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HUTCHINGS'

CALIFORNIA

MAGAZINE



AFTER an active California life of nearly  
years, unrelieved by any absence  
its exciting scenes, your humble ser-  
viced upon a visit to Mexico, and

wish to inform the readers  
the introductory prep-  
for properly setting out  
her minutely familiar

Dec. 1858

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**TO ADVERTISERS.**

With our January Number, we propose publishing a few pages of ILLUSTRATED ADVERTISEMENTS, and would call the attention of Business Men to the advantages offered to them through our extensive circulation in every part of the State, to give prominence to their business and buildings. Mr. WENTWORTH will impart all information as to terms, &c.

HUTCHINGS & ROSENFIELD.  
CHARLES F. ROBBINS, PRINTER, COR. OF CLAY AND BATTERY STS.

CALIFORNIA  
VOL. III  
FROM

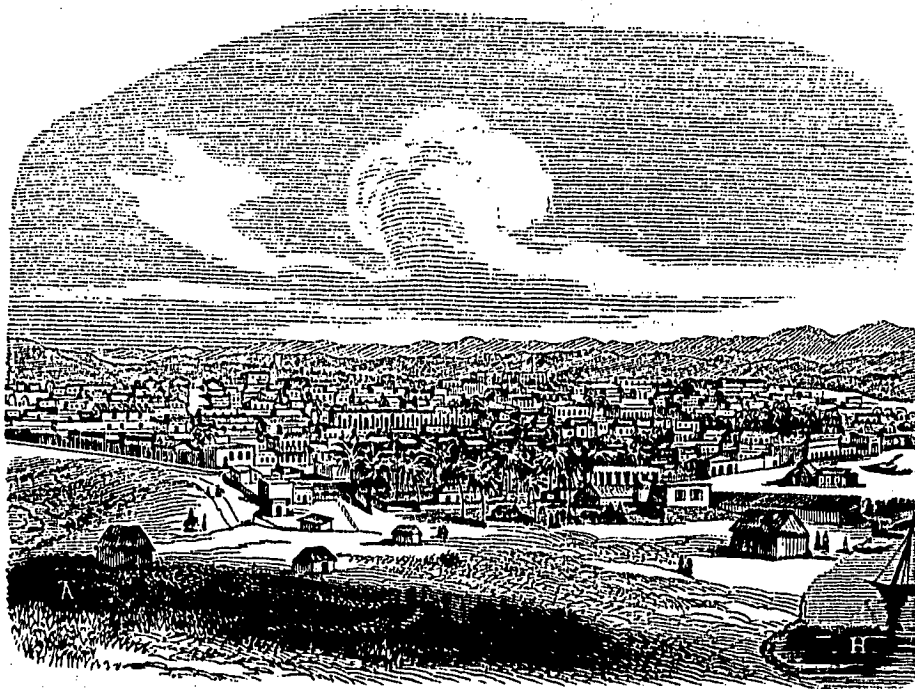


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# HUTCHINGS' CALIFORNIA MAGAZINE.

VOL. III. DECEMBER, 1858. No. 6.

FROM SAN FRANCISCO TO ONE CORNER OF MEXICO



THE CITY OF MAZATLAN, ON THE GULF OF CALIFORNIA, MEXICO.

AFTER an active California life of nearly nine years, unrelieved by any absence from its exciting scenes, your humble servant decided upon a visit to Mexico, and for purposes of recreation and observation, sought to unite business with pleasure. How he succeeded, the following pages will be the tongue to tell. Did he

wish to inform the reader in detail of all the introductory preparations necessary for properly setting out, and make him or her minutely familiar with all things appertaining to his personal appearance, or the extent and arrangement of his wardrobe, with the cut and color of his coat; the sit and shape of the identical hat

worn; the size, quality and number of his boots and hose, and the light, exactly, of his standing shirt collar, or of its particular turn-over style (*a la* Byron), such is the disposition among human bipeds now-a-days to differ in taste as well as opinion, that if every other one did not suggest that "so and so" would have looked much better, besides being so much more becoming; they would most likely have the unfeeling temerity to say that it argued a lack of good sense to parade such matters before the public eye. In that we agree; therefore to our story.

On the morning of the twentieth of April last, our gallant little schooner—Genova, Captain Domoro—after being "ready to sail to-morrow" for a couple of weeks, took her pilot on board, and quietly moving out from her berth at the wharf, as quietly dropped down the stream through the Golden Gate, and outside the "Heads" on the obbing tide, and there anchored.

Not the breath of a breeze whispered in the sails; not the rustling splash of a wave awoke an echo from the hull, for the sea was as calm as a sheltered lake, and bright as a burnished mirror; even the sea-gull, whose delight is in skimming above or riding upon the storm-tossed billow, appeared spiritless and disappointed at the peaceful quietude of the elements, as, apparently, he slept on the brine. Not a cloud cast a shadow; and but for the gently heaving bosom of the slumbering sea, the Genova would have laid

"As idle as a painted ship  
Upon a painted ocean."

But this was not to last; for, presently, the silvery smoothness of the sea was broken by a very light breeze, and by the time the sails were set, the anchor up, and the pilot discharged, we were dashing through the tiny waves at an astonishing rate.

When fairly under way upon a voyage, how naturally the heart turns to the dear and long-cherished objects of its affection that are left behind; and as one familiar land-mark after another grows less by distance, until it is finally left behind, and each dear face becomes more dear to remembrance as the gulf of separation grows wider, how earnestly does memory present them before us, as if in fear lest the image should be lost, or by absence partially effaced. Then, too, we forcibly feel that—

"We part—no matter how we part;  
There are some thoughts we utter not,  
Deep treasures in our inmost heart,  
Never revealed, and ne'er forgot!  
Why murmur at the common lot?  
We part—I speak not of the pain—  
But when shall I each lovely spot,  
And each loved face behold again?"

Our ruminations were somewhat summarily abbreviated by the appearance of a tall and awkward cabin-boy—a dark



CHICO,

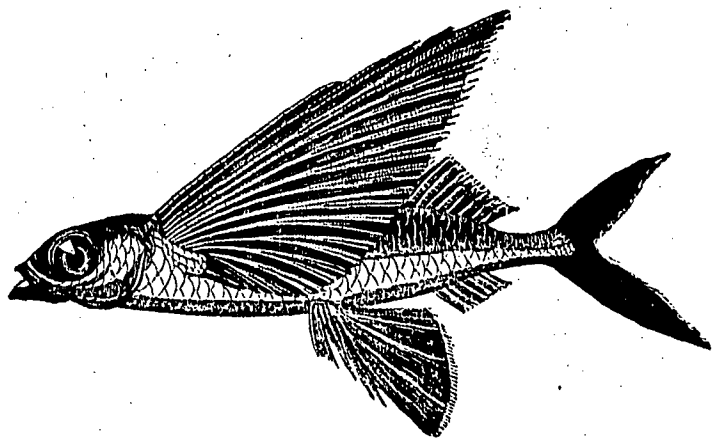
Mexican—who answered to the name of "Chico," bearing a dish of soup in one hand, and a fowl, with sundries, in the other. After depositing some of the



aforesaid articles, (on the floor first, and then) on the cabin table, Chico's head suddenly appeared just above the quarter-deck, when his mouth opened—a good, large, full-sized mouth, well adapted, no doubt by its shape and capacity, to reduce the size of oranges—and out escaped, with a kind of jerk, the cabalistic word “Comida!” (dinner) and as suddenly disappeared again.

Now, *chico*, in Spanish, means *small*, but our cabin-boy (!) thus named was the biggest hand on board, who would have stood six feet in his stockings, but he never wore any, or boots either! and was as strong in proportion—especially in the growth of his tangled and matted hair, and the smell of his clothes. It is more than probable that Chico would have made a cleanly cabin-boy, could he by any possibility have been prevailed upon to wash himself, or any article

whatever that was put upon the cabin table. One thing is tolerably certain, if uncleanness had been any part of Chico's religion he would have become a very devout worshipper; but it wasn't, as he evidently hadn't any. His duties—and they were numerous enough—seemed to consist in trimming the cabin and compass lamps, washing up dishes, glasses, cups and saucers, by wiping them with a dirty towel; laying the table-cloth by sweeping off the crumbs with the back of his hand; wiping the knives and forks (and occasionally his nose!) upon his shirt sleeve; carrying soup, or cooked, or coddled, or boiled, or baked, or fried, or dried, or stewed somethings, upon light-streaked dishes, (supposed by persons of very strong imagination to have once been white,) from the cook's galley to the cabin, and back again; grinding (and chewing) coffee, and taking care



THE FLYING FISH.

(for himself) of the claret wine bottles we industriously emptied at breakfast and dinner time.

Chico nevertheless was a useful man; for, did the waves leap over the vessel's side, (they would sometimes) and turn a somersault through the cabin skylight into the cabin, at any hour of the day or night, the musical voice of the captain could be heard shouting “Chico, Chico!”

when Chico's slow and easy voice would drawl out “S-c-e, S-c-ñ-o-r!” at the same time that he emerged from his stow-away cupboard of a berth, beneath the companion-ladder, armed with a swab half as big as himself, and which he used in silence, not even consoling himself with a low muttering grumble, until his work was done. This occurred several times during one night; so that

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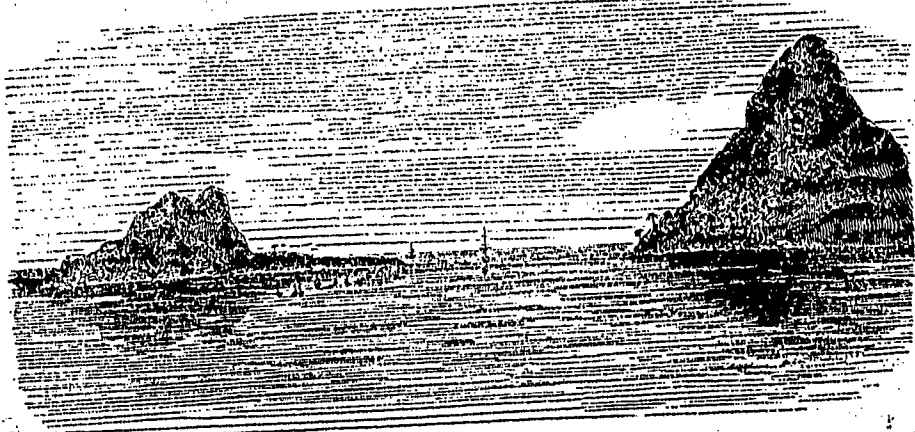
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what with this and sundry other duties, Chico was a useful man, and his situation no sinecure. Take him all in all, Chico is a character—in his way.

Our captain—but we must not be too prolix or prosy—is a sober- (almost sombre) faced and quiet Italian, (except when talking or laughing, and then his countenance is as bright as April rain, and his voice a regular gale.) He is solemn and dignified, too, (except when telling a story, and this he can do to perfection, or mimicing a would-be-great official, and then he is as jovial as you please,) and withal is a well-meaning, gentlemanly fellow, who knows and attends to his duty, and sees that others do the same.

But on, on! we dash! The wind is strong; the sails are full; the prow cuts the surging sea, and our craft is doing her best. Not an object is to be seen on the broad waste of waves that stretch to the far-off horizon; no distant sail—no "There blows a whale!" from the bluff voice of a sailor, relieves the monotonous sameness of the scene, or of the life, for the past few days. At length a solitary albatross, and then another, visits us, and keeps in our wake until we reach the tropics, then leaves us to return in the wake of some other vessel.

Now schools of flying-fish skim past us, one of the most beautiful and the most persecuted of all the finny tribe, which, chased by the dolphin, dorado, and a host of other enemies within the water, fly above to escape from them, when the tropic-bird, albatros, and numberless others, which are ever hovering near, pounce down upon them and devour them. Then dolphins are gigged to supply our breakfast-table with fresh fish, until the shadowy outline of Cape St. Lucas is visible off our larboard bow. In three days more we have crossed the Gulf of California, and the exhilarating cry of "Land ho! land ho!" gives us the welcome tidings that "El Creston," the land-mark of the port, is in sight. Soon the pilot's boat is visible, and presently is at our side, and shortly afterwards we have shot past El Cueston into the harbor of Mazatlan; and almost before we have threaded our way among the vessels there riding at anchor, the custom-house boat, with Mexican colors flying, is alongside of us and the officer is speedily on board. As no boat is allowed near a vessel until the custom-house boat with the commandant of the port, or his deputy, has departed, and consequently, as we cannot yet go ashore, while they



EL CRESTON, THE GREAT LANDMARK FOR THE PORT OF MAZATLAN.

are settling up matters in the cabin, let us look around upon the singular and beautiful view. There can be but few prettier scenes

in any part of the harbor of Mazatlan, the "El Creston" and a long line of hills to the north, the breaking of the waves, which, too, are wrecked, Venado on the picture nut trees, the huts of the like house passingly

Now let the custom-house have made the captain threaded the schooner's a crowd water, and aware of the shouldered set us to know what that is but Volunteer numbers, privilege and as of cient for select the find our Hotel Nator, who without a are good

The first signer, or is a city, protected side. The little glass hot to through ings are very glad

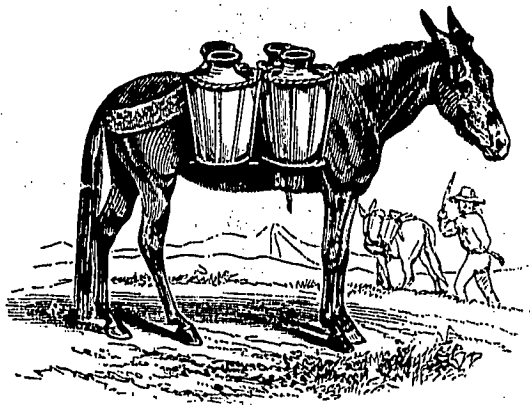
in any part of the world than in the harbor of Mazatlan. The bold El Creston, the "fort" commanding the harbor, and a long row of one-storied houses on the north; the long lines of white surf breaking on an extended sand-bar, (upon which, too, several vessels have been wrecked,) and the islands Pajaros and Venado on the south; and on the east, the picturesque palm and coconut trees, growing alike among the huts of the poor as the palace-like houses of the rich, are surpassingly beautiful.

Now let us go ashore, as the custom-house officers by this time have made all things right with the captain. After our boat has threaded its way among the small schooners at anchor to the beach, a crowd of men run into the water, and before we are scarcely aware of it they have us on their shoulders, and when they have set us down on dry land, they know what to do with the "plata" that is handed them for their services. Volunteers now muster around us in numbers, vociferously requesting the privilege of showing us to the best hotel, and as one is generally considered sufficient for so great an undertaking, we select that one, and in fifteen minutes find ourselves well provided for at the Hotel Nacional, Mons. F. Maille, proprietor, where an excellent appetite is lost without any regret, seeing that the viands are good and all well cooked.

The first impression received by a foreigner, on landing at Mazatlan, is, that it is a city of prisons, as every window is protected by strong iron bars on the outside. This is necessary no doubt, as but little glass is used, the climate being too hot to allow of it. This is apparent throughout Mexico. Most of the buildings are one-story only in height, and look very gloomy from the street; but as soon

as you enter the court-yard, almost every dwelling resembles a miniature castle—the fragrant flowers and orange blossoms with which they are adorned are no less grateful to the sense of smelling than to that of sight, agreeably surprising us.

Mazatlan is the largest and most populous Mexican city upon the Pacific Coast, with a population of nearly fourteen



MEXICAN METHOD OF CARRYING WATER.

thousand souls, and from her position commands much of the commerce, with all the drawbacks of a but poorly protected harbor (and which could be made one of the best, with but a comparatively small outlay.) Owing to its position to California, since the gold discovery, it has increased its size and population more than ten fold, and her well-built rows of business stores and houses, and well-paved streets, are no doubt in a great measure indebted to California. Money is plentiful; business is active. Most of her importations, however, are direct from Europe, and a large portion of the heavy business men are foreigners. The Mexican officials are for the most part gentlemanly and liberal-minded men, and none more so than the intelligent Commandante of this port, giving no unnecessary trouble to such foreigners as conduct themselves with propriety. Unfortunately all have not been of the lat-

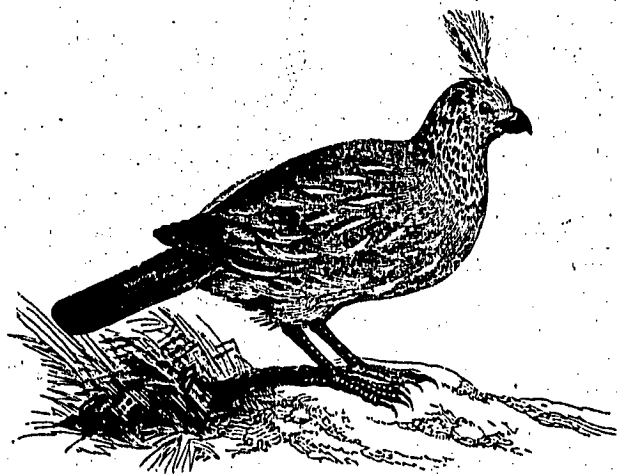
ing-fish skim past beautiful and the the finny tribe, dolphin, dorado, emies within the scape from them, lbatros, and num- are ever hovering on them and de- plins are gigger t-table with fresh y outline of Cape our larboard bow. have crossed the the exhilarating d ho!" gives us at "El Creston," ort, is in sight. yisible, and pres- nd shortly after- El Cuestion into and almost be- our way among g at anchor, the h Mexican colors s and the officer is no boat is allowed custom-house boat of the port, or his and consequently, ashore, while they



OF MAZATLAN. out few prettier scenes

ter class. Many of the usages seem to us rather ridiculous and illiberal; but that is more owing to their system of laws and government, and their perpetual civil wars, which allow them no time to join the great procession of Progress, than to the spirit with which they are carried out. These sentiments we are aware will meet with no favor with a certain class of filibustering spirits who have visited there, but we are alike indifferent to their praise or blame. We state facts. Much, however, needs, badly needs, to be changed and corrected; for instance, a light-house fee of not less than fifty dollars is charged on every vessel entering port, and there is not a single light-house from one end of the Mexican coast on the Pacific to the other! Many more, of course, might be mentioned, but we must reserve this subject for an abler pen, and a future time.

The principal exports of Mazatlan are logwood, silver, corn, and dried fruits—the latter to San Francisco; the former to the Atlantic States and Europe.



THE MEXICAN QUAIL.

Twice a week the military band plays (at night) on the Plaza; and as persons of all colors and countries assemble to hear it, in great numbers, and sit here beneath the tastefully arranged orange trees that adorn it, the scene is as sin-

gular as it is pleasing. Here, too, foreigners mostly congregate in the evening, to smoke their cigar, or cigarrito, with the natives, and each other. But we must not tarry too long here, as much has to be said about other places; and our vessel having discharged part of her cargo and received other, is ready to sail for San Blas, one hundred and eighty miles south, and we must not be left behind. Let us, therefore, go aboard.

In two and a-half days, (having nothing but light breezes and calms,) we obtain a sight of the tall, saddle-shaped mountain, and the white rock called *Penasco Blanco*, and make the port of San Blas. By Mr. Augspurg, a long resident German merchant, we are favored with a brief history and description of this place. San Blas was merely a military station under the old Spanish government. Men-of-war were here built, and afterwards found shelter in its harbor. At present it is full of sand, and accessible only to vessels of light draft and tonnage; but in those times it had

sufficient depth for the largest frigates. No commerce was allowed, and there was no commercial communication by sea with Sonora. Travelers for those distant parts were obliged to submit to a long and difficult land journey on mules or on horseback. Mazatlan did not then exist, and the only port on the western coast of Mexico, or, as it was called then, *La Nueva*

*Espana*, whose merchants were allowed continually watched and interfered with by the Spanish authorities, was Acapulco.

There, twice a year, arrived the *Nao*, to transact business, although they were a large armed vessel of the Government,

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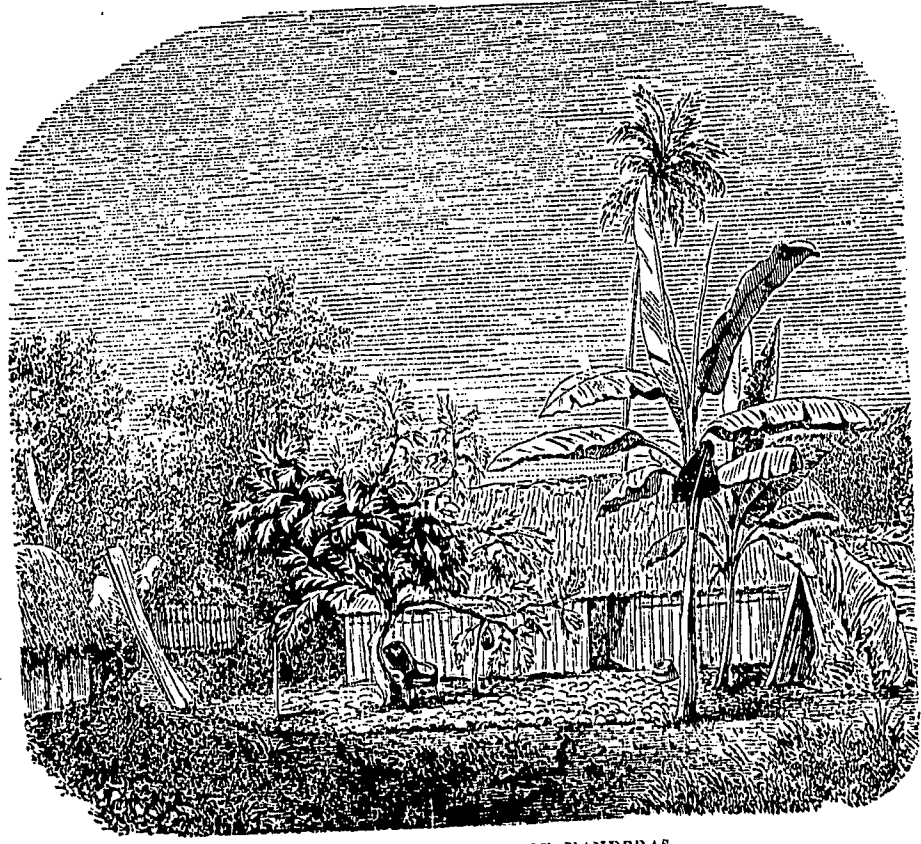
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from Manila, in which only privileged parties were allowed, under certain restrictions, to ship such goods as they had bought for the purpose in China, the East Indies, the Spanish Colonies and the Filipinas.

After the insurrection of 1810, when the customary channels of business in the interior were often obstructed, or all communication cut off with Vera Cruz,

the only port on the east coast where, formerly, European manufactures were allowed to be imported, not from the countries of production direct, but exclusively from Cadiz, and under restrictions similar to those prescribed for the Nao, a new branch of importing trade was gradually established by Spanish merchants, on the west coast. British, French and German vessels brought the produce of



CENE AT TOMATO—BAY OF BANDERAS.

their respective countries to the ship markets of the West Indies, and from thence they were taken to Panama, which, during the war of independence, became the emporium for trade on the west coast of Mexico, as well as of Southern America. Many families are still found in the Western States of Mexico, the descendants of merchants occupied in those times with the trade between Panama, Acapulco and San Blas, and

who afterwards settled in this country. This was the beginning of San Blas as a commercial port, and the last Captain General of Nueva Galicia—then the name of the present State of Jalisco—General Cruz, who at the time resided in Gurdalajara, the capital of Nuova Galicia, and died in Paris, not only allowed this trade to be carried on privately, in order to procure himself new resources, but he opened San Blas, officially, as a commer-

cial port, and Naos were permitted to come over from Manila, as formerly in Acapulco, besides the trading vessels from Panama.

Since the year 1825, San Blas has become the chief port for the State of Jalisco; but, partly from its unhealthy climate, which in September, October and November—say during the latter part and the end of the rainy season—is really morbid, and partly from other causes, of local and personal interest, it has never been able to enter into

coast. Although the climate of Manzanillo is worse still than that of San Blas, and in spite of San Blas having its Colima in Tepic—a place of about 10,000 inhabitants, twenty leagues from the coast: say about one-fourth of the distance from the port to Guadalajara—it is a fact that the trade of Mazatlan and Colima has been in actual progress; whereas, that part of the Guadalajara business which is carried on through San Blas, has remained almost stationary during the last twenty-five years. The distance from Manzanillo to Guadalajara being about the same as from San Blas to Guadalajara—say ninety leagues, approximately,—and the former port possessing considerable advantage, by the monthly calling of the American steamers from and to Panama, the import trade of Guadalajara is divided between the two ports; whereas, the silver exportation from the interior, by way of Guadalajara, is almost exclusively confined to Manzanillo.

After a brief stay at San Blas, we engaged a canoe and a couple of Mexicans to take us down the coast, as far south as the Bay of Banderas. This was a somewhat hazardous enterprise, for sometimes we were several miles from land; and, had a storm arisen, our little craft would most likely have found its way to "Davy's locker," and ourselves to the voracious stomach of some huge shark, of which there are plenty along the Mexican coast.

Thus confined in this tiny craft, with the sun pouring down its streams of solar fire upon us, protected only by the shade of a small umbrella, the heat reflected from the glassy-surfaced sea, and putting in at night to some small land-locked bight, to sleep upon the sandy shore, in three days time we arrived in safety at Chemisto, a small settlement on the Bay of Banderas, and were kindly received and comfortably domiciled in a palmtree hut.



THE MEXICAN CHICKEN VENDER.

competition with Mazatlan—which has been opened to foreign trade since 1830 or 1831—and at Colima, where, in consequence of the American blockade, in 1849, some German importing houses were established, and a pretty active business has been carried on through the port of Manzanillo—Colima being situated about twenty-five leagues from the

Those who have ever entered the Bay of Banderas, know that it is almost as much out of the world, so far as commerce and civilization is concerned, as some similar spot upon the coast of Africa. Its solitude is almost unbroken;



MEXICAN WOMEN GRINDING MAIZE ON THE *metate*—MAKING TORTILLAS AND COOKING.

but an occasional whaling or smuggling vessel ever enters it, the former for fresh water, meat and fruits, the latter to escape paying duties on goods intended for Tepic and other cities. Yet in out-of-the-way corners, all around this Bay, there are little settlements of from six to one hundred persons, who live on fruits, corn and fish. Indeed, Nature seems voluntarily to have supplied nearly all their wants. Corn is their great staple of food, and of this two crops a year are produced, with but little labor. If they require a vessel to hold water, they go into the woods and cut a gourd; if they want a cork to confine it, a corncob is broken off and inserted; if they wish a clothes-line, a wild vine is immediately cut off, and then fastened to a tree. Tobacco (and nearly all, both men and women, smoke cigaritos) is grown almost everywhere; and if they need paper with which to confine the tobacco, a husk of corn is the first material thought of.

Fish abound in every creek, and on every mile of coast. Fruit grows almost spontaneously and in great abundance. Every hillside and valley is tenanted by game-birds, called by the natives *chacha-las-cas*, and *chon-chos*, both being a species of the curaseau; the former is about the size of a full grown chicken, and the latter that of a young turkey, and each are very fine in flavor. Besides, quail, rabbit, deer, and other game, are as plentiful. No wonder then, with all these advantages, it never occurs to a Mexican that in order to accomplish anything, he must certainly set about it. "Mañana, mañana!" is the perpetual proposition—we speak of those principally who live in villages. It is our firm belief that one part of their creed is not to do anything to-day that by any possibility can be postponed until to-morrow.

After a brief stay in Chemisto, spent in hunting and fishing (and picking off *garapatas*, a species of wood-tick,) pros-

the climate of Manzanilla is more salubrious than that of San Blas, Manzanilla having its Colima distance of about 10,000 inhabitants from the coast: say of the distance from the interior—it is a fact that the distance from San Blas and Colima has been less; whereas, that part of the business which is carried on at San Blas, has remained the same during the last twenty years, the distance from Manzanilla to Guadalajara—say approximately,—and the business of crossing considerable distances, by the monthly calling of the steamer from and to Panama, Manzanilla and Guadalajara is divided into two parts; whereas, the distance from the interior, by the steamer, is almost exclusively by Manzanilla.

At San Blas, we encountered a couple of Mexicans on the coast, as far south as Banderas. This was a hazardous enterprise, for some several miles from land; but arisen, our little craft had already found its way to the bay, and ourselves to the bay, which of some huge shark, were plenty along the Mexican coast.

In this tiny craft, with its down its streams of solar rays, protected only by the shade of a umbrella, the heat reflected by the sun-surfaced sea, and put upon the sandy shore, in which we arrived in safety at our little settlement on the Bay of Banderas, and were kindly received by domiciled in a palm-

pecting and sketching; eating tortillas and frijoles, birds and fish; bathing and sleeping, we paid a visit to Temato, a pretty little village on a river of the same name, at the head of the Bay of Banderas, where Don Alphonse, our hospitable entertainer, is the patriarch and father, if not the founder, of the village. Every member of the settlement seems to be in some way related. Here every Saturday night is devoted to dancing and frolicking; but not in drinking, for not a single drop of liquor is allowed to be kept. Corn, tobacco, beans, and fruits, are here raised in considerable quantities. Here, too, the rainy season, and the coast fever, both overtook us; and we were glad to return to Chemisto. Upon our again setting foot upon this spot, we found that although we had been absent but five days, an army of land-crabs, called by the natives "cangrejos," had taken the place by storm. Every foot of ground was covered with them. Every article of clothing was half eaten up by them—land-crabs here, there, everywhere! Did we walk out, this army, numbering millions, would retreat in confusion on either side of our path; did we enter our hut, they were upon the floor, on every palm leaf that formed the side, and even climbed into the very interstices of the roof, and dropped down on our bed! Pharoah in Egypt could not have been much better supplied with frogs, in proportion, than we were with land-crabs. We were out-generated by the genus *cancer*. We were fairly beaten, vanquished; yea, conquered, by a small, purple-backed, ten-legged burrower in the sandy sea-shore, not over two and a-half inches broad! There is also another class, belonging to the same genus, which certainly amused us more than they troubled us, known as the pirate-crab. These are very unprincipled marauders; having no house of their own upon their back, they hunt among the

sea-shells on the shore until they find one about the right size for them, when they back straight into it, and march off, looking as natural as though they had grown up together. When one has worn out his house, or finds that he has grown too large for it, he starts out prospecting until he finds the one to suit him, then creeps out of the one and backs into the other. These shells being almost of all shapes, kinds, colors, and varieties, they present a very ludicrous appearance.

What with fever, land-crabs, and air, we seemed incapable of breathing, we thought it prudent to beat a retreat; but here a new difficulty presented itself. The rainy season having made its annual visit, and the usual showers having come with it, the natives were unwilling to venture to sea in a canoe; and perhaps it might be six months before any vessel would enter this Bay upon which we could leave. This was a dilemma. Sick; our medicines in San Blas; no way of getting there, or them; the rainy season upon us; in a climate that was not only sickly, but to which we were unaccustomed. Things looked rather dark just then. There is one man we shall ever remember with an overflowing and grateful heart. His name is Benino, our kind-hearted and ever-attentive host at Chemisto; for, when prostrated with the coast fever, he was ever ready to minister to our wants; and when his kindly hand was placed upon our burning brow, it was over with a gentle and sympathizing "poore Santiago." This man, though a stranger, acted as nobly as a brother could. We shall remember thee, Benino!

"It is generally darkest just before daybreak," is an old truism, and so we found it; for a Mexican gun-boat, having run short of fresh meat, had anchored within a hundred yards of our hut, on her way to San Blas. Well, we thought, who shall again doubt the hand of a

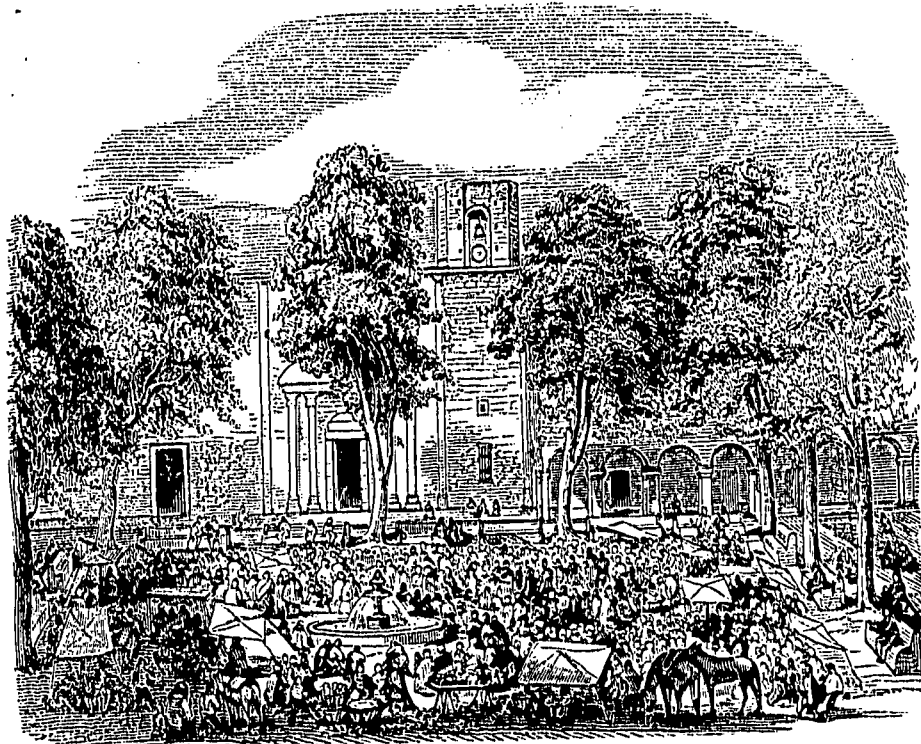


kind Providence? The commander very promptly provided us with the only comfortable place on board, giving it up with a cheerfulness that was as pleasing as it was generous. Here let us say to these of our countrymen who are apt to *look down* upon Mexicans as individuals, we have ever found them as gentlemanly, as kind-hearted, and as noble in their actions as any of our brethren.

In about two and a-half days we made the port of San Blas, and as there was

no physician, we took the advice of a German friend (also very kind to us in many ways,) and left in the stage on the following evening for Tepic.

As stage traveling in Mexico has been attended with many dangers from robbers, on the Tepic as well as on other roads, most travelers go well armed; and the stage generally starts at an uncertain hour, so as to pass the robbers, if any, somewhat by surprise. Ours left about four o'clock P. M., drawn by five



SCENE ON THE PLAZA AT TEPIC, ON SUNDAY MORNING, DURING THE ELEVATION OF THE HOST.

animals, two at the wheel, and the three leaders abreast of each other. Believe us, it was a wild scene, as we dashed through the densely timbered forests at night, with our guard mounted on the top of the stage, and holding a large, flaming torch in his hand, which he waved now on this side and now on that, as danger was expected from this or that quarter, the light gleaming upon the dark, tropical foliage of the forest as we passed. Then, too, to see the villagers, soon after dark, sitting around the fire in front of their huts in the small villages through which our road lay, the ruddy fire-light shining on their faces, was, as

common as it was, singular to us. About four o'clock the following morning, our coach rattled over the well-paved streets of Tepic, and stopped in front of the *Bola de Oro* (Golden Ball) Hotel, without any accident or interruption whatever.

The "Golden Ball Hotel" is the only one of the kind in Tepic, and that one not as well patronized as it deserves to be; for although it is as well kept, and the table is as well supplied as an American one, it is mainly supported by foreigners, the Mexicans not being an hotel-loving people. Here, although confined by fever for nearly a month, three days of which we were unable to turn in bed,

every care was taken of us by the kind hostess, Señora Hernandez, and her nephew, without any additional charge. During this time, too, we received invaluable kindnesses from Dr. Narvaez, Mr. P. Hall, and several other warm-hearted, true and ever-to-be-remembered friends. Gratefully we thank them.

Tepic is a large inland city, in a fertile and beautiful valley, about sixty miles from San Blas, and contains a population of about eleven thousand persons. The houses are, many of them, two stories high, with a court-yard and barred windows similar to those in Mazatlan.

Like most other Mexican cities, Tepic has a large and cleanly kept plaza, which, on Sunday, the great market day of the week, presents a singular and motley scene of active business occupation. At about half-past nine o'clock of the forenoon, in the midst of a perfect Babel of sounds, the church bell gives forth a solemn toll, when the discordant and noisy hum of the populace ceases in an instant, and every man, woman and child fall prostrate on their knees, with their heads uncovered; *it is the signal for the elevation of the Host!* within the church, and the stillness is as profound and unbroken as that within the depths of an untenanted forest. At the third tolling sound, they rise from their knees, and the noisy marketing begins again as vigorously as before.

The glad tidings that "the barque Sinaloa is in port at San Blas, and will sail in a few days for California," came with thrilling pleasure to the heart; and, as the stage had ceased running, a hard day's mule-back ride of sixty miles found us again among the sand-flies and mosquitos of that city. In a few days we were aboard that vessel, and sailing for San Francisco, calling at Mazatlan and Cape St. Lucas on our way; and, after a pleasant voyage of thirty-two days, arrived here in safety, feeling that although the interesting scenes we had witnessed had fully repaid us for our trouble, yet, after all, "There's no place like home."

#### THE NEGLECTED DEAD.

BY J. P. H. WENTWORTH.

YONDER, on lonely hill-side, have ye never seen that single grave, and have ye never wondered whose lifeless form rests within its lonely cell? Ah, yes! Within that lonely grave, without mar-

ble slab or written epitaph, moulders one, who, years ago, walked over the same ground, with as buoyant step as yourself, whose bosom, perhaps, heaved with the same high aspirations, yearned for loved-ones left far in the distance behind, for home and its early associations, that yours does to-day! And, encased within its walls of clay, are the remains of him for whose return a loving mother, a fond sister, have been, for years, anxiously awaiting. But, oh! he sleeps on—regardless of that mother's anxiety, heedless of that sister's heart-yearnings—for the stern messenger, Death, long since, made his summons, and away high-up in the distant mountains of California lie the remains of the unfortunate, the neglected dead! And have ye never wondered why one of the human family should thus be allowed to sleep, not even leaving a trace of the stranger-hand who gave the rude but kindly covering to the entombed? No mark, no name, no vestige; but all conjecture, a blank—oblivion! The foregoing was suggested to our mind, not long since, while traveling in the mountains, on seeing a lonely grave on the hill-side, with nothing but two sticks, one at the head the other at the foot of it. And oh! what reminiscences of the past did this call to the mind! Our mind reverted to the hearth-stone of a mother's fireside, around which were assembled on that cold winter's day, early in "forty-nine," to witness our departure from home and its loved associations—mother, father, brothers, sisters and kindly neighbors; and now, even to this late day, we are moved to tears, while, with the mind's eye, we return to that scene—the mother's farewell, the father's admonition and kind "God bless you, my son," the sister's silent kiss, and the kind old neighbors' good wishes, and those neighbors, too, who had watched us from our infancy, came to bid us a hearty good-bye and a safe return from the far-off land of gold to more genial shores. Of this number, no doubt, was the one whose neglected grave stands on yonder mountain's side, far in the North of California! He too, without doubt, left equally cherished ones, hoped then, as we do to-day, to see the privileged-time of return to all those! But, ah! the hope so long deferred sickened the heart, and, weary from long-suffering, laid all that was mortal of it down on that lonely spot, to be cared for by the kindly hand of the passing

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stranger, and winged its flight away into the beautiful, the boundless sea of futurity, where, with kindred spirits, in God's presence, it shall float from sphere to sphere, in its stage of progression, growing more beautiful unto the perfect day; for who can deny the immortality of the soul? "To die is but to be born again; and the tomb is a temple of apotheosis—a chamber, into which the seraph retires to put on its beautiful wings. See ye not yonder beautiful little flower; it with the vermilion petals, waving in the breeze, on its slender stem of gold? The butterfly lingers around it, and the bee drinks honey-dew from its crimson cup. It looks like a sweet little star just dropped from the zenith. Soon the winds of winter will shake it from its stem, and the stem, too, will lose its coating of gold, and fall down, crushed on the plain, like a withered weed! Tell me, is it dead? The yellow-haired child deems so; for there is a tear in her little blue eye, as she gazes where her pretty flower lies, like a dead beauty on her bier. Weep not bonny maiden, the fair May-queen of the morning meadows has not perished. Its electric life has crept down, and gone to sleep in its root-bed of fibrous feathers; but the first sun of April shall awake it again, and it shall come in a lovelier body, and richer robes, and its velvet lips shall again drink the silver-singing rains of the young year, and its starry-eye shall greet the everlasting light once more! Thus God renews the youth of the world! But he renews it with the incarnation of the same undying souls. How then shall matter remain and the mind perish? You star, that wanders in its elipsis, tracing a *parabola* of light on the azure *planetarium*, cannot solve the equation of its own bright curve. But my geometry can solve it, and weigh that star in scales, and determine the eccentricities of its orbit for a million years to come. And for millions of millions of ages that celestial watcher shall look down on "the new heavens and new earth;" for the Creator is not like a child, to build and tear down castles of chrysolite; and, all that while, the science of the eternal mathematics shall hold. And shall I, a spirit who can comprehend all its sublime theorems, and resolve its knottiest problems, and measure the sun, and balance all the stars;—shall I, the especial favorite of Nature and the Deity,

the darling little *one* of Creation, to whom the winds minister song, and the flowers odor, and the depths of heaven light;—I, whose thought wanders through eternity, and sounds the abysses of all space, foaming with innumerable worlds, and streaming with galaxies, like Auroras in the panorama of an Arctic sky,—say,—shall I die forever and ever, and my Father and my Sister Nature still live on?"

Thus we see that for the humblest of the neglected dead there awaits a bright, beautiful future; then weep not for loved ones lost, for in eternity there shall be a happy re-union of friends long separated.

CALIFORNIA PICTURES:

BY MRS. E. S. CONNER.

*Drawn from Life, by "Pen and Ink."*

PICTURE THE FIRST.

Eyes we have not, yet we see;  
 Tongueless, but not dumb, are we;  
 Artists are not, yet we draw  
 Pictures true, and free from flaw;  
 Straying not beyond your chair,  
 Yet we travel voyages rare;  
 'Spite of distance, wind, or weather,  
 We bring absent friends together;  
 Pardon, happiness, or woe,  
 We deny,—and we bestow:  
 Charity we oft withhold,—  
 Oft give wealth more rich than gold;  
 We can satirize the vain,  
 Censure vice in wholesome strain:  
 Thoughts that else would have no trace,  
 Find, through us, a dwelling place;  
 Joined, we labor ceaselessly;  
 But, when severed, useless we.  
 Mortals! friends! we toil for you,  
 Patient, humble, silent, true:  
 Long as ye can speak and think,  
 Love your servants, "PEN AND INK."

PROVERBIALY reckless as we Americans are said to be of human life,—phronologically, as a people, deficient in veneration,—and above all, actuated, it is supposed, in California more especially, by a thirst for gold,—for those very reasons no circumstance makes a greater impression upon the traveler in the remote mining districts, than the respect manifested for the dead. The season may be most propitious for labor,—the brown and gold-encumbered rills may be yielding their treasures,—the quartz may lie

upon the earth displaying its glittering speckles;—but if a funeral is to take place, the stream is checked; the crushing mill is silent; the pick and shovel, and pan, are laid aside; the revel and the gaming-table are deserted. Some are occupied in preparing the "house appointed for all living;" others busy themselves in the solemn offices and adornments which remind them of the customs of their far-distant homes; and one mounts his horse, and rides, perhaps twenty miles, to bring a minister, whose prayers may consecrate that lonely burial-place. No tolling bell is there to summon them; but, long before the appointed hour, the miner makes his most careful toilet, and the roughest and wildest wear an air of decent sadness. How often in the farthest mining regions does the eye behold,—either upon the heights of a snow-covered hill, or on the rugged side of a stony, deserted gorge in the mountain,—a solitary grave! It is invariably enclosed from injury by a paling,—sometimes tasteful and regular,—sometimes the rough work of unaccustomed, but friendly hands. In time those very hands may be laboring hundreds of miles away; there may be no one to answer the inquiry,—whose grave is that, yonder? His kindred may be afar off—what then? Friendship and humanity have done their office. Is it not man's destiny to be forgotten by his fellow-men? "Storied urn and animated bust," in our crowded, classical or picturesque cemeteries, in time are left, weather-stained and grass-grown, as generations after generations arise, casting their eyes of love forward towards the race springing up around them, whose images, vividly reflected upon their vision, efface the pictures of the past, which memory had faintly painted there.

Eustace Colton had left his home, his mother, his friends, and the woman he loved, to seek in California that fortune which, a few years ago, seemed the "inalienable right" of every one who visited this favored land. Possessed of only a small stipend, his mother had brought him up to the law; for two years he had impatiently struggled with the genteel starvation imposed upon too many young men, who, in our over-stocked Eastern cities, through the ranks of the "liberal" professions, while one in a hundred attains competence and fame. With a strong arm, an honest heart, a well-in-

formed mind, indomitable perseverance, and equally powerful hopefulness and buoyancy of spirits, he crossed the Plains, and arrived in California. Early and late he toiled in the mines. While his means were freely shared with all who needed, he launched into no expenses, committed no excesses. He was a universal favorite, though many were surprised at his prudence and economy, and some shrewdly guessed that a powerful secret motive alone could prompt his systematic course. He made no confidant, however, and though his companions jestingly tormented him upon the arrival of letters, which at that time was an event of vast importance, and wondered why his hard, strong hand trembled, and the blood crimsoned visibly even through his sun-burned cheek, as he pored over the missive from home, he still kept his own counsel. His laugh rung the loudest, his jest was the merriest in the group of miners as they met for social intercourse after their daily labors. Ill-success, which he occasionally encountered, damped neither his ardor nor his mirth; for, even in the lowering of the "sable cloud" of Disappointment, Hope over turned "her silver lining on the night," and brightened the gloomiest prospect.

Having gathered his little "pile," and as, in that vicinity, there were no means of obtaining comforts or even necessaries, except by long expeditions to distant settlements, he determined to turn storekeeper, and accordingly built one of those easily-constructed cabins whose muslin roofs glisten in the sun as the traveller winds round the steep hill-side. The store was soon filled with the miscellaneous stock seen in every mining camp; provisions of all kinds, saddles, miners' tools and clothing, women's gear, cooking utensils, books, stationery, colored prints, revolvers, drugs, blankets and bedding, wall-paper, cradles, (for miners, not babies,) common china, ropes, quicksilver, and window-glass, and a fair return was promised for his outlay. But Eustace was not satisfied; he labored on; close by his store arose by degrees an humble dwelling, well guarded from the storm, well sheltered from the sun. Canvas and wall-paper soon beautify a miner's home. The useful cooking stove, with all its bright appurtenances, duly landed from a mule's back, were safely deposited in their appointed places. To the window, (unusually large for a cabin

in a mining camp, a sill on which a thriving plant, inconceivably brought unimpaired, various neat (alas!) wore none which was on ground in front to future generations, well planked over, the rainy season laughed good-bye to the bachelor.

At last Eustace about to visit, he called to a well-tried care of his store, a miniature flow of improvement from his lips, around his friends fareye return, and smiles with a own.

"Bella! is it I will my struggles denial. Two debtor and an account w amidst the fie Hope still ke the waves, a wards my ha you promised honest and l make it an B wather-stain me, I know, toiling for you I know, acqu however repu tion with yo their former I argue? Be loves truly, companion, o loves, not the within,—tre not at the ru I am, take n loved; the n make a hom Bella, I have you keep yo "Eustace



in a mining camp,) Eustace affixed a wide sill on which he placed various sturdy thriving plants in flower-pots, which, by inconceivable labor and pains, had been brought uninjured in a peddler's wagon. Various neat engravings (without frames, alas!) were nailed up in the cabin parlor, which was covered by a carpet! The ground in front was laid out in reference to future gardening; the path to the stream well filled with stones, and then planked over, for comfortable passage in the rainy season, and his friends all laughed good humoredly at the "dandy bachelor."

At last Eustace announced that he was about to visit the Eastern States, imperatively called thither by circumstances. To a well-tried friend he committed the care of his store, his neat dwelling, his miniature flower garden, and his incipient improvements. Jest after jest flowed from his lips, smiles and laughter played around his mouth, when he bade his friends farewell, as one who is soon to return, and answered their inquisitive smiles with a pleasantry as light as their own.

"Bella! is this the return I am to expect? I will not enumerate my toils, my struggles, my hardships, my self-denial. Two hearts cannot stand as debtor and creditor, the one presenting an account which the other ignores. No! amidst the fiercest current of misfortune, Hope still kept me above the surface of the waves, and floated me onward towards my haven. I offer you the home you promised to share; it is humble, but honest and happy; your presence will make it an Eden. My horny hands, my weather-stained complexion have changed me, I know, but the change has come in toiling for your sake. My manners have, I know, acquired a roughness, which, however repulsive now, constant association with you will soon wear away to their former refinement. But why do I argue? Bella, the human being who loves truly, who seeks to be another's companion, consoler, and stay for life, loves, not the husk, but the golden grain within,—treasures the pearl, but cavils not at the ruggedness of the shell. As I am, take me! the man you said you loved; the man you told to go forth and make a home, and you would share it! Bella, I have fulfilled my promise; will you keep yours?"

"Eustace Colton is coming back! Ho

has arrived by the last steamer!" Such was the cry that startled the minor delving in the sluice-box, the laborer shoveling at the quartz mill, the mother whose child Eustace had found straying toward the turbulent "Fork," or for whom he had walked at midnight along the unfrequented road for the doctor from the nearest town. Young women, too, echoed the cry; the sister who had left her home to join her relatives here, and entering the rough ball-room, (where two quadrilles at least were often composed of the sterner sex alone,) alarmed at the crowd of men assembled, had looked to him for protection, escort, and society, in her novel position. A change to her indeed, from being the unnoticed sixtieth in a ball-room in the Eastern States, to become the all-sought-after amongst five others in a dance in a mining-camp. So it is; the sex itself is a passport. The rudest-mannered, the coarsest worded man assumes a neatness of appearance, a subdued, deferential bearing—the oath is suppressed, the vulgar slang omitted; the man who would grapple with a grizzly bear, softens down his harshness in a woman's presence. Let a woman's wish be known in those districts, provided she be such a woman as good men "delight to honor," she will find messengers as prompt as Ariel to do her every bidding. O woman, woman! in all lands destined to be the refiner, the purifier, the muse, almost the saint—how shouldst thou account for the Ten Talents committed to thy charge!

Eustace has returned. The store yields unheard of profits for such a retired region; the cabin brightens in the sunlight—the flowers throw out their fragrance and their blossoms. His friends merrily inquire for the bride they expected him to bring back. The laugh, louder than ever, but with a hollow sound, the jest bubbling with wit, but tinged with bitter sarcasm, is their only answer.

Eustace busied himself in his daily duties; but despondency hung over him. Did any one notice his dejection, the lively rejoinder was ready on his tongue, the flame glanced up as brightly as before, but fitfully, and died out in a moment. Time passed. One night the miners assembled around a huge wood fire which blazed in the open air, correcting the chill, which beneath that blue-star-spotted sky is but a passing breath. A steamer had arrived, and newspapers

from the Eastern States were passed from hand to hand. A miner, who had taken possession of the *Gazette*, was reading aloud, and pertinaciously enumerated the marriages and death-advertisements most likely to interest those who are absent from home. As some familiar names struck the hearers, they commented upon the news. Eustace alone was silent, although among the names he heard: "On the 16th, Bella, only daughter of Judge Wendell, to the Hon. Henry Ralston." Eustace rose, and went to his solitary cabin. Throughout the next day he was busy over papers and accounts.

"Here, Frank," said he to his most intimate friend, who had occupied his cabin during his absence, and now shared it with him, "you are an excellent calculator; run over my books with me, there's a good soul."

"Well, 'Stace, as you are your own boss, that seems superfluous," was the reply.

"No matter, we do not know what may happen. The good book says, 'in the midst of life we are in death,' and I would rather settle all my affairs."

Thus admonished, Frank complied. The accounts were balanced; a small profit remained. "Frank," said Eustace, "if anything is left, send it to my mother. My mother! Oh God! my mother!" and the reluctant tear oozed through the closed fingers of his hand as he passed it over his brow.

The next day Eustace was the gayest of the gay. In the evening his comrades looked in as usual for a friendly chat. Eustace still busied himself in arranging articles on the shelves in the store, when suddenly the report of a pistol was heard. The miners turned round, and beheld Eustace weltering in his blood. They bore him to his adjacent cabin. Night and day his friends alternately watched by him. The most eminent surgical aid was procured, but in vain. From the nature of the wound, he lingered long, but could not, or would not, assign a cause for his rash act. Once only he exclaimed, "My mother! oh my poor mother!" He died. Over the hill-top, up from the valley, along the cañon, his brethren of the pick and shovel accom-

panied him to the grave; the families in the vicinity draped their windows, closed their doors, assumed some types of mourning, and followed to the spot. The minister of God paused not to consider his right to "cast the first stone," but in humble imitation of his Divine Master, strove to "bind the bruised reed," and called on all around him to make such an hour one of solemn devotion and repentance. The soul is given to Thy hands, O God! it is for Thee alone to judge and to forgive!

In a noble mansion in the midst of a plenteous farm in New England, by the cheerful fireside, sits the wealthy and intelligent owner, whose sterile land, by judicious skill and labor, yields as much as the gold-laden earth of California. Beside him is seated a blooming matron, many years his junior. Mr. Ralston loves to hear news from California; he thinks of sending produce thither; he has just received a newspaper, and looking over the news, he reads, "Died suddenly." "Yes," he remarks, "that is the pious fraud always adopted in our country in announcing violent deaths; but stay! here is a full account of the suicide of Eustace Colton. Bless me, Bella! was he not an acquaintance of yours?" While the lady hesitated in her reply, the door opened, and two sprightly girls ran breathlessly in. "We have come home from Sunday School," cried the eldest to her step-mother, "and have been so good! so good! We have got our texts, too, for next Sunday—here they are. Mine is: 'WHATSOEVER YE WOULD THAT MEN SHOULD DO TO YOU, DO YE EVEN SO TO THEM!'" "Yes," interrupted the lisping youngest, as she flung herself into the lady's lap, "and mine is—read it, pretty mamma—'WHERE IS THY BROTHER ABEL?'"

The keystone of the moral arch which spans human life from the cradle to the grave, is faith in God, faith in His word, faith in friendship, faith in love. When one of these four corners is broken away, the others too often, sooner or later, crumble also; the stone is loosened, and the lofty pile becomes a ruin, on which, like the great city of olden time, the destroyer may gaze and weep, but gaze and weep in vain!

The wind extends to that of any larly dissim States, east of general char of Western tics, as disti the Eastern are warmer, night—cool cold not so sky clearer, quantity of cipally to the hail, snow and more constan for fair we storms,) and California re quarter degre to 42°. San Charleston, north as Pro State has the and the sun orange, the pomegranate, apple, sugar, ley, all find California.

The State, one for the Range, betw Cape Mendoc mento basin, and southern

The cause climate are position of t side of the wide Pacific current flowi Sea, bounded

## THE CLIMATE OF CALIFORNIA.

BY JOHN S. HITTELL.

THE wonderful character of California extends to its climate, which is unlike that of any other country, and particularly dissimilar to that of the American States east of the Rocky Mountains. In general character it resembles the climate of Western Europe. Its chief peculiarities, as distinguished from the climate of the Eastern States are, that the winters are warmer, the summers—especially at night—cooler, the changes from heat to cold not so great nor so frequent, the sky clearer, the atmosphere drier, the quantity of rain less, and confined principally to the winter months; thunder, hail, snow and ice much rarer, the winds more constant, (blowing from the north for fair weather and from the south for storms,) and earthquakes more frequent. California reaches through nine and a quarter degrees of latitude, from 32° 45' to 42°. San Diego being as far south as Charleston, and Crescent City as far north as Providence, most of the Golden State has the winter of South Carolina and the summer of Rhode Island. The orange, the lemon, the olive, the fig, the pomegranate, the vine, the peach, the apple, sugar, cotton, rice, wheat and barley, all find most congenial climes in California.

The State, indeed, has many climes: one for the western slope of the Coast Range, between Point Conception and Cape Mendocino; another for the Sacramento basin, and others for the northern and southern ends of the State.

The causes of these peculiarities of climate are chiefly to be found in the position of the country on the western side of the continent, bordering on the wide Pacific Ocean, washed by a warm current flowing across from the China Sea, bounded on the east by a high range

of mountains, beyond which lies a great desert, and cut up into numerous valleys by a large number of minor ranges.

*San Francisco.*

On the Coast, between 35° to 40°, there is little difference between the temperature of winter and summer. San Francisco is on the same latitude with Washington and St. Louis, but knows neither the cold winters nor the hot summers which afflict those places. Ice is rarely formed in the California metropolis, and never more than an inch in thickness, and the thermometer never stays at the freezing point 24 hours. The lowest point which it has ever reached, since 1849, is 25°; while in St. Louis it goes down to 12°, and frequently remains near that figure for many consecutive days. The lowest figures of the thermometer, at San Francisco, in January of the years '51, '52, '53, '54 and '55, were, respectively, 30°, 35°, 41°, 25° and 33°—showing that, in three Januaries out of the five, there was no ice at all; and when it fell to 25°, in '54, the weather was declared to be colder than it had ever been before, "within the memory of the oldest inhabitant." Snow sometimes falls, but, during six years' residence in the city, I do not remember to have seen the streets dressed in white.

In St. Louis the winter months rarely have a day which is really comfortable in the open air, while at least half the season is so in San Francisco, the sky being clear, the sun warm and the air gentle, so that the weather bears a strong resemblance, in temperature, to the Indian summer in the Mississippi Valley. On the other hand, the summers are cool—or cold. In November, 1854, the lowest figure reached, in San Francisco, was

47°, while in July of the same year it was 46°—showing that at no time in the former month was it so cold as at one time in the latter.

The mean temperature, in July, is 57°, 21 degrees lower than in Washington City. There are not more than a dozen days in the year when the thermometer rises above 80°—at which figure heat first begins to be oppressive—while in St. Louis and Washington there are, every year, from 60 to 90 days which reach that height. In San Francisco, again, no matter how warm the day at noon, the evenings and mornings are always cool, and blankets are necessary—at least a pair of them—as a bed covering, every night. Summer clothing is not worn by more than one person in ten; and those who wear it put it on only during the middle of the few warm days. The mean temperatures of Spring, Summer, Autumn and Winter, are 54°, 57°, 56° and 50°, respectively, showing a range of only 7 degrees between the four seasons. There is a range of two degrees more by taking the months separately—January, the coldest month, having a mean temperature of 49°, and September, the warmest, a mean of 58°. The mean of the whole year is 54°—a temperature which requires heavy woolen clothing and a vigorous constitution to feel comfortable in the open air. There is no other place in the world which is so cool in the summer, and yet so warm in the winter.

Although the mean temperature of Summer differs little from that of Winter, yet there are sometimes very warm days, which may be immediately succeeded by very cool nights. Thus, the mercury has risen to 97°, and often falls to 46° in July; and such a change of 50° might occur within twelve hours. The average range of the thermometer, in July and August, is about 20 degrees—from 50° to 70°. The persons who visit

San Francisco, during the summer, from the interior of the State, where the climate is much warmer and summer clothes are worn, are much annoyed by having to bring heavy woolen clothing with them. The editor of a Stockton paper, disgusted with the summer climate of San Francisco, expressed himself somewhat after this manner:—"You go out in the morning, shivering, notwithstanding the fact that you are dressed in heavy woolen clothing and under-clothing, and have a thick overcoat buttoned up to your throat. At 8 o'clock you unbutton two of the upper buttons; at 8:30 two more; at 9 you unbutton the coat all the way down; at 9:30 you take it off; at 10 you take off your coat and put on a summer coat; at 10:30 you take off all your woolen and put on light summer clothing; at 4 it begins to get cool; you begin to put on the woolen clothing again; by 7 o'clock your overcoat is again buttoned to the chin, and you shiver until bed-time."

The coolness of the summer is owing to the winds and fogs from the ocean. There is a strong wind blowing from the north and northwest, along the coast, during almost the whole year, and it blows strongly upon the land for several hours after 11 o'clock in the morning and after 5 in the evening, and, not unfrequently, during the whole day. In June, July and August, heavy fogs come up from the sea at 6 in the evening, and continue until 8 or 9 in the morning—extending from 10 to 15 miles into the interior. Fogs are rare in the winter, and the winds are usually not so strong, so that, in these respects, the summer is the most severe season of the year.

#### *Sacramento Basin.*

As before said, the basin of the Sacramento and the San Joaquin has a climate of its own, and its chief characteristics, as compared with the coast climate, are want of fogs, faint sea-breezes, winters 4

degrees colder than the coast, and a range of 20 degrees in the winter. The ocean winds of summer are much cooler than those of winter. In the southern portion of the Sacramento Valley, the heat is intense. The county, in which the heat is greatest, is the Sacramento. From Kern River in the Sacramento they are on the

The Sacramento for comfort during persons find San there are many Sacramento is 80 miles from Napa, 35; San Rafael, 10; intermediate in summer, accomplish the ocean. San has a delightful and cold winds sea-breeze, which every summer is necessary to the man who wishes nothing. All the the Coast Mountains Bay to Santa beautiful climate I think, compared delicious climate is no degree of



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degrees colder, and summers from 16 to 20 degrees warmer. The greater heat of summer is owing to the want of the ocean winds and fogs; the greater cold of winter is owing to the distance from the sea and the proximity of the snow-covered Sierra Nevada. While at San Francisco the thermometer usually stands at 70° in mid-day, during the summer, the heat is 16 degrees higher at Sacramento, at the very same moment; and these 16 additional degrees make a great difference in the climate of the two places. In the southern portion of the San Joaquin Valley, the heat of the summer is intense. The county Assessor of Fresno county, in his annual report for 1857, says that the mean temperature, at 3 P. M., during the summer months, is 106°. The heat is great, also, in the most northern portions of the Sacramento Valley. From Kern River to Shasta the winters, in the Sacramento basin, are colder than they are on the coast.

The Sacramento Valley is too warm for comfort during the summer, and many persons find San Francisco too cold; but there are many intermediate places. Sacramento is 80 miles from the ocean; Vacaville is 60; Suisun, 50; Bonicia, 40; Napa, 35; Sonoma, 30; Petaluma, 20; San Rafael, 10; and the climate of these intermediate places is graduated, in the summer, according to their distance from the ocean. Sonoma Valley, for instance, has a delightful climate, free from fogs and cold winds, and yet blessed with a sea-breeze, which tempers the heat of every summer day to the precise degree necessary to the perfect happiness of a man who wishes to take life easy and do nothing. All the valleys embosomed in the Coast Mountains, from Humboldt Bay to Santa Barbara, have the same beautiful climate, which in summer will, I think, compare favorably with the most delicious climate of Italy. In fact, there is no degree of warmth, from a broiling

heat to a chilling cold, which can not be found in California near the level of the sea.

The general course of the coast is going southward from North Northwest to South Southeast; but, about latitude 35°, it turns due South, and, after keeping that direction for 40 miles, makes a right angle and runs due East 80 miles. Along the southern side of this angle runs a high mountainous spur, which terminates in the corner known as Point Conception. South of this point fogs are rare, and the summers are much warmer than on the coast to the northward of it; but the sea breezes are regularly felt, and they protect the whole country, to a distance of 50 or 60 miles from the ocean, against the excessive heat which reigns in the Colorado Desert, where the coolest month is only two degrees colder than the warmest in San Francisco.

*Clearness of Sky.*

The following table shows the number of days which were "entirely clear," "cloudy," and "rainy" in 1853, '54 and '55, in Sacramento:

	1853.	1854.	1855.	Average.
Entirely clear.....	239	228	92	218
Cloudy.....	70	82	113	88
Rainy.....	50	60	60	58

The days which are clear in Sacramento are clear over the whole State south of latitude 40°, but there are many days cloudy at Sacramento which are perfectly clear in the southern part of the State. From the 1st of April till the 1st of November, there are not, in ordinary years, more than 15 cloudy days at Sacramento; and from the 1st of November till the 1st of April, half the days are clear. It often happens that weeks upon weeks in winter, and months upon months in summer, pass without a cloud being seen in the Sacramento Valley. On the coast clouds are more frequent, being blown up from the ocean; but they disappear after 10 o'clock in the morning.

*Comparison of Temperatures.*

The following table shows the mean temperature of every month and the average of the whole year at San Francisco, Benicia, Sacramento, Fort Miller, Fort Reading, Fort Yuma, and also at various places in other parts of the

world, some of them, such as Funchal, Naples, Honolulu and Mexico, being famed for the beauty and equability of their climates. In addition to the temperature, the latitude of each place is given:

PLACES.	Jan.	Feb.	Mar.	Apr.	May.	Jun.	July.	Aug.	Sept.	Oct.	Nov.	Dec.	VER- AGE.	LATITUDE.
San Francisco.....	49	51	52	55	55	56	57	57	58	57	54	51	54	37 48
Benicia.....	47	52	53	57	59	67	67	66	64	62	54	47	58	38 03
Sacramento.....	45	48	51	59	67	71	73	73	66	64	52	45	59	38 34
Fort Miller.....	47	53	56	62	68	83	90	83	76	67	55	48	66	37
Fort Reading.....	44	49	54	59	65	77	82	79	71	62	52	44	62	40 28
Fort Yuma.....	56	58	66	73	76	87	92	90	86	76	64	55	73	32 43
New York.....	31	30	38	47	57	67	73	72	66	55	45	34	51	40 37
New Orleans.....	55	58	64	70	75	81	82	82	78	70	62	55	69	29 57
Stoilacoom.....	38	40	42	48	55	60	64	63	57	52	45	39	50	47 10
London.....	37	40	42	46	53	58	62	62	57	50	44	40	49	51 29
City of Mexico.....	52	54	61	63	66	65	65	64	64	60	55	52	60	19 26
Naples.....	46	47	51	56	64	70	76	76	69	61	53	49	60	40 52
Funchal.....	60	60	62	63	64	67	70	72	72	67	64	60	65	32 38
Honolulu.....	71	72	72	74	76	77	78	79	78	76	74	73	75	21 16
Jerusalem.....	47	53	60	66	66	71	77	72	72	60	58	47	62	31 47
Canton.....	52	55	62	70	77	81	83	82	80	73	65	57	69	23 08
Nargasaki.....	43	44	50	61	69	77	80	83	78	66	53	47	62	32 45

By the study of this table we can form an excellent idea of the temperature of the different portions of the State, as compared with each other, and as compared with those of some other countries. So far as we know, San Francisco has the most equable and mildest climate in the world. Within the tropics there are, no doubt, many places which have a more equable temperature, but it is the equability of intense heat.

Funchal, on the island of Madeira, has probably the mildest climate in the world, but in equability it is inferior to San Francisco. Benicia is 30 miles from the ocean, and has a warmer summer and a colder winter than the immediate coast. Sacramento has the climate of Naples and Jerusalem throughout the year: its summer being the same as that of New York, but its winter 14 degrees warmer. Fort Reading and Nargasaki have nearly the same figures. Fort Yuma, on the

Colorado Desert, in latitude 32° 45', is warmer than New Orleans, in 29° 57'.

*Thunder-Storms.*

To a native of the Mississippi Valley, where thunder-storms are exceedingly frequent and grand, the climate of California appears very singular for the almost entire want of these great electrical convulsions. Lightning is not seen more than three or four times a year in San Francisco, and thunder is still more rare. Indeed, many persons have been here for years, and cannot say that they have ever seen the one or heard the other. During nine years' residence in the State, I have never seen a brilliant flash of lightning nor heard a loud clap of thunder. Such phenomena are sometimes witnessed high up in the mountains, but never in the valleys or in the Southern part of the State. The lightning seen at San Francisco does not ap-

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Month	Jan	Feb	Mar	Apr	May	June	July	Aug	Sept	Oct	Nov	Dec	Yearly Average	Latitude
San Francisco	56	57	57	58	57	54	51	54	57	61	64	67	57.4	37.8
Sacramento	59	60	61	62	61	58	55	58	61	65	68	71	60.8	38.5
Port Reading	67	68	69	70	69	66	63	66	69	73	76	79	69.5	39.2
Port Miller	68	69	70	71	70	67	64	67	70	74	77	80	70.5	39.8
Port Yuma	65	66	67	68	67	64	61	64	67	71	74	77	67.5	40.2
Astoria	76	77	78	79	78	75	72	75	78	82	85	88	78.5	43.5
Portland, Me.	57	58	59	60	59	56	53	56	59	63	66	69	58.5	43.5
New York City	75	76	77	78	77	74	71	74	77	81	84	87	75.5	40.7
New Orleans	55	56	57	58	57	54	51	54	57	61	64	67	57.5	29.9
St. Louis	53	54	55	56	55	52	49	52	55	59	62	65	55.5	38.6
Colorado Desert	60	61	62	63	62	59	56	59	62	66	69	72	61.5	32.5
Warmer than New Orleans	53	54	55	56	55	52	49	52	55	59	62	65	55.5	29.9

Colorado Desert, in latitude 32° 45',  
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pear over-head, but is seen only about the peak of Mount Diablo, which is 30 miles distant—so far that the thunder accompanying the lightning is either not heard at all, or is so faint that it would not be known to be thunder, were it not for the introductory flash.

*Amount of Rain.*

Nearly all the rain which falls in California falls between the 1st of November and the 1st of May. There are frequently showers in May, and sometimes in all the months of summer and autumn, but they do not last long, nor do they yield much water. The expression "rainy season" conveys to many persons the idea that an immense amount of water falls in California—that, in fact, our winters are one continual rain. I have already partly corrected this error by giving the number of clear days; I shall farther correct it by giving the following figures of the amount of rain, in inches, which falls during the four seasons, in various places in California, as compared with the amount in other States:

	Spr.	Sum.	Aut.	Win.	Total.
San Francisco	8.00	3.11	2.23	2.11	15.45
Sacramento	9.00	3.00	2.11	2.11	16.22
Port Reading	11.00	3.00	2.11	2.11	18.22
Port Miller	9.00	3.00	2.11	2.11	16.22
Port Yuma	2.00	1.00	1.00	1.00	5.00
Astoria	9.00	6.00	10.00	10.00	35.00
Portland, Me.	12.00	10.00	11.00	10.00	43.00
New York City	11.00	11.00	9.00	10.00	41.00
New Orleans	11.00	17.00	9.00	12.00	50.00
St. Louis	1.00	14.00	8.00	6.00	29.00

From this table it appears that seven times as much rain falls at San Francisco as at Port Yuma; and that twice as much rain falls at New York as at San Francisco; that the amount of rain which falls at the two places during winter and spring is about the same—the main difference being during the summer and autumn. Thus, there is more of a true rainy season at New York, St. Louis and New Orleans, during the winter, than at San Francisco; but, in the former places, the summer is a rainy season, too. The rain, however, in California does not

come in such fierce storms as visit the Atlantic States, but falls more slowly and gently. The coast above Humboldt Bay receives a far greater amount of rain than any other part of the State, and, in that respect, resembles the humid climate of Western Oregon. The rain, along the whole coast, comes from the South; and a breeze from that direction is considered a certain precursor of clouds and wet weather—while the continuance of the North wind is as certain a promise of a clear sky.

The small amount of rain and the entire want of it, during the summer, renders the climate a very dry one. During the autumn, many of the rivers sink in the sand soon after leaving the mountains in which they rise; the plains and hills are baked hard to a depth of many inches; the grass and herbage, except near springs or on swampy land, are dried up and turned brown as the earth they grow upon. It is said that the extreme dryness of the season favors the evaporation of sweat, and thus keeps the body cooler and renders the heat less oppressive than in other places where more rain falls. Evaporation is so rapid that a beefsteak hung up in the air will dry up before it can putrefy. A dead rat thrown into the street, so that its body is crushed by wagon-wheels and its viscera exposed to the air, will "dry up," and its stiff hide will lay during a whole summer in a mummified condition. The phrase "dry up" is peculiarly expressive to a Californian; in May and June, soon after the close of the rainy season, he sees the brooks, the rivers, the fields, the grass and the ditches "dry up," and with them "dry up" many of the resources of the country.

*Snow and Hail.*

Snow is rare in the valleys, and never lies more than a few days, except in the Klamath Valley. Thus, at Yreka, which

is on a plain about 2,000 feet above the level of the sea, there is usually about a month's sleighing in the course of a winter. There are several other mining towns, high up in the mountains, where the snow falls to a great depth, and lies until late in the spring. Hail-storms never occur during the summer, but sometimes in February and the spring months. There have been several occasions, during the last eight or nine years, that large pieces of ice—not to be called "hail"—have stormed down. There was such a storm at Butte Creek, in Shasta county, on the 10th of May, 1856, when balls of snow and ice, some of them weighing 12 pounds each, came down. Fortunately, the storm was confined to a small district and lasted less than half an hour. In the middle of the Sacramento Valley it has several times happened that there have been stones of hail more than an inch in diameter.

#### *Aurora Borealis.*

The Aurora Borealis is very rarely seen in California; and, as compared with its appearance in States in the same latitude, on the Atlantic side, is never brilliant.

#### *Earthquakes.*

Earthquakes will probably be proved, in time, to be electrical phenomena, and I shall include them under the head of Climate. They are very numerous in California, but rarely so severe as to do any serious damage. We hear that, twenty, fifty and seventy years ago houses were thrown down by them, but nothing of the kind has occurred, of late. We frequently have little shakes—often barely perceptible—but no person nor any substantial building has been injured by an earthquake in San Francisco, since the American conquest. Several brick houses have had their walls cracked, but these are all built on "made ground," which has been filled in within the last six

years, upon the soft, mud bottom of the bay; and the houses would have cracked—as some of them had lost their perpendicular—without the assistance of any shock. During the last ten years there has been no earthquake in San Francisco so severe as the one which visited Buffalo, N. Y., in October, 1857, as described in the American Journal of Science and Arts for September, 1858.

From 1850 to 1855, inclusive,—six years—it is reported that there were 59 earthquakes—10 a year—in the State, of which 32 were noticed in San Francisco. In the Southern part of the State, below latitude 35°, earthquakes are more frequent and severe than farther north. On the 10th of July, 1855, there was a shock in Los Angeles, which cracked the walls of twenty-six houses; but no wall was thrown down, nor was any person injured.

#### *Concluding Remarks.*

A railroad, about one hundred and eighty miles long, running nearly due East from Oakland, through Stockton and Sonora, and near the Mammoth Grove of Mariposa and the Yo-Semite Valley to the summit of the Sierra Nevada, would enable the people near the line to place themselves, every summer's day, in any tolerable degree of either heat or cold. Eighteen miles west of Oakland lies the beach of the Pacific, where a chill breeze blows without ceasing; and, going Eastward, the traveler would gradually get into a warmer clime, until in Stockton he would find the thermometer at 100°, most of the summer noons; and, going still further, he would gradually rise into the almost freezing comb of the Sierra. A branch road, running southward to Fort Yuma, would enable the traveler to enjoy almost as great a variety of climate, in a winter's day, as could be found in the other during summer.

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In closing this article, it is proper that I should acknowledge my obligations for figures used in it to "Blodget's Climatology," and to various papers published by Dr. T. M. Logan, of Sacramento, and Dr. Henry Gibbons, of Oakland.

THE MINSTREL'S FATHERLAND.

*Translated from the German of Theodore Korner.*

BY J. D. STRONG.

WHERE is the minstrel's Fatherland?

Where souls of noble sires grow,  
Where wreaths of classic beauty blow,  
Where strong and brave hearts wildly glow—  
By Freedom's holy fires fanned—  
There is my father land!

How is the minstrel's Fatherland?

Her murdered sons she now invokes—  
She weeps beneath those foreign yokes;  
She once was called the Land of Oaks—  
The Land of Freedom!—German Land!—  
Such is my Fatherland!

Why weeps the minstrel's Fatherland?

She weeps because her princes cower  
Beneath a blood-stained tyrant's power;  
Her sacred words live not an hour;  
Her wildest cries move not a hand—  
Thus weeps my Fatherland!

Whom calls the minstrel's Fatherland?

She calls on God with dying groans—  
In desperation's thund'ring tones!  
She calls on Freedom—on her sons—  
On Retribution's vengeful hand—  
These call my Fatherland!

What would the minstrel's Fatherland?

Oh! she would slay the tyrant hounds,  
And drive th' oppressor from her bounds—  
Give to her sons true Freedom's crowns—  
Or lay their bones beneath the sand—  
This would my Fatherland!

And hopes the minstrel's Fatherland?

She trusts in Freedom's holy rod,  
And in her people's sacred blood;  
She trusts the vengeance of her God!  
Nor vainly trusts His scourging hand—  
Thus hopes my Fatherland!

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## "DOINGS" OF '51.

In this sketch—which, if I succeed in crowding into it all that I now intend, will be quite lengthy—I shall endeavor to depict a few of the many trials, disappointments and sufferings to which a miner in the olden time was ever subject. It will be my good fortune, as well as pleasure, to speak of good, true, kind-hearted, generous, whole-souled friends; and it is with sincere sorrow that I shall be obliged to write of those of an opposite nature. And be it understood that I do not simply "spin a yarn;" the picture will be true to life, and perhaps there may be some who, looking upon the sketch, will recognize portions of the likeness as true to their own experience, and will be kind enough to say, "Give me your hand, old boy! 't's an o'ertrue story, for we have been there." Some, too, there are, at the present time, repairing over their hard fortune, and will tell you that "nobody ever had such luck," and, should you grant them an ear, will pour into it a perfect avalanche of disasters. Mayhap they will chance to read these lines of mine, and derive some little comfort—cold though it may be—to learn that "bad luck" was known even in the halcyon days of other times.

It will be my aim to color the picture, as I go along, with an occasional smile; and to touch it up in one or two places for a laugh; possibly you may find a spot to drop a sympathetic tear, and, if you do, let it fall for "Auld Lang Syne."

And now, with this, the first preface I ever wrote, I loose my lines from the shore of Intentions and launch forth to sail down upon the sea of Reminiscences, and, gathering from its hallowed surface tears and smiles, hopes and disappointments, will spread them out before you.

## CHAPTER FIRST

TELLS OF A TURN OF LUCK, AND INTRODUCES A GOOD OLD FRIEND.

I shall not commence to weave this fabric with the golden threads of '49 and '50; I will only shuttle them enough to say that in the fall of the latter year, I left the mines with a snug little fortune, and with the intention of wending my way homeward. Being in no particular hurry, and an opportunity offering to gratify a long-cherished desire to go around the world, I took passage in, as supercargo of, a fine clipper bark, bound to New York, *via* the Sandwich Islands and China. But, arriving at the Islands, we learned of that which induced us to change the voyage and return to San Francisco, laden with stock and produce. The profits of that trip were so flattering that I was induced to take an interest in another; and, purchasing a brig, we once more set sail, and in due time dropped anchor in the harbor of Hilo, on the coast of Hawaii; from thence we visited Oahu and the Islands to leeward, buying hogs, turkeys, fowls, sweet potatoes, onions, limes, and whatever else traffickable, whenever we could find it.

On the 9th of June, 1851, we bid farewell to Kanakadom and laid our course for the "Farallones;" but alas, for adverse winds and heavy seas, the perishable nature of onions and sweet potatoes, the folly of turkeys, the slight tenacity of hens to life; and worse yet, the uncertainty of a California market—that voyage ruined me; and after a settlement of all things concerned, I found myself standing one pleasant day in the month of July, 1851, on Long Wharf, possessed of twenty-five cents in grand cash, and with a craving for something in the pit of the stomach, having been twenty-four

hours without eating; that solitariness broke; that solitary death to like grim death. After one day's fast, I was convinced it was better to chase a cup of coffee and a pipe of tobacco; then, with something, and then down the wharf. I caught my eye caught an onsign waving of a building near the docks I read "Sons of Liberty." I entered the stairs into the office or two inquiries relative to their destination—East Indies—I entered my name "ordinary seaman" per month.

"How much did you ask the shipping agent?"

"When does the ship sail?"

In reply.

"To-morrow morning your traps down here."

"Well, if that is my advance; for necessary."

With a promise I left the office, and all, I'd have a room. My lodging place rented a room on the wharf. I went to make ready to go. Time sufficed to get my things, and the coarse woolen shirt, a dongare and knife belted my chest to the sadness wore the same crowding time. Visions of

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 supplied with fresh provisions, water,  
 and whatever else was  
 necessary for our trip.

hours without eating. I was dead sure  
 broke; that solitary quarter I had hung  
 to like grim death to a deceased African.  
 After one day's fingering of the coin I  
 was convinced it possessed not the quali-  
 ties of a nest-egg, and forthwith pur-  
 chased a cup of coffee and—a plug of  
 tobacco; then, with a firm resolve to do  
 something, and that immediately, walked  
 down the wharf. Meandering along the  
 docks my eye caught sight of an Ameri-  
 can ensign waving from the upper story  
 of a building near by, and upon its ample  
 folds I read "Seamen Wanted." Delib-  
 erately I entered the door and walked up  
 stairs into the office; after making one  
 or two inquiries regarding the ship and  
 her destination—which I learned was the  
 East Indies—I seized a pen and quickly  
 entered my name upon her articles as an  
 "ordinary seaman"—wages forty dollars  
 per month.

"How much advance do you want?"  
 asked the shipping master.

"When does the ship sail?" I asked,  
 in reply.

"To-morrow morning; you must have  
 your traps down and go on board to-  
 night."

"Well, if that's the case, I don't want  
 my advance; for I've got all the 'tin'  
 necessary."

With a promise to be down in time I  
 left the office, consoling myself that, after  
 all, I'd have a trip around the world.  
 My lodging place was with a friend who  
 rented a room on Commercial street, and  
 thither I went to overhaul my chest and  
 make ready to go on board. A very little  
 time sufficed to complete those arrange-  
 ments, and then, attired in a pair of  
 coarse woolen pants, an old cap, blue  
 shirt, a dongaree jumper, with a sheath  
 and knife bolted around it, I sat upon  
 my chest to think. How fraught with  
 sadness were those moments! how much  
 came crowding into that brief space of  
 time. Visions of the many castles I had

for years been building came before me,  
 and one after the other passed away un-  
 til nothing remained, save a dark and  
 dreary prospect, with not a single gleam  
 of sunshine to relieve the sombre aspect.  
 How hope had fallen then!—and then I  
 sat upon that chest, and—lost to all  
 the world beside myself—thought, and  
 thought, and kept on thinking, until a  
 hand was laid rather roughly upon my  
 shoulder, and a voice exclaimed:

"I'll be hanged if you're not asleep  
 with your eyes open! I've been hollow-  
 ing to you for the past five minutes.  
 Come! rouse up and hear the news."

"Hollo, Ned, you here?" said I throw-  
 ing off my lethargy and endeavoring to  
 look pleased.

"Yes, and I might as well be any-  
 where else, for all the satisfaction I got  
 out of you. I'll bet my boots that you've  
 coaxed up the blues thinking of some  
 young woman; but never mind the wo-  
 men—"trifles light as air," you know  
 the rest—they do well enough once in a  
 while, but devilish bad property for a  
 permanent investment," (and here Ned  
 shrugged his shoulders, for he spoke by  
 the look, and continued,) "I did, at one  
 time—but ha, ha, ha! what are you  
 rigged up in that way for? You look  
 like a first-rate buccaner. What a capi-  
 tal *first murderer* you'd make in a bloody  
 drama! Now don't open your mouth,  
 for if you do I know you'll say some-  
 thing wicked to me, and 't would n't be  
 fair when I've come to cheer you up.  
 If you think you are awake, I'll be seri-  
 ous and talk business. You are, are  
 you? Well, then, I have a situation for  
 you, where you can go right to work—  
 first-rate place—good pay—not much to  
 do—everything comfortable. Perhaps  
 you won't fancy the business at first; but  
 one can't expect to find all things as he  
 would prefer them; and, besides, when  
 anything better turns up, you will be at  
 liberty to take advantage of it, and —"

"Too late! too late!"

"What's too late?—what's the matter, now?"

"Your kindness, Ned. Look at this chest—and look again at my costume—I've shipped."

"When?—shipped!—where?"

"For a voyage to China, and then home. I have taken a long stride, Ned—from the cabin to the fore-castle—but, rather than loaf about this town, I'd dig clams and sell them by the quart. Had I my choice, I would go to the mines; but, with an empty purse, people are generally governed by circumstances, and make excuses in accordance; so I tell you the Fates have decided, that I shall go to sea; it's my destiny, and to-night I shall commence to fulfill it."

"Fudge!" I always thought you were a sensible fellow; don't let me lose my good opinion now; here's an opportunity to make a raise; and, when you get something ahead, you can go alone again. So don't curse and quit California; there's many a one worse off than you are. What if you have had bad luck!—everybody is more or less subject to it, and to yield and cry beaten because the fickle goddess has ceased to tickle you, tell of a very weak spirit; but I have seen too much of you to believe that your depression is more than momentary."

"I acknowledge that you have spoken well. I am not easily disheartened; but to-day the blue devils got hold of me—I could see nothing ahead—and becoming reckless, withal, went into an office and signed a ship's papers. However, I took no advance, and cannot be compelled; yet, I promised; and, although appreciating and truly thankful for your kindness, I prefer to go."

"And I prefer that you should stay; and stay you shall! You have many friends who would gladly assist you, did you but ask it; but you are, and have

been, too proud for that—yet not too proud to ship as a common sailor. Consistent, ain't it? But come along, and I'll introduce you to a streak of daylight in five minutes," and seizing my arm, he rather dragged than led me out.

Ned had been a passenger with me on my first voyage to the Islands, and returned with me on my second. He had witnessed sack after sack of decayed potatoes and onions go over the rail; he had seen fowls become dumpish, blind, and die by dozens every day; he had seen turkeys, in heavy weather, crowd together in their pens, and, suffocating each other, die. He knew that I was "broke," as we had been intimate at the Islands and on ship-board, and he, in the goodness of his heart, remembered me when on shore at San Francisco. His act was entirely disinterested—prompted by feelings of pure friendship—and the compact then sealed has never yet been broken; years have passed, and many times has he proved more than he professed—more than I had a right to expect.

#### CHAPTER SECOND.

COMMENTS UPON FRIENDSHIP, AND INTRODUCES A "HIGH OLD" FRIEND.

WHAT a holy tie is friendship! what magic in the word! How sacred 'tis, and yet how oft abused! I have had, during the past nine years, many *professed* friends, but few among the number have proven, by acts, to be worthy of the name. I could mention some whom I never think of but my heart, responding to the thought, beats high with gratitude and love; and, no matter what they may do hereafter, I shall ever think of them as they have been; I shall never forget their devotion—never cease to speak of them as noble-hearted self-sacrificing friends; and for true, disinterested friends Heaven will provide and conscience reward a thousand fold. One

who has so acted to defend against the long as I have a life to give. Some stood by me when life seemed hopeless—perished, and watched to them I am of my earnest prayer—that I may dearly I esteem thanks this hour.

But for this friendship only dence but to coated, and made of trusting a ment too severe. pass sentence, and death I two and suffer!—it ment's rest!—to toms might that all these shape of devils them; that they the bright and s them perpetual wander alone, verable as they to

The business me was that, of with install a best house. Sa those days. me, but I eled gain the comide I believe I su ment was rks was longin to for "the mnes

The steamer day, and, at u her passengers and among th figure conspic pages. Hi wa

who has so acted towards me I would defend against the world and fight for, so long as I had an arm to strike or a life to give. Some there are who have stood by me when danger threatened—when life seemed worthless and the future hopeless—assisted me when impoverished, and watched over me in sickness; to them I am eternally bound, and it is my earnest wish—my most heartfelt prayer—that I may live to prove how dearly I esteem them and how full of thanks this heart has kept.

But for those who wear the garb of friendship only to deceive—win confidence but to betray—give poison sugar-coated, and make a plaything and a tool of trusting nature—there is no punishment too severe. Were it given me to pass sentence on such an one, 'twixt life and death I would say to *live!*—to live and suffer!—live, and never know a moment's rest!—to live, that horrid phantoms might haunt them day and night—that all their evil acts might take the shape of devils and unceasingly pursue them; that they might never sleep; that the bright and sunny world might be to them perpetual hell, and that they might wander alone, with not even one as miserable as they to comfort them!

The business to which Ned introduced me was that of a hotel, and I was forthwith installed as clerk of the largest and best house San Francisco afforded in those days. 'T was something new to me, but I endeavored to feel at home and gain the confidence of my employer; and I believe I succeeded; yet the confinement was irksome; my restless spirit was longing to be free, and ever crying for "the mines."

The steamer from the East arrived one day, and, as usual, quite a number of her passengers "put up" at our house, and among them one who is destined to figure conspicuously in the succeeding pages. He was a Scotch Canadian, by

name MacLean: a man at least ten years my senior. There was nothing very remarkable about his general appearance; he looked not unlike other well-made, good-shaped men; but there were peculiarities about his face; upon his lips he ever wore a smile, and such a smile as I have since learned to feel suspicious of. His eyes were large and neither blue, black, hazel or gray, but of a sort of a compound mixture of color, and of a restless nature; the lids had a habit of drooping often and quickly at times. My first impressions were unfavorable towards him, and, although I treated him kindly, I received his advances with coolness, and of the same material erected a little bar to keep him from being too familiar; but he persevered in his desire to cultivate my acquaintance, and, with a voice toned rich and full, together with his mild and earnest manner, soon took down the icy bar, and completely won my ear and confidence.

I am now a believer in first impressions. I have proved, by taking notes, that they are in most cases correct; and if you who differ with me will do as I have done, you will think as I do. When you meet a person for the first time, take out your note-book and make a memorandum of what you opine his or her character to be. Weeks, months, perhaps years will pass, and you have become intimate; you will, when referring to your memorandum, exclaim: "Is it possible that I could have thought so! I have written this person down as one I did not care to know—as dishonorable, and as revolting in appearance—but how was I mistaken! He has proven contrary in every respect to my first impressions, and I will never trust them again." But let time go on; be not in haste; you will know your subject soon enough, and as sure as you have a heart that beats, experience will teach you that *first impressions are correct*. Please pardon the



digression, and I will return to "Mac."

It was not long before we became intimate, and I am free to say I liked the man, and censured myself for doing him so much injustice at first sight. It was his intention to go to the mines, and I gave him all the information in my power regarding those sections with which I had any acquaintance; I pictured the miner's life as the most desirable of any I know, and told him how anxious I was to be again free and in the mountains; told him of the many happy days I had passed among miners, and how wildly my heart was beating with the joyful hope of being once again a soldier of the pick and shovel. He proposed that I should go with him, and that we might labor together; but, much as I wished to go, I did not think my financial condition would justify too much haste, and I reluctantly rejected his proposal. During the several weeks of his sojourn with me, he often expressed the desire that I would start out with him; and when something more than a month had passed, he told me that he had determined to leave town the next day for Sonora; "and," said he, "I regret very much that you cannot go with me; but I shall not forget you; I can not forget your oft-repeated acts of kindness to me, a stranger. I never thought I could become so much attached to any one in so short a time; but I tell you, candidly, that I admire, esteem and respect you; and, should Fortune favor me, you shall hear of it and shall share with me her bounties. As soon as I have settled down I will write to you, and just so soon as I think you will be justified in giving up your business to come where I am, I shall send for you. Will you come?"

My heart was full; for a moment I could not speak, and then, convulsively grasping his hand, I muttered: "I will."

When he was gone I felt lonely, and,

although lodging in San Francisco, my mind was continually wandering far away amid the mountains. Three weeks dragged their weary days along before a letter came. It was couched in the most friendly and affectionate terms; told of his good fortune at meeting with old acquaintances and neighbors from home, and of his extraordinary luck in mining. In conclusion it said: "And now, my dear boy, the time has come when I can prove, by demonstration, more than I ever professed; remember your promise. Meet me in the 'Long Tom Saloon' next Thursday evening."

I received the welcome missive on Monday, and Tuesday afternoon I left San Francisco on the boat for Stockton. My good friend Ned, as well as several others, tried and true, were on the wharf, and sent me a good-bye as the steamer paddled away.

What a happy thrill goes through one when, as the vessel sails into the stream, or as the cars leave the depot, we catch the last glimpse of familiar faces that come to see us off! What a glorious sensation it is to think that at our journey's end we shall meet with those who are expecting us, and that we shall feel their friendly grasp send sweet emotions to the heart! How delightful it is to be happy, particularly when we feel that our happiness emanates from some good act of our own; and so I felt that evening; my heart was full to bursting, and I was selfish, too. I wanted the happiness all my own; there were too many in the cabin; I did not want to talk or be talked to. I was swelling all over with joy, for was I not going to my fortune? was I not going to meet my now but much-loved friend? Had not my best and truest friends come down to the boat and laden me with good wishes—sending me off with a "God-speed" and pleasant smiles? I walked from the cabin to the after-deck; the cool air

played refreshing  
the stars seemed  
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THE CHAMBER

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played refreshingly upon my forehead: the stars seemed to twinkle more brightly than ever, while the tranquil moon shone sweetly down. I leaned upon the rail and saw the white foam go dashing by. I was alone, and with my swelling heart I watched it as it hissed and bubbled along; and there I sat and thought. A straggling tear came coursing down my cheek. 'T was but the answer to a question I had asked myself: What if all this happiness of mine should prove to be but foam? It was only that—nothing more. The answer was the tear. Hastily I brushed it away, and exclaiming, half to myself and half aloud: "'T is false!" hurried to my berth. When I awoke, the next morning, I looked upon the city of Stockton.

[To be Continued.]

THE CHAMBER WHERE MY MOTHER DIED.

Oh, still preserve it! Do not move  
One relic from that room of love;  
For oh! it is a sacred spot—  
Dear to my heart and ne'er forgot.  
The very hangings, dim and old,  
To me a thousand tales have told;  
And e'en the faded tapestry  
Still speaks in many a tone to me.  
'T is dearer far than all beside—  
That chamber where my mother died!

There, there she loved me—there her eye  
Looked smiles on me that cannot die—  
There, by her side, I sat at even,  
And in her glance there was a heaven  
Of joy and gladness 'round me shed,  
As lingers 'round the holy dead!

There hangs her portrait on the wall—  
Oh! how does it each look recall!—  
Her eye—her smile—her placid brow—  
They linger yet—they're with me now—  
Her scattered locks—her faded form—  
Bowed by the strength of many a storm;  
For, 'neath the Chastener's dreadful rod,  
She soared, on angels' wings, to God!

There stands her easy chair, beside  
The couch on which she calmly died.  
Her book is open on the stand;  
Her name is there—'tis by her hand—  
Her fingers wrought the canopy;  
The ottoman and all I see  
Bear some memorial of her hand—  
Now working in the angels' land.

O! still preserve it! do not move  
One relic from that room I love!  
'T is dear to me—'tis near by ties  
Link'd with a thousand memories,  
Which Time or Death can ne'er divide—  
The chamber where my Mother died.

G. T. S.

WILD FLOWER: THE PRIDE OF THE OIL-WAUKEES.

CHAPTER FOURTH.

This female, whom our heroes found among the Indians, was a most beautiful creature, and, in the language of one of the boys—which we quote from his journal, kept by him during their captivity and residence among the Indians—"she looked like a being of some fairer and brighter world than this, moving about among those savages with such a queen-like air, and her long, dark hair flowing in such wild profusion about her shoulders. She was of medium height, with a well-formed bust, a slender waist and an elastic step, which is not common among the Indians, and which was satisfactory evidence that she was of other blood than that of the red-skinned children of the forest."

The Indians with whom she lived seemed to reverence her, for, whenever she spoke, all took notice of what she said. She did not have to perform any of the drudgery which all the female portion have to do among the Indians; but she sat in the wigwam of the chief, gave her commands, and they were obeyed. Joe endeavored to find out her past history, but she would give him no satisfac-

tion, as she said she knew nothing of her parentage, except what her adopted father—the chief—had told her: that she was his child, and that all his people called her *Wild Flower, the Pride of the Oh-Waukees*. The chief said the Great Spirit had sent her among them, as a guardian angel, to watch over them—to see that they were good Indians—so they might inherit the beautiful hunting-grounds far beyond the skies, where the flowers never fade nor wintry blasts come, but where they hunt on the banks of sparkling streams, where the sun never goes down and the deer and antelope are plenty, and where all good Indians, with their bows and arrows, should rest secure forever in eternal bliss.

Wild Flower deeply sympathized with the prisoners, and more particularly with Joe, he knew not why, unless it was because he could converse with her; but there was a peculiar emotion thrilled his very soul whenever she came near him, or when he looked into those large, beautiful eyes, which were so full of expression. He loved her, and he knew not why, for he did not feel as though he would be happy in claiming her as his bride; yet he was happy in her presence and wished to see her placed in a position more becoming her appearance than among those savages in the mountains. She would come to him at the hour of midnight, when all was hushed in death-like stillness, and inquire if the cords that he was bound with were painful, and, if so, relieve him. Yet she did not attempt to let him loose, for that was not her mode of getting the prisoners free; but she told him to be patient, and she would use her influence to get them all set free. She told him that if there was only her own people to deal with there need be no fear, but that they were only dwelling with another tribe for a short time, and that their home was on the head waters of the Colorado, many miles

distant, whither they should soon return. Joe communicated this intelligence to the other boys, which gave them some hope of their escape from the horrible death by burning.

As soon as Wild Flower learned the decision of the council, she went to the chief of her people and asked him to use his influence to call the council together again, as she had something of importance to say to them. That night the council re-assembled to hear what Wild Flower had to say.

Here we must be permitted to make a few extracts from the journal of one of the boys, and to which we are indebted for the most interesting portion of our story.

"Wild Flower came into the council and all eyes were turned upon her; not a whisper was heard; and, as she walked into the center of the circle, the light from the council-fire reflected upon her countenance, and I never, before nor since, beheld so charming a being. I thought earth could not be her abiding place, for there was an expression upon her countenance which was lovely beyond description. Her eyes were sparkling with the fire of determination. She gazed for a moment upon those around her, and then pointed towards Heaven, saying:

"Behold, my dear brethren! The Great Spirit has impressed upon my heart sympathy for these pale-faces here before us, confined as prisoners, and now condemned to burn; and, as one of them tells me, they came from a far-off land, not to injure the red man or disturb his hunting-grounds, but after what they call *gold*, which they were getting when they were taken prisoners by our band of warriors. If we take the lives of these pale-faces, the Great Spirit will be angry with us, and our hunters shall go forth and come back without any meat; for our hunting-grounds shall

be without the deer and the acorns shall we will have displea

"My brethren as the representative not to take the lives but let them go for pale-faced brethren home, across the b

"My brethren what I have said the Great Spirit; truly when she says be angry if you take pale-faces. I love I do not wish to be angry with them, and I have given you the Spirit gave my heart

"There was a white the dark member Wild Flower took arose and reversed same time giving sanctioned almost tribes, for they were displeasure of Wil

The prisoners were set free, and from captors began to ship towards them remained the more so they concluded week or so, as the excursion coming wished to participate over a week, and of game of all much as they could and hung the they could get it

When they returned and Len enjoying become more ready for he began to them; but he was Frank, however,

be without the deer and the antelope, and the acorns shall come no more—for we will have displeased the Great Spirit.

“My brethren: I call upon you, as the representative of the Great Spirit, not to take the lives of these pale-faces; but let them go free to return to their pale-faced brethren in their far-distant home, across the big waters.

“My brethren: take warning by what I have said, and do not displease the Great Spirit; for Wild Flower speaks truly when she says the Great Spirit will be angry if you take the lives of these pale-faces. I love all my brethren, and I do not wish to see the Great Spirit angry with them, and see them go mourning about, with no meat or acorns to eat. I have given you the warning the Great Spirit gave my heart—will you believe?”

“There was a visible sensation among the dark members of the council when Wild Flower took her seat. The chief arose and reversed the decision, at the same time giving his reasons, which were sanctioned almost unanimously by both tribes, for they were afraid to incur the displeasure of Wild Flower.”

The prisoners were then unbound and set free, and from that moment their captors began to show signs of friendship towards them. The longer they remained the more friendly they became; so they concluded to remain with them a week or so, as there was a hunting excursion coming off, and Joe and Elie wished to participate. They were gone over a week, and killed a large quantity of game of all kinds, brought home as much as they could conveniently carry, and hung the remainder on a tree, so they could get it at some future time.

When they returned they found Frank and Len enjoying themselves. Len had become more reconciled to the “Injins,” for he began to have more confidence in them; but he was still anxious to return. Frank, however, had become so perfectly

charmed with Wild Flower that it was evident he did not care about leaving. Frank had got so he could converse with her enough to make it interesting, and they often wandered alone from the village over the hills and through the green shady bowers, gathering flowers. It was an easy matter to discern that love had taken a deep hold upon both, which was marked in every action between them.

The day was finally appointed for their departure, and the chief promised to send some of the warriors to pilot them over the mountains and show them the trail to the valley. When Frank learned that the boys were determined to leave, he told them that he could never part with Wild Flower, as all his future hopes of happiness were centered in her, and without her society this world would have no charms for him; that he was going to marry her according to the custom of the Indians. It was now made known to them, for the first time, that the chief had given his consent to the marriage of his adopted daughter to Frank, that he should become second in power among his people, and that they had a beautiful home in the valley, washed by the waters of the Colorado, where the buffalo roamed in countless numbers over the green-carpeted earth; where flowers of every hue bloomed spontaneously, and the birds sang so sweetly—there, on the banks of that romantic stream, Wild Flower told Frank that she would wander with him through the long summer’s day, and at dowy eve they would return to their wigwam, and watch the moon climb the highest mountain peak, and send her pale rays dancing through the valley. Such were the inducements offered to him by Wild Flower. Combined with her matchless charms, it was too much for him, and he yielded—bidding adieu to all the luxuries of a civilized home to dwell in the forest with one of Nature’s children.

It was determined that Frank and Wild Flower should get married before the boys started for the valley, as Elie had never seen an Indian wedding, and for a description of it we are indebted to the journal from which we have already made some extracts.

"Next evening, 'at twilight's last gleaming,' was appointed for the wedding. The time came around, the council wigwam was the place designated for the ceremonies, and they had a pile of dry pine brush, ready to build a fire to dance by after the wedding was over. It is strange, but none the less true, that these untutored savages have marriage ceremonies more strict and more revered, if possible, than the most refined nation upon the civilized globe. The females are more chaste, as a general thing, and the penalty for adultery more severe than those of the civilized portion of humanity. If one of the females is found guilty of the act, both of her ears are cut off and she is forever afterwards compelled to do the drudgery of the tribe. Everything being in readiness, the ceremony was commenced. The fire in the center of the council room was lighted, for it had become dark; the chief took Wild Flower into the centre of the ring, and Frank stepped in by her side, dressed in full Indian costume, with his hair shaved close, with the exception of the back part of his head. A buffalo robe was thrown around his shoulders, and he had on a pair of deer-skin leggins. Around his waist was a belt, and in it a tomahawk made of stone. His cheeks were painted red with some kind of root. On his head was a band made of rawhide, and in that band was the tail of a fox, which denoted that he had become second in power to the chief, as he was going to marry the chief's adopted daughter, Wild Flower, the Pride of the Oh-Waukees.

"Niniaven, the intended bride, was

dressed beautifully for a child of the forest. She had on a skirt which came just below her knees, made of the skin of a fawn, fastened about her slender waist; the bottom being fringed with the feathers of a bird. On her head was a wreath of pine sprigs, neatly twined together, and in which was a feather of the richest hue, that hung most gracefully down by her side. In her bosom was a bunch of lilies, and immediately over them, in the form of a crescent, was a bunch of flowers; but the most beautiful and attractive part of her dress was a long, flowing robe, or what we would call a scarf, thrown across her shoulders, and which fell gracefully by her side. It was made of pieces taken from the breasts of wild ducks, intermingled with those of the white swan, and there was not a piece in it longer than the palm of your hand, yet it was so ingeniously put together you could scarcely tell but that it was all in one. There she was, by the side of her intended lord, in her virgin purity—the simple child of the forest; with a mind free from all the impurities of a wayward world; a heart as innocent as the unfledged dove; eyes as sparkling as the morning star, and her brow garlanded by young years' sweetest bloom—for she was only about sixteen years of age.

"How many a city belle might have looked upon her and learned a lesson of innocence and purity! In her you might behold nature in its most perfect state—unalloyed by selfishness or deceit—by painting and frimping for the purpose of deceiving some unsuspecting fellow. Before the chief commenced to pronounce the ceremony he took some clear water in a wooden bowl and sprinkled Frank's head, baptizing him in the Indian faith, and then pronounced them joined together by the consent and sanction of the tribe of Oh-Waukees and by the will of the Great Spirit.

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children, for the Great Spirit was ever near them, and if they pleased Him while here below, he had prepared for them, beyond the skies, a better hunting-ground for them to inherit. After the wedding ceremonies were over, a dance commenced, which was kept up till early morn, and in which all took a part."

We shall continue our extracts, for the purpose of giving a minute description of the parting scene between the boys, which must have been truly interesting, for there is no class of persons who ever became so much attached to each other as the miners in the early days of California. The journal which has been placed at our disposal contains many interesting incidents of '49 and '50, aside from the extracts which we make to keep up the thread of our story; but to the extracts:

"Next morning the sun came peeping over the snow-capped mountains in the East, and shed its exhilarating rays over the hills and valleys, making it a lovely morning. I took Frank by the arm and asked him to take a walk with me, as I had something of importance to say to him before we parted, for I never expected to see him again, and I thought perhaps I might see his friends, should I ever return to the Atlantic States.

"Frank," said I, "are you willing to relinquish your home in the States, and take up your residence in the wilderness, among the Indians?"

"Why do you ask me such a question, when you know the life I have now chosen is a voluntary one? I could dwell in the deserts of Arabia, were it possible, with that charming creature by my side; for I ask no happier boon on earth than to dwell within the light of those eyes, the reflection of which will gild my pathway to the tomb."

"Frank, I must admit that she is the most beautiful being I ever beheld; but a home in the wilderness would not suit

me. Can you not prevail upon her to go with you to the Atlantic States? for I believe, with a little experience in society, she would make one of the brightest stars in the galaxy of the fashionable world."

"I have used my utmost endeavors to get her to go home with me, but all to no purpose, for she will not consent: and she would not marry me until I made a promise that I would remain with the Oh-Waukees in the mountains. She thinks there is something connected with her past history which she will yet find out, that will be of great importance to her future life."

"Frank, I think myself that she was born of white parents, for there is such a great contrast, in complexion and features, between her and the Indians."

"I am confident of that, and was so from the first time I saw her, and, if possible, I intend to trace up her history when we get to their home on the Colorado."

"It would be very romantic if you should find out that she was the daughter of some wealthy man, that had been stolen by the Indians while a small child."

"I should think none the more of her for being a wealthy man's daughter than I do now, a simple-hearted girl among the Indians."

"I did not think you would; I merely made the remark; for I know you have a different heart, Frank. May your journey through life with that charming bride be one of unalloyed happiness! May sorrow never darken your path as you journey on towards the shores of Time! We have been together now nearly five years, and passed through many exciting scenes, and had I an own brother, I could not love him better, or feel a deeper interest in his happiness—for you have been to me like a brother."

"Elic," said he, "I thank you for the



compliment; and I can assure you that my friendship for you has been of the warmest kind. I did hope I should see the day when you and Julia would have been married; for I should be proud to call so noble-hearted a fellow my brother; and did my father know but half the good qualities that you possess, he could not withhold his consent to your union.'

"My dear fellow, I did not presume you were going to mention that subject, one, of all others, most dear to my heart; but the last hope of ever marrying Julia has disappeared, and with it have fled my brightest anticipations of the future; for I expect she has long since forgotten me, and is now, perhaps, married to the one of her choice, who is more worthy of such a jewel, for a prince might be proud of such a prize.'

"You do not know Julia as well as I do, or you could not talk thus, for I venture she loves you as well to-day as she did when you parted; and you do her injustice when you let such thoughts enter your heart.'

"You must take into consideration the influence a father has over his only daughter, and the many wealthy suitors that throng your father's house; and she know, when I left, that I had scarcely a dollar I could call my own; all these things will have an influence upon her mind, combined with the uncertainty of my ever returning.'

"Let us pursue this subject no longer, but bear in mind what I have told you, that Julia, if still living, is true to you.'

"Frank," said I, 'give me your hand. May God bless you! and if what you have said proves true, I am the happiest man on earth!'

"Well, Elie," said Frank, 'there are none living I had rather see happy than you, and I sincerely hope your most sanguine anticipations will be realized.'

"Are you going to take Len with you?" I inquired.

"No; I don't think it would be prudent," said he, 'although I dislike to part with him, for he has been a faithful servant to me; and, while I think of it, I will give you his freedom papers, which I prepared sometime ago.'

"What shall I do with your portion of the dust which is buried near the place we were taken prisoners, provided it is there when we return?"

"Give a portion of it to Len, and keep the remainder yourself, and if I should ever come to want, I will call on you for it. Keep Len with you so long as it is agreeable; and, should you ever return to the Atlantic States, if he desires it, take him with you to the old plantation, and tell them all there that Frank has married the one of his choice, a child of the forest.'

"We returned to the village, preparatory to our departure, after feasting on venison and roast acorns. The parting scene was beyond description, and there were many tears shed. Len cried like a child when he learned that Frank was determined to go with the Indians and not return with us, and it was with many regrets I bid adieu to him, for we had been intimate friends from childhood, and a better soul never breathed than Frank Leaman."

They were nearly three days going over the mountains, and when they arrived at the bar on the river where they were taken prisoners, there were several miners at work. They told them of their adventures among the Indians, and of the beautiful female they found among them; also, of Frank's marriage to her.

Here the Indian guides left them, after receiving many presents from the boys, together with as much provisions as they wished to take with them. The boys then went to the place where they had buried their dust, and found it all safe.

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accident, which proved to be a good idea. They remained a few days on the river, and then started for the valley, accompanied by one of the miners whom they found on the river. They went to Sacramento, where they remained about a month, and, seeing a good opportunity, they went into business. Joe did not care anything about going to the States, and Elie thought he did not have enough money. He had not heard from Julia for so long that he had almost come to the conclusion to think no more about her, notwithstanding what Frank had told him, for he presumed she was married; yet he loved her better than his own soul. Elie attended to the business in Sacramento, while Joe remained in San Francisco and bought goods. Len was employed as porter in the store, which he liked much better than mining on the Klamath river.

[Concluded in our next.]

[Continued from page 226.]

### EARLY DAYS OF THE BUCKEYES: OR, LOVE AND PUGILISM.

BY DIEGO ALAMO.

Just at the very moment when Michael's farm had reached that interesting stage in its "march of improvement," when, from being a bill of expense, it had become a prolific source of profit to its owner—just at that very critical moment—the chivalrous wisacres of Great Britain and the United States must needs go to cutting each others' throats, in what historians have been pleased to denominate the war of 1812. Soon all was excitement, hurry and confusion in the hitherto quiet neighborhood of Michael Keezil. Companies and squads of raw soldiers, in military livery, with knapsacks on their backs, on which were inscribed, in glaring white paint, the mystic letters, U. S., came trooping along from the East, destined to accompany

General Hull in his memorable invasion of Canada—and more rapacious marauders never cursed the face of any peaceful country. The war was got up in a hurry, the enlistments were made in a hurry, and the consequence was, that for the first twelve months of the war, Uncle Sam's regular army was composed of the most worthless, vile, abandoned, thievish scoundrels that could be picked up in all America. Their marches through Ohio could be tracked, like the flights of African locusts, by the broad stripe of desolation they left behind them. Like their winged prototypes "they devoured every green thing!" Water-melons, musk-melons, turnips, potatoes, roasting ears,\* beans, peas,—in fact, every species of esculent vegetables that fell in their way—they appropriated to their own proper use and behoof, with the most serene indifference to the commonly received ethics regarding the rights of property. They seemed to have a marked *penchant*, as the French express it, for Mr. Keezil's fields and garden; and it was, indeed, a piteous spectacle of havoc and devastation which they left for him to contemplate. These American sons of Mars—protty sons of the God of War they were—did not confine their marauding enterprises to mere forays upon the vegetable kingdom; they had an insatiable fondness for animal food, and swine, sheep, bullocks, and even the patient and innocent milch cows, fell victims to their rapacity; and then, as if it were a good practical joke, seeing that they had left nothing in the fields and farm-yards that required the protection of fences; they made firing of them wherewith to cook their plunder. The fierce Tartars that Genghis Khan, that terrible man, once hurled in desolating

\* For the edification of the ignorant reader, it may be proper to inform him that *roasting ears* are the ears of maize, or Indian corn, in an unripe state, and which, when boiled or roasted, are very toothsome, if not wholesome.

fury upon the northern provinces of the Celestial Empire, were not a whit more dreadful, in the eyes of the timorous Chinese, than were these pretended upholders of the proud "Stars and Stripes" to Michael Keezil and his honest and unsophisticated neighbors. It was an epoch in their lives which they never forgot.

War is the pastime of princes, and a very unprofitable and silly pastime it seems to be. Just think of it! The ruling powers of two nations quarrel about some real or imaginary injury or insult which one of them insists it has received from the other. Both go industriously to work to hire all the vagabonds and loafers they can get, for seven dollars a month and their victuals and clothes, to shoot and stab other vagabonds and loafers, and to be shot and stabbed by other vagabonds and loafers, in return. Unfortunately for modern civilization, these vagabonds and loafers—these "cankers of a calm world and a long peace"—are always to be found in every civilized community; and, perhaps, it is the wisest policy, after all, to make soldiers of them, and set them to exterminating each other; and what better way can be devised to rid the world of them, than to let them loose, pell mell, to expend their fury among themselves. They thus act as mutual executioners, and save a vast amount of work to the legally-constituted hangmen and penitentiary keepers. Has this view of the subject ever before been presented to the mind of any philosopher? Doubtful.

But the war brought other calamities upon poor Michael, besides the devastation of his crops and his cattle. The surrender of General Hull, at Detroit, threw the President and his Secretary of War into a state of high excitement, if not of alarm, and they gave hurried orders to call out the Ohio militia; in other words, to drag peaceful farmers

and mechanics from their legitimate vocations, to make them food for villainous gunpowder. If war is, indeed, a silly amusement—as many men of reputed wisdom have pronounced it—the silliest feature of it, by all odds, is a compulsory militia system. An army of volunteers is an extremely pretty and efficient affair. It is composed of men who have a taste for giving and receiving blows; each one of them has a certain amount of "fight" in him, and it is proper he should give it scope and opportunity; and, therefore, a voluntarily enrolled militia is all well enough. But a drafted militia, where men are driven into the ranks like sheep, with no reference to their habits, tastes, tempers or opinions, or compelled to pay an oppressive commutation in money, is the veriest height of human absurdity. And then such officers as Heaven vouchsafes to these poor drafted militia-men! Ignorant of the art of war, ignorant of human nature and destitute of those qualities which command respect and inspire confidence, they can never become conspicuous for anything more dignified than their utter uselessness. But so it is. And so the government officials ordered out the Ohio militia, and ordered out Michael Keezil—the last man, of all on earth, under whose skin one would expect to find a soldier—kindly giving him the option of serving his country in the tonted field, or paying three hundred dollars for the privilege of staying at home. Now, if there is any one thing better calculated than anything else to disturb and bewilder the reflective faculties of a Pennsylvania Dutchman, it is to force him to decide between doing a very disagreeable thing, or paying money for not doing it. His fondness for money, however, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, controls his judgment; and, to preserve his dollars, he will consent to brave and suffer anything; for, in his estimation,

money is the only human love and the having of it is the greatest of all the horrors of war. Michael was a simple food, marching in the mud, and connected by an exasperated Texas were evils. He was three hundred dollars that he became a militiaman and he gathered laurels and tism on the bank of muddy Mississippi.

It is a misfortune that a tired reader may great one, that he has been grossly reminded of Michael's fame of Michael's to an anxious position never be signaled.

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scrambles!"

No—nothing. There is but one tant, illustrative ter, and here it is.

The night after Sandusky Plains the first time, to officer of the day ant and sergeant that his lack of affairs, and his ledge of the En him into some took especial part in the reconnoiter he was expected first to do that was the counter tersign for good was known to and officers of the directed, if he was approaching him.

money is the only legitimate object of human love; and, without it, honor, station, fame and intellect, are not worth the having. Michael Keezil decided that the horrors of war, the eating of execrable food, marching in bad weather, sleeping in the mud, and being shot and bayoneted by an exasperated English soldier, were evils less frightful than the loss of three hundred dollars. And thus it was that he became a warrior—a drafted militiaman—and marched dolefully away, to gather laurels and catch the rheumatism on the banks of the far-famed and muddy Maumee.

It is a misfortune, though perhaps the tired reader may not consider it a very great one, that history and tradition have been grossly remiss in transmitting the fame of Michael Keezil's military exploits to an anxious posterity. The world will never be regaled with recitals of his

“——— Most disastrous chances:  
Of moving accidents, by flood and field;  
Of hair-breadth 'scapes i' the imminent deadly  
breach!”

No—nothing, or very little, of this. There is but one authentic anecdote extant, illustrative of his soldierly character, and here it is:

The night after his regiment reached Sandusky Plains, it became his duty, for the first time, to act as a sentinel. The officer of the day, as well as the lieutenant and serjeant of the guard, fearing that his lack of experience in military affairs, and his rather imperfect knowledge of the English tongue, might lead him into some uncomfortable blunder, took especial pains to indoctrinate him in the recondite and delicate duties which he was expected to perform. He was first told that “GEORGE WASHINGTON” was the countersign, and that this countersign, for good and sufficient reasons, was known to nobody, except the men and officers of the guard. He was next directed, if he saw any person or persons approaching his position, to hail them

with these words: “Who comes there?” and, on a reply being made, to call out: “Advance and give the countersign!” If the countersign should be correctly given, he should let the challenged party pass; if it were not correctly given, he should pass the word for the serjeant of the guard. He was also particularly instructed, in case the challenged party did not reply, or exhibited any suspicious conduct, to fire at him, or them, without hesitation. After a great many recapitulations of the lesson, he was supposed to be *au fait*, and, in due course, was stationed at his post. The officer of the day, agreeably to the rules and regulations, went the grand rounds; immediately after each relief, accompanied by the officer and serjeant of the guard. On seeing them approach, Michael's nervous system became terribly excited, and all he could remember about his orders was the countersign and the contingency of firing. Accordingly, when the grand rounds came within good hailing distance, Michael, in a horribly sepulchral voice, bellowed out: “Who gums dare? Say Chorge Vashington dree dimes, or py Gott I shoot!” and, suiting the action to the word, without waiting a response, he blazed away, and made the officer of the day a cripple for life, with a musket ball and three buckshot in his hip. It is supposed that, after this painful exhibition of his military capabilities, Michael Keezil escaped doing guard duty during the remainder of his tour of service.

But, as all human affairs have their terminations as well as their beginning, so, also, terminated Michael's campaigning, and so, also, did the war. His farm, from neglect and the ravages of the soldiers, had assumed an aspect of woefulness that smote sorrowfully upon the heart of its proprietor.

It was then that Leonie, who had left her school and her Yankee schoolmarm,



a perfect phenomenon of knowledge and smartness in the eyes of her Dutch neighbors, began to show her sire what she was good for. She not only managed the household affairs, but astonished her father and everybody else by introducing a day-book and ledger into the house, and insisted on keeping accounts of all the incomings and outgoings of the farm.

About this time, a new and formidable trouble was sprung upon poor Michael. The commercial nabobs of the county town resolved, in their enterprising wisdom, to open a grand highway through the farm; and, as it did not square with their views to lay it out in any other than a straight line, and, as a straight line left Michael's log cabin more than a half mile distant from it, they suggested the propriety of his building a new and spacious house, immediately on the side of the proposed road, and appropriating it to the purposes of a country tavern. Michael was vastly perplexed by this proposition, but Leonie was delighted with it. Her long domiciliation with the polite burghers of the county town had obliterated many of the tastes and habits of her Dutch childhood, and established in their place a fondness for the refinements and luxuries of Yankee civilization. The log cabin in which she was born, and in which her first ten years were passed, was, in its interior arrangements, a decided type of Tulpahocken taste. Its apartments,—it had but two—like the furniture in Duke Aranza's hut, were very convenient, for each served twenty purposes. Sleeping, cooking, eating, spinning, weaving, washing, hominy-cracking, cobbling, tailoring,—in fact, everything needful to be done under a roof, except thrashing and housing cattle—were done in these two apartments. The walls, presenting the rough surfaces of the logs, very few of them denuded of their bark, with common clay thrust into the interstices, were,

for the most part, hidden under an imposing array of masculine and feminine apparel. Coats, waistcoats, trousers, gowns, petticoats, and various other habiliments, whose names modern refinement has banished from polite literature, all of home-made linen and linsey-woolsey, were suspended on pegs, around the rooms, in marvelous profusion. Here and there, where there was space for the display, the painted picture of a rampant and dangerous-looking horse, tightly held by a groom in a jockey-cap and small clothes, was conspicuously pasted, as, also, the great flaming bills of itinerant menageries, exhibiting a frightful *tout ensemble* of elephants, rhinoceroses, lions, tigers, leopards, camels, lamas, monkeys and boa-constrictors, leaving the beholder in doubt whether to quake with fear at their ferociousness, or go into raptures with the skill, taste and exquisite finish displayed by the artist who produced them. In each room a very small and unostentatious looking-glass, whose reflections—like those of very sinister and malicious people—were anything but flattering, was hung up, distorting and twisting the visage of the person consulting it into such horrible grotesqueness, that no one, with ordinary nerves, ever had the courage to take a second look into it. Now Leonie, through and by her Yankee associations, and being, very possibly, endowed with a larger and better-adjusted cerebral allotment than was fashionable among the sons and daughters of Tulpahocken, yearned for a large and commodious mansion, with smooth, white walls, into which she might introduce black walnut and cherry furniture, and even carpets, and thus make a dash at high life, commensurate with the wealth of her father; and she resolutely went to work to gratify her prodilection.

Michael Keezil, as has been heretofore hinted, was not to be easily argued into the adoption of any new and untried

phase of life. He was the subject of deserting spring, and build side, with a well infraction of an atom of his ancestor of rebellion against estimation, a v with windlass less impious, and tions and work lightning-rod, it by every true Dutchman, has most Heaven-did of human depravity ever, vanished, lucid reason, backed by the Leonie; and we convinced the wealth by talk into the spirit energy and dramatic nature up to his ears, Brickmakers—carpenters, and from early in he was kept

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This county many families of them receive tive states Sunday night



phase of life. He looked upon the project of deserting his log cabin by the spring, and building a house by the road side, with a well in the yard, as a gross infraction of an ancient and pious custom of his ancestors, and but little short of rebellion against Providence. In his estimation, a well, whether garnished with windlass or pump, was not much less impious and violative of the intentions and workings of the Deity than a lightning-rod, itself; and a lightning-rod, by every true and pious Pennsylvania Dutchman, has ever been regarded as a most Heaven-daring invention and device of human depravity. His scruples, however, vanished, one by one, before the lucid reasoning of his town friends, backed by the animated arguments of Leenie; and when he became thoroughly convinced that he would double his wealth by taking their advice, he went into the spirit of the affair with all the energy and activity of which his phlegmatic nature was capable. He was soon up to his ears in work and perplexity. Brickmakers, bricklayers, limeburners, carpenters, and hod-carriers, teased him from early morn till late at night, and he was kept in a perpetual fever of ex-

citement, answering questions he did not comprehend, running errands for things he had never heard of, making bargains for doing work of which he had not the slightest conception, and paying money for labor and materials without knowing in the least degree how much he was cheated. Leenie, however, like Cinderella's good fairy, came to his side, and made him happy by taking the management of everything upon herself. There are some people peculiarly gifted with the faculty of doing everything and controlling everybody. Without any apparent effort they succeed in having all matters in which they are interested arranged exactly as they wish. Some such a person was Leenie. Her father, without being at all conscious of the degradation, became the mere minister of her will, and carried out her plans with remarkable patience. As to her mother—she had been long considered, by both her husband and daughter, a mere nobody—(if it is not paradoxical to apply the term "nobody" to a woman of such stupendous magnitude of body)—she had nothing to say about anything, and so she sat in her great easy chair, a gigantic incarnation of docility and indifference.

[To be continued.]

## Our Social Chair.

HEALDSBURG, SONOMA Co.,  
November 8th, 1857.

EDITOR CALIFORNIA MAGAZINE:—We have had some rare fun here lately, and I must communicate it to the world, so that other people may laugh and grow fat as well as we.

This county contains among its residents many families from Missouri, and some of them preserve the customs of their native state. One of these customs is, that Sunday night is set aside, in the country,

for sparking; the beau and his sweetheart sit up alone together till midnight, or, perhaps, two o'clock; and, if his residence is far off, he does not go home that night, but has a bed set apart for him, and in the morning he stays to breakfast.

Well, there is a certain family in the interior of this county, where there was a buxom lass—whom I shall call Lydia—and she was beloved by a son of Pike—whom I shall call Job. They had long been living in the same neighborhood, and it was

pretty generally understood among their friends that they were in love with each other. But Job was bashful, and did not dare, for a long time, to "sit up" with her. At last he mustered courage, and rode over one Sunday night last summer. The father of his beloved put away his horse, and told him he must stay all night.

Job and Lydia had a spark all to themselves, and about two o'clock Job started to go up stairs to the bed arranged for him. It happened that Lydia's father then had several hired men, one of whom aspired to her hand, and looked with a very jealous eye upon Job. This fellow, for the purpose of making Job a laughing stock, knowing that the latter would come up stairs to bed after twelve o'clock, placed a board across the top of the staircase, so that when going up he would necessarily strike it with his head and throw it down. On this board was piled a great lot of old tin ware, crockery and iron ware.

The plot succeeded to admiration. Job knocked the stuff down; the racket awakened all the sleepers in the house; they all ran in terror, and in scanty garments, to see what was the matter, and when they found it was only Job going to bed after sparking Lydia, there was a guffaw that was almost as loud, and lasted considerably longer than the racket of the tin ware.

The report of the affair spread through the neighborhood, and Job was the butt for the wit of the whole community. He did not go near Lydia for several months. Happening to meet her father one day, the latter asked why he did not come to visit him. Job replied, he would never enter his house again so long as Jim Noones was there. When asked why, he said Jim had laid the tin ware trap. "Well," said Lydia's father, "you're right; Jim's a mean fellow, and I'll make him travel to-morrow." And so he did.

Job was there the next Sunday night, and he sat up again with Lydia; but it was fated that there should be another obstacle in the course of his true love. There had been so much talk of Job's

sparking Lydia, that a boy eleven years of age, living in her father's house, had become exceedingly eager to see how it was done. So about half-past eleven he slipped out of bed, and, with nothing on save the short garment he slept in, crept quietly down the staircase connecting his bedroom with the room where the lovers were; and he placed his ear at the crack of the door to enter, but in his anxiety to hear what was going on, he leaned with all his weight against the door, which unfortunately had a poor latch, and the first thing he knew, the door burst open, when he pitched off the steep stairs into the middle of the room, and was lying in a sprawling and very ridiculous position. Job started and stared a moment, and then broke out into a loud horse-laugh, while Lydia, throwing his arms from her neck, sprang up, and, while her eyes shot fire, she belabored the inquisitive urchin with the broomstick. He yelled, and started to run through the kitchen, where he got into a trap set for Job. This was a rope stretched across the room near the floor. When the boy struck it he fell, and the rope pulled down a cupboard full of crockery, which fell with a tremendous crash. The boy yelled; Lydia screamed; Job cursed; the dogs outside barked and howled; and everybody ran in their night apparel to see what was the matter.

Before they reached the room, however, Job had jumped out of the window. Of course everybody in the vicinity knew of the affair, too, and everybody wanted the fun of plaguing poor Job. He couldn't stand it, and he began to make preparations for leaving the country, and going to Los Angeles.

However, about a week after the last adventure, Job, while going along the road, again met Lydia's father, who said:

"Job, I'm devilish sorry for what happened at my house, but I could not help it. They say Gran. Davis fixed that rope, and I have sent him away. You'll always be welcome."

Job replied;

"I'll be darned any more, and down South next marry me, I'd s ever I go cour twice, and I don pen the third ti

"Well, Job," believe Lydia ca "Is'n't that th at your house?"

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"I'll be darned if I ever go a courting any more, and I was thinking of going down South next week; but if Lydia would marry me, I'd stay. I'll be dog-on-'d if ever I go courting again; I've tried it twice, and I don't know what would happen the third time."

"Well, Job," was the answer, "I don't believe Lydia can get a better husband."

"Is'nt that there new preacher stopping at your house?"

"Yes."

"Is he at home now?"

"Yes."

"Is Lydia there too?"

"Yes."

"Would she marry me right off?"

"I guess so, if you are anxious."

"I am that! Will you take me to the house?"

"Certainly."

Off they went, and in less than an hour Job and Lydia were made one; and they are now the happiest pair in the county. They are as ready to laugh as anybody else at their courting adventures, and Lydia told me a couple of weeks since that she would like to see the story in HUTCHINGS' CALIFORNIA MAGAZINE. So here it is.

**RATHER COOL.**—An acquaintance of ours who considers himself an excellent judge of a cigar, and moreover has a weakness for the best, had made a purchase of three, for which he paid fifty cents, and having just lighted one, was walking along Montgomery street when he was accosted with: "Will you give me a light, sir?" "Certainly, sir, with great pleasure," was the prompt reply, at the same time handing him his cigar. "Thank you," returned the stranger, as he put the borrowed cigar into his mouth, and, after deliberately throwing away his old stump, walked away. "That's rather cool," soliloquised the cigar owner. "Certainly," was the equally cool reply, "we have to do cool things in this country!" as he turned the corner, and was off.

With due deference to the popular sen-

timent of "never kiss and tell," we confess that we would "steal and tell" from whence the following was stolen; but, unfortunately, we cannot, having found it on the first page of "an up-country paper," where, a week or two ago, we saw an original article, copied verbatim from the CALIFORNIA MAGAZINE, without any credit whatever! Yet, we would n't say that the Shasta R—— was the sinner, for the world, (nor the first one, either,)—of course we would n't:

**MORMON LOVE-SONG.**—Say, Susan, wilt thou come with me, in sweet community to live? Of heart, and hand, and home, to thee a sixteenth part I'll freely give.

Of all the love that swells my breast—of all the honor of my name—of worldly wealth by me possessed—a sixteenth portion thou shalt claim.

Nay, tell me not too many share the blessings that I offer thee! Thou'lt find but fifteen others there—a household happy, gay and free.

A moderate household, I may say; my neighbor has as many more; and Brother Brigham, o'er the way, luxuriates in forty-four.

I promise thee a life of ease; and, for thyself, I'll let thee choose such duties as thy fancy please; say, Susan, can'st thou still refuse?

Sophronia cooks and sweeps the floors, and Hepzibah makes up the beds; Jemima answers all the doors, and Prudence combs the children's heads.

The household duties all devolve on each, according to her lot; but from such labors I'll absolve my Susan, if she likes them not.

Into thy hands such tasks as take a dignity will I consign; I'll let thee black my boots, or make the sock and shirt department thine.

I'll give thee whatsoever thou wilt—so it be but a sixteenth part; 't would be the deepest depth of guilt to slight the rest who share my heart.

Then wilt thou not thy fraction yield, to make up my domestic bliss? Say yes—and let our joy be sealed with just the sixteenth of a kiss.

**THE SLEEP WE NEED.**—Tall and bulky people require more sleep than short and thin people; men than women, and all animals sleep longer in winter than in summer. Age, constitution, climate, occupation, and a variety of incidental causes, must be taken into consideration. In ex-

treme old age much sleep is required. Youth and young adults sleep habitually very soundly. The faculty of remaining asleep longer than is necessary cannot be indulged in without injuring the strength, both of the body and mind. In a state of health, the amount of sleep required to restore the nervous energy averages, we conceive, from six to eight hours.

HARPER'S "DRAWER" generally has some very good jokes stowed away; and one of the best we have recently seen is the following, which we "appropriate" for the readers of the Social Chair:

A party of steady old merchants were in the habit of meeting every evening at a club-room, to enjoy a sociable game of whist, with their pipes and beer. One of the party, not then in business, had a habit of going to the club-house immediately after dinner, and of whiling away the time until the arrival of his companions by drinking a bottle of port wine. By the time his companions got fairly seated for play, old Port-wine became very sleepy, frequently falling into a doze, and annoying the other players exceedingly. They resolved upon curing him. On a certain evening they made an arrangement with the proprietor and all the other parties in the room, that when old Port fell into his accustomed nap the lights were to be extinguished, but the parties were to continue talking and calling out their play as if actually engaged in it. This went on for a few minutes, when old Port, waking up, found himself in utter darkness.

"I lead the ace of trumps," said one of the conspirators. "It is your play, Mr. —," addressing the wakened sleeper.

"But I can't play," said he. "I can't see—everything is dark. What is the meaning of this?" now thoroughly aroused, and rubbing his eyes.

"Meaning? Nothing! Come, come, play! don't keep the game waiting. You are asleep."

"No, no, gentlemen; I am not asleep; I have gone blind!"

On the evening that the lovely and accomplished wife of Capt. R— died, his little boy, then seven years old, pointed to a star, and said: "Papa, that's the brightest star in the heavens, and I know

dear mamma's spirit's there!" The following simple and beautiful lines from the Mountain Messenger, are dedicated to him:

I am watching that beautiful star, father,  
Alone in you ocean of blue,  
Shining out in the tremulous ether  
And smiling on me and on you.

Thus ever on earth she was smiling,  
The smiles of a spirit benign.  
Each care of its trouble beguiling—  
O! would such a spirit were mine!

Behold, what a radiant glory  
Is blest with the beams of that star—  
Repeating the heavenly story  
Of love from that region afar.

'Twas thus, in her calmness and beauty,  
A glory divine in her soul  
Shone bright o'er the pathway of duty,  
She made a delight of the whole.

O forget not her memory, father!  
As long as you star-beam so fair  
Shines out through the tremulous ether—  
Remember whose spirit is there!

Mr. Editor: Sir—Having seen some remarks in your Magazine in regard to the origin of the cant phrase "to lam," and having a different idea in my mind from any therein expressed, I take the liberty of troubling you with a few words on the subject. It seems to me that the derivation of this word is traceable to the Latin verb "lambo," etc., meaning to lick; *i. e.* to lap with the tongue. Now, the English verb "to lick" has two different meanings, viz: to touch with the tongue, and to strike or belabor; and this double meaning being given to the Latin verb, and the latter being Anglicised, the origin of the expression is clear. DOMINUS.

All right, neighbor!

We are again tempted to introduce to our Social Chair several voices from the mountains, which, in social tones, will speak for themselves:

*Voice One.* (From the Coloma True Republican.) A broker, when escorting home a fair damsel, asked her what sort of money she liked best. Of course the blushing beauty instantly suggested matrimony. "What interest does it bring?" inquired the man of current funds and Western wild-cat documents. "If prop-

erty invested," filtered the fat  
"If properly invested, it will  
original stock every two years"

*Voice Two.* (From the San  
draulic Press.) Died.—In th  
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*Voice Three.* (From th  
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erly invested," faltered the fair charmer, "if properly invested, it will double the original stock every two years!"

*Voice Two.*—(From the San Juan Hydraulic Press.) **DIED.**—In the odor of sanctity, near the M. E. Church, in this town, during the early part of last week, Ancient William Goat, a well-known citizen, who was noted for his great strength and solid sense. That he was pious, his constant attendance at church sufficiently proves, although we have seen people turn up their noses at him as if they thought otherwise. He was a great lover of Nature, and might be found every morning and evening *scenting* the air of this beautiful climate, on the summit of Goat Hill—named after him by neighbors *sensible* of his merits. He was reserved and silent in his habits, and had an eccentric way, if addressed by passers by, of crying out "uhm ba-a-a-a!" No doubt it was this rather contemptuous expression of his, uttered to some person who felt insulted by it, that led to his untimely death; for it is our painful duty to say that he was ruthlessly shot. But even as he fell, as if in contempt of death itself, Mr. Goat was heard to repeat his eccentric cry of "ba-a-a-a!" We never heard anything else charged against our venerable friend, except that, when young, he was caught kidnapping. Poor fellow! like the ungodly, his horn has been put down. His long beard will no more wave in the wind, nor his sober regards be cast upon beauty wending churchward. And for his destroyer, we know, his "offense smells rank to heaven."

*Voice Three.* (From the Trinity Journal.) **SECOND CHILDHOOD OF THE YEAR.**—The oak and maple trees on the hill sides now look exactly as they did in spring, when their leaves were tender and young—their color is the same, their shade as scant, their contrast with the evergreens in every respect similar. But it is a delusive show of youth; a few more frosts will have scared them to the palar of death-time. North of the valley white mountains rise in spotless splendor; west that delusive spring-time appears. The rain has momentarily revived the dying foliage, as a word of hope, for a moment, reinvigorates an old man dying, or as a chance drop of oil prolongs the flicker of an expiring lamp. But the birds have not been deceived—they have gone; not a quail remains to pipe among the willows that fringe the stream. The provident ground squirrel is observed hurrying to his burrow with mouth full of winter's stores; he

has noted the dirge-moan of the woods and the unfolding shroud that is being slowly let down from the hill-tops.

*Voice Four.* (From the Humboldt Times.) Good morning, Mr. Jones.—We have repeatedly called the attention of the road overseer of the Table Bluff District to that part of our county road leading through the alder grove from Clyde's place to Jones' Landing. The rainy season will soon be upon us, and yet, not a stroke has been made towards rendering that mud-hole navigable during the coming winter. The overseer of that district is John Jones, and we are informed by persons living down there, that he has not even made an effort to collect road tax, neither has he notified men to work. The Board of Supervisors were probably aware when they appointed him that he was not particularly fond of work himself, but they thought that as his own taters and cabbage had to pass over the road, perhaps he would have it worked. Wake up, Mr. Jones, and do something.

*Voice Five.* (From the Butte Record.) **WHAT SELLS BEST.**—The commodities that sell best in Oroville these days are:—Chill-makers: pears, peanuts and peach brandy. Chill-breakers: Sappington's Pills, Keen-noon and Kolly-gog. Over-shirts and stove wood are occasionally sought after, but they are among the luxuries, and sensible people lie in bed to avoid hankering after 'em. Washmen and women are out of soap, and would starve if they had time between the shakes. Children chew blue mass instead of "likerish," and every mongrel in town has a significant bark. Inexperienced strangers, stopping in town over night, think the place disturbed by earthquakes—so violent is the commotion in sheltered places when the inhabitants are in the midst of their diurnal agues. Lumber is comparatively cheap, and meets with but limited sale, and "shakes" are greedily disposed of in barter for the veriest drugs in the market. A steam doctor has come to town, and lobelia has riz.

*Voice Six.* (From the Shasta Courier.) A friend laid a big *Hopper-Grass* upon our table on Tuesday morning last—one of the largest we have seen. We presented it to a half-starved Digger, who devoured it in a moment with infinite gusto, at the same time remarking, in a gratified tone, "Mucho bueno, walley!" A crowd of Indians have hovered around the Courier office ever since!

*Chapter Seven.* (From the San José Tribune.) **SNAIX!**—Professor Ironmonger, a

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man of iron nerve, and sinews of steel, will curb, subdue, tame, subjugate, and utterly vanquish any quantity of pizen serpents, at the San José Theater to-night, and to-morrow night for the amusement of the public. Any gentleman or lady who knows of any wild snake in these diggins, is requested to fetch it along, and submit it to the tender mercies of the Professor, who will, without fail, either reduce it to a condition of the most amiable harmlessness, or incontinently bruise its heel in the most effective and Scriptural style.

Wood.—If those of our subscribers who would pay us in wood, would only bring the wood along, we would be very glad to get the wood, so we would!

Voice Eight. (From the Mariposa Gazette.) It is a hard matter to make up a paper this week. The usual mining reports have not been sent in, nor any items, from a lazy lot of regular correspondents, so called.....A few fights have occurred, but with no serious results.....One or two brats have entered this mundane sphere, and there has been one breach of promise, but particulars are not received.....Large lots of goods are daily arriving.....If some of those who owe this office don't pay soon, they will be published.....Between Mariposa and Walker river there is a great gulf fixed, in the shape of the Sierra Nevada mountains, covered at present with ten feet of snow.....Coyotes are always shot at when howling 'round this office, and two-legged ones doing the same business, as was the case a few nights since, may be served the same way through mistake.....The Jail is nearly done, and nearly full, the cells being finished.

Fat.—The last news about the "fashions" is somewhat startling. Fat is the rage. Ladies cultivate it. They are devouring great quantities of butter, smashed rose leaves and the like. The Empress is quite corpulent, which accounts for the style. A new era is dawning. Our girls will stop eating slate pencils and chalk, and commence partaking liberally of roast beef and baked beans. They will rise with the lark. They will exercise. They will try on the wash tub, perhaps.

It appears that some members of the "Committee of Ways and Means" for the French Catholic Church, on Bush street, have hit upon a happy method for doubling the collection on Sundays. Some sixteen of the prettiest and most charmingly modest young ladies of the congregation are chosen as *collecteurs*, and at the time

for the performance of this duty, one (and sometimes two) of these go to each person present for his or her donation, and such is the partly remonstrative and partly suggestative, yet benevolence-inviting expressiveness of countenance of these charmers, that few indeed have the heart to refuse giving. The consequence is that a large platefull of the "needful" is added to the coffers of the church. We wonder that other denominations don't take the hint, especially when congregations are composed mostly of the masculine gender, as they are in California. We charge nothing for the suggestion!

This reminds us of a long-faced and noisy old sinner we heard telling another "what the loard had done for his soul," as he passed along the street of Jamestown, Tuolumne county, one Sunday, as we sat on the balcony of the hotel. This admonished us that Divine service was to be performed that afternoon, and we dropped our book and started for the church. After a very good sermon was finished, the old gent. before noticed arose to propose that as they "had been receiving the bread of life, (etc., etc.) and that as our brother couldn't break it to us unless he be supplied with the bread that perisheth, (etc., etc., half an ordinary sermon) and moreover the servant is worthy of his hire," (etc., etc.) They take up a collection on his behalf. "Brother Jones, please to pass the hat." As he sat just before us, we thought, "Old boy, we will keep an eye on your donation when the hat reaches you," and we did, and discovered that while others dropped in their fifty cents or their dollar, this benevolent (!) old soul slipped in a—*dime!* Thinking that he might perhaps be poor, we suspended an opinion until some inquiry had informed us to the contrary, when we found that the whining old hypocrite was making from eight to ten dollars per day!

—Comment is unnecessary.

A "SUBMISSIVE AND PATIENT WOMAN."—Mr. Peabody one day came in from a walk. His wife said to him, "I have been thinking of our situation, and have determined

to be submissive and patient." said he, "that is a good resolution. See what we have got to submit to. First, we have got to make a list of our trials. First, at home—we will submit to that. We have the comforts of life—we will submit to that. Thirdly, we have got to submit to that. Fourthly, we have a multitude of trials. Fifthly, we have God to take care of us. 'Ah,' said she, "pray stop—let me hear more about submission."

We would like to read some of our friends and contributors a severe lesson on indolence in general and particular, as applicable to the cases, but we know that they would send us an immediate apology and blame on our shoulders for it, and we would prefer to cite some of the time thus spent should be spent in writing a good article for our next issue. If they sent us a good article, goodness of our heart (!) we would perhaps say "that it was perfect when we didn't believe it, guilty of fabricating a barometer, that would not only be a weight to our cheeks, but the iron to our conscience; and, as bad, or even worse, than the firm in the error of their fore, lazy contributors all, selves lectured, if you please, with condiments that everybody would like the pepper and limes to be in leisure; the sugar and cream of social conversation; they will do; suffice it to say that it is useful to all palates, at such seasons, and as such will be welcome to the occupants of the Moral—send 'em along, or

#### Literary Notice

To those who are excited and to those who prefer extreme, the works recently published will doubtless be very agreeable. It is regret to see that there are some works as embrace the history of the first we shall notice of

to be submissive and patient." "Ah!" said he, "that is a good resolution; let us see what we have got to submit to. I will make a list of our trials. First, we have a home—we will submit to that. Second, we have the comforts of life—we will submit to that. Thirdly, we have each other. Fourthly, we have a multitude of friends. Fifthly, we have God to take care of us." "Ah," said she, "pray stop—I will say no more about submission."

WE would like to read some of our old friends and contributors a severe lecture on indolence in general and laziness in particular, as applicable to their individual cases, but we know that they would either send us an immediate apology, or lay the blame on our shoulders for being absent; and we would prefer to either that the time thus spent should be spent in writing a good article for our next number. Besides, if they sent us a good excuse, in the goodness of our heart (!) we should perhaps say "that it was perfectly justifiable," when we didn't believe it, and thus be guilty of fabricating a bare-faced falsehood, that would not only bring the color to our cheeks, but the iron of compunction to our conscience; and what would be as bad, or even worse, the sinners confirmed in the error of their ways; therefore, lazy contributors all, consider yourselves lectured, if you please! Jokes are condiments that everybody likes; they are the pepper and limes to the oysters of leisure; the sugar and cream to the coffee of social conversation; the—but that will do; suffice it to say that they are grateful to all palates, at suitable times and seasons, and as such will be always welcome to the occupants of our Social Chair. *Moral*—send 'em along, everybody!

#### Literary Notices.

To those who are excessively practical, and to those who prefer the opposite extreme, the works recently received here will doubtless be very acceptable. We regret to see that there is a dearth of such works as embrace the happy medium. The first we shall notice of the former class is

a work with the singular, and somewhat startling title of *Every Woman Her own Lawyer*, by George Bishop; published by Dick & Fitzgerald, New York. When we first looked at this book and read the title, we said all this is a catch-penny affair; after just looking it through, we thought this is a dangerous work to put into the hands of a woman; when we had well examined it, we came to the conclusion that no truly sensible woman should be without it; yet those husbands who are afflicted with a frivolous, or a strong-minded, (so called) or a discontented better-half, had better not make her a present of this volume! To a woman who does not wish to be imposed on; to a husband who wishes to protect his wife in case of sickness, or absence, or death, there is a vast amount of useful information in it that will save both from many perplexing annoyances, and in a hundred other ways be valuable beyond estimate.

To those who like something to laugh at, we would suggest *Sam Slick's Sayings and Doings*, by Judge Haliburton, just issued by the same publishers as the preceding volume. Of course all those who are familiar with Haliburton's writings, such as "Sam Slick in Search of a Wife," "Sam Slick in England," etc., etc., know very well that they are full of burlesque Yankee phraseology, and Yankee spice and fun. Therefore those who like such Yankee dishes thus served up, may laugh until they are hungry, and then commence laughing again until they are satisfied—at least to leave off laughing.

BANCROFT & Co., of this city, have laid on our table *The Laws of Business for Business Men*, by Theophilus Parsons, LL. D.; Little, Brown & Co., publishers, Boston. Of course this book belongs to the practical. We don't know much about law, and we don't care to learn it—at least so far as an actual lawsuit is concerned—inasmuch as it is too expensive an amusement. Those who wish to familiarize themselves with the common sense interpretations of common law, and the proper way of doing

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eight to ten dollars per day!  
is unnecessary.

SIVE AND PATIENT WOMAN."—  
one day came in from a walk.  
to him, "I have been think-  
uation, and have determined

business on business principles, will find such clearly and concisely laid down in this volume.

*Life of Thomas Jefferson*, by H. S. Randall, LL. D.; three volumes; Derby & Jackson, publishers, New York. By these remarkably interesting and instructive volumes the reader is carried back to the time of laying the foundation stone of American Democracy by its great architect and founder, Thomas Jefferson. Much of his correspondence with eminent men, in which the secret thoughts of his mind are confidentially expressed, not only upon

matters of State and concerning the public weal, but of the various men of letters, and others of his time, who had their influence indirectly in establishing so firmly the American Republic, are presented. All the intricacies and difficulties with which the foundation of a safe, liberal and suitable government for a free people were surrounded, are clearly expressed and explained; in short, these volumes comprehensively give a history of the time, as well as of the life, of this greatest of American statesmen.

### Editor's Table.

WHAT an eventful year has this been that is now so near its close, especially to the Pacific Coast. In acts it has been an age—which puts Old Fogyism to the blush as he inquires "Who could have thought it?" It is the year of the appearance of the great Donati Comet, the brilliancy and magnitude of which attracted the wondering admiration of the whole world, and will be remembered and spoken of for many generations to come. It is the year of the partially successful laying of an Atlantic Telegraph cable between England and the United States, and which has been a great success as an experiment, inasmuch as the two countries have spoken through it, even though it is now utterly useless. It has been the year of the Fraser river gold excitement, unparalleled since the year 1850, and which many will with regret remember for many years to come. It is the year of the successful issue of three lines of Overland Mail routes, one of which—the San Francisco and Saint Louis, *via* Los Angeles, more generally known as the Butterfield Mail Line—arrives and departs twice a week with nearly the same regularity as the Pacific Mail Steamship Company's steamers do, twice a month. It is the year, we had nearly said, in which we have communication established with New Orleans and San

Francisco *via* Tehuantepec in less than fifteen days; with New York in nineteen; and with Liverpool in twenty-nine days, on the first trip made by the Louisiana Tehuantepec Company! We yet expect to live to see the time reduced to one week! but it will be by the ATLANTIC AND PACIFIC RAILROAD! May it come speedily. That will be the GREAT YEAR for California!

THE first adventurous spirits that were lured to California by the reports of her gold mines, after seeing more than their wildest dreams had taught them to expect, worked and acted as though in a few brief years it would all be exhausted. Placers of great riches were walked over in search of some far-off and rich El Dorado. The money made in one locality was spent in search of another; and thus the ruling motive which first induced emigration here was that of becoming suddenly rich, at a small outlay of time, and social feeling was postponed in its realization from one period to another: and many are still in doubt, after all their sacrifices, whether or not the prospect is any brighter for their ever becoming rich. Perpetually striving with the freshness of their first hope, still strong within them, and with all the glad tidings which they hear, of the success of others, they wonder and long to know, yet

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doubt, if their turn of good fortune will ever come. Yet since the disastrous termination of the Fraser river excitement, there is scarcely a man to be found who does not confide in the future of California as more prosperous and permanent than that of any other country. Everything has a brighter hue. Steamboats are loaded down to the water's edge with freight for the mines; teams are not sufficiently numerous in some cities to convey goods as fast as they are purchased. Progress and permanence are apparent on every hand. All these have a voice forcibly to tell that California, with all her drawbacks, will last a little longer, and that (as usual) just a little way ahead, there is something worth working and striving for.

But we greet you again, the holidays will have passed. Another Christmas will have come with its thousand bright associations, gladdened a world of happy hearts, and gone into the silent realms of the Past. Christmas, with its eternal halo of beautiful recollections—memories of our childhood, dreams of our youth—consecrating thoughts! Refined gold may not be gilded; but has not a spell equally strange been wrought by the hallowing charms cast around a season already hallowed? The pathetic "Carols" of a Dickens! The glorious "Dreams" of a Christopher North! Noble "Old Kit North,"—as he delighted to call himself,—the happy Christmas shall never again inspire your generous soul with dreams as bright as Youth's visions of Paradise, but your words, that have thrilled a thousand bosoms, rest as immortal as the season they have made thrice hallowed!

It is in Merry England alone that Christmas is celebrated with all the ceremonies sacred to the day. There the yule log still burns and the misletoe decks the walls. In America, Thanksgiving has partly won the palm from this day of festivity, and the family re-unions, the generous hospitality and kindly actions of a better nature, which in England are observed in the season so peculiarly appropriate—the anniversary of

the day that heard the "Peace on Earth and good-will to men"—with us vary with a varying Thursday, appointed as a Day of Thanksgiving and Prayer. Yet the day with us retains many of its happy associations, and youthful hearts look forward, with bright anticipations, to Christmas Eve, which shall usher in the holidays.

The occupant of this Table, as he sits musingly in the fading twilight, recalls visions of the days when he sported, light-hearted, among the Christmas group of children. The clear, cold, moonlight December night! The heavens always looked clearer and brighter on that eve, as if they remembered that long, long ago, on that very night, angels had chanted from their spheres a hymn of peace to earth! And the earth lay wrapt in pure, crystalline robes of snow. How far the youthful voice and laugh rang over the scene, as if angel tongues caught the accents and echoed them to spirits still more distant, unwilling to lose the slightest sound in earth's communion with Heaven! How cheerful the ruddy light of cottage hearths gleamed through the curtained casements! How bright the scene within! Too bright, too happy for descriptions! The distance to which we are removed may reveal new beauties, time have added new charms, but beautiful indeed must have been the scenes round which so many pleasant memories cluster. Poor is the heart that has no happy Christmas memories!

And how will old Sylvester Crockery-erate—one of our first Front-street men—hail this day? Sylvester is not made of common susceptible clay; and even in boyhood, when the heart, like a spring scene, blooms with glad emotions, he never bounded into the family group and shouted, with exultant joy, a "Merry Christmas," or a "Happy New Year." No; he poked and pished even then; it was too silly an action for his practical graywacke formation. And now, as he bustles along, with his firm, inelastic, business step, towards the haunts of Trade, the day and its hallowed associations will bring to his flinty

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nature no divine feelings of peace and good-will to men. He will hear his sweetest Christmas carol in the words which tell him stocks are firm; and the pleasantest holiday sheet to his eyes will be the "Prices Current" that informs him the market closed with an upward tendency.

But the world is not composed entirely of Crockery-crates; and even here in California, there will be gentle voices in many a happy home that will carol the "Merry Christmas" and "Happy New Year," and faces bright with genial feelings and hearts overflowing with good will to all. And though the heart of him who sits at this Table may leap no more with the sprightly throb of youth, and the voice that carols

from him may be harsh and husky, yet his pulse grows quick and his heart glad, as he wishes all his friends a "Merry Christmas and Happy New Year!"

In the present number will be found a little gem from the vigorous and graphic pen of Mrs. E. S. Conner, who, with several other able writers of both sexes, have consented to contribute monthly to future numbers of this Magazine. It gratifies us to be able to make this announcement, inasmuch as, while the California character of this work will be preserved, a greater and more valuable variety will be added to its contents.

## Monthly Chat,

WITH CONTRIBUTORS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

*W. P.*—Soft selder or soap are well enough in their way, but we don't deal in the article.

*N. Y. T.*—The acrostic is received, and although we appreciate the sentiment, and thank you for the compliment, we are too modest to publish so much concerning "ourselves." But we assure you that it *shall* still be Californian as much as it is possible to make it, so long as we have aught to do with its pages.

*B. S., Oregon City.*—Yours reminded us of a wooden-legged man, with a stiff knee, going up stairs—one foot here and the other—there. Oh! no, don't!

*J. J. C.*—All right. Send soon.

*M., Yankee Jims.*—Your "Lines" are almost as smooth as mulled wine is supposed to be at Christmas. We cannot say, however, that they are as pleasant to take, for, to us, somehow, they smack of hypocrisy, and we hate—yea, extravagantly hate—a hypocrite as much as we despise his writings, and that is more than we can express.

—Ha, ha! ha, ha! a-ha, ha! *P. C.*—No you don't. Again, no!

*Harry B.*—The gold specimens came safely to hand. Thank you! They suggested to us that we ought, perhaps, to give a general invitation to others to send similar ones, and to say that all specimens *under* fourteen pounds! (none over

that weight received!) will be accepted at our office in payment of subscriptions for the Magazine. Send 'em along, everybody! Why didn't you send us *your* name? They will be mailed as requested.

*Ed. S., Columbia.*—Certainly. We love—yes, almost adore—the large-souled and noble-hearted. We welcome you to our little family. Let us hear from you again at an early day.

*Epie, Sacramento.*—We never stoop to the "You tickle me and I'll tickle you" principle. By our actions we either stand or fall. Apply elsewhere.

*J., San José.*—We suppose so. Twenty-four thousand silkworm eggs weigh but a quarter of an ounce! They must, however, be kept cool, but not cold. The worm lives from forty-five to fifty-three days, and in thirty days increase in weight nine thousand five hundred fold. From seven hundred and thirty-nine pounds of mulberry leaves about seventy pounds of worms are obtained. One hundred pounds of worms will give about eight and a-half pounds of spun silk; and even one pound of cocoons will produce a single thread of eighty-eight thousand fathoms in length—at least so says *Berger*.

*S. B.*—We cannot help it. We never did please everybody, and never expect to try.



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 Prices of Admission, \$1.00, 50 and 25 cents.

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