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TO ADVERTISERS.

With our February 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 & ROSENFELD.

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

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HUTCHINGS' CALIFORNIA MAGAZINE.

VOL. III. JANUARY, 1859. No. 7.

WINTER IN THE SIERRAS OF CALIFORNIA.



THE MINER GOING TO HIS CLAIM IN THE MORNING.

Comfortably seated in an easy chair and a warm room, it is rather agreeable than otherwise to look out upon the gently-falling flakes of snow, that are seeking a hiding place among men's whiskers —kissing, without ceremony, the ruddy cheeks and ruddier lips of the buoyant-hearted lasses—or making irregular rows and heaps on hat and overcoat, ledge, and window-sill, and pavement, outside. Then

he "couldn't be much mistaken on that pile: seen too much of that kind of gold in this old cabin."

Now, too, the respective prospects of theirs and their neighbors' claims are discussed, the general news of the place talked over, a game of cards played, and a magazine (ours, of course!) or book is read, while the cook for the day mixes up the bread and puts the beans to soak for the morrow. Perhaps a neighbor drops in and relates that, during the

storm last night, the old "nut pine" tree, on White Rock Flat, had fallen right across Fred Hayfield's cabin, and made Fred and the timber both fly, the former through the window and the latter in every direction, and did a smashing business in crockery and cabin-ware. Jerry Dayton, who was passing at the time, narrowly escaped being—frightened! for, hearing the roots of the old tree snapping, he checked himself rather too suddenly, and measured his length



EVENING AT THE CABIN.

on the ground, fortunately at a sufficient distance from the cabin to escape the danger of being made into smaller pieces than either his sweetheart or mother would be likely to approve of.

But let us ascend still higher, for the gold range extends nearly to the very tops of the Sierra Nevada Mountains. As we leave the valleys and cañons below, and climb the zig-zag trail to the summit above, where it was only inches at a lower altitude, it has here increased in depth to feet. Now, too, the sugar pine,

(*Pinus Lambertiana*,) with its immense dimensions, gracefully-spreading boughs, chaste foliage and depending cones; the balsam fir, (*Picea grandis*,) the hardy Williamson spruce, (*Abies Williamsonii*,) with numerous others of the same extensive family; the California nutmeg tree, (*Torreya Californica*,) the arbor vitae, (*Thuja gigantea*,) and other varieties of the same family, together with the California mountain laurel, (*Oreodaphne Californica*). These, and a vast number of hardy and graceful trees and

shrubs, by name in the great table- and snow-crowned magnificent range.

How often a bar or valley his snug and vast forest diggings— Neither snow him from his not known thus gone and the day returned.

the snow, rain, or has gone on un- a coming his sight and of refuge was Lost! Now the reluctant has at last ing power, rowing fe



STORMY TIMES!

shrubs, by far too numerous even to name in this connection, grow on the great table-lands and ridges of the lofty and snow-covered summits of this magnificent range of mountains.

How often does the miner, residing on a bar or valley of a cañon or river, leave his snug and cosy hut to explore these vast forest solitudes in search of richer diggings—even in the midst of winter! Neither snow, nor rain, nor storm, deter him from his purpose. And who has not known or heard of many who have thus gone out, when the air was clear and the day was bright, and never again returned. Wandering on the surface of the snow, packed perhaps by a thaw or rain, or hardened by a frost, he has gone on until the gathering darkness of a coming storm has shut the sun from his sight and guidance, before the cabin of refuge was in sight. Alas! he is lost! Lost! None but those to whose hearts the reluctant conviction, by experience, has at last forced itself, with its paralyzing power, can fully realize the soul-harrowing feeling expressed in that one

simple Saxon word, "Lost!" Lost on the wide expanse of snow and forest!



LOST.

Lost, with neither compass nor star to guide; without company, blankets, or

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food; the heavy flakes that fall and cling to him, as he clings to life, cover up the tracks of his footsteps, so that even the hope of returning by the way he came is denied to him. At last, weary with his fruitless efforts, he at first sits or lays himself down to rest, only for a few minutes; but the nightmare of care is pressing heavily on his bosom; fatigue, hunger and cold are fast weighing down his eye-lids, and he falls into the sleep which knows no waking. In vain do his cabin-mates, or relations, or friends, await his coming. Alas! he is dead!

The writer, while engaged in taking views for this magazine, was overtaken by a snow-storm on the Trinity Mountains, and, being lost and benighted, as well as weary, sat himself down to rest; just as a drowsiness was stealing over him, the neighing of his horse recalled him to consciousness, when he found that the storm had ceased for a few minutes, and in the distance a dim light was visible. He need not say that the horse saw the light, and by expressing his joy in a loud, long neigh, saved his master's life.

About three weeks before Christmas, in the winter of 1852—generally known as the "starvation winter"—Yreka was but a small town compared with what it now is; and as none of the inhabitants there contemplated the visit of any winter more severe than those they had previously known, no extra supplies were laid in. About this time snow began to fall, yet created no anxiety; but, as it continued for nearly a week without intermission, and snow upon the Yreka flats exceeded four feet in depth, men—especially those with families—began to feel anxious lest the small quantity of provisions on hand should fail before the usual pack-train had supplied their wants. Provisions were daily growing scarce, as the expected train was detained by the snow. On Christmas morning, five dollars per pound

were offered for flour, with which to mix a Christmas plum pudding, but none could be bought at any price. Such articles of consumption as could be found in camp rose in prices enormously. Beef—the steaks of which, on account of being so poor and tough, were denominated "sheet-iron steaks"—was 60 cents per pound; salt (only 1½ lbs. in camp) was sixteen dollars per pound, and other articles proportionably high. None could go out—none could come in. At length several persons, apprehensive of a famine, determined to force their way out over the mountains, towards Shasta. Among them was Mr. Van Choute, our kind informant, who will relate his own story better than we can:—

About a week after Christmas, several of us determined that we would stand it no longer. As a small party had started two days before and had not yet returned, the prospects were looked upon as favorable—besides, we had the advantage of walking in their trail. We crossed over to the head of Scott Valley without much difficulty, and were surprised, on opening the door of Very's Ranch, to find that those who preceded us had made no farther progress than to this point. My first question was:

"Boys, have you any bread here?"

"No," was the bluff and somewhat surly reply, "we haven't!"

Men were strewed about upon the floor in all directions and positions; some were asleep, (for it was night,) others, not finding room to lie down, were sleeping and dozing in a sitting posture; others were quietly awaiting the luxury of lying down when their turn came. We did the best we could, and that merits no cause for boasting, although it does for thankfulness, as we at least had shelter. For that night and the day and night following, we bore our troubles as well as we could; but as provisions were getting scarce here, and the price charged

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was three dollars per meal, early the following morning twenty-three of us again set our faces towards Shasta, as the place of bread and refuge.

First we had to cross the Scott Mountain—one of the most dreaded in this district—and snow was already from five to nine feet in depth. Armed with a couple of axes, with our blankets at our backs, we started. Snow here—snow everywhere—but no trail anywhere. One led the van, but at every step snow came up to his middle. Others followed in his trail; but before he had travelled one hundred feet, he was thoroughly tired out,

and stepped aside for another to take his place; the same result with No. 2, and so on up to the last; and thus the whole party tried it, gave out and fell back. The same process was repeated again and again, and in five hours we made just three miles; when night came, nearly five miles, altogether, were accomplished since starting in the morning.

"We are not on our right course," cried one.

"Which is the right one?" inquired another.

No one knew the course we ought to pursue. To add to our difficulties, night



ON HIS DEATHBED OF SNOW HE HAS BUT ONE LOVING AND SORROWING MOURNER.

and a snow-storm both overtook us. After delaying some little time to ascertain which of the party actually knew the course, an old packer's advice was taken, and we again started—now this way, now the other—now down the side of the mountain a little, now up. After manœuvring in this way all that night and the following day, towards evening the snowing ceased for a few minutes, and gave

us an excellent view of Mount Shasta.

We now saw that we were several miles out of our course; but on we pressed and toiled for the whole of that night, and about noon on the following day reached a stream, which we could not ford. We cut down a tree that grew on the bank, to serve as a temporary bridge, by which we might gain the opposite side. In passing over, two of

the party, being half frozen, slipped off the tree into the stream, and narrowly escaped drowning.

We had now been out three days and two nights, and, as the third night was fast approaching, with no friendly cabin in sight, where we could take shelter and find refreshment, the prospect looked very dark and forbidding.

"Let us camp," suggested one.

"No, no!" replied the others; "we would freeze to death before the fire was lighted!"

So on, on we toiled until midnight, when the foremost man gave a loud, exultant shout; he saw sparks issuing from a cabin nearly buried in the snow. No tongue could describe our feelings. One long, loud "hurrah!" burst from each and all, and rung over and echoed among those snow-covered mountain tops and sides. New life was infused into all of us, and we hurried briskly on; but, alas, alas! when we reached the spot we found that it was only an old tree on fire, smouldering and burning deep down beneath the snow. This was disappointment, indeed! yet, in the shadowy distance, in bold relief, stood a cabin, not

for when we reached it, we found that it was not only deserted, but the roof had fallen in. On further examination, one end of the rafters was discovered to be resting on the side of the cabin, and at the farther end was a fire-place. Ah! but you had better believe that even this gave us a feeling of joy which I can not describe. To build a fire was but the work of a few minutes, and after we had all crept beneath this welcome shelter, we counted noses, one by one, and discovered that two of the party were missing. These were found some distance from the cabin nearly frozen to death.

In "prospecting" around, one of the men found a few pounds of barley—the only eatable thing we had seen for three days. This was equally divided among us, and, while some began to eat it raw, others parched theirs in an old frying-pan, which we had found; all were delighted—aye, overjoyed—at this most opportune discovery.

Our bodies being warmed, and our hunger somewhat appeased, we slept soundly until the middle of the following day, when, as we were pretty well aware of our position, and knew that there was a house about sixteen miles below, where we could obtain rest and refreshment, we concluded that it would be better to remain where we were till the next morning, and then push on while we had sufficient strength remaining. During the day, quite a number of others from Yreka, who had followed our trail, came up with us, and increased our party to nearly seventy.

As soon as morning light began to break, our gaunt-looking and hungry little ar-

A SNOW-BURIED CABIN IS BETTER THAN NONE.

over three hundred yards farther on. A new joy was again felt, but, like the other, was of exceedingly short duration,

my started in Indian file for the house before alluded to—some of us not having tasted food, with the exception of the



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About the fifth day, was in every head house to about ins and, on

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barley, for four long days.

About nine o'clock, P. M., of this, the fifth day, the place of our deliverance was in sight. Oh! what joy thrilled every heart; for there, not only was the house to be seen, but a light moving about inside. Our little hero was ahead, and, on entering the house, he exclaimed "Have you any bread here?" "No!" was the answer; "but we have some venison." "Then I want supper for seventy men." "Supper for seventy men?" interrogated the landlord. "Yes, supper for seventy men, who have had nothing to eat for five days."

"Gammon!" looked the landlord—he's crazy. By-and-by, in walked one, then another, then three or four more; all eagerly inquiring, "Have you anything to eat here?" "Yes," spoke up Mr. C., "I've ordered supper for seventy—for all hands." But no supper seemed to be preparing.

As some forty had reached the house, and other voices were making themselves heard not very far off, the landlord concluded that Van was not mad; but that it was a fact, that there were not far, if any, from the number mentioned. Some extensive cooking was performed that night, and eating too; and, as speedily as possible, supper was announced. I should like for you to have seen us then. No allusion to "sheet-iron beef-steaks," or venison either, interfered with our appetites in the least; but what with these meats, some potatoes, and pickled beets, we made the discovery that eating had the effect of destroying a desire for more, although we thought, when we sat down, that we could eat until morning and not be satisfied.

No sooner was the inner man appeased and comforted than volunteers were mus-

tered to seek out the men we had left, frost-bitten, in our last shelter; and two of the sturdiest were selected to undertake their work of risk and love; and to whom we agreed to pay an ounce of gold per day to each, as wages, for taking care of them. When they arrived there the two frozen sufferers were nearly dead. Poor fellows, they were indeed pitiable objects. From the feet of one man fell four of his toes; and from the other a part of the heel. At length, by giving them two or three small teaspoonfulls of warm brandy, they recovered sufficiently



BAR-ROOM SCENE IN WINTER.

to sit up a little, while more brandy was administered in small doses, at intervals. In due time, although crippled for life, they recovered their health, and are still living and well.

After some days of relaxation and recuperation, another attempt to reach the settlements was crowned with success, and this heroic party placed beyond the reach of further danger.

[During the same winter—1852-'53—snow fell in Onion Valley, Sierra county, to the depth of twenty-five feet! The store of Timberman & Co. was entirely covered. It was with much labor that the roof was prevented from falling in.

The liberty-pole standing in front had to be cut down and drawn into the store for props, and the snow frequently shoveled from the roof. After a slight thaw, a few inches of the roof were bare; and, upon this spot, large numbers of wolves nightly congregated to warm their feet, fight, and howl. At this time, the people here cut a tunnel from "The Miners' Retreat" (Timberman's) to "The Golden Gate Hotel," opposite; and thus again

opened communication with each other across the street. An acquaintance of ours, on Nelson creek at this time, paid eight hundred dollars for one thousand pounds of flour, for which, within a week, he was offered two thousand dollars! At St. Louis, Pine Grove, Gibsonville, and numerous other places in that vicinity; then known only as Sears' Diggings, snow was only from eighteen to twenty feet in depth; and, since that winter,



OVERTAKEN ON THE MOUNTAIN BY A SNOW-STORM.

but little, if any, over seven feet in depth, upon the level, has ever fallen in one winter.]

But the reader must not suppose that such dismal scenes form the whole of the series of winter pictures in the mining region; especially at the present time. By no means. Merry-makings, balls and social parties are beginning to relieve and warm the coldness of Winter's snowy visago; and, during the present winter, sleigh-rides with the girls—yes, with the

girls! for such are now to be found in almost every mining town—with snowballings and slidings, are becoming popular pastimes in the higher mining districts. The dull, cheerless monotony endured by the sturdy sons of the pick and shovel, in earlier winters' of our State's history, is fast passing away; and, before many years have run their round, we hope that winter in the Sierras will be anticipated with pleasure rather than dreaded; and that the "making-haste-to-be-rich" feeling will have given

place to that of
possessed.

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place to that of contentment and comfort possessed.

It may seem strange to many people of the Eastern States, that in California a person may travel on several feet of snow in the morning and before noon, of the same day, be sitting down to lunch where

the grass is green and wild flowers are blooming all around him. Such is winter in California.

We cannot better conclude this sketch than by giving the beautiful lines, from the Alta, of

THE LOST PREACHER.

BY MRS. E. S. CONNER.

"The Rev. Mr. Brooks perished in the snow, on Salmon Mountain, a year ago last February. A few days ago, his bones, watch, a twenty dollar gold piece, and a package of tracts, were found near a house on the north side of the mountain. He had perished almost in sight of shelter."

"Well done, thou good and faithful servant; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."—MATT. 25.

Say, wherefore, Christian soldier, did thy faithful footsteps stray
So far from "busy haunts of men," on that lone, toilsome way?
'Twas not to seek the much-loved gold, not to add "land to land,"
Nor e'en to die for science in the martyr-heroes' band;
Nor for the wealth that holy Church hath on her vassals poured,
Nor for the fame that Eloquence hath in her temple stored;
But to the lonely dweller on the mountain's dreary height,
To bear the blessed Word of God, the Gospel's gleam of light;
To say to those who live afar from book, or spire, or bell—
"Glad tidings of great joy, to man 'tis my proud task to tell!"
Hadst thou no mother watching, praying for her much-loved son?
Hadst thou no wife still hoping to behold the absent one?
Hadst thou no child still craving thy fond blessing to implore?
No friends who pined to greet thee in thine old home once more?
The winter sky shone on thee with its melancholy light;
The crisp snow neath thy footsteps sparkled falsely clear and bright;
The storm-cloud came around thee—the drifting snow fell fast—
But cheer thee, lonely traveler! Thy goal is spied at last!
Yes! with thine eyes still gazing, by the early break of day,
At that shelter unattainable, thy life-warmth passed away!
Thy course of usefulness cut off which so bravely had begun—
"Could I have died hereafter! But no! God's will be done!"
And though thy dying struggle no human eye could see,
Who knows what unseen angels were minist'ring to thee?
Alas! all search was fruitless, till eighteen months had passed;
But brothers' love hath found thee—thy fate is known at last.
The melted snow had formed a grave around the sheltered sod;
Beside it lay the precious words of prayer and love of God;
And *Time stood still* beside thee, as it will on that Great Day
When, in the Judge's presence, worlds are marshalled in array;

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The rust was on the dial—the rust of death on thee—
 But the immortal gem *within*, decay shall never see!
 The gold still lay upon the earth, unchanged by frost or dew—
 The earth, the gold will perish, but thy soul will rise anew!
 Thy bones, all bare and whitened, though lifeless, have a voice,
 Which whispers to the mourners—Lament not, but rejoice!
 For thou hast died a soldier, in battle for thy Lord;
 Thy guerdon everlasting, proclaimeth thus His Word:
 Thy "dried bones" shall be covered with righteousness on High,
 For those who serve God truly have only *once* to die!
 Then waken to salvation and hear these words so blest—
 "Well done, thou faithful servant; enter now into thy rest!"

SAN FRANCISCO, Sept. 3, 1858.

EVERYTHING IS CHANGING.

Since the sublime fiat, "Let there be light!" echoed through all space, the silent law of Change has been writing its unceasing mandates. At this command, Darkness hid her face behind the "pearly pillars" of Light, whose crimson drapery with rose-tinted edges parted to usher in the new Morning. The gift of Phœbus to this Morning was an array of sunbeams, whose penciling rays shaded all things, so as to best reflect her gorgeous beauty. Thus from the Night came the Day, baptized with the fragrance of opening flowers; breathless Noon-day had inhaled their sweetness, while Evening's dewy breath had refreshed them, leaving many shining crystals among their folded leaves.

This change from Night to Day was but a reflection of those great changes which were to write Life, and Death, upon the inanimate world, and give Beauty and Strength to the living. Spring's warm breezes were to coax the embryo bud from its dark, silent home, to revel in one of sunshine and light; its appointed mission was to give Resurrection and Life, where was Desolation, and Death; Summer's warm winds were burdened with the fragrance of dying

flowers; Autumn's frosty breath nipped the last of Summer's train, and with his crystalline alphabet wrote Maturity upon the more laggard fruits of Fall; while stern Winter, with his icy finger, stops the purling rills in their wayward course, and leaves pendant icicles glittering in the sunlight, decking the flowerless shrub, and leafless tree, with a robe in striking contrast with the delicately shaded green of Summer!

The hidden powers of the invisible world conduct their works in a mysterious manner; side by side are reared the oak and the daisy, as living monuments of decayed matter; their bright green leaves, and tinted flowers, will ere long cease interpreting the mysteries of Death-land, and sink to rest, or be borne by invisible wings to other destinies.— Thus, to-day the "Woodman's axe" has not spared the forest tree, but has leveled its proud head with the dust! Soon no vestige of this tree remains, but to our eyes the crumbling log is lost; yet, the Chemist looks forward, with a prophetic eye, and sees our leviathan steamers propelled by this renewed power; or, mayhap, the ball-room belle flits before his mind's eye, with charms made more brilliant by a glittering diamond. From amid the gums of royalty, he singles the

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purest, and whispers: "There is the unnoticed acorn, the gigantic tree, the rotten log, and now, forsooth, a diamond—a 'mountain of light'—ages since, not worth a passing remark; now its value severs the bonds of peace between civilized nations!"

Go with me to the "Sunny South," and view those snowy fields of cotton; but a few days, and "Sovereign Genius" will have converted parts of this plant into minute threads, and mingled them with the silk-worm's silken web, to grace the forms of an Ellen Douglas, or a Lady Rowena; or be hung in heavy folds over parlor-windows, shutting out from home the beautiful sunshine; allowing only a few rays to play "hide and seek" among the leaves and buds of the rich carpet. The blue misty vapors that to-day obscure our vision, to-morrow are piled up against the blue sky in fleecy clouds, or rest upon the violet as beady dew-drops, or come to earth in refreshing showers!

Nature is but a Volume of Changes. From her laboratory, matter assumes myriad forms. Retrograde movements are often seen; yet, in the end, they but perfect the plan of progression. "There are constant changes on earth, in air," and in the waters of the great deep. The noisy brook, and the sluggish waters of the river, gather the impurities of earth, and deposit them amid the ocean's foaming waves:—Thus, the pure and impure elements are blended together, each losing their own individuality, and preventing this body of water from becoming a stagnant and "putrid mass."

The changes of life are to us fraught with misgivings and regrets; yet, in the end, we welcome them as the almoners of true pleasure and enjoyment! The scenes of "sportive childhood, though ever so pleasant and joyous," would be distasteful to the matured man; his is a nature too changeful for true earthly happiness! We, as descendants of Adam,

are now suffering the penalty of the first great change in his history; not satisfied with the good, he sought the forbidden fruit—thus shutting the gates of a heavenly home from rightful and created heirs.

Mind, in its primeval state, was not conscious of its own powers, but was in harmony with the undeveloped mass around it. Instinct whispered of something higher and better; Wants and Desires prompted a change; and Reason saw in this want of variety but an echoing law from the Infinite to the finite being;—hence, the "March of Mind," from the dark and superstitious age, to one of light and civilization.

Man's superiority over the inferior creation oft lulls him into forgetfulness of the One superior to himself; yet man, with his ancestral pride and sounding titles, is but a fit subject for decomposition and death; the proudly defiant lip, the flashing eye, and sensitive ear, are dependent upon the Dust for the rosy tints, the bright expressive colors, and perfect form; from this same source "creepeth the worm," and riseth the winged insect; together will they decay, and from their dust will spring the tender flower and twining vine! M. B.

PROFESSOR LONGFELLOW'S BOOK.
THE COURTSHIP OF MILES STANDISH.

This is a simple, touching tale of New England in the days of the Pilgrims. Miles Standish, the Puritan Captain, whose beard is already

"Flaked with patches of snow, as hedges sometimes in November,"

despatches his friend, John Alden,

"Having the dew of his youth, and the beauty thereof,"

to woo the maiden Priscilla in his behalf. Alden does so in good faith, until his pleading for his friend is overset by Priscilla's arch inquiry,

"Why don't you speak for yourself, John?"

On hearing of this, Miles is indignant at what he considers his friend's treachery, and departs in anger, at the head of an expedition against the hostile Indians. Alden prepares to return to England in the *May Flower*, but is withheld by Priscilla's earnest entreaties. Their courtship continues; news arrives that Miles is slain; then,

"Even as rivulets twain, from distant and separate sources,
Seeing each other afar, as they leap from the rocks,
and pursuing
Each one its devious path, but drawing nearer and nearer,
Rush together at last, at their trysting-place in the forest;
So these lives that had run thus far in separate channels,
Coming in sight of each other, then severing and flowing asunder,
Parted by barriers strong, but drawing nearer and nearer,
Rushed together at last, and one was lost in the other."

The wedding takes place; Standish suddenly appears, atones for his anger to Alden, and declares his approval of the marriage, for

"No man can gather cherries in Kent at the season of Christmas!"

And the poem terminates with the bridal procession.

Miles Standish is the true soldier of the day. His demeanor, his impetuosity, his overbearing dictation, his bluntness, his contemptuous hatred to the Indians, even his dry humor, belong to his age and time. Not less correctly depicted is the gentle scribe, Alden, constraining all natural feelings, looking upon their indulgence as sinful, and, with the fanaticism of the age, classing his innocent affection with David's wild passion for Bathsheba. The modest Priscilla, likewise, full of shy playfulness,

"Making the humble house, and the modest apparel of homespun,
Beautiful with her beauty, and rich with the wealth of her being,"—

curbing her love as none but a Puritan maiden would, yet honestly declaring and discussing it as none but a Puritan maiden could,—the gruff captain of the *May Flower*,

"Taking each by the hand, as if he were grasping a tiller,—

Glad to begone from a land of sand and sickness and sorrow,
Short allowance of victual, and plenty of nothing but Gospel!"

the venerable Elder,—

"Only one of them old, the hill that was nearest to Heaven,
Covered with snow, but erect, the excellent Elder of Plymouth,"—

the Indian messenger,—

"The glistening savage,
Bearing the serpent's skin, and seeming himself like a serpent,
Winding his sinuous way in the dark to the depths of the forest,"—

all form so complete a picture of the time, that one would think the poet had lived in that day, and now, like the Seven Sleepers, had awakened to tell to the present generation the manners of the past.

One especial characteristic of Longfellow's poetry is its power of touching the feelings. His heart, as evinced in his poems, like the "beating drum," to which he has himself compared it, knows and sounds the call, to which, from regiment to regiment, from tent to tent, in the vast camp of human existence, other hearts send forth the answering signal.

Vitality is likewise a marked characteristic of this poet. His characters all live and move before us. He is a great "word-painter." Witness Hiawatha's wooing, the death-bed of Minnehaha, the arrival of the ship and landing of the priest. What painting could bring those scenes and characters more vividly before us, than the words of the poet have done? And what painting could echo the sweet welcome of the birds, the rabbits, the sun, the moon, as the wedded pair seek their homes,—the plaintive wail of old Nokomis, or the farewells of the sea, the wind, the forest trees, and the screaming heron, as Hiawatha's canoe fades on the horizon?

This is also especially evident in the poem before us. The home of Miles Standish, its furniture, the shelf of books, and amongst them,

"Prominent there, distinguished alike for bulk and for binding,

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Barille's Artillery Guide and the Commentaries of Cæsar, And, as if guarded by these, between them was standing the Bible."

the landscape, with "the steel-blue rim of the ocean,"—the sailing of the May Flower,—the cottage of Priscilla, her psalm-book,

"Printed in Amsterdam, the words and the music together, Rough-hewn, angular notes, like stones in the wall of a church-yard, Darkened and overhung by the running vine of the verses,"—

the council-room,—the winding of the skein,—the church,—"the milk-white steer, Raghorn,"—are all plain to the sight.

But the idea which displays the most genius and originality in the whole poem, is the contrasted description of the deaths of the two Indian chiefs,—the last line, especially, is worthy of Shakspeare. (Pecksuot is stabbed by Miles):

"And reeling backward, the savage
Fell with his face to the sky, and a fiend-like fierceness upon it."

The brave Watawamat

"Fled not; he was dead. Unswerving and swift had
a bullet
Passed through his brain, and he fell with both hands
clutching the green-sward,
Seeming in death to hold back from his foe the
land of his fathers."

Alden's sudden surprise on hearing of Miles Standish's love:

"Feeling his heart stand still in his bosom,
Just as a lime-piece stops in a house that is stricken
by lightning,"—

the military description of the sky and waves, when Standish marched forth to battle:

"Over them gleamed far off the crimson banners of
morning;
Under them, loud on the sands, the serried billows,
advancing,
Fired along the line, and in regular order retreated,"—

and the epithets applied to Plymouth Rock:

"That had been to their feet like a door-step
Into a world unknown,—the corner-stone of a
nation,"—

are among the most prominent features of the poem. Even also, as amongst the jagged fissures of that rock, bright little May-flowers struggle into life, so there are many blossoms of thought and imagination scattered throughout.

It is, however, much to be regretted that Longfellow's love for the classical hexameter has induced him to employ it in this poem. The use of the trochaic measure in *Hiawatha*,—an extraordinary and original effort in an epic poem,—(for an Indian epic *Hiawatha* certainly is,)—displayed alike the poet's genius, independence and taste. The measure is poetic, and musical throughout; it is not polished, for that would be out of place in an aboriginal legend; it is untutored versification, but it is poetry. The hexameter employed in the *Courtship of Miles Standish* does not suit the genius of our language. The measure is not sufficiently defined, nor is the English tongue musical enough to give pleasure by such terminations of each verse. The gratification this measure may afford, by analogy, to the classical reader, poorly compensates for its barrenness—its inharmoniousness to the common ear. For instance, it is difficult to find measure, melody, or rhyme, in passages like these:

"Now do you know what he did on a certain occasion in Flanders, when the rear guard of his army retreated, the front giving way too, and the immortal Twelfth Legion was crowded so closely together there was no room for their swords?"

The powerful, but euphonious verse of Milton, the colloquial rhythm of Shakspeare, the honey-sweet stanza of Spenser, are all equally appropriate to the age, the scene, and the subject; and it would seem that the novel task the poet has undertaken has chilled his own fervid imagination: the subject is prosaic, and the measure confirms its prosaic aspect.

The collection of shorter poems in the volume is beautifully styled "*Birds of Passage*," which, as quoted from Dante, "in winging their long flight, make the air musical, singing as they fly." Our limits will not admit of reference to all; a few of the gems alone can be selected.

Here the poet calls up all the harmony of versification, the most delicate fancies, the holiest imaginings. Here likewise we see that genius for creating pictures developed in Longfellow's noblest vein. The picture in the three last verses of the poem on the Jewish Cemetery, deserves, (and no higher praise can be given,) to rank beside that never-to-be-forgotten illustration of the foot-step in the sand, Robinson Crusoe's alternate torment and hope, terror and consolation, which, in the spirit-stirring, soul-inspiring Psalm of Life, has immortalized its author. The verses are as follows, speaking of the Jews:

"Pride and humiliation, hand in hand, [went;
Walked with them through the world where'er they
Trampled and beaten were they as the sand,
And yet unshaken as the Continent.

For in the back-ground, figures, vague and vast,
Of patriarchs and prophets rose sublime,
And all the great traditions of the Past,
They saw reflected in the coming time.

And thus for ever, with reverted look,
The mystic volume of the world they read,
Spelling it backward, like a Hebrew book,
Till life became a Legend of the Dead."

Who has not seen the following picture?

"And as the moon, from some dark gate of cloud,
Throws o'er the sea a floating bridge of light,
Across whose trembling planks our fancies crowd
Into the realm of mystery and night,—

So from the world of spirits there descends
A bridge of light, connecting it with this,
O'er whose unsteady floor, that sways and bends,
Wander our thoughts above the dark abyss."

Longfellow enters upon a new field in his song of "Catawba Wine." The composer who "marries it to music" will be fortunate; it is so sparkling and Anacreontic.

The last poem from which a selection can now be made is from the Death of the Duke of Wellington, the "Warden of the Cinque Ports." How appropriate the allegory, how perfect the picture, of the immortal warrior smiting the mortal one!

"No more, surveying with an eye impartial
The long line of the coast,
Shall the gaunt figure of the old Field Marshal
Be seen upon his post!

For in the night, unseen, a single warrior,
In sombre harness mailed,
Dreaded of man, and surnamed the Destroyer,
The rampart wall has scaled.

He passed into the chamber of the sleeper,
The dark and silent room,
And as he entered, darker grew; and deeper,
The silence and the gloom.

He did not pause to parley or dissemble,
But smote the Warden hour;
Ah! what a blow! that made all England tremble
And groan from shore to shore!

Meanwhile, without the surly cannon waited,
The sun rose bright o'erhead;
Nothing in Nature's aspect intimated
That a great man was dead."

Comments or extracts like these would be, in the Eastern States, supererogatory. But this Magazine is intended for the meridian of California, to give companionship to the lonely miners, whose weary nights at Harvard and at Yale, Pored o'er the page till their young cheeks grew pale, and who now are debarred the luxury of library or books, but who still crave after the rich freights of genius that are slowly floating down the stream of literature, within sight of their far-distant homes. These glimpses of the most recent productions of one of our greatest poets, will partly compensate for the lack of the volume itself, and may they afford as much gratification to the reader as to the writer!

—"Those who joy would win,
Must share it—happiness was born a twin!"

"PEN AND INK,"
[Mrs. E. S. CONNER.]

SONG.

BY PET POSIE.

We have spoken the dreary Good-bye,
And parted, it may be forever!
'Twas carelessly said, and no sigh, [sever.
Breathed of sadness, that thus we should

The cold hand, lying lightly in thine,
All unnoticed its tremblings by thee;
And the smile on these proud lips of mine
But concealed a sad heart—ah, me!

Go! for a bright future awaits thee;
The past, with its memories, be mine—
Content with life's thorns, oh, believe me!
If only its roses be thine!

And though the last words have been spo-
And we sever, on earth ne'er to meet, [ken,
Thy spoil o'er my heart is not broken;
Though captive, my bondage is sweet!

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GRAVES ON THE VILLAGE GREEN.

BY G. T. SPROAT.

The graves on the village green,
Where the tall old poplars grow;
Where the ancient church reared its mossy
In the dreamy "long ago;" [walls,
Where the loved in death repose,
On their low beds of clay;—
How calm and quietly they rest,
Sleeping the years away!

The graves on the village green,
Where the tall grass waves above,
And the gray moss creeps o'er the ancient
Sculptured with names we love; [stones,
Where they sleep a dreamless sleep,
Each on his narrow bed,
Till God's strong angel lifts his voice,
And heaven and earth are fled.

The graves on the village green,
Where a father sleeps in death;
And God's great eye is looking down,
On the holy spot beneath;
And watches o'er the place,
Where a sainted patriarch lies,
Till a mighty voice shall shake the tomb,
And a glorious angel rise.

The graves on the village green,
Where a gentle mother lies,
With pale hands clasped on a silent breast,
And dimmed and dreamless eyes;—
Where often Memory turns,
With throbbing heart and weeps—
O! there's no holier spot on earth
Than where a mother sleeps!

The graves on the village green,
Where our loved children lie,
O'er whom we wept, and watched, and
With the death-angel nigh. [prayed,
O! early loved and lost!
What speak ye from the sod?
"Gone to green pastures, living streams,
Upon the hills of God!"

The graves on the village green,
Where our loved brothers rest,

And gentle sisters calmly sleep,
As on a mother's breast.
O! when the dream is past,
And changed Life's magic scene,
May we find a home in heaven, with those
Who sleep on the village green!

WILD FLOWER: THE PRIDE OF THE OH-WAUKEES.

BY W. B. STANLEY.

CHAPTER FIFTH.

THE magnificent steamer Northern Light, crowded with passengers, swung loose from her dock, amid the shouts of thousands who had assembled to witness her departure, and moved gracefully out upon the wide ocean. There are peculiar scenes exhibited at the departure of every steamer bound for California. There is weeping, and there is the merry laugh which rings through the boisterous crowd, mingled with the sighs of those who have come to take the last parting kiss from some dear friend whom they never expect to see again; for the trip to California is associated with many dangers. The body of many a poor immigrant has been cast into the briny deep, and all his brightest anticipations of this golden land forever blasted, for death is unerring in all his aims, and many of the fondest hopes have been crushed by his fatal shafts, while yet in the bud. There were over seven hundred passengers on board, composed of many kinds of people, flushed with the hope of soon returning with fortunes which they had procured in the golden land. What happy thoughts of the future danced before their delighted fancy, as the steamer climbed each mountain wave on her westward course.

Amidst the crowd which thronged the deck of the vessel, as she so gracefully floated over the blue waters, leaving the bustling city in the distance, were two persons, who stood at the afterpart, looking back upon the receding city. One of them was of very fair complexion, and

dressed with much taste. From his appearance, he could scarcely be one-and-twenty, for there was not a particle or sign of beard upon his face. He had on a blue frock coat, a white vest and black pants, while his nice white shirt-collar was neatly turned down over a satin cravat, and upon his head was a silk glazed cap, which sat at one side of his head. Every movement was of that peculiar ease and grace which denoted that he had been raised in the first circles of society. The other was a mulatto, and was evidently a servant, who appeared to pay strict attention to his master.

After the steamer had been out a few days, and most of the passengers had got over their sea-sickness, there was considerable curiosity to know who this young man was that had a servant and was so distant to all advances towards intimacy with any of the passengers. It was generally noticed by the passengers, that the servant was constantly by the side of his master when he came upon deck, and they were often in close conversation, which is unusual between master and servant. The ladies on board were very anxious to become acquainted with the "nice young man," as they called him; but, to their utter discomfiture, he would not make free with any of them; consequently all their advances towards him wore to no purpose.

After a pleasant trip of twenty-eight days they arrived at San Francisco, and the young gentleman and his servant took rooms at the Oriental Hotel, where they attracted the same attention they did on the steamer. Some of the ladies of the Hotel were very anxious to form the acquaintance of the "nice young man," and they went so far as to get up a ball, almost on purpose to get an introduction; for they had come to the conclusion that he must be a wealthy planter's son, come to California for his health, as he had rather a delicate complexion. The ball

went off, but the young stranger did not appear, to the great disappointment of many of them. They used every means in their power to become intimate with him, but all to no purpose. "The strange young man," "the nice young man," was unapproachable, and the mystery of his diffidence towards them remained unsolved. We will leave them for awhile, and return to the boys and see what they are doing.

One morning as Elie entered his counting-room, after he had been in business about three months, he took up one of the morning papers to read, as usual; and, while looking over one of them, his eyes fell upon the following advertisement, in one of the San Francisco dailies:

"WANTED—Information of Franklin Seaman and Elie Grover, who came to this country early in '49. By addressing a letter to 'J. S., San Francisco Post Office,' they can hear something of importance to them.

"San Francisco, March, 185-."

When Elie read the notice he was very much surprised, and could not imagine what it could mean, but thought it must be concerning home, so he started for San Francisco on the two o'clock boat. That night he wrote a note and dropped it in the office, intending to remain in the city for an answer, as the advertisement had been in two weeks, and it was presumed that whoever put it in would call at the office every day or two. He did not have to wait long, for the third day he received an answer to his note, requesting him to call next day, at ten o'clock, at Room No. —, Oriental Hotel.

He went to the Hotel at the time specified and called at the desk, requesting to be shown to Room No. —, which was complied with; and his brightest anticipations were more than realized; for, there he met Julia, and two fond hearts, so long separated, were again united.

The reader can now readily solve the mystery of the young man on the steamer,

for it was and her disappearance to New York and in the North. She applied if she could find Elie, and of her sex.

After she had subsided and transpired while his and, as for his hair, he had

"My duty is to expect to see you again perhaps, and I for

"How have you the pulsation long I should

"Julia, you for a were so near you—the the fascinations were all combined ability to of this was by others.

"You dwelt in such thoughts my constant the same of you, or I did—dress but a man thousands ries of a uncertain my heart whether he

for it was none other than Julia Seaman and her maid servant, whose mysteriously disappeared the night she was to be married to Mr. Simpson. They went to New York and procured male attire, shipped in the Northern Light for San Francisco. She applied the plan of advertising to see if she could hear anything of Frank or Elie, and by that means found the object of her search.

After the excitement of the meeting had subsided, Julia told Elie all that had transpired, as they sat upon the sofa, while his arm entwined her slender waist; and, as he brushed back her beautiful hair, he kissed her, saying:

"My dear Julia, little did I ever expect to see you in California, or even see you again as Julia Seaman, for I thought, perhaps, you were long since married, and I forgotten."

"How could you think thus, when I have so often told you, that so long as the pulsation dwelt within my bosom, so long I should love you."

"Julia, pardon me for even doubting you for a moment, but then I knew there were so many influences thrown around you—the objections of a dear parent and the fascinations of a fashionable world, were all brought to bear upon your mind, combined with the knowledge of my inability to lay at your feet the treasures of this world, which were offered to you by others."

"You know not the ardent love that dwelt in my bosom, or you could not let such thoughts enter your mind, or doubt my constancy; neither could you have the same confidence in me that I had in you, or I never should have done as I did—dressed in male attire, with none but a maid servant to accompany me thousands of miles, leaving all the luxuries of a home and a dear parent, on an uncertain voyage, in search of the idol of my heart in a strange land, not knowing whether he was dead or alive."

"Oh, Julia! talk not thus, or you will break my heart; although such thoughts might have passed through my mind, yet I could not get my heart to believe them; for had you married, I could have loved you none the less. Since we separated, I have never cherished a thought that was not yours, in all my wanderings, and now I am by your side I ask no happier boon on earth; for to love and cherish you will ever be my heart's greatest delight; and, thank Heaven, I am not now as when I last saw you—I have now the means to keep you as becomes your position in life."

"Elie, talk not of what you possess; I shall love you none the more; for I love you, as I did years long since, for the heart that dwells in your bosom; and to be by your side will be happiness enough for me, though you did not possess a dollar."

As she finished speaking, he again pressed her to his bosom, saying:

"Nothing but death shall again separate us."

"In the excitement of the meeting, I forgot to inquire after Frank."

"Frank is married."

"Married! Is it possible?"

"It is even so."

"Where does he reside?"

"I will tell you the whole circumstance; but you must not get angry with him, for he has married one of the loveliest creatures on earth."

"About eight months ago Frank, another gentleman, and myself were taken prisoners by some Indians, while mining on the Klamath river, and remained with them about six weeks; and among them was dwelling a female of surpassing loveliness. I say dwelling among them, because it was evident that she was not an Indian. Frank became so perfectly charmed with her, the consequence is that she is his lawful and wedded wife, according to the customs of those Indians."

"Does he still live with them?"

"He does; for she would not consent to marry him, unless he would promise to remain with them."

"Well, that is very strange, indeed. Do you think he will ever come back?"

"Indeed, I cannot say. The tribe they are with has gone to the head-waters of the Colorado, many hundred miles from here."

"I should like very much to see brother Frank; though he has been away from home so much, since I have been large enough to appreciate his society, I can scarcely realize I have a brother living. Where is Leu; is he with Frank?"

"He is in Sacramento, acting as porter in our store."

"Has he been with you all the time?"

"Yes; he has been a faithful servant, and, for his reward, Frank gave him about two thousand dollars and his freedom."

"I am truly glad; for he was the best servant we ever had; and he always thought more of Frank than any of the family."

Dinner was announced, and Elie took his leave, promising to call again soon. In less than two weeks Elie and Julia were married, and the next steamer that left the Pacific coast carried the information to Mr. Seaman of Julia's whereabouts, also her marriage to Elie. Soon after the marriage, he bought out Joe's interest in the store; and everything went on as well as the heart could wish; business was good, and his trade continued to increase; and, after the busy toil of the day was over, he could return to the society of one dearer to him than all else on earth. Indeed, Elie appeared to be the happiest man living; but it could not always last; for all he had made by years of toil was swept from him in a few hours, by the conflagration of 1852. Having good credit in San Francisco, by his promptness in the past, he bought

largely, and commenced business on the same ground.

In less than six months afterwards, the house in San Francisco, where he bought the largest portion of his goods, issued attachments against him, closing up his store. He could assign no cause for such proceedings, as they had often told him he could have all the goods he wished, and have his time to pay for them. As soon as it was known that attachments were issued, others came in, which entirely crushed him, leaving him nothing but his little homestead. A few weeks after his store was closed out, he received the following note, which will explain itself:

"SAN FRANCISCO, March 9, 185--.

DEAR SIR: I have twice seen you reduced to poverty; although the first time I had no connection with the affair, for fire did the work, but the last time my influence caused your store to be closed and leave you almost penniless. I did this from no enmity towards you, but for the revenge I owe to your wife, who refused to marry me. I have traveled many miles, and spent thousands of dollars to accomplish my object. It is now done. Work by the day, and let Julia take in washing, for a living. Ha! ha! "THEODORE SIMPSON."

Elie never told Julia anything about receiving this letter, for he knew it would only cause her grief to know that she had been the cause of their misfortune, but struggled on against all his difficulties, hoping that something would transpire to aid him in making another raise in the world of monetary affairs.

Joe still remained with them, having a room in the city, and boarded with them. He offered Elie money, to go into business again, but he would not accept it.

Five months had now elapsed since Julia had written to her father, but no answer, when one day, after the arrival of the steamer from the States, Elie came in with a letter, which was from Julia's father, stating that if they would come home, and bring Frank with them, he

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 caused your store to be closed
 you almost penniless. I did
 no enmity towards you, but for
 ge I owe to your wife, who
 marry me. I have traveled
 es, and spent thousands of dol-
 accomplish my object. It is now
 ork by the day, and let Julia
 washing, for a living. Ha! ha!
 "THEODORE SIMPSON."

ever told Julia anything about
 this letter, for he knew it would
 her grief to know that she had
 cause of their misfortune, but
 on against all his difficulties,
 hat something would transpire
 in making another raise in
 of monetary affairs.

all remained with them, having a
 the city, and boarded with them.
 ed Elie money, to go into business.
 ut he would not accept it.

months had now elapsed since
 ad written to her father, but no
 when one day, after the arrival
 eamer from the States, Elie came
 a letter, which was from Julia's
 stating that if they would come
 and bring Frank with them, he

would forgive them for all the past, and
 they should inherit all his property.
 This was glorious news to them, not so
 far as the property was concerned with
 Elie, but the reconciliation of her father
 to their union.

Their happiness would now have been
 complete, if Frank had been there to go
 with them to the States. They deter-
 mined to sail on the next steamer, and
 they had prevailed on Joe to go with
 them. The day before they were to
 leave Sacramento, Elie met Frank on the
 street, who told him that Wild Flower,
 or whom we shall now call Charlotte
 Seaman, and who was none other than
 Joe's sister, who had been stolen when
 quite young by the Indians, and her
 father being killed at the time she was
 stolen. This Frank learned when he
 arrived at their village on the Colorado.
 The band she was dwelling with, when
 the boys were taken prisoners, had traded
 for her from the Apaches. He came
 across an old French trader, who told
 him all about the circumstances and
 what her name was, for he used to be
 well acquainted with Mr. Dixon, Joe's
 father. As soon as Frank learned these
 facts, he began to prevail upon Charlotte
 to return to California, telling her all he
 had learned from the French trader and
 that Joe was her brother. She finally
 consented; but the Indians would not
 let them go, until they promised to come
 back again. They got in with a train,
 and came through to Sacramento.

They all set sail on the next steamer
 for the Atlantic States; and a more
 happy group never left the Pacific coast.

Leu and Nelly, having received their
 freedom-papers, concluded to remain in
 California; and, before the party started,
 they were married. They now reside in
 a small town, in the northern part of this
 State, where Leu is engaged in mining
 and Nelly does washing. They are worth
 about fifteen thousand dollars, and they

are noted for their honesty and industry.
 It was from them that we got an insight
 for the foundation of our story; for,
 through them, we learned where Joe
 resided, for he did not remain in the
 States but a short time, and to him we
 are indebted for the most interesting
 portion of our narrative. Should any
 one, who reads this story, chance to
 travel on the Cumberland river, which
 flows through the most beautiful portion
 of Tennessee, they will see two splendid
 mansions, which stand on the banks, not
 more than a hundred yards apart, where
 live Elie and Julia, Frank and Charlotte,
 or who was once WILD FLOWER, THE
 PRIDE OF THE OH-WAUKEES.

Reader, our story is completed; and if
 we have produced one feeling of interest
 in the bosom of those who have followed
 us through, our brightest anticipations
 are realized. And, hoping to meet you
 again, we respectfully take our leave.

BE STILL, MY HARP, BE STILL.

BY MRS. C. A. CHAMBERLAIN.

Be still, my harp, be still,—
 Pour not thy music here!
 Keep thy lone, wasted tone, to thrill
 In the pure music sphere.

This is the orb unblest,
 Of all the starry throng;
 No thing of grace may here find rest—
 Be mute, O soul of song!

To Hope, e'en at her birth,
 A haunting shade is given;
 And Love turns weary from the Earth
 With waiting looks to Heaven.

Here sweet Peace vainly tries
 To make her dwelling fair;
 To fields above, she weeping flies,
 And sets her white tent there.

Be mute, O spirit strain,
 Die, from the cold earth—die!

What memory would'st thou hope to gain,
What echo, or reply?

Will the hoarder leave his gold,
Thy call of love to hear?
Will the worldlings' heart to thee unfold?
Canst thou reach the sealed ear?

Sleep—midst life's vain, false spell;—
Wait—for the heavenly air!
Oh! by thyself thou may'st know well
What waits thy wakening there!

Vainly I bid thee sleep,
O spirit tones, for still [deep,
Thou cling'st to Earth, with yearnings
Midst all the wrong and ill:—

Whispering, O orb unblest,
Of all the starry throng,
Oh! more perchance than all the rest,
Thou need'st the soul of song!

Whispering, O stricken sphere,
Peace, Hope and Love may flee
Thy paths,—yet would we linger here
To win them back to thee.

[Continued from page 279.]
EARLY DAYS OF THE BUCKEYES:
OR, LOVE AND PUGILISM.

BY DIEGO ALANO.

IN process of time the house was finished and furnished—very much, too, to Leenio's mind—and Michael Kezil essayed to take upon himself the multifarious duties of farmer, landlord, barkeeper and hostler, while Leenio was to play the roles of landlady, book-keeper, and *maitresse de cuisine*. But Michael soon found that it is possible for a man to charge himself with more functions than he is capable of fulfilling, either profitably to himself or the public. It happened, about the time he entered upon his new character of tavern-keeper, that the ingenious money-seekers of Ohio had become partially, if not wholly, insane on the subject of banking. Every city, village and

hamlet had its bank; and paper-money, most of it of very questionable reputation, was scattered about like autumn leaves in a hurricane. The consequence was, that silver and gold coin disappeared from the public vision and took sanctuary in the vaults of the bankers. Dollars, half-dollars, quarter-dollars, bits and picayunes no longer played their accustomed parts in the commercial transactions of the day; but had their places filled by villainous and vexatious bank notes, which, from their peculiar shape and smallness, were facetiously denominated "shin-plasters." Thus, every imaginable sum of money, from six-and-a-fourth cents up to a thousand dollars, had its representative on a bit of paper, and manifold and ruinous were the perplexities they entailed upon the honest Buckeyes—the first settlers of Ohio were called Buckeyes, because of the real or fancied resemblance which their beautifully bronzed complexions bore to the color of that celebrated, though useless, nut)—and deeply and fervently did the honest Buckeyes, vent maledictions upon the heads of the bankers, who flooded the land with their pestiferous shin-plasters. This rascally system of banking—so destructive to the amenities of business and so prolific of sinfulness, by keeping the people in a constant state of irritation, and causing them to talk irreverently and blasphemously—almost drove Michael Kezil into insanity. On busy days, when thirsty customers were clamorous for their gills of whisky—in those primitive days all bibulants were served by measure, instead of the discretionary "drink," as at present—it was impossible for a man, so imperfectly acquainted as he with the mysteries of typography and chirography, to escape the commission of annoying and ruinous blunders. The bibulant would swallow his gill—price, six-and-a-fourth cents—throw down a twenty-five cent shin-plaster, and Michael, in his ignorance

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 ice, six-and-a-fourth cents—
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 Michael, in his ignorance

and nervousness, would hurriedly hand
 him back another shin-plaster, bearing
 on its face the words, "GOOD FOR FIFTY
 CENTS"! In this way, he would often
 deal out a half barrel of whisky in a
 day, and have less money in his till at
 night than he had in the morning. Of
 course, matters could not long go on thus
 without seriously injuring the financial
 affairs of the "Keezil Hotel," and the
 old gentleman, who had become some-
 what sensible of his incapacity as a bar-
 keeper, placed that portion of his business
 in the hands of his daughter, who mana-
 ged it very nicely and circumspectly, with-
 out any apparent detriment to her other
 numerous and responsible avocations.

Now, it ought not to be a matter of
 wonder that a young lady, so handsome,
 so strong, so well mannered, so prompt
 in all matters of business, and who, as
 was reported, could read newspapers and
 decipher the faces of bank notes and shin-
 plasters, should become an object for re-
 flection to such of the young gentlemen
 of the vicinity as had had opportunity to
 feast their eyes upon her charms and
 witness the display of her varied talents.
 Furthermore, she was an only child, her
 father was rich and growing richer every
 day, and everybody came to the conclu-
 sion that, whoever should have the luck
 to marry her, would marry not merely a
 very pretty, agreeable and useful woman,
 but, more than all that, and far exceeding
 all that, in the eyes of many, an HEIRESS!
 It is very pleasant to read about dis-
 interested love in novels; to see it por-
 trayed on the stage; and, to hear its
 praises in the songs of lover-poets; but,
 nathless, in real life the charm of wealth
 is the most potent charm a woman can
 boast; and, in the conquest of hearts, an
 heiress—no matter how ugly and dis-
 agreeable—will always triumph over her
 poor rivals, no matter how beautiful and
 amiable. Perhaps *always* is too strong
 an expression. Well, we will say *often*;

and thus avoid getting into a quarrel
 some argument with the very young and
 romantic reader.

Among those who saw and worshiped
 Leonie Keezil was Barney Malone, a
 handsome, thoughtless, shiftless, broth-
 of-a-b'hoj, all the way from the banks
 of the Liffey, in Old Ireland. He was a
 floating waif on the bosom of life's ocean,
 and its waves had drifted him whither-
 soever they listed, without his giving
 himself the least concern as to where he
 should eventually "fetch up." How, or
 why, he had drifted into Ohio, nobody
 knew, and he knew least of any. There
 was not much of incident in his history,
 and he had a happy faculty of forgetting
 all that portion of it that was unpleasant
 to remember. There was a time when
 he was a wild, ragged *gassoon*, in the
 streets of Dublin, consorting with sailors,
 prize-fighters, gambling-room bullies, and
 other such gentry; and, of course, he
 grew into young-manhood with very con-
 fused notions of what ethical writers call
 the virtues. Great Britain, about that
 time, had taken the stupendous job on
 her hands of crushing Napoleon, and also
 of flogging the United States of America
 into better behavior. Ireland, therefore,
 was studded with recruiting sergeants;
 for, although the Anglo-Saxons of Eng-
 land have coaxed themselves, and a great
 portion of the rest of the world, to believe
 that they are the bravest and most invin-
 cible soldiers in existence, they always
 manage to have their fighting done by
 the Celtic-Irish. Where you will find one
 native-born Englishman, in the ranks of
 a British army, you will find a score of
 the true Milesian; although these same
 Milesians, if they chose to make an hon-
 est confession of their affections and an-
 tipathies, have no more love for England
 and England's quarrels than a cat has for
 a ducking in cold water. But an Irish-
 man has a natural taste for fighting. It
 is born with him; and, if not permitted

to indulge it after his own humor, he will seek an opportunity for its display even in the ranks of a nation he hates. Barney Malone fell an easy prey to the first recruiting sergeant that tempted him to enlist. He soon found himself at Halifax, and soon after at bayonet-thrust with the Americans, on the southern frontiers of Canada. His military career, however, reached its climax, and the fortunes of war made him a prisoner. With some hundreds of fellow prisoners, he was marched to Chillicothe, in Ohio, where he was treated so well, and became so delighted with his captors, that he quietly resolved not to be exchanged, but, as he expressed it, to become "a free born American and a Dimmyerat." The execution of this resolve—or, at least, that part of it which involved his escape from imprisonment—was almost simultaneous with its conception; and, in a few days, Barney Malone was roving at large among the Buckeye farmers, smacking his lips over their good cheer, and ogling and kissing their rosy and robust daughters. He found it a much jollier life than that he had led in the wars, and was so much pleased with it that he determined to throw himself away on the first wealthy woman he could find, and settle down for life, in the double enjoyment of love and a rich estate. He saw our friend Leenie—saw that she was rich—and he loved her.

One fine morning Michael Keezil was saluted, in his bar-room, by a handsome, well-shaped, florid-faced stranger, measuring some five feet ten in stature, and not particularly well appareled, who accosted him with that easy air of familiarity, or rather easy impudence, which sits so gracefully on an Irishman in love.

"And is yer name Mister Kazil, ould man?"

"Yah, das ist my name," replied that gentleman—mixing, as was his wont, his native Pennsylvania Dutch with a mode-

rate sprinkling of villainously accented English.

"Faix, thin," said Barney, for he was the aforesaid stranger, "I would like to tak up my quarters wid ye, and tak a turn at the fine atin' and drinkin' ye've got here."

"Können sie Deutsch?" said Mr. Keezil.

"And what the divil is all that yer puttin' through ye?"

"Haben sie lust zu arbeiten, und can you do ebery tings?"

"Och, bad luck to you, to talk so that a Christian man dunno what yer sayin', at all at all; but if its after askin' me if I can do everything and anything, faix, thin, I'm the very boy for ye."

"Haben sie schreiben gelernt, und can you read zeitungs und pank notes?" said Michael.

"I dunno what yer drivin' at, at all at all, for ye bother me intirely wid yer lingo, but I'll tak it upon myself to say, ony way, that I'm jist the boy for ye; and so, ould boy, say it's a bargain, and let's have a taste of the whisky to fasten it." And so, with the air of a man perfectly at home and at his ease, he reached the whisky bottle, filled a glass for Michael and one for himself, and, with a condescending nod of the head and a rapid "Here's till ye!" fastened the bargain, as far as he was concerned, with the utmost complacency.

Mr. Keezil was a good deal taken aback by the off-hand manner of his new acquaintance, and having a suspicion that he was not his equal in colloquial ability, he called for Leenie, to whom, of late, he was constrained to refer all troublesome matters, and turned Barney over to her, with the brief remark, "Here's a verdampter Yankee, sprechen zu der toufel!"

The colloquy, between Leenie and Barney, was but a brief one. With the tact with which some women are gifted, and which she possessed in perfection, she

saw through the entire character of the Irishman at a glance, and fathomed his intentions towards herself before he had spoken twenty words. Whatever were her secret motives, however, or by what influences she was prompted, strange as it may seem, she indicated to her father her pleasure that Mr. Malone should be forthwith installed in the "Keezil Hotel" as a sort of man of all work.

"Och, Heaven bless yer purty face, ye angel of a sweet cratur ye, and here's long life till ye as long as ye live and a hundred years after!" And so, Barney Malone was domiciled in the "Keezil Hotel," just to gratify an unaccountable caprice of its young mistress.

"How are you, old boy? How are you, Uncle Keezil? Come, bounce about, my jolly old dog; here are a dozen of us as dry as powder-horns and as hungry as bed-bugs after a month's fast! Trot out your medicine, and let's see what you can do for us. How's your brandy, Old Keezil?"

"O, der brandy ist sehr gute. I gibb ein halbe tollar a gallon for it."

"Half a dollar a gallon! Heaven and earth, Old Keezil! What sort of poison truck, colored with burnt sugar, is it that you want to poison honest folks with, under pretense of selling them brandy? None of your liver-rotting stuff for us. Give us some of your bald-faced whisky, fresh from the still-house—d'ye hear? And tell Leenie to bustle about and knock up a dinner for thirty-six hungry gentlemen; for, though only a dozen of us, we're all good for treble rations!"

"O, yah!" And Mr. Keezil, having carefully measured out twelve gills of bran new whisky and placed them on the bar-room table, bustled to the kitchen department to order the dinner so pompously demanded.

The gentleman, who made himself the spokesman of the newly arrived party of twelve, was a young man of some twenty-

four summers, with a remarkably handsome face, highly expressive of fearlessness, frankness and fun. His figure, though not strictly herculean, was tall, graceful and symmetrical, exhibiting, in all its parts and proportions, great muscular strength and powers of endurance. His name was Jacob Freyberger, a Pennsylvania Dutchman by blood and parentage, and an excellent fellow by nature. By some happy stroke of fortune, he had been emancipated from the slavery of his paternal home, in good old Berks county, in early childhood, and had managed to pick up a little education and a little common sense by stoutly wrestling with the world, his own unaided champion. He found himself, chasing up some boyish speculation, among the Buckeyes, just at the moment when the calamities of war were pressing upon the northern frontiers of Ohio in their direst form. Volunteer companies were the order of the day; and, suddenly inspired by patriotism and a fondness for novelty, he became a private in a corps, known afterwards, on several hard fought battlefields, as the "Buckeye Rifle Blues." Young as he was, and good-natured and obliging as he was, his comrades soon discovered that he was a most unprofitable customer upon whom to retail their jokes and insults. Successively and soundly he thrashed all the corporals and sergeants of his company; and, as a just reward of his prowess, the captain constituted him orderly sergeant before he had seen six weeks service. He soon became accomplished in all the military requirements of a rifleman. He could run like a deer, shoot with the deadly certainty of a Leatherstocking, throw a tomahawk at a mark more surely and expertly than any Indian, and jump further and higher than a circus vaulter. As a swimmer, he was a phenomonon of activity and endurance; and, like Nimrod Wildfire, could "dive deeper and

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stay under longer" than any man in the whole American army. His bravery was unquestionable. In fact, he never appeared happier than when about to encounter an enemy; though some of his comrades believed, and so reported, that he was quite as fond of the society of beautiful and sprightly maidens as of the excitements of a battle. Perhaps he was—indeed, it is more than likely that he was—for it seems to be a universally acknowledged truism, that the most gallant soldiers are the most devoted adorers of lovely woman. Previously to Perry's brilliant victory on Lake Erie, the Commodore, wishing to man his tops with a few expert sharpshooters, requested General Harrison to furnish him with some good and staunch rifleman. Young Freyberger was one of those selected for this responsible and dangerous service, and not a few wore the unlucky Britons whom his unerring rifle caused to seek their last resting place beneath the green waters of Erie. For his gallant service, on this occasion, he was commissioned a lieutenant; and, when no longer needed in the army, he returned, unmaimed, and handsome and buoyant as ever, to cultivate his little Ohio farm. For such a man to be unknown and unnoticed is impossible. By the common consent of the rural beaux and belles of his neighborhood, he took the lead in all affairs of rustic amusement. He carried the prizes at all corn-huskings, house-raisings and log-rollings. At quilting frolics he was the sun and center of attraction. The girls sighed for him and the young men envied him. He danced enchantingly, sang bewitchingly, and played the fiddle divinely. O, he was a rare one!

He and his eleven companions had reached the Keezil Hotel, about three o'clock in the afternoon of a bright day in October, having traveled since day-break, in order to participate in a grand wolf hunt, which was to come off next

morning, in a terribly wild pine swamp, lying some five miles from the Keezil Hotel, and to the westward of the county town. It was the intention of the leader of the little party—who, of course, was Lieutenant Freyberger—to push on, immediately after dinner, so as to be on the hunting-ground among the very first. The mode of hunting wolves—in the day when wolves were plentiful in Ohio—was very simple and efficient. A thousand or more good hunters, well armed with rifles, surrounded that portion of the forest in which the sheep-murdering beasts were supposed to harbor; and, forming a wide circle, press forward, at the signal of a trumpet, to a common center, where not only wolves, but all sorts of game, met with un pitying destruction.

Now, Lieutenant Freyberger—or Yawkub Freyberger, as his Dutch acquaintances persisted in calling him—had seen Leenie several times before; but he had never before eaten a dinner prepared under her direction, and had never before been waited on by a maiden, at once so beautiful, so active, so intelligent and so house-wifely. He had now a fair opportunity to contemplate her; and the result was, as any fool might anticipate, that long before he had finished his meal, he was over head and ears in love. His companions were either more hungry or less sensitive to the magic of beauty than he, for they discussed the viands before them with an eagerness and an untiringness that admitted of no interruption from such unsubstantial matters as love and sentiment. Dinner ended, Barney Malone was directed to bring out the steeds; but, to the amazement of everybody, Yawkub Freyberger intimated his intention of proceeding no further that night. First, he discovered an imaginary lameness in his horse; and, when he was argued out of that, he chose to be horribly sick and incapable of exercise. His friends regarded him with undisguised

astonishment. He believed that a basin of sweetbreads would refuse a juicy morsel. Yawkub Freyberger protected himself from the wolf hunt. He explored, and even as fixed in his wheel. He wanted to stay where that could be many expressions of admiration, his comrade proceeded to the wolf hunt with

Now, Barney though some as not the wife he saw at once sharpened his Lieutenant all a shame, enabling the attack upon him vast un oath, away d an oath the Irishman sw—that the avail him. his counter mediately; wolf hunter Lieutenant of the maid so efficient to give the is enough istic of the to the point was the meeting girl he loved language a bit of a is not?—flatteries

astonishment. They could as easily have believed that a hungry cat would refuse a basin of sweet milk, or a hungry dog refuse a juicy mutton chop, as that Yawkub Freyberger would wilfully absent himself from the glorious amusement of a wolf hunt. In vain they coaxed, implored, and even taunted him; he was as fixed in his resolution as Ixion on his wheel. He was determined to be sick, and to stay where he was, in spite of all that could be said to him; and, with many expressions of regret and astonishment, his comrades mounted and proceeded to the scene of the anticipated wolf hunt without him.

Now, Barney Malone was not a fool—though some people chose to regard him as not the wisest man in the world—and he saw at once, his mental optics being sharpened by a lover's jealousy, that Lieutenant Freyberger's sickness was all a sham, put on for the purpose of enabling that gallant soldier to make an attack upon Leenie's heart. This gave him vast uneasiness, and he took a deep oath, away down in his bosom—no less an oath than that which every earnest Irishman swears, "by the Hill o' Howth"—that the Lieutenant's trick should not avail him. He could not, however, bring his counteracting scheme into play immediately; for, as soon as the eleven wolf hunters were out of sight, the Lieutenant made a bolt into the presence of the maiden who had, so suddenly and so efficiently, enslaved him. It is useless to give the dialogue between the pair. It is enough to say, that it was characteristic of the parties concerned. He came to the point at once. Told her that she was the most beautiful and most fascinating girl he had ever beheld, and that he loved her beyond all his powers of language to say how much. Leenie was a bit of a coquet—as what beautiful girl is not?—and she affected to treat his flatteries and protestations with good-

humored indifference, though, in her secret soul, they made her supremely happy. But, she was determined not to surrender her heart at once—who would?—and while she did not absolutely bid him hope, she was just as far from consigning him to despair. To be brief, matters were progressing almost as smoothly as Yawkub could have wished, when a message came that Barney wished to see him about his horse. With no misgivings, no presentiment of trouble, and in rather a happy frame of mind, for he knew enough of the female heart to feel tolerably well assured that Leenie, notwithstanding her assumed indifference, was not insensible to his merits, he sought Barney at the stables.

"Mister Freyberger," said that worthy, as soon as he got the Lieutenant inside of a stable, and out of sight and hearing of the house, "I've only one thing to tell ye, and that is, that if ye're goin' to court Miss Leenie, ye may look out for as bad a thrashin' as iver a poor divil got sin' the day that David thrashed the big Goliath o' Gath!"

"I'm much obliged to you, I'm sure," replied the Lieutenant, very politely, "and, perhaps, you'd better give me the thrashing now, if it's all the same to you."

"O, bedad, that's jist the game I'm after wantin' to play, and so here's at ye!"

Before the Lieutenant could exactly guess what was coming, he received a left-hander on the right side of his face, instantly followed by a right-hander on the region of the left eye, which shook him up considerably and made him see an infinitude of shooting stars, though he still maintained himself on his feet. He was not long in making the discovery that Barney's pugilistic tactics were not to be despised, and he instantly acted on the hint, thus painfully received, by rushing within his adversary's guard and grasping him round the waist.

"Now, gallant Barney, hold thine own,
No maiden's hand round thee is thrown!"

There was some desperate tugging and wrenching, on both sides, for both combatants were young, brave, strong and active, and how long the hostile embrace would have lasted, had they been left to themselves, it is impossible to conjecture; but, while they were straining and struggling and whirling each other about, most unceremoniously and maliciously, they were interrupted by Michael Keezil, who, having called for Barney, until he was hoarse, to take charge of a horse, from which a guest had just alighted, was fain to bring the animal to the stable himself, and thus caught the two athletes in the very height and fury of their belligerent waltz.

"Mein Gott! Mein Gott!" he exclaimed, "was ist des? Wat for you fight?"

"Och, it's nothin' at all, avic," said Barney, puffing and panting like a locomotive, "but jist a little bit of a wrastle betwixt the gentleman and meself, for a half pint o' whisky, jist to see who's the bish man of us; and that's all, as thrue as me name's Barney Malone."

"Yes, Mr. Keezil, that's it," chimed in Yawkub, who readily saw that Barney's explanation was the best, for all parties, that could be made, under the circumstance; "that's just it, and the pint, or rather the half pint, is yet undecided. But, we shall have another trial. Shan't we, Barney?"

"Faix, and that jist depinds on yourself, me darlint. Ye know what I could ye, before we begun the fun."

"All right," said Yawkub, turning to follow Mr. Keezil, who, having consigned the horse to the custody of Barney, was about retracing his steps to the house; "All right. To-morrow, you know, Barney, will be a new day, and it's never too late to accomplish a praiseworthy undertaking."

"Be me mither's sowl!" whispered

Barney in his ear, "if ye try any more o' yer love blarney on Miss Leenie, I'll bate yer ugly face into a jelly and smash all the bones in yer dirty skin!"

"Very well—we'll see about it—and so, good night, and pleasant dreams to you." And, having thus replied, with as much *nonchalance*, in tone and manner, as he could muster, Yawkub sought the bar-room of the Keezil Hotel.

The stranger-guest, who had just alighted from the horse, the taking of which to the stable, by Mr. Keezil, was the cause of arresting the wrestling-match of the rival lovers, was impatiently waiting for Mr. Keezil, in order to make known his wants, which were very simple, being a bootjack, a pair of slippers, a gill of whisky, some supper, and lodging for the night. He was a rather genteel-looking personage, very tall, very stoop-shouldered, very slender, dressed somewhat seedily in black, with a pale, puritanical face, from which all the beard was carefully shaved, and a bald place on the top of his head, which was partially concealed by the hair from below being combed over it. He gave his name as Seth Plunkett, from the State of Connecticut, and intimated to Mr. Keezil that he was a school-teacher and was seeking employment in his vocation, and would be happy to open a school in Mr. Keezil's own neighborhood. Now, if there was any one thing, in all the world, for which our friend Michael entertained a downright disgust, it was a Yankee schoolmaster; and, from that moment, though he said nothing, Mr. Plunkett occupied a very low degree on the scale of his appreciation. The schoolmaster, however, utterly ignorant of the uncharitable feelings of his host, became exceedingly sociable and communicative, after swallowing his whisky, and seemed disposed to enlighten everybody, that chose to listen, upon a variety of topics, and especially upon that of education

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and the great need of it in the rural districts of Ohio. He was about to give an exceedingly learned lecture on this, to him, vital subject, when he happened to catch a full view of Yawkub's face, on which a very black eye was, every moment, growing blacker, and which was further decorated with some ugly goutts of blood, the handiwork of Barney Malone; all of which gave to the Lieutenant's beauty anything but a romantic and prepossessing interest. Mr. Plunkett was so amazed, if not thunder-struck, by Yawkub Freyberger's face, that his words died in his throat, and he gazed at the object of his astonishment in silent terror. This dumb show, on the part of the schoolmaster, gave the Lieutenant an unintentional hint that something was wrong about his visage, which hint induced him to look into a mirror, and then to seek the wash-room.

As night had now set in, Yawkub indulged the hope of making his toilet and stealing away, without the mischance of showing his disfigured face to the heiress and mistress of the Keezil Hotel. But, in this he was doomed to disappointment; for, whether Leenie had discovered the exact state of affairs, and was determined on seeing how a lover looked with a black eye, or whether it happened through sheer accident, one thing is certain, that the first person he met, after leaving the bar-room, was Leenie herself, armed with a brightly blazing candle, and fairly shedding tears with the excess of her merriment.

"Miss Keezil! Upon my word!—I hope!—You must not!—For Heaven's sake!" stammered poor Yawkub, fifty times worse frightened than he would have been had he suddenly met a regiment of red-coated British.

"Never mind," she said, with an effort to suppress her laughter. "You and Barney have been fighting—I understand it all—and he has whipped you."

"No, by Heaven!" he replied, her taunt having the immediate effect of banishing his embarrassment, by stinging his pride; "No man that walks this earth, or ever walked it, can claim such an honor. Jacob Freyberger has never been whipped."

"Possibly not," retorted Leenie; "but Jacob Freyberger seems to have a black eye, for which a raw beefsteak may be beneficial, and Jacob Freyberger's face needs washing. So, while you make use of the wash-basin, I'll play doctor and get ready the beefsteak. But, a word in your ear, while I think of it. This afternoon you made love to me and asked me to marry you. Now, mark me!"—and her countenance assumed a stern seriousness that would have done honor to Charlotte Corday, when about to plunge the dagger into the bosom of Marat—"No man shall call me wife whom any other man can whip. And now, wash yourself, and then come to me in the kitchen."

[To be continued.]

THE EXPERIENCE OF A CALIFORNIAN WORLD-REFORMER.

INTRODUCTORY.

To the Editor of *Hutchings' Magazine*:—

I ONCE had an idea that I could ameliorate the condition of mankind by preaching certain doctrines, which I supposed to be great and important truths, but which the world about me has declared to be extravagant and offensive heresies. In other words, I have been a world-reformer; and supposing, perhaps presumptuously, that I might do much good, I devoted some years to my task. It has now happened that a young man, whom I knew as a child years ago, has heard of my zealous labors, and has conceived a wish to be a world-reformer too. He imagines that a large portion of the suffering to which men are now subject in enlightened countries is caused by anti-

quoted and evil social forms, which can be safely discarded and replaced by other forms, better suited to the new conditions and wants of our present progressive age. He has commenced to write a book, in which he proposes to set forth the extent of the evils caused by the improper organization of society, and to show how many of the most serious of these evils might soon be remedied. His views are radical. His proposed changes are revolutionary in their character. He has written to me for the benefit of my experience, and asks my advice as to the best method of procedure. I have written the following reply to him:

EX-WORLD-REFORMER,
San Francisco, Dec. 6th, 1858.

ADVICE TO A YOUNG WORLD-REFORMER.

To Mr. C. E. H—, New York.

SAN FRANCISCO, Nov. 1st, 1858.

I had not determined until yesterday in what strain I would write to you. I see by the tone of your letter that you expect advice very different from that which I feel disposed to give. You praise my conduct in making war from youth up against some of the world's darling systems, and contrast it favorably with the careful silence of many others, whose opinions you know to be precisely the same with my own; and you express your intention to rush right into the war, and fight it valiantly as I did. The many compliments, direct and indirect, which you pay me in your letter are very flattering, and I am much obliged to you for them; but I fear I shall lose much of my credit, in your estimation, after you shall have read what I now have to say in reply to your request for "advice and encouragement." My advice is that you stay out of the battle; that you do not attempt to reform the world—for some years at least.

You are just starting upon life, and you propose to incur general dislike in

the beginning. If you now publish such a book as you say in your letter you have already partly written and intend to publish soon, you will assuredly subject yourself to the hostility of a large and influential portion of society. You will raise up enemies on every side of you. They will beset you at every turn. They will do you severe injury. A bigot, whom you have offended by teaching doctrines too great and broad for his intellectual grasp, is the meanest and most malignant of enemies.

Do not say the age of martyrdom has gone; that age never can pass away among men. Human nature is always the same. Fire and faggot, sword and spear, are not now resorted to by social persecutors, but other means of inflicting pain are abundant, and you will soon learn what they are. You will learn to appreciate Thackeray's saying, that "Your truth, if it differs from your neighbors, will provoke the coldness of your friends, the tears of your mother, the hostility of the world." Society and business are led by men who worship formulas. They will cut you; you will be shut out from many of the avenues of pleasure and profit open to others. You say you have no one to care for save yourself, and you can easily earn enough for a comfortable support in any case, and you can afford to throw away a few hundred dollars and a couple of years in your proposed scheme. I do not think you can; you ought not to afford it. It may cost you more than you suppose. Young men are apt to imagine that they—as it seems you do—have years to throw away, but it is a grievous and most pernicious error, particularly in young men who have no stock of wealth to fall back upon. My advice to you is, to be stingy of your years and your money until you are a little older. Let humanity take care of itself until you have provided for yourself. Let it be your first and highest ambition to get a

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home, filled with the comforts and luxuries of life. Build a fine home, furnish it elegantly, and surround yourself with persons who will love and cherish you, and whom you can love and cherish. Provide a paradise of fountains, flowers and music, to which you can retire whenever overdone with the unavoidable toils and strifes of business. Seek peace; it is a most precious boon. Endeavor to live at peace with yourself, your neighbors, and the world. Cherish your life; cultivate the affections; make yourself dear to those around you. Live the inner life. Do not allow your temper to be soured by constantly thinking and grieving about the sin and misery of the world. Provide for your own comfort first, and take care not to endanger it by any anxiety about others.

The world don't want to be reformed by any one; and it will resent any efforts which you may make to better it. You may argue as forcibly and eloquently as humanity can that truth must be good; that evidence is the only guide to truth except as to a few fundamental axioms; that the doctrines which you teach are supported by a strong array of incontrovertible evidence; and that even if your ideas be false, the intellectual activity excited by their examination would be beneficial. You may show that the mere acceptance of truth without examining it, and comprehending it, and knowing all that may be said against it, as well as for it, is weak and superstitious in its very nature; and that truth itself is not truth for us, if we believe on the mere say-so of somebody else, and do not make it on our own by comprehending the why and wherefore, and assimilating it to our previous stock of ideas. You may argue that there is no love of truth without a zealous search for it, and a willingness to inquire into the merits of unpopular as well as popular systems. You may say all this, and a hundred

times more, clothing your thoughts in prose as eloquent as Parker's, or poetry as passionate as Byron's; but it will not avail. The world don't believe in free inquiry. Its social forms are sacred. To suggest a doubt about their sacredness, will be punished as sacrilege.

I advise delay chiefly as a matter of policy for yourself; but also as a matter of policy for the interests of reform. I presume from what I know and have heard of you, that you have sufficient intellectual ability, supported by industry, courage and perseverance, to perform valuable literary labor, and to write influential books, but I do not think you have that great talent which can carry a world before it. If you have, then in your profession you can in a few years make a fortune, and be in a position from which I would permit you to declare war; if you have not, you would be certain, by commencing now, to injure yourself, and perhaps entirely destroy the business which the friends of your family would otherwise give to you as rapidly as they see you competent to conduct it. There is a strong antecedent presumption that the would-be world-reformer will be unsuccessful. Of all the great men who have attempted to teach new and important doctrines to the world during the last thousand years, only two—Luther and Voltaire—can be said to have been crowned with success during their lives, and they succeeded less by the force of their intellectual powers, than by the concurrence of extraordinary circumstances which inclined the world to listen to them with favor; and most of those who saw fit to persist in teaching their opinions died at the stake—if not of fire, then of social persecution.

It is the interest of the cause of reform that its friends should be in no hurry to teach new doctrines. Take a long time to consider them—ten or fifteen years. If you publish a book, let it be full of

learning and ripe thought, expressed in language polished by years of labor. Make it a model of composition; beauty of style will be of great value in securing a wide circulation for it and a favorable reception for your doctrines.

Do not fear that by delay you will be anticipated by any other writer. The world is not so rich in thinkers as all that. You can safely take all your years to work upon any social problem. No great book ever came too late; many have been forced upon the world too early. I do not advise you to be guilty of any falsehood, any hypocrisy, any acquiescence, real or pretended, direct or indirect, in superannuated and evil systems. Whatever is pernicious, that I would still have you to hate. Whatever is good, I would still have you adore. Abandon not the pure and bright ideals of your youthful enthusiasm. Be true to yourself. Guard the thoughts of your heart as most sacred. Whatever noble aspirations you now have still preserve. Yield not an inch to the base fashions and rules which govern so many about you.

Remember, however, that this is an actual, and not an ideal world, and govern yourself accordingly. If you propose to work for the good of humanity, take care that your work shall have an effect. Any mere outcry of "Reform, reform!" amounts to nothing, and is no credit to the actor. The cause of humanity is under obligation to no reformers save those who evidently exert an influence to improve the condition of men. To exert such an influence, however, not zeal only, but also study, prudence and experience are necessary, and these belong to mature age rather than to youth.

In counseling you to postpone the publication of your ideas of reform, I take into consideration all that can be said in favor of early publication. If you wait you must look through long years of the most grievous suffering, without daring

to make open protest, and show how worse than unnecessary it is. Though full of ideas which appear to you of the utmost importance for the welfare of your race, you must keep them to yourself for half a life time. You cannot gratify your noblest and most generous impulses by giving expression to their dictates; you must keep the best part of your soul in the chains of silence. Your darling doctrines dare not see the light until age has chilled your fire; you must be the drudge of gold, the slave of low wants, while the higher and better half of your nature is cramped in idleness. You must long forego the sweet satisfaction which you might every day enjoy in the secret contemplation of a good work well done,—much abused perhaps, but none the less valuable or gratifying for all that.

You say you are "prepared to submit to the inconveniences and losses which may result from the hatred of bigots." I doubt whether you have any clear conception of what those inconveniences will be. I don't like that word "bigots." It may, perhaps, properly apply to all the enemies of free-inquiry, but it implies a reproach where I can attach no fault.

While you are about, money and maidens will be kept under lock and key; children will be taught to shun you as a monster of iniquity; weak-minded friends will be afraid of your intimacy; your books will be spoken of as "dangerous;" the disgrace of your name will attach to your own family, and your weak-minded relatives, unable to appreciate the noble motives which actuated you, but fully alive to the fault-findings of the slaves of formulas, will feel like hiding their heads for shame when your name is mentioned. You would thus indirectly inflict serious pain every day upon many who are dear to you, and to whom you are now dear.

If you will wait, however, until you

shall have fortified your position, and when study shall have made you more efficient on the war more efficiently—these same weak-minded relatives will look upon your social forms as more desirable, whereas if you had waited you will be fortunate to escape the verdict of insanity. He who votes himself the enemy of his fellow men is not the enemy of his own individuality, but to be a fit subject for the sword.

Such is my sincere opinion. I have said, you will be attacked, forthwith, by the best wishes of the world. Fight with all your might, and be as bold as you can, and not by malice, but that you keep your minister Reviewer and so I was.

open to the same one very natural and zealous. Remember that you fight were reduced as reformer's movements on pre-necessary steps. Remember that free inquiry, the policy of the sacred and their system; edge that all human origin, subjects for investigation that the man attack their philosophical upon the laws

shall have fortified yourself in social position, and when long experience and study shall have prepared you to carry on the war more prudently—as well as more efficiently—than you now can, these same weak-minded persons will look upon your hostility to ancient social forms a mere amiable eccentricity; whereas if you commence at once, you will be fortunate if you escape a general verdict of insanity. The man who devotes himself entirely to further the welfare of his fellow-men, without regard to his own individual interests, is supposed to be a fit subject for an insane asylum.

Such is my advice, frankly and sincerely given. If, notwithstanding all I have said, you will still commence the attack, forthwith, then go on, with my best wishes. Make your battle strong; fight with all your might; make yourself terrible to your enemies; terrible by your boldness, and pertinacity, and power—not by malice or meanness. Take care that you keep your temper. The Westminster Review says I was too bitter; and so I was. Do you not lay yourself open to the same charge. The error is one very natural for young men, so passionate and zealous as you seem to be. Remember that the forms against which you fight were once good; were introduced as reforms; were decided improvements on pre-existing systems; were necessary steps in human progress. Remember that your enemies war against free inquiry, for that has always been the policy of the enemies of progress; they ordinarily do it in the full belief in the sacred and exceptional character of *their* system; while they freely acknowledge that all other systems are of more human origin and are very proper subjects for investigation. They imagine that the man who can be so wicked as to attack their precious system must be a philosophical pirate, who has no claim upon the laws of honorable warfare, and

may be strung up at once without a hearing or trial.

I can not say that I agree with your main positions; I have not studied the questions sufficiently, to have a strong opinion either way. I accept the present condition of society in most of the points in which you propose a radical change, merely because it is so fixed by custom. But I shall be glad to know what you have to say against the prevailing system. I recognize no sacredness in social forms.

Social reforms are proper subjects for investigation. They change as men progress. The form held sacred, and protected from even the slightest criticism by the most cruel punishments to-day, is discarded and accursed, and made criminal to-morrow. So it has been; so it will be. Each presumes that *it* is the wonderful and favored exception; that *its* formula is the only sacred and eternally true one; but notwithstanding such presumptions, the world moves still.

I know no grander subject for contemplation than the survey of the past progress of our race. I know no thought more cheering than the anticipation of its future advancement. I know nothing more ennobling than labor to assist in its development. I know no nobler ambition than to aspire to do effective labor in freeing humanity from the oppressive and superannuated systems bequeathed to us by the ignorance of savage or semi-barbarous times. Our time believes in progress; in the unlimited capacity of our race to rise to higher and happier conditions of political, moral and social life. I like to believe that evil impulses do not predominate in the mental constitution of humanity; that we all, by our very nature, love good and hate evil; and that if we could only be born and bred under more favorable circumstances, we should be far better, happier and nobler than we are. I also like to believe

that the evil deeds of men are chiefly owing to temptations to which they are exposed; that these temptations will be removed as the organization of society improves; that the social system, instead of making every man's interest antagonistic to that of all his neighbors and requiring him to despoil them to the utmost of his power as the road to success in life, will be changed so as to establish a harmony instead of an antagonism between the interests of different citizens of the same commonwealth.

THE WAY THE DIGGER INDIANS BURY THEIR DEAD.

Our cabin-home is located in a pleasant little valley, or cove, at the head of which is Kennebec Hill, on the banks of the Yuba, most beautifully shaded with ever-green pines and cedars, very tall and straight, with now and then an oak growing hither and thither, now casting its yellow leaves upon the ground.

On the morning of the fifth of November last, our quiet sleep was broken by a low and melancholy moaning, as of some one in distress, on the top of the mountain, at the foot of which stands our cabin. As soon as it was light enough to see our way, I and my partners started up to ascertain what was the cause of so distressing a cry. As we reached the summit of the mountain, large volumes of smoke were seen curling up among the trees; and, in front of a blazing fire, several female Indians, of the Digger tribe, with their faces covered, or nearly so, with pitch, presenting a singular and frightful spectacle, as the fire-light and smoke gave light and shadow to their hideous countenances. Their arms were elevated, and being waved to and fro; at the same time a fearful howl—now low, now loud—escaped from their lips, and tears rolled down their dark countenances. Presently, we ventured up to

them; but our approach in no way disturbed their devotions, or lessened their melancholy cries. On looking further around, I saw a portion of the dead body of a man laying upon, or rather in, a huge fire—kindled in a low pit, dug expressly for the purpose—and a large portion of the body was consumed.

Perhaps you are aware that the body of an Indian, before it is ready for burning, is bound closely together—the legs and arms being folded on the chest, and then forced into as small a compass as it is possible to bind them. It is then placed upon a pile of wood, which is shortly afterwards set on fire by his mother, or wife, or some very near relative; then is commenced the low moaning sound which we have described. Every one of those who dance or cry around the burning body, throw something or other into the fire, as an offering of respect to the departed. When the body is consumed, they carefully collect the ashes, and, after mixing a portion of them with some pitch, with which to cover their faces and go into mourning, they are buried.

We turned our footsteps away, with sad and melancholy hearts, and wended our slow steps to our cabin-home in unbroken silence.

We have since visited the place, and found a grave, dug and covered with sticks, upon the lonely mountain top. The tall pine trees ever singing a low dirge, and the whispering voice of the falling leaves, were the only sounds that broke the stillness of the spot. Indian, sleep on in peace! while thy living relatives suppose thee to be reposing in some far-off, but pleasant, camping-ground. May thy sleep be sweet and thy future happy! is the wish of D. W. M.

To enjoy to-day, stop worrying about to-morrow. Next week will be just as capable of taking care of itself as this one is.

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MIGNON.*

[From the German of GÖETHE.]

BY J. D. STRONG.

Knowest thou the land where the citron blows—
The mild, sunny land where the gold orange grows?
The soft winds breathe in the clear blue sky,
And the laurel and myrtle are sweet to the eye.
Knowest thou it?

Then thither, O! thither,
Would I go with thee, my protecting friend.

Knowest thou the house, with its pillars bright?
Its courts are all gleaming in golden light;
The marble statues stand and look at me,
And say, Poor thing, what have they done to thee!
Knowest thou it?

Then thither, O! thither,
Would I go with thee, my faithful friend!

Knowest thou the mount, in its cloudy spray?
The muleteer seeks in the mist his way,
The wild dragon hides in the mountain cave,
And the cliffs are seen in the clear blue wave,
Knowest thou it?

Then thither, O! thither,
Would I go with thee, my true, dear friend.

* "MIGNON" is one of the most interesting characters in GÖETHE'S FAUST. In her earlier years she was stolen from a noble family in Italy, by a company of strolling Gypsies, and taken, in their wanderings, to northern Europe; where, in her sixth year, a gentleman, observing her Italian features and seeing her shamefully abused by her captors, rescued her, and earnestly, but vainly, sought to learn her history, which she seemed to have entirely forgotten. Early one morning, he found her playing on the guitar and singing this song, in which glimpses of her former home flash in on her darkened memory. In the German it is very beautiful and touching. J. D. S.

[Continued from page 269.]

"DOINGS" OF '51.—CHAPTER III.

MAKES THE READER ACQUAINTED WITH ONE WHO PLAYED "LOW."

'Twas late, and the stage had gone; but, as the trip to Sonora was made in one day, and knowing that by starting the following morning—providing no accident occurred to detain us—I would be in time to meet the appointment with my friend, I took it easy, and was not

sorry to have an opportunity of seeing the town. I was recommended to a small public house, located upon the main street, and rather out of town, which was known by the humble and unpretending name of "The Cottage." At this house I met with an agreeable surprise, in the shape of an old acquaintance. "Amos" was all the name I ever knew for him; we had worked side by side for many weeks, in the northern mines, and at one time he was a member

of the company of which I formed a fractional part, and became so by the following circumstance. He was, with one or two others, hunting for "Gold Lake," and hunted until they themselves were lost; and, becoming bewildered, they could not remember whether the sun rose in the North or South, and in this rather unpleasant predicament were discovered by several unfriendly natives.

Amos & Co., confused and disheartened, were sitting by a little running stream, taking an account of stock, and counting up how many days they could stand it on a certain allowance, when, in the midst of a very obtuse calculation, they were startled by unusual and alarming sounds near by. On looking for the occasion of the sounds, their astonished eyes encountered the calm and penetrating gaze of Messrs. Bruin & Brothers. Arrangements for the future were immediately postponed on the part of Amos & Co., and self-preservation was the order. Never did a defeated militia beat a retreat with more alacrity and rapidity than they. The unpleasant surprise occurred in the morning, and they ran—so they said—all that day and part of the following night, when their hearts were made glad by the light of a distant fire. Striking a course directly for it, they arrived at our camp near morning. So perhaps, after all, the bears served them a good turn; for at that time, besides our own camp, I did not know of another within a hundred miles, and they might have wandered about until death ended their sufferings.

Whenever we had a prospecting party out, those remaining in camp always, at sunset, made a beacon-fire, which was kept up by watches all night; and good service did our night-fires, not for ourselves alone, but many others, who doubtless owe their lives to its friendly glare.

Amos & Co. were destitute of every-

thing but what they stood in—which was very little to brag of. Picks, pans, shovels and mule, they left where they did their grub—with Bruin. Their condition was a direct appeal to our sympathies, and so we took them in and made them equal partners with us; and that was my first acquaintance with Amos, but not my last, as you shall see.

We were mutually rejoiced to meet each other at "The Cottage," and had a grand time that day, talking over our quondam adventures. He, like myself, had been unfortunate, and was in company with a friend, *en route* for Mokelumne Hill, intending to try his luck there; but, on learning my destination, he concluded to go with me, and proposed that we should be again partners. I regretted to be obliged to decline his offer, but encouraged him to go on with me, trusting that, if we did not work together, he might be fortunate enough to find a paying claim near by mine, (in prospective.)

The next morning we left Stockton, and journeyed together to Sonora. I might say something about that stage-ride; I might describe that load of living freight; I might make particular mention of a middle-aged lady, who occupied a back corner and wore spectacles. She had arrived on the last steamer, and was in search of her husband. "She'd hear on him, she had—she'd hear of his cuttin's up—would n't she surprise him!" What a gritting of teeth there was! and how those eyes flashed! I would not have been the unfaithful lord for worlds. Just imagine the unsuspecting husband—happy dog!—residing near by Sonora, "keeping house," and living all so snug and comfortable; and then the middle-aged lady, in the coach, with nearly two years' wrath pent up, the flood-gates soon to be lifted, and the torrent to be let out upon that unfortunate man!—horrible!—I

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might say more about those things, but I must hurry on to Sonora, where we arrived soon after dark. Amos, his friend and myself, put up at a "Fonda," which was a long canvas building, with a ground floor. About fifteen feet of the front was partitioned off with cloth, and designated as the bar-room; adjoining this was the lodging department, which was separated from the dining hall by a like partition. The accommodations for lodgers consisted of poles, secured together with raw-hide strings, in such a manner as to form a framework for berths, the bottoms of which were covered with *hides*. These berths were arranged in tiers from the ground to the ceiling, and presented the appearance of so many shelves, about two feet apart. By the payment of one dollar, in advance, one of these spaces was secured for a sleep. The dining-room comprised the remainder of the structure. A rough board table extended the entire length of the apartment, with benches to match. In one corner I noticed a large *adobe* oven, and, on inquiry, I learned that the proprietors, besides irrigating, feeding and lodging people, were engaged in a general Bakery business. Now, in those days, this was considerable of a hotel, and we could ask for no better accommodations than we found here.

After having washed and relieved the inner man, I sallied out to find the "Long Tom," which was accomplished with little difficulty, and, true to the appointment, Mac was there. He was overjoyed to see me, and shook me by the hand most cordially, exclaiming:

"My dear fellow, you don't know how glad I am to have you here. I was afraid you wouldn't come. But we'll not talk business now; time enough for that by-and-by; I want to show you round, and make you a little acquainted."

It is my opinion that, in less than two hours, I was introduced to more col-

onels, majors and captains than there are in our whole standing army, and more judges than I ever heard of. It was quite late when, taking my arm, he led me to a remote corner, and opened on business matters.

"It was not my intention," said he, "to mention this subject to-night; but you, I suppose, are anxious, and will sleep better if you have an idea of what it is; so I think it best to tell you all I can, and to-morrow you shall see for yourself. I have an interest in a claim, located about two miles from here, in what is known as Mac's Garden—you passed it when coming here to-day. The claim has been, and there is no reason why it should not continue to be, rich; but I have another which I think is even better, and I propose to let you have the Garden claim. My interest in it is one-sixth. It has never paid me less than one ounce a day, and last week my dividend was three hundred and twenty-eight dollars, and—"

"But, Mac, it must be worth more than I am able to pay—"

"Just wait, will you, till I've done. I would not dispose of it to any one but you; it is my desire to prove my friendship, and you may be assured that it gives me much pleasure to be able to do so. The claim is worth three thousand dollars, and I can sell it for that; I paid five hundred for it before the claim was opened, and you shall have it for that sum. If you haven't so much money with you, pay me what you can, and your note will be good for the balance; are you satisfied with that?"

"Certainly I am, and who would not be? If the claim continues to pay as you say it has done, 'tis a fortune; but, Mac, are you not too liberal? are you sure that, in thus parting with so good a thing, you are doing justice to yourself?"

"Yes, I have studied over the matter well; you must excuse me if I do not

make you an entire confidant, but I am sure of a fortune, and can afford to be generous. To-morrow we will go to the Garden, and I will introduce you to your future partners—a fine set of fellows they are. I do not wish you to rely altogether upon what I tell you; see for yourself; talk with the boys; and then, if you do not want it, there is no harm done. I can only tell you what it has paid me, and my opinion regarding its continuing to pay—none of us can tell what is in the ground, and I want you to satisfy yourself independently of what I say, so that in case it should fail you will not think I deceived you. But you are tired and sleepy now, we'll talk no more to-night, I will walk with you to your lodging place and call for you in the morning."

We parted with a "good night" at the "Fonda"—after paying mine host for the privilege of reposing under my own blankets, and upon one of his wide shelves, I proceeded to the place pointed out, and climbed into my berth; and there I lay with my coat and boots for a pillow, three persons over me, two beneath me, my feet in close proximity to another's head, and a pair of very large sized boots not more than two inches from my phrenological developments. I was tired, but too excited to sleep, my supposed good fortune kept me awake, and there I laid building castles and pledging eternal fidelity to my good friend Mac. Occasionally, as the man overhead rolled and tumbled in his sleep, I thought to myself, supposing he should come down? and supposing the man on top should break through, and we should all go down, where would the man in the lower bin go to? Sleep came at length, and I was ready to affirm in the morning that hides were not bad to sleep on.

CHAPTER FOURTH.

SORT OF A ———

"Mac's garden was not called so in hon-

or of my friend, but because one McLaughlin in company with a Capt. Hall had taken it up, penned it in, and erected a very nice story and a half house on the premises, and by the road-side, where they entertained travellers, sold whiskey, and boarded miners. It was situated half-way between Jamestown and Sonora, between the stage road and Wood's creek, and a very pretty tract it was, and a very pretty business did McLaughlin and Hall in the raising of vegetables and produce. But unfortunately McLaughlin one day found gold in the garden, and a sorry day it was for the firm. He found a lump worth four hundred and fifty dollars, and instead of keeping his own counsel he rushed in a state of great excitement to Sonora, carrying with him the treasure. The result was, when he returned he found the garden staked off in mining claims, and men busily employed in digging for the "bed-rock." Even the spot from whence he had taken the nugget was claimed, and McLaughlin and Hall had nothing left them but the house. They felt that they were at least entitled to the corner where the discovery was made, and endeavored to right themselves by law, but they learned that law is not always justice or equity; still they persevered from court to court until their purses were empty, and the house encumbered with a mortgage, and after all they lost the suit.

When there was no more hope they both tried whiskey as a solace, and both became very dissipated. Old Capt. Hall was changed from a fine, generous, noble hearted man, to a perfect devil; he neglected his person and turned cynic. McLaughlin had sense enough left to know that something must be done, and endeavored to make money out of those who had ruined him, and as a general thing kept tolerably sober when old Hall was drunk, but no sooner did old Hall give any evidence of sobriety than McLaughlin took

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a benefit. Between them both however, they managed to tend bar, and employing a cook, boarded some fifteen or twenty miners.

Such was the condition of things when I was introduced to the "garden." Was there ever such a misnomer? Pandemonium comes nearer to what it was. Every night would gather here ten or fifteen of the most reckless, profligate, and abandoned of men, their howling, shouting and cursing, together with what they called singing—which was executed by somebody's bawling at the very top of a powerful and cracked voice, a few verses of a sailor or bacchanalian song, and the others joining in on a most terrific chorus—made night hideous, and when old Hall's demoniac laugh came ringing in, the whole affair seemed too unearthly to believe real.

The upper portion of the house was separated from the lower by a rough floor; no board was within an inch of its fellows, and each was more or less perforated with knot-holes. It was in this apartment the boarders lodged—I cannot say slept. You can, perhaps, imagine how pleasant such an arrangement must have been to those few who were inclined to sobriety, and disposed to enjoy themselves in a quiet way. Every word spoken below was distinctly heard above; quarrels over euchre games, seven-up, and poker, occurred hourly. Fights of the most brutal description took place frequently, when benches and tables were broken up, and tumblers and decanters smashed over heads. In fact, one or two persons had been killed there—and this was the GARDEN!

Mac told me, on the way down, that "old Hall" was a curious customer: that he drank too much, was very rough in his manners, and, he thought, was at times a little touched in the "upper story." He cautioned me particularly against paying

attention to anything the old man might say or do.

Arriving at the Garden, we went directly to the claim, which was near by the house; and, after the ceremony of an introduction to the five men there, Mac intimated the purpose of my visit, and left me to gain what information I could from the parties. I found them very willing to talk about the claim; they thought it good, but would not advise me either way; I could prospect the ground if I wished, and then be governed by my own judgment. I very well knew that a pan or two of dirt was no criterion, and having implicit confidence in Mac, and being favorably impressed with the appearance of his partners, I decided to take the share, and leaving the claim, called Mac aside, told him that I had concluded to purchase, and did so upon his representation entirely; and should it prove an unfortunate investment, I would believe that he had only erred in opinion.

"Well," said he, "you place me in rather a delicate position; but yet, I am willing to stand it. My only object is to assist you; and I can assure you, you will never regret your faith in me. If this *should* turn out badly, remember I am always your friend."

The terms were made—three hundred dollars in cash down, and my note on demand for two hundred more. We then went to the house for writing materials. On entering, I was introduced to several hard-looking cases, and among them "old Hall." This gentleman was most roughly attired, ragged and dirty; his hair was thin and gray; his beard was, I should judge, about a month old, very thick and nearly white, resembling a dense mass of grizzly bristles. His face was lined off in deep furrows, and his eyes sunken, inflamed, and wildly sharp and piercing; he was nothing more than a wreck of his former self. When Mac introduced me,

he inclined his head slightly forward, and extending his hand said, in a gruff but not unpleasant voice: "How do you do? I'm sorry to see you here."

"Why, Captain!" said Mac, "You must give Mr. Doings a better welcome; he is a very particular friend of mine."

"Is he?" replied the old man, bringing the full battery of his wild eyes upon Mac; "allow me to observe he's none the better for that." Turning to me, he continued, "I understand you intend working in the garden; you'd better go back—leave these parts as soon as possible!"

"You are very severe this morning," retorted Mac quickly; "but we want paper and ink."

"Well, if you do, you won't get them here; if you want whisky you can have it, but ink and paper ruined us, and we don't have it about any more."

I thought the rule would apply as well to the whisky, but did not venture to say

so. Mac, saying he would try and find some, left us. The instant he was away, the old man seized me by the arm, and growling hoarsely in my ear: "*Don't have anything to do with that man, he would cheat his father!*" went out of the house.

I will confess that I was startled by his words, and that the manner in which they were expressed caused me to think; but Mac came almost instantly, and I remembered he told me the old man was eccentric. I wrote and signed the note on the blank leaf of a book, with a pencil, counted out the cash, and took possession of my purchase, with twenty-five dollars in my pocket. Mac returned to Sonora, sent down my blankets and other "traps," and I, on the following morning, commenced to work. The part allotted to me, was "topping off," and most assiduously did I labor, for I had determined that my partners could have no fault to find with me on the score of "light weight."

[To be continued.]

Our Social Chair.

EVERYBODY loves the Social Chair, the social circle, the social game, the social conversation, the social frolic or the social party. Indeed, we are naturally a social people, with social aspirations and social feelings, as well as social habits, tendencies and tastes. The jovial group of neighbors, who assemble, when the day's work is done, around the social cabin fire; the man of family, who toils all day with willing cheerfulness, and feels that his labor is lightened by the prospect of a social time at his family hearth, when his business duties for the day are ended; even the plodding school-boy, apprentice, or shop lad, who feels that many of the most irksome of his tasks are made endurable by the anticipated social time he expects to enjoy when they are laid aside; with thousands of others, unite to prove that there is the glorious principle of a renewing and

reinvigorating life in social habits and feelings, that is more powerful than money, and more health-giving than all the recipes of *Aesculapius*.

The absence of this renewing principle of social life in California, has been the great drawback to her social progress, and the indirect cause of a large proportion of past and present crime. The lack of social relaxation from business labors and cares, and those social comforts known and prized so much in older States, have prematurely silvered the raven locks of too many of the healthiest and most robust of men, and bowed the noblest specimens of our race before their time.

Even this Social Chair, that has experienced the buffetings and changes of nearly ten years of a California existence, though yet in its prime, sometimes feels a little old and rickety, from the lack of the social

hearth and circle, that should be repaired and polishing the gentle and social intercourse. In cities this is less severely felt than in mining villages. Though a vast amount has become visible within a few years, both there and elsewhere, such occurrences as the following, the *Amador Ledger*, will explain the reasons why:

BENEFITS OF MATRIMONY.—A man in this section, a little over a year old, living in single-blessedness. His partners, miners, employed a man to keep house for them. The man in question fell sick, and his wife, Dr. Sharp, of this place, had given thought that he would die the next day. The widow, who was somewhat of a young friend, had been very kind. Late one night, a Justice of the Peace, who is now a dignitary of the State, for to visit the dying man. He was lying with him all the paragon, making a will; but, to his surprise, that he was wanted for a funeral ceremony: that was, to perform the ceremony. So he joined the kind-hearted widow. The young groom was better pronounced him out of danger. He was as well as anybody. A good thing—better than anything as in the other world, people married nor given in marriage. The results are, that in a little and within a few weeks presented him with twins—two girls. All are living comfortably in the village, and are as well expected.

The Red Bluff Beacon is the following good story, of an unsuccessful candidate for this State, and which merits a Social Chair:

During an important case, Jose, a few years ago, Edward Stanley, being on the side of a rich old California, occasion to exhibit his Judge of the court by grimaces and horrid contumacious at him, mocking his face, etc., for which promptly ordering the court to order the dollar fines against the defendant for contempt of court.

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In cities this is less severely felt than in mining villages. Though a vast improvement has become visible within the past few years, both there and elsewhere, and such occurrences as the following, from the Amador Ledger, will explain some of the reasons why:

BENEFITS OF MATRIMONY.—A young man in this section, a little over a year ago, was living in single-blessedness. He and his partners, miners, employed a widow lady to keep house for them. The young man in question fell sick, and his physician, Dr. Sharp, of this place, had given him up—thought that he would die that night. The widow, who was somewhat older than our young friend, had been very kind to him. Late one night, a Justice of the Peace here, who is now a dignitary of State, was sent for to visit the dying man. He went, carrying with him all the paraphernalia for making a will; but, to his surprise, found that he was wanted for a far different purpose: that was, to perform the marriage ceremony. So he joined the young man to the kind-hearted widow. The next day the young groom was better—the doctor pronounced him out of danger—and soon he was as well as anybody. Marriage was a good thing—better than medicine; and, as in the other world, people are neither married nor given in marriage, he concluded to stay in this world and enjoy it. The results are, that in a little over a year, and within a few weeks past, his wife presented him with twins—two darling little girls. All are living cosily in a neighboring village, and are as well as could be expected.

The Red Bluff Beacon is responsible for the following good story, about one of the unsuccessful candidates for Governor of this State, and which merits a place in our Social Chair:

During an important law-suit in San Jose, a few years ago, it is related, that Edward Stanley, being employed on the side of a rich old Californian, took frequent occasion to exhibit his contempt for the Judge of the court by making all sorts of grimaces and horrid contortions of countenance at him, mocking and sneering in his face, etc., for which the Judge kept promptly ordering the clerk to enter fifty-dollar fines against the offending counsel for contempt of court. Stanley's client

sat behind him, urging him on, and supplying him with the necessary fifties with which to purge himself of his contempts. This state of things continued until several "slugs" had been tossed up to the clerk, when Stanley suddenly stopped and said:

"Judge, I have not said a word in derogation of your character, either as a gentleman or a judge, and why do you continue to fine me for contempt, when I have committed none?"

It is in your manner, sir, and not your words, that the contempt consists," replied the Judge.

"Then," said Stanley, "I demand that my manner be spread upon the record, in accordance with the rules of our practice."

The Judge saw that he was beaten, as it would require an artist to commit the subject matter of contempt to paper, and, as the wiley lawyer was very technical to the point, there was no alternative left. "his Honor" but to remit the fines, which he accordingly did.

"COOKED" ALIVE.—Do not become alarmed at such a commencement, reader; but keep your nerves steady until we reach the end of our story. Not many days ago, feeling dull and heavy with a severe cold, we concluded to try the merits of bathing in and by steam; and we accordingly repaired to a "water-cure" institution to try the experiment. We had no sooner opened the door than a notice informed us that "Spitting is a dirty habit," and made the request—"Do not spit upon the floors, in halls, or rooms." On reaching the office, another notice cautioned us not to be garrulous, in the following terms—"Short stories—very short—and you will greatly oblige." Just beneath the latter notice was another "Spitting-is-a-dirty-habit! Do not spit in my office!" We began to think that the Doctor had as much aversion to spitting and long stories as Miss Betsy Trotwood had for donkeys! but, as a sage and venerable-looking personage, with a long, flowing beard, made his appearance and requested the pleasure of knowing my wishes, we were cut short, (without the story,) or, as Tony Weller would have said, given "a sudden pull up" in our reflections, and required to make a statement (a short one, of course,) of the

state of our bodily health. "A bath, sir, will be the very thing—cure your cold within an hour." We were now shown into a cosy little room, and, after the usual preparations for a bath, seated in a chair, within a closely fitting steam-box, or room, with the heat outside—like a Chinese criminal in a barrel! "Like to read a book, sir, or the morning paper?" "Yes, Doctor." "Here you are, then," and a neatly arranged paper-holder and paper was immediately opened out in front of us. But, as the Doctor would say, "short stories—very short—if you please," we will say that, after enjoying this luxury for about half an hour, the cheerful voice of the attentive "water-cure" man made the enquiry—"Do you think you are sufficiently cooked, sir?" (or he might have said so.) We replied in the affirmative, with this qualification, that, "although not cooked exactly, like fine flouxy potatoes, we believe that we are remarkably well steamed." "How do you feel now?" "We have lost our cold, Doctor, and we shall charge it to your account, for you and your bath have been the cause, and we don't see but that you ought to have the blame." "I will bear either the blame or the credit, sir, with pleasure—"

Thinking that he was about to say—"Spitting is a dirty habit," or "Short stories—very short—if you please," we wished him a very good morning; but, as we lost our cold and heaviness, we thought that we had the best of the bargain.

The readers of the Social Chair will, we doubt not, unite their sympathies with ours on behalf of the editor of the Territorial Enterprise, a weekly paper—the first number of which has just reached us, across the Sierras, from Carson Valley:

"The prevalence of thieves in our village is apparent, and we would advise our neighbors to be on their guard. A few days since, one of our most intimate and esteemed friends presented us with a fine goose, which, aside from its being in very fine order, we prized the more highly, as we valued the friend from whom it came. A lady friend of ours volunteered her serv-

ices, and cooked it up in a style which did great credit to her skill; after which we placed it convenient for the satisfaction of our appetites after our return from an evening party, whither we had made arrangements to go. We went to the party, made ourselves as agreeable as possible, 'tripped the light fantastic toe' till hungry visions began to control our minds, when we returned, only to be disappointed; for, lo! the goose was not, neither flesh nor bones! Hence we say, 'Look out for thieves.' We have our eye on a trio of suspicious-looking *hombres*, who are lying loose around town."

THE Yreka Union invites its readers to spell the words, Yreka Bakery, backwards.

INCREASED DISPOSITION TO MARRY.—We notice an increased disposition to marry. The fact is, the weather is getting cold, and many are the beds that need new "comfortables."—*Sierra Citizen*.

This same disposition is very apparent about here, says the Mariposa Gazette; but the trouble is, there is nothing to marry. "Comfortables" are scarce—few and far between. The limited number in first hands, are held at a high figure. The propriety of publishing "intentions of marriage," or "engagements," is discussed in a number of journals we have noticed. We can see no impropriety in making public that two, a masculine and feminine, following the dictates of affection, have agreed as touching one thing. Our columns are open to all such announcements. They shall be inserted conspicuously above the Marriages and Births. Ladies, or gentlemen, desiring to form connubial relations, shall be treated in a conspicuous manner. Puffs may be had, even by the meanest, upon the payment of a suitable consideration.

UNDER the title of "New and Interesting and Sensible," an exchange thus discourses:

"There is, perhaps, no more perplexing situation for a young man, and modest withal, than that in which he finds himself when unable to determine whether the 'young rosy maiden,' who begins to appear to him in his dreams, is already engaged, or occupies neutral ground. The ladies have resorted to various expedients, (such as wearing a ring on a particular finger,

etc.) to make known acquaintances the imp are about to merge that of some favored but these expedients served the purpose, to devise some new moves; Atlantic cabul inventions crowd startling rapidity; t is daily augmented extended; progress of time, and the fo appears in the St. L. "ENGAGED—Miss Candall, City Mars worth, K. T. [From and forever—until comes a widow—all requested to withd tentions.]"

MANY of the r Chair may, perhaps the great tempera "druggers" story; w we venture to say in which it was t brance the con evoked. It is as

A long, lean, g drug-store and ask "Be you the dr "Well, I s'pose "Wall, hev yo scentin' stuff as th ke'chers?"

"Oh, yes." "Wall, our Sa and she gin me invest the hull so's to make her to suit; so, if yo round."

The Yankee s ing suited, until of him; and, tak horn, said:

"I've got a s you. A single stay for weeks, but, to get the s a good big smel

"Is that so, a minute till I say *Neow*, you The hartsho Yankee down, man. Do you s again, as the

etc.,) to make known to their friends and acquaintances the important fact, that they are about to merge their individuality in that of some favored one of the sterner sex; but these expedients have not fully answered the purpose, and it was necessary to devise some new method. The world moves; Atlantic cables are laid; wonderful inventions crowd upon each other with startling rapidity; the power of the press is daily augmented, and its uses widely extended; progress is written on the hands of time, and the following advertisement appears in the St. Louis Republican:

"ENGAGED—Miss Anna Gould to John Candall, City Marshal, both of Leavenworth, K. T. [From this time, henceforth and forever—until Miss Anna Gould becomes a widow—all young gentlemen are requested to withdraw their particular attentions.]"

MANY of the readers of the Social Chair may, perhaps, have heard Mr. Gough, the great temperance lecturer, relate his "drugger" story, which, if they ever have, we venture to say that the inimitable way in which it was told will call to remembrance the convulsive laughter it then evoked. It is as follows:

A long, lean, gaunt Yankee entered a drug-store and asked:

"Be you the drugger?"

"Well, I s'pose so; I sell drugs."

"Wall, hev you got any of this here scentin' stuff as the gals put on their hand-ke'chers?"

"Oh, yes."

"Wall, our Sal's gwine to be married, and she gin me ninepence and told me to invest the hull 'mount in scenting stuff, so's to make her sweet, if I could find some to suit; so, if you've a mind, I'll jest smell around."

The Yankee smelled round without being suited, until the "drugger" got tired of him; and, taking down a bottle of hartshorn, said:

"I've got a scentin' stuff that will suit you. A single drop on a handkercher will stay for weeks, and you can't wash it out; but, to get the strength of it, you must take a good big smell."

"Is that so, Mister? Wall, just hold on a minute till I get my breath; and when I say *Neow*, you put it under my smeller."

The hartshorn, of course, knocked the Yankee down, as liquor has done many a man. Do you suppose he got up and smelt again, as the drunkard does? Not he;

but, rolling up his sleeves and doubling up his fists, he said:

"You made me smell that tarnal, everlasting' stuff, Mister, and now I'll make you smell fire and brimstone."

THE Siskiyou Chronicle relates the following:

"A printer, who is now making the tour of the mines, says that he stopped at a tavern, not more than a hundred miles from Shasta, where he remained a trifle over six days. On inquiring the amount of his bill, the landlord remarked: 'Let me see—six days at two dollars is twelve, and one meal at seventy-five cents—twelve dollars and seventy-five cents.' 'How much do you charge a week?' asked our friend. 'Twelve dollars,' replied the landlord. 'Here it is,' retorted the former; 'guess I'll stay the week out;' which he proceeded to do."

This reminds us that one Saturday afternoon, in the winter of 1854-'55, we arrived at a way-side hotel, on the Shasta and Yreka trail, then known (and now too, perhaps) as the "Mountain House;" which was then kept by a Mrs. G. and Mr. T. (!) As night was creeping on apace, and the next hotel was on the opposite side of Scott Mountain, some fifteen miles distant, we inquired if they "took in strangers there?" and the answer was, "Yes, sir—we do;" (which we found to be too true, in a double sense.) The following morning being Sunday, and traveling through snow had proved very fatiguing to both man and horse, we concluded to remain until Monday morning; when, upon inquiring the amount of our indebtedness, we discovered that the charge for horse-feed, for the two nights and one day, was *nine dollars and seventy-five cents!* and for our own "board and lodgin," six dollars! Of the latter charge we made no complaint, but we thought four dollars and eighty-seven-and-a-half cents per night, for the former, was rather too tall a story ever to mention, without possessing "the papers" to prove that we had paid it; and, accordingly, we requested a bill, which we shall, at any time, be pleased to show the curious.

Arriving at Callahan's Ranch, the following evening, we wrote out a poster, setting forth the above reasonable (!) prices; to

which we appended the following advertisement:

"WANTED—A Conscience for A. J. T.—Please call at the 'Mountain House,' on your way to Shasta. [Signed] ———."

THE following classic epistle, having been found somewhere in Nevada county, is forwarded to us, without comment, by a friend; and, as it is, no doubt, a faithful picture of many a fair one's feelings in the "Far-West," and other places, we present it to the readers of the Chair, *verbatim et literatim*:

"Mi deer gimey it has bin a long tyme since i saw yu and i hav not hadd but wun letur frum yu since yu left and that maik me shed teres til i went tu slepe, deer gimey ryte agin fur that did giv me so much plezur i du want tu git an uthir wun lyke it and i hoap yu wil expres as much luv fur me as yu did in the uthir. deer gimey mam is wel and pap is wel tu and syster jain wuz marid laste weak tu a nobul harted yung fellur and thay cum tu sea us evri sunda. but i hav not told yu hys naim but i wil tel yu hys naim is jonny heoughlun but we oll no hym so we coll hym jon. Deer gimey it maiks me thynk uv yu evry tyme i sea jon and hys jain i tel yu deer gimey i thynk me and yu eude becu uz hapy as jain and jon is. now i wish yu wud hury and maik yure pyle and cum home fur mi part i am roddy tu triet onny tyme and i no yu wud tu if yu cood sea jon sith wyth hys armes around hur nek. deer gimey yu must exqueze mi penn and oll sow mi ink.

Sow goude hi Deer gimey and Dyrect yuro leturs tu Sangamore cownty ilanoize. ternally yures maggie Stone."

If the above don't make "gimey's" mouth water and his heart sigh, for the privilege of being near the devoted and loving Maggie, he is made of harder material than either we suppose, or the facts laid down will warrant. We hope that "gimey" will send for the loving fair one, if his claim pays well this winter; and thus relieve the loneliness of his cabin life by securing so faithful a companion, with whom to enjoy the pleasures of connubial love. So mote it be, "gimey."

Who, that has ever been roused from a nightmare, in which some huge, undefined

terror menaced them, has not felt a grateful sense of relief at awakening? When this Chair indulges too freely in some favorite dish, it reposes itself quietly in a genial state of feeling, and calmly reflects upon the philosophy of life, until gradually thoughts reveal themselves less vividly, philosophy becomes confused and indistinct, and—to use a vulgarism—it falls into a snooze. The dinner, which has been productive of such calm reflection, after this happy consummation, has an opposite effect, and some direful incubus affrights and oppresses us, until, in the violent effort to escape the impending danger, we awaken—and then, the grateful sense of relief. It happened that one sunny afternoon, a few weeks since, this Chair dined too heartily upon a favorite dish, and passed through the intermediate stage described, to a nightmare. It thought itself the State of California (a strange fancy, you say, to imagine a Social Chair the seat of a great people) and was oppressed by a species of huge ogre, or vampire, that was called Monopoly. The terrible monster irresistibly fastened itself upon us,—bear in mind, we were the State of California,—and sucked our life-blood, fattened on our vitality, and nearly suffocated us with its pestiferous breath. We struggled in vain; the Monopoly's eye glared like a Ghouls, with demoniac delight, as it gloated upon its human banquet. We felt our life ebbing, our senses swimming, and a sickening dizziness overcoming us—when we were awakened by a great commotion. We were a Social Chair again—we breathed free, and listened. Montgomery street was thronged its entire length by an eager crowd; the blasts of a stage-horn rose clear above the confused sounds, and a coach came dashing down the street, greeted by one prolonged cheer from the vast multitude. It was the OVERLAND MAIL! Canst interpret the vision of our dream?

As we conclude our gossip, the newsboys are crying in the streets: "Four days later—Arrival of the Overland Mail!" Grateful sense of relief, indeed! May these

be the death sounds
precursor of the Pacific
road.

Literary

"The California State
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be the death sounds to Monopoly, and the precursor of the Pacific and Atlantic Railroad.

Literary Notices.

The California State Register and Year Book of Facts for 1859—[Second year of publication]—San Francisco: HENRY G. LANGLEY and SAMUEL A. MORRISON, No. 144 Washington street. The volume before us contains 420 pages of facts—solid, reliable, diversified California facts. If the saying be true—and no better proof can be adduced to endorse it than this book—that "Facts speak for themselves," there are many thousands of tongues within the covers of this work to ask, "What do you wish to know about California and the Union?" because, here we are to speak for ourselves. Do you wish to know the time of high and low water of the Bay of San Francisco; sun and moon's rising and setting, declinations, eclipses, and so forth, for 1859, with a complete yearly calendar; the latitude and longitude of all the principal points on the Pacific coast; meteorological observations, made three times a day, for several years; tables of cloudy, misty and clear weather, winds, extremes of heat and cold, comparative fall of rain for eight years, daily and monthly rains, with every important observation concerning the climatology and other phenomena of California? here we are to be found.

"Do you desire to know who have been the Presidents and Vice-Presidents of the United States; who are the present Heads of Executive Departments; the Congress of the United States, with the name, residence and politics of every Member; the Ministers and Diplomatic Agents of the United States in Foreign Countries, amount of salary, etc.; the Consuls and Commercial Agents throughout the world: the Foreign Consuls and Vice-Consuls residing in California; everything connected with the Treasury Department and the United States Branch Mint in San Francisco; the Coast Survey, and all the Light-Houses and their Superintendents on the Pacific coast; every

Department of Customs in California, with the name, number and salary of all the Collectors, Inspectors, etc.; all things appertaining to the Surveyor General's Office, Indian Department, Land Districts, War and Navy Departments, Fortifications, etc.; the Post Office Department, with corrected list of every Post Office and Post Master in California; Judges of the Supreme Court, as well as of all the Courts in this State? they are here to give the answer.

"If you wish to learn what is contained in the Constitution of the State of California; who are the Executive and State Officers; our Representatives in Congress; the name, residence, politics and district of every Member of the California Senate and Assembly, with a host of other interesting matter? come to us—here we are to be found.

"Do you wish to be informed of all the Receipts and Expenditures of the United States; of the Taxation and Revenue, the Civil and War Debts of California; the amount of Real and Personal Property in every County of this State; Receipts and Expenditures of the State Treasury; the Finances of the several Counties and Cities of the State; the aggregate Debt of the State; amount of Treasure shipped from the Port of San Francisco, from April 11th, 1849, to December 31st, 1857; the amount of Duties, Receipts and Expenditures of the Departments of Customs of California; all the Articles of Export from San Francisco for four years; Tonnage of the Port of San Francisco, with the Arrivals and Departures of Vessels; Population, Census and Vote of California, and of all the different States in the Union, Slaves, etc.; the number of Passengers that arrived at the Port of San Francisco, from 1849 to 1857, etc.; Statistics of all the Religious Denominations of the State; School System, with number of Children, Schools and Teachers; the Public Lands; Operations of the United States Branch Mint in San Francisco; Foreign Coins, their value, etc.; Overland Mail arrangements; Prison, Hospital and Insane Asylum systems; different Surveys made

for the Pacific Railroad, Wagon Roads and Telegraph Lines; list of Masonic and Odd Fellows Lodges and other Societies; the Public Libraries of the State; the Newspaper and Periodical Press of the State; the Merchant Marine of the Pacific; Election Returns; notices of the Official Vote of the State, and many others, in this connection? we are here to assert our own value and accuracy, if you consult us.

"Then, to these, add the Titles and Abstracts of all the General Laws passed at the ninth session of the California Legislature. Next, the Agricultural, Horticultural, Live Stock and Mineral resources of the State, with the location, number, capacity and cost of all the Quartz Mills, Water Ditches and Canals; the extent of the Pacific Whale Fisheries; Manufactures and Machinery; giving the location, name and capacity of all the Grist Mills, Lumber and Saw Mills, Foundries, Metallurgical and Chemical Works, Cordage and Oakum, Furniture, Agricultural Implements, Printing Paper, Matches, Perfumery, Leather, Broom, Macaroni and Vermicelli, Candle and Soap, Starch, Glue, Camphene and Oil, Stone Ware, and other Manufactories; Ship and Boat Building, etc. etc. With the peculiar Topography, Legal Distances from Sacramento, Judicial Districts, Courts, Agricultural Products; Mineral Resources, Finances, Attorneys, Physicians, etc., of every

County of the State; — we are here.

In short, this is a complete California Encyclopedia of important and well digested information concerning every department of the State.

We have been thus particular in giving a brief synopsis of its leading features, lest we should do injustice to the anxious care, patience and incessant labor of the indefatigable compiler of this invaluable book.

That the reader may form some little idea of the trouble and pains that have been taken to prepare it and obtain the immense variety of correct knowledge here given, we may mention that no less than four thousand letters, asking for information, have been written to various portions of the State, besides the very numerous answers thereto. Moreover, one table of its contents alone, and that not occupying more than half a page, contains the gist of over eighty letters.

With grateful pleasure we acknowledge that the preceding volume has been of more real value to us, as a work of reference concerning California, than all other works before published in or of this State. If, therefore, you wish to add a valuable volume to your library, or make a New Year's present of intrinsic value to a friend, we counsel you to purchase "The California State Register and Year Book of Facts for 1859."

Editor's Table.

KIND READER, Christmas and New Year are again paying us their annual visit. How rapidly have the footsteps of Time been hurrying us along! It seems but the other day, when, for the first time, we had the pleasure of wishing you the blessings and compliments of the season, through the columns of the California Magazine; and now, the third one has come. There is a peculiarly pleasing relationship existing between the editor of a periodical like

ours and the generous and large-hearted reader; and as, month after month rolls past, and we give to each other the cordial welcome, or the word of sympathy or of brotherly kindness and love, it cements us closer, and the hearts of each grow warmer and better by the feeling. We have enjoyed many pleasant seasons together, and we trust, with God's blessing, there are many more in store for us; and, should a kind Providence permit, we trust that the year

just beginning, may be the most prosperous of all that we have had; therefore, in our inmost hearts, we bless you all! — not using such a suppliant benediction with an unfeeling mind—ah, no!

At such a time as this, how do our hearts feel of gushing longings for ones that are absent? How do our dearest friends, with all their longings, does memory recall? How do our dear and revered mother wept and embraced her son or daughter, but painful absence of a few perhaps months, at school, when her silver locks trembled and her hand rested in blessings on our head? Our father turned away and he said, "Good-by, my dear child, well, my daughter—God bless you!" does not recall such memories?

This, too, is a season when the hearts of men should be enlarged and givenness even of injuries should be late the human to do. When Charity, with her loving and smiling countenance, shines in the earth, and binds up the broken-hearted, and succors the poor, and wretched, and vice, should no more be the offspring of Neglect, whom God has prospered the poor, "I am thy neighbor, can I do for you?" will we not to shuffle off the coil of industry, should be a kindly spoken word.

and other acts of kindness, the angelic hand of God, is a person above all others, this living, breathing

To the unlucky, who would say: Boys, you, or Despair get it. The 'lead' may be sent further in; and even been 'drifting' through a hard experience,

just beginning, may be the most happy and prosperous of all that we have ever known, therefore, in our inmost heart we pray, God bless you all!—not using such language of suppliant benediction with a thoughtless and unfeeling mind—ah, no!

At such a time as this, how full does the heart feel of gushing longings for the loved ones that are absent? How many of our dearest friends, with all their joyous greetings, does memory recall? when our dear and revered mother wept as she kissed and embraced her son or daughter, after a short but painful absence of a few long weeks, or perhaps months, at school; or, when her silver locks trembled and her tottering hand rested in blessings on our heads; or our father turned away to drop a tear, as he said, "Good-by, my son!" or "Farewell, my daughter—God bless you!" who does not recall such memories with a tear?

This, too, is a season when the hearts of men should be enlarged; when forgiveness even of injuries should assimilate the human to the Divine nature; when Charity, with loving footsteps and smiling countenance, should walk abroad in the earth, and bring back the erring, bind up the broken-hearted, cheer the hopeless, and succor the bereaved; when poverty, and wretchedness, and ignorance, and vice, should no more say, "I am the offspring of Neglect"; when the rich, whom God has prospered, should say to the poor, "I am thy brother, man—what can I do for you?" when men, struggling to shuffle off the coil of poverty by honest industry, should be assisted, if only by a kindly spoken word. These and a thousand other acts of kindness and love, from the angelic hand of Charity, at such a season above all others, should be manifest in this living, breathing world.

To the unlucky and unfortunate we would say: Boys, never let Hope desert you, or Despair get the upper-hand of you. The 'lead' may be struck yet, a few inches further in; and even though you may have been 'drifting' through the 'bed-rock' of a hard experience, indomitable persever-

ance will carry you through it; and then, if the 'bed-rock' only 'pitches' into the hill of a prosperous future, you will find that the 'pay-dirt' of your personal esteem, approbation of friends, a good conscience, health, and a full purse, will place you on the 'rail car' of life, and secure to you the satisfaction of being the architect of your own fortune, while you gain the respect of all good men."

There is a word or two more we wish to say: You have your health—that is a great blessing; you are not branded as a felon, or incarcerated as a murderer, or looked upon as a loafer or a thief—well, those are great blessings, also; you have had food, and shelter, and clothing—well, those also are really great blessings; and if you could now only strike a good "paying strata" in some kind of business—mining, or anything else—you would be a happy man: now, would n't you? Well, then, never be discouraged—never give up making a good manly effort—and, if you cannot do any thing else, why, "go to peddling peanuts," rather than, like a child or overgrown hobledehoy, sit down, whining, or croaking, or sighing, or smoking, and become like the unfortunate Micawber, a waiter "for something to turn up."

The prosperous have our best wishes that their prosperity may continue, and even increase—but we would say, never forget that the poor man is your brother, and as such demands your sympathy, advice and assistance. Deal not out to him with niggardly hands, but help him in such a way that he may strive to help himself, without a feeling of humiliation; for, believe us, good actions are like good grain properly sown, returning bountifully a rich harvest of happy emotions to the sower, with granaries full of good deeds in any future time of need, which we may all yet see before we die.

To those by whose kindly help and generous smiles we have been enabled thus far to go on our way rejoicing, we tender our warmest thanks as the only New Year's gift we can offer. From the first day of

our publication to the present hour, we have received a most cordial greeting and been cheered by the encouraging approval of numerous and valued friends, and our hearts gratefully remember the favor. Under God's blessing, and with greatly improved health, we hope to make our Magazine, with your kind assistance, during the present year, more worthy of the glorious young State it is our proud privilege to call our home than it has ever been.

To the readers and writers and kind-word-speakers of this Magazine, we most heartily wish a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. We cordially give to all our

On the third of the present month our State Legislature will commence its tenth annual session. Last year we hoped much and—we say it with regret—were much disappointed. Even this year, as last, we presume there will be as much frivolous waste of precious and well paid time, and the postponement of measures of great public value as formerly. Some would-be-great men will, no doubt, be discovered, who have some hobby to ride, or some axes to grind, and occupy the time, if not the attention, of their colleagues. Some wind-mill—and we employ the term in a Quixotic and not in a political sense, although in the latter it would, doubtless,

need no correction—must be valorously fought; and some unknown aspiring imitator of Demosthenes believes, or acts as though he believed, that his way to Fame is now opening, and his only chance of future eminence lies in well using the lance of his slumbering eloquence (!) while his Sancho Panza colleagues look on with open-mouthed wonder.

We would suggest to the honorable members of both Houses, that such unworthy and child-like abuse of privilege be not allowed to any member during the present Session. Be resolved; for our State needs the *services* (and does not need long and windy harangues) of every thought and act of every member. The time has now fully come when judicious action upon a great national highway from the Atlantic to the Pacific—a railroad—would be received with favor by the Administration, independent of any party feeling. Will you pass such measures as will secure its construction to the boundary line of our State, without any frivolous hesitancy or delay? Do this, and the General Government, discovering that you are in earnest, will take such steps as will insure the completion of the road over the territorial region under its control. And no men will pay an additional State tax with greater pleasure than the great majority of Californians, for such a purpose.

Monthly Chat,

WITH CONTRIBUTORS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

A.—We are under the impression that you have sent us the wrong article. We should not like to take the wrong cow by the tail; therefore, oblige us by referring to your portfolio—not for the cow! but the sketch—for the *new* one.

P. R. S.—If you can make "house" and "vows" rhyme, you must surely be a German. There is a small, flat-backed, parasitic insect—such as Mexican moths not only seek after, but find, on the *cabezas* of their *muchachos*—that would help you out to a charm. Had there been but a dozen or so of similar endings, we would have "fixed 'em up," as you request; but remember the number—one hundred and ninety-three! whew! Besides, if they were "fixed up" as nice-

ly as strawberries and cream, the dose would be too heavy for the appetite and digestive organs of a literary Brobdignagian.

X. A., *Chips' Flat*.—You cannot tempt us. We may be as poor as some turkeys that we saw exposed for sale on last Thanksgiving Day, but we place too high a value on our self-esteem to give place to such an article.

Henry T., *Stockton*.—You are mistaken; we always welcome *good* poetry; but such an article is rather scarce in the literary market.

M., *No.*—In reading your paper, we received an impression suggestive of a sound similar to the rattling of peas in an old boot. It is at your disposal.

MAGAZINE.

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RESPONDENTS.

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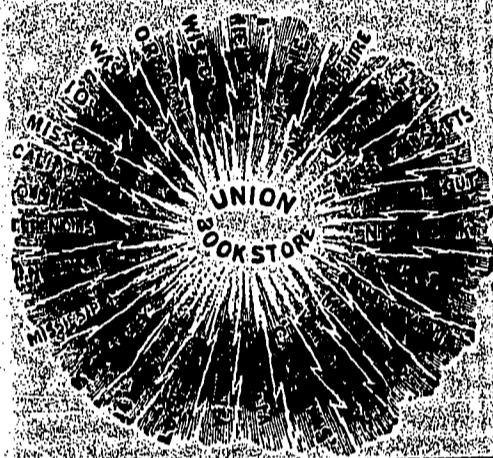
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Will be open on or about the FIRST OF JANUARY, 1859, where can be found at all times everything in the BOYS' AND GENTS' CLOTHING LINE. We invite all to call and examine our stock.

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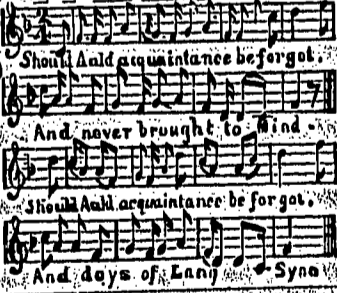
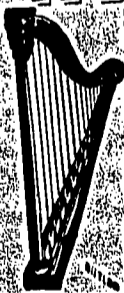
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MAGUIRE'S OPERA HOUSE,

MRS. WOOD, the Queen of Comedy and Song; Signor and Signora Bianchi, and other eminent artists are the principal attractions at this theater during the month. A large European Opera Troupe have also been engaged. Prices of Admission, \$1.00, 50 and 25 cents. T. MAGUIRE, Proprietor.

RE-OPENED!



R. H. VANCE,
Corner of Montgomery and Sacramento Sts.,
SAN FRANCISCO,
HAS AGAIN RE-OPENED HIS FIRST PREMIUM GALLERY,

With all the improvements of the day.

Having greatly enlarged the same, and made extensive additions to the arrangements of his lights and operating rooms, he feels confident of being able to execute pictures as well, if not better, than can be obtained in any other part of the world. He intends to improve on his former work, which has been pronounced, throughout the United States, inferior to none. It has been acknowledged by all that during the past FIVE YEARS I have far excelled all other artists in California, in the perfection of my pictures, and there are thousands who claim that they are unsurpassed in the world.

Being the owner of JAMES A. CUTTING'S PATENT RIGHT for Atmospherically Sensing Ambrotypes, I shall continue to give my patrons the

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Plain Photographs, of the size of the largest Daguerrotype, only \$3.00 each, if five are taken. Who will not give a large frame picture to a friend, when it can be obtained for only \$3.00? We guarantee as good a plain Photograph, if not better, than can be obtained in the United States; and a hundred per cent. better than those taken by ANY artist on the Pacific Coast.

Very large size Photographic Views for only \$5.00 each, if three are taken. Think of the pleasure which it would give friends at home, to receive a correct picture of the place where you reside! Improve the fine weather while it lasts, and send in your orders.

I have arranged my business so that hereafter I shall be at my rooms at all times, to attend personally to my patrons; and with the assistance of my operators who have been with me for years, and of the other attaches of my establishment, I can safely guarantee that all who favor me with a call will receive the best of work with despatch, as I have FOUR Operating Rooms and FIVE distinct Lights, which enables me to suit the light to the various styles of features, by which PERFECT LIKENESSES of all may be obtained, and without detention to my numerous customers, having four times the capacity of any other room in the State.

REMEMBER THE PLACE,

R. H. VANCE,

Corner Montgomery and Sacramento Sts., San Francisco.