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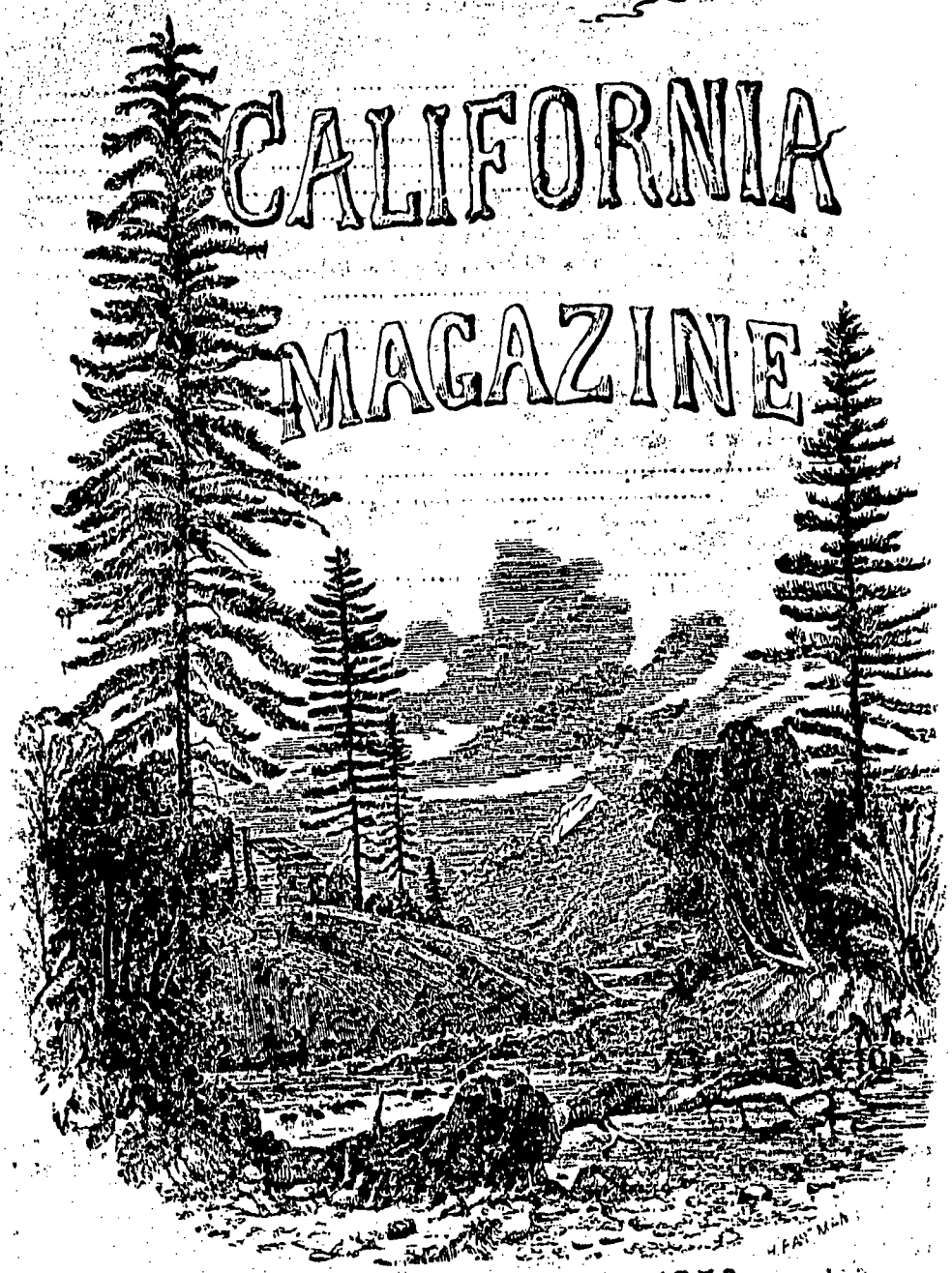
HUTCHINGS'

CALIFORNIA MAGAZINE



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HUTCHINGS'

CALIFORNIA MAGAZINE.

VOL. III. APRIL, 1859. No. 10.

SCENES AMONG THE INDIANS OF CALIFORNIA.

THE BARGAIN.

Almost every Californian, who has passed the precincts of any commercial city of the State, is more or less familiar with the manners, habits, customs, and peculiarities of the California Indians, especially in particular sections; but as these differ in form and character, among the different groups of tribes, even in districts adjoining each other, we may, perhaps, present several interesting facts, which, although known by some, are not known by others; and which, in either case, will be at once recognized as faithful pictures of Indian life around us.

As these Indians are simply men and women, and without doubt the lowest in morality and intellectual ability on this continent, the generous reader, however philanthropical in his intentions and benevolent in his wishes, must not expect us to paint them as heroes, or portray them as angels, for they are neither. Yet, without the prejudice arising from an unfavorable first impression and confirmed by the observation of years, we shall endeavor to be just; allowing the reader to be the judge, when we have finished our task.

According to the report of Col. T. J. Henley, Superintendent of Indian affairs for California, from the most reliable information that could be obtained, the number of Indians in the various counties of the State is as follows: in San Diego and San Bernardino, 8,000; in Los Angeles, Santa Barbara, San Luis Obispo, Monterey, Santa Clara, and Santa Cruz, 2,000; in Tulare and Mariposa, 2,500; in Tuolumne, Calaveras, San Joaquin, Alameda, and Contra Costa, 4,100; in Sacramento, El Dorado, and Placer, 3,500; in Sutter, Yuba, Nevada, and Sierra, 3,500; in Butte, Shasta, and Siskiyou, 5,500; in Klamath, Humboldt, and Trinity, 6,500; in Mendocino, Colusi, Yolo, Napa, Sonoma, and Marin, 15,000. In addition to those mentioned, the number of Indians collected and now residing upon the Reservations, is: Klamath, 2,500; Nome Lackee, 2,000; Mendocino, 500; Fresno, 900; Tejon, 700; Nome Cult Valley, (attached to Nome Lackee,) 3,000; King's River, (attached to Fresno,) 400. Making the total number of Indians in California, about 60,600.

By those who are the best informed concerning them, an opinion has been expressed that, since the discovery of gold, the Indians in this State have been almost decimated; as, unfortunately, they have cultivated all the vices, and become possessed of many of the diseases, without practicing any of the virtues of the whites. Lewdness and liquor have been the destroying angels of the race; and the cause, with but one or two exceptions, of all the Indian wars that have been known here. We speak not at random, however much it is to be deplored, for we have the facts before us.

With all their failings, it cannot be denied that the California Indians are an interesting people. Their appearance, even, next to the feeling of pity or disgust, is provocative of mirth. Who, for instance, can meet an Indian in the public street, or by the way-side, habited as he generally is in the cast-off garments of the whites, without a smile of mirth imperceptibly stealing across the countenance. Perhaps his brawny and chocolate colored body is covered with a solitary white shirt, (or chemise, as they are not very particular); and his matted and heavy black hair is surmounted by a somewhat dilapidated though fashionably built hat; these two articles constituting his "full dress." Clad in a greasy old silk dress, or dirty cotton gown, by his side walks his squaw—an equally interesting object with himself—to whose face and arms soap and water appear to have long been alienated. Then, to "cap the climax" of the picture, a youthful scion of the pair, who is a subject of equal

cleanliness with his mother, and dressed like his father—minus the hat and shirt—carries a miniature bow and arrows. Who that can witness such a sight, even though they pity, and resist a smile?

The amount of comfort the males are capable of enduring, very naturally allows the females the opportunity of performing all the labor of the camp, field, or foraging excursions, or of its going unperformed; for although their liege lords may be by their side, or within call, their natural gallantry is no obstacle whatever to such an arrangement being perfectly satisfactory; and in case of refusal on her part, the commencement of warlike demonstrations on his, is generally productive of acquiescence. This, however, is not always the case, as the following narrative will show:

One bright May morning, when on a visit to Placerville, El Dorado county, an old friend enquired if we would not like to witness an Indian mourning scene. Of course the reply was in the affirmative, and in a few minutes we were on the ground. As we drew near the spot, we could hear the mournful wailing cry, as it rose upon the air. Groups of Indians were scattered around, some sitting, others walking, and one party of females were engaged in cooking.

In an inclosure, formed of bushes on one side and the rude habitations of the Indians on the other, were from forty to fifty men and women. Here, three or four were sitting in a group; there, a similar number were standing up or moving about, with arms held up, now on this side, and now on that, and sometimes stamping with their feet; the faces of nearly all were hideously painted (black); but as the paint was mixed with water, when a tear rolled down, it left a lighter streak behind. All were wailing and weeping, because sickness and death were desolating their tribes, and making their camp-fires sorrowful and lonely. It was an affecting and melancholy scene. Outside, dogs were snarling and fighting and Indian children unconsciously at play.

While these things were going on, the arrival of three Newtown Indians—each armed with an old musket or rifle, and one of them carrying a bottle of whiskey in his hand, from which numerous drinks were taken from time to time—created an unusual stir in camp. This event, while it illustrates some traits of Indian

AN INDIAN WOMAN CARRYING ACORNS TO CAMP.

character, brings us to the *denouement* of our narrative.

The ringleader of the three, we afterwards learned, had obtained his wife from this tribe; but, as he had frequently beaten and abused her, she had lately sought the protection of her tribe, much to the annoyance of her spouse, who, after some explanation, had been allowed

AN INDIAN BINDING THE CORPSE FOR BURNING OR BURIAL.

on all former occasions to depart with her. This time, however, as the beating had been excessive, she refused to return with him; and as her relatives had declined to interfere in the matter, and moreover had intimated their determination to resist any attempt on his part to force a compliance, in a fit of drunken madness he had paid this visit to demand his squaw, and to threaten that, if not given up quietly, he would take her by force.

Taunting and threatening words were fearlessly used on both sides, followed by the breaking up of the mourning group, and the movement from camp of all the women and children; and as the leader of the Newtown Indians grew more and more excited, cocking and uncocking his rifle while walking to and fro, matters began to grow serious; and before we were fully aware of it, the sudden discharge of a gun, and the falling of the brother of the woman, fatally wounded, announced that the work of death had begun.

In order to see the fight, and yet be in a place of safety, we ran for a large pine tree; but, in our eager curiosity to watch the progress of events, we entirely forgot to seek its protection by getting behind it. Fortunately, the showers of arrows and musket balls, that followed the retreating footsteps of the aggressors, passed by us, and we escaped uninjured. Not so the Newtown Indian; who, the moment his death-dealing weapon was discharged, had thrown it down, and ran for his life; but, with his back and side almost covered with the arrows of his pursuers, he fell to rise no more. The first and last cause of this tragedy was whisky—sold to the Indians, against all law, by———whites! Heaven save the mark.

After a number of the arrows had been removed from the corpse of the slain—some of which had entered about eight inches—we returned to the encampment, and such a sight of blood and mourning and dirty faces our eyes saw never. Women were bathing the wounds of the dying man; his mother stood wailing at the entrance to his hut; while his wives

were seeking to soothe him with their affectionate caresses, and praises of his goodness and kindness. Just as evening threw its shadowy mantle on the hill-tops around the village, the loud, discordant wail that arose from the sorrowful mourners told us that he was dead, and that he too had entered the spirit-land of his fathers.

As the Newtown Indians had sent out scouts to watch the issue of this proceeding, and as these had doubtless returned and given a report of the death of one of their tribe, an attack of revenge was expected; and, to prevent a surprise, runners were sent out in every direction, and upon every prominent hill watchers were stationed. Although this was continued day and night for nearly a week, the enemy did not make his appearance.

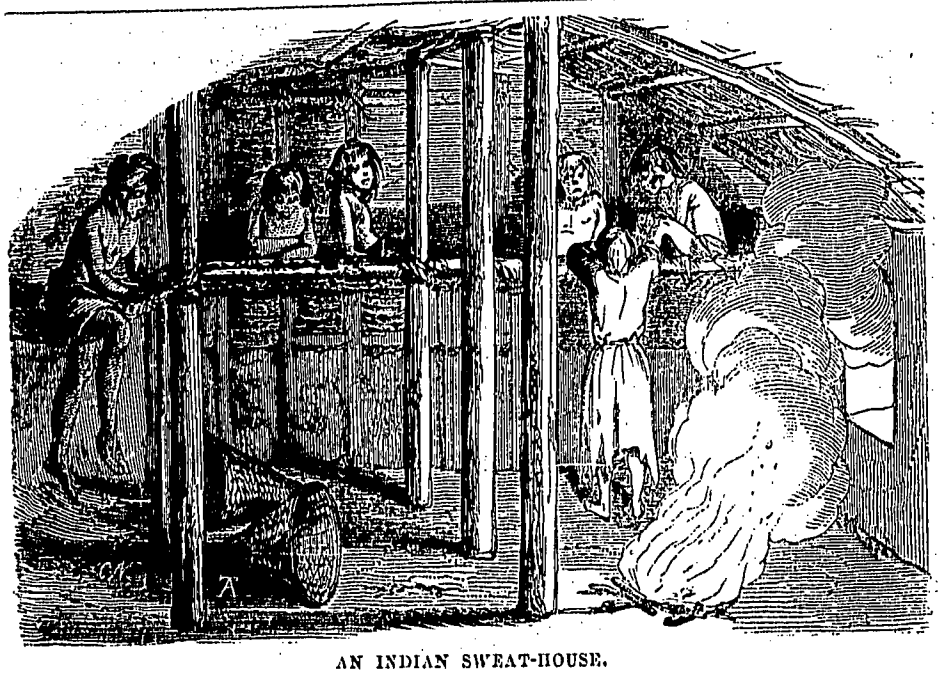
When an Indian is known to be near his departure to the spirit-land, his head is generally pillowed in the lap of one of the nearest and dearest of his relatives, while those who stand around him almost invariably chant, in a low, monotonous tone, the virtues of the dying; and with this soothing lullaby he falls asleep in death. As soon as his heart has ceased to beat, the sad news of his demise is conveyed to all his relatives, both far and near; and the low chant is changed to loud and mournful wailings, while those who are near beat upon their chests with their clenched fists, and with tearful eyes fixed upwards, they apostrophize the spirit of the departed.

AN INDIAN WOMAN PANNING OUT GOLD.

It is a singular fact, that although in some districts of the State, some Indians burn and others bury their dead, all prepare them for final disposition in the same manner, which is as follows:—A blanket being spread upon the ground, the corpse is laid upon it; when a brother, or some other relative, after folding the limbs upon the chest, with the knees towards the chin, proceeds to bind the body and limbs together as tightly as it is possible so to do. It is then wrapped in the blanket and placed upon the earth, with its face upwards and exposed. All this time the wild howling and wailing continues, until the body is ready; then for about twenty minutes or half an hour, the mourning ceases, and not a sound intrudes upon the stillness and rude solemnity of the scene. At a given signal all rise simultaneously—the women to renew their wailing, and the men to build a funeral pyre, or to prepare a grave.

If the corpse is about to be burned, when the fuel is about two feet in height, every sound again ceases, and, amid a death-like stillness, the men place the body upon the pyre. This being done, additional wood is piled upon it, until all but the face is completely covered. Slowly and solemnly the oldest and nearest relative advances with torch in hand, and sets the wood on fire.

As soon as the first curling cloud of smoke is seen to ascend, the discordant howling of the women becomes almost



AN INDIAN SWEAT-HOUSE.

appalling; while the men in some instances stand in sullen and unbroken silence, and in others join their notes of woe to those of the devoted women. All the relatives who are nearest and dearest to the consuming dead, with long sticks in their hands, commence a frantic dance around the burning body, occasionally turning it over and stirring it up, that it may consume the more speedily.

The motive which impels them to this, is their belief in a vast and pleasant camping ground situated in some beautiful country in the direction of the setting sun, where they again meet their relatives and friends, and live in perpetual ease and plenty together. This camping ground, they believe, is presided over and governed by a chief of great power and goodness, and about whom they need give themselves no uneasiness whatever. They also believe in an evil spirit, who is capable of doing them any amount of injury, and who is constantly upon the look-out to give them all the trouble he possibly can, and eventually to keep them away from this pleasant camping place and the society of their friends; him they think it worth their while to conciliate or cheat, according to circumstances; and as they believe also that the heart is the immortal part, and that he is seeking to make it a prisoner, by noises and motions they try to attract his attention while the body is burning, as it is at that season the heart leaps out; and, if his attention is attracted and drawn off by their manouverings, the heart makes its escape and is eternally safe. This is the reason for the hideous noises and waving of cloths practiced during the process of burning.

Those Indians who burn their dead, believe that the evil one keeps perpetual guard over the graves of those who are buried, and when the heart would escape it is secured, and perpetually employed in giving sickness and ill luck, and other annoyances to their living relatives, out of revenge for their indifference and neglect of their future welfare.

After the body is nearly consumed, the blackened remains are taken from the fire and rolled in a cloth and blanket, to cool it a little, when his wives separate the remaining and unconsumed portions

of the body, and around each piece wind a long string of beads. Every particle is then carefully placed in a basket that has been beautifully beaded and worked for such an occasion, with any other valuables that have been reserved. This being done, and the fire rebuilt, the basket and its contents are placed upon it; and while that is being consumed, cloths, blankets, dresses, beads, arrows, knives, pocket-handkerchiefs, and everything else that has been touched by the dead body, are added to the flames. When these are burned, every unconsumed log is carefully scraped, all the ashes swept together, and the whole, with the exception of a small portion reserved for mourning, are placed in another basket, and then buried.

AN INDIAN WOMAN GATHERING ACORNS.

The reserved ashes after being mixed with pitch obtained from pine trees, is spread over the faces of the female relatives as a badge of mourning, and which, although very hideous to our sight, is sacred to theirs, is allowed to remain until it wears off, which is generally about six months.

Most of those Indians who bury their dead, although their belief in the future is similar to that of the others, have but one anxiety, and that is to put them in the ground before the coyotes cry at night, and then the heart is safe. These generally build a fire upon the grave.

All of the Indians, we believe without exception, cast the personal property of the deceased, as well as presents of their own, into the grave, that he may want nothing when he joins his friends in the great camping-ground out west.

Several tribes hold the belief that after Indians die they lie three days in the ground and then go upward and become stars. Chiefs become "big" stars. They than go westward to the general camping ground.

If a woman dies while becoming a mother, the child, whether living or dead, is buried with its mother. When a child dies, it is completely enveloped in beads before it is buried, that it may have plenty of ornaments to play with and amuse itself in the other world.

In violent pains, of all kinds, they scarify and suck the place. A "doctor" will sometimes put a straw, or two or three grains of barley, or a small stone, into his mouth, and make the patient

believe such to have been the cause of his suffering, and which he has been fortunate enough to remove. An Indian of fine stature and good disposition, who made his home with Judge Ward, in Indian Valley, Plumas county, had the misfortune to fall from a horse, and was taken up senseless. Four young Indian women immediately opened a vein in his temples and sucked out the blood until he recovered sufficiently to be removed from the house to their camp; where they tended him with the greatest care and kindness until he was convalescent, and again able to resume his usual duties about the farm.

For the cure of fevers, the Indians who live in the valleys generally enter an underground building, called the "sweat-house," constructed for the purpose, the roof of which is supported by posts, is covered with earth, and is generally water tight. A hole at the side forms the double convenience of a door and a chimney. A fire is made in the centre, or on the side nearest the patient, who reclines in a state of nudity on a shelf or bunk at the side until he is in a profuse perspiration, when he immediately leaves his underground steam-bath, and plunges into the river. This will generally cure him. If it does not, he repeats the experiment. This building is also used for the purpose of visiting in during the cold and wet days of winter.

Many of the Indians in the northern part of the State use the seed of clover grown in swampy places, as an antidote to poison oak. The "ring-worm" is cured by placing the milk of the poison oak in a circle round the affected part. But our knowledge of the practice of medicine among the Indians is exceedingly limited; and whether this arises from a neglect to enquire, or a contempt for the art; or a reluctance on their part to divulge "professional secrets," we are unable to determine.

The profession of "doctor" among them is very popular, and although their knowledge of Indian Medical science is exceedingly limited when compared with that of any of the tribes east of the rocky mountains, they sometimes perform a

INDIANS COOKING, IN FRONT OF THEIR HUTS.

AN INDIAN WOMAN GRINDING ACORNS AND SEEDS.

few simple cures, and, on this account, are looked up to with considerable respect. In their charges they are very exorbitant, and as they are able to live on the fat of the land (of Diggerdom) and the life they lead is exceedingly easy; their young men are as anxious to become members of "the faculty" as our young dependent-spirited "bloods" are to become politicians.

Before the influx of the whites the Indians lived principally on acorns, roots, weed and flower seeds, clover, gnats, wild greens, sap of the white pine, mushrooms, grasshoppers, rabbits, rats, squirrels, fish, and sometimes antelope or deer; or anything else that could be easily obtained; but since the discovery of gold they will linger around cabins and slaughter houses for any refuse they can find; although they manifest no objections whatever to a well cooked meal of vegetables and meat, or any scraps they can collect from the white man's table.

As before alluded to, the women do the work; the men the eating, grumbling, and sleeping.—When a winter store of acorns is to be provided, all the women and children are sent out among the oak trees, to gather them.

A large cone-shaped basket is carried at the back by means of a band that extends across the forehead from the sides of the basket; into this they are thrown as they are picked up. They are then taken to camp and spread upon the ground to be dried by the sun; after which they are tied in cloths and stored in huts or trees,* or are ground for present use.

Seeds, next to acorns are the greatest staple they can command for winter consumption. To obtain these the women and children go into the valleys and woods and beat them into their capacious mouthed baskets, with a bush; and after taking them to camp, dry them in the same manner as the acorns; and then clean them by tossing them up from a flattish shaped basket, at the same time blowing out the chaff and dust, if the breeze is not strong enough to do it for them.

Clover forms a favorite repast in early spring, when it is young, and as this grows in great plenty by every little stream, an abundance is easily obtained. The same may be said of grass and various kinds of salads and greens.

Roots of various kinds are much prized, and which are generally dug with a pointed stick, and eaten raw like the others. From this employment, we presume, originated the name of Digger Indians.

*The storing of acorns in trees is now almost abandoned on account of their destruction and waste, from sheer wantonness, by thoughtless or unprincipled whites.

Grasshoppers are a great luxury, and are used as meat, and eaten in various ways. Sometimes they are caught, threaded on a string, hung over a fire until they are slightly toasted, and then eaten from the string. At others, the grass is set on fire, which both disables and cooks them, when they are picked up and eaten, or laid aside for future use. The most popular method of providing these, however, and which we have seen most frequently, is, in first digging a hole deep enough to prevent their jumping out; after which a circle is formed of Indians both old and young, and male and female, who with a bush in each hand, beat from side to side, now with the right then with the left, when the insects keep jumping toward the hole, into which they fall and are there caught. They are then gathered into a sack and saturated with salt water. A trench is then dug, and in it a fire is built, after which the ashes are cleaned out, and the grasshoppers put in, and then covered with hot rocks and earth until they are cooked. They are then taken out and eaten, in the same manner as we eat shrimps; or put away to mix with acorn or seed meal, after being ground into a pasta.

Acorns, berries and seeds of all kinds, are reduced to flour by the women, who sit upon a flattish rock and with an oblong stone weighing from six to ten pounds, grind it to powder by repeated blows.

Their process of boiling the flour thus ground, is very primitive. Bowl-shaped and water-tight baskets, holding from two to four pecks, are nearly filled with water, into which the flour or meal is stirred to make it of the consistence needed; when rocks, that have previously been heated until they are nearly red, are immersed, and the water boils. When the mush is sufficiently cooked, it is poured into smaller baskets to cool, from whence it is eaten with the two forefingers. Rabbits, rats, squirrels, with other meats, and fish, are either boiled in a similar manner, or broiled upon a stick.

Antelope and deer are generally surrounded on a rainy day, and driven into a swampy place, where they mire, and are then taken.

Hunting is too active an employment to square with their ideas of ease and comfort, and consequently is not very vigorously followed. If a deer is killed with bow and arrow, or even with an old shot gun or musket, as they have such now, it is not from any systematic purpose or plan of hunting, but simply by accident.

In the spring season, a grand fandango is given, to which all the tribes that are friendly to each other, or to which they are related by intermarriage, are invited, and which not only answers the usual purpose of such a gathering, but is about the same as a prayer meeting for plenty of all kinds of food.

To the casual observer, a fandango is a wild, careless, free-and-easy dancing and feasting party, and nothing more. To the Indians it is a friendly gathering together of the remnants of their race for the purpose of perpetuating and cementing the bonds of union more closely between each other and the various tribes around; and at the same time to transmit from generation to generation the great deeds and noble actions of their forefathers. According to our estimate of the latter named virtues, this exercise might be conducted with great brevity; but, if they can ennoble and elevate each other, by telling of some kind action, however small it might have seemed in our eyes, let us not despise it. Any particular tribe wishing to have a fandango sends messengers to all the chiefs of the surrounding tribes, to whom they give the invitation and a bundle of reeds, or sticks, to indicate the number of days to elapse before it takes place; sometimes notches are cut in a stick, or knots are tied in a string, for that purpose. Then

THE ATTACK.

the tribe giving the invitation proceeds to select a suitable spot on which to hold the fandango; the one that is most shady and pleasant, and nearest to good water and plenty of firewood, is preferred.

Extensive preparations are immediately commenced. Rabbits are snared, fish are caught, acorns are ground, panola provided, roots are dug and washed, grasshoppers taken and dried, and large pieces of firewood gathered, besides beef, flour, and other luxuries obtained from white men, in readiness for the day. It must not be supposed that the tribe giving the invitation provides everything for the occasion; by no means, as every one who attends takes something to make up the variety and quantity of the general table.

At such seasons, both male and female dress themselves according to their most extravagant notions of paint and feathers. Several weeks are frequently consumed in making head-dresses and other ornaments, of feathers, shells, and beads, in which the top-knots of quails, and scalps of the red and black headed California woodpecker, show to great advantage. These and numerous other ornaments of considerable value are prepared, and perhaps not used more than once before they become a portion of the offerings to the dead.

When the day arrives, groups of Indians may be seen wending their way to the festive scene; and, as many have to travel fifteen or twenty miles, the whole day is consumed in assembling together and conversing in groups on little family matters.

In the evening, when all are assembled, the "band," (which consists of about a dozen men, with reed whistles, and wooden castanets with which they beat time,) begins a monotonous "*few-few*" with their whistles; while the dancers follow their leader with the castanets, and keep time in a perpetual "*hi hah! hi hah!*" until they are out of breath, when they take their seats, to listen to a speech from their greatest chief or patriarch, in which he recounts the heroic

deeds of their noble warrior ancestors!

About thirty-five or forty are dancers for the evening, while the others sit down and look on, and sometimes break into a loud laugh at some mishap or mistake of a dancer.

When the first dance is over, the feast commences, and justice is certainly done the eatables provided. It is a scene that is rich with gluttony and drollery; and once seen, the remembrance is never obliterated from the memory. The feast concluded, the dancing is renewed, and continued until morning, when they finish the provisions that were left over at supper-time, and retire to rest beneath the shelter of a tree.

These dancing parties are frequently continued for several days, and, (as at others more fashionable) many a Digger youth falls irretrievably in love with some fair (!) Digger maiden.

This being properly understood by the parties most interested, the fortunate lover gathers together such property as he possesses, and repairs to her father to strike the bargain. The old man looks surprised, hesitates, looks at the candidate for his daughter's hand, then at the amount of goods that is brought him as an equivalent for his child. The question being argued, (of course eloquently,) if the match is considered a good one, the old man's thoughtful face relaxes into a smile, the property is exchanged, he tells him to make her a good husband, and the union is complete.

With some of the tribes, when an Indian wishes to marry, the female runs and hides herself; and, if the male succeeds in finding her within a given time, they live together.

There seems to be no formal marriage ceremony among the California Indians. The wife being looked upon as a species of slave property, a trade is made and they unceremoniously live together.

Frequently when a man is hunting for a wife he plays upon a small reed whistle; and as the women understand it, he is invited to tarry for a talk, or allowed to pass on according to the estimate in which he is held by those he may visit for the purpose.

They frequently gamble away their wives just as they do any other kind of property.

Quite often a given number of Indian men agree to fight for a certain number of Indian women, on which occasion each party puts up equally. As soon as either party is victorious, the women, who have been awaiting the chances of this kind of war, arise, and go with the victors, apparently satisfied with the result.

To obtain women is a frequent and only cause of war among them. When any particular tribe runs short of squaws, it unceremoniously steals some from an adjoining tribe, which on the first favorable occasion returns the compliment—sometimes with considerable interest.

Polygamy is common. Some of the chiefs have from four to seven wives. As among the Mormons this is regulated by their ability to support them. Many of the "undistinguished diggers" have from three to five wives.

Before concluding this article we wish (with all their imperfections and obstacles, and they are many) to give our testimony in favor of the Reservations established by government to teach the Indian race the arts of agriculture, and the principles of self reliance. They are doing much to ameliorate the condition of the race, and in staying the sweeping hand of annihilation. But while we accord thus much to the system, we enter our protest to the promiscuous and libidinous intercourse allowed at these reservations by those placed in charge. In our opinion, founded upon observation, no officer should be appointed, no white man employed who has not a wife to accompany him there; and who could have as eleva-

AN INDIAN FANDANGO AT NIGHT.

ting an influence with the females as the husband has with the males.

We would also suggest the desirability of teaching the mechanic arts, in all its various branches, to the men; and of giving some suitable and acceptable employment to the women. Active employment being as great a civilizer among men as any code of morals ever promulgated.

THE SAILOR'S DEATH.

BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

"Homeward bound" a swift-winged vessel
Sped upon her joyous way:—
One amid a group of gladness
On a death-bed helpless lay.
Dimly rose the distant mountains
Gladdening every sailor's eye!
"Shipmates! let me see the landmarks,
Raise me up before I die."

"I have lived a life of peril
Battling tempest, storm and gale,
I have mocked at death and danger
When the bravest men grew pale!
I have lived upon the ocean,
Let my grave be in the sea,
Let no earth clods press my bosom,
Let no coffin fetter me."

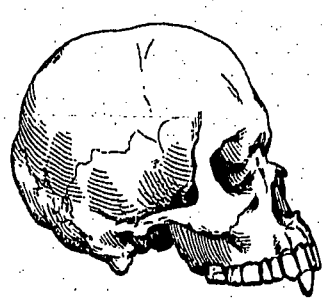
Night had settled on the ocean,
Thunders pealed in solemn tone!
Nearer, from the clouds of blackness
Came the muttering tempest's moan.
Upright rose the ghastly sailor,
As the lightnings lit the sky,
In a desperate death struggle,
Wildness in his glaring eye.

"Shipmates!" curses rest upon ye,"—
Fiercely shook his bony hand,
"I will haunt your dying moments
If ye bury me on land."
Morning broke—the smiling hill-slopes
Spread like paintings to their view,
But the sailors sank their shipmate
In the waters deep and blue.

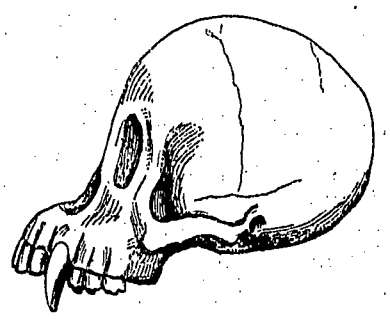
MISCELLANEOUS NOTES ON MATTERS OF SCIENCE.

BY JOHN S. HITTELL.

The engravings on the opposite page represent the skulls of a man and of an orang-outang. The human skull is now in the collection of the Academy of Sciences of this city, and formerly belonged to a cannibal of New Caledonia, whence it was brought to this city by a Frenchman who gave it to Dr. Pigne Dupuytren, and he gave it to the Academy. The peculiarity of the skull is that it has two tusks similar to those found in the heads of monkeys and carnivorous quadrupeds. Cuvier, speaking of the monkey, says: "Their canine teeth, being longer than the rest, supply them with a weapon which man does not possess." That great naturalist was not aware that men ever have tusks, nor is the fact recognised, so far as I am aware, by any scientific work of authority. The question arises, are the tusks of this skull genuine? On inquiry, I found that the Frenchman who brought the skull to this city, had lived in New Caledonia among the savages and has gone back thither to reassume the savage mode of life among them. Dr. P. thinks his statements are true. Dr. Trask, custodian of the collection of the Academy, says that when this skull was first given to him a number of the front teeth were loose and repeatedly fell out, among them the two tusks, and to preserve them he fastened them in with wax where he supposed them to belong. It is not very strange that a man should have tusks, like a beast, but it would be still stranger if the tusks should be in the places where these tusks are now placed—that is, in the place of the outer incisors. The canine teeth are the tusks in all the monkeys and carnivorous quadrupeds, and between them are four short incisors, whereas in this skull there are



Skull and Upper Teeth of a Feejee Cannibal.



Skull and Upper Teeth of an Orang Outang.

but two short incisors between the tusks. If a man should have tusks, they would be in his canine teeth, which always bear a resemblance in form to the tusks of the lower animals. The Frenchman, (whose name I have not been able to learn) says that it is not uncommon for the cannibals of New Caledonia to have these tusks.

If the statement be confirmed, it will furnish another evidence of the near relationship between man and the brutish animals. Perhaps it might be pressed into service by the advocates of the "development theory." Another point might, perhaps, be made for that theory in regard to the fact that most, and perhaps all, of those sounds of our language which Caucasian children cannot readily pronounce, are also stumbling blocks to the red and yellow races. Among these sounds are those of F, V, and R, which are troublesome both to white children and yellow men. Few Chinamen can say "very," they usually make it "welly;" an American they call a "melikan man," and so on. I attempted once to teach a cottonwood Indian, in Shasta county, to say "fire," but "piway" was the nearest approach he could make to it.

Cuvier, in his work on the animal kingdom, says of man, "but one child is usually produced at a birth, as in five hundred cases of parturition there is but one of twins; more than this is extremely rare." He does not state where the observations, from which deduction is made, were taken, and no doubt it was correct in regard to France in his time; but it would not apply to California now. My impression is, that there is at least one pair of twins in every hundred cases of parturition in this State; yet we have no official or complete records by which to learn the exact truth. It might be expected, however, that twins would be most numerous where the people generally have the most generous diet, get the most of the sunlight, and are not worn down by excessive toil; and by this rule California is entitled to considerably more than the common measure of them. It is said by some physicians that the average weight of children at birth is greater here than in any other country.

Could not carbonic acid gas be used to prevent fermentation and putrefaction? Fermentation begins with the absorption of oxygen, and if the latter can be kept away the former will be prevented. Carbonic acid gas contains oxygen, but would probably not part with it to fermentable substances; at least, it will not part with it to animal lungs nor to fire; for carbonic acid gas, though rich in the material which sustains life and flame, kills both rather than part with it. Would a fermentable substance have a stronger power to decompose carbonic acid gas than fire has? The question is worthy of investigation. Perhaps most fermentable substances—take a piece of fresh meat, for instance, or an apple—have enough free oxygen in them to start fermenta-

tion; but it is not proved. It appears to me not improbable to suppose that by the use of carbonic acid gas, fresh meats for market might be preserved in close chambers, and naturalist's specimens in bottles, much better than by any means now in use. The only method of settling the question, of course, is by experiment, which I have not the conveniences for making.

THE HUMBOLDT DESERT.

BY YELLOW BIRD. (JOHN R. RIDGE.)

Who journeys o'er the desert now,
Where sinks engulphed the Humboldt [river,
Arrested sudden in its flow,
But pouring in that depth forever,

As if the famished earth would drink
Adry the tributes of the mountains,
Yet wither on the water's brink
And thirst for still unnumbered fountains;

Who journeys o'er that desert now
Shall see strange sights, I ween, and ghastly;
For he shall trace, awearied, slow,
Across this waste extended vastly,

The steps of pilgrims westward bound—
Bound westward to the Land Pacific,
Where hoped for rest and peace are found,
And Plenty waves her wand prolific.

Along this parched and dreary track
Nor leaf, nor blade, nor shrub appeareth;
The sky above doth moisture lack,
And brazen glare the vision scareth;

Nor shadow, save the traveler's own,
Doth bless with coolness seeming only,
And, save his muffled step alone
Or desert-bird's wild shriek and lonely,

No sound is heard:—a realm of blight,
Of weird-like silence and a brightness
That maketh but a gloom of light,
Where glimmer shapes of spectral whiteness!

They are the bones that bleaching lie
Where fell the wearied beast o'er-driven,
And upward cast his dying eye,
As if in dumb appeal to Heaven.

For lengthening miles on miles they lie,
These sad memorials grim and hoary,
And every whitening heap we spy
Doth tell some way-worn pilgrim's story.

Hard by each skeleton there stand
The wheels it drew, or warped or shrunken,
And in the drifted, yielding sand
The yoke or rusted chain lies sunken.

Nor marvel we, if yonder peers,
From out some scooped-out grave and shallow,
A human head, which fleshless leers
With look that doth the place unhallow.

Each annual pilgrimage hath strewn
These monuments unnamed, undated,
Till now, were bone but piled on bone,
And heaped up wrecks but congregated,

A pyrimid would rise as vast
As one of those old tombs Egyptian,
Which speak from distant ages past
With time-worn, mystic, strange inscription.

But pass we these grim, mouldering things,
Decay shall claim as Time may order,
For, offspring of the mountain springs,
A river rims the desert's border!

With margin green and beautiful,
And sparkling waters silver-sounding,
And trees with zephyrs musical, [ing,
And answering birds with songs abound-

And velvet flowers of thousand scents,
And clambering vines with blossoms crested;
Twas here the pilgrims pitched their tents,
And from their toilsome travel rested.

Oh sweet such rest to him who faints
Upon the journey long and weary!
And scenes like this the traveler paints
While dying on the wayside dreary.

Sad pilgrims o'er life's desert *we*,
Our tedious journey onward ever,
But rest for us there yet shall be,
When camped upon the HEAVENLY RIVER.

PERSIA PAST AND PRESENT.

BY W. A. SCOTT, D. D.

"And see—the Sun himself!—on wings
Of glory up the East he springs
Angel of light!
Where are the days, thou wondrous sphere,
When IRAN, like a sun-flower, turned
To meet that eye where'er it burned?
When, from the banks of BENDEMEER
To the nut-groves of Samarcand,
Thy temples flam'd o'er all the land?
Where are they? ask the shades of them
Who, on CADESSIA's bloody plains,
Saw fierce invaders pluck the gem
From IRAN's broken diadem.—LALLA ROOKH.

THE wars of Persia with Greece, the lives of Oriental princes, and tales and illustrations of the manners of the East a long time ago, are a part of the early studies of our boyhood, and a never failing source of amusement to an enlightened mind, through all the periods of life down to old age. Even the loftiest strains of poetry in our holy prophetical books—the noblest outpourings of Hebrew song are about the people who lived on the Tigris and the Euphrates more than two thousand years ago. And even now it is found, after centuries for research and examination, and after the wonderful discoveries of Botta, Layard, Rawlinson and others, that the Hebrew Scriptures are the best guide to the East—that the minutest allusions in the Bible to the habits of the people of Bible lands are so correct, and that even the details of their wars and religions, and customs, given by the father of profane history, are so accurately told, that the history of the inhabitants of those countries in the present day, written from actual observation, varies in but few things from that of Herodotus.

In our day, the long sleep of Oriental literature is broken—never again to be resumed. Its untombed records have assumed a place, in historic value, above the classic glory of Greece and Rome. The scholar, the antiquarian, and the interpreter of ancient records, have vast treasures of priceless worth now opened to them that were hidden for ages. The fall of Constantinople somewhat retarded Oriental studies by the consequent revival of Greek learning, which was followed by the invention of printing in the West. The tendency of the attention given to Greek literature, and of printing, was to lay aside the learning of the East as fabulous, or valueless. But, for the last three centuries, European travelers and scholars have been diligent in those researches that have so happily resulted in our present attainments.

As we are desirous of becoming acquainted with some of the most remarkable personages, and some of the most extraordinary events of ancient Persia, a brief reference to its legendary history seems necessary to enable us to form something like a correct opinion concerning its institutions. All men of letters have admired her poets, *Jami*, *Hafiz*, *Saadi* and *Firdusi*; but Persia has been admired for something more than her poets. Alexander the Great intensely coveted her dominions, not so much because she was the favorite country of the imagination, as because she was wealthy and powerful. The legends of the golden egg, and like fancies, do not solve the great question, why Alexander marched his armies across her territory. Was it then to revenge Greece for Persian invasions before his day? or was it merely to imitate the exploits of Achilles, whom he greatly admired, and whose history he diligently studied? No. I believe his was a nobler ambition—an ambition as justifiable as that which inspired Napoleon, when he invaded Egypt and dreamed of an Oriental empire—an ambition in every way as justifiable as that of the English in the conquest of India, or of China—the very same in substance that now moves all the great powers of Europe, and the United States, to seek an extension of their influence over the

populous regions of the East, namely: to carry European, that is, as it was called in Alexander's day, *Greek enterprise* into Asia, and thereby awaken its decaying kingdoms, and stimulate them to trade and civilization. No doubt he wished, at the same time he was thus arousing them, to make them develop the riches of their country, and doubtless, also, he was quite willing, as conqueror, to take the lion's share, but in as honorable a way as is practiced in our day. That such views were entertained by him is proven from his enlarged ideas of trade, and his building of cities and highways of travel and commerce.

These remarks are made, not for the purpose of indorsing the wars of Alexander the Great, but because it seems to me, justice has rarely been done to his genius and policy. Many cities were founded by him, and the clearness of his foresight and the soundness of his judgment are seen in their continuance to this day as great seats of trade. And so great is the popularity of his name even in our times, that many of the tribes of the East claimed to be his descendants. He was a Pagan, and did many very wicked things, but in his desire to possess Persia, and to advance into India from the west, he has been often imitated, and has his successors in our day among several Christian crowns. Persia was the scene of some of his greatest exploits. Chinghis-Khan and Timur-lane also led their plundering hosts over the same mountains and plains. Roman Emperors and generals and Moslem Kaliphs were in their day familiar with its cities and fortresses and battle-plains. As in Spain, first civilized by the Phenicians and long possessed by the Moors, we find Pagan, Roman and Eastern customs long obsolete elsewhere, turning up at every step in the cabinet and in the campagne, in the palace and in the house, field and church; so it is in Persia. It is in Persia as much—perhaps more than in any other land, that we find in our day ancient customs preserved with the greatest tenacity—especially such as are referred to in the Bible. The mountain-ranges and rivers and physical features of Persia are now as they were when Alexander conquered her and Xenophon wrote his classic chapters. No canals have been dug, no railroads built, and the posts are inferior to those of Cyrus. And the manners of the people are less changed than in any other oriental nation. The throne of the Shah is shorn indeed of some of the bright beams of the ancient dynasties of Persia, but still it recalls the glory of Cyrus, and the power of Darius and Sapor.

"In Egypt," says "The Modern Traveller," "the intrusive Turk or Mamlouk, the degraded Copt, or the miserable Fellah, are dwarfed beside the gigantic monuments of the past, and hardly appear to belong to a scene where art and nature seem alike eternal and MAN is nothing; in Persia it is the living scene, the faded yet still imposing pageantry, the various tribes, and the diversified traits of human character that chiefly occupy attention, and by these faithful transcripts of the former ages it is that the imagination is transported far back into the past.*

Although Persia, in her earliest ages, seems to have altogether wanted the poet historian, she was not wanting in royal scribes. These secretaries, *Mirzas*, as they are called in modern times, were constantly with their kings—at feasts and councils, and on the field of battle. It was their duty to note down at the time his words, and make a record of his deeds. A similar custom prevailed among most Asiatic nations. The Mogul conquerors had their scribes. The great Hyder Ali used to appear in public surrounded by forty secretaries. Such records doubtless were the chronicles deposited at Babylon, Ecbatana, and Susa. The personal an-

*Vaux's Nineveh and Persepolis.

ecdotes and private conversations preserved by Herodotus, are probably a fair specimen of these records. They were not designed to be a history of the empire, nor of the people, but of the court. Herod, vii. 100, vi. 98; viii. 96, and Ezra, vi. i. Esther, vi. i. We shall have occasion to speak of them again.

The great historic poets of Persia are Mirkhond and Firdusi, and Khondemir, son of Mirkhond. Their memorials of the empire are partly from traditions, and partly from records, and are very valuable as exponents of the inner life—the thoughts, manners and customs, of their forefathers. They tell us that the ancient name of Persia was *Iran*, and that ten tribes were united in composing its first inhabitants. According to Mahomedan writers, the founder of the Pischadian, Dynasty, the first monarch of Persia was Kaiomurs, the son of Yasan Asam, the grandson of Noah. And that he was a long time subject to the Magicians, but at length emancipated himself from their tyranny, by the aid of tigers, panthers and lions. The famous Jamshid, his nephew, succeeded his son Hoshang, who was his immediate successor. The legends concerning Jamshid are numerous and curious. They suit for an epic rather than for a sober history. As a history of Persia, however, beyond Cyrus, we have nothing better than the fabulous annals of Jamshid and his successors. Impenetrable obscurity reigns over the early history of Persia. Most of the early Persian writers have so mixed up their history with tales of griffins, monster giants and fairies, that no sober or reliable account can be gathered from their writings. According to some of them, several of the first kings of the dynasty which they call the Pischadian, reigned from five hundred to one thousand years each. The order of its rise seems to be Iran Turan, and then Assyria, and then a Persian dynasty of the Kaianites, and then Media, under Cyaxeres, and then Persia proper under Cyrus the Great. Xenophon traces the pedigree of Cyrus up to Perses, who gave name to the country. The first name by which Persia is known to us in the Bible is *Elam*, Gen. xiv. 1, which is to be regarded as identical with Kurdistan and Khuzistan. The date of the events spoken of in Genesis is thought by Vaux and others to be contemporary with the beginning of the Assyrian and Babylonian empires. Balh, (Bactra,) the capital of Kaiomurs, is considered in the East as the oldest city on the globe. It is called *Omm-al-belad*, the mother of cities. From the time of Abraham, when Elam was a kingdom, to Isaiah, nothing occurs in sacred history that belongs especially to Persia. Isaiah, however, speaks of the Elamites as a warlike nation, "bearing the quiver," xxii. 6. And this account agrees exactly with what Strabo says of the mountaineers of Elymais. Jeremiah, xlix. 34, 39, foretells the overthrow of Elam and its subsequent recovery, which history records as fulfilled.

The hero of Firdusi is Rustam, but Sir John Malcolm labors with great zeal to show that the *Kai-Khosru* of this poet is Cyrus the Great. This is probably correct; and the poem itself, *Shah Nameh*, is a wonderful illustration of how the fragments of history may be embalmed in poetry. The fragments from which he composed this work were in Pehlvi, and are interspersed with incidents and exploits belonging to the history of China, India and Turan, while there is no allusion to the kings of Assyria, Egypt or Babylon. The traditions of the East say Cyrus' mother was a Jewess, and on that account he was so favorably inclined to that remarkable people. For some four centuries the Romans called the rulers of Persia by the name of Khosrus or Chosroes, that is, Cyrus. The *Kai* occurring so often in the history of ancient Persia,

means *King;* and is succeeded by *Shah* in our day.

The order of the empires that rose on the Tigris and the Euphrates is after this manner: The Assyrian, Chaldean and Medo-Persian, the Greek, Roman and Saracen, which was succeeded by the Persian kingdom of our own day. The Assyrian empire, of which Nineveh was the chief city, was probably founded by Nimrod. It unquestionably goes back to a very early period after the flood. The area of the Persian dominions in Esther's day was the seat of the great empires of Daniel's visions, which, as to time and manner, rose to power and passed away with an astonishing conformity to his predictions.

But little is known of Median history. They are believed to have been an intelligent and wealthy people long previous to the Persian conquest. Their government was despotic, but the etiquette and strictures of their court remarkable. Cyrus the Great, who is to be regarded as the founder of the Persia of history, made Media, by forcible seizure, a part of the Persian empire. His dominions occupied the regions of all the older empires of that part of the globe that had preceded him. The period of our *Hebrew-Persian* Queen is about 500 years before the birth of Christ, and lies between the famous battle of Marathon and the retreat of the ten thousand Greeks; Postumius and Furius being consuls at Rome. The Chaldean monarchy, the lion empire of the Hebrew prophet, has passed away. All comes to pass in its day just as Daniel sees and describes it standing on the banks of the river Ulai (Eulæus of the Greeks). Medes and Persians, Greeks and Romans, take their places in history precisely according to the prophet's assignment, just as if they were pieces played by an invisible master on the Chess-board of the Universe. The two horned ram of Daniel signified the Medo-Persian kingdom. And the proof is complete that Persia was represented at first by a ram. This is seen in ancient coins and from the sculptures on the pillars of Persepolis. Ammianus Marcellinus expressly says that "the King of Persia wore a ram's head of gold, set with precious stones, instead of a diadem." And it is also abundantly in proof, that as Persia was represented by a *ram*, so was Macedonia by a *goat*, and both these symbols agree with Daniel's vision. The story is that the first colony of Macedon were directed to take a goat for a guide and that they were to build a city, wherever the leading goat halted his flock, which they did, and called it Ægeæ, from Ægus, a goat, and hence the people called themselves Ægeadæ, and hence we have the name *Ægean* for the sea that washed their coast. Ancient Macedonian monuments contain this figure, and at Persepolis the subjection of the Macedonians to the Persians in the reign of Amyntas is recorded by representing a Persian as holding a goat by the horn. And in the florentine collection there is a gem with an engraving which was probably made after Alexander's conquest of Asia, representing the Persian *ram* and the Macedonian *goat* united, that is, the two heads are conjoined.

If you visit Khuzistan, a province of the Persia that now is, you will see the kingdom of ancient Susiana. In the first years of Cyrus, this country was governed by his friend and ally, Abradates, but, at his death, it was incorporated with the Persian monarchy. Should you ever travel through it, you will find the northern part of it hilly, while the central portion of it is a great plain, the greater part of which is very fertile, but the southern and eastern part is chiefly a sandy desert, or extensive morasses. The banks of the rivers, in the southern and eastern portions, are capable of cultivation. Rice, indigo, wheat, barley, poppies, dates and

sugar cane are raised. The climate is considered remarkably healthy; so much so, that the inhabitants of the surrounding provinces resort to it when sick, just as the old Roman invalids used to go to Egypt. The winters are mild, and the springs proverbially the delight of the earth. In the summer the heat, however, is so intense that the people spend the day in subterranean chambers, and sleep on the house tops, in the open air, at night. The chief trade of Shuster is in opium, indigo and sugar. Opium is produced here in great quantities from the large and beautiful Oriental poppy. The sugar of the country is very fine, and produced in a considerable quantity. The luxuriance of the sugar cane, and the excellence of the manufactured sugar is so great that the province is said to have its name from its staple commodity. Khuzistan, that is, *sugar country*.

The animals of this country are jackalls and hyenas, which are very numerous, and their nightly howlings a great annoyance. Antelopes and gazelles are numerous, and the winged songsters are the same that are found in southern Europe. Locusts, all sorts of lizards and insects, and venomous reptiles are found in great abundance. This is the country also, of the camel and of the wild ass, the wild boar and the lion. "The wild ass of the wilderness that snuffeth up the wind at her pleasure," is a beautiful creature, and so swift in her native wilds that she can be caught only by relays of horses and dogs.

It is foreign to my present purpose to dwell on the history of Persia from the death of Esther to the defeat of the Persians by the Arabs on "the bloody plains of Cadessia," where Iran's ancient diadem was broken, or to speak of Persia under the Saracens, and of her emancipation from them, and her present dynasty of Shahs. This belongs properly to the general historian and to the political writers of the great Powers of Europe and Asia, who are all struggling to get the ascendancy in Persia, just as heirs intrigue for a dying man's estates. Of the Tartars, the Seljukian Turks, Turkomans, "the white sheep dynasty," of Hassan, Hussien, Gengis-Khan, Nader Shah, "the great Moguls," "the terrible Afghans," Irak, Shiraz, Bagdad and Mosul, and of the fight between the British lion and the Russian bear for the vineyards of the Persian Naboths, I shall say nothing. Sure I am, however, as the poet says, that

> "All regions, revolutions, fortunes, fates
> Of high, of low, of mind and matter, roll
> Through the short channels of expiring time,
> Or shoreless ocean of eternity,
> In absolute subjection"———

to the mandate of Him who setteth up one and casteth down another, and doeth his will on earth and in the armies of heaven.

Happy then that people whose God is the Lord. Happy the nation that trusts in the Great Disposer of human events, amid the ever changing scenes of time. In an empire so vast and so populous as that of the great Ahasuerus, there were many large cities, of which little beyond their names, or the simple fact of their having once existed, is now known. It is difficult, and has, in fact, been done only in a few instances, to identify the mouldering remnants of cities that are scattered over the vast tracts of Persia, with the names of the cities described in the ancient history of that country.

But the same thing is true of the mighty cities of Egypt, Babylon and Greece. And is there not a day coming when the mighty cities of our times shall be as these mighty cities of old now are? "A school boy's tale, the wonder of an hour." The reins of the Universe however are in the hands of the same Supreme Ruler that governed the world when Ahasuerus reigned from India to Ethiopia. The hand of God is just as truly in the mod-

ern as in the ancient history of Persia. There is a God that judgeth in the earth in America, just as much as in Asia. His eye and his laws are just as much over London and San Francisco, as they ever were over Babylon and Susa.

ODE TO CONTENTMENT,

Translated from the German of Mueller,

BY PROFESSOR JOHN COCHRAN.

What do I care, although my share
  Were Croesus' mighty store,
Where blood runs pure, and faith stands sure,
  I have than riches more.

Full many glide, down pleasure's tide,
  Have servants, hall and coaches,
Who are the prey of grief alway,
  For conscience yields reproaches.

T'is such who call, this bright earth-ball,
  To which heaven's bounties flow;
Where God, for all, both great and small
  Spreads gifts, "a house of woe."

To me it seems that nature teems
  With joy throughout her bounds,
Through hill and dale, through rock and vale,
  One trump of gladness sounds.

Hark! every tree drops melody,
  The air's alive with lays,
And songsters sweet do mankind greet
  While they Jehovah praise.

Each day from far, a flaming car,
  Sails high o'er sea and land;
Here runneth up the Autumn's cup,
  And corn-fields laden stand.

When such I see, my God to thee
  I sing, in raptured strain,
That goodness still, despite the ill,
  Does through creation reign.

THE SPIRIT OF THE "LONG AGO."

BY MRS. E. S. SHULTZ.

Who among us, that has not, buried away down in the deepest recesses of his heart, beyond the reach of the great action-throbbing hand of Now — a little pulseless thing, but severed to all eternity—the spirit of the "Long Ago!"

We do not mean Memory, for memory but stands sentinel to guard the gates to that invisible realm over which this shadowy spirit reigns supreme. We do not mean Love, which though it far outlives memory, is sure to lend either the delusive rose-tint of joy, or the purple hue of grief. We mean the guest who comes unbidden, when we have an assemblage of sorrows, or a feast of happiness—who lingers longest at the fireside, even after all have departed—who brings with him a host of attendants; and some are shrouded in the drapery of death, and some move silently about in the trailing garments of despair; and some wear withered faded wreaths, all wet with tears; and some have long, flowing, golden hair, that gleams strangely in the uncertain light, and the blue eyes haunt us wondrously, and we sometimes wish them gone — yet continually summon them again, when we tire of the cold stern features of the present.

It is a strange thing, this spirit of the "Long Ago." Sometimes it rears itself to the full stature of a thought; a milestone on the trackless desert of reality—an obelisk, pointing to the chaotic margin of the past; a broken monument to by-gones, and the dim hieroglyphics may only be traced by the light of the soul; and it scatters little mounds all over the landscape of memory, and strews above them the yellow and verdant leaves of events, and then loves to rustle its pale fingers among them at twilights, or send the warm blood back to the cheek, as with resurrecting hand it drags forth some

skeleton hope, and marshals it forth in the broad light of to-day.

Oh! what a treasure is the spirit of the "Long Ago." It is the hidden pearl that strews the strand of life, silently folding its little world of wealth within its own secret breast; it makes the poetry of the sea and of the stars. It builds the amber castle of the sea-monarch—and the hidden chambers where the bright wave struggles to be free; and rears the coral monument (a touching "appeal of the memory" to those countless myriads of the deep) above the wave-whelmed forms who went down at morning to be eternally rocked by the billow; and its prophetic finger guides the age of the soul to the gleaming portals of yonder star, and whispers in sweetest echoes of those who have passed on a little while before.

And the work of this bright spirit ends not with these; it makes the poetry of death. It is true, that when the hands are folded forever above the breast that throbs no more—that when the evergreen casts its shadow above our quiet dwelling, the grandeur of the starry host will stir the fountains of other souls like ours—that the earth will roll on just the same, in all her silent majesty—the stars will sing, and while they sing look down upon the pale brow, or the lips of beauty as they do to-night—silent witnesses of the pains and the joys, the meetings and the partings, of broken vows, and faithful hearts —of the vilest and purest of earth's sons and daughters.

But the star may have a language in his serene glance, and the breeze may murmur strangely familliar tones—another presence may mingle in the army of the air, and upon the memory-haunting odor, may float visions of those who shall be "nameless here for evermore." Then indeed shall we not die, but live in the hearts of those dearer than life—"a spirit of the long ago."

[*Continued from page* 405.]

HOW I BECAME ATTORNEY GENERAL:

An English Tale, founded on fact.

BY ROLLING STONE.

CHAPTER VI.—FURTHER IMPROVEMENT AND FURTHER ACQUAINTANCE.

The following morning I found from Miss Browning that she had accepted the £30 from Dr. Duncan with the understanding that it was to be repaid. She placed it in my hand, saying, "you have been so considerate that I leave you to settle with the tradesmen as you see best."

I ventured to ask "would it be considered an intrusion if, when her mother was better, I should call and pay my respects to her."

"An intrusion, Mr. Vellum, Oh! no, gladly would my mother welcome one who has been so kind, were it only to have the opportunity of thanking him, and mamma is much stronger, and I hope will get down stairs next week." She gave me her hand and maybe I pressed it, and fancied I felt a faint return. Oh! the luxury of that moment—but love is not in description, what it is in reality.

I ascertained from Dr. Duncan, that he had the greatest difficulty in pressing the money on Helen, but by representing that two friends were desirous of assisting her temporarily, and by dwelling on the probable distress of her mother, she consented at length to take it.

I was absent for two days, attending the funeral of Mr. Hearne. He had left me a legacy of £200, as the will said, in admiration of my acute discernment, which he believed would lead me to a fortune. The burden of his property he left to charitable institutions.

Business gradually increased with me, and having been introduced to Mrs. Browning, I became a frequent visitor. I also often met her with her daughter at Dr. Duncan's.

She was one of the most delightful and amiable of women; she reminded me of my own mother, but, alas, there was a shade of deep and settled melancholy, which showed that she had suffered some heavy affliction, or was the victim of some corroding care.

My love for Helen increased daily, and became a very part of my existence; every day showed some new beauty of mind or talent, and at length as our intimacy increased I fondly hoped I was becoming to her an object of affectionate solicitude.

During the early summer her mother's health was completely restored, and she confided to me the amount of her pecuniary resources.

Finding that it was quite possible and perfectly safe to invest her money in a more profitable way, I mentioned to her an opportunity which offered, and the transaction was perfected by withdrawing her little principal from the funds, and advancing it on mortgage to a gentleman in the neighborhood; and thus their income was somewhat increased.

CHAPTER VII.—I PROPOSE.

It was in the latter part of the summer when I declared to Helen my love. We had been strolling together, and on our entering the little parlor, I found courage to speak. I know not now what I said, or how I said it, but I do know that for a few moments she was overcome, and from *that* I hoped much. Presently recovering herself she said, "To say Mr. Vellum that you are indifferent to me would be false; but speak to my mother; after that renew this offer, if you are disposed; but I fear, I doubt the result of your interview with her."

"Fear, doubt, Helen, do you doubt my love, do you fear your mother's objections. Why, oh why do you doubt and fear?"

She looked at me through her tears for a moment, with such a fond, sad face that I clasped her to my breast.

"Away, away," I cried, "with doubts and fears; I hold you to a heart that is wholly your own, and what shall part us but your rejection, Helen? and I fear not that *now*; you must have long seen my devotion, and would sooner have checked my hopes, had you deemed them presumptuous." She withdrew herself gently from my embrace.

"Alfred, be calm, and listen; you are poor but advancing in the world; I am poor also; you have a certain status to maintain in society, and you as yet know not my secret; learn it from my mother, 'till then farewell, the future is in the hands of God."

She hastily left the room, and from the window I saw Mrs. Browning entering the house from the garden.

Trembling with excitement I waited to meet her, and requested her attention. I told her my tale of love; and she told me *her tale of woe*—and sad, sad it was; she concluded with these words: "and now Mr. Vellum you know all, for I would not deceive you" and she burst into an agony of tears.

"Mother, mother, be a mother to me, and I will be to you as a son," I exclaimed as I stooped and took her hand." "I have none to love but you and Helen, do not *reject* me."

Laying her hand on my shoulder, she said solemnly, "Alfred be it so, and may God forgive you if you are not a kind husband, for I never could."

Leaving the room she returned shortly leading Helen. Placing her hand in mine, she said, "I give you all I have to love, for I believe you to be honorable and good, and to be fondly attached to her. *Prove it hereafter* and I will bless you with my latest breath."

For three hours did Helen and I talk in that little room. She owned she had long loved me, almost from the moment I handed her back the diamond cross. Her mother had told me as she brought

her to me, that she did not wish her to marry till the following spring, and she would have no opposition to her beloved parent. We talked over *the secret*, and I gently chided her for fearing it could alter my intentions; she simply said: "Alfred, had you loved me less, with your proud spirit, it would have been an obstacle you might have deemed insurmountable."

CHAPTER VIII.—BRIGHTENING PROSPECTS, A DISCOVERY.

Everything prospered with me apparently. I got new clients, was rapidly extending my connection, and gradually getting into a higher line of practice. Towards the ensuing spring my establishment consisted of two clerks, and they were not idle.

Without vanity I may say that my own activity, and the interest I took in the affairs of my clients, aided by the friendship of old acquaintances of my father, had led to this result.

It was in the beginning of March, that business called me to London, to collect evidence in a case I was employed in.

Mrs. Browning had entrusted to my care a miniature which she wished set in a new case, accident having severely injured the old one.

On what little things destiny sometimes hangs?

Depositing it with a fashionable jeweler, I proceeded to select a ring, and one or two articles of *bijouterie* as gifts for my Helen, when a tall, elegant looking man entered the shop and cast his eyes accidentally on the picture which lay on the counter. He examined it closely with evident emotion, and whispered to the shopman. Approaching me he said: "Excuse me, sir, but where did you get that miniature; is it yours?

"It is not, sir," I replied. "It is the property of the wife of the person whose likeness it is."

"His name! his name," he cried.

"Henry Browning."

He walked rapidly to the end of the shop and returning said, "his *wife*, sir, did you say his wife."

"Yes! yes, I see it now," he continued, "is her name Mary?"

"It is."

"Has—has she any family," he almost gasped.

"One daughter, no more."

"Will you—will you call on me to-morrow morning, sir, I would know more of this lady you refer to, there is my card."

I would have pressed for information, but he seemed to suffer from the intensest excitement, and in a moment he was gone.

The card was engraved:—

Sir James Walmsley,

41 St. James Square.

Sir James Walmsley was a Cabinet Minister, Secretary of State, what possible interest could he have in Mrs. Browning?

Hastening to my hotel I took up Debrett* which was lying on the coffee room table, and turned to his name; there it was. His father was Sir James Walmsley, who died March 1814, and was succeeded by his son, "Sir Henry Browning Walmsley," who was accidentally killed by the upsetting of the mail coach three days after his succession, and was succeeded by his brother, Sir James Walmsley, the present baronet.

What a discovery!!! It actually took my breath away.

CHAPTER IX.—EXPLANATION OF MYSTERY.

The excitement I labored under admitted ill of delay, so the unfashionable hour

*Debrett's or Burke's Peerage and Baronetage of Great Britain and Ireland, are almost as generally to be met with as Directories; they contain lineage and other family particulars.

of nine, the next morning, saw me driving rapidly in a cab to St. James Square. Crossing the hall, as I was ushered into the Library, gave me an inkling of the style in which Sir James Walmsley's establishment was conducted. After admitting me at the door, the fat porter settled himself into a comfortable chair beside a blazing fire, the instant he had transferred my card to a footman, with the words, "show the gentleman into the library, and take his card to Sir James *immediately*.

The library was a gloomy enough room, but I was instantly struck by seeing a full length portrait, which I knew at a glance to be that of Helen's father. It was by Sir Joshua Reynolds, and the reader may be assured therefore, that it was a master piece. It represented a young man of some twenty-two years of age—a figure of splendid proportions, was surmounted by a face which would make a study for sculptors, whilst the expression, which was given but as few artists could give it, was frank, manly, and fascinating.

The clear hazel eye seemed to say, "who doubts my truth;" and the only defect was a deficiency of decision about the lips and chin.

For some minutes I stood looking fixedly at it, and I felt tears rising in my eyes as I almost unconciously muttered, "Oh, that a being so gifted by nature could be a scoundrel."

"No sir, no scoundrel," said a voice in my ear, "his only fault was want of firmness in the expression of his will. He was all kindness and affection.

At the first word I turned and beheld Sir James Walmsley, and as he concluded I said simply, "why did he marry under an assumed name, and then desert his wife.

"He desert her? he never deserted any that he loved, her name was the last word on his lips: Be seated Mr. Vellum, I have much to say, and much to learn, one question first. Where was the lady married? I may add that that is a likeness of my elder brother."

"At the Parish Church of Evesham in 1813," said I, "and to one who called himself Henry Browning."

One question more. "Who was the lady?"

"She was the daughter and only child of Capt. Maitland, who died in command of His Majesty's ship Asia, on the passage from Malta."

"Capt. Maitland's daughter! Capt. Maitland's daughter," cried Sir James in astonishment, "why I was a midshipman with him two or three years before that; however to proceed:—

"Does it not surprise you, Mr. Vellum, that I seem at once to acknowledge the connection you have so unexpectedly apprised me of? but, when you said that Henry's *wife* owned that picture, and had a daughter, I knew that it must be so. My brother was a young man of such fine feelings and high honor, that he would injure no woman by a seduction, therefore I knew you must speak the truth as to her being his wife."

I had left the navy some few years, and had turned my attention to diplomacy, when my father by some means discovered that Henry wore a lady's miniature round his neck. He asked him if 'he loved the lady,' he replied 'yes.' He asked him who she was; he declined to answer.

My father, who was extremely passionate, became furious and they parted in anger. Some time after this, Sir James urged on my brother the contracting a marriage with Lord Elliston's daughter, and which was equally desired by his lordship; and after repeated disputes, arguments, and threats, my father at length said: "Henry, I suppose you think of marrying the unknown lady whose miniature you wore; now sir, if you do, know that I forever cast you from my affections.

It may be at once settled; do you intend to marry that woman, whoever she is, and whom you have dared to love without my leave; answer me, answer me," and he approached my brother menacingly, "or leave this house now, and for the rest of my life." *Little did my father then think how soon both of their lives would be terminated.*

"No, Sir James," said my brother, "I do *not* intend to marry the lady."

"Good, Harry, good; then why did you put me in a passion?—and you never will marry her, promise me that, Harry, and I'll say no more," and my father seemed delighted at having gained so great a point.

"I may safely promise that, sir," replied Henry, "for the lady is married already.

"Married already—married already, eh? sly dog—sly dog; no wonder you would not tell her name; too honorable to kiss and tell," and my father burst into a laugh that prevented him noticing the flush of indignant anger which I saw on my brother's face.

CHAPTER X.—CONTINUED EXPLANATIONS.

Sir James, whose passion was generally *short-lived*, was now all amiability. He requested Henry to escort his aunts to Rome—an expected division in the house preventing him leaving his political duties himself—and he gave him a check for £1,000, as he said, to pay expenses.

Henry was absent about three weeks, and was on his way back, when my father died suddenly from disease of the heart, and my brother landed at Dover to receive the news of his succession to the title. He took the mail for London, which place he never reached. At Shooter's Hill the horses ran off, frightened at a gipsy's encampment, upset the coach in a chalk-pit twenty feet deep, and my brother was mortally injured.

From the papers on his person it was ascertained who he was, and in three hours I was at his side.

He had not spoken since the accident, but about 11 o'clock he opened his eyes, and, recognizing me, said, with great difficulty:

"James, I am d-dying; break this to dear Mary—she is m-m—" and the voice dropped, so that neither the surgeon nor myself could catch the end of the sentence. Presently he muttered, "James, Mary," and with the effort, expired.

On consulting with my solicitors, we were unable to agree for some time as to the course to pursue. I had no clue to the Mary he had mentioned, nor could I ever obtain any till now.

He had acknowledged to having loved a married woman, and I, myself, impressed with the conviction of his worth, felt certain he had been engaged in no intrigue.

My solicitors were not so satisfied; they said that young men would be young men, and that, at any rate, the lady would turn up some day, when she could be provided for.

The junior partner of the legal firm did, indeed, venture to say, "Good God! perhaps Sir Henry was married to her himself."

"In which case we should have heard of her existence in less than three weeks," cried the senior partner; the lady's grief would not lead her to forget her fortune; £3,000 a year is not neglected in that way, Mr. Sharp."

We, however, inserted in several leading newspapers the following advertisement:

"If the lady, whose miniature was in the possession of the late Sir Henry B. Walmsley, and whose christian name was Mary, will communicate with Messrs. Docket, Filem and Sharp, Lincoln's Inn, she will hear of something to her advantage. Any person furnishing her address will be handsomely rewarded."

This advertisement was continued for

six months, but with no result. I have now told you all I know. We did not find a single note or letter from Mary amongst my brother's papers, and I presume he destroyed them immediately on receipt, lest accident might bring them to the eyes of his father.

"And now, Mr. Vellum," concluded Sir James, "before I decide what first to do, will you accompany me to my solicitors? you can tell me the position of my sister-in-law on the road."

CHAPTER XI—CONCLUSIVE EVIDENCE.

Sir James Walmsley, one of his solicitors and myself, were that afternoon traveling as fast as four horses could well go, in the baronet's traveling carriage, towards Evesham. We accomplished sixty miles that night, and again starting early in the morning, reached our destination in the forenoon.

Inquiring for the Vicar, we found him to be an infirm invalid, being extremely aged. He, however, distinctly remembered marrying Mary Maitland, and at once sent for the register.

Imagine our astonishment when, on referring to its folded pages, we found the signatures, Harry Browning Walmsley and Helen Maitland; but the quick eye of Sir James' solicitor at once detected that the ink of the word *Walmsley* was fainter than that of the first two names.

"Walmsley was certainly not the name of the gentleman I married to Mary Maitland," said the Vicar; "it was Browning—only Browning! but ah—Walmsley, Walmsley, surely, that has some connection with a letter I have, and which I had almost forgotten. We will see."

Going to an escritoir he took thence a bundle of letters and looked them carefully over. Selecting one, he took from it a sealed letter and handed to me the outer sheet, in which it had been enveloped. I read aloud:

"REVEREND SIR:—To you is entrusted, for *safe keeping*, the enclosed. Should you at any time hear of the death of Sir James Walmsley, you are at liberty to open this and forward it to the head of that family. Enclosed is a trifle for the benefit of the poor of your parish."

"Open it, open it, sir, quickly!" cried I, in an excited tone.

"But," said the Vicar, "Sir James Walmsley is not dead; he is Secretary of State."

"True, sir, true, but that is his son; the Sir James Walmsley of 1813 died shortly after you got this letter, and *this* gentleman is the *present* Sir James Walmsley."

"Then let Sir James open it," replied the clergyman, handing it to the baronet.

It was simply a statement by Henry Walmsley that, for family reasons, he had suppressed his final surname when he married Miss Maitland, and confessing, that on one of his subsequent visits to Evesham, he had obtained leave from the new clerk to inspect the register, and had, unobserved, added his final name to the former signature under a sudden impulse, which he could not resist. This statement was signed in the presence of two witnesses, both of whom Sir James knew to be living, even if he had not at once recognized his brother's hand-writing.

CHAPTER XII.—HOME AGAIN—THE MEETING.

Rapid as was our traveling, it seemed, in my anxiety, as though we never should reach N——, whither Sir James Walmsley and myself proceeded instantly.

Leaving him at the "Greyhound," I was quickly in the garden with Helen, who I fortunately saw engaged with her flowers.

Before going into the house, I briefly related to the astonished girl the wonderful revelations of the last forty-eight hours, and prayed her to break it gently to her mother. She left me and was

away for nearly half an hour, when the servant came to call me into the parlor.

Mrs. Browning, or rather Lady Walmsley, was reclining on the sofa, very pale, but quite calm. To describe the scene is not my intention. To be assured that her husband had been true, had never deserted her, but had died with her name upon his lips, seemed to her to be sufficient recompense for her long years of suffering.

On introducing Sir James Walmsley, however, about an hour later, the strong resemblance, still observable, to his brother, greatly overcame her; the meeting was indeed most affecting. After a short time Helen and I gently withdrew to an adjoining room, leaving them to have the fullest explanations in privacy. They were closeted for nearly three hours.

The excellent baronet remained to tea, and his affectionate manner and lively humor soon placed him on the footing, as it were, of one of the family, and at once banished all restraint.

To me he was excessively cordial, and I do not think a happier party could have been found within the "halls of mortality" than was seated in that cozy room.

"Walmsley," said Helen, in a sprightly way. "Why, mamma, I'm sure I shall forget, and be signing my notes 'Helen Browning.' Wait till after tea, and I'll practice what sort of a W I will adopt."

"Well, Helen, from what your mother tells me, I think it is hardly worth your while to study it much, as you are so soon to change it again," dryly remarked Sir James, with a glance at where I was sitting, "unless," continued he, "you have such a fancy for the name as to persuade Mr. Vellum to adopt it. We might manage that, you know," and poor Helen was covered with blushes.

Seeing that rest was requisite for his sister-in-law, Sir James took his leave early, promising to breakfast with them in the morning, and make their future arrangements, as his ministerial duties necessitated his return the following day to town.

Politeness compelled me to accompany him, though I would fain have had a *tete-a-tete* with Helen, and we adjourned to the hotel. We had a very long conversation before I went home, and many were the inquiries made by Helen's uncle as to my prospects.

In the kindest manner he proposed to me a new career, which was most flattering to my ambition.

"I have no family, Mr. Vellum," said he, and, as you are to marry Helen, it is to *your* child, in all probability, that the estates, so long in the hands of our ancestors, will pass; consequently, you can understand, I would prefer that the father was high in the legal profession, rather than a mere country attorney. Do not feel offended that I speak thus plainly, but consider on what I have said, and, believe me, my desire to benefit you is sincere.

CHAPTER XIII.—EARLY DAYS OF HELEN'S MOTHER.

It was not the dread of his father that was the *first* cause of Henry Walmsley dropping his surname when he made the acquaintance of Miss Maitland. This I now gathered from the circumstances of their first meeting, and from the information I had lately received from Sir James. Briefly, then:

Henry Walmsley was extremely fond of traveling and visiting, quietly, small provincial towns and retired villages, and nooks, the existence of which was hardly known in the fashionable circles he frequented. He generally traveled by the stage coaches of that day, and it was in one of them that he met Mary Maitland and her father journeying to Evesham. Greatly struck with her appearance, he no doubt ascertained, by some

means, her name and that of her father. This discovery would at once convince him that his own patronymic would be no passport to the good graces of Captain Maitland, and for this reason: The former Sir James Walmsley, a Lord of the Admiralty, had, for some fancied injustice or severity to his son James, then a midshipman on board Maitland's ship, ventured to speak rather sharply to the old Captain, who, not a whit behind the baronet in spirit, told him, in return, in language more energetic than polite, that if he, Sir James, was a Lord of the Admiralty, he, Maitland, was Captain of his own ship, and that he would brook no interference with its internal discipline, even from him.

The result was, an abrupt order came down to Portsmouth to pay off the ship Maitland commanded, and the independent spirited blue jacket quickly found himself on half-pay. His bitterness against Sir James Walmsley may therefore be conceived.

All this was known to Henry, and easily accounts for his not wishing to declare his parentage, which would at once terminate his hopes of a further acquaintance with the sailor's lovely daughter.

Captain Maitland had taken a house at Evesham, purposing to enjoy a few quiet months, and indulge in his favorite amusement of fishing in the beautiful river "Avon."

Henry Walmsley managed, by following the same sport, to meet him frequently, so that a slight acquaintance led to his becoming, under the name of Henry Browning, a frequent and welcome visitor at Captain Maitland's cottage.

It was the old story—love ensued on both sides, but Henry knew the father too well now to declare himself to him, and be obliged to enter on the subject of his connections—a point he had hitherto sedulously avoided. After some months Captain Maitland was appointed to the command of the "Asia," and sailed for the Mediterranean, where he contracted the disease which terminated his life on the passage from Malta, leaving his daughter with but slender provision for her subsistence.

Henry immediately visited the orphan, who thought of seeking a situation as governness, and, by his persuasions, she, (under the circumstances) agreed in six months to become his wife, and they were, at the termination of that period, married by bans in the Parish Church of Evesham.

The great fault of Walmsley was in not confiding the truth to his wife; but he was fearful of his father's anger, and had imbibed the foolish notion that no woman could keep a secret. He told her, certainly, that he was afraid of his father, and must prepare him for the news by degrees, but merely led her to suppose that he was a person of considerable property, without the least idea that his name was other than Browning.

He furnished the cottage handsomely, supplied her with ample funds, and at once gave her $2,000, which he had saved from his allowance, to invest for her private use.

His absences were of course frequent, but his affection was shown in every attention.

He had been gone to London from the cottage but three days after his last visit to her, when she received a letter, telling her that he was going to travel on business for his father, on the Continent, and would be absent about a month. This occurred eight months after they were married, and four months before the birth of Helen, and from that time, despite of all inquiries, she had never received intelligence of her husband till the discoveries I have related.

But for the stimulus of her child to live for, she might have sunk under her affliction. Unable to conceive what had

become of him, at times believing he had deserted her; at times dreading that he had another wife, and that her child might be illegitimate, she lived indeed a life of sorrow.

She quitted the neighborhood at length, and, in a retired spot, unknown to all but those whose acquaintance she made there, she passed as a widow, (an excusable deception,) and devoted herself to the education of her child.

Finally, after twenty years, she removed to N——, where the greater population would enable Helen to find pupils, and somewhat add to their limited income.

CHAPTER XIV. —I BECOME A BENEDICT—CONCLUSION.

It was arranged that Lady Walmsley and Helen should proceed to London, where they were shortly settled in a pleasant and convenient house, in Curzon street.

Sir James Walmsley at once placed the full amount of his sister-in-law's accumulated fortune for twenty-two years, amounting to £60,000, to her credit, at her banker's, as fortunately, though his establishment was in good style, yet he had never lived anything like up to his income. He was to me the kindest of friends, and to Helen and her mother a most affectionate relative. At his request I quitted N—— and entered at the Inner Temple, where, in due time, having digested the appointed number of dinners according to the rules of that peculiar institution, I was duly called to the bar.

I was married to Helen, in May, by our good friend Dr. Duncan, who came to London on purpose, and his two girls were the bridesmaids.

Helen's uncle made them handsome presents, and indeed his affection for his niece seemed unbounded. All who had ever shown her, or her mother, a kindness, became participants of his favors, and his great interest was always exerted for their benefit when required.

He settled £30,000 on Helen the day of her marriage, and for some time, to my regret, her fortune formed the principal source of our income.

But Sir James' expectations of my success proved correct. I became, in a few years, a leading barrister, and have been retained in many celebrated cases.

* * * * * *

Twenty years have now passed. I hold high office when my friends, the Whigs, are in. At present I am Attorney General, and may yet die a Lord Chancellor. Helen is—but what can she be, but the best and dearest of wives?—our children two girls and a boy; you must ask her about them. She says I do not appreciate them. Lady Walmsley lives with us, and if a mother-in-law is not generally an agreeable addition to a household, why, she is an exception—that's all. Were she my own mother I could not love her more.

Dr. Duncan is living, and considered by all as a model Bishop; the people of Chester have reason to love and venerate their prelate.

Sir James is still unmarried, and I suspect that his great admiration of his sister-in-law is the cause of his long-continued and strenuous efforts for the repeal of a certain law passed in 1835, prohibiting marriage with a brother's widow.

ELBANA, THE MEXICAN BEAUTY.

BY CLOE,

[*Authoress of "The Redeemed Handkerchief."*]

[Continued from page 425.]

"I know it, my child; but I cannot hide my feelings. I fear something serious is going to happen to McAdams and his party."

"My dear friend, you have grown quite superstitious of late."

"No, I am not superstitious. You remember the morning we took the long ride together, and saw Antonio on the gray horse?"

"Yes; what of it?"

"I spoke of wolves burying bones."

"Yes; what of them?"

"Never breathe to your father what I am now about to tell you!"

"No, certainly not, if you wish it. Go on."

"You remember two men with gray horses, who remained here a week or more, a few months back, calling themselves surveyors?"

"Yes, I remember; one of them had curly, light hair, like Alfred."

"Yes, the same. It was his horse that Antonio rode that morning; it was his head and curly hair that I saw, which the wolves had uncovered, and Antonio was striving to conceal by re-covering it, when he saw us!"

"O!. Mr. Bullard, what can it mean?" earnestly asked Elbana, perfectly shocked at her own thoughts.

"Mean, my child! Why, that he was murdered by Antonio, or——"

"Why, Mr. Bullard, Antonio would do nothing of the kind; he could not hide it from my father if he were, and you surely would not implicate him in so horrible a crime?"

"What do you think yourself, Elbana, of these strange things? Are they not very suspicious, to say the least of them."

"They look dark, very dark, I must confess; but father is innocent I am certain—I will have him investigate this thing as soon as he comes home."

"You forget your promise of secrecy, Elbana, and it might prove dangerous to me to have this affair mentioned at this particular time."

"Oh! do not think my father can be guilty of being a participator in such dreadful crimes."

"I am sorry to impute such to him, but I must say, although I cannot understand it, circumstances look very dark on his side."

It began to grow late, and still Miramontes came not. Mr. Bullard became more uneasy as he said to Elbana, "it is bed time, Elbana, and your father will not come to-night; let us retire that our weary limbs may be rested for to-morrow's duties."

"I wonder where father stays so long to-night; perhaps he will be here early in the morning." Bidding the old man good-night, she sought her sleepless pillow; "what can all this mean," she reasoned within herself; "has father been a murderer? no, it cannot be." Still, harrassing thoughts would intrude themselves upon her half distracted mind. She remembered many things, very singular indeed, that had transpired, which she could not comprehend. With these conflicting emotions, Elbana's eyes refused to close in sleep, and morning dawned upon the little valley, and found her unrefreshed. Hastily dressing herself, she sought the refreshing air. All nature appeared clothed in beauty. To catch the morning breeze she walked forth, straining her eyes for a glimpse of her absent father; but his form she could nowhere see. Returning to the house she met her teacher, and with agony in her look exclaimed "Oh! Mr. Bullard, father has not yet come, and my suspense is insupportable."

"Well, my dear child, we can do nothing but wait, and hope for the best."

Three days of fearful suspense had rolled away, and again the sun was casting its last rays upon the silvery clouds that adorned the western sky, reflecting many beautiful colors on every hill, tree, and valley that could be seen as far as the eye could reach. "Look!" said Mr. Bullard, at that magnificent sight—it is more beautiful than the morning; like a good man's death, which is more glorious

than his birth. Yes, Elbana, when a good man dies, his virtues shine more resplendently than the beautiful and expiring rays of the setting sun."

"Hark!" cried Elbana, interrupting him, "father is coming; do you not hear voices."

"Yes, as I live, it is McAdams"—and Mr. Bullard turned to meet him.

"Is that you, Bullard? you were right in your conjectures; as the devils did attack us; see, Bill Hogan is wounded in his leg, but not seriously; twelve of them fell upon us; and we killed eight and took four prisoners, and among them is our friendly (!) host, Miramontes."

This was too much for poor Elbana, and with a piercing scream she fell heavily to the ground.

"Take her into the house," said Mr. Bullard, addressing the Mexican servant, Isabel.

By this time all had rode up; Miramontes, Antonio, and two other Spaniards. The former was sullen and silent; to be made a prisoner and kept as such in his own house, by so small a party, was something he did not expect. McAdams had all his prisoners safely fastened in a room, and the doors secured; making hasty preparations in case of an attack from any of Miramontes greaser servants outside. In this conjecture he was right, for, at midnight, the brisk firing of guns through the windows and doors, made it necessary for him and his little band to act on the defensive. Here McAdams was equal to the contest; "take good aim, boys," said he, setting the example, "let every shot tell on the chocolate skinned devils." The house being a good breast work for McAdams and his men to fire from, the Mexicans soon tired of the undertaking and gave way, after losing a number of their men, beside many wounded. As soon as McAdams was satisfied of his victory he entered the prisoners' room. Approaching Miramontes he accused him of the murder of James Bruner and his men, and called out, "confess, you old reprobate, or I will hang you and your cowardly greasers on the oak tree just before your own door."

"I'll confess nothing," said Miramontes, doggedly and with indignant vehemence; "you cannot intimidate us by your threats: we will meet our fate like brave men."

"Like thieving robbers, you mean—you murderous highwayman. Confess, I tell you."

"Go to h—," replied Miramontes.

McAdams struck him in the face a terrible blow, exclaiming "take that."

The angry passion of Miramontes gave him unnatural strength—and forcing his hands loose, he caught McAdams by the throat, choking him almost to death, when the latter drew a large knife from his boot and drove it to the hilt between Miramontes' ribs, when he immediately let go his hold on McAdams' throat, and exclaimed as he fell "Elbana, my helpless child, all is lost." His lip quivered, and all was soon over with the brave Miramontes. McAdams stood motionless, as the noise caused his friends to enter the room.

"Was he loose, Mc," shouted all at once,

"Yes, he came near choking me to death; I did not wish to kill him, but I had to, to save my own life."

It was now thought unsafe to keep Antonio and the other two prisoners any longer, so they shot them immediately.

Again the sun was rising upon the beautiful valley as Mr. Bullard accomplished his unpleasant task of cleansing the blood from the now dead Miramontes. Going to Elbana, who was sitting on the side of her couch, unable to shed another tear; her haggard look bore strong testimony of her mental anguish. Mr. Bullard began, "Elbana." At the sound of his welcome voice she looked up.—

"Elbana, your father is now among the dead—do you wish to see him?"

"Dead! Mr. Bullard, did you say?"

"Yes, Elbana, he is now beyond the harm of man; he was killed while fighting, last night."

She was speechless. Taking her arm, he led her gently to the side of her inanimate parent; she threw her arms over his cold corpse, and falling upon her trembling knees, exclaimed in heart-broken accents, "My father! my erring father; why could I not die with you? Oh! that the man who killed you would kill me also." McAdams could stand this no longer, and taking her in his arms he carried her back to her couch.

A rude coffin was soon prepared, and they buried Miramontes, leaving the others to be buried by their own countrymen. A consultation was now held, and as it was considered unsafe for Mr. Bullard to remain, he determined to return with McAdams, who had abandoned the idea for the present of buying any more cattle. Elbana seemed unconscious of all that was passing around her, and Mr. Bullard was at a loss what to do concerning her. McAdams soon settled this question by ordering Isabel to prepare her clothes, and secure all the ready money, for Elbana's use, that could be found. Handing McAdams a key, she said, "all Miramontes' money is in a box, near the top of the cellar door;" which, on examination was found to contain about ten thousand dollars in coin, mostly gold. Securing this in his saddle bags, he secreted them among his own personal baggage.

It was late in the afternoon when all was ready for a march. Mr. Bullard sought Elbana and found her where McAdams had left her, apparently unconcious of all that was going on. He took her kindly by the hand and asked her if she was ready to ride with them, remarking, "this is now no place for you, Elbana, since your father is dead; and you may meet Alfred in Monterey or San Francisco; at any rate, you shall have one friend as long as I live. You can there dispose of your father's cattle and horses; and obtain sufficient to support you well. All is now ready, and we are waiting for you to start.

"Ah!" she replied, as she burst into tears, "the ground covers all that is dear to me in Montes Valley, and it matters not where I am."

With a heavy sigh, she tied on her hat and fastened her long cloth riding dress. A box of jewels and her gold watch, and some gold coin, she thrust in her leathern satchel and prepared for her departure. McAdams held her pet horse, while Mr. Bullard assisted her to mount. A large dog, that appeared to be half wolf, came up to her wagging his tail; she wept as her father's favorite jumped upon her horse. In the midst of this, the voice of McAdams was heard, shouting "ready?" "Aye—start!" answered all. They set off at a gallop, to poor Mr. Bullard's serious inconvenience.

All day and all night they kept their horses going, until the sun again rose high in the eastern sky. Fatigued, and hungry, they halted, and after partaking of a slight repast, the weary travelers laid down to sleep. Elbana's exhausted strength now, uninvited, sought nature's best remedy. McAdams stood sentinel. While all were fast asleep, as he walked around, he was struck with Elbana's peculiarly lymphatic beauty; he stooped to steal a kiss, but a growl from the ugly dog, that had followed her, caused him to start back in alarm.

Mr. Bullard turned on his blanket with an uneasy groan — "Can't you sleep, old man?" asked McAdams, half ashamed of being so close to Elbana's lonely bed.

"I am so much fatigued that my rest is mixed with pain; and as it is getting

so late in the day, I think we had better be traveling again."

Waking the heavy sleepers, they ate a few morsels of food, and resumed their journey. They traveled several days with but little rest, and poor Mr. Bullard suffered intensely with his lame back, so that his riding became quite difficult. McAdams proposed a rest of a day or two, for the old man's benefit, hoping that it would effect a cure; but in this he was mistaken, for Mr. Bullard grew worse, hourly. Elbana now became quite alarmed; as Mr. Bullard's suffering from a diseased spine completely prostrated him. On the third day he called Elbana to his side, and, placing a will in her hand that he had made, in which he had left her his farm in Massachusetts, besides a check on a Boston bank for two thousand dollars, saying: "Put these away carefully, Elbana, you will need them yet; and be sure that you allow none of the present company to know that you have them. Be on your guard, too, against McAdams, for he seeks your destruction; remember my poor Fanny's fate. My earthly career is now nearly at an end, and I am ready to take my long rest under the deep shade of this majestic oak. I feel but one tie, dearest, and that is yourself, my friendless Elbana."

She threw her arms around his venerable neck, while scalding tears fell fast from her eyes on his silvery locks, and, in passionate grief, exclaimed:

"My dear, my more than father, can it be that you must die here, in this wilderness?"

"Weep not for me, my child, God orders all things well; dry your tears, and meet every trial with fortitude. Elbana, my last words to you are, 'Be good, be innocent, be truthful; return good for evil, and God will bless you. Now, farewell, a long farewell! till we meet in heaven!" Exhausted with speaking, he sank into an unquiet slumber, and did not awake until a spasm seized him, when his spirit left his lame body to join his angel daughter, his Fanny, in heaven.

Elbana had watched and tended him from the first day of his sickness until all was over with her aged friend, now cold in death. She now felt that she was a lonely orphan, without even one friend, and surrounded by strangers, who were going to a strange land. It seemed to be a dreadful dream; yet, no, it was real—sorrow filled her bosom, while tears—Nature's soothing balm to burdened hearts—refused to relieve her in her hour of need. McAdams and his men buried Mr. Bullard under the oak, with his head near the tree; and, after cutting his name in the bark, and adding a few words as an epitaph, they again journeyed on.

Elbana stood the ride remarkably well, surprising to herself as well as to the others. When within a few days' ride of San Pedro, they met a company on their way south to buy beef-cattle. McAdams, being acquainted with most of them—recounted the adventures of Montes Valley. Fearing they were rather few in numbers, they offered high wages to McAdams' four men to accompany them, and as they were not in their element in any other business, a bargain was struck to that effect—leaving McAdams to prosecute his journey, with Elbana, alone. This was another disagreeable feature, as she dreaded to be alone with such a man as McAdams seemed to be.

They rode on until quite late; then, camping near a little stream, McAdams picketed his horses on a grassy plat near the water. Returning to camp, he was surprised to hear Elbana's voice in melancholy strains, sighing "Home, sweet home!" until her sobs at length drowned her voice.

"Will you never cease to weep, Elbana, and strive to gain a cheerful countenance?" gruffly asked McAdams.

"A cheerful countenance would much belie my heart."

"Your recent trials have been severe, but grief will not bring your friends to life again; in me you have one left; yes, dearest Elbana, I love you too much ever to be separated from you."

"Oh! Mr. McAdams, in mercy to me, for ever drop this disagreeable subject."

"Well, come and help me to eat these broiled birds; they are very fine and palatable."

To this she did not object. Her blankets were spread on the ground for her bed, her faithful dog took his post at her feet, and McAdams sat by the expiring coals in a musing attitude. Elbana watched him in fearful timidity. At length he took his roll of blankets up and unfolded them as near to Elbana's as he could get without partaking of her's. He at length said: "Elbana, I wish you would learn to love me as I love you, then you would not refuse to lay in my arms to-night; come, my love, and lay safely in my bosom; come, it will make a paradise of this lonesome place."

"Oh, cease your insults, for they will kill me!" said the trembling girl.

"Do not be frightened, Elbana; I promise you, upon the honor of a true man, that I will never force you against your will." This promise somewhat calmed her fears; and, worn down by the fatigues of the day, she soon turned her head and slept.

Elbana did not awake next morning until McAdams had the horses packed and the breakfast nicely cooked.

"I fear I have kept you waiting," she remarked, as she arose hastily, and washed her face and hands in the refreshing stream.

They relished their breakfast of broiled venison, and some eggs which they had found the day before. McAdams finished his packing, and after leading Elbana's horse up to where she stood, he forcibly put his arms around her, and kissed her again and again, saying: "It is impossible for me, Elbana, to do without kissing you." Her angry looks, followed by a successful attempt to free herself, caused him to wonder; when she mounted her horse without his assistance and rode rapidly off. They traveled all day, until dark, before they found water. Another lonely camping with McAdams horrified her. Turning their horses out to graze, he unrolled their little store of provisions before Elbana, saying, "Come, my dear girl, and partake of this lunch; it is not very good, but the best that I can offer you." "It is good enough, sir, I wish no better," Elbana reservedly replied, seating herself down. She ate a little, and after feeding her dog, proceeded to prepare her bed for the night, and then feeling very much in need of rest, she sat with her head on her hands. McAdams approached with his blankets, and throwing them down, seated himself by her side, saying, "Come, my love, will you not make me happy? You must be mine, therefore why parley thus?" Endeavoring to take her in his arms, she indignantly eluded his grasp. He sprang after her and caught and held her, regardless of her struggles, as he said, "Promise me you will submit to my wishes, and I will release you." "Oh! never," she faintly though firmly replied, using her utmost efforts to free herself.

The struggle completely exhausted her, and she sank down in a fainting fit. McAdams was much frightened, and bathed her head with water until signs of life were visible. As soon as consciousness returned, she arose, and kneeling before him, she took his hands in hers, and in an agony of feeling besought him to pity her helpless situation, saying, "Death is at all times preferable to dishonor."

"You would prefer death to my loving embrace, eh? Well, then, I would rather see you dead than another's, and I will

give you half an hour to decide between the two."

"I choose death, then," she unhesitatingly replied.

"Have you thus decided?"

"Yes, let me die."

"I will give you yet a few minutes to consider."

Hoping to frighten her, he proceeded to examine his pistol, after which he replied, "Your time is up, Elbana, kneel before me."

She mechanically obeyed. He raised his weapon and fired in the air above her head; a low moan escaped from Elbana, and she fell down insensible. Fearing that he had carried the threat too far, he dropped his pistol to the ground, and in alarm carried her to her blanket bed.

[*Continued next month.*]

THE ARCTIC MORNING.

"After one hundred and forty days of darkness, we saw the sun once more, and upon a projecting crag, nestled in the sunshine. It was like bathing in perfumed water."—*Dr. Kane's Arctic Explorations.*

"Light! light!" and the hero's heart leaped
And his pulses danced with glee; [up,
As high on the iceberg's front it glowed,
And paved for itself a fiery road,
O'er the frozen Arctic sea.

"Light! light!" and the exile's shout went
And rung thro' the cliffs on the shore; [up,
And the white bear roused himself, as it
rolled
Through his rocky den, in that region cold,
And echoed back the roar.

It gleamed in the cliffs, whose outlines lay
Painted against the skies;
And it sent from afar its fiery glow,
Thro' the dreary homes of the Esquimaux,
And danced in his children's eyes.

Light! light! thou dauntless heart and bold!
Who hailed it o'er the sea;
Now, that thy hero work is done,
How beams it from the eternal throne,
Forevermore on thee!

G. T. S.

[*Continued from page* 412.]

"DOINGS" OF '51.—CHAPTER VIII.

IS SHORT, AND, TO THE REMEMBRANCE OF THE WRITER, SWEET.

I had many sober, serious moments, during those days passed in idleness, waiting for water. There were times when I could think of nothing but my own unfortunate self; but what could I do? I had not a dollar to get away with—was in debt largely for my board, and every one said "don't worry, just be patient until we get water, and then you'll forget all about hard times;" so I endeavored to console myself with such cheer, and look forward to be rewarded when the heavens should think proper to water the earth. We had claims staked off over at Campo Seco, which were considered good—Smith and Joe calculating to make at least ten dollars per day during the rainy season; although I was equally interested with them, and my prospects fully as good, yet I was far from feeling contented—I was tired of waiting for "the rain"—disgusted with that perpetual cry. My board bill troubled me; I had never been asked to "fork over," but I knew that Hall and McLaughlin were almost, if not quite, as poor as myself, and I felt that to live on them was but little better than stealing from a charity box. I thought so much about it, that I determined to leave and try fortune elsewhere. In accordance with this resolution, I one evening took McLaughlin's arm and walking up the road, asked permission to settle my account by note, telling him of my intention to quit the garden. The good, kind hearted, noble old fellow stopped short on the trail—"There," said he, "you've talked enough; you aint going to leave here nohow, and when I want you to settle up I'll tell you so. The old Captain and I have talked about this thing, and we just concluded you could

stay. I like you, and he has taken a big liking to you, and you cannot go. We'll move over to Campo Seco as soon as it rains, and then we'll make up for this. If you want any clothing, say so; I've got credit yet up in town, and blame me if you haven't as long as I have. Now let's go back to the house, and if you want anything Cap. Hall or I have got, or can get, it's yours—not a word, come along." Giving me no opportunity to reply he seized my arm and dragged me home.

'Tis pleasant when traveling over a parched and arid plain to see a floweret springing from the sandy soil; it gives new life to the wanderer, fatigued and famished, to find a pool of water; there is a secret pride in treasuring up a little shell picked from among the rocks and weeds on the sea-shore of a foreign land; a tuft of grass growing upon a dreary, bleak, and blighted isle, relieves the barren aspect. Such things are never forgotten. The traveler, in after years, when his form is bent with age, his steps tottering, his hair white, his eyes dimmed, and his ears dull, will love to wander back, in memory, and his care-worn features will lighten up with pleasure, as he tells you how that floweret looked, the water tasted, when and where he found the shell, and how charming was that tuft of grass. The same feelings are awakened, the same pleasures experienced, only to a greater degree, when looking back upon our way through life, we can say with fervor "*He was my friend.*" And so do I feel when writing of McLaughlin; he was my friend in health, my friend in sickness, my friend until we parted. Seven years have passed since then—we may never meet again, but I shall never forget him.

CHAPTER IX.

TREATS OF GARDENING AND RELATES A WHISKEY INCIDENT.

It seemed as though the rain would never come. With but one or two exceptions the garden claims were given up as worthless, and about the house there was a little army of idlers day and night. I have already spoken of the manner in which the night hours were passed, and have now no change to note, unless it be for the worse.

One day tidings reached us that gold had been discovered in a garden near Jamestown, and forthwith we all, with picks, pans, and shovels, hurried to the place. This garden was much larger than Mac's, and he who was the ostensible owner had often boasted that no man or men dare dig for gold inside the inclosure. His threats and bravados had heretofore been successful in keeping miners out, but at this time, they having dug and excavated all over Jamestown, not even exempting the stage road, some of them, just for the fun of the thing, sunk a hole outside of, and close to the fence. They were fortunate enough to find good pay, and, most curious to relate, the lode ran directly under the fence. Then, rumor said that the owner of the garden was aware of there being gold in the ground he claimed for agricultural purposes, and inclosed it for his own particular benefit, Miners couldn't stand anything of that kind, and when we reached there the garden was jumped and thronged with busy people. Joining the crowd, we very naturally assisted in bringing the bottom of it to the top, but unfortunately without raising the color, as was the sad experience of nearly all who worked there.

The unhappy claimant had erected, at an expense of several thousand dollars, an ampitheatre; the building was of boards, and the interior well fitted up. It was, without doubt, the best establishment of the sort in the State, and intended as a retreat for the "honest" miners on Sunday, and *other* holidays, where he could witness the delightful (?) spectacle of a bull and bear tearing each other to

pieces. It was but just completed, and he swore that he would defend it with his life—threatening death to the first who ventured to break the earth inside of it. But again did rumor tell a story; she said that within those walls the ground was immensely rich, and that they were only built to screen the mining operations of the builder from public gaze. The ampitheatre was invaded, its fixtures destroyed, and the poor man left with an inclosure full of deep holes, and piles of dirt—there was no gold there.

I can plead guiltless to any participation in this last act, as myself and comrades were, after digging a hole in the garden twelve feet square and fifteen deep, perfectly satisfied, and abandoned the premises with big disgust, prefering rather to remain at home and wait for water than to labor where but one or two out of as many hundred had been successful, and again we loitered about the house of McLaughlin & Hall.

The daily stage from Stockton to Sonora passed our door every night just after dark. One evening, not long after the conclusion of our Jamestown operations, we heard the well-known rumble of the coach, as it came with flying speed, rattling over the hard road. The lead horses were quite in front of the house, when, stopping suddenly, they sprang from the road; the wheelers, too, took fright, and halting, reared and snorted, the driver shouted and applied the lash right lustily. With a bound the team plunged forward, and then from the road there came a cry that made our blood run cold; next, we heard the passengers in chorus shout, "stop the stage!" but above their shouting and the driver's "whoas," came dreadful groans. Lights from the house were speedily brought, and lying in the road we found the body of "Tom Cooke," mangled and crushed—a horrid spectacle—senseless and inanimate, yet life was not extinct. He was taken to the house, and a messenger dispatched by the stage for a surgeon.

The abiding place of Tom, when he thought proper to occupy it, was a brush hut, little more than half a mile down the road. On that day he and his partners, for a change and for amusement's sake, played cards and drank whiskey at home; and by sun-down "Tom" was playing "lone hands," while his companions calmly reposed beneath the table. Now Tom did not for a moment imagine himself to be inebriated, and resolved to visit the usual night rendevous; so throwing down the cards, he poured out a big horn of whiskey, and drinking to "Tom Cooke, the soundest man in the country," gazed for a moment in a most contemptuous manner upon his fallen partners, and then indulging in a very self-satisfactory chuckle, commenced his meandering journey up the road; but the last drink was like the last ounce we read of, and when he had about reached the Garden House his legs refused to do further duty and dropped him in the road. Unable to help himself, he fell into a most profound slumber, only to be awakened by the cracking of his ribs and sundry knocks from horses' feet upon his *cabesa*.

Before the surgeon arrived, Tom's damaged carcass gave some slight indications of life, and when the dirt and congealed blood was washed from his face, we were pleased to find an open eye, which immediately closed. Soon, however, both opened, and our hearts were made glad to see his lips move, and to hear him whisper. His "first words" rather astonished us, for with voice scarcely audible he asked, "am I much hurt?" Such a question coming from a man almost cut in halves, and not a sound place upon his body, was startling, but in a moment he continued, "I don't know whether I am or not, it don't pain me any, but I can't move my limbs; will sombody raise my head a little?"

His head was, as desired, bolstered up on a roll of blankets, and his position made as easy as possible. McLaughlin, bending over him, asked if there was anything more that could be done, or if he would like to have anything. "Well, yes," was the reply, "I don't mind if you give me a little whiskey and water; and I'd like to have a smoke." The liquor was brought, and while some one steadied the glass he swallowed the contents; a pipe was loaded and lighted, and with McLaughlin supporting the bowl, he puffed away with apparent relish. I was surprised and confounded to witness such proceedings on the part of a man whose limbs were paralyzed, whose tongue was almost speechless, and who was seemingly on the verge of eternity, but I thought of "ruling passions strong in death" and was in reality pleased to see him take things so philosophically.

When the surgeon arrived, he was still smoking calmly and, to all appearances, perfectly satisfied with himself and all else, nor did he evince the least indication of suffering, until he was stripped of his clothes and his wounds examined. We know that he was badly injured, but had no idea how badly. I have no desire that my eyes shall ever look upon the like again; a description would be revolting. The doctor, when leaving, told us there was no hope; "all that you can do," said he, "is to administer to his comfort, let there be no noise, and anything he wishes, give him. I will come again to-morrow, but he will probably die before morning."

Yet, Tom Cooke lived, and as I have since learned, recovered to be, if not "the soundest man in the country," as sound as he ever was. Surely, these rollicking, frolicking, reckless, dare-devil sort of fellows are hard to kill.

The day following the mishap to Tom Cooke, he was carried on a litter to his brush house, and nightly the boys watched over him by turns. For the few succeeding nights there was less drinking, and revelry at Mac's; the accident seemed to have a salutary influence upon the howlers, but before a week had passed all was forgotten—Tom was mending, and the lesson was lost.

[*Continued next month.*]

Our Social Chair.

LIFE, without the invigorating atmosphere that surrounds the Social Principle, would be none other than a long dull day of labor, weariness, and vexation. The heart, with its yearnings for a higher destiny, would celebrate no joy-giving holiday of emotion in the halls of the soul. The journey of existence would have no mile-stones of social enjoyment by which to rest and forget the heavy and sometimes bleeding foot-falls of a severe experience. The Sabbath-day season of mental and physical recuperation would be unknown and unrelieved in this working world, but for the social principle. Then, dear reader, let us say, may God bless the social in all hearts, homes, circles, and circumstances—not omitting the Social Chair.

BLOODED STOCK.—We have always been aware of the fact, that in California we possess as fine equestrian stock as can be found anywhere. The records of our turf will compare favorably with that of any of our older sister States. In running, trotting, pacing, and even in kicking, and sometimes in laying-down stock, we throw the gauntlet to him who dares to take it up.

The S. F. *Telegram*, a spirited little sheet, gives us the exploits of a most famous horse, owned by Jedediah Dodge and groomed by his son Zebedee, which animal, we venture to say, stands unrivalled in the annals of kicking in California. The horse is supposed to be of the pure Andalusian breed, and his pedigree traced back to a famous stallion imported at the time Cortez (!) over-run the empire of the Montezumas; and is from the famous stud of Ferdinand and Isabella. Some of the same stock is in the Atlantic States, and famed not only for its speed but its unsurpassed qualities for kicking. The sire of the California horse, as may be remembered, [!] was once matched against a railroad locomotive for a single dash of twenty-five miles. His speed was put to its utmost test, and a heavy draught was made upon his bottom; mile upon mile it was neck and neck, and it was difficult for the best judges to predict which would be the winner. They were now nearing the last half mile stretch, which led through a swamp, and whichever had the track was sure to win. Quick as a thought, and swift as an arrow, a dash was made and the track gained; but the effort was too much for the high mettled racer; his rider felt himself in a precarious situation with the snorting locomotive close at his heels. Kicking was the last desperate resort, and if that should be of no avail, the race must be lost and horse and rider crushed beneath the wheels of the iron monster, which was rattling and whistling close in the rear. The jockey touched his flank with his spurs and quicker and swifter than a streak of lightning the horse's heels were planted in rapid succession against the boiler head of his advancing adversary, and rivet head after rivet head gave away and flew in all directions; the steam commenced escaping from the boiler and gradually the speed of the pursuing locomotive diminished, and the horse came in a full length and a half ahead! Those who saw the race declare there never was anything they had ever witnessed that could, in the slightest degree, compare with it. That famous animal only run one more race after that, and as he could find no match, he on that occasion ran against Time, but was defeated, for true to his instincts, when just at the end of the race he lost it by stopping to —— "kick the bucket."

But read the story of his son:

"Head You Lose, Tail I Win."—This morning, while a boy by the name of Zebediah Dodge was leading a horse to water, from a stable at the west end of Market street, a circumstance occurred which illustrates the remarkable grip which canines of the bull-dog breed possess. The tail of the horse was tied up in a knot, after the style adopted by the old Californians, for the purpose of keeping that ornamental appendage from becoming soiled by the mud. In passing along to the place where it was customary to water the noble animal, it was necessary to go by the dwelling-place of a large sized dog, half mastiff and half bull, who on a former occasion had a difficulty with the horse, in which *canis* was somewhat worsted, receiving a kick in the short ribs, which put him *hors du combat* for some time. The dog having recovered, did not forget his former defeat, which seemed to rankle somewhat in his injured feelings, and he "nursed his wrath to keep it warm." This morning, thinking no doubt that the favorable moment had arrived when he might with certainty avenge all his past grievances, and retrieve his lost honors and faded laurels, he dashed at the knot in the horse's tail and seized it firmly in his capacious mouth. It was a game of "head you lose, tail I win," with the horse; for as soon as he felt the dastardly attack he broke from Zeb. and dashed off at full speed over the sand-hills and through the thick and tangled brush, no doubt supposing that his assailant would let go his hold rather than take so rough a ride. Not so; the dog held on. Finally, the horse commenced plying his heels with great rapidity, knocking the hide and hair in every direction. It is represented as being a splendid piece of kicking; like one of the patent morticing machines, he never missed a lick. Finally, however, the horse came to a stand-still, and when approached, it was found that the dog's body had been entirely kicked off, but the grip of the teeth still continued, and the head was found dangling at the end of the horse's tail, at which the animal, at intervals, shied an occasional kick."

We learn that the head was carefully re-

moved from the horse's tail, or ought to have been, and placed in spirits, where it is now on exhibition!——*pre*haps.

After we have published the California Magazine a few years more, it is barely possible that we may become as great adepts in "appropriating" (it is vulgar to call it "stealing") the "good things" of others, as Harper's, Frank Leslie's, and one or two more of the Atlantic magazines.

The following good story, we venture to say, is of a traveling "Down-Easter. We found it, among other stolen goods, at the magazine police-office—or, in other words, in "one of our exchanges:"

"We shall be, my dear madam," said I to a fellow-passenger in the Dieppe boat, taking out my watch, but keeping my eye steadfastly fixed upon her, "we shall be at the custom-house in less than ten minutes."

A spasm—a flicker from the guilt within—passed over her countenance.

"You look very good-natured, sir," she stammered.

I bowed, and looked considerably more so, in order to invite her confidence.

"If I were to tell you a secret," she continued, "which I find it too much to keep to myself, would you—oh! would you keep it inviolable?"

"I know it, my dear madam—I know it already," said I, smilingly; "it is the lace, is it not?"

She uttered a slight shriek. Yes, I was right: she had got it there among the crinoline. She thought it had been sticking out, unknown to her, you see.

"Oh, sir?" cried she, "it is only ten pounds' worth; please to forgive me, and I'll never do it again. As it is, I think I shall expire."

"My dear madam," replied I, sternly, but kindly, "here is the pier, and the officer has fixed his eye upon us. I must do my duty!"

I sprang up the ladder like a lamplighter; I pointed out that woman to a legitimate authority; I accompanied her upon her way to the searching house. I did not see her searched, but I saw what was found upon her; and I saw her fined, and dismissed in ignominy. Then, having generously given up my emoluments, as informer, to the subordinate officials, I hurried off, in search of the betrayed woman to her hotel. I gave her lace twice the value of that she had lost, paid her fine, and then I explained:

"You, madam, had ten pounds' worth of smuggled goods about your person; I had nearly fifty times that amount. I turned informer, madam,—let me convince you—for the sake of both of us. You have too expressive a countenance, believe me, and the officer would have found you out, even as I did myself. Are you satisfied, my dear madam? If you still feel aggrieved or injured by me, in any way, pray take some more lace—here is lots of it, you see."

We parted, the best of friends.

During a recent trial at Auburn, the following occurred to vary the monotony of the proceedings. Among the witnesses was as verdant a specimen of humanity as one would wish to meet with. After a severe cross-examination, the counsel for the government paused, and then, putting on a look of severity and an ominous shake of the head, exclaimed:

"Mr. Wilson, has not an effort been made to induce you to tell a different story?"

"A different story from what I have told, sir?"

"That is what I mean."

"Yes, sir, several persons have tried to get me to tell a different story from what I have told, but they couldn't."

"Now, sir, upon your oath, I wish to know who those persons are."

"Waal, I guess *you've* tried 'bout as hard as any of them."

The witness was dismissed, while judge, jury, and spectators, indulged in a hearty laugh.

Last Chance, Placer Co., Feb. 2, 1859.

Dear Social Chair:—If you will permit me for a short time to seat myself down within the embrace of your softly-cushioned arms, I will promise to take my hat off, and my cigar from my mouth, and, while I rest myself, will try to be as sociable as my nature will permit; and with your consent, will tell you of a certain wild-goose speculation.

P. B., an enterprising young man, of very small stature, came to California a few years ago, for the purpose, as he said, of "feathering his nest." Arriving at Sacramento, he naturally and immediately inquired the price of feathers; which article, he found very scarce and high—afterwards *very* high. His quick perception at once discovered to him a good opening for a

smart young man, with five hundred dollars all in grand cash, to go into the goose business; so, after ordering a large corral built, goose tight—except the top—off he started down the valley to purchase geese, and succeeded in investing his five hundred for the *birds*; but not being a very good judge of the California variety of the article, he did not perceive that they were nearly all wild geese, that had been caught in nets, with nothing but their wings clipped very short to prevent them from taking French leave of their captors. The young man and his feathered company arrived safe at Sacramento, where the birds were soon corralled.

A few weeks later P. B. determined to pick his geese, but was doomed to disappointment and loss; for one morning after giving them a good breakfast, a flock of wild geese passed directly over their heads, whereupon the leader sounded his quack! quacking horn, and the call was answered by his kindred in the pen, who having found their wings grown to a sufficient length, spread them instanter, and away they went. Imagine the astonishment of the young goose and feather speculator as he witnessed the ascension of his favorite pets. Being naturally "given to poetry," and often speaking his thoughts in verse, while viewing the flight of his fortune and feathers, with hands uplifted, he exclaimed:—

"Goo-se, goo-se, gander—Why do you wander!"

[Poor afflicted soul!] A short time afterward while conversing with a friend, he broke forth:—

I have heard good people say
"Riches have wings, and fly away"—
I never thought the axiom true
Until *my geese* "*got up and flew.*"

P. B., now says, that he thinks California is a very uncertain country to do business in.

SIERRA.

One of the latest of *tails*, for which the *Red Bluff Beacon* is responsible, deserves to be recorded, not so much for the truthfulness of the narrative as for the remarkable imagination of the writer—therefore we give it a place in the Social Chair.

During the sojourn of a regiment of soldiers in the lower part of this State some years ago, it is related that a very obstinate donkey persisted in breaking into a corn pen. The commanding officer had frequently ordered the intruder under arrest, and even had him tied up, from time to time, with ropes of all dimensions, from a hawser to a clothes-line, all of which he managed either to break or knaw off, and each morning found John Donkey at the corn. Finally the officer ordered that his tail be fastened to a stump, and secured with iron fastenings, which being done, all hands retired for the night confident that returning daylight would reveal their prisoner, still fast to the stump, as indeed it really did, but to the utter astonishment of all who witnessed it, nothing was to be seen of Mr. Donkey but his tail, which had grown to the enormous length of forty-five feet, the small end still secured to the stump, and the other end with a head and pair of ears attached to it, in the pen, eating away at the corn.

One of the best jokes we have lately seen,—from the St. Louis correspondent of the S. F. *Bulletin*,—and which occurred at the Burns' Centennial Dinner in that city, where none but men were present; but let him speak for himself:

"The most stunning event of the evening in St. Louis was created by the entrance of a mild-looking stranger, who loitered in the far end of the hall, near the door, and looked as if he was in doubt whether to advance or go out again. A committee-man noticing his hesitation, approached, and asked the unbidden visitor's pleasure, when the latter handed a paper, saying his wife had sent him with it to desire its reading as one of the toasts of the evening. It was as follows:

"*To the Lords of the Festive Board*—May the next meeting in 1959 find a race of Scotchmen that will appreciate the fair, and learn from the peasant poet,

The happiest night that e'er I spent,
I spent it with the lasses, O.

"Cheers, screams, shouts, and a noise that was actually appalling, followed the reading of this *morceau*."

THE New York *Musical Review* contains a graphic letter from Mr. J. M. Bowland, one of the Alleghanians, who gave a concert on the Big Tree Stump, in July last; an extract from which we think our readers will peruse with considerable satisfaction:

"Friday evening, July 9th, we gave a regular "Grand Stump Concert," "*for one night only*" to an audience of fifty-three persons; we sang all our national and patriotic songs, and the enthusiasm manifested was almost unbounded, and was most certainly highly flattering to us.

"We have sung in the "Mammoth Cave," under the "Horse-Shoe," at Niagara Falls, and given hundreds of concerts during the past twelve years, but never one that will be longer remembered by us, than the one given upon the "*Big Stump;*" only think of it, fifty-three persons besides our four selves and instruments, all upon the stump of a tree at the same time."

Those who are of opinion that all cool proceedings originate 'away down east,' will change their views when they read the following from the S. F. *National:*

"A gentleman just from Fraser river relates that a short time ago an American called upon Governor Douglass, at Victoria, when, upon being shown into a private room, the following dialogue took place:

American—How are you, Douglass?

Governor Douglass—Very well, sir; take a seat.

American—Look here, Governor, you're a pretty rich man, I take it, but I guess you wouldn't refuse making $1,000 if you had a chance, would yer?

Governor Douglass—Show me how to make $1,000, sir, and the half of it is yours.

American—Well, now, look here; I understand you are going to give each of your daughters $10,000 on their wedding day. Now I'll take one of 'em for $9,000. So you can make a thousand clear. What do you think of the proposition, Governor?

It is said that the Governor did not by any means relish the proposition, but he tells it to his friends as a good Yankee joke.

On Sunday evening last, says the Mariposa Star, while the congregation, at the Methodist Church South, were singing "On Jordan's stormy banks I stand," a fellow with a hand-organ was playing "Jordan am a hard road to travel," in a fandango house, on the opposite side of the street.

A hard old place is that Mariposa—sometimes.

A doctor in town, says the Mariposa *Gazette*, gave the following prescription for a sick lady, a few days since:

"A new bonnet, a cashmere Shawl, and a pair of gaiter boots."

The lady recovered immediately.

Dramatic.

Since the issuance of our last number the drama has experienced a wonderful change in our city. The Misses Gougenheim have returned to New York, after a successful career of three years as "stars." Mr. John Drew has sailed for Australia; Mr. Collins has appeared in concert; the sisters Webb arrived, and played a good engagement at the Opera House. Miss Avonia Jones, Mr. James Anderson, and Miss Fanny Morant have also appeared. The American Theater has been re-opened by Mrs. Wood; two young *debutants* have made their bows to our public, and the Misses Ince have returned from Australia.

The Misses Gougenheims and Mr. Drew having departed, belong to a by-gone time, and we will pay our respects only to those who are present. The Misses Ada and Emma Webb succeeded the Misses Gougenheims at the Opera House. Miss Emma has selected Mrs. Julia Dean Hayne as her model, and Miss Ada has adopted the style of Agnes Robertson. The latter of these young ladies possesses a fund of native talent, and promises to be an ornament to the American Stage. Her sister will make a good leading actress; but will probably never arrive to the dignity of a "star." They are at present in the interior, and are playing to good houses.

Following the Misses Webb was Miss Avonia Jones, a lady of really fine abilities as a tragedienne; but still very deficient in culture. The Promethian spark burns brightly in this lady, who lacks nothing but the careful teachings of a capable elocutionist to make her an actress of uncommon merit. We can only compare her to the rough diamond. Her Juliet, Adrienne, Lucrezia Borgia and other personations were highly creditable; but it is painfully apparent the lady has been sacrificed by the stage manager. Even respectable support has been withheld, and a great remissness was observable in the *mise en scene* of the different pieces.

Mr. James Anderson succeeded Mr. Drew

at the Lyceum, and has kept that house crowded every evening for the past month. In addition to a naturally fine person, Mr. Anderson possesses a commanding dramatic intellect by which he grasps the author's creation, invests himself with it, and presents it as a living picture to his admiring audiences. In Hamlet, Othello, Ingomar, Charles de Moor and Claude Melnotte this power of Mr. Anderson's was not only seen but felt. In Richard III and the Huron Chief Mr. Anderson fell far below his other renditions; his Richard was a great failure, and his Hercule a false conception. Nevertheless, Mr. Anderson is a great actor, and with the single exception of the elder Booth, his equal has never been seen upon the Pacific coast.

The American Theater has been reopened by Mrs. Wood, and the liberal spirited proprietor, H. M. Naglee, Esq., spared neither pains nor expense to make it the finest theater in California, which it undoubtably is. It was reasonably expected after so great an outlay in time and money, the opening night would have been signalized by the presentation of some play worthy the occasion, and the brilliant and intelligent audience there assembled; and it was with no little mortification that the audience found themselves treated to a nonsensical little farce without plot, point or wit, and a thread-worn burlesque whose only merit consists in a continual straining for puns in almost every word. But even these might have been tolerated by the good humored assemblage, had they been presented with decent ability; but they were even defective in this vital point.

Miss Annette Ince, a clever and excellent young actress, is now under an engagement at the American, and if the lady could only manage to exercise a greater degree of vivacity and throw off some of her redundant starchness; appear more natural and less artificial, she would become a favorite.

Mrs. Wood now has an opportunity of renewing the former glory and popularity of this theater by engaging first class performers and gathering stock-actors of undoubted merit around her, and by presenting new pieces with suitable accompaniments, make it alike worthy of her ability as a manageress, and the patronage of the public.

California at present is most abundantly supplied with "stars" in almost every conceivable line of character. We have Mr. Stark, Mrs. Wood, Misses Ince, Mr. & Mrs. Baker, the Misses Webb, J. M. Collins, the Bianchis, Mrs. Georgiana Stuart Leach, Mr. Stephen Leach, Miss Griswold, Mrs. Laura Wells, Miss Albertine, Mr. Wood, and a number of others claiming particular notice from the public. Most of our stock actors are however lamentably defective, and a few first class stock actors and actresses, who are not above their business, and who will consent to forego "starring it," will do well in this State.

We are sorry to note, that Mrs. Judah, by far the most popular actress who ever appeared in California, and one whose private character renders her an ornament to society, is about to retire from the stage. She will make her *conge* in a few months.

Letters have been received from Dion Bourcicault and Agnes Robertson stating their determination to visit California within a very short time.

A like report is circulated in reference to G. V. Brooke, but we are not inclined to put faith in its reliability.

The Fashions.

Through the kindness of several fashionable Milliners in New York, I am this month enabled to apprise the readers of Hutchings' California Magazine of a change of style in evening dresses, called

"The Lady Washington Corsage."

This is cut low and square across the bust, with shoulder-straps; and worn with a half high chemisette of the same form, composed of tulle bouillone; and finished with a boquet of wild flowers and grasses in front of the Corsage and a head-dress of flowers to match: on the top of the chemisette run in a ribbon to suit the dress. Sleeves should be short and square, and slashed opposite the seam on the shoulder

to within an inch of the top; with short puffings of lace and ribbon of the same material as the chemisette.

Silk Dresses.

By far the largest proportion of silk dresses are made with double skirts. Black silks, plain and brocaded, are in high favor.

Bonnets.

These have undergone a decided change in shape, but whether as a permanent Spring Fashion or not, will be better ascertained on the arrival of the next steamer, as but two Pattern Bonnets have as yet been received. These two, however, coming from different first class Parisian establishments, and not differing in *contour*, are regarded as good evidence that such will be the case.

In shape they vary little from what is known as the Marie Stuart style, having soft puffed crowns, puffed brims, pointed, nearly flat on the top, and very open at the sides.

They are composed either of two colors—bright color and white—or of two materials of the same tint. The strings are of wide ribbon (No. 22).

Boquets of flowers will be the universal trimming; with long streamers of grasses on each side and extending across the cape and crown. Roses and hawthorne are the favorite inside flowers.

Chip and Leghorn bonnets, with cape of the same material, are the most elegant, but are scarce and high priced.

Monthly Record of Current Events.

The news of the defeat in Congress of the Pacific Railroad Bill, on the 27th Jan., was received in this city, overland, on the 24th Feb., and created much disappointment.

The Grand Jury of San Francisco found indictments against R. F. Ryan, R. C. Brooks, and James Brooks, for alleged robbery of records from the Clerk's office.

The publication of a new daily paper, entitled the *Democratic Standard*, was commenced at Sacramento City on the 26th of Feb., J. R. Hardenburgh, proprietor, C. T. Botts, editor. The first weekly edition of this journal was issued on the 12th ult.

The C. S. N. Co.'s steamer "Queen City" struck the buttress of the draw-bridge at Sacramento on the 27th Feb., doing considerable damage to the steamer.

The Dashaways is the name of a newly formed temperance organization in San Francisco, composed exclusively of firemen.

The Supreme Court reversed the decision of Judge Norton, giving the contested Judgeship of the 4th District Court to C. Burbank, in favor of Judge Hager, its former occupant.

The S. F. *Daily Times* changed hands on the 28th Feb., when its new proprietors, Washburn & Flanders, hoisted the Republican colors over its columns.

The river steamer, Surprise, left San Francisco on a trip to San Blas, in Mexico. This is the first inland steamboat that has ever left San Francisco for a Mexican port.

The Mail Steamer Sonora from Panama, arrived on the 1st ult., with 769 passengers, 58 of whom were by the Tehuantepec route.

Freeman & Co., in addition to running their Eastern Express, as usual, on the 1st ult. commenced a daily express to all parts of the State, under the able superintendency of C. S. Higgins.

The brig Swiss Boy, of San Francisco, in distress on the coast of Vancouver, was boarded by about 300 Indians, plundered, and afterwards burned. The crew, after being detained as prisoners ten days, were allowed to go to Victoria.

R. W. Slocomb, of Philadelphia, has been appointed Chief-Coiner in the S. F. Branch Mint, in place of J. M. Eckfeldt, and took possession of his office on the 21st ult.

C. Duncombe, who was reëlected to the Assembly, was again refused his seat by a party vote.

J. W. Mandeville was reäppointed Surveyor General for California.

Mr. C. A. Sellens, formerly editor of the Solano Herald, died on the 3d ult.

The first war steamer built in this State was launched at Mare Island on the 3d ult., and named the "Toucey." Her timbers are almost exclusively of California wood.

The great Volcano of Mauna Loa, Sandwich Islands, is again in active operation.

The Sacramento Union entered upon its ninth year of publication on the 19th of March.

The Legislature appropriated $75,000 for the support of the Insane Asylum at Stockton, for the ensuing fiscal year, against 155,000 appropriated last year.

The Shasta *Courier* entered upon its eighth volume on the 12th ult.

On the 5th ult. the mail steamer Sonora took out from San Francisco 476 passengers and $1,327,423 89 in treasure. The opposition vessel, Orizaba, took 747 passengers and $134,320 in treasure.

On the 15th of Feb. the Supreme Court of the U. S. confirmed the Sutter land claim for eleven leagues, including that on which Sacramento city is built.

The "Princess" has been running during portions of the month, as an opposition steamer to Sacramento city. Fare, 50 cts.

The once celebrated Compadre Silver Mine, which for a long time has been lost or buried up, was recently discovered, near Fort Buchanan, Arizona Territory.

At the upper reservoir east of the Big Trees, the snow is reported to be twenty-one feet deep on the average.

A new pass has been discovered in the Rocky Mountains, at the head of the Kokiuski river, in lat. 51°.

Miller's celebrated Steam Wagon, says the Marysville Democrat, a Californian invention, was completed and successfully run through the streets of Marysville on the 15th ult.

The J. L. Stephens arrived here on the 17th ult. with 482 passengers and 300 tons of merchandise.

The steamer "Uncle Sam" returned to San Francisco, from her trip to the mouth of the Colorado with U. S. troops, animals and stores, on the 17th ult.

Oregon was admitted into the Union as a sovereign State on the 12th Feb. last, by a vote of 114 to 103.

The dies for the coinage of silver dollars were received at the S. F. Branch Mint on the 16th ult, by the J. L. Stephens.

The Board of Managers of the State Agricultural Society announced that the 27th of September next would be day of opening the State Fair, at Sacramento city, to continue for ten days.

The eastern bound steamer, John L. Stephens, took away 476 passengers and $1,581,029 in treasure, on the 21st ult.

The Red Bluff Beacon commenced its third volume on the 23d ult.

Editor's Table.

AT ONE time the prospect of an enlarged commercial intercourse; of more complete and speedy mail facilities; of safer and more expeditious transit to, and closer union with, our dear friends on the other side of the continent by the iron bonds of a railroad, was bright and cheering; but now, a shadow, dark and portentous as the tempest-born clouds of a lowering sunset, has fallen upon it, by the defeat in Congress of the Pacific Railroad Bill. By that defeat, Hope, said to be the anchor of the soul, has lost her only reliable fluke, and left the staunch vessel of American Progress and safety, on the Pacific, at the mercy of any foreign and adverse wind that blows; while every breath of air that is needed to fill the sails of the noble craft, by a prosperous commerce with China, India, Polynesia, and the whaling grounds of the North Pacific, is taken out of her canvas by a mountain chain of political bunkum forced into prominence by ax-grinding politicians at Washington. Oh, bogus patriotism, where is thy blush? Is the hobby-horse of a Pacific Railroad Bill again needed for riding into political position at the next general election? Shame on ye. A few more disasters like the foundering of the Central America, and similar in character and results—and such are by no means improbable so long as the "floating coffins" of steamships, (whatever may be said to the contrary) which now ply between San Francisco and New York, are nearly the only means of passenger transit thence—a few more disasters, we repeat, similar to the foundering of the Central America, will raise a storm of indignant censure that will hasten the speedy commencement of the work while it covers with oblivion and contempt, as effectually and remorselessly as the sea buries her dead, all those who have been its cause.

What a popular idea in the public mind is an "opposition coach;" an "opposition steamboat" or an "opposition steamship?" and the reason for its popularity, obviously, is its apparent cheapness. Now, let us suppose that the usual fare by any "regular" conveyance is ten dollars; and an "opposition line" reduces it to six, and which, for argument's sake, we will consider to be no more than a fair paying rate—the regular line, in order to drive off the opposition, reduces its rate of charges to three dollars—a price at which, for the time being, it cannot but lose money—and the result is, unless "the opposition" reduces its fare to the same rate as the "regular line," nearly all of the passengers will patronize the old conveyance; when, the opposition being without public support, has either to withdraw or lose money—neither being a very pleasant or commendable alternative for one who established it mainly for the public good. Of course the fare is immediately placed up again, by the regular line, at its old rate of ten dollars. In such a case whom, think you, is to blame?

In looking over the numerous "opposition" conveyances that, from time to time, have been established in this State, we are forced to the conclusion that, with but few laudable exceptions, they have been nothing more nor anything less than Black Mail institutions: established with no higher or nobler motive than to compel the other line to "buy them off" at exorbitant rates. This was the *dishonest* motive which gave them birth; and the public, by wishing to patronize an opposition that doubtless had become desirable, unintentionally aided them in their nefarious undertaking. As soon as the black mail "arrangement" was consummated, the "opposition" was, of course, "withdrawn for the present."

A good, honorable, and permanent opposition is at all times a public benefit, where the price of passage is fixed at a fair and paying rate; but where it is above or below this the public may rest assured that there is some unfair advantage about to be taken; and as it cannot be satisfactory to all parties, without its being mutually advantageous, its existence will be short and its death disastrous to the public welfare. Remember, then, that although "opposition is the life of trade," to be permanent and valuable it should at all times be honorable.

This month it becomes our pleasing duty to welcome the advent of the first number of the Hesperian Magazine, a new California monthly conducted by Mrs. F. H. Day, San Francisco. It is a neat, spirited, and tastefully printed work of forty eight pages, with two excellent lithographs and a title-page, beautifully executed by the Nahl Brothers and well printed by L. Nagel. We have several of the eastern magazines before us, and can testify that the Hesperian will compare favorably with either of them. The well known ability of its contributors is a sufficient guarantee that its contents are as able as its appearance is prepossessing.

To Contributors and Correspondents.

B.—"Little Iva" is on file.

M. D. S.—To ——, is received. Of course editors must laugh, or how will their readers fare, think you?

T. B., Orleans Flat.—We cannot tell unless we see it.

J. N. R.—The sketch, with accompanying description, is accepted, and will appear in due time.

T. O.—Yours, although well written, is inadmissible.

Old Maid—Will please accept our thanks for her advice and good intentions. We should not have been ungallant, even to an "old maid," had her name accompanied the communication. Will she be a little more candid and explicit in some future epistle; as we shall be happy to profit by her suggestions.

A.—"George Sommerville," "How the Yo Semite Valley was Discovered," &c., &c., are accepted and filed for next number.

Politeness is one of the best donations you can offer to a stranger, and one of the most acceptable to a friend—and yet costs nothing.

There is true vital air in loving words.

A Yankee, according to the latest authority, sees aqueducts in bubbling springs, buildings in stones, and cash in everything.

"None of your sauce," as the boy said to the crab apple.

When the world has once got hold of a lie, it is astonishing how hard it is to get it out of the world. You beat it till it seems dead, and lo! the next day it is as healthy as ever.

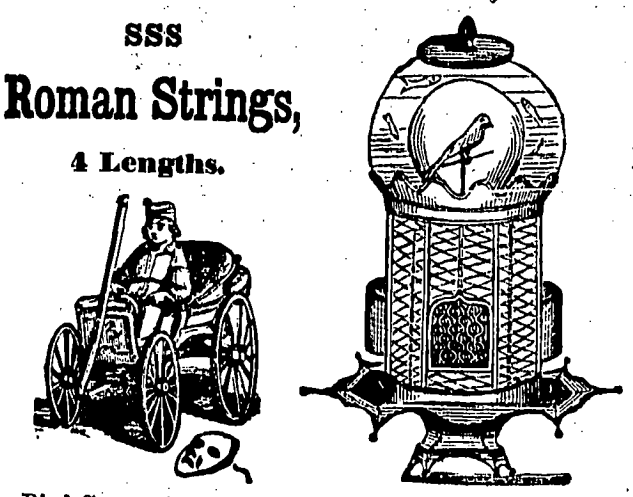
An old lady reading an account of a distinguished old lawyer who was said to be the father of the New York Bar, exclaimed—"Poor man! he had a dreadful set of children!"

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS, SHEET MUSIC, ETC.

SSS

Roman Strings,

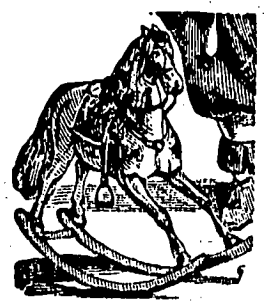
4 Lengths.



DRUMS, SAX HORNS,

GUITARS, VIOLINS,

Pianos, Melodeons, &c.



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R. H. Brotherton, San Andreas,	20 25
A. C. Yonchum, Big Oak Flat,	18 00
R. Smith, Don Pedro's Bar,	15 00
C. O. Burton,	8 00
L. Smith, successor to Force, Marysville,	2 50
Stiles & Co., Forest City,	2 50
Geo. Vincent, Coloma,	7 20
A. C. Bowers, Campo Seco,	3 70
Thos. Earl, Napa City,	3 00
A. S. Haines, Murphy's Camp,	7 50
Palmer C. Baldwin, Ophir,	5 75
do do Dolan's Bar,	4 50
Darius King, Mormon Island,	15 00
John Barker, do do	7 50

With our next issue, other names of defaulters will be published.

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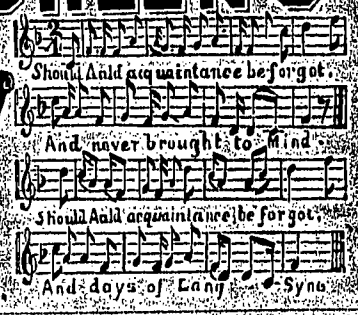

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