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No. by the gen- r we have ...consent...

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HUTCHINGS' CALIFORNIA MAGAZINE.

VOL. III. NOVEMBER, 1858. No. 5.

OUR NEIGHBORS OF THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.

Do not become alarmed, gentle reader, because we propose to talk about our neighbors. We mean no offense—intend no wrong; for, although we are going to say something concerning a beautiful country and an interesting people, who live next door to us, in their island home, on the great highway of commerce between California and China, India and Australia—not omitting or excepting Japan and many other "Islands of the Sea"—yet, we hope in no way to intrude upon that sphere, which ill-natured and disappointed people assume for and claim as occupied exclusively by the gentler sex! After we have told our story, we consent to the reader's being our judge.

HAWAIIAN FEMALES.

The Sandwich, or Hawaiian, Islands are situated between 18° 50′ to 22° 20′, north latitude, and 154° 53′ to 160° 15′, west longitude from Greenwich. These islands are twelve in number, four of which are mere rocks, and the other

eight are of the following names and areas:*

	Length.	Breadth.	Square miles.
Hawaii,	88 miles,	78 miles,	4000 miles.
Maui,	48 "	29 "	620 "
Kahoolawe,	11 "	8 "	60 "
Lanai,	17 "	9 "	100 "
Molokai,	40 "	7 "	190 "
Oahu,	46 "	25 "	580 "
Kauai,	22 "	24 "	500 "
Nihau,	20 "	7 "	90 "

Missionary labors, the whale fisheries of the Pacific, the discovery of gold in California and Australia, and recently made treaties of the United States with China and Japan, have, unitedly, become the lever by which these beautiful islands have been raised from a state of the lowest barbarism and insignificance to that of a prosperous semi-civilization and importance; and when events, now so rapidly transpiring in our favor, shall have given to the State of California, the Territories of Oregon and Washington, and the British possessions of the North, a manufacturing, as well as a mining and agricultural population, commensurate with their unparalleled resources; and when every valley and hill on these western shores shall be smiling with the bounteous products of a numerous and industrious people—as they will be before many years have passed away—these islands will assert their claim to a still higher importance and a yet more prosperous civilization than now.

According to a series of native traditions, transmitted through a long line of chiefs, and other conclusive evidence, these islands were visited by Europeans—probably Spaniards—over two centuries before their re-discovery by Captain Cook. In one of these traditions mention is made of a large vessel, named by them Konaliloha, visiting there thirteen generations of Hawaiian kings anterior to the visit of the great English navigator. By some accident, this vessel was dashed by the surf upon the rocks and made a total wreck. The captain and a white woman—said to be his sister—were the only ones saved. These, being well received and hospitably treated, became content to form connections with the Hawaiians, from whom a mixed and lighter-complexioned race has sprung—and from which a large number of chiefs are said to be descended.

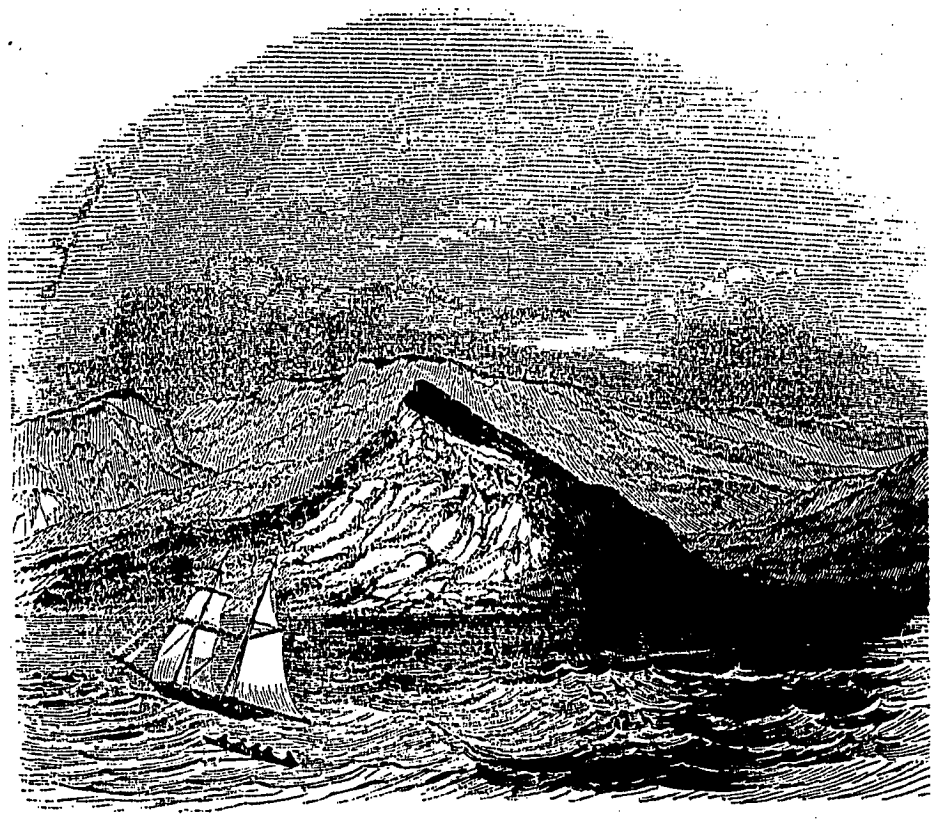
By another tradition, two vessels are said to have visited the north-east coast of Hawaii, both of which were wrecked, and the whole of their crews either drowned or murdered. A fourth ship is also represented to have made its appearance at Maui, about this time. There can be no doubt that these traditions, although somewhat vague, will, with the numerous race now living there, having light complexions and brown or curly red hair, who boast of their white descent through many generations, fully establish the fact that some white persons were living there many years anterior to the visit of Captain Cook.

Be that as it may, we most fully coincide with the opinion so well expressed by Mr. Jarves, that to whatever extent these islands may have been known to the Spanish navigators, or stragglers across the vast Pacific, from the earlier part of the sixteenth century to the middle of the seventeenth, who, from ignorance or design, left the world unacquainted with their importance, it does not greatly detract from the credit due to the energy and ability displayed by their English successor, Captain Cook. He was probably unaware of their true position; and if to Columbus the discovery of America is to be attributed, equally to Cook is that of the Hawaiian group. Both were simply re-discoveries; the former owing rather to the comprehensive genius of a mind that dared to origin-

* NOTE.—We are indebted to the works of J. J. Jarves, H. Bingham, A. M., Commodore Perry, H. S. Cheever, Hunt's Merchants' Magazine, and to the following gentlemen: Edward A. Ham, Wm. Hooper, Dr. Hardy, Rev. L. Smith, D. H. Hunter and others, for valuable assistance and information in regard to these islands.

ate and soar beyond his age; the latter, from actively pursuing the track of discovery, and infusing into its course new life and vigor. In following other and important designs, he was brought in contact with this group.

So long a period had elapsed since the eyes of the natives had been greeted with sights foreign to their own islands, that the memory of them had become obscure, and perhaps, with the generality of them, forgotten. The appearance of Cook's ships—the Resolution and Discovery—when he first made the islands of Niihau and Kauai, on the 19th of January, 1778, was, to their unsophisticated senses,



DIAMOND HEAD—SKETCHED AT SEA.

novel, fearful and interesting. Canoes, filled with wondering occupants, approached, but no inducement could prevail upon them to go on board, though they were not averse to barter. Iron was the only article prized in exchange; the use of other things was unknown, and even ornaments at first despised.

On the following evening the ships came to anchor in Waimea Bay, on the south side of Kauai. As the islanders were not generally apprised of their arrival until morning, their surprise was then extreme. They asked of one another: "What is this great thing with branches?" Some replied: "It is a forest which has moved into the sea." This idea filled them with consternation. The chiefs sent men to examine the wonders, who returned and reported an abundance of iron, which gave them great joy. Their description of the seamen on board was after this fashion: "Foreheads white, bright eyes, rough garments, their speech unknown, and their heads horned, like the moon;" supposing their

hats to be part of their heads. Some conjectured them to be women. The report of the great quantity of iron seen on board the ships excited the cupidity of the chiefs, and one of their warriors, named Kapuapua, volunteered to seize it. He went, and in the attempt was fired upon and killed.

The night after the attempt of Kapuapua, the warrior chief, many guns were discharged. The noise and fire were imagined to proceed from the god, *Lono*, or Cook, and they at first thought of fighting him. But this design was frustrated by the advice of a female chief, who counseled them "not to fight the god, but gratify him, that he might be propitious." Accordingly, she sent her own daughter, with other women, on board, who returned with the seeds of that disease which so soon and so fatally spread itself among the people of the whole group.

Throughout all the intercourse, though the natives manifested the greatest respect and kindness towards their visitors, and both parties indulged in a lucrative trade, yet their propensity for thieving was continually manifested. Perfectly ready to yield their own property and persons to the gratification of the whites, it was but natural that, without any particular sense of wrong, they should desire the same liberties. Theft or lying were, to them, no crimes. Success in either was considered a virtue, and it was not until several severe lessons had been received that their discretion got the better of temptation.

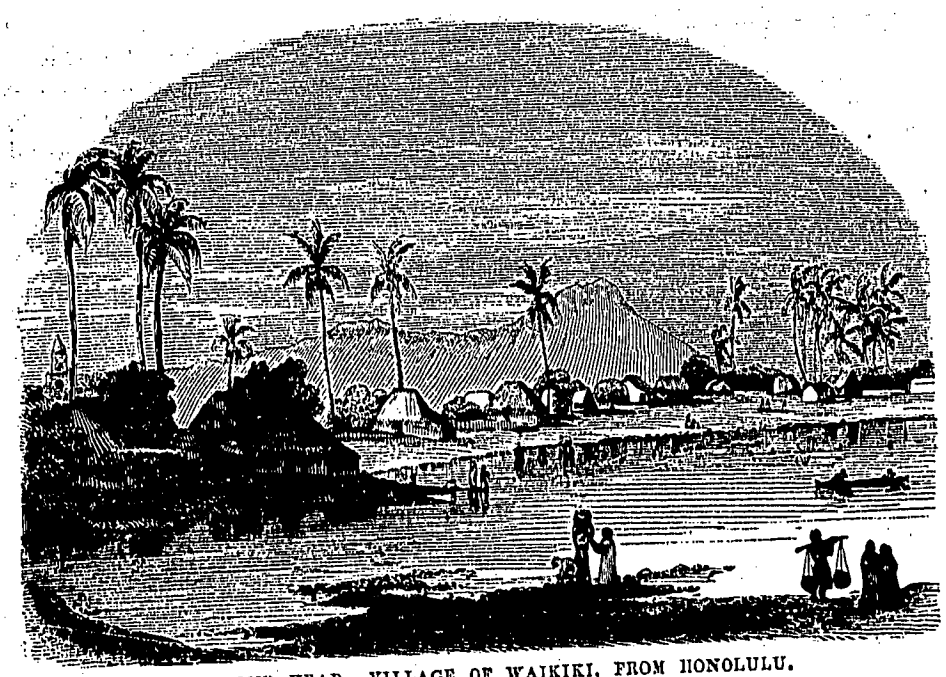
The wonderful news of this arrival spread rapidly throughout the different islands, then under different sovereigns, and the strange spectacle of the vessels, with their sails, spars and flags, were minutely described. "The men," said they, "had loose skins, (their clothes,) angular heads, and they were gods, indeed! Volcanoes, belching fire, burned at their mouths, (tobacco pipes,) and there were doors in their sides, for their property—doors which went far into their bodies, (pockets)—into which they thrust their hands and drew out knives, iron, beads, cloth, nails and everything else." Their speech was also mimicked, and represented to be rough, harsh and boisterous.

On the 2d of February, after two weeks of agreeable intercourse with this people, Captain Cook weighed anchor and sailed for the north-west coast of America.

On the 20th of November, of the same year, he returned to pay his second visit, making his appearance off Wailuku, on the north side of the island of Maui. Kalaniopuu, the King, immediately sent him a present of some hogs, and on the 30th made him a visit of State. On the 17th of January, 1779, he anchored in Kealakekua bay. Trading again commenced, and the same kind of intercourse as before, the natives paying him every attention, more as a god than a man: making him large and costly presents as sacrifices.

Respect, kindness and hospitality, in its most bounteous form, continued until the 2nd day of February, 1779—just one year after his first departure. On this day, Cook desired Captain King to propose to purchase the railing which surrounded the heiau, a sacred enclosure, for fuel. Unfortunately, Captain Cook showed no respect for the religious feelings of the natives. To the surprise of King, this proposal was acceded to, and nothing bargained for in return. Ledyard, who was one of the party employed to remove the fence, states that Cook offered two iron hatchets for the fence, which were indignantly refused, both from horror at the proposal and the inadequate price offered. Upon this refusal, he gave orders to his men to break down the fence and carry it to the boats, while he cleared the way. This was

done, and the images taken off and destroyed by a few rough sailors, in the presence of the priests and chiefs, who had not sufficient resolution to prevent this desecration of their temple and the manes of their ancestors. Cook once more offered the hatchets, and with the same result. The priest to whom he spoke trembled with emotion, but still refused. During this scene, a concourse of natives had assembled, and expressed their sense of the wrong in no very quiet mood. Some difficulty, at this juncture, having occurred between the master's mate of the Resolution and the natives, in getting off the ship's rudder, which



DIAMOND HEAD—VILLAGE OF WAIKIKI, FROM HONOLULU.

had just been repaired, the mate angrily struck several. A chief interposed, but he was haughtily told to order his men to labor properly. This he was not disposed to do; or, if he had so done, his people were in no humor to comply. Presently hooting, mocking and throwing of stones was commenced by the natives; and, after a slight defense, the marines were glad to retire. Many reasons united to bring about this change of feeling. Besides, the natives, really alarmed at the prospect of a famine—for their supplies were never over-abundant for themselves—by expressive signs, urged them to leave. The glad tidings that the day for sailing was nigh, soon spread, and the rejoicing people, at the command of their chiefs, prepared a farewell present of food, cloth and other articles, which, in quantity and value, far exceeded any before given. They were all taken on board, and nothing given in recompense. The magnitude of the gifts from the savage, and the meanness of those from the white men, must excite the indignant surprise of every one who peruses the narrative of this voyage.

On the 4th of February the ships sailed, but were becalmed, in sight of land, during that and the following day, which gave a fresh occasion for Kalaniopuu and his people to exercise their hospitality, by sending off a gift of fine hogs and many vegetables.

But the joy of the inhabitants was des-

tined to be of short duration. In a gale, that occurred shortly after, the foremast of the Resolution was sprung, which obliged the vessels to return. They anchored in the same spot. Their tents were pitched in the heiau formerly occupied. The priests, though friendly, expressed no great satisfaction at this event. Cook's reception, this time, presented a striking contrast to his last. An ominous quiet everywhere prevailed. Not a native appeared to give him welcome.

Acts were constantly committed by Cook and his men that were sacrilegious in the eyes of the natives. From these and similar causes, all amicable feeling was at an end, and even in traffic disputes arose. However, affairs went on smoothly, until the afternoon of the 13th, when some chiefs ordered the natives who were employed in watering the ships to disperse; and unfriendly demonstrations began to appear.

Soon after, muskets were discharged from the Discovery at a canoe, which was being paddled in great haste for the shore, closely pursued by the ship's boats. In the narrative, a bold theft is said to have been the occasion of this proceeding. The natives state it was caused by their expressing dissatisfaction on account of the women, and that the foreigners seized a canoe belonging to Palea, who, in endeavoring to recover it, was knocked down with a paddle by one of the white men. This occurred during the absence of Captain Cook.

Mutual suspicions now prevailed. Cook prepared for decisive measures, and ordered every islander to be turned out of the ships. On the heiau the guards were doubled. At midnight, a sentinel fired upon a native, who was detected skulking about the walls. Palea, taking advantage of the darkness, either in revenge for his blow, or avaricious of the iron fastenings, stole one of the Discovery's cutters, which was moored to a buoy.

Early the ensuing morning, (Sunday, the 16th,) Cook determined upon a bold and hazardous step to recover the boat: one that he had, on previous occasions, successfully practiced. This was to secure the king, or some member of the royal family, by surprise or treachery, as hostages, until the boat was returned.*

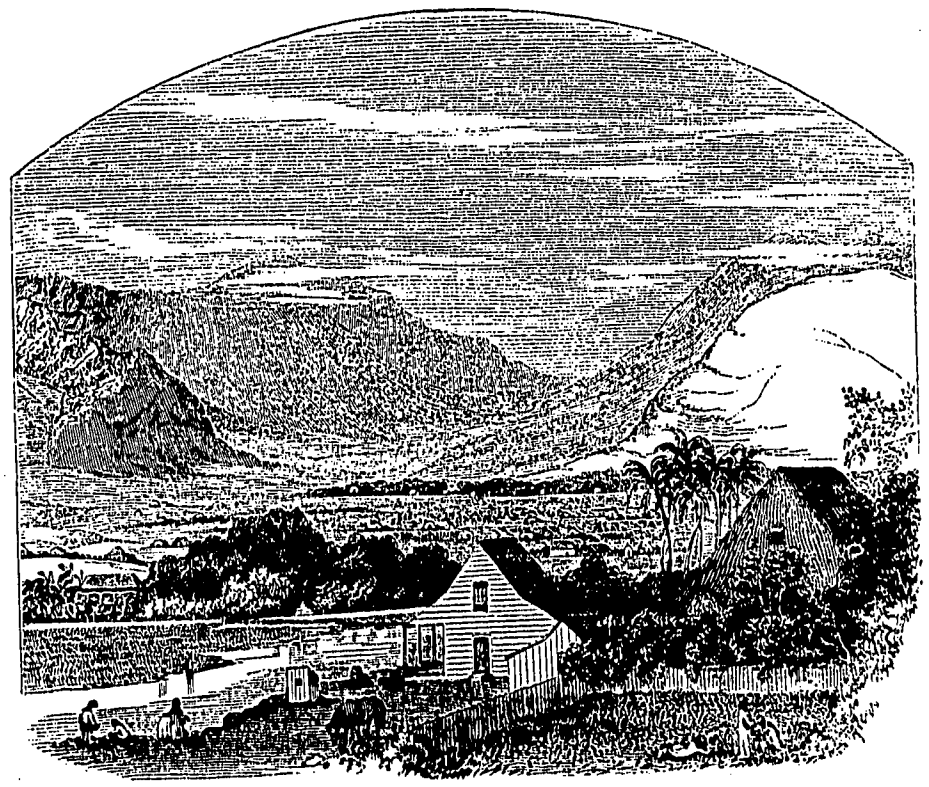
To accomplish this, he landed his marines. As he passed through the town, it appeared almost deserted. This would have suggested extreme caution, had he not been blinded by some fatal cause, or too self-confident to notice it; but there were, at that time, two hundred chiefs, and more than twice that number of other men, secreted in different houses. Cook repaired to Teraiobu's house, and sent his lieutenant in for the old man; when he came out he showed great signs of uneasiness and humiliation. Teraiobu would have gone with them, but the chiefs would not let him. Some of them cried out that Cook was going to take their king from them and kill him.

Cook now saw that his designs would be frustrated and unsuccessful without further bloodshed, and ordered the lieutenant of marines, Mr. Phillips, to withdraw his men into the boats. This was effected by the serjeant; but the instant they began to retreat, Cook was hit with a stone, and, perceiving the man who threw it, shot him dead. The officer in the boats, observing the guard retreat, ordered his men to fire, and the attack became general.† Cook and Mr. Phillips were together, just behind the guard, and, perceiving a general fire without orders, ran to the shore to put a stop to it; but, not being able to make themselves heard, and being closely pressed upon by the chiefs, they joined the guard, who fired as they retreated. Cook, having reached the margin of the water, be-

* Jarves. † Ledyard.

tween the fire of the boats, waved with his hat for them to cease firing; while he was doing this, a chief, from behind, stabbed him with an iron dagger, just under the shoulder blade, and it passed quite through his body. Cook fell, with his face in the water, and immediately expired. Mr. Phillips, now being unable longer to use his fusee, drew his sword, and, engaging the chief whom he saw kill Cook, soon dispatched him. His guard, meanwhile, were all killed but two, and they were swimming to the boats. Phillips, here learning that one of the warriors had just sunk from exhaustion, after swimming from the shore, threw himself in and brought him up to the surface of the water, when they were both taken in.

It is difficult to know where to leave off, when gathering and relating these interesting facts. Suffice it to say that, after a cannonading from the Resolution, which operated so powerfully that it produced astonishment and a precipitate retreat, the time between Cook's death and the 8th of March, was spent in warlike demonstrations; and, finally, a peace



NUUANU VALLEY.

was concluded, and most of the bones, the gun, shoes and other trifles, once belonging to the great navigator, were taken aboard, and on March 12th these vessels took their final leave.

From the time of Captain Cook to the arrival of Captain Vancouver, of the English navy, in the Discovery and Chatham, in 1772–'73, many visits were paid these islands by the vessels of different nations, with but little benefit to the natives or themselves. Not so with the noble-minded and gratefully-remembered Vancouver; he conferred a perpetual good upon them, by supplying them with various kinds of garden seeds, and goats,

sheep and cattle, obtained from California—besides an assortment of agricultural and carpenters' tools. Under his superintendence, the keel of the first vessel built in the islands was laid, on the 1st of February, 1794. This vessel was thirty-six feet in length, nine feet beam and five feet hold, and was named the Britannia. In return for these and many other favors from this gentleman, the grateful and liberal-hearted natives supplied him bountifully with the best of fruits and provisions at their command.

We wish that we could speak equally well of all his countrymen who visited these islands in later years.

In the fall of 1774, the harbor of Honolulu was discovered by Captain Brown, of the English ship Butterworth, who was murdered there by the natives, on New Year's Day, 1775, without any provocation whatever.

At the latter end of March, 1820, the first missionaries (American) arrived there in the brig Thaddeus, of Boston, accompanied by a mechanic, physician, farmer and printer. All took families, and their wives were the first civilized women who landed on the islands. To the labors of these, with those of others, equally in earnest, the natives are largely indebted for the amount of Christian civilization they now enjoy. An account of missionary success and native progress, amid all the discouragements and obstacles thrown in their way by a debasing intercourse with whites, would fill many volumes; but the amount of civilization possessed there, at this moment, is the best record of missionary labor and its success that can be given.

The Russian discovery-ship Rurick, Captain Kotzebue, was the first man-of-war that entered the harbor of Honolulu, November 21st, 1816. Her captain presented Kamehameha I. with a couple of brass field-pieces; and, at the departure of the Russian vessel, in the following December, national salutes were exchanged for the first time at these islands.

On the 7th of January, 1822, the first experiment in "the art preservative of all arts"—printing—was attempted on the first sheet of the Hawaiian spelling-book. It was a day long to be rejoiced over and remembered. The King, chiefs, native people and foreigners took a deep interest in its success.

About this time, Vancouver fulfilled a half promise made to the King, before his departure, by sending him a small armed schooner of six guns, and which delighted him immensely.

On the 11th of August, of the same year, the first Christian marriage between two converted natives was celebrated.

A couple of years later, the last heathen sacrifice was offered—although, to this day, every stone around their sacred heiaus is held in awe and reverence.

Thus, step by step, through difficulties that were almost insurmountable, and from quarters that were the least expected, did this interesting people progress towards their present encouraging position in the scale of civilization. But for the introduction of bad customs still prevailing, unfortunately, among the dregs of professedly civilized nations, they would now be much higher than they are.

As early as the year 1823, from forty to fifty whale ships—nearly all American—could be seen in the harbor of Honolulu; and every year, since the death of Cook, these islands have been visited for the excellent sandal wood which abounded there; but it is so exceedingly small and scarce that it no longer forms a valuable article of export.

There are three sea-ports now visited by whalers, namely: Honolulu, on the island of Oahu; Lahaina, on the island of Maui, and Hilo, on Hawaii. Generally, outward-bound vessels stop at Lahaina.

The sailors attribute this to the fact that when a whale-ship arrives there from home, the men are indebted to the ship, and they cannot very well leave, which they could do at Honolulu; but, after a successful cruise in the north-west, when there is plenty of oil aboard, Honolulu is visited for two reasons: one is, to ship the oil obtained by any vessel that is homeward-bound, and the other, to give the men an opportunity of leaving the ship if they wish, thereby sacrificing their share in the "catch" of the season.

The Island of Oahu, although only the third in size, possesses the strongest interest of any in the Hawaiian group, af-

WAHINA (NATIVE WOMAN) IN FULL RIDING COSTUME.

fording, as it does, the safest harbor, and containing the principal town and capital of the kingdom. It is also the second in population, the census of 1853 giving it 19,126 inhabitants, which have doubtless increased somewhat since then. Its area is forty-six miles in length, by twenty-five in breadth, and its highest point is 3,800 feet above the sea.

The harbor of Honolulu, (the principal seaport of the kingdom,) the entrance to which is very narrow, but perfectly safe to a good pilot, protected as it is by a coral reef which acts as a complete sea-wall and breakwater when the most violent storms are raging from the south; and when the Pacific, outside the reef, belies its name by its wild fury, the harbor, with its large fleet of ships asleep on its bosom, is almost as quiet as a mill-pond. To one arriving at Honolulu in the dull season, when no whaleships crowd its waters, its capacity can hardly be realized; but when, as in years past, one to two hundred whaleships, several men-of-war, and one or two large steamers, with the native schooners, canoes, and boats of every description are seen plying from ship to ship, a more correct idea can be formed of its power to accommodate.

When the squadron under Commodore Perry, on the return voyage from Japan, put in at Honolulu, there were in the harbor, the U. S. sloop St. Marys, the Portsmouth, and several French and English ships of war; and, although the whalers were not then there to fill up

the picture, the harbor presented a scene of life and pleasurable excitement. The fine bands of the Mississippi and Powhatan often went ashore and regaled the citizens of Honolulu with delicious music; and the frequent visits of the Royal Family to the different ships during their stay, always accompanied with salutes, and that most beautiful ceremony of "manning the yards;" which, with the many balls that were given on shipboard, in that calm and delightful harbor, will long be remembered by those who then resided there. It is an interesting sight to witness a national salute fired from the summit of Punch Bowl Hill—an old crater, many years silent, but which is now used as a fortification, mounting some very heavy guns, and commanding the town and harbor. It is little more than a mile from Honolulu to its summit, from whence a fine view of the town, surrounding country and harbor is obtained. The flash and smoke, succeeded by the heavy boom of the guns on a gala-day, or in saluting the various flags which present themselves from different nations occasionally, have a fine effect to either visitor or resident.

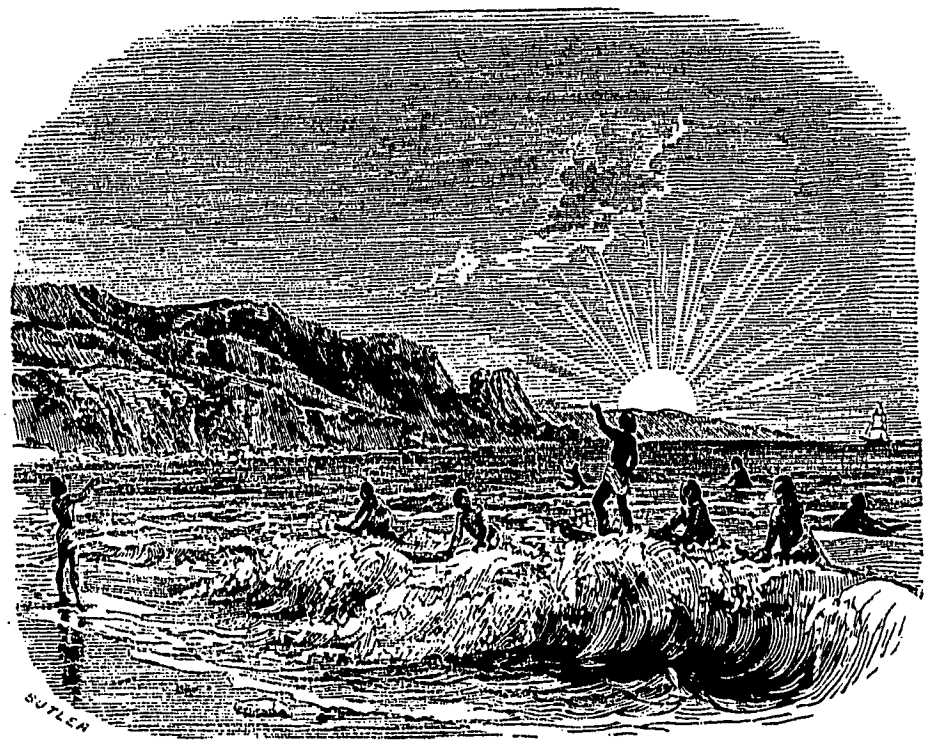
The most prominent and interesting headland of Oahu is Diamond Head, or Leahi, as it is termed by the natives, situated about four and a half miles from Honolulu. This is also an old crater, nearly half a mile in diameter, and its lofty walls are well represented by the artist in the life-like engraving accompanying this sketch. Often parties will ride or walk out from the city, and scramble up its precipitous sides to gain the glorious view that is presented on every side. On a clear day several of the Islands can be seen distinctly from its summit, although eighty or a hundred miles distant. There is no outlet to it, the lava which lies in huge masses far from its sides, having been ejected without injury to its walls. The basin within is as smooth as a meadow, and would make an excellent ranch for some enterprising Yankee, who would tunnel an entrance through its massive sides. That it has in former years been in powerful action you cannot doubt, if you will only take the trouble to look around you in your trip to it from Honolulu. At its western base is a *heiau*, or temple, built many years ago, in which the old heathen rites of the natives were performed. It is a rude wall of stones in a quadrangular form, in the building of which every native resident used to take part.

Returning from Diamond Head, you may pass through the pretty little village of Waikiki, and there get a native boy to run up a cocoa-nut tree to procure you one or two, or a half dozen cocoanuts; stop a few minutes in a native hut, where you will be met with a pleasant *aloha* (love to you)—their universal salutation and farewell—and rest yourself awhile on the clean, cool straw-matting upon the earthen floor, and which is so admirably adapted to a tropical climate; then eat a few bananas with your cocoanut; take a drink of Robinson Crusoe's first imbibation on Juan Fernandez; and then, if you smoke, take a whiff of the native's pipe, which is invariably passed to you, and by that time you will feel rested somewhat from your toilsome ascent of Leahi.

The plain which lies between Waikiki and Honolulu is the great play-ground of the natives of Oahu, and on great holidays presents one of the prettiest scenes that can meet the eye in Polynesia. There the formidable standing army of the kingdom, consisting of several hundred, hold their parades; and very well they look, too, in their neat uniform; and their maneuvering would do honor to old veterans. There all the horse-racing is done; and there, on Saturday afternoons, the happy natives, who can raise a dollar, or who have their own

horses, go in hundreds, male and female, and ride as fast as their horses can carry them, till sunset.

A sailor, when he goes ashore, is bound, at the earliest opportunity offered, to find himself seated on a native horse for a ride; and, as sure as he does so, almost as sure will his experience teach him that he is arrested and taken to the Fort (used as a prison) for fast riding; while a resident can generally ride as fast as he pleases, without running any risk whatever. This being the principal source of revenue, the Fort is often called "The Sandwich Island Mint," on account of the number of $5 pieces coined from poor Jack every time that an opportunity offers; the principal qualification for reappointment to the police corps consisting in the number of arrests made, and the consequent pouring in of $5 pieces to the public treasury. Two-thirds of these police are native, and the others are of foreign birth.



NATIVES ENGAGED IN THE SPORT OF SURF-RIDING.

At 4 o'clock, P. M., on Saturdays, all business is suspended, so far as the natives are concerned, and then commences the fun. It is a merry sight to see a crowd of native women dashing along together on horseback, riding in the manner that all ladies rode before side-saddles were invented, their bright *kiheis* flowing on each side of their horses, their jaunty Panama hats, or the fresh and beautiful wreath of flowers, which some wear instead, giving you their pleasant *alohas* as they pass, accompanied with a sweet smile, disclosing a set of magnificent teeth, their black eyes flashing with excitement, and their beautiful complexions radiant with this exhilarating exercise. The *kihei* is a strip of bright-colored calico, perhaps four or five yards in length and the usual width of prints, which they take on their arm, (without disturbing their dress, which is made with a yoke, and no consumptive waist, when ready to mount their horse,) wind it

around their waist, and, by a magical motion envelope their limbs, leaving the ends to float to the breeze on either side. They then mount, and are off. The ease and grace with which they command their horses, and their perfectly chaste and comfortable riding habit would excite the envy of many of our fair countrywomen, who love this healthful recreation. We will now seek our hotel in Honolulu, and to-morrow we will take a ride up Nuuanu Valley.

This valley affords, for several miles, one of the prettiest rides around Honolulu. It ascends very gradually until it reaches the height of eleven hundred feet, to the famous precipice where Kamehameha the Great drove off the rebellious Oahuans in olden times. A few miles up this valley the scene is very fine. Turn back, and you will have a grand view of the town and harbor, with old ocean beyond, stretching off to an unbroken horizon; a little further on, and your way becomes difficult from the mud and stones which obstruct the narrowing path; but your horse is careful, and you pass on a mile or two, gazing at the mountains that rise on either side of you to the height of two thousand feet, covered with verdure, and giving a pleasing contrast to the hot and dusty town you have just left. Before you have a moment's warning, by a sudden turn in the path, your horse brings himself to a dead stop, and you to one of the grandest pictures of nature it has ever been your lot to witness. Down beneath you drops the precipice, before alluded to, eleven hundred feet; before you lies the ocean, and the whole "windward" side of the island; for miles on each side of you rise mountains in one vast chain to the height of over three thousand feet, making a great crescent precipice. Rushing madly against you comes the trade-wind, almost unseating you, as it dashes down this giant gap, to cool the heated Honoluluans.

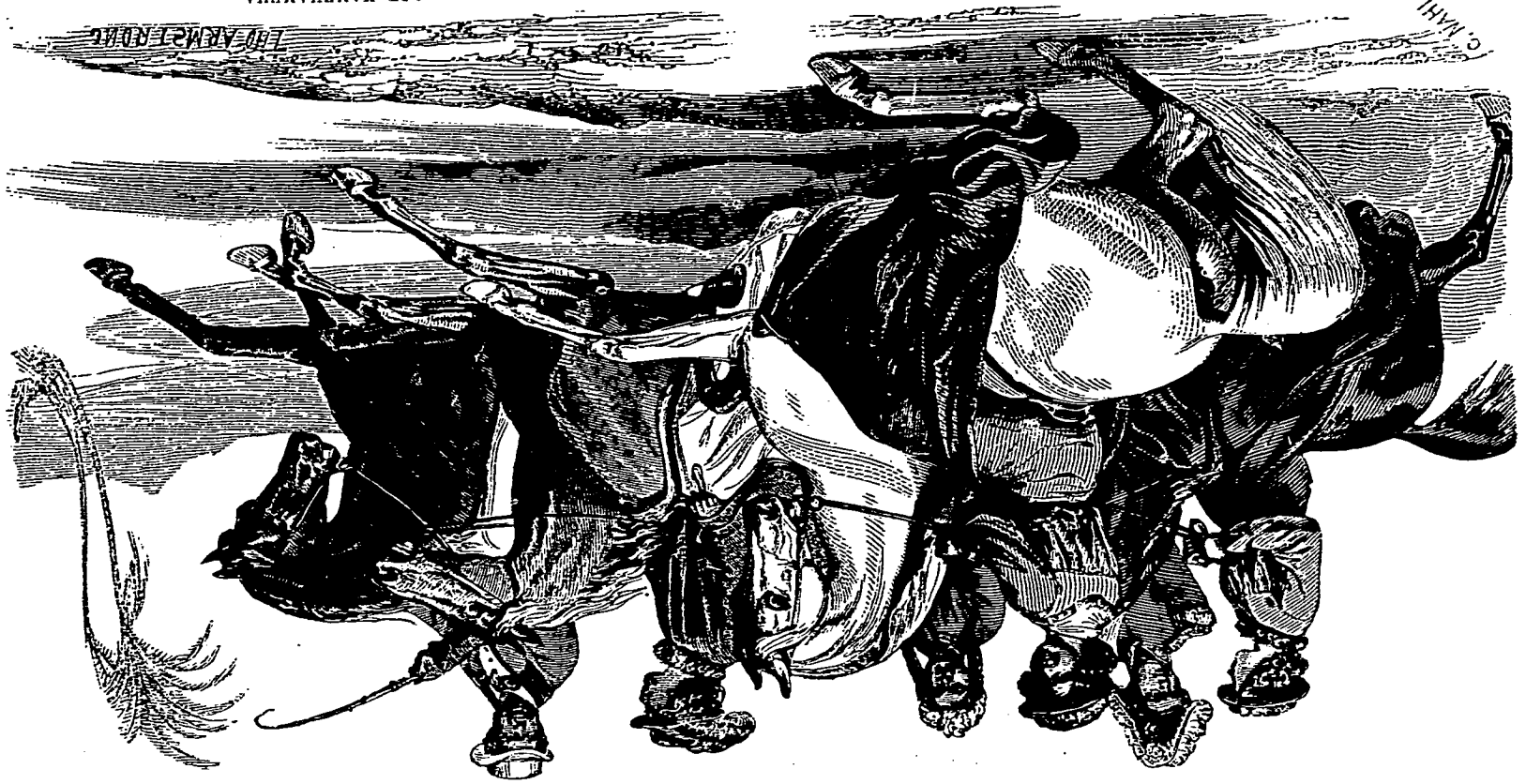
If you have the curiosity you will make the descent into the plain below, and, if your imagination is strong, you can almost see the natives of Oahu pursued by the victorious Kamehameha—the Napoleon of the islands—throwing themselves from the fearful precipice.

The chain of mountains in which this gap is found stretches nearly the whole length of the island, and divides it nearly equally. Often spurs will run out inclosing fertile and beautiful valleys, and frequently, on its precipitous western side, beautiful waterfalls will dash down from the extremest hights in brilliant silver streams.

The Nuuanu River, which waters Honolulu, takes its rise from the hills running up to the *Pali*, and is a source of great use and comfort to the inhabitants. In its course it forms many pretty waterfalls.

On our return to Honolulu we will, if the reader pleases, step into a native hut and eat a little *poi* and fish. We find the hut as clean as any tired traveller might wish, a calabash of fresh *poi*, surrounded by several natives, and a plate containing raw fish, with another containing the coarse salt, similar to that seen drying in the salt-ponds on the sea-side, in a walk from Honolulu, the other day.

The head of the family gives us his *aloha*, and then points to the *poi* and bids us be seated. Having seen them eat before, we at once sit down on the mat, and, after washing our hands, a ceremony which they all invariably perform before eating, we follow their example and dip our finger into the *poi*, and having, by stirring it round once or twice, collected enough for a mouthful, we make sure of it, and then take a piece of fish, dip it into the salt, and let that follow the *poi*. This, to some, who never ought to travel, unpleasant operation, is, to a hungry man, after a little practice, very refreshing. The *poi* is a paste



THE ROYAL FAMILY OF HAWAII.

QUEEN EMMA. PRINCESS VICTORIA. QUEEN DOWAGER. MAID OF HONOR. PRINCE LOT KAMEHAMEHA.
KING KAMEHAMEHA IV.

...ZAC...

...e curiosity you will mak... the plain below, and, if ... is strong, you can al... ...ies of Oahu pursued by ... ...mehameha—the Napo... ...—deserving themselve... ...Hawaiian. ...mountains in which this ... ...ides nearly the whole ... ...ou will run out in ... ...beautiful valleys, and ... ...precipitous western ... ...falls will dash down ... ...heights in brilliant ... ...which waters Hon... ...from the hills run... ...and is a source of ... ...to the inhabi... ...Honolulu many pretty ... ...troubles we will, if ... ...find a native hut ... ...We find ... ...the chief traveller ... ...of fresh pork, sur... ...taro, and a plate ... ...another contain... ...fish, as seen ... ...on the seaside, ...the other day. ...fishes as his ... ...the raw and ... ...they were them ... ...down on the ... ...hands, a ... ...particularly per... ...their ... ...the pol... ...round one or ... ...a mackerel, ...take a piece ... ...and let that ... ...which never ... ...persuasion, is ... ...the grandeur, ...is a paste

made from the root of the *taro*, which, when baked to destroy its acridity, and then beaten up with water, makes a very nourishing and, to a native, indispensable food. It is diluted into one-fingered, two-fingered and three-fingered *poi*, to be used as its respective title demands. Without their *poi* the natives soon get discontented and unhappy; but give them plenty of *poi* and fish, and no race are happier than they.

The natives in the country are invariably hospitable, and the *haole* (white man) is always a welcome guest, provided he behaves himself as a *white* man should. The character of the natives, where they have not been corrupted in the seaports, is good; their temper amiable, and they are generous to a fault. They have good, retentive memories, and are capable of improvement. Their physical development, where sickness or accident have not disabled them; is admirable. The young king himself, a pure blood Hawaiian, is as fine a specimen of a man, physically speaking, as you meet in a thousand. He has also an excellent education, and is one of the prettiest speakers of the English language you ever heard. The chiefs, almost to a man, are splendid looking men, and, although they are by no means the most virtuous and worthy of the Hawaiians, they would favorably compare with many of the political professors of our own country.

The natives are strong in their friendships; quick to learn whatever they have a good motive for learning; they make good mechanics; are faithful and industrious; they are generous to their relatives, even to their own impoverishment, as thousands of instances prove; and, had the white man rightly appreciated them, and properly directed them, they would now have been as numerous and as happy as when Cook brought them to the notice of the world.

Although the island of Oahu is by no means as fertile as Hawaii, Maui, or Kauai, its fine harbor renders it a point of vast commercial importance as time rolls on.

The harbor of Lahaina, at Maui, is only an anchorage, but, at most seasons of the year, it is a very safe one. Like the harbor of Honolulu, it has a reef, but the reef is too far in shore to give protection to the shipping. Everything has to be lightered on shore; and the ships' water has to be floated out in casks through the gap in the reef, which is quite narrow, but is entered with ease by the careful boatman.

Maui is a little larger than Oahu—being forty-eight miles long by twenty-nine broad. Its highest point of land is 10,200 feet, and the number of inhabitants is about 18,000. At a distance at sea, from your vessel's deck, it seems like a great mountain rent in twain by some terrible convulsion of nature, and even at a few miles the narrow isthmus which connects East and West Maui is scarcely discernible. It is a fine island, and its sugar plantations are fast becoming of great profit to the proprietors.

The town of Lahaina has much more of a tropical appearance than Honolulu, which looks more like a New England town than what it really is, and the climate is much warmer than that at Honolulu, as the lofty mountains rising immediately behind it shut off the northeast trade-winds, which rush down the valley of Nuuanu through the pass at its head, and render Honolulu by far the more agreeable residences to those who love cool weather. But to those fond of tropical warmth, gently tempered winds and luxuriant verdure, Lahaina is the place to please. The foreign residents of Lahaina do all that they can to render the stay of the traveler among them pleasant, and their efforts are very successful. In the whaling seasons the harbor presents a very cheerful appearance, and every

native is fully awake to the fact that the ships will soon be gone, and consequently makes good use of his time while they are there.

Cheever, in his interesting "Life in the Sandwich Islands," gives the following graphic description of a popular and characteristic amusement among this apparently semi-amphibious people: It is highly amusing to a stranger to go out into the south part of this town (Lahaina) some day when the sea is rolling in heavily over the reef, and to observe there the evolutions and rapid career of a company of surf-players. The sport is so attractive and full of wild excitement to the Hawaiians, and withal so healthful, that I cannot but hope it will be many years before civilization shall look it out of countenance, or make it disreputable to indulge in this manly, though it be dangerous, exercise.

Many a man from abroad who has witnessed this exhilarating play, has, no doubt, inly wished that he were free and able to share in it himself. For my part, I should like nothing better, if I could do it, than to get balanced on a board just before a great rushing wave, and so be hurried in half or quarter of a mile landward with the speed of a race-horse, all the time enveloped in foam and spray, but without letting the roller break and tumble over my head.

In this consists the strength of muscle and sleight-of-hand, to keep the head and shoulders just out and clear of the crested wall that is every moment impending over one, and threatening to bury the bold surf-rider in its watery ruin. The natives do this with admirable intrepidity and skill, riding in, as it were, upon the neck and mane of their furious charger; and when you look to see them, their swift race run, dashed upon the rocks or sand, behold! they have slipped under the belly of the wave they rode, and are away outside, waiting for a cruise upon another.

Both men and women have their times for this diversion. Even the high premier (Auhea) has been known to commit her bulky person to a surf-board; and the chiefs generally, when they visit Lahaina, take a turn or two at this invigorating sport with billows and board. For a more accurate idea of it than can be conveyed by any description, the reader is referred to the engraving.

Both portions of this fine island are susceptible of vast returns to the enterprising agriculturist, and some of its sugar plantations are, with limited facilities for manufacturing the sugar, even now doing well.

In sailing by the western coast of Maui the mountain scenery is grand and beautiful, and the streams falling, oftentimes, thousands of feet from the brows of the gigantic precipices, into the ocean, appear, in the distance, like rods of silver. A lover of petrifactions could find plenty of specimens along those untraveled cliffs.

But Hawaii, the southeasternmost island of the group, is a continent in itself, and from its stupendous mountains, its mighty volcanoes, and its every variety of climate, is by far the most interesting of the Hawaiian Islands.

Its principal harbor is that of Hilo, on its eastern coast, and, like Lahaina, affords good anchorage, but its coral reef does not as securely guard it as that at Honolulu. It is, however, sufficiently sheltered, and the beautiful bay of Hilo, in its crescent form, will always be a favorite resort. The town is completely embowered in sugar-cane, coffee-trees, and other tropical fruits, which grow here in the wildest profusion.

The climate is very equal, but very warm; after a tolerable acclimation it is quite delicious.

Here is the place to procure your horses and guides, if you intend visiting Kilauea, the largest volcano in the world. If you would like one of the most exciting, in-

teresting and laborious mountain rides you ever had, before going to Hilo, land at Kowaihae, on the eastern coast of Hawaii, and ride around the coast to Hilo nearly opposite. In your trip you will cross one hundred and fifty gulches of various depths, ranging from two thousand feet down to five hundred, and will be treated to a view from any hight above the level of the sea, under six thousand feet. To-night you may rest where a crackling fire and warm blankets are necessary, and to-morrow you may descend on your trail into tropical heat. A short distance from Kowaihae, Mr. Sparks, an English gentleman, has a fine plantation, on the summit of a mountain over which the trail passes. His farm is elevated about five thousand feet, and the change in temperature from that of Kowaihae is very refreshing. His sheep, cows, and cattle generally are in fine condition, and he realizes a handsome income from their products. His butter, eggs, and mutton chops are keenly relished by the traveler who is fortunate enough to breakfast with him.

When it was supposed that an extensive emigration would be made from California to the Islands, Mr. S. built a fine hotel for the accommodation of the traveler, and for the invalid who wished the pure mountain air; but the Islands were not annexed! and Mr. Sparks' enterprise has not yet been rewarded. We hope the time will come, however, when it will be.

From Mr. Sparks' you will take horses, packing your baggage on bullocks, which are the mules of the Islands, and ride about twenty miles, passing the most diversified and beautiful mountain scenery, until darkness approaches, when you will find yourself some nine thousand feet above the level of the sea, and at the cabin of some wood-choppers, who will do their best to make your rest comfortable. A blazing fire, the hearty cheer, and the entire absence of musquitoes, with the good stories of your fellow-travelers, united to the capital rest after your toilsome jaunt, make a night in that cabin long to be remembered. Bright and early you get your horses, have the bullock re-packed, take your breakfast, and another trip brings you to the district of Hamakua, in the borders of which you will find the plantation of Bob-the-Sawyer, as he is familiarly termed. He will treat you like a prince, and as he has a fine plantation, you can pass an hour or two very profitably.

From this plantation the trail runs over the gulches spoken of before, occurring so frequently that your progress is slow; but, as the horses are generally sure-footed, and the native guides attentive and careful, few accidents occur. In about three days journeying from this place you will reach Hilo, fatigued, but much pleased with your five days' ride from Kowaihae. In your trip you will nearly circumnavigate Mauna Kea, whose snowy summit rises thirteen thousand six hundred and fifty-six feet above the ocean.

At Hilo you will rest for a few days, and then take horses and guides for the crater of Kilauea; but this vast and terrible volcano, and other curiosities, we will describe in some future number of the Magazine, as these sublime wonders claim more space than can be spared in the present number.

Returning to Hilo, the view of the lofty dome of Mauna Loa, which is only a few hundred feet below the altitude of Mauna Kea, and its gradual ascent, almost tempt us to spend another week in exploring its beauties. This, and the flow of lava which burst out of its side near the summit, some four years since, rushing down like a vast river, threatening to engulph Hilo in its fiery course, we must also defer describing.

TO THE DEAF AND DUMB.

BY ANNA F. MATLACH.

"Speech is silvery—silence golden"—mantle of the unbeholden,
Seldom trailing on the pavements of our noisy, restless world;
And I know ye are from Heaven, for to you a gift is given—
The divine, calm gift of Stillness—as white incense, round you curled.

Though no pleasant sound of voices your lone outer life rejoices—
Though ye seem, in Earth's great temples, noble columns incomplete—
Yet, ye shall be heard the rather of that Omnipresent Father,
In the muteness of the chorus rising round His Mercy Seat.

Language of the high archangels, mightier far than loud evangels
From the lips of gospel preachers, is the inner voice we hear—
More harmonious than the chiming of the sweetest poet's rhyming—
More emphatic than the oracles of prophet or of seer.

Over rocks and thorny bushes, swift the noisy rivulet rushes,
In obedience to its mission, and with true and earnest ends;
But the lake of folded highlands, in its patience and its silence,
Images the blue serene of Heaven that on its stillness bends.

Can Demosthenes out-thunder teachings of a higher wonder
Than the lone and grand Colossi on the dreary Theban plain?
In their stillness, old and hoary, do they shadow forth a story
That the Eloquence of Ages might impress on us in vain.

Hushed in snowy desolation, since the dawning of creation,
In the sunshine and the starlight, do the Alpine summits sweep;
Out at sea the storm-waves wrestle with the tempest-driven vessel,
But far under them is calmness, in the great abyssmal deep.

In a silent congregation, all the orbs of God's creation
Move, in swerveless Epycycles, round the stillness of His light;
All great acts and thoughts are quiet, from the calm Almighty fiat
To the still, obedient rolling of the smallest satellite.

When, beyond the resurrection, we shall rise from imperfection,
With no stir of human voices shall we know the mystic change;
But a silent, viewless winging, and an inward, voiceless singing,
Is the choral allelujah where our spirit-song shall range.

A RECOLLECTION OF EARLY DAYS.

BY G. W. B.

One morning, in the spring of 1855, I wandered pensively along the banks of the American river, in Placer county. The sun had risen, but had not made its full appearance over the hills, although a trace of the golden orb was visible in the eastern sky; for its dazzling rays were just emerging above the line of the mountain that seemed skirting the horizon. Not a cloud obscured the sky; the atmosphere was clear and the air pleasant; it was a lovely morning, and a lovely spot for the meditative mind. The hill sides were decked with hues resplendent and charming—tender blades of green grass newly sprung forth formed a beautiful contrast with the variegated colors of the spring flowers—the shrubs and trees of different descriptions were clad with bright-green foliage, and from the bush and tree the merry songsters were warbling their sweetest lays, and while they

"Caroll'd out on the morning air
Their songs so joyous, free from care,"

I sat me down upon a moss-grown rock and gazed around above and beneath me, into the dark rolling river just below. Beside me,

Earth seem'd a Paradise array'd in beauteous morn:

Above me,

Transcendent glory seem'd the Heavens to adorn:

At such a time, the contemplative mind could easily find food for reflection. Filled with a love of the beautiful, who could wander forth amid the sublimities of nature in the most appropriate time, and not realize the presence of a Supreme Being? and who would not be astounded at the marvelousness of His works? Thus thought I, as I sat me down upon my rude seat on the banks of the river, for a moment's rest, having tired myself with the morning walk. The place was one of the most enchanting along the American, a river often alluded to as possessing scenery of the most romantic description. After a short rest I retraced my steps to the cabin and partook of breakfast a partner had prepared in my absence. Breakfast over, we commenced the operation of the day, which was rafting timber down stream for the purpose of building a dam, preparatory to commencing mining operations for the summer. Our claim was located high up the river, and at the time alluded to, it was early after the snows above us had melted, and the waters being still very high, we were in no great hurry about getting ready to dam the river; for that reason we were not particular about going to work at an early hour in the morning. But we will not detain the reader with a detailed account of our mining affairs that summer season; suffice it to say, the claim proved fully as remunerative as we expected, and we did not regret in the least holding it.

While locating ourselves on the river, we were impressed with the strange beauty of the spot—wild, romantic and picturesque. It was a Sabbath morning when we first sought the place with a view of taking up a home for the summer season. One of the first things to be done was to select a favorable spot for a tent, and to locate ourselves as near water as possible. A spring of good water was found, and but a few yards distant we erected a rude canvas tent; but then it looked rather picturesque, as the tall oak branches above cast the shadows of their prettily shaped leaves upon it.

Then we walked a short distance off and looked at our mountain home, and laughed, as we called it "the pioneer tent." In this, however, we were mistaken; for, even as we thought ourselves the first in that lonely region, we looked a little further up the river, and saw something that had the appearance of a dilapidated cabin. We approached with instinctive dread, and listened, as we drew near; but not a voice was heard—all within was still as death. Death *had* been there, though at that time we knew it not. We passed around the cabin—saw the roof had fallen in—the chimney tottered to the earth—some of the logs on the ground—the door broken in, and the inside desolate, and said, "Who could have lived here?" Then we started towards our little camp tent. We had proceeded about half way, when one of us discovered a little mound beneath a lonely cedar; curiosity led us thither; we reached the spot, and lo! it was a grave! Upon a rude slab were rudely inscribed the following:

"To the memory of A. D——, [illegible] of Illinois, murdered in yonder cabin the 3d of May, 1850. The murderers came disguised in the night, took our money, his life, and left me in the cabin for dead. I place this at my partner's grave 10th May, 1850, and part from the sad spot. J. H. J."

Twice we read the inscription, when I copied it in my memorandum-book, which I have kept to this day. We were uneasy in mind for weeks after observing the lonely grave, but our fears gradually wore away. Notwithstanding this, we frequently visited the grave, and betimes "moistened the turf with a tear," and as we thought of

The dweller in the lonely grave,

so often we thought of the friend who had placed the memento at the head of the green mound, where his former companion reposed in dreamless sleep.

Years have fled since the scenes described, but they are engraved on memory's pages, from which they will not soon fade away.

ON READING OVID'S "TRISTIA."

Unhappy Ovid! luckless was thy fate,
Compelled in strange and cheerless climes to rove;
To sort with beings thou could'st only hate,
To part from beings thou wert born to love!

In tears by day, in agony by night,
Thy thoughts, sad exile, ever homeward turn'd,
Till thy crushed spirit took its lonely flight,
E'en whilst they lived, for whom thy spirit yearned.

But thou couldst die, and dying, cease to weep;
The melancholy quiet of the tomb
Cradled, at last, thy crying woes to sleep,
And quenched thy tears in not unfriendly gloom.

My fate is bitterer still, condemned to stray
Far from the cherished city of my birth;
To live, to weep, in stranger climes, whilst they,
The loved, the lost, have vanished from the earth.

J. P. CARLETON.

WILD FLOWER: THE PRIDE OF THE OH-WAUKEES.

A TALE OF CALIFORNIA.

BY W. B. STANLEY.

CHAPTER I.

It was in the winter of 185–, three miners were sitting by a bright blazing fire, in their cabin in the mountains, isolated from any other habitation. The snow was already ten feet deep, and still it came down in gusty violence, drifting in the wild cañons, filling them almost level with the surrounding hills.

The dreary wind, sweeping through the ice-covered branches of the towering pines that stood upon the mountain side, was all that could be heard without, except now and then some giant tree, becoming too feeble to bear up under the tremendous weight of the falling snow, would give way and come down with a dead, heavy, booming sound, similar to distant thunder.

The wolf was in his den, the song of the night-bird was hushed, and he rested secure in his cozy nest in some rocky cliff sheltered from the raging storm. Those who have never spent a winter amid the Sierra Nevada Mountains can form no idea of the awful grandeur presented to their sight by the drifting snow, of the avalanche that slides from the mountain tops to the deep cañons beneath, carrying with it large trees and burying them far beneath the surface.

Frank, Elic and Joe had just finished their supper and lighted their pipes for the purpose of having a social smoke—a practice very common among the miners of California, in the absence of society—to while away the long and tedious evening hours. As the above three are destined to have a prominent part in our story, an introduction is necessary before we proceed to narrate the incidents, which we hope will not prove uninteresting.

Frank Seaman and Elic Grover were natives of the southern part of Tennessee. Their parents lived not more than three miles apart. Having been intimate from childhood up to the age of maturity they became much attached to each other, and after the close of the Mexican war came to this country together, arriving here at a very early day in the history of the gold discovery.

Frank's father was a wealthy planter, while Elic had but a poor widowed mother, notwithstanding which, a feeling of the warmest character existed between them, and rather increased than diminished as they became of age. There was another circumstance which had a tendency to bind them together: Elic and Frank's sister—a most beautiful and accomplished young lady—were bound together by the ties of love's tenderest chords; but her parents were opposed to the union, and it was from this cause that Elic volunteered to go to Mexico during the war. When Frank learned that he had volunteered, he determined to follow him, notwithstanding the efforts made by his parents to prevent him.

Two more devoted hearts than those of Elic Grover and Julia Seaman never beat in unison, and it was like breaking the last golden chord that bound them to earth to separate; but Elic knew the cause of the objection to their union was that he was poor, that he could not count his thousands in negroes and in land, so he determined to seek his fortune in the wide world and return to Julia at some future day to claim her as his bride. He told her, when they parted, she would never see him again, unless he could return with wealth equal to that her father possessed — thus they parted, pledging vows of eternal constancy.

FORNIA MAGAZINE.

E OF THE OH-WAUKEES.
ALIFORNIA.

TANLEY.

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Joe was a native of Pittsburg, Pennsylvania; his father was a wealthy iron merchant, but during the monetary crisis of 1836, failed for over two hundred thousand dollars; and not desirous of remaining where misfortune, like a wild tornado, had swept everything from him, as far as this world's goods were concerned, he determined to try his fortune again in the wilds of the Southwest, and at once moved with his little family, consisting of a wife and three children, two boys and one girl, to the frontiers of what is now known as the State of Arkansas.

There were but few white persons within many miles of where Mr. Dixon lived, and the consequence was, Joe was almost raised among the Indians until he was about seventeen years of age, when his elder brother took him with him to Santa Fe; and, through the influence of some friends, procured goods enough to commence a trading establishment, but when gold was discovered in this country, Joe left his brother and came to California.

It was early in the spring of '50 when he arrived, and soon after he came he formed the acquaintance of Frank and Elic, which merged into friendship of the warmest kind, and they had been partners ever since.

There was another in that cabin who deserves some notice: a negro servant, who belonged to Frank, and who had followed him through the Mexican war—for he could never be induced to leave his master. When Len—the name of the servant—learned that Frank was going to Mexico, nothing would do but he must go with him, and he finally prevailed upon Frank's father to let him go. A more faithful servant never served a master than Len, and Frank was very much attached to him, for he was always near him, ready and willing to sacrifice his life, if necessary, for that of his master Frank, as he always called him.

Spring, with its genial sun came, and our little group determined to penetrate further into the mountains, on a prospecting tour; as the claim where they then were did not pay over an ounce per day—and an ounce a day in those times in California was not considered more than ordinary diggings—so they determined to visit the Klamath river, where no white man had yet dared to go, on account of the hostile Indians that inhabited that portion of the country.

They knew it to be a hazardous undertaking, but Joe having been among the Indians several years, around Santa Fe and on the frontiers, thought himself so conversant with their customs and languages that there was no danger to be apprehended; in fact, he knew no such word as fear or fail, and he prevailed upon the other boys to break up camp for a prospecting tour on the Klamath.

CHAPTER II.

It was a lovely evening in June, the yellow sun had gone to rest, and the moon, the queen of all that is lovely, had come forth to take the place of the departing sun; the blue bosom of space was checkered with the bright glimmering stars—Heaven's own sweet eyes; all Nature appeared resting in that dreamy repose so peculiar to the south alone.

On the banks of the Cumberland stands a magnificent mansion, surrounded with pleasure-grounds; fountains of pure water may be seen throughout these grounds in every direction, flower gardens of the most lovely kind fitted up in the most tasteful style; fruits of the rarest flavor, characteristic of that clime, were there; and, in fact, everything denoted wealth in its grandest style.

On the balcony fronting the river of this splendid mansion sat a young lady, attired in a simple muslin dress, with a light scarf thrown across her shoulders. Her dark waving hair hung in clusters

beautifully, and low upon her bosom; there was a melancholy shade resting upon her countenance, which gave you a singular impression, surrounded as she was by all that wealth could purchase. She was not what the fashionable world would call a beautiful woman, yet there was something in the expression of her countenance which won the admiration of all who had the pleasure of her acquaintance.

While she was sitting there, apparently in deep thought, a servant came riding up the graveled walk in front of the house and handed her a letter. As she took the letter she gazed for a few moments upon the hand-writing of the address, while a tear rolled down her cheek, and, as she gave a long-drawn sigh, she tore it open and read as follows:

NEVADA, Cal., July, 185–.

MY DEAREST JULIA:—More than three long years have passed away on the wings of never-tiring time, and more than twelve months since I have heard from you. Perhaps I am long since forgotten, or remembered only as an old and distant friend; if such is the case, my dear Julia, forgive all the transactions of your unworthy but devoted lover.

Dear Julia, what a multitude of scenes I have passed through during the last three years! My heart has been weary of life—my soul is full of melancholy, for I have been absent from the one most dear to me of all else on earth, and tho' thousands of miles intervene and the wide ocean between us rolls, my heart has ever been true to you, for I never had a happy thought that was not yours in all my wandering, and I love you today, dearest Julia, as well as I did the evening the vow was given, and should years yet elapse ere I see you, my heart will ever remain the same. I have no idea when I shall return to the Atlantic States. Frank is still with me; he sends his love to you and all the family. May angels ever cluster around you, and guard and protect you from all harm, is the constant prayer of your devoted

ELIC.

When Julia finished reading the letter it fell from her hands; and, while sitting thoughtfully there, her father came to her, and began walking to and fro several times in front of her. At length he said:

"Julia, my child, I have received a letter from Mr. Simpson, and he tells me he will be here by Monday week; so you must have everything in readiness for the wedding."

"Pa, I will try."

"Come, child, you must not look so disconsolate; you are going to marry a man of wealth and distinction, and one whom any lady should be proud to call husband."

"Pa, I can give him my hand in marriage, but never my heart; for that already belongs to another."

"Nonsense, nonsense, child; this passion, called love, belongs to children, not to a lady who has grown up to the age of womanhood, and who has been educated in one of the first schools of the country. I do hope you are not still thinking of that poor, miserable Elic, who is not worth a dollar, nor never will be, and if Frank persists in keeping his company I will cast him off without a dollar."

"Pa, you may say what you like about Elic, but you cannot change my mind, for my vow has been given, and is recorded in the Book of Life, never to be broken by me."

"Julia, you do not intend to disobey my commands and not marry Mr. Simpson, a man who will add wealth and honor to our family?"

"I did not say I intended to disobey your commands, but I said I could never give Mr. Simpson my heart, for that already belonged to another."

"Come, my child, cheer up, and no more of that nonsense about love—leave that to children, or silly-minded people. I intend to have one of the grandest weddings that ever came off in this portion of the country; and think, then, how many young ladies will envy your situa-

tion as the bride of one of the wealthiest men in Tennessee."

"What is wealth to me without happiness or contentment? How can I enjoy the society of Mr. Simpson, when I shall be thinking of another? Oh, pa, do you want to kill me by forcing me to marry one I do not, nor cannot love?"

"Wealth is everything in this world, and without it we are poor, miserable beings, even the slaves that work in the cotton fields will look upon us with contempt, and I am surprised that you are not proud with the honor of such an union as that will be with Mr. Simpson."

"Wealth has no charm for me, unless it is accompanied with a heart congenial to mine, and that Mr. Simpson does not possess; consequently, if I marry him, I sacrifice every feeling that dwells within my bosom of my future happiness."

"Julia, I am not going to be trifled with; I have ever been a kind parent to you—indulged you in everything money could purchase, and now, as I am getting old, I wish to see you married as becomes the position of our family, and you are not willing to accede to my wishes, in consequence of that frivolous notion of yours, so-called love. I shall say no more to you, but expect you to be ready next Thursday to marry Mr. Simpson."

"Lead me on to the sacrifice of all that is dear to me on earth, but I hope I shall not survive long to endure the torture."

Mr. Seaman said no more, but arose and left Julia sitting there. She went to her room and threw herself upon her bed, giving vent to her pent up heart by the flowing of burning tears. She lay there until the clock tolled the hour of ten, when she arose and lighted a candle, placing it upon the stand, and then rang a little bell, which brought to the room her maid-servant Nelly.

"Nelly, has Pa gone to bed?"

"I think he has, some time ago, Missus."

"If you are certain he has, I want you to go over to Mrs. Grover's with me."

"Missus, I think he has, for de light in de room has been out one long hour."

"Nelly, you have always been a faithful servant to me, and what transpires to-night you must keep to yourself—do not mention it to any of the other servants."

"I lubs my missus too much to disobey of her commands."

"Nelly, I have always placed great confidence in you, and I hope you will not in this, the hour of my trouble, betray me."

Nelly threw herself at the feet of her Missus and asked permission to kiss her hand in token of the fidelity of her promise to be true to her as long as she lived. Nelly knew all about the approaching wedding, and that her Missus was compelled to marry, contrary to her wishes, one whom she did not love.

Julia and Nelly were soon at the door of Mrs. Grover's, and found her still sitting up, for she had received a letter from her "dear child," as she called Elic, accompanied with a check for five hundred dollars, which excited her mind so much that she could not sleep. What transpired between them is only known to themselves, or what Julia's business was there; but it was near daylight before she returned home, and she did not make her appearance until next evening at tea. There was nothing passed between Julia and her father concerning the approaching wedding.

Mr. Theodore Simpson, the intended bridegroom, was indeed what the ladies would call a handsome man, rather above the medium height, with hair as black as the raven's wing, and eyes of the same complexion, but there appeared to be a restlessness about them, which sent a thrill through the soul of those who looked into them. There was a great contrast between the two, and many of those who

beheld them thought it was too much like compelling the lamb and the lion to dwell together.

Theodore Simpson was a native of Louisiana, born of wealthy parents. His father was a Frenchman, his mother a Scotch lady of distinguished blood, and he had inherited all the pride of both nations, combined with that of the southern planter, which made him extremely vain, and he thought any lady should have reason to be proud of the offer of his hand in marriage.

He was educated at Yale College, and had traveled extensively over the continent of Europe. He was what the world would call a finished gentleman in every sense of the word, and he moved through the crowd with that independent air, with that peculiar sarcastic smile which belongs only to the most vain and self-conceited portion of mankind. He thought he loved Julia, but a man of his character could never love woman with that true devotion necessary to make man and wife happy. Julia had often told him she could never give him her heart—only her hand—in marriage; but he thought that only a peculiar notion which belonged alone to women, as he thought it almost impossible for her not to love *him*, and that if she did not love him now, she soon would after their marriage. The fact was he did not care much, for he only considered woman a kind of necessary machine to keep household affairs properly adjusted and wait upon the friends he chose to invite to call and see him.

Such was the character of the man Julia's father was urging her to marry contrary to her wishes. Thursday evening came, the time appointed for the wedding. The splendid mansion of Mr. Seaman was brilliantly lighted from one end to the other; servants were running to and fro, and the invited guests were arriving in their magnificent carriages. Every luxury money could purchase had been prepared for their reception; indeed it had the appearance of being one of the grandest affairs that ever came off in the State. Men of distinguished literary talent and military note were there, for such had been invited far and near.

Julia received them with a calm and dignified air, but there was a melancholy shade upon her countenance, while her cheeks were as pale as the driven snow, and as she moved through the crowd with such unearthly grace, the beholder was struck with wonder and amazement. She looked as if her heart was overflowing with grief—as if she could go out into the moon's pale light and pour out her soul in weeping until the Guardian Angel came near to bear her spirit away, to dwell with Him who gave it. Many of the guests noticed the sadness of her appearance, but knew not the cause, supposing she was going to marry the one of her choice. The hour arrived and the folding doors were thrown open, and a splendid suit of rooms were almost instantly made into one. The crowd began to assemble; all were anxious to see the intended bride and bridegroom make their appearance, when it began to be whispered through the room that Julia was nowhere to be found. All was thrown into confusion, and they began diligently to search for her, but all to no purpose.

The search was continued until daylight, and for several consecutive days, but nothing was heard of her. The river was examined for miles up and down, for she had told a young lady who was present that, rather than marry Simpson, she would commit self-destruction by throwing herself into the river.

Weeks and months rolled on—the excitement attending the affair had partially died away with all but Mr. Seaman, who, it was thought, would go deranged, for he knew that if she had drowned herself he was the cause of it, in compelling

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her to receive the addresses of Simpson contrary to her wishes; and furthermore, he was the cause of Frank's leaving home. Deprived of both of his children he was now left alone, his wife being long since dead. All his wealth could not comfort him, and he would have given every cent he possessed could he recall the past and bring to his bosom again his dear children, but it was too late. The last charm of earth had departed from him, and left him in his old age to go down with his gray hairs in sorrow to the grave, with no dear relative to bathe his aching head or close his eyes in death. How many might take warning by him if they would but look ere it became too late!

Theodore Simpson felt grieved at Julia's disappearance, in the same way as a business man would after buying a cargo of goods, and they had been lost by fire or some other cause; considered that a good opportunity had escaped him, inasmuch as Julia's father being very wealthy, as a matter of course he expected to receive from him a handsome dowry.

There was still another cause for his grief: he rather suspected that she was not dead, but had left her home to save her from marrying him, and was still living, which wounded his pride more than anything else. He determined, if such were the case, to have revenge, and therefore, intended to keep a diligent search for her. He remained at Mr. Seaman's a few weeks and then returned home, not as he anticipated, with Julia for his bride, but a disappointed man.

CHAPTER III.

The boys broke up camp, and having packed a mule with blankets and some provisions, they started on their proposed journey for Klamath river, to see if they could not find better diggings. They were several days going over the rugged mountains and through the trackless wilderness, camping out at night beneath the wide-spreading branches of some giant tree, with the canopy of Heaven for a covering.

A miner's life is a peculiar one to live—especially was it so in the early days of California, when there was no pleasant little mountain villages to greet the wandering prospector's eye as he ascended some snow-capped mountain, or entered some green carpeted valley. Several years have made a material change in California. The blue curling smoke can be seen ascending from almost every cañon, gulch and ravine, from the hardy miner's cabin within her borders. Now beautiful villages are scattered throughout the mountains and valleys, filled with an enterprising population. The miner's pick and shovel and the woodman's axe are heard ringing from the high mountain peaks, while their children are sporting amid the wild cataracts beneath, and their wives full of life and contentment and blooming health, are preparing the frugal meal for her loved ones.

After arriving at the river they traveled up it several miles, when they came to a place which looked favorable, and there pitched their tent, having come to the conclusion to try their luck on a bar which prospected well. They had one cradle, (the most expeditious and popular way of mining in those days,) which they kept going all the time, and in about one month they had rocked out nearly twenty thousand dollars, which was no uncommon amount with a few persons in the early days of the gold discovery, but which was more than they anticipated. Frank wished to return, for they were liable to be killed by the Indians at any moment; but Elic and Joe wished to remain another week, as their claims were paying so well. As for Len, he wanted to return the next day after their arrival, for, said he,

"I doesn't like dem dar wild Injuns to get hold ob dis nigger, for dis black scalp

come off in no time, and den de money do no good."

"Len," says Elic, "you are not afraid of Indians, are you, after being among the Mexicans so long?"

"I tell you what it is, Master Elic, I've hearn so much about dem Injuns dat I doesn't keer much about coming in contac wid dem, for dis ting of takin' off one's scalp 'fore you is dead, I does'nt keer about; now I tell you dis, Master Elic."

"Suppose you should see a band of Indians coming, would you run?"

"Yes, Master Elic, jist as fast as dese legs could carry me. I could fight dem Mexicans, but I doesn't want nuffin to do wid dem Injuns, for dis ting of habing de wool taken off ob de top ob de head I goes nuffin on."

"Well, Len, we will go over the mountains again in about a week more, and by that time you will have dust enough to buy your freedom, also a yellow girl, and then you can cultivate your own tobacco patch."

"Master Elic, I will nebber hab my liberty so long as Master Frank will let me stay wid him, for he has always been a kind master to me."

"I have no doubt but Frank will let you live with him, for he says you have been a faithful servant, and that money could not buy you, unless you wished to buy yourself, and he intends to give you your liberty as soon as you get money enough to take care of yourself.

"God bless Master Frank! Old Len nebber leabe him, and I wish we were on the old plantation to-night, kase you see I feels as if dar war something going to happen afore we leabe here."

"Oh, I hope not, Len; it is only an idle imagination of yours."

"Well, Master Elic, I hope so too, but den dis nigger feels so funny about de heart. Den de dream I had last night about Master Frank being taken by de Injuns."

"You believe in dreams, then, Len?"

"Yes, Master Elic, I tink dar's a great deal in dreams, kase I tell you why: before my poor old mistress died I had bad dreams, and I'm afraid something are going to happen, kase last night I thought I was at home on the old plantation, and all de servants war gathered together; old master's house was lighted up all over; don't know how many people come dar, and young Missus Julia was dressed so fine; den I tink I see her weeping, den no more I dream of home; but I thought I see Master Frank surrounded and tied, and taken off by the Injuns, where poor old Len see him no more."

"Well, Len, there is something strange in your dream, I must admit; but I hope nothing is going to happen us, so let us go to bed, for Frank and Joe have been asleep some time."

Len's dream had more effect upon Elic than he was willing to admit, but they were all four soon asleep, forgetting all the troubles of the past. Nothing but a canvas tent shielded the four daring gold hunters who had penetrated so far into the wilderness amidst the home of the red man, and who is ever hostile to the pale faces, for he considers him his eternal enemy.

The mournful notes of the night-birds echoing their too-hoos through the wild cañons, mingled with the howling of the hungry wolves, were enough to affect the stoutest of hearts, but our heroes were soon asleep, regardless of the dangers that surrounded them. About midnight the awful yell of the savages awoke them from their slumbers, and before they scarcely had time to rise up out of their beds they were surrounded and prisoners in the hands of the Indians. Resistance was useless, as there were about fifty of the red men. They submitted to be bound hand and foot, and in less than one hour they were on a forced march over the

mountains. They traveled until the third day with but little cessation, when they ascended a very high mountain ridge, from the top of which they could look far beneath into a beautiful valley, where there was an Indian village. Thus far they had heard nothing concerning their future fate; although Joe could speak their language, yet he could get nothing out of them what they intended to do with them, but the worst was anticipated, knowing they had fallen into the hands of a band who were hostile to all intruders upon their hunting grounds.

When they got within a mile of their village, a runner was sent forward to give notice of their approach, and they came forth to meet them, male and female, old and young, the decrepid, all came out with their wild demoniac yells, spitting on them, pricking them with sticks, making all kinds of horrible faces. There appeared to be two tribes of them, for they did not look alike or act in concert, and one of the tribes made much the best appearance. There was a female among them who was evidently not Indian, for her features were those of an American, and she took no part in the rejoicing over their captivity, but appeared rather to sympathize than rejoice.

Next day after their arrival at the village they called a council, composed of all the braves, to determine their fate. The debate was long and exciting, for they appeared to have many in their favor for life instead of death, but it was finally determined they should all burn at the stake. When the decision was announced by the chief they all gave one unearthly yell and returned to their separate wigwams, with the exception of the guards, who were told to watch well the prisoners.

[*Concluded in our next.*]

I CANNOT FORGET.

They told me I "should cease to love him—that time would change me." So it has; I am changed, indeed! My raven tresses, with which his fingers used to toy, are sadly streaked with gray; my beauty is like a withered flower, which sunshine and dew can no more revive. Deep lines of sorrow pencil my once fair brow, and my sunken eyes seem ever swimming with forbidden tears; but the heart's deep love Time has not changed, and all the long, long years of separation seem annihilated when I think of *him*.

Some ask me if I ever loved. "Who has not?" I reply; but wonder when I hear them tell how *often* they have loved.

I sit and listen for a sound that comes not, and sadly do I ask: "Shall I *never* hear it more?"

I mark the young and gay, and hear their silvery voices discourse of love; mine was never told in words; they seemed useless and to have no meaning when *he* looked on me and smiled; and when he sat beside me, I feared to speak, lest I should break the spell and dissipate my blissful dream. Perhaps it was but a dream, for often, now, when I am asleep, he comes and smiles on me the same, and lays his hand so gently on my brow, as if to smooth away its wrinkles, and its sorrow, too, until my enraptured spirit, struggling to be free from its earthly fetters, awakens me to the painful reality.

But I feel that these earth-trials but consume the dross of our mortal natures; that the inner being, which shall never grow old, may live where Eternity will perfect what Time cannot destroy.

LUNA.

EARLY DAYS OF THE BUCKEYES; Or, LOVE AND PUGILISM.

BY DIEGO ALANO.

Leenie Keezil—very nicely-polite people called her Madalena, but all her friends, playmates, and relatives, uniformly addressed her and spoke of her as Leenie—was as pretty, and plump, and buxom a lass, of the genuine Pennsylvania stripe, as ever dished a dinner of pork and sauerkraut, compounded a bowl of onion soup, or fabricated a batch of schmear-case. Leenie's sixteenth summer dawned upon her some forty years ago, in that fertile region of Ohio known as the county of Stark. Old Michael Keezil—he was not very old, but his neighbors persisted in prefacing his name with that rather equivocal adjective—was a Pennsylvania Dutchman, of the most decided and unmistakable stamp. Some time in the last century—the exact date he never knew and never cared about knowing—he was regularly ushered into existence in the bosom of a Pennsylvania Dutch family, that lived and flourished in that Dutchest portion of all Pennsylvania—Tulpahocken. The Tulpahockeners were, and are to this day, an exceedingly honest, unsophisticated, hard-working, money-making people, who never would and never did give themselves any trouble about the affairs of the world, outside of their own little neighborhood. The pioneers of Tulpahocken came from Swabia—which some extremely ill-natured satirists pretend to regard as the Bœotia of Germany — and were called Swopes by all the Pennsylvania Dutchmen, who rejoiced in the complacent fancy that the Swabians were much lower in the scale of refinement than themselves. Be this as it may, truth demands the admission that the inhabitants of Tulpahocken never evinced any especial brilliancy, either in literature or the arts. Their schoolmasters were unpretending men, whose scholarship rarely extended beyond the capability of reading the Bible and Heidelberg Catechism, the Swabian version, and ciphering, with some considerable difficulty, in the lowermost range of the arithmetic. Some of them, not many, aspired to chirography, and made surprising displays of copies, set in a sort of German text; but they were looked upon with suspicion by the community, and were never permitted to induct the youthful Tulpahockeners into the mysteries of penmanship. The elders and sages regarded the art of writing as a device of the Evil One, by which innocent men were led into the perpetration of such base crimes as counterfeiting and forgery. Of course they entertained a holy horror of the Yankees, those restless perambulators of the world, who would, in spite of all that could be said and done, persist in bringing their villainous tinware and other knick-knackeries into the bosoms of their peaceful families, leaving sad mementoes of their visits, in the shape of simulated bank bills and pieces of spurious coin. It ought not, therefore, to be wondered at, that the single-minded and single-hearted denizens of Tulpahocken resolutely set their faces against all such scholarly accomplishments as, in their innocent estimation, only widened the boundaries of human wickedness. Without having either read or heard the much-quoted lines of a great English poet, they arrived, by a logical process peculiarly their own, at the same conclusion—to wit:

> "Where ignorance is bliss,
> 'Tis folly to be wise."

It was here, among the blissfully ignorant Tulpahockeners, that Michael Keezil did the good old State of Pennsylvania the honor of adding his corpo-

real identity, as a unit, in the grand aggregate of her many-nationed population. Gifted by Dame Nature with a constitution that defied disease, and a stomach that rivaled the digestive capabilities of the ostrich, he grew into manhood the possessor of a robistuous corporality that delighted his parents and perfectly fascinated all the young women. One of the time-honored customs of the Dutch farmers of Pennsylvania is, that every young man, on attaining the age of twenty-one, shall settle down on a farm, build a small, uncomfortable house, close to a spring, erect a tremendous big barn, buy a colossal wagon with four elephantine horses to match it, and marry a big wife. Michael Keezil complied with this custom, only so far as regarded the big wife and the big wagon and horses. By some means or other—not through the medium of newspapers, for such vanities were carefully excluded from the Tulpahocken public—he had picked up a notion, and one that astounded all his neighbors, of seeking fortune somewhere in the direction of the setting sun. With the doggedness which it is said sits so naturally on a Pennsylvania Dutchman, and deaf to the expostulations and prophesyings of evil, so beautifully showered upon him by father and mother, uncles and aunts, kinsmen and kinswomen, he resolutely packed his big wife into his big wagon, along with an admirably confused assortment of ploughs, harrows, axes, chairs, tables, beds, and bedsteads; hitched his four big horses to the aforesaid big wagon, manfully mounted the nigh-wheel horse—called by all Pennsylvanians the saddle-horse—cracked his big black whip, by way of affectionate adieu to his native Tulpahocken, and slowly set forth, in quest of that mysterious "Backwoods," wealth and ease, so he fondly thought, would gloriously reward the toils of his pilgrimage.

It is useless to recount the vexations and dangers that beset him on the way to the land of promise—how a thief of a tavern-keeper palmed a batch of worthless bank notes upon him, in exchange for several good and substantial Spanish dollars, of unquestionable silver—how a Yankee tin pedlar came nigh cheating him out of his best horse in an attempted swap—how a graceless scamp, from the pine lumber region of the Alleghany, made love to Mrs. Keezil, and nearly succeeded in beguiling her into an elopement from her liege lord, by making her an infinitude of promises of riches and grandeur, which he had neither the means nor the intention to fulfill—how he lost his way, in the forests of Ohio, and only recovered it by paying the enormous sum of five dollars to an old hunter, who, for and in consideration of the aforesaid five dollars, condescended to act as his guide—how he and his wife ate up all the provisions with which they had supplied themselves at the commencement of their journey, and were, for several days, compelled to pay a quarter of a dollar for each meal they bought of the sordid and uncharitable backwoods taverners—how—but enough of this. Suffice it to say that, in process of time, Michael Keezil and his big wife, Katrina, with the big wagon and the big horses, arrived safely on the eastern of what an ambitious young Buckeye poet once called "the sparkling Nimishillen," where Michael established himself as the proprietor of a section of land in the then unbroken forest.

This was in the very infant days of that great State of Ohio, which has since grown up into such giant-like strength. If solitude is a blessing, which some dreamy philosophers contend that it is, Michael Keezil and his big wife had their full share of it, for a year or two. But they had broken the ice, as the saying is; other adventurers followed in their footsteps; and, in due time, a col-

ony of Pennsylvanians, (Dutchmen,) with their natural concomitants of big wives, big horses and big wagons, had usurped all the land around the Keezil settlement. It was very pleasant to Michael Keezil and his big wife to find themselves gradually surrounded by such familiar names as the Hovensteins, the Holfensteins, the Klopfensteins, the Risteins, and a dozen other "steins;" the Raffensbergers, the Weltebergers, the Miltenbergers, the Eichelbergers, and numberless other "bergers," besides an imposing array of Loutzenheisers, Lingafelters, Bachtels, Stidgers, Vogels, Ulrichs, Baums, Rouks, Schneiders, and Schneibleys. It was, indeed, very pleasant; for, though Michael, in obedience to his Tulpahocken instincts, had built him a miserable little cabin, close to the only spring on his estate, he required the friendly aid of his daily accumulating neighbors to assist him to that greatest object of his ambition, a big barn. In good time the barn, a monstrous edifice of logs, reared its proud roof towards Heaven, and was duly ornamented by that indispensable item in the schedule of a Pennsylvania Dutchman's happiness, a weather-cock. Trees were chopped down or girdled—fields were ploughed, sown, and harvested—a child was born in the log cabin by the spring; a big, strong, energetic, noisy girl, with a voice, when she got into a passion with her mother, like the scream of a steam-whistle—and Michael Keezil toiled, and delved, and filled his big barn, and prospered exceedingly.

A very large majority of the people, of this day and generation, seem to regard the words *wealth* and *happiness* as convertible terms. The great end and aim of all men and women, now-a-days, is to get rich—it matters little by what means—and thereby obtain their fill of earthly felicity. This notion has been weakly combated, both by the pulpit and the press. Priests have preached against it—philosophers have reasoned against it, and poets have sung against it; but, as these priests, philosophers and poets have uniformly shown, by their practice, that they had no faith in their arguments and precepts—in short, that while they railed against the "lust for filthy lucre," they were, themselves, zealous worshippers of Mammon—the world has only laughed at them, and gone on, in its own way, devoutly believing that wealth is happiness, and the want of it misery and desolation. Why else do all rich people look down upon all poor people with pity, if not with contempt? and why else do all poor people look up at all rich people with envy, if not with hatred? Answer me that, ye priests, philosophers and poets, who extol the excellence of poverty with your lips and your pens, while your hearts are devoutly worshipping and your hands busily clutching the "Almighty Dollar!" Yes—wealth is happiness, and happiness is wealth. Everybody says so—by acting, if not by words—and it must be so! There were, however, some little peculiarities in the case of Michael Keezil which were slightly at variance with the grand dogma of the world. He grew wealthy—every Pennsylvania Dutchman will grow wealthy, though he may be the stupidest of his race—but his happiness did not increase in an equal ratio with the increase of his worldly goods. The first blow to his peace of mind—and a severe one it was—was the, to him, perverse conduct of Katrina, in not making him the father of a son, instead of a daughter. He had set his heart upon a boy—indeed, for the matter of that, he had set his heart upon a whole platoon of boys—for his large farm required much labor and diligence, and the hiring of Irishmen, the only laborers extant in his neighborhood, not only involved expense, but subjected him to much disquietude on account of Katrina, who, he had some reason to fear, was

not sufficiently armed in stoical virtue to resist the tender gallantries of such jolly, rollicking, conscienceless dogs, who are just as proverbially famous for blarneying the fair sex as they are for ditch-making and breaking of heads. In his air-castle-building—if he ever indulged in such dreamy amusement, which is somewhat doubtful, for it requires a considerable development of ideality, much more than any Pennsylvania Dutchman will dare to claim—in his air-castle-building, or, to speak less metaphorically, when he thought about the future, as he sometimes did, he always beheld his farm (in his mind's eye, look you,) as a stage, on which a dozen stalwart, but yet unborn Keezils were to play their busy parts. What should he want with daughters? They were useless and expensive things, and so he took no account of them in his anticipations and calculations of the future. When the astounding truth penetrated his skull and electrified his brain—when he awoke to the awful certainty that Katrina, in defiance of his will, had constituted him the parent of a girl—his feelings, as penny-a-liners express it, may be imagined, but not described.

"Mein Gott! mein Gott!" he exclaimed, in mingled astonishment and wrath, "I wants Katrina to give me a poy, and she give me one gal! *Mochten tausend Teufel mit ihr wegfliegen!*"

The reader, who may have a fancy to translate this horrible Germanic imprecation, may do so at his leisure.

But Mrs. Keezil's contumacy did not stop with the birth of little Leenie. Whether it was owing to her womanly obstinacy, to her natural indolence, or to her lack of good taste, nothing could ever after induce her to become the mother of another child; and so Madalena Keezil grew up, the sole descendant of the Keezils, of Ohio. In vain did our friend Michael, year after year, look for the boys that were to have been the glory of his manhood and the staff of his old age! Alas! they never came; and deep and terrible were the curses which he hurled, in the vilest and most jaw-breaking Dutch, at his rebellious *frau*, who had so remorselessly crushed his hopes and embittered his existence. But Katrina, apparently not satisfied with bringing Leenie into the world, in defiance of her lord's will, and of obstinately refusing to become the dam of a brood of pipe-smoking, sauerkrout-loving Dutchmen, went a score of steps still further in her wickedness. She absolutely took to obesity! Yes, she grew fat. She became not merely an imitator of Falstaff—though that, in all conscience, would have been enough—she went far beyond the most extravagant conceptions of Shakspeare, when he created from "airy nothing" the mammoth proportions of the oleaginous but jolly old knight. It is painful to record it; but so it was. She first became fat—then she became very fat—then she became extravagantly fat—and then she became so fat that she could scarcely wag under the superincumbent burthen, and she was fain to forego all locomotion that depended on her own muscular efforts, and spend each night in the inglorious imprisonment of an easy chair. Had Katrina Keezil ever received from her husband some strange and terrible wrong, which might have warranted her in taking a thorough and horrible revenge, her genius, though a thousand times more fertile than it really was, could not have devised a scheme of retaliation more agonizing to her husband's soul than that she adopted in thus transforming her naturally glumdalean figure into a living, breathing, wheezing mass of humanity. But she was not revengeful, nor malicious, nor ill-natured. Not at all. She possessed no salient points of character, either for good or evil. She came as near being a decided

negative, both morally and mentally, as only a Pennsylvania Dutchwoman can. In her young days and in her early wife-hood she was quiet, patient and laborious, as were all the young frows of Tulpahocken; but she had neither the will to inflict an injury nor the spirit to resent one. She was just as Dame Nature intended her to be: a human specimen in which the stomach excels the brain in activity, and the *physique* triumphs over the *spirituel*.

But, leaving Madam Katrina in her easy chair, let us look up our young friend Leenie—for she, and none but she, is the heroine of this veritable story. As her mother grew in fat and laziness, Leenie grew in stature and in grace; and when the old lady was compelled to leave off the active duties of the household, Leenie, energetically but noiselessly, filled her place. And thus she grew up to sweet sixteen—a brisk, bustling, tidy girl, with a very fair share of beauty, more substantial than showy, and of which physical strength and robust health were the most prominent components—and then she had lovers and began to fancy that she had a heart. It has been mentioned how grievously her introduction into the world offended her father; and, indeed, when one comes to think soberly of the matter, he had some cause for being offended, seeing how very unceremoniously she had broken up his arrangements, by impertinently daring to be of the feminine gender, when his interests and wishes all pointed to the masculine. But, by the time she accomplished her sixteenth birthday, she had, by her activity, her industry, her economy, her good spirits and her never-failing good humor, completely conquered the old gentleman's dislike, and transformed him into as much of a friend as it is possible for such a man to be; and though that was not much, still it was something, and made our sweet Leenie supremely happy. The fault she committed, in not being born a boy, was fully expiated, as far as she was concerned in the affair, by the time she had reached that delicate point on Time's dial, called young-womanhood. It is true that, somewhere about the age of ten, she was the innocent cause of much anxiety to both father and mother—though about the mother's anxiety nobody cared much—by happening to become an especial object of interest to some strong-minded and benevolent ladies, who resided at the then young and little country town, and who insisted on constituting her one of the pupils of an astonishingly-erudite Yankee schoolmarm, who taught "the young ideas how to shoot" with wonderful success. At first our friend, Michael, was thunder-struck at the proposition to place one of his flesh and blood, though only a useless and contemned girl, in such a sink of abominations as he imagined a Yankee school to be; and he resisted it with all the Dutch obstinacy of his soul. But, alas and alack for Michael! These strong-minded and benevolent ladies had at their command a species of practical logic against which no Pennsylvania Dutchman, or any other, can long contend. Their husbands were commercial gentlemen, who dealt extensively in farm products, and who had it in their power to make him or mar him at their pleasure; and when the ladies presented their side of the argument, as a simple question of pecuniary profit and loss, and when his eyes were opened to the fact that he would gain money by yielding and lose money by not yielding, why, like a sensible man, he yielded. And thus it was that Leenie was inducted into the temple of learning—thus was she torn from the log-walled home of her infancy, from her stern father and fat mother, to be initiated, God willing, into the mysteries of reading and writing, under the auspices of that

worst of abominations, in the eyes of a true Tulpahockener, a Yankee schoolmistress—and gravely and sadly did old Michael shake his head and grieve over the cruel necessity that compelled him to plunge his innocent child into such a terrible vortex of iniquity. But there was no help for him. He must either sacrifice her to the whims of her strong-minded and benevolent lady-friends, or lose his profitable customers, the rich purchasers of his wheat, his maize, his beef and his pork; and so, like many a wiser man, he offered her, as a precious oblation, on the altar of Mammon. He had biblical authority for this in the pathetic story of Jeptha and his daughter—though whether he had ever read the story is more than any of his cotemporaries would dare to vouch for—and, though Jeptha's case and his were not exactly parallel, still, on a pinch, it might be pretty successfully tortured into a precedent. Jeptha labored under the fatal delusion that the God of the Universe delighted in human suffering, and reveled in the tears and blood of his creatures. To this God—the creation of his own ignorant and barbarous fancy—he made a hasty and ill-considered vow, that, if favored with a victory over the enemies of his nation, he would offer up to Him, as a sacrifice, whatsoever should come forth from his doors to meet him, on his return home from the field of conquest. His daughter, glowing with filial love, and proud of her father's prowess and fame, exultantly ran to welcome him, and the reward of her young heart's best and holiest devotion was the sacrificial knife!

Where is the modern reader who, while weeping over the tragic fate of this innocent victim of a vile and barbarous superstition, can not feel his whole nature swelling with execrations against the stupidly-cruel father? Jeptha sacrificed his daughter, and so did Michael Keezil; but the two cases, when one comes to analyze them thoroughly, are not very similar.

Well, all this must go for what it is worth, for Leenie went to school, and there surprised her Yankee preceptress by behaving very nicely, and picking up the rudiments of an English education with astonishing aptness. Much uneasiness, if not absolute pain, did poor Michael Keezil endure, when he saw his daughter, from day to day, throwing off the good old Tulpahocken language and manners, and, in their stead, adopting the speech and deportment of the pestilent Yankees. People of his saturnine temperament and acquisitive habits are not often credited with much intensity of feeling; they are supposed to have too much of "the earth earthy" in their compositions to give space for the cultivation of their sensibilities; and therefore their refined acquaintances are apt to place them in the same category with the porcine and assinine tribes, and other phlegmatic specimens of animated nature, more noted for their great digestive capabilities than for their exhibition of sentiment. But Michael Keezil did feel, and very intensely, too; but it was in this wise: He felt that his daughter, Leenie, was in a fair way to acquire the art of writing on paper; and, in that mysterious art, as the traditions of his fathers taught him, were embraced the heinous crimes of forgery and counterfeiting. What a terrible thing it would be should Leenie become a counterfeiter! and how vastly expensive it would be to fee lawyers, and pay court charges, should she be arrested and prosecuted! These troublous reflections, always mixed with a wholesome reference to the dollars-and-cents side of the subject, vexed him and perplexed him, more or less, during the three mortal years of Leenie's educational course. It may be proper, just at this point of the story, for the benefit of the

reader, who may unhappily participate in Mr. Keezil's melancholy apprehensions, to state, authoritatively and peremptorily, that our friend, Leenie, though she became an expert pen-woman, was never suspected of the crimes her father so moodily dreaded. She never counterfeited anything more than a fit of the sullens, when she could effect some object by it on the heart of a lover; and never committed any more reprehensible forgery than when she assisted in forging the chain that bound her to the man of her heart. This is anticipating the denouement of our tale—a very unartist-like proceeding—but it seemed necessary, and so let it go. Leenie will be courted and married, all in good time—depend on't.

It is, perhaps, just as well, as it is, that we, poor human beings, should have so little control over our respective destinies. The great Napoleon, who cheated himself into the delusion that he was "the man of destiny," after a thousand triumphs, stumbled against a disastrous Russian campaign and an annihilating battle of Waterloo—then stumbled into an island prison and a prisoner's grave, with an ignoble cancer in his stomach—all showing, as plainly as anything can show, that with all his genius and all his vast mastery over the minds and muscles of so many millions, he was but a mortal, with a good share of a mortal's imperfections, and that he could neither foresee or prevent the flood of misfortune that rolled upon him and swept him from the earth. The great bard of nature and humanity says, and says it well, too, that

> "There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
> Rough-hew them how we will."

Yes! there is such a divinity; whether acknowledged as the Providence of the Christians, the Fate of the Islams, the Fetich of the Iconolaters, or the Necessity of the Philosophers. We may rough-hew our ends as we may; we may plan and toil, and study, and struggle, to our hearts' content, but the pathway of human life hath its turnings and windings, its uphills and downhills, its smooth spots and cragged spots, its flowers and its thorns, its goods and its ills; which we can neither foresee, nor shun, nor conquer. And thus it was with Michael Keezil. Dame Fortune was kind to him. His fields groaned under their rich crops, his big barn was crowded with the spoils of the jocund harvests, his laborers were vigorous and willing, and asked but meagre wages, money flowed into his coffers with a full and steady current; and yet all these blessings did not and could not shield him from the "slings and arrows" with which that same Dame Fortune, when she chooses to be outrageous, delights in hurling at the heads of even her most special favorites. It has been amply set forth how the peccant Katrina stabbed his peace, in her first and only maternal effort, by the unpardonable mistake she committed in the sex of her offspring—how she added to her sin by persistently declining all further domestic enterprises of that nature—how she outraged all classical taste, and violated all the sanctities of her home and household, by her inordinate proclivity for adipose matter, and consequent do-nothingness—all this has been duly set forth, with much carefulness, if not with prolixity. Then followed the kidnapping of Leenie by her strong-minded and benevolent captors, followed by the catastrophe of her being incarcerated in a Yankee school-house, subject to the tender mercies of a Yankee school-marm. Now, one would naturally think that Dame Fortune, after playing so many vile tricks upon a harmless Pennsylvania Dutchman, would have been satisfied. Not a bit of it. But how it happened we will tell you in our next, and therefore we will write

[*Continued.*]

SORROW AND HOPE.

Suggested during a Visit to Lone Mountain Cemetery.

BY LIONEL.

Ah, tell me not that Memory
Sheds gladness o'er the Past:
What is recall'd by faded flowers—
Save, that they do not last?—Miss Landon.

I stray'd where the loved and lamented are sleeping,
At Ev'ning, as sunset was gilding the wave,
While near, for her lost one, a Sister was weeping—
Affection's last tribute to Worth's early Grave.
"Rest, Brother"—she whisper'd,—"and peace to thy slumber,
And light lay the earth on thy mouldering breast;
For never again wilt thou gladden our number,
Until we unite in the Realms of the Blest."

Like low-murmur'd music from Sorrow's lute sighing,
Her prayer seem'd the cadence of Love's melody;
As sad as the moaning of wave-echoes dying
At night, when the crescent moon silvers the sea:
Her look, so serene and replete with devotion,
Awoke to Remembrance the treasures of yore;
My heart caught the light of congenial emotion,
And wept o'er the Friendships that cheer me no more.

Thou beautiful Mourner! the spring's fairest blossom
Can never compare with the wealth of thy charms;
Thrice happy his fate—the endeared of thy bosom—
When weary and faint, to fade out in those arms!
Repine, then, no longer—let hopes of the morrow
Dispel all thy sadness in seasons like this;
Yet oh, thou art lovelier now, veil'd in sorrow,
Than ever shone Beauty in moments of bliss.

When lone in the valley this form is reposing,
And every fond trace of my name disappears,
Should some faithful Friend, when the twilight is closing,
Bemoisten the spot with the dew of her tears—
Methinks, that my Spirit around her would hover,
Unheedful of woes intertwining its lot;
And there, while the shadows of night floated over,
The Grave, and its coldness alike, were forgot.

San Francisco, Oct. 1858.

THE MORAL POWER OF THE FAMILY HEARTHSTONE.

BY R. P. CUTLER.

History informs us of no period, and of no people, among whom the family hearthstone has not had its place. There is no savage or barbarous tribe that has not its sub-divisions into smaller circles, who find shelter in separate caves, or in separate huts, wigwams or cabins.

Where, on the face of the earth, is the half-civilized, nomadic race — however united and peaceful among themselves— who yet have not separate tents to dwell in, and who do not show the instinct for family grouping? What feudal clan has not had its minuter clanship? What gipsy tribe that has not its separate grottoes, or under-ground huts? What Hottentot race without its kraal, or village of circular hives, covered with mats? So, as we ascend in civilization, the family instinct — if I may so say—still is strong: declaring itself in the separate dwellings which crowd together in modern cities.

In the order of Providence, every man stands at the head of a tribe, class, clan, or family, which is peculiarly his own: peculiarly under his control and protection, and peculiarly united to him by consanguinity, affection and name.

Father, mother and children compose a group that stands together in a near and peculiar relationship—one ordained of God, and ordained to be, in some sense, separate and distinct from all others. These little communities are held together by ties such as do not admit of being extended abroad; such as are too tender and intimate to be applied to larger circles; such as are too sacred for general use. Mankind are compelled into family groups by the divine law of instinct, and are held together by the law of affection—no less divine. No project of socialism, agrarianism or communism has yet proved strong enough to break down these laws and social barriers. No general community system, it is to be presumed, can ever awaken such interest or attain such popularity as to dissolve those deep and mysterious sympathies which bind heart to heart in the circle of home. Many beautiful theories have been set up; many fanciful schemes have been tried, upon the basis of the community system, proposing a community of goods, a community of labor and a community of social life; but, thus far, there has been nothing better than failure. All plans of reform, grounded upon what is called the community system, or socialism, have, in all their practical results, proved to be simply Utopian, or visionary. It has been found a difficult work, and I think it will be forever found more and more an impossible work, to re-construct human society upon a new social basis. It needs no prophet to tell us that all reforms which are attempted on the ruins of the family relation, as to its exclusiveness, sacredness and intimacy, will not succeed, and can not stand. Such reforms must work against the grain of human nature, and will require more than human force to overcome the friction consequent. It may safely be predicted that the family relation, in all its present and essential characteristics, will stand, as it has stood, the test of time, of social change and successive revolutions. I do not say, nor do I believe, that social reform is impossible, or that it is not very much needed. All I attempt to say is, that whatever of reformation in existing social evils takes place, it must take place in such a manner, and be conducted by such methods

as to leave the family ties untouched and uninvaded. And, moreover, as I do not see that any of the social evils which exist around us, and of which we may so justly complain, have their origin in the family relation; so, therefore, I do not see why the old family organization should be attacked and broken up. But, if it can be proved that our social evils result from the division of society into separate families—which, I think, can not be shown—then I should say, at once, that our social evils are incurable and Providential: that they are ordained and necessary, and their source perennial and exhaustless, and I should give over all hope of reformation in despair.

One class of reformers are seeking to pull down the existing forms of society, remove the old landmarks and bury the old lines of policy; to sweep away the present order of things, good and bad together, and from a clean foundation to construct a new organization. Another class, less confident of their ability to originate a better general order of things —knowing that it is far easier to tear down than to build up—and believing that much of the present mechanism of society results from Providential arrangements, are willing to attempt reform through existing institutions, and think it better to aim the truth at men's convictions than at their institutions, hoping first to reform ideas, and then customs, more effectively and thoroughly.

Which of these two modes of reform, or classes of reformers, is the wisest and the best, will depend very much upon the nature and circumstances of the evil to be remedied. If the social evil to be removed were such as could be met by direct action, and such as were more or less under the control of legislation, I should say that the most searching, speedy and radical means should be resorted to, and that the evil should be cut up by the roots.

But, if the social evil proposed to be met were poverty, would it be wise to recommend an instant and equal division of property—to lay out agrarian plans of relief? Or would it be wise to direct whole communities to throw their wealth into a common stock—to disturb the whole order of society—to break up settled and harmless customs—to innovate upon the wise regulations of domestic life, and invite all to one common table —to the enjoyment of one indiscriminate bounty? Would the radical and destructive method meet the case, and provide a permanent cure? Let it be remembered that poverty has a great variety of causes: misfortune, mis-management, incapacity, vice, indolence and, in this country, it has chiefly a personal origin. Indolence and vice are the main sources of poverty in this country. As everybody knows, our prisons and our almshouses are filled with those who have come to want or crime through the dram-shop, gambling-house and brothel.

Now, would an equal division of property so much as touch the causes of this evil? Would socialism, in any of its forms yet known; would even the bright dream of Fourier—suppose it could ever be brought to a fair, scientific and practical test—remedy the evil of poverty in its sources? Is socialism, or the community system, in any of its manifold shapes, equal to the task of performing miracles for human society? Can you heal the diseases and supply the defects of human nature by any outward or visible appliances? Will the cunning devices of any new organizations of society save men from misfortune—from the ravages of fire and sinking ships—from inability—from indolence and the sway of over-mastering passions? There is reason to think that this cannot be. No mere outward, radical movement, it is reasonable to believe, would effect the permanent removal of poverty, supposing

that the evil to be remedied. It is not to be done by making war upon the present order of society. The cut-and-thrust method is not the one which promises the best results in such an enterprise of philanthropy. Revolution would, by no means, ensure reform. The present order of things might be thrown into confusion, and yet the real grievance go unredressed. Where the difficulty is partly moral, there must be a partial reliance upon moral remedies. And, as to this particular matter of poverty, like many other social evils, its burdens and sorrows must be alleviated by a more general diffusion of the human and Christian spirit of charity, by effecting a cure of those vices which produce it, and by a multitude of other means that cannot be referred to, arising out of the progress of society in real civilization, and the deeper and wider prevalence of the Christian religion—operating as certainly and uncontrollably as the laws of nature. We can see, at once, then, that the family, the hearthstone, the sanctity and exclusiveness of home, does not stand in the way of any needful or beneficent reform, whatever. Home, the cherished sympathies of the household, the privacies of domestic life, may remain firm on their present basis, and yet all the conceivable enterprises of sober and discreet reform go forward only the more surely and safely for the existence of these family and domestic ties. I have now been speaking at some length, with an objection in view, sometimes made to the family institution; for the socialists account the present organization of society into families one of the chief impediments to the practical success of their theories, or dreams, as I regard them, of social reformation.

But let us now turn to some of the blessings of home and the hearthstone—its social uses and moral advantages. A good home! To what place on earth does the heart cling so fondly, and with such pleasing and indestructible recollections. The home of our childhood! it is the green spot of our earthly existence, where the memories bask in the sunshine which gilded the morning of life. In this new and far-off land of our sojourn, we turn back to the thought, not without the deepest emotions of the heart—not without recalling the dearest images and awakening the most grateful recollections. Home! the place of our nativity and childish sports; the play-ground of youth's sunny period; the primary school of our moral and physical energies; the nursery where the opening germs of manhood received their first bent and direction. Home! a word which lies very near the heart of us all—imbedded in tender and sacred associations! All that is endearing in the relation of parents and children, brothers and sisters, a mother's watchful love, a father's protection, filial reverence and fraternal regards—all cling around the word "Home," and over it always is spread the radiance of those remembered joys and pleasures, such as the morning of life only knows.

But, as the home of childhood is the place which lies in the memory surrounded with the happiest and brightest fancies, so should the home of our manhood—the home which we construct for ourselves—be the charmed spot to which the heart and the step return most lightly and gladly. The man who makes for himself a happy home has the chief means of all earthly comfort and blessing. He need not care much for the world's favors or frowns. If his home is happy, there is always a place of refuge in adversity and in prosperity. Nowhere will the light of his success shine so brightly as upon his hearthstone. Amidst the peace and affection of home, and nowhere else so well, is the wear and tear of life repaired. When the world goes wrong, when misfortune overtakes the man of

business, when friends turn away, when the reptile, Slander, bites the character with its poisonous fang, when the world's various scorn is heaped upon you, all undeserved, when the suspicion and distrust of your fellow-men follow you through every walk and by-path, though innocent of wrong; when injustice or calamity spreads the clouds of discouragement over your prospect, and the shadows of disappointment fall upon your path; when you are wronged, misunderstood, injured and neglected, what a relief, what a blessing, what a balm to the wounded spirit must it be to enter the doors of your happy dwelling—shutting the cold world out, and the warm affections of what is more than all the world to you, in. Here is one place where your presence is welcome; here is one spot of earth which is not blighted by suspicion; here is one little circle by whom your word is trusted, and who embrace you with their generous confidence; here are a few hearts to whom you may breathe your troubles and sorrows, with the certainty of meeting the response of a real sympathy; here you find those whom you can love, and those in whom you can confide; and what is more to the purpose now, in this, your hour of darkness, those who will cordially reciprocate your confidence and, more than all, your affection. Yes, make your home happy, and you have a bulwark of security against most of the ordinary evils of life. Make your home happy, and you will never wish to desert the joys of the fireside for meaner pleasures. Make your home happy, and you have an ark of safety amidst the storms of life. Make your home happy, and you may extract the deepest sting of disappointment; you may hold the world's scorn at arm's length, and almost defy the shafts of misfortune. In a happy home Peace dwells, a perpetual and honored guest. Love is there, amidst all the intercourse, smoothing it all. Patience is there, with a composed aspect. Order, Cleanliness and Diligence give to it an air of decorum. It needs no luxuries or expensive adornments. Costly furniture, soft carpets, and the rich embellishments of art, are things wholly independent of the real happiness of home. These things may be no impediments to social happiness; they may increase it, in many instances; but they do not compose its staple ingredients. Right dispositions, cherished among all the members of the household, are far more important; little offices of kindness, freely done, are more important; quick, irritable and jealous tempers, subdued and crushed, and kept under by a mighty resolution and victorious self-government, and gentle affections, and mild virtues, are far more important to the happiness of home than all the gilded decorations or splendid luxuries that the universe can afford.

Home is the place where the Religion of Christ should exert its power most effectively, and there, too, shed its most divine blessings. It is not too much to say that the Son of God, himself, came into the world to make home happy, to make its inmates virtuous, to make the heart and dispositions right, and thus to diffuse through every family circle and around every fireside a peace, and joy, and divine happiness, which the world can not give, and only the Saviour himself can impart.

Let the gentle Saviour have a seat around the hearthstone, and the light of His smile shall gladden the whole scene and drive away every shadow. Let Him speak daily from the open page of divine wisdom; let His precepts and gracious parables enter the mind every morning before the cares of the world rush in; let the spirit of His Gospel breathe upon the heart before it is exposed to the contaminations of sin, and home shall become, in the providence of God, an earthly

Paradise—a miniature, an ambrotype of the Heavenly world.

But every member must do his part, and strive, with faithful endeavor, to make home virtuous and happy. Each can bring his daily offering and tribute of blessing. Let Peace be enthroned there; let Love and Confidence wait around the throne; let Piety have its altar, and Christ his welcome; let Knowledge spread there its books and its treasures; let Cheerfulness be at the board, and warm affections in the heart, and all shall go well. Then home shall be what it was ordained to be; then it will be a refuge in adversity for yourselves; then, too, it shall hold back your children, and screen them from the coarse temptations of the gaming-table, and the midnight streets, and the incantations of the sorcerer; then it shall be the source of intelligence, the source of refinement, the nursery of manners and the school of virtue, where the loftiest impulses mould and lift the character.

A virtuous and happy home!—what fragrance does it breathe into the common air! What strength of patriotism and right like that imparted from the hearthstone!

A virtuous and happy home!—with what cheerfulness does it wing the step of duty! How does it string the resolution in the moment of difficulty and trial! How does it nerve the heart and nerve the arm for the stern battle of life! A happy home! What other blessing does a man need who has this? and he who has it not, what blessing does he not lack?

The hearthstone has its large public benefits. Home influences are the most powerful of all for general good order and virtue in every community, new or old, and especially so in a new country. Civilization usually retrogades for a time in new colonies. Colonial life is full of hazard, and adventure, and hardship. It can not have the refinement and conveniences of older communities. Men grow reckless—careless of the ordinary conventional rules of propriety, and finally get free of all wholesome, social restraint. Their life begins back at the first stages of human society, and is, for a few years, more or less savage—or, at least, semi-barbarous, and, more or less, rapidly runs through the early periods again. This is a country which has suffered greatly from lack of the family influence in years past, and suffered more, perhaps, than most others. In the first years of the settlement, men were thrown together here, absorbed by one grand pursuit, with none but the worst recreations, and entirely without the softening influences and proper restraints of home and religion. If every man could have had a home to go to, and the society of parents, wife, brothers, sisters and children, after the exciting occupations, day by day, of flush and former years, instead of the gaming-table and the scenes of midnight debauch, society here, to-day, would present a very different aspect. The influence of home is silent, but powerful. It is a soft touch, but it is laid upon the very springs of our being, and reaches the finest sensibilities of our nature. A man's home is conservative of his purest affections. Subtle ties hold him to courses of virtue, and bind down within him the coarser elements of his being.

Home is needed in the stirring life of a new country, for the heart's repose. The influence of family ties deepens one's patriotism; they promote stability of residence; they call into action all the thrifty virtues; they give life to all the means and steps of civilization. As virtuous female influence and the influence of children have increased here, the tone of society has gone upward and become purer. And this new State's progress, stability and prosperity, have all their strongest and best securities within the charmed circle of home.

No State can rise to its proper magnitude and gain its proper efficiency without the aid of mothers and children. No State can long exist without the at once controlling and impelling influences of the hearthstone. Where the family force does not prevail, it will be in vain to look for the elements of greatness, prosperity or renown.

The hearthstone is the real palladium of our liberties, as it is the centre of social Happiness, the defense of Order and the stronghold of Religion.

I THINK OF THEE.

Translated from the German of Matthisson.

BY J. D. STRONG.

I think of thee,
  When in the grove
The nightingale
  Sings of her love;
And when to thee
Come thoughts of me?

I think of thee,
  Where twilight gleams
Upon my path,
  By shady streams—
But where to thee
Come thoughts of me?

I think of thee
  With tender fears,
With heart-felt sighs
  And burning tears—
How, then, to thee
Come thoughts of me?

O! think of me,
  Till brighter stars
Shine on our love!
  However far,
Always to me
Come thoughts of thee.

Immortal Thoughts.—Oh, tell me not that all things here decay; that, as soft Spring's last blossom dies away, when Summer's hurried course shall have begun, change follows change, with each successive sun. For, though the ever-swelling sea, Forgetfulness, the Past embraces with a warm caress, to steal its treasures, one by one, away, there still remain, that mock at Death's decay, immortal thoughts, whose impress shall endure forever, noble, lustrous, bright, and pure. The stars that crown the firmament of thought, whose shadows by the stream of Time are caught—that, as successive ages swiftly glide its waters o'er—they, gazing on the tide from whence these brilliants shine, may seek the skies, that teach: "the hand of genius never dies!" Go search the sacred realm of Knowledge through—stand in her dazzling light—and let the view rise on the soul in waves of pure delight, till wonder flies, abashed, before the sight; take there the model of each great design; bear off whatever thou could'st wish, as thine: then turn, surprised, that all it still retains—the shadows go, but life itself remains. Where dark Oblivion's wildest surge is cast upon the broken shores that guard the traveled Past—the landmarks' search of Immortality; those monuments, that face the gloomy sky—not lifted up to Heaven in

Babel pride, for such long since are buried 'neath the tide—but thoughts that from the mist outshine, as Deity created them—divine. Unnumbered ages since have passed away; their light first added brilliancy to day; and Death, upon the fast retiring waves, looks with a frown on what he vainly craves; for fadeless are those gems of long ago—their diamond sparks as bright and pure as though but yesterday they heard the bold decree of genius: "those immortal e'er shall be."

Now, turn you to the heavenward cliff—Sublime—and listen to the sweetly varying chime, as Genius strikes upon the corded lyre, perhaps a song, the creature to inspire with high resolves and hopeful energy; perhaps a strain that seems an angel's plea to God for blessings on mankind below—so full of sympathy for others' woe, it finds, like gratitude, the inmost heart, to drink the tear of sorrow when we part; to probe and heal the deepest wound of care, and teach the antidote for dark despair. Oh, tell me not that words that fall, like grace, upon the anxious or the sorrowing face, shall e'er be lost! They form, in part, the mind—the universal soul of all mankind. When sinks the last decaying arch of Time, its ruins will repeat their mellow chime, as if, at first, they had been born in Heaven, and to the Earth, as marks of favor, given.

T. E. F.

Our Social Chair.

How naturally the Social companions of a fun-loving circle draw closer together their Chairs, when any good jokes or stories are upon the tapis! Into that circle and at that time, no business or business-thoughts are allowed an entrance, as in such a case, it would become—like some persons who thus intrude—the very ogre of the time, as of the circle; and experience has no doubt taught us all, that when such a charm is once broken, there seems to be no power potent enough to reestablish and reunite it as it before existed. Yet, this is to be regretted, inasmuch as at these delightful business-forgetting seasons the mind and body become reinvigorated and revived, like the withering flower by the falling of the gentle rain. Indeed, these Social gatherings are essential to a vigorous and healthy life, and are worth all other kinds of medicine to a mind oppressed. Now, if the reader will promise to tell us some good jokes, or relate to us some mirth-provoking stories for our next meeting, we will allow him to occupy a seat in this our Social Chair—with this reminder, that we not only prefer the good, but Californian.

We cannot say that we desire to know that man who can take up a number of the glorious old Knickerbocker Magazine without feeling the heart-gushings of a nobler life, as he reads it, or finds not the corners of his mouth drawn slightly up as his eye scans the broad humor of its pages. As an example of the latter, read one clipping from:

The following is a transfer, as our "memory serves," of a story told us by a metropolitan friend the other day: but our readers must bear *one* thing in mind, and that is, that it is as impossible to give the "intoned" version of "our informant," as it was for *him* to repeat the nasal twang and indescribable manner of his clerico-artistic exemplar: "During a short sojourn, recently, in the 'modern Athens,'" said our friend, "I visited, as every stranger in Boston should do, the photographic rooms

of Mr. S. Masury. While looking at the counterf eit presentments of some of the most noted of Boston celebrities, with which the rooms do much abound, there came in a queer-looking personage, bearing under one arm a roll of paper. A comical dog he was—a sort of mixture: a cross, aparently, between a Vermont horse-jockey and a Methodist parson. His speech was a most attenuated drawl, with the camp-meeting style of ending. Seating himself, and depositing on the floor beside him a seedy-looking hat, he eyed the company present with a curious and deliberate stare. After some minutes, he fixed his gaze on Mr. Masury, the proprietor, and approached him, unrolling, as he advanced, the paper bundle. His story I will give you in his own words, only regretting that I cannot convey the tone and style: 'If the proprietor is disengaged, I'd like to speak with him a few minits. I have for sale tew picters; but before I show yeou the picters, I'd like to tell yeou who I a-am. My name is De Forest: I'm a minister of the Gospel—*ewe-sed* up for the past'rage, 'n account o' deefeness. The picters I got to show yeou are tew—the Lord's Pra-i-r-e and Go-and-Sin-n'-More. Areound the border you 'll see ten *an*-gels; each one on 'em is givin' utterance to one o' the ten commandments: also, a bee-hive, which is the emblem of industree. Lest any gentleman should be disposed to deoubt the truth o' what I'm a tellin', I'll show yeou my *cre*-dentials. (Here Mr. De Forest produced from his pocket a greasy memorandum book and continued.) These *cre*-dentials air from some of the first men in ower kentree: read across both pages, if yeou please; many of those names are no deoubt familiar to yeou: they all paternized me during my stay in Washington. One gentleman, who has ten children, took ten copies o' the Lord's Praire, and said he was sorry he had n't ten more children, that he might give each one o' *them* a copee. Governor Floyd, of Virginee, he took three copies of Go-and-Sin-n'-More, and would ev taken a copee of the Lord's Praire, but he had n't no place to put it. This pictur, Go-and-Sin-n'-More, you 'll perhaps recollect the circumstances on: when the Scribes and Pharisees brought before our Saviour the woman taken in the *act* of adultree; these were the same party that made broad their philactrees; you 'll see the philactrees on the crowns o' their hats. I say, when they brought the woman, they said in Meoses' time such would be stoned — what say'st thou? (*aside*)— this they said, tempting him. Our Saviour stooped down and wrote on the greound, making b'leeve He did n't hear 'em, and pretty soon they all sneaked eout. Then He looked up at the woman and said: 'Who hath condemned thee?' 'No one, Lord.' 'Neither do I condemn thee; go, and sin n' more.' The principal figger in this plate is our Saviour, a very correct likeness, from an oreeginal daguerre-e-o-type, neow in the possession of the family. We charge yeou tew dollars for the picter, and charge nothing for the key. Wont any gentleman take a copee? Wont you say you 'll take a copee? I stopped into a milliner's shop deown here a-piece, and every young lady took a copy of the Lord's Praire, and they all said they'd like Go-and-Sin-n'-More, but they could n't afford tew, the times was so hard. Tew dollars for the picter and nothing for the key. I come very nigh selling Mr. Buchanan a Go-and-Sin-n'-More, but he concleuded to wait till after his term was eout, and he'd retired into private life. If no gentleman wants a copee I 'll be going. Good bye, gentlemen; I hope by the time I come areound again you 'll all be ready to take a copy of Go-and-Sin-n'-More.' " And hereupon, Mr De Forest departed with his bundle. A few suggestions, "in this connection:" The "deefeness" claimed by our artist-divine as an excuse for leaving the ministry, could hardly have been valid for his congregation deserting *him*, if we may infer what sort of ministrations his must have been; but *he* might have been as "deefe" as a post, it seems to us, without greatly affecting his preaching. We are sorry to find that Governor Floyd had "no place for the Lord's Prayer among his Go-and-Sin-no-Mores;" sorry that the poor sewing-girls, had to decline the latter, because times were so hard; (a terrible satire, too truly "founded," we fear;) and very sorry that our worthy "President" should have found it necessary to make such a "plea in bar" of such a purchase as was tendered him. But Mr. De Forest will be areound again.

Those lovers of Art who visited the late exhibition of the Mechanics' Institute, San Francisco, will remember that at the end of the north wing there was an oil painting, by Mr. Nahl, of two sweet and gentle angel faces. These were life-like portraits of two much-loved children belonging to Capt. M. R. Roberts, both of whom "slept the sleep which knows no waking" within twenty-four hours of each other, and were conveyed together to the grave in the same

hearse. None but a bereaved parent can fully realize the extent of their loss. To such we commend the following beautiful lines, from the Providence Daily Journal:

When the baby died, we said,
With a sudden, sacred dread,
"Death, be merciful, and pass:
Leave the other!" but, alas!

While we watched, he waited there,
One foot on the golden stair,
One hand beckoning at the gate,
Till the home was desolate.

Friends say, "It is better so,
Clothed in innocence, to go:"
Say, to ease the parting pain,
That "Your loss is but their gain."

Ah! the parents think of this!
But remember more the kiss;
From the little rose-red lips,
And the print of finger-tips

Left upon a broken toy,
Will remind them how the boy
And his sister charmed the days
With their pretty winsome ways.

Only Time can give relief
To their weary, lonesome grief:
God's sweet minister of pain
Then shall sing of loss and gain.

But, "are they not all ministering spirits," who shall attend our every step in the rugged and often wearying pathway of life? Yea, verily.

If any one can put together a neater way of asking for their own than the following, from the Shasta Courier, we should like to see it done:

Per Spiritual Telegraph.—The following dialogue occurred, we reckon, between a printer after an unsuccessful collecting tour and an exceedingly-intelligent departed spirit. We print it for the benefit of about two or three hundred people, whose names we have carefully preserved in a book:

"Tell me, angelic hosts,
Ye messengers of love,
Shall suffering printers here below
Have no redress above?"

The angel hands replied—
"To us is knowledge given—
Delinquents on the printer's books
Can never enter Heaven!"

Now, if the reader don't like "grit," we do, and we confess it. But to the point. Not very long ago a young man sent us an article upon which he had evidently bestowed considerable labor; and, although it was not quite good enough for a corner in our pages, it was with some reluctance that we declined it. This vexed him somewhat—as it no doubt often does others—and he addressed to us a brief note, expressing his disappointment. Seeing the earnestness and vigor with which he wrote, we penned him a few lines privately, (he, like a sensible man, had sent us his address,) with suggestions for his improvement in the particular department in which he was defective. The reply came, which we are tempted to give to the readers of the Chair:

O——, Oct. 12th, 1858.

Dear Sir:—Your very kind letter of the 8th inst. has just been received; and I feel as though I ought to offer some apology for appearing "vexed," for I had no right to be so. I will tell you why I wrote for your Magazine at all, and then, why I wrote no better: Well, in the first place, I must acknowledge that

"Not void of hopes I came,
For who so fond, as youthful bards, of fame."

Yes, sir; I am ambitious of a literary fame. That is a plain acknowledgmen. Then I saw, somewhere, that Sir W. Scott had said, that a man with a magazine had it in his power to do a great deal for young men; I saw yours, and liked it. I liked your tone, and said to myself that you would do all you could for a young writer. I wrote, and you know with what success.

Now, sir, for the reason why I wrote no better: In the first place, I am self-educated. From ten to twenty-four (my present age) I have had to "hoe my own row through the world," and it has been full of stumps and weeds. I never went to school but very little, and I never did go to a *good* school; so that I had to *unlearn* a great deal that I learned there. I came to California in '49; but since I have been here, I have spent my liquor money for books, and my bar-room hours in reading them. But I am young yet, and my education has just commenced; so you see that I have no right to be "vexed" if my efforts do not find a place in a magazine where the graduates of Yale, Howard, Cambridge, and other institutions of learning, are contending for the laurel-wreath.

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It is true that it would be an encouragement if they did; but it is no discouragement that they do not, for I aim high, and I say to myself every day, "I *must* and *will* succeed."

If any one chooses to give me a word of encouragement, I will recollect them with gratitude to the end of my life; but I cannot be discouraged; I know that I have a memory; I know that I have reflective organs; and I know that if they are cultivated, they will grow and become strong.

I have always cultivated a disposition to look on the bright side of every thing; so that, last year, when the crops all failed around here, I laughed while others whined.

I expect to contribute my mite to your Magazine, and in years to come, perhaps, I may send something to its columns that may be acceptable to its editor and its many readers. G.

The moment the following, from the Philadelphia North American, is read, we expect the reader to enunciate the same sentiment as that which almost involuntarily escaped our lips, after we had finished reading it, namely, that it served him right!

Five Cents and a Kiss.—Some few days ago, we stated that a conductor upon the Sixth Street Railroad had kissed an attractive female passenger, the kissee submitting to the caress with all the naturalness of a kitten in pursuit of its own tail. The conductor who enjoyed this saccharine privilege, we will call Mr. Smith. Mr. Smith, having received the fare and kissed the cherry-cheeked passenger, gallantly assisted her to alight from the vehicle. As he did this, he was espied by Mr. Brown, another conductor on the same line. Mr. Brown had a brother, for whom he wanted to obtain a place, and undertook to "shovel down" Mr. Smith for this purpose. Brown then lodged a complaint with the officers of the road, and laid back to await results. Mr. Smith was accordingly brought up before a tribunal of the directors, while Brown was present as prosecutor in the case. Brown made a formidable charge against Smith, and allowed that kissing lady passengers was something altogether outside the regulations of the road. Smith, being put upon his defense, brought in the kissee, a very pretty young lady, whom he hadn't seen before for some years, at least, and who happened to be his sister! The tribunal, at this exposition of the circumstances, acquitted Mr. Smith at once, and then discharged Brown for his meanness in reporting as an outrage that which was not only natural, but commendable. Brown now wishes he had stayed out of the shoveling business and acted like a man.

TO MARY.

Though in a distant land, Mary,
'Mid strangers here I roam,
I often think of former days—
Of the bliss I knew at home.

Though now for wealth I dig, Mary,
And toil through heat and cold,
Your love to me is dearer far
Than stores of shining gold.

Though gold may make a home, Mary,
Look cheerful, bright and fair,
Yet, happiness is still unknown,
If love be wanting there.

Eager I watch the mail, Mary,
On each returning week;
Your letters alway bring you near—
I think I hear you speak.

Then do not fail to write, Mary;
Let me often hear from thee;
We can talk through every mail,
And thus often present be.

Excelsior Hill, Cal. J. J. C.

The highest mountains encounter the severest storms, and have the most sunshine. Thus it is with exalted minds and elevated perceptions: while they are more liable to feel the trials of life, they enjoy more of its pleasures.

Harsh words are like hailstones in Summer, which, if melted, would fertilize the tender plants they batter down.

As roads unite at the gate of a city, so different intents must harmonize before entering the gate of success.

Editor's Table.

THERE are times in the history of districts, as well as of nations, when passing events write their greatness and importance upon the age. It is thus with California. Ten years ago she commenced the entry of no insignificant record. Then she startled the world into a doubtful possibility that an age of gold was about to be inaugurated. Ten years ago, two men were conversing together, at Coloma, upon the probability that Australia contained as vast and as rich a field of gold as California. One of those men was Marshall, the discoverer of gold in California, and the other was Hargreaves, the discoverer of gold in Australia. That conversation led to the latter result. Ten years ago, men, in respectable numbers, began to people the almost unoccupied valleys bordering the great Pacific, and began to lay that foundation upon which the present glorious superstructure of progress is gradually arising. Ten years ago, the population of California was less than twenty-seven thousand; now it is nearly six hundred thousand. Then the whole country was an uncultivated wilderness; now its valleys are gardens of loveliness. Ten years ago, not the echo of a white man's voice resounded from the mountain and pine-topped walls of the rivers; now nearly every cañon is made vocal by the hum of human voices. Ten years ago, Solitude held supreme sway in the densely-timbered forests and fastnesses of wild beasts; now the woodman's axe and miner's pick announce that Solitude is no more. Ten years ago, electricity was unknown here as a channel for human thought; now we have nearly one thousand miles of telegraph line; and, even while we are now writing, the electric current is being taught to leap the tops of the Sierras—not at random, but under the discipline of human mind. Ten years ago, the East and the West were united only by vast desert solitudes; now lines of mail stages are becoming the means of a brighter union, and their way-stations the nucleus of sundry outposts of civilization. Ten years ago, the overland emigrant required one hundred and seventy days to reach the green valleys of the Sacramento from the Mississippi; now he can accomplish it in twenty-four, and probably in eighteen days. Ten years ago, no steamship plowed the waters of the great Pacific; now there is a fleet which puts us in a communication with old homes and new ones—the great regret is that it should be controlled by a monopoly. Ten years ago, no cities or villages, except those of the Indian, dotted the uneven landscape; now they are to be seen alike in the fertile valleys, among the rocks of the mountain streams, and on the tops of the mountains, giving out the busy hum of active life and civilization. Ten years ago, the prow of but an occasional vessel plowed the wave-crested foam of our principal harbor, San Francisco; now its annual tonnage makes it the fourth in the Union—excelled only by New York, Boston and New Orleans. Ten years ago, her exports consisted, almost exclusively, of hides and tallow, and that but in limited quantities; now her annual export of gold alone exceeds seventy millions of dollars; then add to that quicksilver, lumber, shingles, sheepskins, hides, tallow, wool, flour, oats, wheat, barley, potatoes, salmon and a hundred other articles of lesser extent and value, and we may ask, what has indeed been wrought within the last ten years? Ten years ago, but a single newspaper—and that an American (the Californian)—was published from the Gulf of California to the Polar Sea; now, in this State alone, there are nearly ninety newspapers and periodicals. Ten years ago, the only articles of manufacture, with few exceptions, were the seed-gathering and cooking baskets of the Indian; now

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we have nearly eight hundred saw, quartz and grist-mills; besides iron and brass foundries, machine shops, sugar refineries, a paper mill, soap, perfumery, furniture, safe, lock, broom, candle and cracker manufactories, and an untold number of others. These, and a thousand unmentioned causes, have united to assist California in writing her importance upon the ever-changing pages of history, and are suggestive of what she might be if her destiny were united to the East by that long-hoped-for, but too-long-delayed Atlantic and Pacific Railroad.

At a time when the public mind, throughout the Eastern States and Europe, is alive with the excitement of an active preparation for emigration to the shores of the Pacific, it becomes our duty, as a public journalist, to offer a word or two of caution and advice to those now contemplating such a step.

You are aware that the severing of social ties and the removal of family landmarks are no unimportant proceedings in your history. Many have done this to their hearts' sorrow—not so much on account of the step taken as the way in which it was done. Men left their wives and families behind them, thinking, in a few brief months, to make a fortune, and then return to share it with those they loved and had left behind them. Their absence was prolonged for years—aye, many long, long years—during which time, changes by death and other causes, far more painful than even death itself, told them, in tones of disappointment, that the way in which the step was taken was as imprudent as it was fruitful of unforeseen and joy-destroying consequences.

Their experiences should be allowed to teach you important lessons which we will mention: First, not to leave for these shores without bringing your family with you. Do not be in too great a hurry to start; but see that all your business arrangements are complete. Do not come with any other hope or expectation than to do only as well here as in the place you will leave behind you; and, if you are doing well where you are, be content to remain there. Upon arrival, take the first opportunity of obtaining honorable employment which may offer itself, or you can find. If you wish to go to the mines, first seek a spot that will be permanent, and then build you a neat little cottage, near to your mining claim, and, with those you love, be content there to live and labor for many years, in the same way as you would in any other country. Then, be frugal and economical. Gather around you such a social circle as you feel necessary for adding to your happiness. If you wish to engage in agricultural employments, and have sufficient money to buy you a farm and stock it, seek some suitable location; and then be careful not to purchase before thoroughly examining, with some well-tried friend or acquaintance, the title thereto.

If these brief remarks are attended to, we venture to say that, ere many years have rolled away, you will bless the day when you sought the shores of the Pacific as a home for yourself and your family; and be relieved from the anxieties of an older country, at the same time that a fine prospect is offered to your rising family.

To Correspondents.

L. F., Sierra.—With pleasure we accept your offer.

J. L. R.—We most cordially welcome you to our little family of contributors.

T.—Certainly—send 'em along. Did California literature allow of articles being paid for, we should be willing to give you our note (and we do n't do such things very often) for 6¼ cents—payable on the next arrival of the comet—for every acre of such "poims."

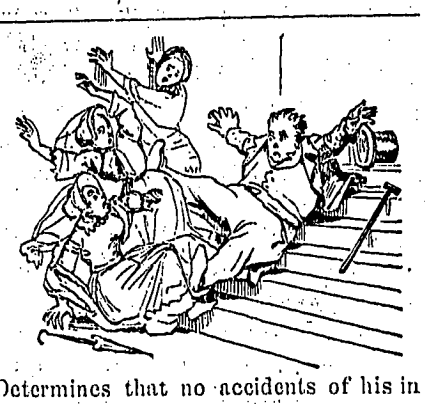
Josie.—Your "God Pity the Poor," is worthy of a noble nature, such as yours seems to be. We shall find it a corner, for we like it.

H. T., Sonora.—What! not dead yet? Why, we expected that your giant efforts in poetical literature would either have killed you long ago, or taught you common sense. There's no hope for you, we fear; but send 'em along.

THE FIRST OVERLAND MAIL HAS ARRIVED!!

The slumbers of Senator Trump are prematurely disturbed by the announcement of the arrival of the first Overland Mail—23 days 21 hours from St. Louis. He becomes excited, while making his toilet.

Satisfied of the fact, he is cut short in his intention to accost her by an uninvited introduction to a lager beer saloon; but hearing the cry of "The stage! The stage!" he rushes round the corner for a sight—and gets one.



Determines that no accidents of his in his bed-chamber shall prevent him from sharing in the joy and enthusiasm of the public, on the street. He makes a rapid, though an unusual and somewhat unpopular descent.

After regaining his equilibrium and his breath, he passes by his opinion of firemen—who are always in a hurry—to "congratulate his fellow-citizens" on the success of the Overland Mail. He mounts a vinegar cask to make a motion, and makes one.

His gallantry being wounded, as well as his back, by his unceremonious intrusion upon a company of ladies, he wishes to explain and apologise, but finds they have suddenly vanished. Wonders if that "splendid creature" yonder is one of them.

That motion, if it damped his clothes, he defied its doing the same with his patriotism; and he would celebrate that day by a few glasses of "Sparkling California," he would. His feelings becoming too great for utterance sought another channel.

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No. 132 Washington Street, between Sansome and Montgomery,

SAN FRANCISCO.

Having resolved to stand UNRIVALED in the FAMILY MEDICINE business, have agreed with the Proprietors and Agents of all the GENUINE POPULAR PATENT MEDICINES, throughout the United States, to keep us constantly supplied with a fresh and ample assortment at rates far below the usual market prices. By this arrangement we are enabled to offer for the inspection of Purchasers, the most extensive assortment of *PATENT MEDICINES, PERFUMERY, FANCY SOAPS, which can be found on the Pacific Coast.*

Also—A FULL ASSORTMENT OF ECLECTIC MEDICAL PREPARATIONS, Manufactured by WM. S. MERRELL & CO., CINCINNATI, together with a supply of *MEDICAL WORKS, PERTAINING TO THE ECLECTIC AND BOTANIC SYSTEMS OF PRACTICE.*

Dr. Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry,

FOR THE INSTANT RELIEF AND RAPID CURE OF

CONSUMPTION!

AND ALL ITS INCIPIENT SYMPTOMS, SUCH AS,

Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Croup, Influenza, Bleeding of the Lungs, Liver Affections, Pains in the Breast and Side, Night Sweats, Phthisic, Inflammation of Lungs and Throat, Whooping Cough, Asthma, and all Bronchial Affections!

☞ BEWARE OF BASE IMITATIONS!! ☜ As there are quite a number of *Counterfeit* articles bearing the name of Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry, purporting to be the "Genuine and Orignal," we therefore deem it necessary, for the protection of ourselves, and for the public good to *Caution* all persons who purchase the Balsam of Wild Cherry, to look well at the *Signature* before Buying. The "Genuine Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry," has a FAC SIMILE of the signature of Henry Wistar, M. D., Philadelphia, and Sandford & Park, on a finely executed steel engraved wrapper. Therefore, be cautious, as none can be genuine without the signature of "Sanford & Park,"

PARK & WHITE, PROPRIETORS FOR THE PACIFIC COAST,
TO WHOM ALL ORDERS SHOULD BE ADDRESSED.

SOLE AGENTS FOR

Hostetter's Celebrated Stomach Bitters,

And **BLUE LICK WATER,** receiving it direct from the Proprietor of the Blue Lick Springs, Kentucky, offering the same in quantities to suit—in bulk or bottles.