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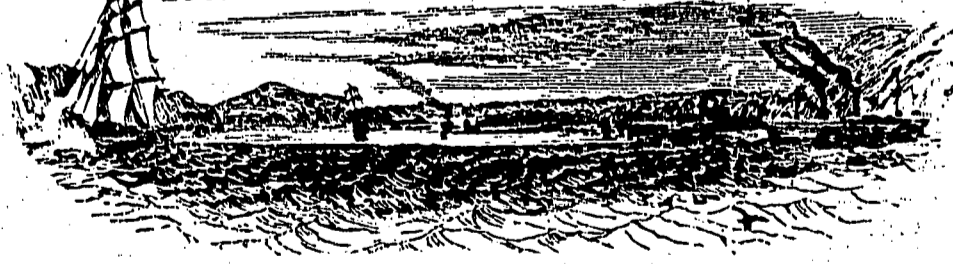
HUTCHINGS'

CALIFORNIA

MAGAZINE



No. 33. . . . . MARCH, 1859.



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- THE MAMMOTH TREES,
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- SAN JOSE,
- NEVADA,
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- STOCKTON,
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- JACKSONVILLE, &c., &c.

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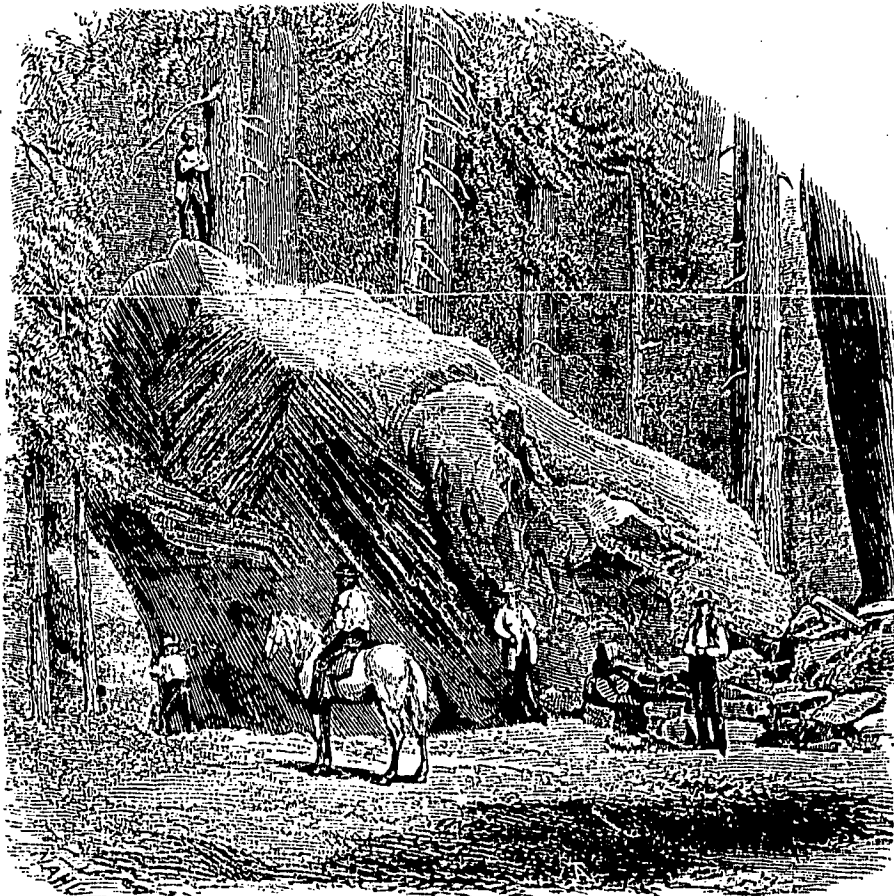
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HUTCHINGS'

# CALIFORNIA MAGAZINE.

VOL. III. MARCH, 1859. No. 9.

THE MAMMOTH TREES OF CALIFORNIA.



BUTT AND SECTION OF THE MAMMOTH TREE TRUNK,

In the spring of 1852, Mr. A. T. Dowd, one of the "Nimrods" of Calaveras county, was employed by the Union Water Company of Murphy's Camp, to supply the workmen engaged in the construction of their canal with fresh meat from the vast

quantities of game to be found in that vicinity.

Having wounded a large bear while engaged in this occupation, he industriously followed in pursuit; when to his momentary confusion, and astonishment his

March, 1859.  
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View of  
Mammoth Tree  
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of the Mammoth  
Trees, Full  
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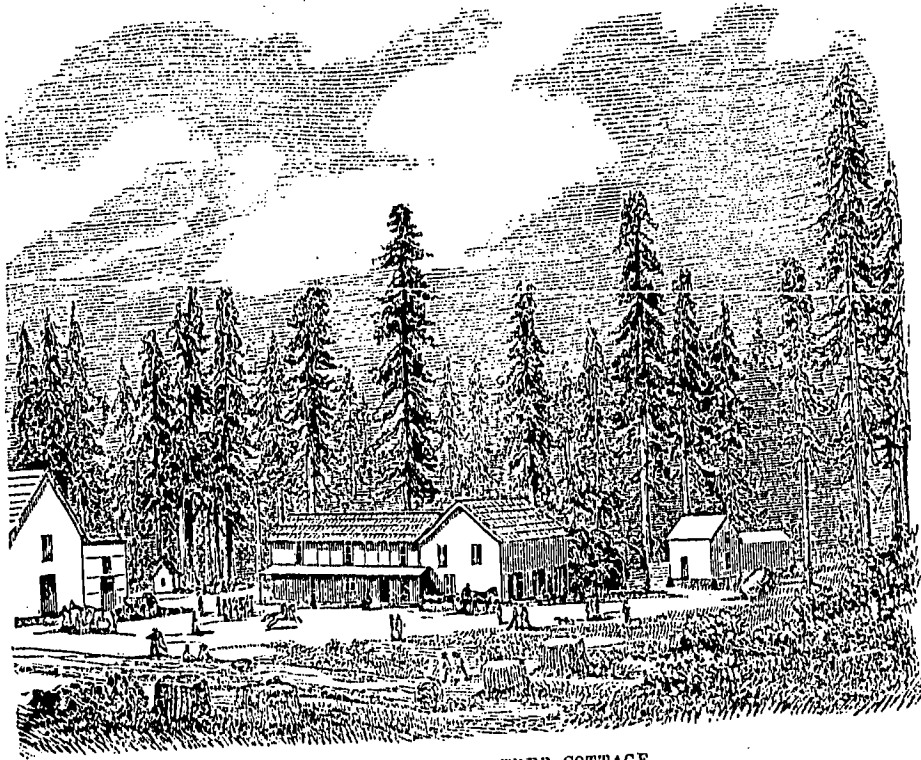


and 286 feet in height, while that in Calaveras county was 30 feet in diameter, and 302 feet in height, he turned his steps to some trees, then reputed to be the largest in the state, growing near Trinidad, Klamath county; but the largest of those he found only to measure about 24 feet in diameter, and 279 feet in height; consequently, he eventually abandoned his undertaking.

But a short time was allowed to elapse after the discovery of this remarkable grove, before the trumpet-tongued press proclaimed the wonder to all sections of the State, and to all parts of the world,

and the lovers of the marvelous began first to doubt, then to believe, and afterwards to flock from the various districts of California, that they might see with their own eyes the objects of which they had heard so much.

No pilgrims to Mohamed's tomb at Mecca; or to the reputed vestment of our Savior at Treves; or to the Juggernaut of Hindostan, ever manifested more interest in the superstitious objects of their veneration, than the intelligent and devout worshippers of the wonderful in nature, and science, of our own country, in their visit to the Mammoth Tree Grove



VIEW OF THE BIG TREE COTTAGE.

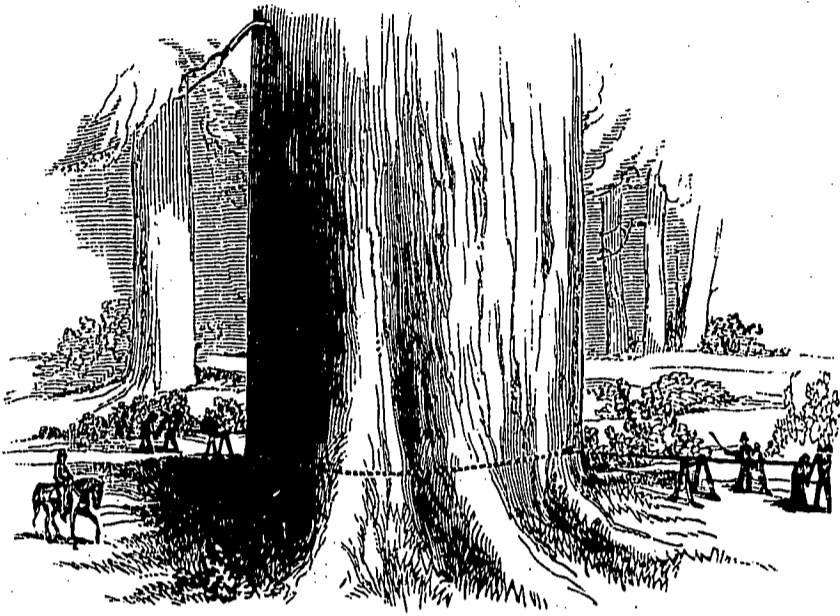
of Calaveras Co., high up in the Sierras.

Murphy's Camp, then known as an obscure, though excellent, mining district, was lifted into notoriety by its proximity to, and as the starting point for, the Big Tree Grove, and consequently was the centre of considerable attraction to visitors.

As the reader may desire to gratify his

curiosity by a visit—at least in imagination—with his permission we will consent to act as guide for the occasion, and proceed at once upon our journey.

Well mounted—this is an important auxiliary to a day of pleasure—we cross Murphy's Flat, and about half a mile from town proceed up a narrow cañon, upon a carriage road, now upon this side



WORKMEN ENGAGED IN FELLING THE MAMMOTH TREE.

of the stream, and now on that, as the hills proved favorable or otherwise for the construction of a good road. If our visit is supposed to be in spring or early summer, every mountain side, even to the tops of the ridges, is covered with flowers and flowering shrubs of great variety and beauty; while, on either hand, groves of oaks and pines stand as shading guardians of personal comfort to the traveler on a sunny day.

As we continue our ascent for a few miles, the road becomes more undulating and gradual, and lying for the most part on the top or gently sloping sides of a dividing ridge; often through dense forests of tall, magnificent pines, that are from one hundred and seventy to two hundred and twenty feet in height, slender and straight as an arrow. We measured one that had fallen, that was twenty inches in diameter at the base, and fourteen and a half inches in diameter at the distance of one hundred and twenty-five feet from the base. The ridges being nearly clear of an undergrowth of shrubbery, and the trunks of the trees for fifty feet upwards or more, entirely clear of branches, the

eye of the traveler can wander, delightfully, for a long distance among the captivating scenes of the forest.

At different distances upon the route, the canal of the Union Water Company winds its sinuous way on the top or around the sides of the ridge; or its sparkling contents rush impetuously down the water-furrowed center of a ravine. Here and there an aqueduct, or cabin, or saw-mill, gives variety to an ever changing landscape.

When within about four and a half miles of the Mammoth Tree Grove, the surrounding mountain peaks and ridges are boldly visible. Looking south, the bare head of Bald Mountain silently announces its solitude and distinctiveness: west, the "the Bear Mountain range" forms a continuous girdle to the horizon, extending to the north and east, where the snowy tops of the Sierras form a magnificent back-ground to the glorious picture.

While we have been thus riding and admiring, and talking, and wondering, and musing, concerning the beautiful scenes we have witnessed; the deepening

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shadows of the densely timbered forest were entering, by the awe they inspire—at first gently, and imperceptibly, then rapidly, and almost to be felt—prepare our minds to appreciate the imposing grandeur of the objects we are about to see; just as—

"Coming events cast their shadows before."

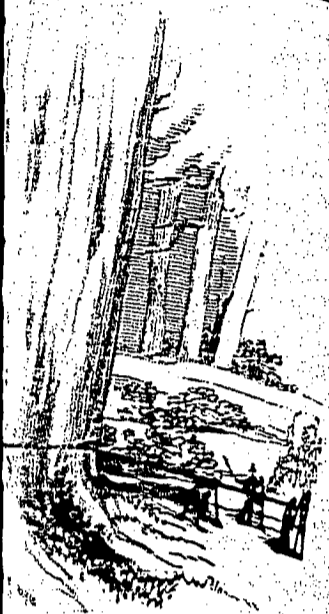
The gracefully curling smoke from the chimneys of the Big Tree Cottage, that is now visible; the inviting refreshment of the inner man; the luxurious feeling arising from bathing the hands and temples in cold clear water—especially after a ride or walk—are alike disregarded. One thought, one feeling, one emotion; that of vastness, sublimity, profoundness, pervades the whole soul; for there—\*

The giant trees in silent majesty  
 Like pillars stand 'neath Heaven's mighty dome,  
 'T would seem that perch'd upon their topmost branch,  
 With outstretched finger man might touch the stars;  
 Yet could he gain that height, the boundless sky  
 Were still as far beyond his utmost reach,  
 As from the burrowing toilers in a mine.  
 Their age unknown, into what depths of time  
 Might Fancy wander sportively, and deem  
 Some Monarch-Father of this grove set forth  
 His tiny shoot when the primeval flood  
 Receded from the old and changed earth;  
 Perhaps coeval with Assyrian kings  
 His branches in dominion spread; from age  
 To age, his sapling heirs with empires grew.  
 When Time those patriarchs' leafy tresses strewed  
 Upon the earth, while Art and Science slept,  
 And ruthless hordes drove back Improvement's  
 stream,  
 Their sturdy oaklings throve, and in their turn  
 Rose when Columbus gave to Spain a world.  
 How many races, savage or refined,  
 Have dwelt beneath their shelter! Who shall say,  
 (If hands irreverent molest them not,)  
 But they may shadow mighty cities, reared  
 Even at their roots, in centuries to come,  
 Till with the "Everlasting Hills" they bow,  
 When "Time shall be no longer!"

Before wandering further amid the wild secluded depths of this forest, it will be well that the horse and his rider should partake of some good and substantial repast—such as he will here find provided—inasmuch as it is not al-

\* Extract from Mrs. Conner's forthcoming play of "The Three Brothers; or, the Mammoth Grove of Calaveras; a Legend of California."

A COLLATION PARTY OF THIRTY-TWO PERSONS DANCING ON THE STUMP OF THE MAMMOTH TREE.



MAMMOTH TREE.

A traveler can wander, delight  
 A long distance among the cap-  
 sines of the forest.  
 At distances upon the route, the  
 Union Water Company winds  
 away on the top or around the  
 ridge; or its sparkling con-  
 tinuously down the water-  
 fall of a ravine. Here and  
 there, or cabin, or saw-mill,  
 to an ever changing land-  
 scape about four and a half  
 miles from Mammoth Tree Grove, the  
 mountain peaks and ridges  
 are visible. Looking south, the  
 Sierra Nevada Mountain silently ab-  
 sorbs and distinctiveness:  
 "Four Mountain range"  
 girdle to the horizon,  
 north and east, where  
 the Sierras form a mag-  
 nificent picture to the glorious pic-  
 ture thus riding and  
 gazing, and wondering,  
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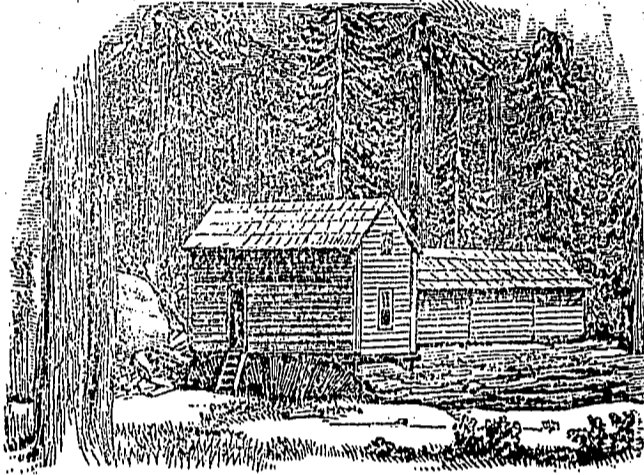
ways wisest, or best, to explore the wonderful, or look upon the beautiful, with an empty stomach, especially after a bracing and appetitive ride of fifteen miles. While thus engaged let us explain some matters that we have reserved for this occasion.

to the old genus *Sequoia sempervirens*; and consequently as it is not a new genus, and as it has been properly examined and classified, it is now known only among scientific men as the *Sequoia gigantea* (*sempervirens*)—and not "Wellingtonia" or as some good and laudably patriotic

souls would have it, to prevent the English from stealing American thunder, "Washingtonia Gigantea."

Within an area of fifty acres there are 103 trees of a goodly size; twenty of which exceed 25 feet in diameter at the base, and consequently are about 75 feet in circumference!

But, the repast over, let us first walk upon the



VIEW OF DOUBLE BOWLING ALLEY ON TRUNK OF BIG TREE.

The Mammoth Tree Grove, then, is situated in a gently sloping, and, as you have seen, heavily timbered valley, on the divide, or ridge, between the San Antonio branch of the Calaveras river, and the north fork of the Stanislaus river; in lat. 38° north; long. 120° 10' west; at an elevation of 2,300 feet above Murphy's Camp, and 4,370 feet above the level of the sea; at a distance of 97 miles from Sacramento city, and 87 from Stockton.

When specimens of this tree, with its cones and foliage, were sent to England for examination, Prof. Lindley, an eminent English botanist, considered it as forming a new genus; and, accordingly named it (doubtless with the best intentions, but still unfairly) "Wellingtonia gigantea;" but through the examinations of Mr. Lobb, a gentleman of rare botanical attainments, who has spent several years in California, devoting himself to this interesting and to him favorite branch of study, it is decided to belong to the *Taxodium* family, and must be referred

joining the cottage. You see it is perfectly smooth, sound, and level. Upon this stump, however incredible it may seem, on the 4th of July, 32 persons were engaged in dancing four sets of cotillions at one time, without suffering any inconvenience whatever; and, besides these, there were musicians and lookers on. Across the solid wood of this stump, five and a half feet from the ground, (now the bark is removed, which was from 15 to 18 inches in thickness) it measures twenty-five feet, and with the bark twenty-eight feet. Think for a moment; the stump of a tree exceeding nine yards in diameter, and sound to the very center.

This tree employed five men for twenty-five days in falling it—not by chopping it down, but by boring it off with pump augers. After the stem was fairly severed from the stump, the uprightness of the tree, and breadth of its base, sustained it from falling over. To accomplish this, about two and a half days of the twenty-five were spent in inserting wedges, and

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Its height is 321 feet. The average thickness of bark was 11 inches, although in places it was about two feet. This tree is estimated to contain 537,000 feet of sound inch lumber. To the first branch it is 137 feet. The small black marks upon the tree indicate points where  $2\frac{1}{2}$  in. auger holes were bored, into which rounds were inserted, by which to ascend and descend while removing the bark. At different distances upward, especially at the top, numerous dates, and names of visitors, have been cut. It is contemplated to construct a circular stairway around this tree. While the bark was being removed a young man fell from the scaffolding—or rather out of a descending noose—at a distance of 70 feet from the ground, and escaped with a broken limb. We were within a few yards of him when he fell, and were agreeably surprised to discover that he had not broken his neck.

A short distance from the above lies the prostrate and majestic body of the "Father of the Forest," the largest tree of the entire group, half buried in the soil. This tree measures in circumference at the roots, 110 feet. It is 200 feet to the first branch, the whole of which is hollow, and through which a person can walk erect. By the trees that were bro-

where it was broken off by striking against another large tree, it is eighteen feet in diameter. Around this tree stand the graceful yet giant trunks of numerous other trees, which form a family circle and make this the most imposing scene in the whole grove. From its immense size, and the number of trees near, doubtless originated the name. Near its base is a never failing spring of cold and delicious water.

Let us not linger here too long; but pass on to "The Husband and Wife," a graceful pair of trees that are leaning with apparent affection against each other. Both of these are of the same size, and measure in circumference, at the base, about 60 feet; and in height are about 252 feet.

A short distance further is "The Burnt tree," which is prostrate and hollow from numerous burnings, in which a person can ride on horseback for 60 feet. The estimated height of this tree when standing was 330 feet, and its circumference 97 feet. It now measures across the roots 39 feet, 6 inches.

"Hercules," another of these giants, is 95 feet in circumference and 320 feet high. On the trunk of this tree is cut the name of *I. M. Wooster, June, 1850*, so that it is possible this person may some day claim precedence to Mr. Dowd in this great discovery; at all events it was through the latter named that the world became acquainted with the grove.

There are many other trees of this grove that claim a passing notice; but inasmuch as they very much resemble

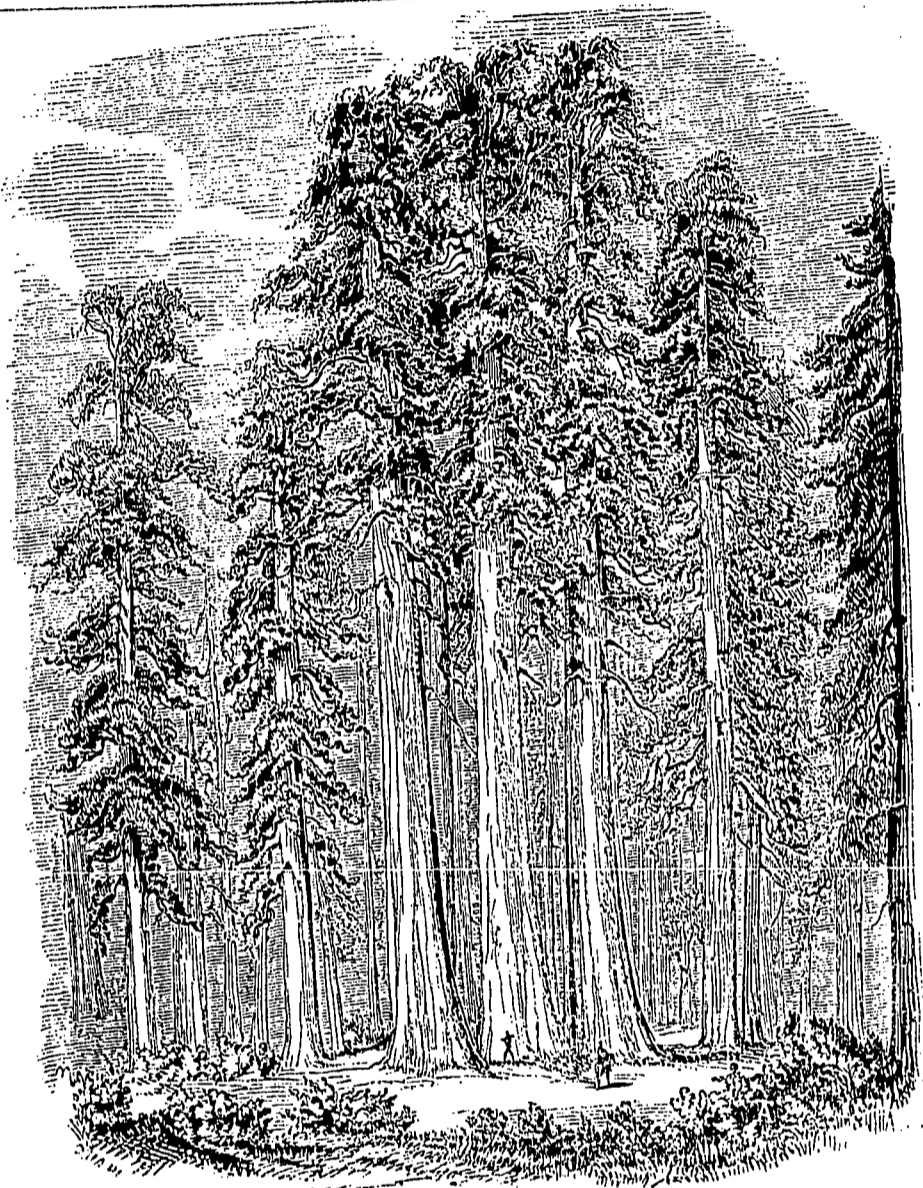
each other we shall only mention them briefly.

The "Hermit," a lonely old fellow, is 318 feet in height and 60 feet in circum-



VIEW OF THE "FATHER OF THE FOREST."

ken off when this tree bowed its proud head, in its fall, it is estimated that when standing it could not be less than 435 feet in height. 300 feet from the roots, and



THE "THREE GRACES."

ference; exceedingly straight and well formed.

The "Old Maid," a stooping, broken topped, and forlorn looking spinster of the big tree family, is 261 feet in height, and 59 feet in circumference.

As a fit companion to the above, though at a respectful distance from it, stands the dejected-looking "Old Bachelor." This tree, as lonely and as solitary as the former, is one of the roughest, bark-rent

specimens of the big trees to be found. In size it rather has the advantage of the "Old Maid," being about 298 feet in height, and 60 feet in circumference.

Near to the "Old Bachelor" is the "Pioneer's Cabin," the top of which is broken off about 150 feet from the ground. This tree measures 33 feet in diameter; but as it is hollow, and uneven in its circumference, its average will not be quite equal to that.

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The "Siamese Twins," as their name indicates, with one large stem at the ground, form a double tree about forty-one feet upwards. These are each 300 feet in height.

Near to them stands the "Guardian," a fine-looking old tree, 320 feet in height, by 81 feet in circumference.

The "Mother and Son" form another beautiful sight, as side by side they stand. The former is 315 feet in height, and the latter 302 feet. Unitedly, their circumference is 93 feet.

The "Horseback Ride" is an old, broken, and long prostrate trunk, 150 feet in length, hollow from one end to the other, and in which, to the distance of 72 feet, a person can ride on horseback. At the narrowest place inside, this tree is 12 feet high.

"Uncle Tom's Cabin" is another fanciful name, given to a tree that is hollow, and in which twenty-five persons can be seated comfortably, (not, as a friend at our elbow suggests, in each others laps, perhaps!) This tree is 305 feet in height, and 91 feet in circumference.

The "Pride of the Forest" is one of the most beautiful trees of this wonderful grove. It is well-shaped, straight, and sound; and, although not quite as large as some of the others, it is nevertheless a noble-looking member of the grove, 275 feet in height, and 60 feet in circumference.

The "Beauty of the Forest" is similar in shape to the above, and measures 307 feet in height, and 65 feet in circumference.

The "Two Guardsmen" stand by the roadside at the entrance of the "clearing," and near the cottage. They seem to be the sentinels of the valley. In height, these are 300 feet; and in circumference, one is 65 feet, and the other 69 feet.

Next, though last in being mentioned, not least in gracefulness and beauty, stand the "Three Sisters"—by some

called the "Three Graces"—one of the most beautiful groups (if not *the* most beautiful,) of the whole grove. Together, at their base, they measure in circumference 92 feet, and in height they are equal, and each measure nearly 295 feet.

By permission of the gifted authoress of the new play to which we have before referred, we make the following quotation:—

SEMANTHÉ—*Speaking to AGNES.*

Thy brothers oft remind me  
Of those three trees in that stupendous grove  
On which we gazed in wonder; three, alike  
In height, bulk, form—symmetrical and tall.  
Their stems, unsinuous, rise aloft towards Heaven,  
And pierce the font-like clouds that shower down  
Nature's baptismal blessing on the earth,  
As if to gaze upon the dwelling place  
Of Him who bade them grow as witnesses  
Of His creative glory. And the three,  
Alike protecting, shade the tender plants,  
That nestle at their base:—like thee, dear Agnes.

Many of the largest of these trees have been deformed and otherwise injured, by the numerous and large fires that have swept with desolating fury over this forest, at different periods. But a small portion of decayed timber, of the Taxodium genus, can be seen. Like other varieties of the same species, it is less subject to decay, even when fallen and dead, than other woods.

Respecting the age of this grove there has been but one opinion among the best informed botanists, which is this—that each concentric circle is the growth of one year; and as nearly three thousand concentric circles can be counted in the stump of the fallen tree, it is correct to conclude that these trees are nearly three thousand years old. "This," says the *Gardener's Calendar*, "may very well be true, if it does not grow above two inches in diameter in twenty years, which we believe to be the fact."

Could these magnificent and venerable forest giants of Calaveras county be gifted with a descriptive historical tongue, we could doubtless learn of many wonderful changes that have taken place in California within the last 3,000 years!



ZINE.

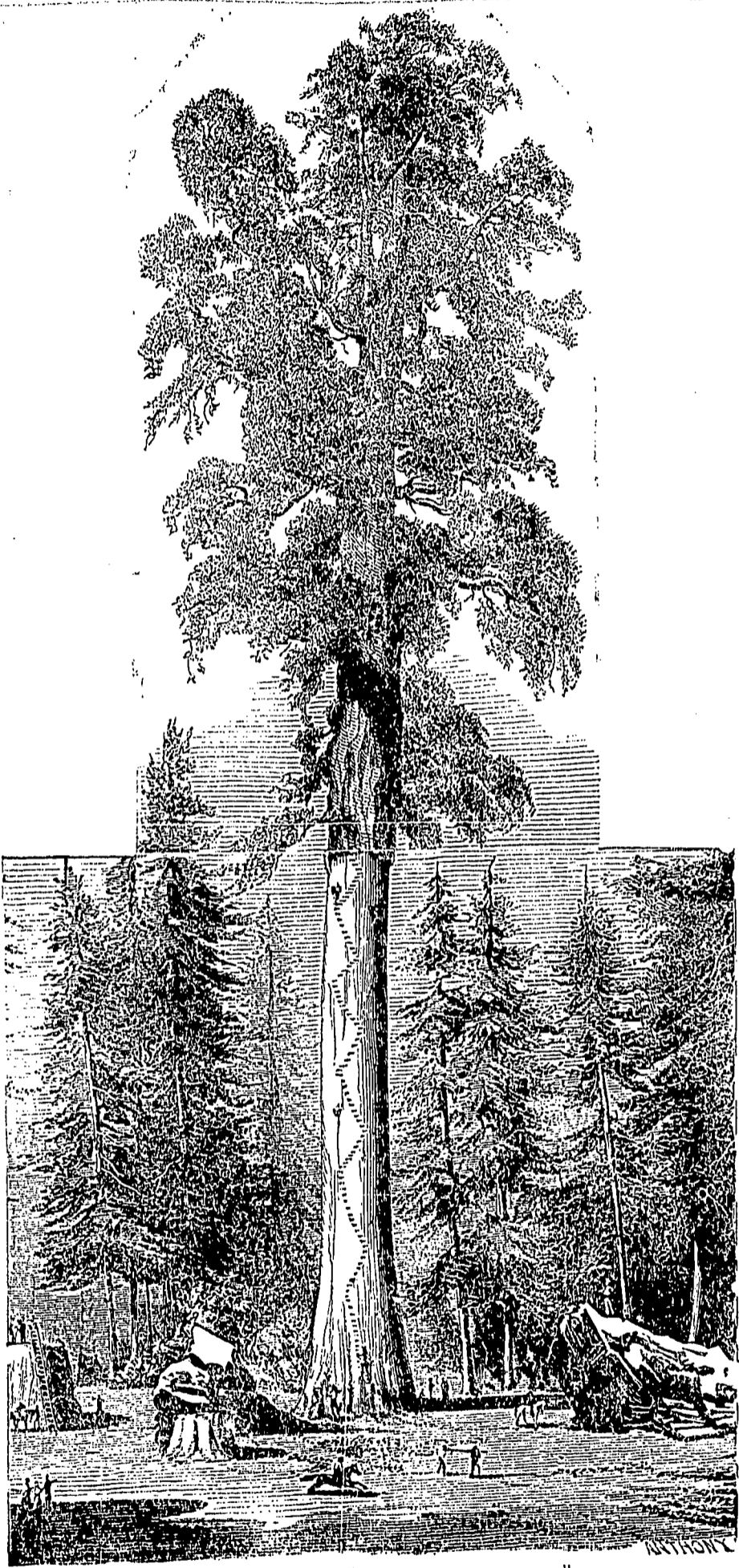
Three Graces"—one of the groups (if not the most) of the whole grove. Together they measure in circumference and in height they are nearly 205 feet. Of the gifted authoress which we have before the following quota-

Speaking to AGNES,  
Mind me  
of stupendous grove  
three; three, alike  
metrical and tall,  
aloft towards Heaven,  
birds that shower down  
on the earth,  
my place  
as witnesses  
the three,  
under plants,  
see thee, dear Agnes.

Of these trees have  
otherwise injured, by  
the fires that have  
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In this grove there  
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THE MAMMOTH TREE "MOTHER OF THE FOREST."

Until the fall of 1855, the grove we have just described was considered the only one to be found in the State, of the same variety; but, at the time alluded to, Mr. J. E. Clayton, while running the survey of a canal for Col. Fremont, discovered another grove of mammoth trees; and which, in 1857, were visited, and described in the following manner, by Colonel Warren, of the "California Farmer":—

The first tree we measured was "Rambler," and measuring it three and a half feet from the ground, found it eighty feet in circumference; close at the ground, one hundred and two feet, and, carefully surveyed, two hundred and fifty feet high. Tree No. 2, nearly fifty feet in circumference. No. 3, (at the spring,) ninety feet, three and a half feet from the ground, one hundred and two at the ground, and three hundred feet high. Nos. 4 and 5 we call the sisters, measuring eighty-two and eighty-seven feet in circumference, and two hundred and twenty-five feet high. Many of the trees had lost portions of their tops by the storms that had swept over them. After measuring the first five trees, we divided our company, two taking the southeast direction, and two with myself the northerly, and keeping record of each tree measured, which resulted as follows:—

The whole number measured was one hundred and fifty-five, and these comprise but about half the group, which we estimate cover about two to three hundred acres, and lie in a triangular form. Some of the trees first meet your view in the vale of the mountain; thence rise south-easterly and north-westerly, till you find yourself gazing upon the neighboring points, some ten miles from you, whose tops are still covered with their winter snows. The following are the numbers and measurement of the trees,

1 tree, 102 feet in circumference; 1 tree 97 feet; 1 tree, 92 feet; 3 trees, each 76 feet; 1 tree, 72 feet; 3 trees, each 70 feet; 1 tree 68 feet; 1 tree, 66 feet; 1 tree, 63 feet; 3 trees, each 63 feet; 2 trees, each 60 feet; 1 tree, 59 feet; 1 tree, 58 feet; 3 trees, each 57 feet; 1 tree, 56 feet; 3 trees, each 55 feet; 2 trees, each 54 feet; 1 tree, 53 feet; 1 tree, 51 feet; 4 trees, each 50 feet; 6 trees, each 49 feet; 5 trees, each

48 feet; 2 trees, each 47 feet; 3 trees, each 46 feet; 2 trees, each 45 feet; 1 tree, 44 feet; 2 trees, each 43 feet; 2 trees, each 42 feet; 1 tree, 40 feet; 1 tree, 35 feet; 2 trees, each 36 feet; 2 trees, each 32 feet; 1 tree, 28 feet; 2 trees, each 100 feet; 1 tree, 82 feet; 1 tree, 80 feet; 2 trees, each 77 feet; 1 tree, 76 feet; 3 trees, each 75 feet; 1 tree, 64 feet; 4 trees, each 65 feet; 2 trees, each 63 feet; 1 tree, 61 feet; 10 trees, each 60 feet; 3 trees, each 59 feet; 1 tree each from 58 down to 52 feet; 2 trees, each 51 feet; 6 trees, each 50 feet; 1 tree, 49 feet; 1 tree, 47 feet; 1 tree, 46 feet; 2 trees, each 45 feet; 1 tree, 43 feet; 7 trees, each 44 feet; 4 trees, each 42 feet; 3 trees, each 41 feet; 8 trees, each 40 feet,

Some of these were in groups of three, four, and even five, seeming to spring from the seeds of one cone.

Several of these glorious trees we have, in association with our friend, named. The one near the spring we call the Fountain Tree, as it is used as the source of the refreshment. Two trees measuring ninety and ninety-seven feet in circumference, were named the Two Friends.

The groups of trees which we measured consisted of many of peculiar beauty and interest. One of those which measured one hundred feet in circumference, was of exceeding gigantic proportions, and towering up three hundred feet, and yet a portion of its top, where it apparently measured ten feet in diameter, had been swopt off by storms. While we were measuring this tree, a large eagle came and perched upon it, emblematical of the grandeur of this forest as well as that of our country. The cones that lay in masses beneath this tree were twelve and eighteen inches long, [1] and some of them longer. Near by it stood a smaller tree that seemed a child to it, yet it measured forty-seven feet in circumference. Not far from it was a group of four splendid trees, 250 feet high, which we named the Four Pillars, each over fifty feet in circumference. Two gigantic trees, measuring seventy-five and seventy-seven feet, were named Washington and Lafayette; these were noble trees. Another group of these we called The Graces, from their peculiar beauty. One mighty tree that had fallen by fire and burned out, and into which we walked for a long distance, we found to be the abode of the grizzly; there he had made his nest, and it excited the nerves to enter so dark an abode. Yet it was a fitting place for a grizzly.

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These were in groups of 1 even five, seeming to be seeds of one cone. These glorious trees were near the spring we used for refreshment. Two trees and ninety-seven feet were named the Two

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Another tree, measuring eighty feet, and standing aloof, was called the Lone Giant; It went heavenward some three hundred feet. Another monster tree that had fallen and been burned out hollow has been recently tried, by a party of our friends, just riding, as they fashionably do in the saddle, through the tunnel of the tree. These friends rode through this tree, a distance of 153 feet, and the same feat can be done now. The tree has been long fallen, and measured, ere its bark was gone, and its sides charred, over a hundred feet in circumference, and probably 350 feet in height.

The mightiest tree that has yet been found, now lies upon the ground, and fallen as it lies, it is a wonder still; it is charred, and time has stripped it of its heavy bark, and yet as we measured it across the butt of the tree as it lay upturned, it measured thirty-three feet without its bark, and there can be no question that in its vigor, with its bark on and upright, it measured forty feet in diameter, or one hundred and twenty feet in circumference. Only about one hundred and fifty feet of the trunk remains, yet the cavity where it fell, is still a large hollow beyond the portion burned off; and upon pacing it, measuring from the root 120 paces, and estimating the branches, this tree must have been four hundred feet high. This tree we believe to be the largest tree yet discovered, and this forest we claim as the *Parent Forest of the World*.

No description we can give could convey to our readers the wonder and awe with which one is impressed, when standing beneath these giant trees; a feeling creeps upon you of inexpressible reverence for these trees, and one does not wish to speak aloud, but rather be silent and think. Man here feels his own nothingness, and his soul, unbidden, breaths that hymn—"Be thou O God exalted high,"—and praise rises from the heart to the lips spontaneously. No one, it seems to us, can enter this grove and not acknowledge the Deity and do him reverence. Would we had time and space to speak more of this wonderful Forest. We do not wish to take aught from our Calaveras friends, but if they will go and see this, they will cheerfully yield the palm, both in size and numbers.

Kneel at this simple altar, and the God, Who hath the living waters, shall be there.

N. P. WILLIS.

MONUMENT TO THE UNKNOWN DEAD.

BY CALVIN B. McDONALD.

The American stone-cutter has engraved many illustrious names on pillars uplifted by national gratitude. The builders have built none too high; nor have they wrought unworthily in rearing magnificent structures for the apotheosis of heroes who look haughtily down from the heights of fame on aspiring palace and humble cottage. Let every stone that lifts the statue of WASHINGTON a cubic nearer the clouds be blessed by all the United People; and let every sand-grain that may fall from his monuments be reverently carried to a holy place in the great temple of Liberty, by pilgrims who come up in succeeding centuries to behold the stupendous pillar reared by sons of the hero's compatriots.

But, reverencing the world-renowned, let not the nation be unmindful of the brave men whose names and fame were buried in the soldier's shallow grave. The monument of their works aspires before the reverent gaze of nations, like a frost-topped promontory in the sun; their flesh may have been the banquet of turbulent wolves or clamorous crows. Their bones may have been jostled by the plow-share of advancing pioneers; their histories may have failed of translation from the tattered records of the camp, but their arms helped to upraise the proud signal of victory, that now flaunts over the St. Lawrence and streams out from the cliffs of Mendocino.

I have wished for capacity to persuade the building of a national monument to "*The Unknown Dead*," who bequeathed us the heritage of Liberty. Let us construct at the Republican Capital, a chaste column, which shall bear no other inscription, and by which foreigners may stand, in after time, and learn from tradition that Americans, immortalizing the





MAGAZINE.  
OF THE OLD HOMESTEAD  
BY G. T. SPROAT.

and the two old elm trees,  
grew before the door;  
the birds are singing,  
a merry song of yore.  
The shaded pathway,  
where lilacs meet;  
the grass is waving,  
and the children's feet.  
Of singing swallows,  
flitting overhead,  
I've stood the homestead,  
with its walls, brown and red,  
The brook in the orchard,  
with its same old song;  
the leaps in the sunshine,  
and the stones all day long.  
The cobblestones curb, worn and  
rough by its side;  
where the geese came at  
the even tide.  
The children sported,  
leaping to sea;  
the Castilian merchants,  
with their round argosy.  
The bees lived in  
the clover hours,  
and the treasures,  
and the flowers.  
The meadow,  
on the green hill's side,  
where the frolic and gam-  
bles abide.  
That is left me,  
on my side,  
where my loved me-  
ther died.

CORTEZ AND THE GULF OF CALIFORNIA.

BY JAMES LINEN.

ETYMOLOGISTS differ about the derivation of the name "California." Whether it be from the two Latin words *calida formax*, or from *caliente fornalla*, in the Spanish language, or whether it owes its origin "to some words spoken by the Indians, and misunderstood by the Spaniards," as Michael Venegas verily believes, is a matter so very unimportant, that I shall leave it for the curious to investigate at their leisure.

Lower California was discovered in 1534, by Zimenes, a native of Biscay. He was pilot of the expedition which left Tehuantepec, under the command of Grixalva and Mendoza. After sailing about three hundred leagues northward, the former returned to New Spain, and the latter, in consequence of the severity of his discipline, was murdered by his mutinous crew. Commanded by Zimenes, the voyage of discovery was continued, until he moored his vessel in the Bay of Santa Cruz, as it was called at that time. It is now known as *La Paz*, and is located on the western side of the Gulf of California. Its name would indicate a place of peace. The Indians, through some cause of provocation, killed Zimenes and twenty of his followers. Terrified, and without a leader, the rest of the Spaniards speedily weighed anchor, and returned to their homes.

The restless and ambitious Cortez, panting for new kingdoms to conquer, and dissatisfied with the result of the expedition, in the following year fitted out three ships at Tehuantepec, and personally joined the daring spirits that were enlisted in his service, when they reached the port of Chiametla. The presence of the great Chief, who, during the previous fifteen years, had made the world ring with the glory of his name, inspired his

followers with unqualified confidence in their success. The vessels were amply provided with everything necessary for colonizing purposes. In his retinue he had four hundred Spaniards, and three hundred negro slaves. There were soldiers to fight, if required, and hardy emigrants to settle and cultivate the soil. There were also holy fathers, to administer consolation to the wretched, and to pray for and enlighten the benighted savages of California in the mysteries of the Gospel. He circumnavigated the Gulf, and imperfectly explored it. For a long time afterwards, it was known as the *Sea of Cortez*. It was also called the Red Sea (*Mar Roxo*), either on account of its shape resembling so much the one that separates Asia from Africa, or because the Rio Colorado, or Red River, flowing into it at the northern point, discolors its waters. Cortez discovered that the barren land, where his countrymen were slain, was a peninsula, and not an island, as it was hitherto supposed to be. He was tossed about the Gulf in a fearful tempest, and his frail and shattered bark was dashed against the rocks. Destruction and a watery grave seemed inevitable. Famine had thinned his ranks, disappointment had withered the hopes of his devoted followers. In the midst of appalling danger however, the Conqueror of Mexico stood undismayed. In other days he had baffled the wily and jealous Velasquez in Cuba; he had tumbled down the hideous image in the temple of Tlalasco, and placed a statue of the Holy Virgin in its stead; he had traversed deserts and mountains with his army; he had desolated provinces, and marched in triumph through hostile lands; he had removed obstacles that seemed insurmountable, and braved perils and sufferings such as rarely fall to the lot of man: he had miraculously escaped amid the yells and curses, and fury of a barbarous population; he had disregarded constitu-

ted authority and the claims of a generous hospitality; he had subjugated a mighty empire, and the monarch, Montezuma was fettered by his command; with very fear the lords of Tescuco and the princes of Tenochtitlan had trembled in his presence; he had ignominiously executed the youthful emperor Gantemozin, whose noble spirit he could not subdue; he had deluged the Aztec capital with the blood of its inhabitants, and planted the Cross upon the tops of their gloomy *teocallis*; he had plundered the palaces of the rich, and profaned the sacred temples of the gods; he had filled the regions of Anahuac with the wailings of woe, and fired the great city of the valley, so that the sky was black with the smoke of a terrible conflagration; he had overthrown the altars of a horrid superstition, and upon their ruins he had established the church of the Prince of Peace; he had been looked upon as a god amongst the Indians, and as a great chief by the Spaniards, whose orders they implicitly obeyed; but here he was in the Gulf of California the mere sport of the elements; at the mercy of a howling tempest which he could not abate, and foaming billows which he could not command. Providence spared his life. By his indomitable energy the leaky and dismantled craft was brought back to Santa Cruz, the point from which he had started in the gulf. No good end was accomplished by this fruitless expedition. He won no fresh laurels for himself, nor did he make any new contributions to science. Disappointed in this maritime enterprise, he set sail, and landing at Acapulco, he returned to Mexico, where his wife and friends had been for some months apprehensive of his safety. Two vessels in the mean time had been sent in search of him by Don Antonio de Mendoza, the lately appointed Viceroy. Notwithstanding the disasters which befel his little squadron on the Pacific coast, and though now su-

perseded in his authority as Captain General of New Spain, he lost no time after his return to the scenes of his former achievements in furnishing the necessary means to fit out three more ships, which he entrusted to the command of Ulloa.

This gallant navigator sailed in 1537, and spent two years in exploring the gulf. He found the peninsula wild and barren, and its natives wretched and naked. Subsequent attempts were made by the Viceroys of New Spain to settle the inhospitable country, but without marked success until a half century afterwards.

The Indians were just as little elevated above the brute creation, as the intellectual and refined of modern times flatter themselves to be "only a little lower than the angels." Ignorant and barbarous as they were, they soon felt their inferiority. An unwavering and untiring perseverance gradually paved the way for a respectable state of civilization. The ideas associated with a debasing idolatry gave way to a more enlightened state of society. A garrison was ultimately established at La Paz, in 1596. Missionaries in the mean time were indefatigable in their labors. In less than ten years afterwards, the first Mission was founded and others speedily followed. Amid arid wastes and barren mountains the doctrine of eternal salvation was preached to the benighted heathen. The consequence was, that the savages of Lower California in course of time were found kneeling catechumens at the altars of Christianity. The followers of the Cross have since held undisputed sway over the sterile hills and sandy plains of the peninsula. Though Cortes failed in establishing garrisons and founding missions along the shores of the gulf, the world is largely indebted to him for the zeal which he manifested in extending the blessings of civilization. He had risked his life; he had spent a princely fortune; he had pledged the costly jewels of his beautiful wife; he had reduced his magnificent establishment and involved himself in bankruptcy, and all too, for the accomplishment of the darling object of his ambition. His name will go down to the latest posterity as the greatest hero and the most remarkable man of the age in which he lived.

HOW I BECAME  
An English

BY  
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HOW I BECAME ATTORNEY GENERAL:  
*An English Tale, founded on fact.*

BY ROLLING STONE.

CHAPTER I.—EARLY DIFFICULTIES.

A DULL morning in January found me sitting in my office, in the town of N—, poring despondingly over sundry unpaid bills. The examination was most unsatisfactory. No balance left at my banker's, but unmistakable balances left against me, in the books of several tradesmen of the place.

I had but lately qualified myself as an attorney, and had commenced practice in my native town, hoping that the long residence of my deceased parents there, and the large circle of acquaintance I had, might be the means of establishing a connection in my profession. After being in business for four months, I had not made twelve pounds, altogether; and, although I felt that I was gradually working into a practice, yet my slender funds were nearly exhausted, and I was loth to borrow money on the only security I could offer—the house I was in, and which I inherited from my mother.

My reverie, which was, therefore, not the most cheerful, was interrupted by the entrance of a person, who proved to be a new client. As the said client gave me the first really profitable instructions I had as yet received, and as those instructions were the means of making me acquainted with those whose fortunes I became so intimately associated with, he deserves more than a passing notice.

Mr. Bellis was an extensive baker, with whom my parents had dealt for some thirty years. He was not rich, but what is usually called "well to do in the world." Whilst his own estimate of his character was that he was the sternest of men, and that tender feelings were the attributes of women, he was, in fact, extremely good-natured, and consequently was continually being imposed upon.

His temper, however, was irritable, and that—added to a bad habit he had of swearing—*did* sometimes lead defaulting debtors to believe that he was not a man to be trifled with.

His list of outstanding debts, nevertheless, was something to frighten an ordinary tradesman, and, periodically, in fits of indignation, he would take legal proceedings to recover them. This was the cause of his present visit, and, as he had kept quiet for the past two years, the unpaid bills had greatly accumulated.

"Now, Mr. Alfred," said he, "I want you to go to work and recover as many of these accounts as you can. I think, at any rate, two-thirds of them are good, if managed rightly. After writing to them all, serve writs on such as don't pay, and let me hear how you get on at the end of the week."

Having conversed a few minutes with my client, on the subject, he took his departure, and my heart felt much lightened when, glancing at the bills, I saw that the result of my instructions would put a considerable sum into my pocket.

CHAPTER II.—HOW I FELL IN LOVE.

One hundred and thirty bills, amounting to over £700, in all! It took me two days to write the letters, and a heavy draft on my purse for postage, which, in many instances, I deemed it politic to prepay.

The following Saturday found me in possession of £149, odd shillings. I went over and paid it to Mr. Bellis, less my own fees, which would enable me to defray some of my own debts.

On my return home, I found a lady waiting in the office. She was plainly yet tastefully dressed. She sat with her back to the window, and had on a thick veil. In her gloved hand she held a letter. It was one of mine.

"Mr. Vellum, I presume," she said, as I entered. I bowed, and she con-

tinued: "We cannot pay Mr. Bellis' bill at present, sir; but if you will take my note at three months, I will leave this in your hands, as security,—but pray take care of it."

She rose, and placed a small diamond cross upon the table. Its intrinsic worth might have been some seven or eight pounds, for the gems were small. I did not like to take it, yet she seemed so agitated that I mused awhile what to do. She advanced quickly:

"Oh, do take my note; we have a little income; it is due in March; but do not apply to my mother: she is so delicate. I did not show her your letter—I dared not: excitement might kill her at present; and, as I open all her letters, I have concealed this from her."

There was something so touching in the earnestness of her tone, that I felt, I am afraid, very un-lawyerlike,—at any rate, I know I could not refuse. As she sat down to write the promissory note, she lifted her veil. I positively staggered with astonishment and admiration. Tears were on her cheeks, but little did they mar her wondrous beauty; dark hazel eyes, softened by long lashes; hair, between brown and auburn, gathered in massive folds under her bonnet, shaded a face of extreme loveliness, and with the sweetest expression I had ever beheld.

Having signed the bill, she looked up, and encountered my admiring gaze. Blueing slightly, she handed me the note, which I took mechanically.

"Miss Browning," said I, "you value this cross very much; remain its custodian. It is safer in your hands than in mine." Seeing that she was about to refuse, I added, hastily and cheerfully: "Oh, if you do not meet your bill, I promise you I will again demand it of you."

"Sir," she said, "I feel your kindness, and take you at your word."

She hurried out, and I watched her receding figure until she had turned the corner of the street.

#### CHAPTER III.—MY LOVE INCREASES.

"Now, Mr. Vellum, when you've read that scrap of paper over a few times more, perhaps you'll attend to me."

I looked at the speaker, who had entered unnoticed. It was Mr. Hard, one of the closest and wealthiest tradesmen in N—, and who had attained the sobriquet of "Hard-grinder."

"Now," he continued, "I ain't come dunning you—for I know you can't pay—but Mr. Bellis says you have got some bills of his, so I've brought you three or four of mine. Perhaps I'll give you more; but you must pitch into them as has property. If they don't pay, out with a *fi. fa.* on their goods. No humbug for John Hard! I pay my debts, and people shall pay me. And, look you, draw up a conveyance of my house, in Thomas street, to my brother-in-law; there's the deeds and terms of sale, and I'll pay you with your own bill receipted up to last Saturday."

"Very well, Mr. Hard," I replied, "the conveyance will be ready on Tuesday."

"Not a bad way to get my account out of him," I heard the pleasant Mr. Hard mutter, as he descended the steps.

I felt so elated that I determined to commit the extravagance of dining at the "Greyhound," as it was now five o'clock, and the old nurse who kept house for me had asked for a holiday to visit her daughter.

Before going, I went to lock up Mr. Hard's deeds and bills, when I noticed the top one endorsed "Mrs. Browning, £4 13s. 9d." Was I to be the means of planting another thorn in the heart of that beautiful girl? No! I would return the bills to Mr. Hard on Monday.

After dinner, I reflected (over the sig-

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nature of Helen Browning) that I had better see what her, or her mother's, difficulties really were; for, if I returned the accounts to the grocer, some sharp practitioner might be employed. The next morning, I wended my way to the corner of the retired street in which Mrs. Browning lived, and, watching, I saw Miss Browning emerge, and take the direction of St. Matthew's Church. I followed, and, having seen where she was seated, I placed myself near the door, and remained until church was over. I fear I was not very attentive to good Dr. Duncan, an old and valued friend of my mother's, but thought the blessing the pleasantest part of the service.

At the gate I encountered Miss Browning, and, bowing, followed her out of the crowd. I then hastened up to her, and, addressing her, said:

"Miss Browning, pray pardon me, but your account, yesterday, of the state of your mother's health, has so far interested me in your affairs as to lead me to come and seek you here, to-day. Now, do not be alarmed, but Mr. Hard has instructed me to recover the amount of his bill, and, if you could favor me with an interview, at your convenience, to-morrow, I may perhaps be able to make some arrangements satisfactory to you."

When first I spoke, she looked hurt; but when I adroitly mentioned that her mother's health was the cause of the interest I felt, she smiled gratefully.

"As you are so kind," she replied, "would you call at any time before noon, to-morrow? Mamma does not leave her room. I hardly like to ask you; but—

but—" "But," I interrupted, "you do not like to leave the house more than you can help, while your mother is ill. You are quite right. I have business in this neighborhood at half-past nine; at ten I will have the pleasure of waiting upon you."

Thus, I made her mother's health again the means of saving her the embarrassment of acknowledging that calling, herself, on a young lawyer, and a bachelor, was to be avoided, if possible.

CHAPTER IV.—HELEN'S DIFFICULTIES.

The following day, punctually at the appointed time, I approached Mrs. Browning's modest home. I found Miss Browning watching for me, so that the door was opened before I had time to knock. She led the way into a small room, very plainly, but very neatly furnished. Some beautifully-executed landscapes, in water-colors, with varnished frames, adorned the walls. While Miss Browning went for her desk, I examined them critically. I am a tolerable painter, myself, for an amateur, and passionately fond of the art. I observed the initials "H. B." in the corners—an evidence of the fair lady's talent in an accomplishment I so much admired.

On Miss Browning's return, she went into a detail of their circumstances, saying, frankly, that she wanted my advice. I found that they had an income of about £80 a year, and that Helen increased it about £50, by giving lessons in music, drawing and painting, to several families—Dr. Duncan's among the rest. The long illness of Mrs. Browning, however, with the necessary expenses of medical attendance, and a lengthened visit to Leamington, had completely drained their resources for the last few months. Her mother was now convalescent, and Miss Browning thought that, by economy, they could soon recover themselves, if their creditors did not press them. She volunteered a list of debts, amounting to about £40, while their last quarter's rent was yet unpaid; and, in a few days, another quarter's would be due.

I promised to visit the creditors, and see what arrangements could be made. By speaking thus hopefully, I succeeded

d out, and I watched her until she had turned the street.

—MY LOVE INCREASES  
Wellum, when you've read paper over a few times you'll attend to me."

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to lock up Mr. when I noticed Mrs. Browning, do the means in the heart to! I would on Monday. over the sig-

in somewhat easing her anxieties. With a woman's fine perception of the amenities of social life, and perhaps a sense of thankfulness for the evident kindness of my intentions, she led the conversation, for a while, to other subjects, and displayed an amount of information and a degree of refinement that increased, if possible, the admiration I already had for her.

On taking my leave, which I did shortly afterwards, I went direct to Dr. Duncan, and confided all the circumstances to him; nor did I disguise from him the feelings with which Miss Browning had inspired me.

"Few could see Helen Browning," replied the clergyman, "without loving her; and she is, indeed, worthy of admiration and esteem. I only became acquainted with her about twelve months ago, when she and her mother came to N—, and became attendants at my church. I visited them, and they returned the call. Finding that Helen wanted engagements, I succeeded in getting her some pupils; my own two girls also took lessons from her. I have suspected their difficulties, but, with my limited stipend, I am unable to assist them, and they are too proud to complain. They have discharged their only servant, and I observe that Helen's hands are not quite so delicate as they used to be. The household work does not improve their beauty. Would to God I could help them! but, at any rate, let me know what the creditors say."

#### CHAPTER V.—THINGS LOOK BRIGHTER.

After my interview with Dr. Duncan, I called on the several tradesmen, leaving Mr. Bellis to the last. It was late in the evening when I entered his parlor. I explained to him the affairs of the ladies, and told him how I had arranged, in the first instance, with regard to his claim. He asked to see the note which

Miss Browning had given me, and quickly lighted his pipe therewith.

"I had fancied that they were extravagant," said he—"d—n the bill! How the smoke gets in a fellow's eyes!"

I rose to go.

"Sit still," quoth Bellis; "you ain't in such a hurry." For two minutes he never spoke, and then, looking up, abruptly inquired: "What do the others say?"

I told him that Hard and the butcher were determined to press matters, as, by being first in the field, they might secure their money; but that the others were reasonable, and I apprehended no further difficulty.

Another pause ensued, and then, throwing his pipe into the grate, Mr. Bellis turned full on me, exclaiming:

"You're not fit for a lawyer—too tender-hearted—or else you're in love with the girl. Now, don't look cross; I don't mean any harm. Come here at nine, in the morning—don't forget. I'm going out now. Good night!"

I laid awake long that night. How to manage Hard and the butcher was the question. The excitement made me feel really ill, and, two or three times, I rose, and paced the chamber, revolving in my mind how it would be possible to raise the requisite funds to quiet them. To do so in some way, even, if I had to mortgage my house, I was resolved.

While sitting over my breakfast, next morning, for I felt little inclined to eat, the post brought me a letter from Manchester, in a legal handwriting. It was from my old master's head clerk, now a partner, and ran as follows:

"DEAR VELLUM:—Mr. Hearne died last night. You know that you were a favorite of his, and you must attend his funeral on Thursday. Secrets out of office should not be told, but you will be no loser by his death. I asked Mr. Soppings if he had lately heard of you, and he told me that he had seen Hard, of

your town, were doing his bills; so of funds, I assure you days. If Y

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Miss Browning had given me, and I lighted his pipe therewith. "I had fancied that they were ex- ant," said he—"d—n the bill! The smoke gets in a fellow's eyes." "rose to go. Sit still," quoth Bellis; "you are such a hurry." For two minutes he spoke, and then, looking up, he inquired: "What do the others hold him that Hard and the butcher determined to press matters, as the first in the field, they might secure money; but that the others were able, and I apprehended no further y. her pause ensued, and then, thro' pipe into the grate, Mr. Bellis all on me, exclaiming: "are not fit for a lawyer—too tened—or else you're in love with Now, don't look cross; I don't harm. Come here at nine, in ing—don't forget. I'm going Good night!" "ake long that night. How to ard and the butcher was the The excitement made me feel and, two or three times, I rose the chamber, revolving in my t would be possible to raise funds to quiet them. To way, even if I had to mort- e, I was resolved. g over my breakfast, next felt little inclined to eat, ght me a letter from Man- gal handwriting. It was aster's head clerk, now a n as follows:

UM:—Mr. Hearne died know that you were a nd you must attend his s-day. Secrets out of be told, but you will be ath. I asked Mr. Sop- tely heard of you, and he had seen Hard, of

your town, who informed him that you were doing nothing, and could not pay his bills; so, as you are probably short of funds, I enclose you £20, which, I assure you, you can easily repay in a few days. If you want more, you can have it. Yours, truly,  
"WALTER QUILL."

To say that I was anything but delighted, at this information, would be false. It was certainly unchristian, but I did not regret Mr. Hearne, and was thankful for this wind-fall. We are the creatures of circumstance. If I was a favorite of Mr. Hearne's, I had certainly never before discovered it, and, unquestionably, he was no favorite of mine. With him, law was law—justice and equity were as nothing—chicanery was his study, and quibbles his delight.

In a state of mind, then, far from distressed, I took my way to Mr. Bellis'; the moment he saw me he became highly excited. His first salutation, on my entering, was:

"Now, sir, attend to me; I went last night to Hard and the butcher, and told them a d—d lie! I said that Mrs. Browning had given me a £10 note, and, as I had no change, had asked me to pay their accounts, and send her the balance. I've the bills here—see here, sir, don't stop me; for three months this bill has

been for such things as sago, arrowroot, port wine, strawberry jams, currant jellies, tea, and coffee,—all that has been for the invalid. The butcher's bill, for the same time, reads thus: 'One chop; one cutlet; one chop; one chop; shins of beef, for soup,'—clearly for her mother. There's more than items of goods in these bills, sir,—there's items of duty, items of affection, items of self-denial, sir; Lord, Lord! that I should have distressed the young lady with your letter about my bill!"

I informed Mr. Bellis of the communication which I had received from Manchester, and he handed me ten pounds, begging that I would allow him to assist in freeing the ladies from their embarrassments.

In a very short time I was closeted with Dr. Duncan, who agreed to negotiate the matter to the best of his ability. He dispatched his boy with a note, requesting Miss Browning to step over, as he desired to see her particularly, and would not detain her long.

I followed the boy, managed to meet Helen as she left the house, and told her I would let her know how things could be arranged next day.

[Concluded next month.]

'T'WAS BUT A DREAM.

BY J. P. C.

'Twas but a dream. Methought that I was straying,  
'Neath smiling skies in southern climes, with thee;  
Light, fitful breezes through the groves were playing,  
And fragrant blossoms crowned the orange tree—  
'Twas but a dream!

Roving, we went through shady groves and bowers,  
Through beauteous halls, bedecked with lavish pride;  
Laughing away the bright and careless hours  
'Mid varied joys—still joyous—side by side—  
'Twas but a dream!

Now, amid scenes of day—the bright sun glancing—  
 Now, 'neath the silvery radiance of the moon—  
 And now, by the flashing lamps, we two were dancing,  
 To the blithe music of the lit saloon—  
 'Twas but a dream!

What joy to feel, while thus I lingered near thee,  
 The bliss of being loved—of loving thee!  
 To meet thy glance—to touch thy hand—to hear thee  
 Echo my every thought! Ah! woe is me!—  
 'Twas but a dream!

For, lo! methought, as those bright hours went floating,  
 Like waves upon a summer's sea at play,—  
 Nor thou, nor I, their dreamy fleetness noting—  
 They bore me from thy tranced glance away—  
 'Twas but a dream!

And I was left, at last, so sad and weary—  
 Filled with a nameless and unbidden dread—  
 'Midst scenes that grew as desolate and dreary  
 As the deserted mansions of the dead—  
 'Twas but a dream!

Aye, 'twas a dream, a vision, that had bound me—  
 An *ignis fatuus* that had flashed and gone—  
 For, when the morn unsealed my eyes, it found me  
 Far, far from thee, unhappy and alone!—  
 'Twas but a dream!

[Continued from page 228.]

“DOINGS” OF '51. — CHAPTER V.  
 IS SHORT, AND ENDS WITH THE REWARD  
 OF KINDNESS.

It was nearly noon of that day, and I had made good progress in my work; the perspiration was rolling down my face, and I was beginning to feel somewhat tired, when I heard my name spoken. Looking up, I saw Amos and a stranger standing on the bank. I was glad to have an excuse for resting, and, at the request of Amos, I climbed up out of the hole; and this was what he wanted: The stranger was an officer, who had arrested him the previous night for kicking up a muss generally, and confined him all night in a log house. He had his trial, was convicted, and sentenced to pay a fine of fifty dollars, or “be taken

to the same place from whence he was taken,” and remain there in durance vile for the period of ten days. Being destitute of funds, he wanted to borrow the amount of me.

“But how did it happen?” I asked. “You were never quarrelsome, that I know of.”

“No, I am not quarrelsome—this was how it happened: Last night, when I was ready to go to bed, I went to the place where we slept the night before, and found a fellow in my bunk—covered with my blankets. I asked him very civilly to get out; he refused, and I helped him to the floor; then he struck me, and I knocked him down; then the landlord came in with one or two others, and abused me, and I whipped them all. After a while, I was arrested, and here I am; I don't know any one about here

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but you, and if you will get me out of this, I will repay you within the week, for I have a chance to work, commencing to-morrow, at six dollars a day."

"Amos," I replied, "all the money I have in the world is twenty-five dollars. True, I have a claim—a good one, I believe,—but, whether it is or not, one thing is certain: you shall not go to jail, if I can help it, so here's the money."

I have already told how I first met Amos, and this was the way I last parted with him. I have never seen him since. Afterwards, when I was lying helpless in the attic of the garden house, with none but strangers about me—when I was destitute of every comfort, and relentless Death stood roady at the door, waiting to open it and let me pass,—Amos was in Sonora; then he had money. I sent for him to come; my messenger saw him, and pleaded with him; but he came not, nor sent me a cheering word—a victim to the fascinations of the gaming-table, his finer feelings blunted by dissipation, he left me to live or die—what mattered it to him?

CHAPTER VI.

CONTAINS A WARNING—SHOWS WHAT I THOUGHT—AND GIVES THE READER ANOTHER LOOK AT MAC.

During the afternoon of the same day, while working away like a good fellow, I saw old Hall standing upon the bank above me, and heard him mutter something, the tenor of which I failed to catch. At night, after work, as I was washing in the creek, I was startled at the rustling of some bushes near by. I looked round, and again saw him standing a few paces from me.

"So," said he, "you wouldn't take an old man's advice, eh? they told you he was crazy, did they?—but mark what I say: *there's a curse on all connected with this garden!* For your own sake, I tell you to go—leave here—or you will rue

the day you came to dwell among such infernals!"

He did not appear excited; on the contrary, his demeanor was terribly calm. I listened in stupid amazement, and, ere I could collect my thoughts to reply, he was gone. "Sure enough," thought I, "he is mad!"

For several days after this, nothing of importance occurred. I had become well acquainted with my partners, and soon learned to like them. They seemed as well pleased with me, and I found nothing to complain of, save the midnight orgies which I have mentioned before, and these I endured because the boys told me I would get used to it after a while.

By noon of the fourth day, we had completed "topping off," and the remainder of the day was devoted to shifting and setting the "tom," repairing the water-course, and making general preparations to wash the "pay dirt." The next day, when the horn sounded for dinner, I dropped my pick, and, as usual after work, proceeded to the creek, for the purpose of washing. I was surprised that the boys tarried in the claim; and, on returning, I walked up through the "tail race," to ascertain the cause of their detention, when, in a bend, just before reaching the "tom," I became aware of their being in earnest conversation; and, hearing my name spoken, I paused, and this is the substance of what I heard:

"Well," said a voice I knew to be Armstrong's, "it's no use talking; the gold's not here, or, if it is, there is too much dirt mixed with it to pay for the trouble of getting it; here we have, six of us, worked since early morning, and there is not two dollars in the tom, and it's as good-looking gravel as I ever saw in my life."

"Such pretty pockets, too," said another.

"Yes, and the bed-rock looks so well,"

chimed in Henry; "it's very strange it don't pay; but, from present appearances, this will be no better than the last piece we stripped."

"Hi'm sorry for that young chap," said old Hughes, a regular John Bull, a tough old knot, and a sound one, at that; "hit's really too bad; and, if hi'd a knowed wot Mac was hup to, hi'd a told hon 'im—wouldn't you, Harmstrong?"

"Why, you see," replied Armstrong, "Mac and I had a talk about the claim, and I told him that, if he could find any one up town who would buy, my share was for sale, and I would be satisfied with whatever he could get; and so, when he brought Doings down here, I thought it was my share, he was a-going to sell."

"Did you?" asked Henry; "why, I made the very same arrangements about mine!"

"And so did I!" shouted Banks.

Then I heard exclamations from all hands, and boisterous laughter, and old Hughes said: "Wot a coincidence!" and then they laughed again, and Armstrong added: "He sold us all, but he sold Doings worse."

I did not wait to hear more, but instantly advanced, and stood among them. Conversation at once ceased; they were dumb. Armstrong engaged himself in trying to crush a pebble on the rock with his heel; Banks made himself very busy pulling a boot on; Henry took a handful of gravel, which he picked over with his fingers, and looked as if he expected to find a specimen; old Hughes had one boot and one sock off; the latter, although apparently dry, he commenced to wring with great violence.

I did not speak, at first, for I was thinking what to say, when Henry, looking up, asked in the coolest possible manner if I had been to dinner.

"Gentlemen," said I, with as much dignity as I could muster, "I have not

dined. I have been standing there in the bend, an accidental eaves-dropper; I listened to your conversation, because, as it so nearly concerned me, I thought I had a right to do so. I have heard much, and now wish to know all—I demand of you an explanation; I wish you to tell me, and tell me truly: have I been swindled?"

Banks' boot was on; Henry threw the gravel away, and brushed his hands; Hughes straightened his sock, and all looked at Armstrong, expecting him to reply. He gave the pebble a finishing kick, threw out his quid of tobacco, and said:

"That's rather a hard word; I don't know whether you have been swindled or not; but, if you paid Mac what he told me you did, you paid a great deal too much; I would have been very glad to have got fifty dollars for my interest."

"What did the claim pay the week before I bought into it?"

"Not much of anything—about grub-money—in fact, it never has paid."

I sat down and told them how the claim had been represented to me. They were astonished, and told me that Mac had never worked there himself, but spent most of his time about Sonora, employing a man, whom he was then owing, to work his share in the claim. I told them of his protestations of friendship, and they denounced him in no measured terms. From that time those men were my sworn friends; they opened their big hearts, full of sympathy, to me, and promised to back me up in any revenge I thought proper to take.

After this, I seldom spoke of Mac that I did not couple his name with some uncomplimentary epithet; nor did I confine my opinion of him to our company, but spoke about him as a scoundrel any and everywhere.

We determined to give the claim a trial of another week. One evening, as

I was on my way to Hall. He stopped upon my shoulder. "What did the claim pay, and, with a wild guess, passed quickly by."

Mac avoided the particular pains to take, went several times to meet him. From as "just gone" turned disappointed evening of the time in the garden, I expected to see the claim. It was a claim. I passed the table den leap—for the

"The time had

I walked up opposite to him, recently composed a smile upon his face, conversing with him, who were to me he gave me I sipped my tea, watched his eye, word he spoke, and felt convinced were there to a general "muss."

Quite a number when Mac, passed Henry saying:

"I understood used lightly persons have fairly—"

"Yes," said true; you had black-hearted and it was said it published Jamestown;

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One evening as

I was on my way to supper, I met old  
Hall. He stopped, and laid his hand  
upon my shoulder, as he growled out:  
"What did the old man tell you, eh?"  
and, with a wild, unearthly laugh, he  
passed quickly by.

Mac avoided the garden, and took par-  
ticular pains to keep out of my way. I  
went several times to Sonora, on purpose  
to meet him. Frequently I heard of him  
as "just gone out," but I always re-  
turned disappointed. About dark, one  
evening of the third week of my sojourn  
in the garden, I returned from a pros-  
pecting tour—for we had given up the  
claim. It was just supper-time, and, as  
I passed the table, my heart gave a sud-  
den leap—for there sat Mac!

"The time has come!" thought I.

I walked up, and took a seat nearly  
opposite to him. He sat there, appa-  
rently composed, with that overlasting  
smile upon his lips, easily and freely  
conversing with those on either side of  
him, who were strangers to our mess;  
to me he gave not a look of recognizance.  
I sipped my tea in silence, but closely  
watched his every move, and caught each  
word he spoke. I expected an attack,  
and felt convinced that the strangers  
were there to assist him, in case of a gen-  
eral "muss."

Quite a number had left the table,  
when Mac, pushing aside his plate, ad-  
dressed Henry, who was sitting near me,  
saying:

"I understand that my name has been  
used lightly about here, and that some  
persons have accused me of dealing un-  
fairly—"

"Yes," said I, interrupting him; "it's  
true: you have been called a swindler, a  
black-hearted scoundrel, and a villain—  
and it was I who called you so. I have  
said it publicly here, in Sonora, and in  
Jamestown; and I have hunted for you,  
that I might say it to you, personally.  
The opportunity has at length arrived,

and here, before these gentlemen, and  
your friends, I pronounce you a liar, and  
the meanest of all thieves!"

As I uttered these words, I jumped to  
my feet and seized a table-knife—most  
deadly weapon!

He did not move, or make a demon-  
stration of resentment; but the smile  
vanished from his lips, and his face be-  
came ghastly white.

"This from you!" he said; "from  
you, my friend!"

"Mac!" rejoined I, if you ever dare  
to use that word again—having reference  
to me—or couple it with my name, in my  
presence, I'll spit on you. You my  
friend?—H—ll is full of such! I'll give  
you another title, and see whether there's  
any spirit left in you: You are a coward,  
and of the first water—a pusillanimous  
dog. What! will you bear that?"

Instead of drawing a pistol, or spring-  
ing over the table, as I expected, and  
was prepared for, he covered his face  
with his handkerchief, and, leaning his  
elbows on the table, sobbed most lustily.  
All present, even his friends, hissed, and  
cried "Shame!" not one but expressed  
contempt.

"Don't, gentlemen—don't abuse me,"  
he blattered out. "I acknowledge I  
wronged him. Oh, God!—my best friend,  
too; he'll never forgive me. I'll do any-  
thing you say—make every reparation  
—give you back your money, if I had it."

"D—n the money!" said I; "keep  
it, and much good may it do you. I wish  
every dollar of it was a dose of slow poi-  
son, and that you were obliged to swal-  
low one every day. I bargained with  
you as between man and man; the money  
is yours—true, you stole it; but the loss  
is rightly mine, for having been a fool.  
I feel better now that I have told you  
my candid opinion of you; and all I now  
ask is for you to keep out of my way. If  
you ever interfere with me or mine, I  
shall hold you responsible for the conse-

quences; so stop your blubbing, and leave here—"

"And you have just three minutes to do it in before we mob you!" said a voice from the little crowd which had gathered there.

The word "mob" startled him; he left the premises alone, and in apparent haste—his quondam friends joining in the shouts of derision that followed.

I was, that night, the recipient of numerous congratulations—it being universally conceded that I "was mighty saucy with the tongue, but ought to have whipped him, anyhow." I confess I was not much disturbed, that night, by the bacchanalian revelries; for I myself contributed, somewhat extensively, to make "night hideous." I was even guilty of an attempt to sing, which must have been a highly pleasing and intensely melodious effort.

For the better part of the week following, I was, in company with Armstrong, Henry, a man bearing the euphonious name of Smith, and one called Joe, engaged in prospecting. We found many places which we were satisfied would pay, provided water could be had to work with; that being, for the present, impossible, we staked off claims, and returned to wait for the rain.

We learned, on reaching the garden, that several gentlemen had been down from Sonora to apologise and intercede for Mac. They said he wanted to come and work in the garden, but was afraid to do so without our consent; that he sincerely regretted the past, and was desirous of living with us, that he might make some amends, and win our respect. They also stated that he knew of a place in the garden which he had good reason to believe was rich; and, from the first gold taken out, he promised to refund, with interest, the amount I had paid him. This was all very fine talk, but the boys didn't believe it, and gave the

gentlemen a flat refusal. Mac, however, persevered in his desire to return, and personally solicited the favor of the boys whenever he met them in town. Easy good-natured McLaughlin was the first to yield to the perpetual smile of the "confidence man," and finally all consented, provided he kept his own company. So down he came, bringing two men with him, to assist in opening and working his new claim; and they actually did open one which paid handsomely. For some days, no one honored him with even a nod of recognition. When not at work, he walked quietly about, smiling upon everything and everybody, talking only with his men, and then tuning his voice so full and rich that it came to the ears of all who caught the sound like distant music. There was magic in that voice, and a mysterious fascination in that everlasting smile. Scarcely two weeks had passed since his return, and he was again on intimate and familiar terms with nearly every one.

#### CHAPTER VII.

##### THE OATH AT THE SPIRIT-SPRING, AND THE RECONCILIATION.

'Twas a beautiful, moonlight night, when, depressed in spirits, and with a feverish mind—for I was ill at ease, being "flat broke," and in debt for my board, with not a prospect ahead save the hope of water soon coming to my relief,—I walked away from the house for the purpose of enjoying a few quiet thoughts alone. I wandered towards the spring, which bubbled a short distance from the road, and was hidden by a grove of elder trees, springing from the little knolls which surrounded it. I had often sat there with old Hall; it was his favorite haunt, and he talked of the little spring as tenderly as though it were his child.

"It's all they've left me," said he to me,

one evening; "they've taken away the spring, and this is sacred; 'tis all that's left of the old mine. Always wash in it, never use that if the creek may reap as they sow, and will save." His head was on his breast, and when his tears were rolling down his face with much emotion, he said, "they will take it—some of it. The water-spirit will be here tonight, and the basin will then, rising, his whole body in an instant, and, with his eyes fixed upon the basin, his hand uplifted, and his hoarse, deep and thrilling voice in solemn, measured tones, will speak the spirit of the waters—light the sky—by yonder star, that he who takes away the water from its natural source, though they kill the spirit, lives. This right arm I will raise to the water-spirit—I swear it!"

And there he stood, with the rough gray locks, clad in rags, and worn, with his gaze fixed on the ground, and I, half sitting, half lying, beside him, and the little spring calmly down, while the way to be recorded. After he had ceased his motionless, then, he rose from the spring, and sat on the spot together. After being in the elders, ten the other night, he got up, and once, when he had dig near the spring, that he would water the moment it lowered, should pay the penalty, and was convinced that he should



one evening; "they've taken everything but the spring, and this is mine! 'tis sacred; 'tis all that keeps the curse away. Always wash in this water—never use that of the creek. The others may reap as they sow, but you I like, and will save." His head dropped upon his breast, and, when he looked up, big tears were rolling down his cheeks, and, with much emotion, he continued: "But they will take it—some of them will spoil it. The water-spirit will come some night, and the basin will be empty;" then, rising, his whole demeanor changed in an instant, and, with his wild, glaring eyes fixed upon the heavens, his right hand uplifted, and his voice becoming hoarse, deep and thrilling, he pronounced in solemn, measured tones: "By the spirit of the waters—by the stars that light the sky—by yonder moon—I swear that he who takes away one drop of this water from its natural source shall die! Though they kill the spring, the avenger lives. This right arm—my life—I dedicate to the water-spirit and to vengeance—I swear it!"

And there he stood, that old man, with the rough gray beard and silvered locks, clad in rags, haggard and careworn, with his gaze fixed upon the sky, and I, half sitting, half kneeling, at his feet; the little spring murmuring close beside us, and the full moon looking calmly down, while the oath went on its way to be recorded. For some moments after he had ceased speaking, he stood motionless; then, kneeling, he drank from the spring, and silently we left the spot together. After this, I knew of his being in the elders, day by day, and often the entire night, with a loaded musket; and once, when some miners commenced to dig near there, he told them that he would watch the water, and the moment it lowered in the basin, they should pay the penalty. Being well convinced that he spoke in earnest, they

abandoned the work. But, one night, the water lowered; it never came up again. The stream that fed it was cut off; the water-spirit came, and found the basin empty; the elders died, fell, and covered it up—it was the old man himself that did it.

I must now go back to the evening when I sought the elders, and sat beside the spring, to forget and dream—courting solitude for a solace. Sitting there, the present was to me no more, and I was happy. Visions of home came crowding on; beside me sat one who was all the world to me, and another quite as dear. I sat between the two—a mother and a sister; each held a hand of mine, and in deep communion, rich with love, we whispered, smiled, and wept—and, whispering, wept and smiled again. Happy, blest, sacred moments those, when the heart forgets its sorrows to luxuriate if but in a dream of joy.

I was aroused from my reveries by the sound of approaching footsteps, and, looking round, and saw Mac.

"What do you want here?" said I. "Why do you steal upon me unawares? Perhaps you are armed."

"I am not," he replied. "I come on a pleasant errand, and wish to say a few words to you—will you listen?"

"No—leave me; I told you never to speak to me, and my mind is still the same—I will have nothing to do with you."

"You will at least allow me to explain before I go. I saw you come this way, and waited for your return. Tired of watching, I came here; my object was to ask you to forgive and forget the past. I acknowledge everything; I admit that I was treacherous; I do not blame you for being aggrieved and angry—but you do not know why I played you false; and, weak as you may consider my excuse, 'tis all I have to offer. Hear me out, and then, if you cannot look less

usal. Mac, however, desire to return, and the favor of the boys them in town. Easyughlin was the firstpetual smile of theand finally all con-kept his own com-came, bringing twoassist in opening andhim; and they actu-eh paid handsomely.e honored him withtion. When not atetly about, smilingeverybody, talkingand then turning histhat it came to theght the sound likee was magic in thatous fascination inle. Scarcely twoeo his return, andimate and familiarry one.

R VII.  
T-SPRING, AND THE  
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moonlight night,irits, and with aas ill at ease, be-in debt for myspect ahead savecoming to my re-om the house forng a few quietdered towards thea short distanceas hidden by apringing from theounded it. I hadHall; it was hisalked of the littleough it was hise," said he to me,

harshly upon my faults, I will never trouble you again." Seeing that I made no answer, he continued: "I was induced to gamble, and, losing all I had, borrowed, and lost again. I was not then satisfied, and swindled you to feed the passion. It is perhaps needless to say that your money went the way of the other. I played away all that I could beg or borrow, and, worse than all, sacrificed my friends. It has always been my intention to repay you, and I trust soon to be able to do so. Can you not pity my weakness, and forgive me?"

"Once again, and for all, I tell you that all negotiations, all friendship, between us, is at an end. What you have made out of me you are welcome to. Disturb me no more; I wish to be alone."

"I did not think you could be so hard-hearted. Have you no charity—no forgiveness? Must you always harbor resentment? Have you no sympathy for those who have stepped from the straight path? Do you think it impossible for one to be truly penitent? I beg and implore you to forgive me. When I see you daily so pleasant and cheerful with others, and to me ever sullen, and never speaking, it cuts me to the quick. You must forgive me, and let us be friends again. I can not endure this longer. Say what you would have me do to prove my sincerity, and I will do it—anything, everything, that man can do. Put me to the test. You cannot, must not, will not refuse me!"

The evening wind was singing through the elders; the little spring was flowing at my feet. Above, the sky was gemmed with trembling stars; before me, in the moonlight, stood the suppliant. I was silent, for there was war within me. A moment more, and my two companions of the evening were with me again. I did not see them, but I felt the pressure of their arms upon my shoulders, and

about my neck. I felt kisses upon my forehead, and gentle hands brush back my hair. It might have been imagination, or it might have been some playful breeze that kissed my brow and stirred my locks; be that as it may, I heard them say, as distinctly as ever I heard words spoken: "'Tis blessed to forgive!" I could hold out no longer, and, extending my hand, I said:

"Mac, I will try; I will endeavor to remember of the past only the pleasant places, and to think of you as I once did."

He took the proffered hand, and pressed it warmly, exclaiming:

"I thank you! 'tis all I ask, and you shall never have occasion to regret this night's work."

My heart beat lighter; I was happier; and we left the elders, arm in arm.

[To be Continued.]

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

BY, DIEGO ALANO.

[Continued from page 364.]

YAWKUB could do no better than to steal to his room, where, after a little washing and a slight modification of his dress, he felt himself in proper trim to seek the parlor. To his inexpressible joy, he found it occupied alone by the cruel idol of his heart. The conversation of people in love, or who think themselves in love,—which is pretty much the same thing—is rather milk-and-waterish, at the best; and so nothing more need be said of the parlor dialogue, between Yawkub and Leenie, than that it terminated, at the end of an hour, in an excellent understanding between the parties. There was even an attempt at kissing, on the part of Yawkub, and a very faint attempt to resist him, on the part of Leenie; and, long before they parted, she had the frankness to confess that, maugre her coquetry, she had loved him,

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and loved him devotedly, too, from the very first moment she saw him.

When Mr. Plunkett, Miss Doolittle, Miss Leonie, and the Lieutenant, met in the parlor, that evening, the last-named personage appeared to much better advantage than he did twenty-four hours previous. Then, he labored under the combined disadvantages of a black eye, and a fit of jealousy. Now, his eye had recovered its pristine beauty, and Leonie's confession of her love had completely cured his heart-sickness. In brief, he was a happy young gentleman. There is, perhaps, no bliss, of which the human heart is susceptible, so intense, so rapturous, as that in which the lover revels, when he feels assured that his love is returned.

"Of all the trophies which vain mortals boast—  
By wealth, by valor, or by wisdom won—  
The first and fairest, in a young man's eye,  
Is woman's captive heart."

Mr. Plunkett was as instructive and didactic as usual, that evening. He, however, directed his conversation, almost exclusively, in the direction of Leonie—treating all Miss Doolittle's efforts to attract his attention with magisterial indifference. Nor did he deign to pay much heed to the observations which the Lieutenant, once or twice, had the temerity to volunteer in the presence of a man so profound in ethics and pious in sentiment. Yawkub was no fool, and he intuitively comprehended the motive of Mr. Plunkett in directing so much attention to Miss Keezil. True, she was very handsome and healthy, but she was also the heiress apparent to the Keezil estate, and Yawkub was wicked enough to attribute Mr. Plunkett's devotion to the young lady to that last item in the catalogue of her charms. He was, also, wicked enough to concoct a scheme which, he fancied, would have the effect of transferring the schoolmaster's attention from Leonie to the despised seamstress. This, he well knew, could not

be done after the same manner in which he had disposed of Barney's case—by whipping Mr. Plunkett within an inch of his life; no—it would have to be effected by stratagem, and by operating upon the most salient idiosyncrasy of that gentleman. He had but a bare opportunity, that evening, of taking Leonie into his entire confidence, and unfolding to her the plot which he had woven in the meshes of his brain; and she, no less wicked than her lover, gave her sanction to his design most cheerfully and merrily.

The next morning, Mr. Plunkett, in passing from his bed-room to the head of the staircase, saw a letter lying on the floor, which he had the curiosity to pick up. The letter was directed to "Miss Patience Doolittle, Canton, Ohio," and had evidently been read and, afterwards dropped by accident. It is painful to record a violation of social ethics on the part of a man so loudly and loquaciously moral as Mr. Plunkett, but the truth must be told. He not only opened the letter—he read it—and these were the contents:

"Stonington, July 5th, 1818.

"TO MISS PATIENCE DOOLITTLE:—We have the honor to inform you that your maternal uncle, Zophaniah Bunker, esq., departed this life on the 1st day of this current month of July. He made a will, a short time before his death, of which the senior member of our firm is executor. With the exception of a few trifling legacies to your sisters and some of your female cousins, he has bequeathed the bulk of his estate, real and personal, to you. The estate is estimated at the value of \$20,000, clear of all incumbrances. Trusting that you will favor us with your commands, we subscribe ourselves, very respectfully, your obedient servants,

I. KETCHUM,  
U. CHEATHAM.

Known as the law firm of  
KETCHUM & CHEATHAM."

On reading the document, and assuring himself that he was not dreaming, Mr.

felt kisses upon my  
hands brush back  
have been imagina-  
to been some playful  
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tly as ever I heard  
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out no longer, and,  
I said:  
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(continued.)  
THE BUCKEYES:  
AND PUGILISM.

ALANO.  
from page 364.]  
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she had loved him,

Plunkett carefully placed the letter where he found it, determined to court Miss Doolittle's acquaintance in the course of the day. It is useless to waste words about such transparent matters. Before the evening of that day, Mr. Plunkett formally proffered marriage to Miss Doolittle—disinterestedly and generously waiving all inquiries as to her worldly circumstances—and was graciously accepted by that lady as an affianced husband. It is also unnecessary for me to state that the letter was a diabolical trick, a hoax, in which Patience Doolittle had no participation; and that, after Mr. Plunkett had read the letter and laid it down where he found it, it was picked up by Miss Leonie, herself, and committed to the flames in the kitchen. Mr. Plunkett was an ardent lover, and Miss Doolittle was too generous and affectionate to deny him anything; and so, with her consent, he procured a license the next day, and, the day following, was safely launched into the sea of matrimony—the ceremony being performed in the county town, by a Dutch justice of the peace, who charged therefor one dollar and a half, in shipplasters. It is recorded of Mr. and Mrs. Plunkett that their marriage was not a happy one, but, as it happened a long time ago, that circumstance is of but little consequence.

Our story is near its "finis." Lieutenant Jacob Freyberger, having whipped Barney Malone out of his way, and provided a wife for Mr. Plunkett, made a formal demand upon Mr. Michael Keezil for the hand of his daughter. The old gentleman was a good deal disconcerted, at first,—all novel propositions disconcerted him—but he had become so habituated to Leonie's management of his affairs that, without stating any objections of his own, he referred the whole matter to her disposal. As to Mrs. Keezil, neither Leonie nor her father considered it necessary to consult her wish-

es on the subject; but Yawkub thought differently, and succeeded in laying the affair before the old lady in such an agreeable light, that she not only gave her cordial consent to the match, but expressed a strong determination to dance at the wedding.

Leonie and Yawkub were married. He sold his farm, and joined his father-in-law in the management of the Keezil estate. With such a wife he could not avoid growing rich, even had he wished otherwise—which, like a sensible man, he never did—and a host of Freybergers, male and female, children and grandchildren, sprang up on the soil which old Michael Keezil had first rescued from the primeval forest. Lieutenant Jacob Freyberger (the "Lieutenant" was long since swallowed up in "General") is now a gray-headed, active old man, and has been a man of mark in his day, having filled many of the offices in his county, and represented it for many years in the State Legislature. His wife is old, too, but she is as nimble as a girl; and, rich as her husband is, she persists in superintending all the duties of her household in person. The hotel disappeared many years ago, and in its place stands the palatial residence of the Freyberger family. Michael Keezil and his wife have long been sleeping under the mold of the churchyard, and over their grave filial piety has erected a princely mausoleum, whose lettered marble tells the world that they who slumber beneath it were patterns of all the virtues, while they lived on earth, and are now wearing immortal crowns in Heaven! It is a pleasant thing to die rich—almost as pleasant as to die in the odor of sanctity. Its prime blessings consist of a brilliant funeral, an eloquently-eulogistic notice in the newspapers, and a magniloquent epitaph.

Jacob Freyberger never fought but one regular "rough-and-tumble" after

his marriage, to please his wife, involved consequently himself, socially, it may not be closing item. It was in the had worn the three years, western region came, among rod of old name was A. J. Swaggert—and in itself, because the many are possessor had of which he his courage and his military militia regiment true of himself to promotion as a private, the corporal *seriatim*, and in order of the captain's favor, without too well honored as he had the captaincy, and, as all killed by the company first whipped and then whipped lieutenant's of tated to vice. He thus seen senting voice, not fill the ambition. With *aut nihil*, and Lieutenant Colonel signing for the Lieutenant Colonel risked the issue of a rough



his marriage, and that he fought more to please his wife than himself. As it involved consequences of deep import to himself, socially, morally, and politically, it may not be amiss to record it, as the closing item in this veracious history. It was in the year 1821, when our hero had worn the hymeneal chain but scant three years, that a man arose in the western region of Stark county, who became, among fighting bullies, what Nimrod of old was among hunters. His name was Ajax Swaggert—Colonel Ajax Swaggert—and his name, terrible enough in itself, became still more terrible from the many awful combats in which its possessor had participated, and in all of which he had proved victorious. To his courage and bodily strength he owed his military title—the colonelcy of a militia regiment—for it was literally true of him that he had fought his way to promotion from the ranks. He began as a private, and, after whipping all the corporals, serjeants, and lieutenants, *seriatim*, and filling their separate posts, in order of succession from low to high, the captain gracefully resigned in his favor, without risking a fight, knowing too well how it would result. As soon as he had become comfortably warm in the captaincy, he aspired to be a major; and, as all militia field officers are elected by the commissioned company officers, he first whipped the major out of his way, and then whipped all the captains and lieutenants of the regiment who hesitated to vote for him to fill the vacancy. He thus became major without a dissenting voice. But being a major did not fill the measure of his military ambition. With him it was "*Aut Caesar, aut nihil*," and he soon intimated to the Lieutenant-Colonel the propriety of resigning for the benefit of his health. The Lieutenant-Colonel was spirited, and he risked the tenure of his office on the issue of a rough-and-tumble combat, from

which he came out a very badly-whipped man. The Colonel, who plainly saw the fate that awaited him, should he persist in retaining the command of the regiment, made a merit of his fears, and resigned on the pretense of ill health. But Colonel Ajax Swaggert was not contented with his successes in the military line: he aspired to prominence as a civilian; and, having hinted to 'Squire Buckmaster, the only justice of the peace in the township, that he wanted his place, that gentleman, being actuated by a laudable regard for his physical system, quietly resigned, and Colonel Ajax Swaggert was elected in his stead. His race of ambition, however, was far from being run out. He determined to be the sheriff of the county, had his name formally announced in the newspaper, and publicly proclaimed that he would whip any man to death who would dare to oppose him.

This was in 1821, in the second term of good old James Monroe's Presidency, which, *par excellence*, was styled "The Era of Good Feeling," when there were no political parties and partizans to divide and distract the nation, as they do now. In those happy days, each candidate for office ran "on his own hook," without posturing a political convention to nominate him. All that an aspirant for office had to do was to pay the printer a dollar for announcing him as a candidate, and then "take the chances."

Mrs. Freyberger happened to see the name of the redoubtable Colonel Ajax Swaggert paraded forth in the newspaper, and she was forthwith seized with an uncontrollable desire to have her husband enter the lists with him, as a rival candidate. As she was very apt to do things on the impulse of the moment, without taking her liege lord into her counsel, she posted off to town, paid the printer a dollar, and had the pleasure of seeing, in the next issue of the newspa-

per, the name of Jacob Freyberger announced as a candidate for sheriff, immediately above that of Colonel Ajax Swaggert. Our friend, the Lieutenant, was somewhat surprised when this announcement met his eye—for, to tell the truth, he had never dreamed of seeking the sheriffalty—but his wife made him believe that the people had so willed it, and that, as a good citizen, he was in duty bound to obey the will of the people.

The fury of the Colonel, when his eye first fell on this announcement, was absolutely frightful. He immediately dispatched a letter to Jacob Freyberger, commanding that gentleman to publicly yield up his pretensions, or, in default of compliance, to receive one of the worst whippings that ever fell to the lot of a human being. Not content with sending this message, he took especial pains to proclaim his threats at all public gatherings, and even at the head of his own regiment.

Now, Jacob Freyberger—not being in the secret of his wife's manœuvres, and innocently regarding himself as the favorite of the people—returned a very defiant answer to the Colonel's arrogant message, intimating his perfect willingness to fight his rival, whensoever and wheresoever his aforesaid rival might think proper. The purport of this answer speedily became known to all the voters of the county—to say nothing of the women and children—and great was the popular hubbub it produced. The man who would calmly avow a willingness to meet such a foe, was set down by all as either a fool or a giant. Public curiosity was wound up to its utmost intensity, and multitudes of men and boys thronged from all parts of the county, to see the man who dared to hazard his life in a combat with Colonel Ajax Swaggert.

There was to be a regimental muster in the extreme south-eastern corner of the

county, in a region popularly known as "Sandy."—a name given to it because a stream, called Sandy, runs through it, and because the soil is sandy, and all the inhabitants have sandy complexions—and at this regimental muster, Colonel Ajax Swaggert gave out, the terrible battle was to come off. The denizens of Sandy were not held in high estimation by the people in other parts of the county. There were certain months in the year when the fever and ague set the whole community to shaking; and, as though that was not enough, these were the identical months in which the mosquitos were poured upon the inhabitants in swarms that fairly darkened the air at noon-day, and who preyed upon their victims with the most venomous and vampire-like ferocity. It was currently reported and generally believed that, during the height of the mosquito season, the Sandyites were compelled to sleep under water to protect themselves from the blood-thirsty pests—the luxury of mosquito-bars not having been yet introduced into that rather remote locality. There was a broad shallow pond near the center of the Sandy district, covering about ten acres, and about two feet deep in the middle, to which all the inhabitants repaired at nightfall, each provided with a billet of wood, to serve as a pillow. After being divested of every stitch of raiment, each Sandyite, taking his billet of wood, waded into the pond, till he or she found a suitable depth of water; and then, adjusting the wooden pillow, lay down, face upward, leaving nothing exposed except the lips and nostrils, which had been previously washed with spirits of turpentine—the odor of which is highly distasteful to a mosquito! During the daylight hours, the inhabitants were measurably protected from their foes by the fever and ague. They were either shaking so awfully that a mosquito could not hold on to the skin long enough to insert

his proboscis, or the such hot fever, and within an inch of scorched to death.

In designating the at Sandy, as the threatened combatant was promoted, which showed business as well as consider the erroneous being a victim of not be very formidable second consideration effect it would whip his rival out of that candidate.

The moment ed, and our make such Barney Malone, gotten and once received who had continued of the family, to his young The boxing gloquisition, and were devoted to the fistic issue to be beneficial him in the science dexterity, and making Mrs. Freyberger in every way an unbounded proposition triumph. In of his success and regarded for more than

The day was paraded spectators all eyes to wa... dote

a region popularly known as Sandy, runs through it, so the soil is sandy, and all the people have sandy complexions—

At the regimental muster, Colonel Eggert gave out, the terrible battle came off. The denizens of Sandy, not held in high estimation by other parts of the county. In certain months in the year fever and ague set the whole country to shaking; and, as though not enough, these were the seasons in which the mosquitoes were upon the inhabitants in swarms that darkened the air at noon-day, preyed upon their victims with venomous and vampire-like ferocity. It was currently reported and believed that, during the height of the mosquito season, the Sandyites were compelled to sleep under water to protect themselves from the blood-thirsty luxury of mosquito-bites not then yet introduced into that remote locality. There was a broad pond near the center of the Sandy covering about ten acres, and two feet deep in the middle, to which the inhabitants repaired at each provided with a billet of wood to serve as a pillow. After being washed with spirits of turpentine, and having nothing exposed except the face and nostrils, which had been washed with spirits of turpentine, the odor of which is highly disagreeable to a mosquito! During the day, the inhabitants were unprotected from their foes by the ague. They were either so weak that a mosquito could not pierce the skin long enough to insert

his proboscis, or they were burning with such hot fever that no insect could come within an inch of them without being scorched to death.

In designating the forthcoming muster at Sandy, as the time and place of the threatened combat, Colonel Ajax Swaggart was prompted by two considerations, which showed that he possessed shrewdness as well as courage. He labored under the erroneous belief that his opponent was a resident of Sandy, and, of course, being a victim of fever and ague, could not be very formidable; and then, as his second consideration, he fancied the fine effect it would produce in his favor, to whip his rival candidate in the presence of that candidate's neighbors and friends.

The momentous day rapidly approached, and our friend, Yawkub, was fain to make such preparation for it as he could. Barney Malone, who had long since forgotten and forgiven the sad thrashing he once received from his whilom rival, and who had continued as a faithful servitor of the family, became an invaluable aid to his young master in this extremity. The boxing gloves were again put in requisition, and several hours of each day were devoted to the peaceful practice of the fistic lessons, which Yawkub found to be beneficial, not only in perfecting him in the science, but in improving his dexterity, increasing his muscular force, and making him tough and long-winded. Mrs. Froyberger, too, aided her husband in every way she could. She professed an unbounded faith in his prowess, and prophesied nothing but victory and triumph. In fact, she was so confident of his success, that she put on extra airs, and regarded herself as a sheriff's lady, for more than a week before the fight.

The day came. The Sandy regiment was paraded in all its glory. Crowds of spectators poured in from far and near, all eager to witness the great event which was to determine the great question of

the next sheriffality. Colonel Ajax Swaggart, confident of victory, and looking upon himself as already the sheriff-elect, reached the ground at eleven o'clock and took up his quarters at a little log tavern. Shortly afterwards, Yawkub, accompanied by Barney and several other friends, arrived and quartered at the same house. Up to this day, the combatants had never seen each other; and it is not to be wondered at that each felt an anxious curiosity to see the antagonist with whom he was so soon to measure his strength and bravery. The Colonel was sitting at a window which commanded a good view of each new comer, and, when Yawkub was pointed out to him he fairly chuckled with delight. He was, himself, a man of colossal dimensions, and Yawkub, though well formed and rather above than below the ordinary size of men, much his inferior in bulk and weight. Yawkub was walking up and down the porch of the little tavern, in a very unpretending manner, though covertly endeavoring to get a look at his adversary, when he felt a hand laid heavily on his shoulder, and a rough voice demanded—

"Look hyar, stranger! What are you galvinading up and down hyar for? Eh?"

"Are you Colonel Swaggart?" demanded Yawkub, displaying no perturbation, in either voice or manner.

"I'm that 'ere individual; and you, I reckon, are the man that I'm to lick," replied the Colonel, with much arrogance of tone.

"That's as hereafter may be," said Yawkub, putting himself in a posture of defense and looking the Colonel square in the eye.—"You may say that I'm the man for you to lick, after you've licked me."

"Not here! not here!" shouted a number of voices. "Let the fight come off in the hollow meadow, so that all can see it."

The hollow meadow was a natural amphitheater, the lowest part of which was

in the middle, from which the ground gradually and regularly ascended, on all sides but one, to a great distance. To the hollow meadow everybody adjourned in hot haste. A ring was speedily formed at the bottom of the amphitheater, into which the combatants with their seconds were ushered; while above and around them dense masses of eager spectators were waiting, with breathless interest, to witness a fight which as they expected was to transcend anything of the sort ever read of in history or heard of in tradition. There was no betting, or very little, in the crowd; for though Yawkub had a large majority of friends present, there were but few of them, who, after seeing him standing in contrast to his huge antagonist, had the courage to hope that he could escape being mauled into a mummy; and so, but few bets were offered and fewer taken. The two belligerents, being stripped by their seconds, stood surveying each other for several moments, with deep interest. The Colonel's demeanor was consequential and ferocious, the Lieutenant's was thoughtful and firm. The signal for the onset was given, and the crowd instantly became as silent as a church at midnight.

The Lieutenant had quietly arranged in his own mind the peculiar tactics which it would be necessary for him to employ while fighting a man so much larger and stronger than himself. He thought—and he was not deceived in so thinking—that the Colonel was ignorant of all the nice points of the fistic science, and he, therefore, determined to keep out of his embraces as long as possible, and to play a lively game upon him from the shoulder. The Colonel opened the ball by aiming a most awkward and unscientific blow at the Lieutenant's pate, which was handsomely stopped, and he, himself, very unceremoniously brought to the ground by a beautiful right-hander on the

point of the chin. But the Lieutenant, instead of jumping upon his prostrate foe and biting and gouging him, as was the usual custom of the Buckeyes of those days, waited patiently until he recovered his feet, when he gave him a taste of his left hand, and fetched him again. Great was the excitement of the multitude at this unexpected outset of the battle, and loudly and joyously did the friends of the Lieutenant shout words of encouragement and triumph. Thus the fight went on. No sooner would the Colonel get up than he was again knocked down, without inflicting even a scratch upon his dexterous and athletic foe, and the consequence was, that, in less than five minutes he was the most shockingly whipped man that was ever seen in Ohio, or in all the great West.

One result of this momentous, single combat, which is still spoken of, by grey headed Buckeyes, as the "Great Sandy Fight," was the disappearance of Colonel Ajax Swaggart from the county of Stark, who resigned his regiment, his magistracy, and his expectations of civil promotion, to seek obscurity in the wilds of Missouri.

The election of Jacob Freyberger to the office of Sheriff followed as a necessary consequence, and, at the subsequent session of the legislature, that body, as a testimonial of its respect and admiration, elected him a Major General of militia, which post he long filled, with, (as the newspapers are in the habit of saying,) "much credit to himself and benefit to the public."

None but weak-minded persons, and children become 'offended' Men and women reflect, examine, and reason, that this or that act towards them was either intentionally right, or wrong, and act accordingly.

The reason why cats are so musical at night is because they are so full of fiddle strings!

Every business has its own annoyances.

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A NIGHT IN THE MOUNTAINS.

A NIGHT IN THE MOUNTAINS.

BY YELLOW BIRD.

The evening air breathed softly o'er  
A silent spot in midst of sylvan scene,  
Where, bounded by a flow'ry shore,  
A cool, fresh lakelet spread its polished  
Alone with book of ancient lore, [sheen.  
I patient sat and mused on what hath  
been.

The shadows of the mossy pine,  
That o'er the quiet depths in silence fell,  
Seemed like some Spirit's wing divine,  
Which, hov'ring there, shed round a holy  
And, while I read each storied line, [spell;  
It seemed within my heart of hearts to  
dwell.

With noiseless step the moments came,  
And still unheard they went; the softened  
In mellow rays fell o'er each name [light  
Renowned, a heavenly tribute rich and  
Still o'er the records grand of fame [bright;  
I looked, nor marked the soft approach  
of Night.

She came unheralded by sound, [leaves  
And stole upon me like a dream—the  
Grew dim, and when I gazed around,  
Behold! the mystic curtain, that she  
To hide from Day her silent bound, [weaves  
Hung far away to where Old Ocean  
heaves.

Where wing'd Imagination roams,  
On high the moon in saint-like beauty  
And, in their pure ethereal domes, [rose,  
The kingly stars sat throned in grand  
repose—  
As calm those worlds as might the homes  
Of angels be, where love immortal grows.

"Wrapt in the mantle of the dark,"  
Against an ag'd and rugged tree I leant,  
And gazed upon each shining mark  
That Night had placed upon her steep  
From fitful flash of meteor-spark [ascent  
To worlds beneath whose weight the  
heav'ns are bent!

So deep the quiet of that spot,  
So broad the mystery of silence spread,

It seemed that from my earthly lot  
I rose to mingle with the mighty dead,—  
Whose steadfast thrones time reaches not,  
And round whose brows eternal light is  
shed.

Far borne into the midst of space,  
Methought I heard the wheels of ages  
And whisperings of another race [roll,  
Whose language seemed familiar to my  
soul;

And beauteous Night from this high place  
Far spread her broad, illuminated scroll.

Upon that mighty page unrolled  
I read, bright syllabled in blazing spheres,  
What science hath but feebly told  
In all the wisdom of her garnered years;  
For Science halts, where, strong and bold,  
Imagination soars and scorns all fears,

Sad seemed the star-typed record there,  
Where, through the blinding mists and  
tearful gloom,  
All dimly burned our world so fair,  
Our wondrous world of sorrow, sin and  
A Magdalen of orbs, whose air [doom!  
Was mournful mem'ry of her maiden  
bloom.

Pale thoughts around her, like a host  
Of thronging shadows, veiled her sorrow—  
Remembrance of her Eden lost, [ing head:  
The blood of innocence on Calv'ry shed,  
Her generations that were dust,  
Her millions that were yet to join the  
dead!

Mid all the congregated lights  
That pendant in the silver concave shone,  
Or crowned with fire the golden heights  
That rose like altars to a God unknown,  
Her light was saddest, and the Night's  
Slow tears that fell seemed wept for her  
alone.

Mid all the princely orbs that bowed  
In mute obeisance to their monarch-sun,  
Or, with his primal force endowed,  
In paths of circling glory round him run;  
Mid all the constellated crowd  
Thick strewn by Him, the Wonder-work-  
ing one.

Upon his world-creating path—  
 'Twas strange, methought, this beauteous  
 Earth alone  
 Should thus draw down selectest wrath,  
 And to her heart of fire for ages groan;  
 That here alone should Sorrow scathe,  
 And mouldy Death erect his ghastly  
 throne!

But, higher yet I seemed to soar,  
 And pierced the visual dome in upward  
 As if, through angel-opened door, [flight,  
 Had passed a soul untombed from vaulted  
 night,  
 And stood where ne'er it stood before  
 In lowly worship of the new-born light.

'Twas glorious thus in dreams to tread  
 The supra-mortal realm—abodes where  
 Earth-born can enter, save the dead; [none  
 Who mate with essences the living shun—  
 Those beautiful, pale forms of dread  
 The gifted see o'er their brief day is done.

E'en thus my soul did wander far,  
 The finite in the infinite, and, wild  
 With ecstasy, from star to star,  
 And from the constellations vast up-piled  
 On pillared worlds (that pendant are)  
 To orbic systems vaster still which smiled.

In rays eternal from a height  
 Of heights immeasurable, did climb!  
 And still  
 Did climb the upward maze of light,  
 As if, despite the interdicting will  
 That quelled the Babel-builders' might,  
 'Twould reach where sat th' enthroned  
*Invisible!*

Thus on that Summer's night I dreamed,  
 'Till half the stars went down; and to  
 my tent  
 Retired; but every orb that beamed  
 Upon the lonely watches I had spent  
 Was in my soul ensphered, and gleamed  
 Above my sleep a pictured firmament.

#### MORE ABOUT THE TOPOGRAPHY OF CALIFORNIA.

BY JOHN S. MITTELL.

The *Sierra Citizen*, in a notice of my article on the topography of the state in the last number of this magazine, expresses a doubt whether I was right in omitting to class Mt. Shasta among the high peaks of the Sierra Nevada, and in saying that Mt. Shasta is the only peak in the state which rises to the region of perpetual snow. A few words as to the questions raised by the *Citizen*; and first as to the place where Mt. Shasta belongs.

The main topographical features of the Pacific slope of the United States may be said to be the two ranges of mountains which extend from latitude 35° to 48°, one range immediately on the coast, and the other lying parallel to the coast with its summit about one hundred and fifty miles distant. These ranges have the same general topographical and geological features in Oregon and Washington, as in California; and so also have the valleys between them. It is an interesting geological question whether there was not a time when one great connected valley lay between these two ranges; or in other words whether Mt. Shasta and its spurs, the Siskiyou ridge, the Umqua ridge, the Calapooya ridge, and the high divide which separates the waters of the Cowlitz from those of Puget Sound, are not of later date than the two main chains of the coast. There was a period, perhaps tens or even hundreds of thousands of years ago, when an intense volcanic action prevailed on this coast. There are few parts of the world where there are so many extinct volcanoes within the same extent of country as are to be found in the Sierra Nevada (including the Cascade mountains) and the slope west of it. Commencing at latitude 49° and coming southward we find the following extinct volcanoes:—Mt. Baker; Mt. Olym-

MOR  
 pus; Mt. Rainier;  
 St. Adams; Mt.  
 the Three Sisters;  
 sen; the Marys

No doubt, the  
 of volcanic origi  
 but I have not  
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 tain information  
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pus; Mt. Rainies; Mt. St. Helens; Mt. St. Adams; Mt. Hood; Mt. Jefferson; the Three Sisters; Mt. Shasta; Mt. Lassen; the Marysville Buttes; Castle Peak.

No doubt there are many other peaks of volcanic origin, perhaps whole ridges, but I have not now the time to examine the books which may be supposed to contain information on the subject. Without assuming to be familiar with all the ascertained facts relative to the geology of these volcanoes, or to possess that geological knowledge which would enable me to give an authoritative opinion, I may say that it seems probable that the chief volcanic activity on the coast occurred some time after the formation of the two great mountain ranges. I am inclined to think that in a geological point of view Mt. Shasta does not belong to the Sierra Nevada.

But leaving geology entirely out of the question, it cannot be said that it belongs to the main Sierra, because it is just as closely connected with the coast range. The ridges known as Scott mountain, and Little Scott mountain, and Trinity mountain,—the last being a continuation of the main divide of the coast range—are all connected as spurs with Mt. Shasta, connected quite as closely as is the Sierra Nevada. The latter range "forks" about latitude 39°, one prong running northward, and the other north-westward; the former prong, apparently the main one, because it divides the Pacific slope from the Great Basin, and because it continues through Oregon and Washington forming the Cascade range; while the western prong is cut in two by Pitt river, and is soon lost.

I now turn to the question whether Mt. Shasta is the only California peak that rises to "the region of perpetual snow," by which phrase I meant not the height where sun never melts, but the height where snow lies throughout the year on the slopes exposed to the sun, and gives

the predominant color to them as seen at a distance, though here and there a dark line of bare rock or dirt may peep forth. The "snow-line" is defined by Brando (from whom Webster copies) to mean the level above which snow lies always; and according to that definition a number of California peaks rise to the snow-line; but if I mistake not, on all these peaks, save Mt. Shasta, the snows lie only on the northern and north-eastern slope, and there only in deep sheltered ravines. According to the best of my information and recollection, Lassen's Butte, Pilot Peak and the Downioville Buttes, have very little snow on their summits and south-western slopes during September; so little that the snow does not give the predominant color to them; and I am inclined to believe that Lassen's Butte has more snow on it than any other peak in the state, except Mt. Shasta. My recollection however may mislead me, for when I was in the mining districts I was engaged in searching for gold in the cañons, and, for snow on the mountains, and my information may be in error; if so I shall gladly listen to more correct information. *The Citizen* says:—

"Standing in the Sacramento valley, at mid summer, the eye rests on a long white line, perhaps not less than a hundred miles distant, and, in many places, apparently several thousands of feet in width. That white line is snow, which, though it may lessen, never disappears."

It matters not in regard to the snow line where snow lies in mid-summer, but where it lies in September and October. If a "long white line" of snow be visible on the Sierra Nevada through September, from the Sacramento valley, then that line is in the region of perpetual snow, and I shall be glad to be corrected, and furnished with precise information in regard to the places where snow lies throughout the year on the Sierra Nevada, and to what extent. Information of this kind should be collected and compiled.

I denied to Lassen's Butte the honor of reaching the region of perpetual snow, while admitting that snow lies throughout the year in the ravines and sheltered places on its north-eastern slope. Perhaps my language was not so precise and perspicuous as it should have been, and yet I do not know whether a mountain which does not reach the snow line on its southern slope, can be said fairly to reach it at all. On a range of mountains which rise high into the eternal snow region, the snow line on the slope next the sun is usually much higher than that on the other side, though sometimes, singular to say, much lower; but I do not know whether it would be so proper to speak of different snow lines on a small peak which in September is clear of snow on its sunny slope, and has but a little in the ravines, on the other side.

The *Citizen* hints that I am wrong in saying Castle Peak is 13,000 feet high, and does not reach the snow line, while Mt. Shasta is 14,500 feet high, reaches half a mile of perpendicular height into the region of eternal snow. The *Citizen* is right; either Castle Peak is not 13,000 feet high, or its peak is above the snow line.

Now, Mr. Editor of the *Sierra Citizen* having replied as well as I could to the questions propounded to me, permit me to propound some to you. What are the elevations, positions and names of the chief mountain peaks and ridges in your county? Are any of them covered with snow throughout the year? If so, which are they? What are the respective elevations of the snow lines on the sunny and shady slopes? What portion of the county is covered with snow from November to July? How deep does the snow fall, and how long does it lie, and how thick is the ice at Downieville in ordinary and extraordinary winters? How much of the surface of the county is covered with brush, how much with timber, and how much is barren rock?

Of course reasonable men will not expect precise and perfectly accurate information on these points, but an interesting and valuable approximate estimate can be made on all of them by any intelligent man who has been long in the county, and seen or heard much of the character of the country. Perhaps such information as I have sought for, ought to be given by the county surveyors in their annual reports, but as they are not, I apply to you as the next best authority. There are persons who carefully collect and preserve articles on the resources and conformation of our state, and if you should give any or all the information for which I have asked, it will not be thrown away or forgotten.

After the preceding portion of this article was in type my attention was called to a statement in the *Morning Call* that Lieut. Beckwith had measured the height of Mt. Shasta and found it to be nearly 21,000 feet high. There must be a mistake here; I have seen a number of high snow peaks of well ascertained height; and after comparing Mt. Shasta with them I should say that the former was not more than 15,000 feet high; and that was also the opinion of Lieut. Emmons of Wilkes' Exploring Expedition. (*Wilkes, Vol. V., Page 240.*) I may add here that my statement that Shasta is the only peak in the State always covered with snow, is said to be correct to the best of their knowledge by several gentlemen of my acquaintance who have traveled much in the mountains from Columbia to Shasta. Among them is the editor of this magazine. Others, including Dr. Trask, say it is incorrect, and add that Lassen's Peak, is next to Shasta the highest mountain in the State. I saw Lassen's Peak in September and October, 1849, and my recollection is that there was then no snow on it. On the 10th of July, 1854, there was snow on it for a distance of 1000 feet from the summit. (*U. S. Pacific R. R. Survey Reports, Vol. IV, page 245.*) Would this imply that the peak would be covered with snow through September and October.

ELBANA; THE MEXICAN

BY C. O. B.

(Authoress of "The Redeemer")

(Continued from p. 421)

"God forbid that my eyes  
ever prove true!" sighs  
kind-hearted teacher,  
presentiment which  
something yet to see  
in darkness, and so  
plained that is as yet  
closely watch every  
on the current of cir-  
possible that I may  
object it will set, the  
satisfied." These  
time rolled on.

The year of M.  
agreed upon, had  
and as yet no ne-  
made that tended  
him. His pupil  
studies with great  
while he looked  
pride and affectio-  
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Seating herself  
Elbana—after  
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## ELBANA, THE MEXICAN BEAUTY.

BY CLOE,

[Authoress of "The Redeemed Handkerchief,"

[Continued from page 373.]

"God forbid that my conjectures should ever prove true!" sighed the honest and kind-hearted teacher, "but I have a presentiment which assures me there is something yet to see the light that is now in darkness, and something to be explained that is as yet a mystery. I will closely watch every straw that may float on the current of circumstances, and it is possible that I may yet see towards what object it will set, that will make me feel satisfied." These were his thoughts, as time rolled on.

The year of Mr. Bullard's stay, as agreed upon, had now nearly expired, and as yet no new discoveries had been made that tended in any way to reassure him. His pupil was prosecuting her studies with great assiduity and success, while he looked upon her with fatherly pride and affection. The time of Alfred's promised return had nearly expired. Seating herself by Mr. Bullard's side, Elbana—after almost counting the hours of the passing days, that were to bring back the dear object of her heart's affection—looked into her teacher's face, as though she thought and felt that his thoughts had been running in the same channel as her own, and inquired:

"Do you think *he* will be long before his return?"

"Who, my child?"

"Oh, Alfred. I forgot that you might not now be thinking of him; but I—I am always thinking of him; and, so much do I long for his coming, I almost feel impatient at the time passing so tardily away. If Alfred does not come, you will not think of leaving us when your term has expired, I hope."

"Why, my dear child, you have progressed so well in your studies that you

have no further need of my instructions." "I had hoped that you would have been content always to remain with us," she replied, as her large black eyes filled with tears, "but I see that my hopes are all in vain—perhaps in more than one thing—but no, no! I will not doubt him. May God forgive me!"

"My dear child," said Mr. Bullard, while his eyes grew dim with tears of sympathy, "you know little of the ways of this world, and I pray you never may. I love you, Elbana, not as a lover, but as a father. You have shown me much kindness since I have been an inmate of your house, for which I shall ever feel grateful." His utterance almost choked him as he continued: "I once had a daughter, lovely even as you are—indeed, you often remind me of her. Like yours, her mother died when she was born. My Fanny was a dear, sweet child; you had only to know her to love her. She was remarkably handsome and intelligent. I gave her good advantages, for she was a father's all—"

Here the old man's voice again faltered, but, after a moment's silence, he continued:

"She met a young man when on a visit to Philadelphia, and became strongly attached to him. He was a smooth-faced villain! He gained her confidence, and then took advantage of her affection, leaving her to return to her father, broken hearted with the consciousness of her shame. My arms were opened to receive my erring child, and once more she gladdened my home. But, alas! the destroyer was at work, and soon the grave covered all that was dear to me. Elbana, take warning by my child's sorrows, and shun the heartless libertine! If there is one sin darker than another, it is this. It ought to sink him lower in the torments of the damned than any other! My darling, Alfred is not one of these—I hope not—I hope not, for your sake."

"Do not weep, dear Mr. Bullard. I shall remember the lesson you have given me this day; it may make me more watchful. Would that I could fill a daughter's place in your heart!"

"You can—you do!" he exclaimed; "you are nearer to me than all this world beside; for I have none but you to care for me; that God may bless and preserve you, Elbana, shall be my constant prayer."

The old man walked out, that he might be alone and calm his feelings. His lovely pupil, lost in thought, sat without moving, until the tramping of horses' feet aroused her. Starting up, her first thought was that it was Alfred; and, ere she was aware of it, she stood in the yard, watching five men who were approaching on horseback. Scanning every face, her heart sunk, when she found they were all strangers. She crept back to her room, to weep tears of disappointment, while Mr. Bullard approached the new comers.

"Does Miramontes live here?" inquired the foremost of them.

"Yes," was the reply.

"Well, we wish to rest at his hospitable house, for a while, as we know of no other safe place, in this part of Mexico, for an American."

"Will you please to alight, gentlemen?" inquired Mr. Bullard. "Miramontes will be home soon."

Miramontes soon returned from hunting, bringing plenty of deer meat with him. Welcoming the travelers with his usual warm cordiality, he sent their horses to the stable. Supper was soon served, and the guests felt quite at home. As they were Americans, it was an unexpected treat to Mr. Bullard to converse with them. One of the men, a Mr. McAdams, was tall and muscular, with keen black eyes, and a commanding look; his countenance was frank and open; his features regular (except his large Roman

nose); his educational advantages were good; he was a Virginian by birth, and a gentleman, to all appearance. It was natural for him to expect obedience from his four companions, who were of the class called backwoodsmen. McAdams had engaged them to assist him in driving Mexican cattle, that he had purchased, a business they were well qualified to follow. They were proud of the daring spirit of McAdams, and had few fears of the Mexicans.

After a few hours residence it became evident that McAdams was not insensible to the charms of Elbana, and tried to play the agreeable in order to win the heart of the Spanish maiden. His vanity was a little piqued as she treated his advances with cold indifference. He had a very doubtful opinion of the virtue of Spanish lasses in general, and he considered that Elbana would prove an easy conquest—forgetful of, or carelessly violating the rules, of gentlemanly hospitality, until he was shunned and repulsed by her silence and reserve.

"How is this, Mr. Bullard," enquired McAdams. "Is Elbana a Spanish girl?"

"Yes, most certainly."

"Her fair complexion denies it."

"Perhaps not, but by all that is good I never saw a handsomer girl than this Spanish lassie; I am in love with her head over heels."

"Why is it that you young devils can never see a lovely girl without a wish to contaminate her?" answered Mr. Bullard. "You would not marry her, McAdams, if she loved you over so much."

"Marry a Spanish girl? Well, no, I think not; but there is no harm in caressing a lovely girl to our liking, especially if she belongs to these cut-throat Spaniards or Mexicans.—they would be none the worse for my coveted pleasure."

"You are a heartless scamp, McAdams; but, thank God, my little charge is in no danger from your loose and unjust wish-

ELB.  
She is as pure as the snow."

"Don't be two sanguine. I have succeeded in more than this."

"May an old man's counsel if you ever succeed with the indignant lips of her?"  
The subject was now Bullard continued his bank of the little stream Adams.

"Come, old man, I offend you; forgive me." "Yes, if you can forgive me." "Oh! that is very easy science is very flexible." "I am sorry for that, but I am sure I can do more to say to you or McAdams."

"Then say on, my friend." "I wish to caution this ranch—I have heard Miramontes is treacherous." "The devil you think so?"

"I have good reasons which, for certain at this time to divulge it, I am not mistaken you know, in water a large amount of Miramontes know much yourself. generous business."

"Yes, true, but I have a job out than attend you."

"I hope I am not but I fear I am cautioned you." "Well, Mr. Adams, a chance to try for to-morrow hope to give him all."

It was now

es. She is as pure as the newly fallen snow."

"Don't be too sanguine, my friend, I have succeeded in more unlikely things than this."

"May an old man's curse rest on you if you ever succeed with her" burst from the indignant lips of her noble teacher.

The subject was now dropped, and Mr. Bullard continued his walk down the bank of the little stream, followed by McAdams.

"Come, old man, I did not intend to offend you; forgive me."

"Yes, if you can forgive yourself."

"Oh! that is very easy for me, my conscience is very flexible."

"I am sorry for that, as a good conscience connoles any man; but I have something more to say to you on a different subject, McAdams."

"Then say on, my friend!"

"I wish to caution you as you leave this ranch—I have strong suspicions that Miramontes is treacherous."

"The devil you do; what makes you think so?"

"I have good cause for my fears, which, for certain reasons I do not wish at this time to divulge; but, depend upon it, I am not mistaken; there is no harm you know, in watching him, as you have a large amount of money with you, and Miramontes knows it, as you told him as much yourself. Buying cattle is a dangerous business, my young friend."

"Yes, true, but he had better let the job out than attack us himself, I assure you."

"I hope I am mistaken in his designs, but I fear I am not, else I would not have cautioned you."

"Well, Mr. Bullard we will give him a chance to try that game on the day after to-morrow; and, if he attacks us, we hope to give him a warm reception, that is all."

It was now about supper time and they

slowly returned to the house. McAdams sought his four men and informed them of Mr. Bullard's caution. "Well," said red haired Bill Hogan "I have not liked his deceitful palavering," "I am not afraid of twenty of such as him" answered Tim Hazard—"let's go and get our supper,"

Miramontes was unusually polite and gracious, so much so that they began to think Mr. Bullard crazy. Elbana was not a little pleased at the prospect of their leaving, as she was tired of being annoyed by the love-making McAdams. At length their horses were ready for a start. McAdams and his men appeared in high glee—shaking hands and expressing many good wishes to all. They mounted their saddles, put spurs to their horses, and were soon out of sight. Miramontes walked the floor with apparent uneasy concern pictured on his usually serene brow. One cigarito after another he smoked, in hasty puffs; and, as the day wore away, he threw on his cloak, and walked out.

"Where is father going so late, I wonder? Do you know, Mr. Bullard?"

"No—yes—no; I cannot tell," said he, evidently at a loss what to think, or what to answer.

"What is the matter? Are you unwell, Mr. Bullard?"

"No; only a slight tremor that accompanies and encumbers age. I feel remarkably low-spirited to-day; take up your guitar, my child, and play and sing me into better humor."

Elbana readily obeyed; and although her sweet voice accorded well with the soft tones of her favorite instrument, and sweet as the sounds were to her aged friend, they failed to draw his mind from his unpleasant forebodings, as he walked the floor in nervous anxiety.

"I declare, Mr. Bullard, you make me feel uncomfortable, you act so strangely."

[Continued next month.]

## Our Social Chair.

**B**ARLY in the spring of 1850, many will remember the expectations entertained of large fortunes to be made, "away up in the mountains," in places which were equally as good as any that had ever been found in the richest diggings yet discovered. Plenty of buckskin, with which to make long and strong purses, a pick, pan and shovel, a few months' supply of provisions, and a pair of blankets, were all the requisites that were considered necessary to insure a large supply of the "needful." Many men quitted good claims to go on these expeditions—and as many regretted it afterwards.

From a claim that had paid two of us from one hundred and forty to three hundred and seventeen (this last-named sum was the highest) dollars per day, during the working days of winter, we purchased mules, tools, and provisions,—not omitting the buckskin—for a spring and summer campaign; organized a company and started. After crossing snow-covered and dangerous steeps, swollen and mountain-bound rivers; facing all sorts of danger, enduring all kinds of exposure, such as sleeping on snow for several days together, and becoming snow-blind; drenchings with rain; immersions in streams, by slipping from logs, on which we were passing from one side to the other, and afterwards walking, sitting, and sleeping in our wet clothes, and in the open air—sometimes when the rain poured down in torrents—after these, we repeat, we found a place which was to give us the great reward we were seeking. But, to make a long story short, and come to the gist of the narrative, we spent several months of severe bodily exertion in turning and draining the stream, and in sinking a shaft in the bed, to the depth of some thirty-five feet, without even finding the bottom or getting the "color." Disappointed, we left such diggings in disgust, and set our faces for the settlements.

When we arrived there we were all "flat broke"—that was the term then used. It is true, we had some mules that we could not sell, and some specimens that we would not part with—these being the only remaining remembrancers of our good claim. Having lost our pork-bag on the road, and used up all our sugar, we were somewhat at a loss how to make a raise. At last, one of our party, named D—, took a fine double-barrelled shot-gun to one of the stores, and addressed the crowd there assembled with—

"Who'll give me five dollars for this gun?" (It was worth fifty.)

One shook his head, as much as to say "Not I." Another laughed, and pointed to a large number of similar weapons that were standing behind some pork-barrels in a corner, which their owners had resolved not to carry farther. At length, the store-keeper walked up, and said—

"Let me have a look at that gun." He did so, and shortly remarked—"I'll play you five dollars' worth of pork against the gun."

"Nuff' ced!" replied D—.

They played, and D— won the pork.

"Now, I'll play you something else against the gun," said the store-keeper.

"Some sugar?" enquired D—.

"Yes."

"Nuff' ced!"

The sugar was won also.

"I'll play him five dollars against the gun, now," said the one who had laughed and pointed to those standing in the corner.

"All right!" answered D—.

The game was played, and the money was won also. D— then related our circumstances to the crowd, and concluded by saying that, as he had made a raise, all that he had wanted—any man could have the gun who was in need of it.

When he arrived in camp with the flour

and sugar and  
he'd obtained it,  
that is one way  
California."

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of our party, named D—,  
double-barrelled shot-gun to  
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me five dollars for (this  
worth fifty.)  
s head, as much as to say  
ther laughed, and pointed  
er of similar weapons that  
behind some pork-barrels  
hich their owners had re-  
carry farther. At length,  
r walked up, and said—  
e a look at that gun." He  
rtly remarked—"I'll play  
worth of pork against the  
replied D—.  
and D— won the pork.  
play you something else  
" said the store-keeper.  
?" enquired D—.  
s won also.  
n five dollars against the  
the one who had laughed  
hose standing in the cor-  
answered D—.  
s played, and the money  
D— then related our  
the crowd, and concluded  
s he had made a raise all  
ted—any man could have  
s in need of it.  
ed in camp with the four

and sugar and money, and told us how he'd obtained it, we thought—"Well, well! that is *one* way of 'raising the wind' in California."

How many there are who, when they read this, will call to mind some similar circumstances in their early gold-hunting experiences! Happily, such times are now fast passing away—at least, we hope so.

"EVERYBODY" knows that the second of last month was the Chinese New Year; and, if any doubt existed among the "balance of mankind," the large quantity of fire-crackers started on a noise-making excursion of celebration, from Chinese fingers, must certainly have removed that doubt. We accosted one Chinaman with "John, what for you make so much noise—bang, bang, bang?" "Ah! you no sabbe, eh? Chineyman fous July—Chineyman fous July—he, he!" and "John" went chuckling away, with a half-sneezing, half-choking kind of a laugh—evidently associating the pyrotechnical demonstrations commemorative of the Birth-day of Liberty on American soil with his semi-religious and semi-idolatrous celebration of the Chinese New Year. We simply said—"All right, John—fire away!" when he again laughed as heartily as he would have done had he understood us.

WHAT a fast country California is becoming! No wonder the Eastern papers say that, owing to the fast style of doing business in this State, the people have resolved to sing no more slow tunes or long-metred hymns in churches. But read the following from the San Joaquin Republican:

"HAPPY THE WOOING THAT IS NOT LONG IN DOING!"—On last New Year's Eve, at Visalia, where a small party was gathered, some of them proposed getting up a wedding, as there was a justice present. A respectable gentleman, named Bosler, a saddler, was selected as eligible to the honor, and a young woman present was named as the bride. They both gave their consent, though they had previously never dreamed of such an arrangement. The gentleman was put through first, but the

lady hesitated at the question, and asked half an hour to consider. After a short walk with the gentleman, she returned, and they were married, good and strong, within an hour after the proposal was made. An anvil was fired all the evening, and there was great rejoicing among the "boys."

THE following sweet and beautiful lines, entitled "A Little While," from the pen of the accomplished Dr. Bonar, will, we know, be deservedly appreciated by our readers:

Beyond the smiling and the weeping  
I shall be, soon;  
Beyond the waking and the sleeping,  
Beyond the sowing and the reaping,  
I shall be, soon.  
Love, rest, and home!  
Sweet home!  
Lord, tarry not, but come!

Beyond the blooming and the fading  
I shall be, soon;  
Beyond the shining and the shading,  
Beyond the hoping and the dreading,  
I shall be, soon.  
Love, rest, and home!  
Sweet home!  
Lord, tarry not, but come!

Beyond the rising and the setting  
I shall be, soon;  
Beyond the calming and the fretting,  
Beyond remembering and forgetting,  
I shall be, soon.  
Love, rest, and home!  
Sweet home!  
Lord, tarry not, but come!

Beyond the parting and the meeting  
I shall be, soon;  
Beyond the farewell and the greeting,  
Beyond the pulse's fever beating,  
I shall be, soon.  
Love, rest, and home!  
Sweet home!  
Lord, tarry not, but come!

Beyond the frost-chain and the fever  
I shall be, soon;  
Beyond the rock-waste and the river,  
Beyond the ever and the never,  
I shall be, soon.  
Love, rest, and home!  
Sweet home!  
Lord, tarry not, but come!

THE last Overland Mail from St. Louis brought a letter to the post-office in this city, says the San Jose Tribune, addressed as follows: "Mr. E. P., the man with long hair—San Jose, Cal." For the beno-

fit of facetious or mystery-loving letter-writers, who delight to address missives to their friends in the above style, we call attention to the fact that, according to the instructions of the Postmaster-General to the deputy Postmasters, such letters are not deliverable, but are to be forwarded to the department as dead letters.

What a plain matter-of-fact affair you have made of it, Mr. Tribune! You have knocked all the writer's facetious intent into commonplace *pi*. Shame on you! What, do you think, will be the writer's feelings when he reads that dead letter remark, and the severe moral induced?

"WHAT a queer people" we are apt to think our very respectable and singular forefathers were. The same bluntness in painting the shortcomings, as well as the virtues, of the departed, formerly very popular (if tombstones themselves are any evidence), would now be visited with severe censure and condemnation, inasmuch as, now-a-days, a liberal public sentiment magnifies the virtues and entirely overlooks the failings of those who have passed away. The following epitaph, from a marble slab in Horselydown churchyard, Cumberland, is faithful enough to present both sides, and, if the reader does not feel improved, he may be amused by reading it:

Here lie the bodies  
Of Thomas Bond and Mary, his wife.  
She was temperate, chaste and charitable;

But

She was proud, peevish and passionate.  
She was an affectionate wife, and  
a tender mother;

But

Her husband and child, whom she loved,  
Seldom saw her countenance without  
a disgusting frown,

Whilst she received visitors,  
Whom she despised, with an endearing  
smile.

Her behavior was discreet  
towards strangers;

But

Imprudent in her family.  
Abroad, her conduct was influenced by  
Good breeding;

But

At home by ill temper.

The following apt repartee is too good  
to be lost, which, although not entirely

original, a friend has sent us for the Chair:

Patrick is baggage master on the Sacramento Valley Railroad, and is always attentive to his business. A few evenings since, while at his post, he was accosted by an excited passenger, who, in a rude and boisterous manner, demanded repeatedly to know the whereabouts of his trunk. Pat, after several times replying to the interrogatory, at length lost his patience, and thus put an end to the stranger's troublesome questioning: "Arrah, misther, I wish in me sowl you wor an elephant, instead of a juckass, for thin ye'd have yer thrunk always undher yer eye, ye would."

### The Fashions.

From numerous lady friends and readers we have received frequent requests at different times, that we would give a few words each month on the latest and best styles of dresses worn by ladies. These requests, many of them, have been made from those who live in out-of-the-way corners of the State, and others who seldom or never buy or see the eastern magazines of fashion; and, inasmuch as one of our lady friends has kindly consented to take charge of this department; with the hope that such will be gratifying generally to our lady readers—from whom we wish to hear on the subject—in future "The Fashions" will be a feature in the California Magazine.

We think that we cannot do better than at once introduce the lady in her own note to the editor.

DEAR SIR:—In offering to your lady subscribers the enclosed sketch of the Fashions, I have dispensed entirely with all high sounding technical terms, which oftener misguide than benefit those for whom they are intended. Hoping they are none of them too Anti-American to consider the "styles" *less elegant*, because they are *practicable*, and given in terms that all can understand.

### Silk Dresses.

The most desirable colors are royal purple and dark green. Maroon is equally fashionable, and more used in consequence of its being alike becoming to every complexion, and also looks well with every colored mantle. The trimmings for these favorite colors should be three shades darker than the silk, or black, where preferred.

Pattern dresses are not so  
mand of late, being found to  
Requiring just so much and  
and trimmings; they must be  
logly; and are often found  
ing to both old and young  
fore, with selected trimmin  
fered; that dress makers o  
and adapt their styles to t  
ures.

The fashionable full dr  
long waist, with pointed l  
up the front; sleeves wi  
moderately long; cut nea  
the bottom. Line with w  
finish the top with large  
of ribbon below it, just  
on the shoulder.

The skirt must be ve  
the back, and plaits in fr  
Side trimmings of two  
five inches in width at t  
inches at the top.

Flounces are as much  
over; though two are  
worn than three; cou  
made a trifle wider. Th  
velvet, or narrow fringe  
Skirts slightly shorter t  
and four inches longe  
front.

Ball Dr

Low-neck; short sl  
both back and front.  
lace, cut bertha and sl  
ten inches wide at bo  
top; and puff illusion  
ing care to graduate  
a becoming color of f  
an inch wide, made  
ends three inches lo  
suit the taste. Buds  
a good effect; finish  
blonde lace, felled,  
dress is done.

Head dress of dr

There is a new  
worn in New York  
I give from the  
Basque les Lancie  
four pieces; back,  
polka. It should  
the back, so as t  
at the waist; the  
the waist, formir  
If desired a Bert  
ed, all round, au  
This basque is  
pointed in front  
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vet ribbon. If  
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Pattern dresses are not so much in demand of late, being found too imperative. Requiring just so much and no more silk, and trimmings, they must be made accordingly; and are often found alike unbecoming to both old and young. Silks, therefore, with selected trimmings are to be preferred, that dress makers of taste may vary and adapt their styles to tall or short figures.

The fashionable full dress is the plain long waist, with pointed bodice, buttoned up the front; sleeves wide, flowing, and moderately long; cut nearly square across the bottom. Line with white florence, and finish the top with large puff, and a bow of ribbon below it, just opposite the seam on the shoulder.

The skirt must be very full, gauged at the back, and plaits in front  $1\frac{1}{2}$  inches wide. Side trimmings of two wide puffs, each five inches in width at the bottom, and  $2\frac{1}{2}$  inches at the top.

Flounces are as much a favorite style as ever: though two are now more generally worn than three; consequently they are made a trifle wider. Trim with embossed velvet, or narrow fringe. Sleeves to match. Skirts slightly shorter than previously worn and four inches longer at the back than front.

#### Ball Dresses.

Low-neck; short sleeves, and long point both back and front. Take foundation and lace, cut bertha and sleeves with side stripes ten inches wide at bottom, and four at the top; and puff illusion on cross-ways, taking care to graduate the puffs. Trim with a becoming color of fancy trimming ribbon, an inch wide, made in small bows, with ends three inches long, and distributed to suit the taste. Buds and green leaves have a good effect; finish round with a narrow blonde lace, felled, and basted on after the dress is done.

Head dress of drooping flowers.

#### Basques.

There is a new and quite pretty basque worn in New York, a description of which I give from the "Bon-ton," called "The Basque les Lanciers;" it is composed of four pieces; back, side-body, and a kind of polka. It should be cut with a seam at the back, so as to give the desired curve at the waist; the polka is to be plaited to the waist, forming a box-plait on the hip. If desired a Bertha can be added, box-plaited, all round, and pointed in front.

This basque is rounded at the back, and pointed in front; it can be made of any material, and trimmed with galoon, or velvet ribbon. If made of velvet a cable-cord at the edge would be very becoming. But-

tons at the top of plaits behind. Length of polka, 8 inches back, and ten front.

For Cloaks and Bonnets there has been no change from the winter fashion. Whenever such a change takes place, the readers of Hutchings' California Magazine may expect a description.

#### Monthly Record of Current Events.

THE miners in the vicinity of Thompson's Flat and Table Mountain, Butte county, struck for a reduction in the price of water.

JANUARY 25th being the Centennial Anniversary of the birth-day of Robert Burns, two public banquets were held in San Francisco in commemoration of the event. The one at the Tremont House was presided over by Mr. James Linen; and the other at the Oriental Hotel, by Mr. George Gordon. Both were well attended. Toasts, speeches, and intellectual conviviality made the evening pass away very pleasantly.

THE ladies of Mokelumne Hill collected, by subscription the sum of \$1,020 for the widow and family of a miner named Wiebche, who was lately killed by falling down a shaft.

A LARGE Mass Meeting was held in Musical Hall, San Francisco, for the purpose of adopting a memorial to the Federal Government against the Santillan or Bolton & Barron grant, which covers a large portion of this city.

THE Overland Mail via Los Angeles has arrived with great regularity during the month, bringing later news, generally, than that by the Ocean Mail Steamers.

A QUARTZ vein has recently been discovered at Sand Hill, near Timbuctoo, which pays from \$3,000 to 5,000 per ton.

A WAGER of \$10,000 has been offered by merchants and others in Salt Lake City, that better time can be made by the Saint Louis and Salt Lake route than by the Fort Smith, Fort Yuma, and Los Angeles route.

JUDGE Norrox has decided the contested Judgeship of the 4th District court, in favor of Caleb Burbank, and against Judge Hagar, the previous occupant of the seat.

A DECREE was entered in the U. S. District Court in the case of J. Norris and others, against the steamship Sonora, for breach of passenger contract, for the sum of \$3,902 in favor of libellants.

SEVERAL flames in different parts of the State, were blown down during the storms in the early part of February.

AN Irishman named Quincy was frozen to death, on Trinity Mountain, Feb. 2d. When found, he had a bottle half full of whisky by his side.

FIFTY-SIX pounds of auriferous quartz, recently taken from a newly discovered ledge near Spanish Flat, El Dorado county, yielded forty pounds of gold (\$8,500).

THE amount of gold dust purchased in Placerville, for the last twelve months, by five persons only, was 79,513 ounces, or \$1,431,224.

CHARLES REED, a miner living on Osborn Hill, Grass Valley, was burned to death in his cabin on the 23d of January, by accident. He was one of the survivors of the Central America, having been picked up by the bark Ellen after floating on a piece of timber for 12 hours.

THE *Trinity Journal* has entered upon its fourth volume. Calvin B. McDonald is its able and accomplished editor.

A SILVER mine has been discovered at a place forty or fifty miles from Los Angeles, from which specimens of ore indicating a large per centage of silver have been taken.

THE eleventh volume of the California Farmer, Col. Warren editor and proprietor, was commenced on the 4th ult.

MORE snow has fallen this winter in the mountains, than at any time since 1852 and 1853.

NAPA CITY was visited by a storm, accompanied with thunder and lightning, on the 4th ult. A rare occurrence in this State at any season of the year—especially in winter.

THE steamship John L. Stephens, on the 5th ult., took away 226 passengers—85 by way of Tehuantepec—and \$1,682,067 1/2 in treasure.

THE Indians have been very troublesome in different portions of the State, and several of them have been killed.

THE steamship Hermann was sold on the 5th ult., under an execution for \$1,900. H. A. Cobb, for Capt. Wright was the purchaser, for the sum of \$40,000. Her original cost was \$600,000.

TWO collins containing skeletons were dug out during some excavations on Telegraph Hill, San Francisco, on the 5th ult. The spot was formerly a burial ground.

THE "Spirit of the Times," a San Francisco weekly paper, was sold to C. M. Chase & Co., of the Fireman's Journal, and incorporated with that paper.

THE steamer Uncle Sam, which sailed on the 10th ult., with troops and quartermaster's stores, for the mouth of the Colorado; after suffering from a violent gale, during which numerous articles were thrown overboard, had to return to port. She refitted, and resailed for the same destination on the 16th.

THE Supervisors of Yuba county have issued the first instalment of the \$200,000

bonds, voted to assist the construction of the Marysville and Vallejo railroad.

THE gas works at Mokelumne Hill were destroyed by fire on the 19th ult.

THE Semi-Weekly Observer made its first appearance at Placerville in the early part of February.

DR. DUNCOMBE was elected to the Assembly from Sacramento county, and his seat refused, by a strict party vote of 37 to 28, on account of his having once been a member of the Canadian Legislature, although a native of the United States. He has since then been naturalized, and re-elected by 280 majority.

THE contract for constructing 13 miles additional of the Sacramento Valley Railroad—now named the California Central Railroad—was given out on the 12th ult. This will complete it to the Auburn Ravine, 15 miles below the town of Auburn.

THE routes to La Porte, Downieville, Forest City, and several other mining districts, were closed by the late heavy storms of snow.

Mrs. M. G. Blanding is appointed Vice Regent of the Mount Vernon Fund of this State.

THE French company at Oroville have struck diggings that are paying them from \$600, to \$1,000 per day; and others upon the same lead are doing as well.

SNOW has fallen during the month near Alpha, Nevada county, to the depth of 10 feet, 6 inches.

THE number of books taken out of the Mercantile Library of San Francisco during 1858, was 17,321. The number of members is 1,319.

AN eagle was killed near Soda Springs, Shasta county, which measured eleven feet from tip to tip of his wings.

PEACH trees and strawberry plants are in blossom at Stockton.

THOMAS WELCH, for several years a resident of Poor Man's Creek, Sierra county, was recently lost, and perished in the snow while going from Onion Valley to Butte Bar, on Feather river.

FREEMAN & Co., are preparing to run their express to all parts of the State.

THE Nicaragua Co.'s steamers are being refitted to run as opposition steamers to the Pacific Mail Steamship Co. for Panama and New York.

A SLIGHT shock of an earthquake was perceptible in San Francisco on the morning of the 17th ult.

THE sale of Public lands commenced in Marysville on the 14th; about 1000 acres were sold at 1.25 per acre.

AN ACT authorising the Secretary of State, to pay \$3,000 for 1000 copies of the State

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Register has passed both houses of the Legislature.

On the 20th ult, there were \$719,134,88 in the State Treasury.

The steamship Golden Age which sailed on the 19th ult. carried away \$1,135,510,18 and only 103 passengers. Less in treasure and individuals than for several years past.

Messrs. Campbell, Rice and Nichols, while on their way from San Juan to Forest City, with \$10,000 in coin, were attacked by three highwaymen, when a general firing ensued; and, while the robbers were binding the two former to a tree, the latter with the mule on which was packed the coin escaped down the hill, so that \$80 was all that were stolen.

The roads, says the Republican, about Stockton, have very much improved of late, as animals now sink in the mud only up to their middle!

Twenty miles above Sonora, Tuolumne county, the snow is reported to be fifteen feet deep. This is the best kind of reservoir for a summer supply of water.

For thirteen days, during the first and second quarters of the last moon, it rained each day more or less; giving an abundance of water throughout the State; and which was badly needed for mining and agricultural purposes.

Washington's birthday was properly celebrated on the 22d ult.

### Editor's Table.

THERE is a fact of more than ordinary importance, to which we wish to call the particular attention of all persons engaged in any department of mining, which is this—the large amount of gold dust that is daily wasted—at least, wasted so far as the industrious worker, for the time being, is concerned; and, however startling it may be to many, we assert that more than three fifths of the gold dust washed through the sluice of the miner, passes out unsaved.

Many, we are aware, do not think so. Many others have never yet thought anything about it. "I believe that we save all the gold," is a remark that is frequently made and heard; but generally, however, it is erroneous. Let us therefore inquire into the matter. Every one, we suppose, is willing to be convinced? Now for the proof of our assertion.

To learn all that we could of the mining claims in a neighborhood—which, for certain reasons shall be nameless—we accompanied an old friend to the upper end of a tail-race, or flume, placed in a ravine, 115 yards of which he was the owner, and down which rolled the pebbles, and tailings, and water, from some extensive hill diggings, that were being washed down by the hydraulic process. The water was very muddy, and the current rapid. As we stood watching its hurrying course, he

informed us that the gross monthly receipts from the 115 yards of race which he owned, were from \$500 to \$800.—This is one proof of our assertion.

The entire length of this tail-race was one and three quarter miles, owned in sections, by various persons, and the lowest section paid nearly as well as the upper.—This, then, is another proof of our assertion.

From a panful of tailings lying at the mouth of the race, we obtained four cents. From another a few yards distant from the former one, the same result was given. Indeed the prospects obtained at the mouth of the race, were nearly as good as those which we afterwards made in the paying strata up at the claim. This being the case, the gold as a matter of course must have passed through the sluice; and was wasted to the worker; and is another proof of our assertion.

A scientific gentleman with whom we are well acquainted, who has for several years resided in Placerville, El Dorado county, took ten buckets of muddy water, after it had passed through sluices connected with some hill diggings, and from those ten buckets he obtained one dollar and seven cents, of very fine gold. This gold was so fine, and the particles so infinitesimal, that it looked more like golden flour than anything else. This, then, is

another, and a very convincing proof of our assertion.

At a quartz mill on Amador Creek, we were present when the gold from one hundred buckets-full of pulverized tailings was taken out from an arastra, after being run through the second time, and the amount produced was ninety-six dollars and sixty cents.

Proof upon proof could thus be adduced, that, when fairly weighed, would be overwhelming arguments in favor of our assertion—viz., that *three-fifths* of the gold which is washed from the hills, passes out from the sluices unsaved.

This should not be. After enduring the severe labors of the day, the miner should reap the reward of his fatiguing toil; therefore, we leave the subject in his keeping, to be well examined, and carefully considered; resting satisfied, that if a claim which now pays him three dollars per day could be made to pay him eight, it will be worth his while to try the means by which it can be done.

In addition to our old and excellent corps of popular writers, the reader will be gratified this month to find that several new ones have kindly sent their valued offerings to California literature and this magazine. We most heartily greet each with a cordial welcome. There is no reason why the California Magazine should not occupy such a position in literature as does the State, in her resources and commerce, among her proud sisters. The talent is here. This magazine is open alike to all. The Artist, the Historian, the Poet, the Novelist, the Student in all the various branches of science and art, can here find a vehicle for his thoughts. Our only restrictions are, that they be moral and unsectarian in their teachings, noble and generous in their sentiments, not unnecessarily lengthy, and as much Californian as possible.

At one time we thought that a stereotyped line such as this "there has been nothing

done in either branch of the State Legislature to-day" would give utterance to a daily truism concerning that body; but the following motion by Mr. Watkins, member of the Assembly from Siskiyou county, presents the picture in a far better light.

"I move that the members of this Assembly consider themselves fourteen years old, and go out and get some marbles and balls, and go to playing."

#### To Contributors and Correspondents.

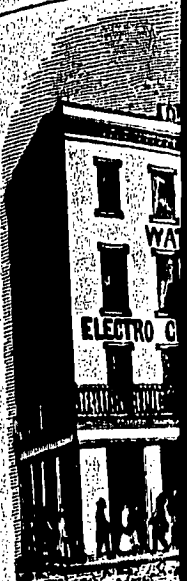
*L.*—"The Burial" came without name or note of the incident that gave rise to the sketch; or—

*S. P.*—Certainly. Such a sparkling, sunny, happy picture, of course will find a corner. It will make every large heart throb with joyous sympathy. Send us another, just as good.

*H. R., La Porte.*—Make yourself familiar with persons surrounded by any kind of circumstances, or in any branches of business, and if they have not their peculiar troubles, we would like to engage them for exhibition as curiosities. To rise above them is the best evidence of your manhood. Such driveling stories as you send would not read well in any kind of print.

*Sophie L.*—Yours is rather too diffuse. There is much more skill required to condense and make an article expressive as well as beautiful, than in making it verbose and lengthy. Besides, you know the old saying, among ladies of small stature, that valuable articles are generally put up in small packages.

RECEIVED.—Three Years in California—My Valentine—The orphans—The Mountaineers of Cal.—Prayer—The Angel, obituary—Time—The Shanghai Chicken—George Sommerville—I love her alway—Ode to the Flowers—In spirit I'm with thee ever—and others, but too late to notice this month.



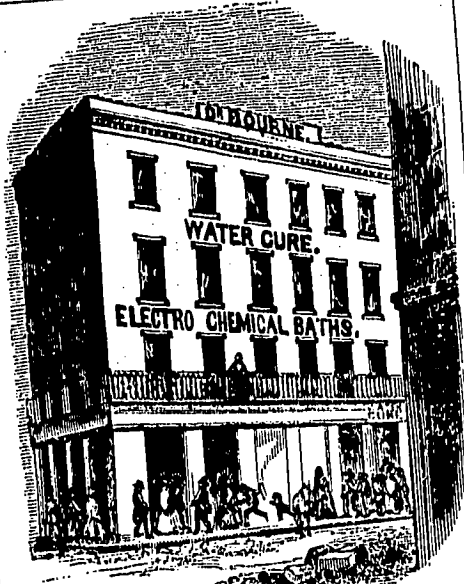
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DR. E  
Sansome Street,  
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Only \$1 per Bath  
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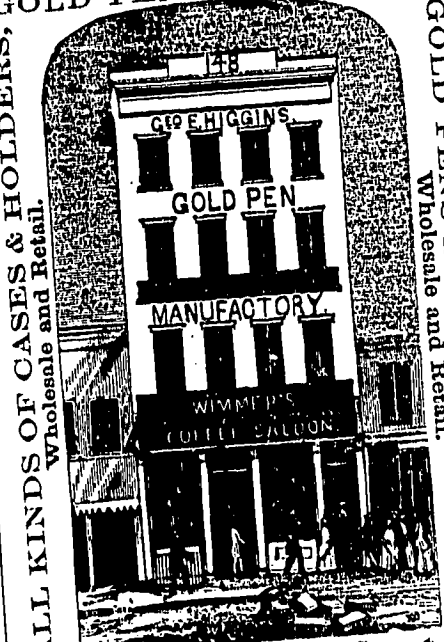


**ELECTRO-CHEMICAL BATHS.**  
**DR. BOURNE,**  
 Sansome Street, opp. St. Nicholas Hotel,  
 SAN FRANCISCO.

Only \$1 per Bath, and less if a number of  
 Tickets is purchased.

The difference between the poor man and  
 the rich, is, that the poor man walks to get  
 meat for his stomach, the rich walks to get  
 a stomach for his meat.

**GOLD PENS REPOINTED.**



**148 Montgomery Street,**  
 BETWEEN CLAY AND MERCHANT STREETS,  
 SAN FRANCISCO.

ALL KINDS OF CASES & HOLDERS,  
 Wholesale and Retail.

GOLD PENS AND PENCIL-CASES,  
 Wholesale and Retail.

**CO & SUTTCO**

88 Sansome St., one floor north of Sacra-  
 mento St., San Francisco.

This is the only Warehouse upon the Pacific  
 Coast, devoted exclusively to Ready-made  
 Beds and Bedding, and Bed Furnishing Goods,—the  
 only place where everything belonging to a bed, from  
 the cheapest to the most expensive, is constantly on  
 hand, at the **LOWEST CASH PRICES, WHOLESALE**  
**and RETAIL,** and to which the attention of the pub-  
 lic generally is respectfully invited.

If a man is happily married, his "rib"  
 is worth all the other bones in his body.  
 A good conscience is the paradise of  
 the soul.

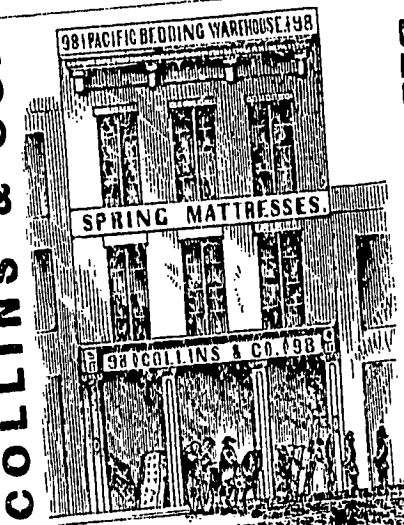
**WHEELER & WILSON'S  
 SEWING MACHINES.**

**WHEELER & WILSON'S SEWING  
 MACHINES** took the **FIRST PREMIUM** at  
 the Mechanics' Fair, Sept., 1855.

**WHEELER & WILSON'S SEWING  
 MACHINES** are simple, not liable to get out of order,  
 make a stitch alike on both sides of the fabric sewed,  
 and are capable of sewing the **FINEST** and **COARSEST**  
 Fabrics—**LEATHER** INCLUDED.

**H. C. HAYDEN, Ag't,**

Corner Montgomery and Sacramento Sts., San Francisco.



**BEDDING EMPORIUM.**

88 Sansome St., one floor north of Sacra-  
 mento St., San Francisco.

This is the only Warehouse upon the Pacific  
 Coast, devoted exclusively to Ready-made  
 Beds and Bedding, and Bed Furnishing Goods,—the  
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 hand, at the **LOWEST CASH PRICES, WHOLESALE**  
**and RETAIL,** and to which the attention of the pub-  
 lic generally is respectfully invited.

# METROPOLITAN HOTEL,

(LATE RASSETTE HOUSE,)

Southwest corner Bush and Sansome Sts., San Francisco.

This popular and well established Hotel still continues to enjoy the patronage of the public, for which the proprietors beg most respectfully to return their grateful acknowledgments, and avail themselves of this opportunity to assure their patrons that no effort shall be spared on their part to maintain the enviable reputation of the Metropolitan as a first-class house.

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The METROPOLITAN has elegantly furnished suites of rooms, with one or more bedrooms attached to parlors, and admirably adapted to the wants of families.

The METROPOLITAN Dining-room has twenty separate tables, where families and friends can enjoy at meals the social quiet of home.

For general cleanliness, luxurious and well-cooked food, attentive and orderly servants, the METROPOLITAN has no superior.

The METROPOLITAN is furnished throughout with Collins & Co.'s Luxurious and justly Celebrated Premium Spring Mattresses, which insure the most refreshing sleep.

The METROPOLITAN COACH will always be at the landing upon the arrival of Steamers, to carry passengers to the Hotel.

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