was looked upon as a *scaly* piece of business, and the milkman was, like some *offshals*, voted decidedly *fishy*. The milk in the coconut was, however, easily accounted for.

A friend relates us the following incident that occurred on that magnificent floating palace, the steamer Eclipse, on her downward trip a short time since. Being crowded to overflowing by the human tide rushing in a Niagara-like cata-

tract, "bound for Fran-
Easter observed, the
out."

Old Beeswax, who n-
coffee without what the
styled "condiments," a
"as black as the ace
least so black that he
whitewashed with lamp
ard." We have always
steamboats, if you want
or eye of "the gentlem
you should invariably
"steward," even if he
third steward's boy.

have some milk?" C
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marrow-bone, he replie
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hour."

"Haint got no keow
"Fo' God, massa, d
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"Wall, that's tew b
make out to chalk a fe
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The whites of Chare
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hand; he really turn
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completely cowed; he
refuge in "de old cal
last remark of Beeswax
a roar," like unto an
steamer "Gipsey."

Our fair friend E—,
pleasant poetical efforts
our readers in our June
vored us with another c
tion. "Our Baby" a
"Grave" are life pictures
dare say, be recognized
are, we might add, pic
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ract, "bound for Frazer," as a Down Easter observed; the milk "kinder gin eout."

Old Beeswax, who never drinks tea or coffee without what the sentimental lady styled "condiments," addressed a darky "as black as the ace of spades," or at least so black that he might have been *whitewashed* with *lampblack*, with "Steward." We have always observed that on steamboats, if you want to catch the ear or eye of "the gentleman from Africa," you should invariably address him as "steward," even if he is the second or third steward's boy. "Steward, can't I have some milk?" Casting his gimlet eye into the empty jug like a crow looking into the bottom of a long cleaned marrow-bone, he replied: "Sorry to say, sir, de milk's been done gone 'bove half hour."

"Haint got no keow aboard, hev ye?"

"Fo' God, massa, d'aint no cow nudder."

"Wall, that's tew bad; you couldn't make eout to chalk a feller eout sum, cud ye?"

The whites of Charcoal's eyes dilated to the size of the saucer he held in his hand; he really turned *pail*, and, although he did not "kick the bucket," completely *cowed*; he frantically took refuge in "de old caboose," while the last remark of Beeswax "set the table in a roar," like unto an explosion of the steamer "Gipsey."

Our fair friend E—, the first of whose pleasant poetical efforts we introduced to our readers in our June number, has favored us with another charming production. "Our Baby" and "The Baby's Grave" are life pictures, which will, we dare say, be recognized by many. They are, we might add, pictures which surpass in beauty and excellence even her sparkling gem of last month:

OUR BABY.

Welcome to the world of beauty,
Little baby, soft and bright;
Like a dew drop thou hast fallen
To refresh our weary sight;
Welcome to this world of sunshine,
May no cloud e'er fall on thee—
thy pure and gentle spirit,
From all stain be ever free!

Like a jewel in the casket,
Which lies hid in truth's deep well,
In thy fair and lovely bosom
May thy spirit ever dwell;
And when thy short life is ended,
And earth's mantle is laid down,
May our happy, angel darling,
Glitter in the Savior's crown! E.

THE BABY'S GRAVE.

In a quiet, solemn church-yard,
Where the weeping willows wave,
And the sweet, wild flowers are blooming,
Is a little baby's grave.

A simple cross stands at the head,
Where a mourning cypress waves,
And the zephyrs sad are sighing
'Mong its dark and drooping leaves.

There the birds sing in the morning
When the skies are bright and blue,
And at night, when they are sleeping,
The stars weep tears of dew.

But the darling little baby,
Whose sweet form is resting there,
Is an angel bright, in Heaven—
A free spirit of the air!

And at the midnight hour,
When the moonbeams sadly play,
With gentle wing he brusheth
His mother's tears away—

For that darling little baby
Of her very self is part—
And he cometh oft from Heaven,
To nestle in her heart. E.

An interior correspondent, whose extreme modesty prevents his name from being introduced to the public, sends us what he calls "the main points" of a story of five chapters, with the request that we "fix it up to suit ourselves." Had we several months leisure time at our command, in which to practice the art of putting up yellow covered packages of literature, we might be induced to try our hand upon the herculean effort of our gifted correspondent. As it is, we beg to be excused from undertaking the job in question, and will content ourselves simply with the "main points" as furnished us. We doubt not, should the thrilling story ever be "fixed up," the author's fortune will be made. Here are the "pints:"

CHAPTER THE ONE.

A certain Mr. and Mrs. were traveling on the Mississippi river, from Louisville to New Orleans, when all at once they missed their child. Horror! Diligent search made on board the steamer, but no child found. Supposed to be drowned. Parents in great trouble. Refused to eat. Mother got sick and died.

CHAPTER THE TWO.

Father stood it out single for several years—took a second wife—made a bad choice—she squandered his money—he becomes as poor as Job's turkey—then becomes desperato—gets an "idea"—reaches California in 1850—goes to the mountains, and digs—retires rich in 1852—sends to San Francisco for wife—couldn't find her—eloped with fancy individual with big whiskers and striped pantaloons—unfortunate husband gets "tight" and goes shooting after the robber of wife's affections. Immense excitement all over town.

CHAPTER THE THREE.

Husband finds himself alone in California. Becomes a stockholder in ditch company—has a lawsuit, which breaks him—has an interview with the lawyer—husband tells his history—lawyer tells his history—husband starts back—hears lawyer say that when a child he was rescued from a watery grave in the muddy Mississippi. Husband examines lawyer's

breast—sinks speechless in chair—recovers—looks again—weeps—opens his arms—lawyer full of delight—husband in ecstasy—tears shirt clean off lawyer's back—points to the mark—lawyer knows it all—"It is!" shouts husband—"No!" yelled lawyer, "It cannot be—and yet!" "That mark!" says husband—"Yes!" followed lawyer, "you are!" "Thy long lost father." Husband and son weaken.

CHAPTER THE FOUR.

Husband tells son a long story: 1st. Describes the Mississippi river and how the child was missed. 2d. Mother's grief and untimely end. 3d. Bad choice of second wife. 4th. How she spent his money. 5th. How he came to visit the golden land. 6th. His success there. 7th. Leaving California for home, and return with family. 8th. How his wife throw him off. 9th. His return to the mines. 10th. About his interest in the ditch company. 11th. Concerning the lawsuit. 12th. His visit to the lawyer. 13th. How he came to discover his long drowned son. 14th. The joy of meeting.

CHAPTER THE FIVE.

Lawyer tells all about himself—how he was rescued from his watery grave and adopted by a rich family. How he was sent to college, and afterwards come to California.

FINIS.

SMILES.

A pleasant smile to light the eye,
And fill the heart with gladness,
To chase away the tears of grief,
And hush the sigh of sadness;
To lend the face a fairer charm,
A soul of love expressing,
That to earth must divinely bring
A comfort and a blessing.

Oh! smiles have power a world of good
To fling around us ever;
Then let us wear their golden beams,
And quench their ardor never;
For while a smile illumines the eye,
And wreathes the lip of beauty,
The task of life must ever be
A pure and pleasant duty.

An enthusiastic fri
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doing something pat
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in the following happy

W.A.S.H.I.N.

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All hallow'd be the
Who kept unstain
A mighty nation's gl
And put her foes t

Remember'd be the c
To Freedom's sac
Who to the nation's
And broke the tyr

What though the vi
That once for free
The patriot lives!—
For here his spirit

America reveres the
And not a tyrant's
Can cause her sons to
Who dare defend l

America! no other la
Could boast a Was
Though patriots rose
Since 'erst the wor

Her standard sheet, s
In triumph's now u
The stars he planted
And shine o'er all

Let freemen say with
And hand upon the
His name doth find a
And we are not opp

San Francisco, June 17th,
If our cousins ove
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of Yankeeisms, West
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at least console ourselv
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prefix to the first, affi

speechless in despair—recoils
—weeps—opens his arms
delight—husband in ecstasies
clean off lawyer's back
mark—lawyer knows it
shouts husband—"No!"
It cannot be—and yet!"
says husband—"Yes!"
"you are!" "Thy long
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AFTER THE FOUR
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Mississippi river and how
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California for home, and
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9th. His return to the
About his interest in the
11th. Concerning the
His visit to the lawyer.
come to discover his long
14th. The joy of meeting.

AFTER THE FIVE.
all about himself—how
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FINIS.

SMILES.

ile to light the eye,
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ve power a world of good
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ile illumines the eye,
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e must ever be
pleasant duty.

An enthusiastic friend, who never per-
mits the Fourth of July to pass without
doing something patriotic, breathes forth
his admiration of the great WASHINGTON
in the following happy strain:

WASHINGTON.

BY G. W. R.

All hallow'd be the patriot's fame
Who kept unstained and bright
A mighty nation's glorious name,
And put her foes to flight.

Remember'd be the chieftain's name
To Freedom's sacred fane,
Who to the nation's rescue came
And broke the tyrant's chain.

What though the vital spark has fled
That once for freemen shone,
The patriot lives!—he is not dead,
For here his spirit's known.

America reveres the name,
And not a tyrant's might
Can cause her sons to blush in shame
Who dare defend her right.

America! no other land
Could boast a Washington
Though patriots rose on every hand
Since 'erst the world begun.

Her standard sheet, so widely known,
In triumph's now unfurled;
The stars he planted there have grown
And shine o'er all the world.

Let freemen say with right good cheer,
And hand upon their breast,
His name doth find a dwelling here
And we are not oppress'd.

San Francisco, June 17th, 1853.

If our cousins over the water occa-
sionally amuse themselves at the expense
of Yankeeisms, Westernisms, and Pro-
vincialisms, of Brother Jonathan, we can
at least console ourselves with the reflec-
tion that the transition of the eighth let-
ter of the alphabet, and using it as a
profix to the *first*, affords our people an

equally great source of amusement, with
this difference: that Jonathan enjoys a
joke even at his own expense, while John
Bull is thin-skinned, his epidemics being
of the gold leaf attenuation—none are
more sensitive to ridicule—and no one
hates as badly to be laughed at.

Our good-natured friend *Punch*, who,
like the wind which blows where it list-
eth, is a privileged character, has on
many occasions shown up the cockney
propensity to abuse the *Queen's* English,
in the particular referred to. His pic-
ture of the enraged John, indignantly
kicking out of doors the unfortunate let-
ter "H," is familiar to all, and has been
as much laughed at as the similar carica-
ture of a polite gentleman handing a
lady the same *letter* (H) which she had
dropped *at*, but not *in*, the Post Office.
The story of the little girl sweeping the
carpet during the call of a English lady,
to find the H's which the visitor had
dropped, is also well known.

We propose, for the fun of the thing,
to give a few specimens of this peculiar-
ity of language, among those who, as a
buxom English woman expressed it,
"hexhasperated the *hatch* and dropped
the *hay* most haudaciously."

Among the budget of anecdotes with
which poor Dan Marble (he deserves a
marble statue) used to regale his friends,
was one illustrating the misfortunes
which this class sometimes fell into sim-
ply by the misplacing of a letter. The
box office man of the Eagle Street Thea-
tre, in Buffalo, happened at one time to
be a "bloody Britisher," one of the sort
who said that "it cawnt be hexpected
that hale could be made in Haymerica,
because they 'avent got the 'ops." His
dinner hour being strictly English, he
always carried his lunch with him to the
office in the morning, and in the winter
season this usually consisted of a mince
pie, of which homogenous conglomeration
he was remarkably fond. About twelve

o'clock, one bitter cold day, when old Eric was bound captive in crystal chains by the ice king, the box office man issued the following order to the boy-of-all-work about the theatre, a gawky lad, named Hiram, just from the country: "Hi say, you, hi'm going to the Post Office with these 'ere letters; put that pie hinto the stove and 'eat it hagainst hi got back."

Interpreting him literally, the young one, fresh and green from the country, as soon as the pie was fairly warmed, pitched into it, and by the time the box officer came bustling in, glowing from the cold, he had nearly devoured the pie. Struck aghast at the impious spectacle before him, the box officer struck an attitude that even the Prince of all Princes of Denmark—poor Gus Adams—might have taken points from in the ghost scene. About the same time he struck the *pic*-ratical glutton, knocking his form nearly into *pi*, exclaiming, indignantly, "What the bloody 'oll 'ave you been habout? Hi told you to put the pie hinto the stove and 'eat hit. Hi didn't mean for you to *heat it*, you infernal rogue you!"

But the best specimen we have yet seen was that of the bloody barber that shaves us—we don't mean by the sanguinary appellation that he is particularly cutting in the way of his profession, but he likes to "cut a swell" out of his chair. Discussing that all-absorbing topic, Frazer River, the aforesaid addressed one of his familiars with "'Arry, wy don't you go? You are 'ale, 'arty, 'ealthy a 'operator has 'ails from hull Hell Dorado county!" We haven't indulged in a shave in 'Angtown—as Loo, the circus man, used to style the handsome county town of Placerville—since; its decidedly dangerous at that shop, at least. You run the risk of being victimized as well as the *Hutch*.

A humorous, but observing contributor, who has evidently been gathered into the fold of the righteous by the recent revival in this State, sends us the following:

MR. EDITOR:—Did you ever observe what a difference there is in the style of prayers? Each one who prays at all—

and who should not?—evinces in his praying the peculiar idea he has of the Supreme Being; an idea which varies in different persons according to the scope of their thought and education. Some adopt the narrative style and pray as if they were relating a story; others are declamatory in their manner of addressing the Almighty. A few are bombastic and leave no doubt as to the opinion they entertain of themselves. Some, again, pray familiarly, as if God were always with them; some vaguely, as if He were everywhere, and as much anywhere else as present; and others, again, pray doubtfully, as if the Lord were afar off, or possibly not listening. Many supplicate blessings, and some assume to confer blessings by praying. I have known persons, who in their prayers were always soliciting information, and others who were ever essaying to convey intelligence to the ear of Omniscience. Of the latter class, I remember particularly a school teacher by the name of Smith—and John, at that—a pious soul, who always commenced his devotional exercises as follows: "Paradoxical as it may appear unto Thee, O Lord, nevertheless it is true." This beginning is thoroughly impressed on the memory of all good Mr. Smith's scholars, from the fact that a large boy, on one occasion, a mischievous fellow, controverted the master's proposition, by repeating aloud: "Paradoxical as it may appear unto Thee, O Lord, nevertheless it is *not* true, as Smith says, that we are all sinners."

But I was speaking of style. This good man was so much in the habit of imparting instruction, as to forget that anything could appear paradoxical to Him, who understands perfectly all facts and reasons. Smith's great effort seemed to be to convince Omniscience of a few facts which were patent to everybody else, and he never wearied in his exertions.

He would continue:

"If thou doubtst thy servant, O Lord, peradventure thou wilt believe thy daughter Hannah, and others of thy household, who are ready to testify, that sin abounds, like rank weeds, in this part of thy moral vineyard."

But the eccentricity of Smith's prayers finds a counterpart in almost every congregation. At any rate, there is in each a great variety of praying. After all it profiteth little what the style is, only so the heart be right.

FRAZER RIVER! We have before. If our memory serves paper editors of our State have or three small paragraphs of Well, the Frazer River count be a good place to go to. have not deceived us, a fe there. Seriously—for this business is no joke—we are nesses the wild excitement wh prevails in relation to the new gold region. We know that well attempt to dip the oce spoon as to stay the human ing in the direction of Fraze we would not feel that we l our duty, did we view the pr things without throwing in a friendly advice. We do not, istence of an abundance of gality named. If any doubt o ever entertained, it has been mored by the continued one- from that quarter. And we the counsel given by us som that those who have grown t career in California and are d had better try their luck in gold fields in the British Poss really we have seen nothing mad rush we now behold. V in mind that all the reliab while it establishes the fact of of the precious metal in the re try to which we allude, inform cannot be procured, in any amount, until after the river is understood occurs some ti or September of each year. itself should be sufficient to off the present excitement. that have reached us are, we moving, and have agitated o very sensibly since the last i our readers; but a little ca has sufficed to keep our p

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Editor's Table.

FRAZER RIVER! We have heard of that before. If our memory serves us, the newspaper editors of our State have written two or three small paragraphs on the subject. Well, the Frazer River country appears to be a good place to go to. If our eyes have not deceived us, a few have gone there. Seriously—for this Frazer River business is no joke—we are sorry to witness the wild excitement which at present prevails in relation to the newly-discovered gold region. We know that we might as well attempt to dip the ocean dry with a spoon as to stay the human tide now setting in the direction of Frazer River; still, we would not feel that we had performed our duty, did we view the present state of things without throwing in a few words of friendly advice. We do not doubt the existence of an abundance of gold in the locality named. If any doubt of the sort was ever entertained, it has been more than removed by the continued one-sided advices from that quarter. And we would repeat the counsel given by us some time since, that those who have grown tired of their career in California and are doing nothing, had better try their luck in the reported gold fields in the British Possessions. But really we have seen nothing to create the mad rush we now behold. We must bear in mind that all the reliable authority, while it establishes the fact of the existence of the precious metal in the region of country to which we allude, informs us that it cannot be procured, in any considerable amount, until after the river falls, which it is understood occurs some time in August or September of each year. This fact of itself should be sufficient to take the edge off the present excitement. The reports that have reached us are, we admit, quite moving, and have agitated our own nerves very sensibly since the last interview with our readers; but a little calm reflection has sufficed to keep our pulse healthy.

Those, therefore, who are rushing northward in such break-neck style, would do well to remember that *at present* there is but very little doing in the mining localities along Frazer's River. We would also remind those who are throwing up a good paying business to take the chances in the north, that for a full month at least—perhaps two, or more—their expenses will be heavy, while they will be unable to make their salt. It seems also to have escaped the attention of our Frazer-bound friends, that they are leaving a "mighty good country." They forget that here, in our own beloved State of California, are being daily discovered gold diggings as rich as any that exist anywhere. We throw out these hints, not because we imagine that they will have the effect to keep down the prevailing fever that is carrying off our population at so fearful a rate, but solely on account of the gratification which follows a conscientious discharge of duty.

JOHN BULL has again pulled Jonathan's nose. More: He has kicked and cuffed him. More and worse still: He has spit upon him. And all this in the broad light of day, and in the presence of the civilized nations of the world! Do you doubt it? Behold the record: How long has it been since the power and authority of the American Consul at Hongkong (Mr. Keenan) were disregarded, his rights trampled upon by an insolent British Magistrate, and the Captain of an American vessel fined and imprisoned *for doing his duty*? We are aware that this outrage for a time set all Washington in a blaze, but that was all. The stain upon us still remains, as fresh and ugly as the day the act was committed. This is but one of the many insults offered our flag by British officers, during the past few years. All other events of this sort, however, that have come to our knowledge, sink into utter insignificance beside the

recent systematic attack upon American merchantmen in the Gulf of Mexico. The history of this last outrage, as detailed by eye-witnesses, is enough to make the blood of every American citizen, who has the least regard for the honor of his country, boil with indignation. What American, with a spark of pride in his soul, does not feel the sting of these British insults? But what are the facts: Well known American vessels, while lying quietly in harbors, were boarded and searched by drunken British officers, who met the slightest resistance with pistols, knives, cutlasses, disgusting oaths and gross insult to our flag. Equally well known ships, while pursuing their honorable course in the waters of the Gulf, were, at about the same time, fired into by British guns, their papers overhauled by British officers, and everything on board bearing the name of *American* ridiculed and laughed at! We might multiply these instances, but are content with what we have given. As may be imagined, the American captains who were thus attacked and insulted, were deeply incensed at the authors of the outrage. They, however, feeling unable to defend themselves, were forced to submit to the treatment, degrading as it was. We are tired of asking how much longer such a state of things is to continue. We have already suffered these insults to be heaped upon us until our own citizens, at home and abroad, are beginning to feel ashamed of their country. Even Spain—weak as she is—has been so long permitted to use our vessels as targets for her guns, that we do not wonder at the difficulty experienced by our Minister at Madrid in getting anything like an *amicable* adjustment of affairs. She has very naturally been led to suppose that fighting is not in our way, and that, therefore, we can be kicked about at the pleasure and convenience of all who desire to try the experiment. The powers at Washington have been altogether too slow in the matters to which we allude. There is, however, a point at which forbearance ceases to be a virtue, and if we have not now reached such a point, we

greatly mistake the tone of public sentiment. It is the last straw that breaks the camel's back; and it is these last outrages upon the American flag that must change our policy of "masterly inactivity" to immediate, determined resistance.

THE interesting series of articles in relation to Tehuantepec, from the pen of Col. A. J. Grayson, have been highly prized—as well they should—by our readers. But little, comparatively speaking, is known of that wild, romantic region, and when well-written articles, properly illustrated, (as ours have been) are presented, they are apt to excite attention. We are indebted to Col. Grayson for much curious and valuable information concerning Tehuantepec. From his long residence in the country, he is familiar with his subject, the illustrations of remarkable scenes and places being from sketches taken on the spot by himself. So interesting indeed are his articles, that we desire to give them to our readers in as complete and perfect a shape, and as free from blunders as when they left his hands. For this reason we embrace the opportunity to refer to several errors which occurred in the article in our last issue. The beautiful Bird, for example, which the types made us name the "Para" of Tehuantepec, should have been *Pavo*, the difference between the two names being, we believe, very great. It was also stated, that the height of the church at *Gechécova* (not *Gechecora*, as printed) is 300 feet, when that was but its length—the exact height not being given. It was likewise our intention to have accompanied Col. Grayson's sketches of Tehuantepec with an engraving of the little boat—the "Wanderer"—in which he accomplished the greater portion of his journey, but were prevented from doing so by the drawing sent us being mislaid. These errors and mishaps, though perhaps unnoticed by the public, are exceedingly provoking to an editor; and what is more, they will sometimes occur in spite of fate.

WE have always pointed with pride to our contributors. We love their presence in our sanctum, and their mysterious little packages of scribbles with peculiar delight. How painful to us to observe, recently, in the pages of our favorite journal, the intimations of our favorite friends—a lady—imposed upon us in the matter of such an intimation, too, coming when the whole press of the State was engaged in exposing the shameful thefts of other parties, but neglecting the instance in question. To give a nut-shell, it appears there are two poems entitled "The Ocean Burial" by Mr. GEORGE N. ALLEN. We understand, a great many of the other by the fair contributors, and published in the pages of this Magazine. The striking resemblance between these poems at once attracted attention, and in the succeeding issue we pronounced that in our opinion "base plagiarism." We have assured that the lady never saw Allen's "Ocean Burial," in the case, we feel bound to acknowledge the offense charged. All we can say is, the poems develop an accidental resemblance of subject, ideas and language, wonderful to behold.

WE can safely promise our readers that the article in our August issue, which will be an exceedingly interesting description of a journey from the city of Mexico, by the way of a highly intelligent gentleman, will be a highly interesting and numerous spirited engraving of the more remarkable scenes of the route, including a fine view of the Plaza and Cathedral of the city. In addition to this, we shall present an interesting story, translated from the press for our pages, from the works of Cervantes, entitled "The Madrid."

the tone of public sentiment straw that breaks the back. It is these last outrages on a flag that must change "sterile inactivity" to "impassioned resistance."

A series of articles in relation to Tehuantepec, from the pen of Col. [Name], have been highly prized—[Name]—by our readers. But [Name] speaking, is known of [Name] region, and when well-properly illustrated, (as [Name] are presented, they are [Name] attention. We are indebted [Name] for much curious and valuable concerning Tehuantepec. [Name] in the country, he [Name] his subject, the illustrable scenes and places being taken on the spot by [Name] resting indeed are his [Name] desire to give them to our [Name] complete and perfect a shape, [Name] blunders is when they [Name] for this reason we embrace [Name] to refer to several errors [Name] in the article in our last [Name] beautiful Bird, for example, [Name] made us name the "Para" [Name] should have been *Pavo*, [Name] between the two names being [Name] very great. It was also [Name] sight of the church at [Name] Tehuantepec, as printed) is [Name] it was but its length—the [Name] being given. It was like- [Name] to have accompanied [Name] sketches of Tehuantepec [Name] of the little boat—the [Name] which he accomplished [Name] of his journey, but were [Name] being so by the drawing [Name] sketched. These errors and [Name] perhaps unnoticed by the [Name] being provoking to an [Name] is more, they will some- [Name] of fate.

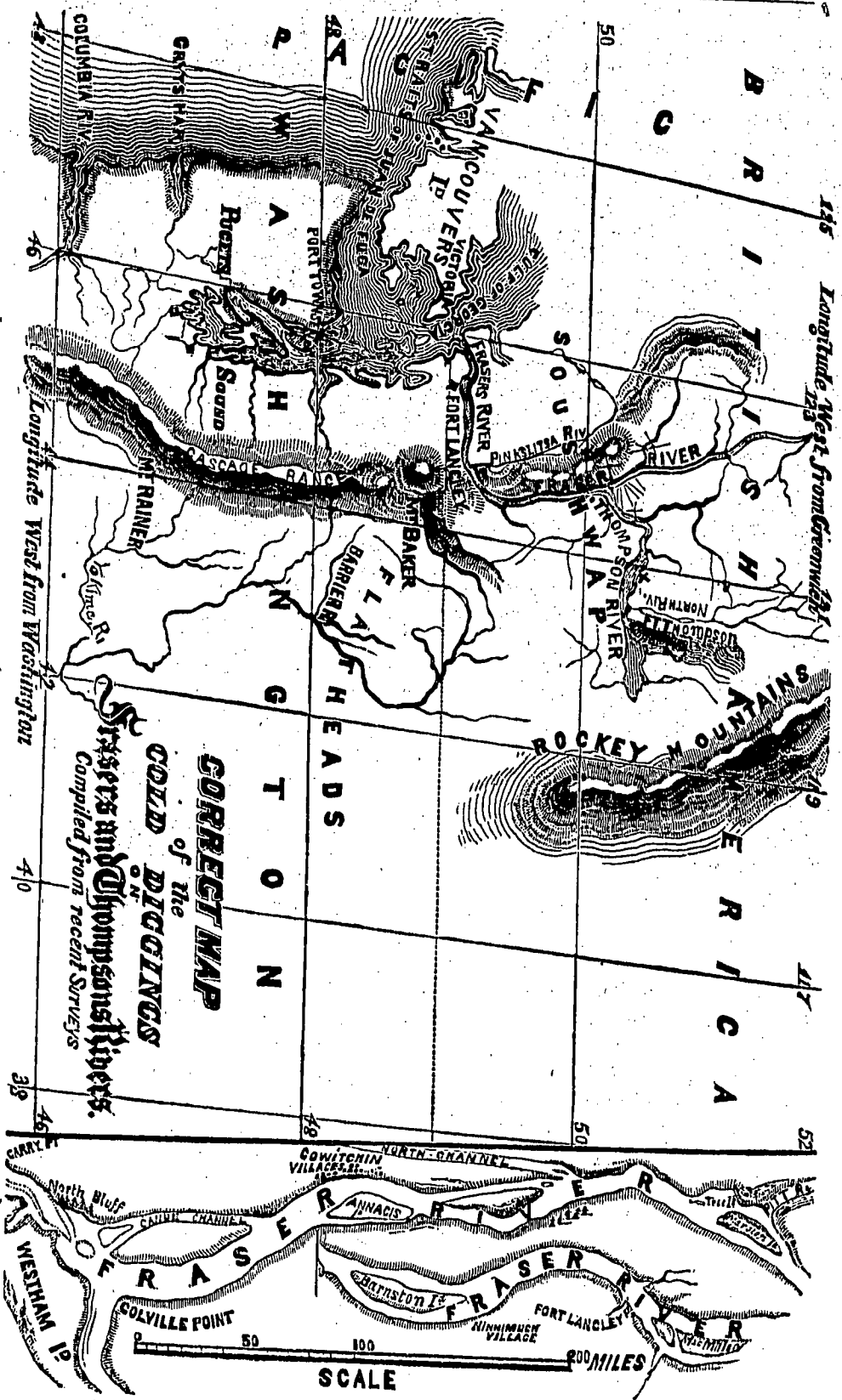
We have always pointed with pride to our contributors. We love their genial presence in our sanctum, and open their mysterious little packages of song or story with peculiar delight. How painful was it, then, for us to observe, recently, in a respectable journal, the intimation that one of our favorite friends—a lady at that—had imposed upon us in the matter of a poem. Such an intimation, too, coming at a time when the whole press of the State was engaged in exposing the shameless literary thefts of other parties, but aggravated the instance in question. To give the matter in a nut-shell, it appears there are in existence two poems entitled "The Ocean Burial;" one by Mr. GEORGE N. ALLEN, and written, we understand, a great many years ago; the other by the fair contributor to our pages, and published in the April number of this Magazine. The striking similarity between these poems at once excited attention, and in the succeeding issue we pronounced that in our Magazine a "base plagiarism." We have since been assured that the lady never read or heard of Allen's "Ocean Burial," and this being the case, we feel bound to acquit her of the offense charged. All we can say is, the two poems develop an accidental commingling of subject, ideas and language truly wonderful to behold.

We can safely promise our readers a real treat in our August issue. Our opening article will be an exceedingly well-prepared description of a journey from Acapulco to the city of Mexico, by the way of Tasco, by a highly intelligent gentleman of San Francisco. The article will be accompanied by numerous spirited engravings, presenting the more remarkable scenes and places on the route, including a fine view of the grand plaza and Cathedral of the city of Mexico. In addition to this, we shall give an interesting story, translated and altered expressly for our pages, from the Spanish of Cervantes, entitled "The Gipsy Girl of Madrid."

The Sunday Law recently passed by our Legislature, has been generally observed throughout the State. It is true that in many instances it was violated, but as this was done chiefly by parties who desired to test the constitutionality of the enactment before the Supreme Court, we may conclude that ours are a Sunday-loving, church-going, law-abiding, God-fearing people—as all honest people should be. Our only surprise is that the law did not meet with greater resistance. We must bear in mind that here in California we have a very mixed population, with a great variety of religious opinions. Besides that class whose peculiar teachings specify some other day than the Christian's Sabbath, on which to worship God, we have a large, respectable, and highly intelligent body of citizens known as free-thinkers, who we might expect would snap their fingers at the Sunday law. Such, however, has not been the case.

"An old Bachelor" gives us in this issue two or three interesting pages from the history of his experience. "Did I Love Her?" he asks. We think the reader will say *he did*. We are well acquainted with the author of the touching narrative, and know that the picture he has presented is not overdrawn. Though many long years have passed since the scenes described by him were witnessed, he still seems to enjoy and prize, above all things else, the love of his Mary.

A BEAUTIFUL monthly publication, entitled the *California Culturist*, has been laid on our table. It is edited by Messrs. Wheeler & Wadsworth—well known, competent gentlemen—and is devoted to the interests of the Agriculturist, the Herdsman, the Florist, the Mechanic, the Manufacturer, Miner and Naturalist. The number before us, besides containing forty-eight pages of valuable reading matter, is handsomely embellished with colored plates, presenting the mammoth specimens of California fruit as large as life and quite as natural. The work deserves success.



GRIMES MADE



Receives her woman.



Wife wants to jeels.



Deserts Grimes Threatens divorce

Troubles of a Forty-Niner.

GRIMES MADE HIS "PILE" THE FIRST YEAR. THE SECOND, SENT FOR HIS DEAR WIFE.



Receives her on the wharf. Very plain woman.



Wife becomes expensive.—Too many bills.



Wife wants to go to a ball. Grimes objects.



She does go to ball, in spite of Grimes.



Deserts Grimes next day, for "cruelty." Threatens divorce.



The last of poor Grimes.—Desperate case of Suicide.

BRITISH MOUNTAIN AFRICA
 Longitude West from Greenwich
 RIVER
 NORTH
 SOUTH
 RIVER
 MILES

Monthly Chat,

WITH CONTRIBUTORS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

L. E., San Francisco.—Your "Sketch of the Olden Time" is a clever production, but altogether too long to be crowded into one number, as you desire. It might be reduced without material injury.

G. S. Smith, Artist.—The ambrotype view of the Callan Ranch received, "broke all to pieces. Can't be used. Very pretty picture, no doubt—especially the lady dressed in black, at the door. Would love dearly to spend a few weeks there during the hot weather, but can't print the establishment in the Magazine. Send us something else that won't break so easily.

Observer, Marysville.—Your views on the Frazer River excitement are quite sensible, but they would have but little weight just now. People will go to the new diggings.

Lucy, Sacramento.—Your verses on "Pretty Birdie" received. Will look over them at our leisure, and if good—as we think they ought to be—will print them.

F. T., San Francisco.—In answer to your queries, we would state that we have as yet heard of no "tremendous" fall in the price of real estate, either in this city or Sacramento. You can put all such reports down as "fudge."

Subscriber, Mokelumne Hill.—Glad you have escaped the prevailing fever. Your name has been entered on the "paid" side of our books for third volume. You are a sensible man, "Subscriber."

Douglas Democrat, San Francisco.—We have time and again declared that we will not take part in the political quarrels of the day. What's Lime Point to you, or you to Lime Point, that you should weep over it?

J., San Jose.—Package received. Thanks.

E. R. W., Oakland.—The "Countess of San Diego" was commenced in our April number, and is concluded in the present issue.

Dolan, Sacramento.—The view of Mount Baker, which took such a hold on your fancy, while on a trip to Frazer River, "once on a time," can be found in a Pictorial soon to be issued from the office of this Magazine.

R. F. M., Pleasant Hill.—Your "Musings of a Miner" will be attended to in season. Patience.

M. E. P., Stockton.—We cannot make you an offer for your sketches before seeing them. If they come up to your description, we would be pleased to have them; but we prefer to see them ourselves.

Aleck, Auburn.—We have had many poorer things than your "Ode to a Departing Miner." It has, however, been ruled out for "good and sufficient reasons."

Hoover, Sacramento.—Your budget lies before us, unopened. Will give you early attention.

Evelyn, Mariposa.—Your Sunday Law article will hardly answer. Try your hand again.

Kate D., San Francisco.—Your kind favors received. Should be happy to hear from you more frequently.

Statistics, Oroville.—We are unable to furnish you with anything like correct information as to the amount of gold dust received from Frazer River. The amount deposited at the Mint during the months of May and June is said to be about \$4,000.

Farmer, Benicia.—Your suggestion came in good season. A page or two on the subject alluded to, would prove highly acceptable to many of our readers.



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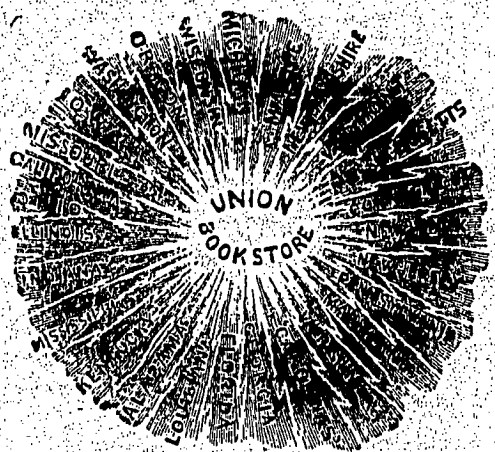
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