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140 Montgomery Street, second door north of Clay, San Francisco.

If ten or more persons will form a Club, we will send our Magazine, Postpaid, to any address in the United States each one may name, at Two Dollars each per year.

THE GREAT YO-SEMITE VALLEY—CONTINUED,.....193  
 ILLUSTRATIONS—Near View of the Yo-Semite Falls, 2,548 feet in Height—The  
 Yo-Semite Hotel—River Scene below the Bridge, looking East—View of the  
 North and South Domes, "To-coy-co" and "Tis-sa-ack," from the Valley—  
 The Ferry—Tu-toch-ah-nu-lah, 3,089 feet above the Valley—Indian Cañon.  
 HORACE GREELEY'S ACCOUNT OF HIS VISIT TO THE VALLEY,.....205  
 HE DID NOT SAY HE LOVED HER,.....209  
 COUSIN NELL,.....209  
 CALIFORNIA GOLD,.....212  
 MY HOME,.....217  
 DRAWING THE LONG BOW,.....217  
 LIFE SCULPTURE,.....219  
 MY PHILOSOPHY,.....221  
 AGNES EMERSON, A TALE OF THE REVOLUTION,.....222  
 THE UNKNOWN LOVER,.....227  
 THE PACIFIC RAILROAD CONVENTION MEMORIAL,.....227  
 OUR SOCIAL CHAIR,.....232  
 The Heart-enlarging Influences of Social Converse—Letters from a "Dentist's  
 Chair", "School Stool", and "A Waiter's Chair"—A Daguerreotype Mus-  
 ing, or, an Epistle to the Editor—A Touching Incident—To Alice.  
 THE FASHIONS,.....237  
 MONTHLY RECORD OF CURRENT EVENTS,.....238  
 EDITOR'S TABLE,.....239  
 TO CONTRIBUTORS AND CORRESPONDENTS,.....240

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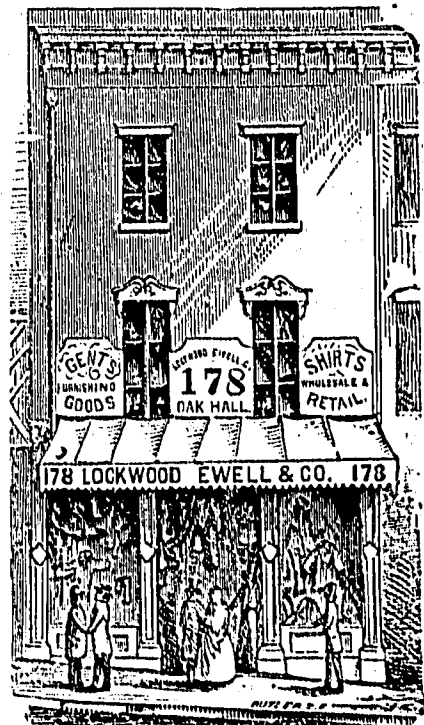
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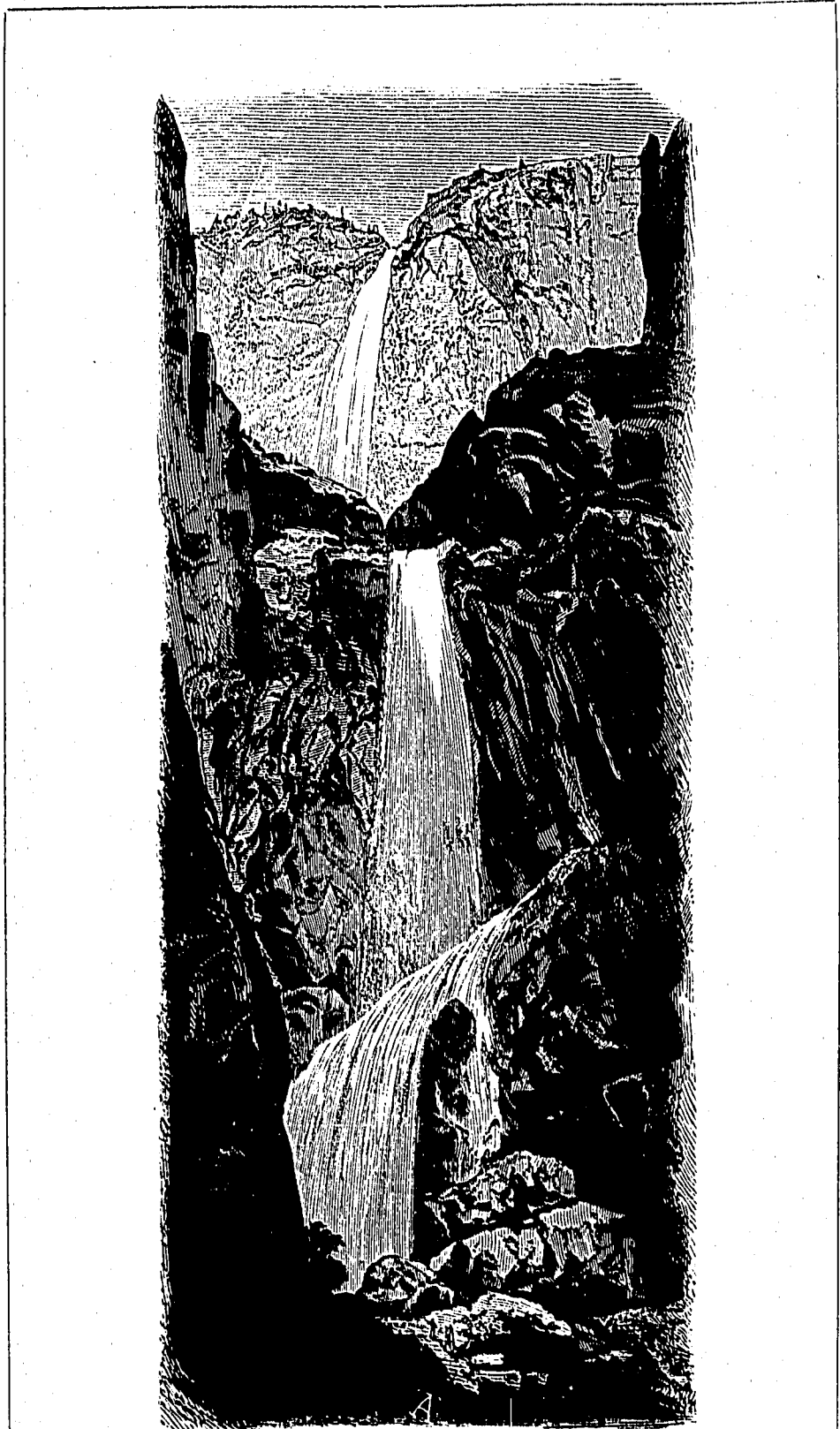
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Near View of the YO-SEMITE FALLS,  
2,500 FEET IN HEIGHT.

[From a Photograph by C. I. WREED.]

CALIFORNIA

VOL. IV

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CHAPTER

Our First Night

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# HUTCHINGS' CALIFORNIA MAGAZINE.

VOL. IV. NOVEMBER, 1859. No. 5.

THE GREAT YO-SEMITE VALLEY.



## CHAPTER IV.

### Our First Night in the Valley.

Go abroad  
Upon the paths of nature, and when all  
Its voices whisper, and its silent things  
Are breathing the deep beauty of the  
world,  
Kneel at its simple altar, and the God,  
Who hath the living waters, shall be  
there. N. P. WILLIS.

**A**FTER the excitement and fatigue of the three previous days, and the novel circumstances and broken slumbers of the past two nights, it would be natural to suppose that when we had reached the valley and quietly encamped, our rest would be both deep and refreshing, but experience proved that this supposition was altogether too favorable.

The hotel being newly built, although furniture, and other conveniences, was roomy, was not very commodious, and but little in advance of our star-lighted chamber of the previous night; yet, in

THE "PI-WY-AC," OR VERNAL FALL, ON THE MAIN BRANCH OF THE MERCED RIVER.

order to meet this difficulty, at least half way, the really obliging proprietor had constructed some brush shanties, or arbors, sufficiently large to accommodate two or three persons, and carpeted it with fern leaves, and these formed the bed; but owing to the mosquitoes having recently given a series of very successful concerts in the valley, as reported by other travelers, they were now in high spirits, and had a playful habit of alighting on and piercing our noses and foreheads, to keep us awake, that we might not lose a single note of their nocturnal serenade.

Then, weary as we were, it seemed such a luxury to lie and listen to the splashing, washing, roaring, surging, hissing, seething sound of the great Yo-Semite Falls; just opposite, or to pass quietly out of our brush shelter and look up between the lofty pines and spreading oaks, to the granite cliffs that towered up with such majesty of form and boldness of outline, against the vast ethereal vault of heaven; or watch in the moonlight the ever changing shapes and shadows of the water, as it leaped the cloud-draped summit of the mountain and fell in gusty torrents on the unyielding granite, to be dashed to an infinity of atoms. Then to return to our fern-leaf couch, and dream of some tutelary genius, of immense proportions, extending over us his protecting arms, and admonishing the waterfall to modulate the music of its voice into some gently soothing lullaby, that we might sleep and be refreshed.

Some time before the sun could get a good, honest look at us, deep down as we were in this awful chasm, we saw him painting his rosy smiles upon the ridges, and washing lights and shadows in the furrows of the mountain's brow, as though it took a pride in showing up, to the best advantage, the wrinkles time had made upon it; but all of us felt too fatigued fully to enjoy the thrilling

grandeur and beauty that surrounded us.

Here, reader, permit us to remark that ladies or gentlemen, especially the former, who visit this valley to look upon and appreciate its wonders, and make it a trip of pleasurable enjoyment, should not attempt its accomplishment in less than three days, either from Mariposa, Coulterville, or Big Oak Flat. If this is remembered, the enjoyment will be doubled.

After a substantial breakfast, made palatable by that most excellent of sauces, a good appetite, our guide announced that the horses were ready, and the saddle-bags well stored with such good things as would commend themselves acceptably to our attention about noon, we were soon in our saddles and off.

#### CHAPTER V.

##### Hide to the Yo-Semite Falls.

*They spake not a word:  
But, like dumb statues, or breathless stones,  
Stared on each other, and looked deadly pale.*  
SHAKS: *Richard III.*

After crossing a rude bridge over the main stream, which is here about sixty feet in width, and eight in depth, at this season of the year, we kept down the northern bank for a short distance, to avoid a large portion of the valley in front of the hotel, that was then overflowed with water. On either side of our trail, in several places, such was the luxuriant growth of the ferns, that they were above our shoulders as we rode through them.

Presently we reached one of the most beautifully picturesque scenes that eye ever saw. It was the ford. The oak, dogwood, maple, cottonwood, and other trees, formed an arcade of great beauty over the sparkling, rippling, pobbly stream, and in the back-ground, the lower fall of the Yo-Semite was dropping its sheet of snowy sheen behind a dark middle distance of pines and hemlocks.

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nenth the fiery strength of a hot June sun, a large body of water was rushing past, forming several small streams, which, being comparatively shallow, were easily forded. When within about a hundred and fifty yards of the fall, as numerous large boulders began to intercept our progress, we dismounted, and after fastening our animals to some young trees, made our way up to it on foot.

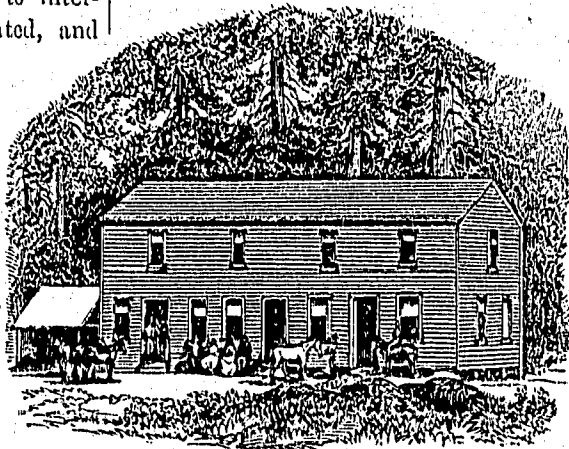
Now a change of temperature became perceptible, as we advanced; and the almost oppressive heat of the center of the valley was gradually changing to that of chilliness. But up, up, we climbed, over this rock, and past that tree, until we reached the foot, or as near as we could advance to it, of the great Yo-Semite fall, when

a cold draught of air rushed down upon us from above, about equal in strength to an eight knot breeze; bringing with it a heavy shower of finely comminuted spray that fell with sufficient force to saturate our clothing in a few moments. From this a beautiful phenomenon was observable, inasmuch as after striking our hats, the diamond-like mist shot off at an angle of about thirty-five or forty degrees, and as the sun shone it formed a number of miniature rainbows all round about us.

The reader who has never visited this spot, must not suppose that the cloud-like spray that descends upon us is the main fall itself, broken into infinitesimal particles, and become nothing but sheets of cloud; by no means; for, although this stream shoots over the margin of the mountain, nearly seven hundred feet above, it falls almost in a solid body, not in a continuous stream, exactly, but having a close resemblance to an avalanche of snowy rockets that appear to be perpetually trying to overtake each other in

their descent, and mingle the one into the other, and the whole composing a torrent of indescribable power and beauty.

Huge boulders, and large masses of sharp, angular rocks, are scattered here and there, forming the uneven sides of



THE YO-SEMITE HOTEL.

an immense and apparently ever-boiling cauldron; around, and in the interstices of which, numerous dwarf ferns, weeds, grasses, and flowers, are ever growing, where not actually washed by the falling stream.

It is beyond the power of language to describe the awe-inspiring majesty of the darkly frowning and overhanging mountain walls of solid granite that here hem you in on every side, as though they would threaten you with instantaneous destruction, if not total annihilation, did you attempt for a moment to deny their power. If man ever feels his utter insignificance at any time, it is when looking upon such a scene of appalling grandeur as that presented here.

The point from whence the photograph was taken and from which our engraving was made, being almost underneath the fall, might lead to the supposition that the lower section, which embraces more than two-thirds of the picture, was the highest of the two seen; when, in fact, the lower one, according to the measure-



ments of Mr. James Denman, of Mr. Peterson, the engineer of the Mariposa and Yo-Semite Water Company, and of Mr. Long, county surveyor, is only about 700 feet above the level of the valley, while the upper one is about 1,448 feet, and between the two—which is more a series of rapids than a fall—about 400 feet, giving the total height of the whole at 2,548 feet.

After lingering here for several hours, with inexpressible feelings of suppressed astonishment and delight, qualified and intensified by veneration, we took a long and reluctant last upward gaze, convinced that we should "never look upon its like again," until we paid it another visit at some future time; and, making the best of our way to where our horses were tied, we proceeded to endorse the truthfulness of the prognostications of our guide in the morning, before starting, concerning appetites and lunch. But, were we to tell the reader the number, kind, or quality of the viands provided, or the appetising influence of the mountain air, if at all afflicted with dyspepsia, he would be sure to wish that he had been one of the party—and find, too, that he might indulge in a thousand worse wishes.

#### CHAPTER VI.

##### Visit to Lake Ah-wi-yah.

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever."—KEATS.

Leaving the Yosemite falls, we recrossed the fords, and threaded our way through the far-stretching vistas of luxuriant green that opened before us; the bright sunlight and sombre shadows ever winking and twinkling upon the sparkling and gurgling stream, and dimly-defined trail; until we emerged on a grassy and flower-covered plateau on the north side of the valley, near the base of the great North Domo, called by the Indians *Tb-coy-e*. This mountain of naked granite, with scarcely a tree or shrub grow-

ing from a single crevice, towers above you to the height of 3,725 feet. Its sides are nearly perpendicular for more than two thousand feet, at which point its immense spherical crown commences. The snow, melting on its summit and sides, formed several small ribbon-like streams of silvery water.

Having crossed the plateau, we rode over some rocky hillocks, and among a park-like array of oak trees, until we arrived at Lake *Ah-wi-yah*, so named and known by the Indians, but which has been newly christened by American visitors "Lake Hiawatha," "Mirror Lake," and several others, which, though pretty enough, are equally common-place and unsuitable. But of this we shall have something to say in another chapter.

This lake, although a charming little sheet of crystal water of almost a couple of acres in extent, in which numerous schools of speckled trout may be seen gaily disporting themselves, would be unworthy of a notice, but for the picturesque grandeur of its surroundings. On the north and west lie immense rocks that have become detached from the tops of the mountain above; among these grow a large variety of trees and shrubs, many of which stand on and overhang the margin of the lake, and are reflected on its mirror-like bosom. To the north-east opens a vast gorge or canon, down which impetuously rushes the waters of the north fork of the Merced, which debouches into and supplies the lake.

On the south-east stands the "Semi," or "South Domo," 4,593 feet in altitude above the valley. Almost one-half of this immense mass, either from some convulsion of nature, or

"Time's effacing fingers,"

has fallen over, and by which, most probably, the dam for this lake was first formed. Yet proudly, ay, defiantly erect, it still holds its noble head, and is not only the highest of all those around, but

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is the greatest attraction of the valley. Moreover, in this is centered many agreeable associations to the Indian mind; as here was once the traditional home of the guardian spirit of the valley, the

angel-like and beautiful *Tis-sa-ack*, and after whom her devoted Indian worshippers named this gloriously majestic mountain. While we sit in the shade of these fine old trees and look upon all the



RIVER SCENE BELOW THE BRIDGE, LOOKING EAST.

[From a Photograph, by C. L. Weed.]

objects around us, and mirrored on the unruffled bosom of the lake, let us relate the following interesting legend of Tutoch-ah-nu-lah, after whom the vast perpendicular and massive projecting rock at the lower end of the valley, was named, and with which is interwoven the history of *Tis-sa-ack*:

This legend was told in an eastern journal, by a gentleman residing here,

who signs himself "Iota," and who received it from the lips of an old Indian, in the relation of which, although several points of interest are omitted, it will, nevertheless, prove very entertaining:

"It was in the unremembered past that the children of the sun first dwelt in Yosemite. Then all was happiness; for Tutochahnulah sat on high in his rocky home, and cared for the people whom he

loved. Leaping over the upper plains, he herded the wild deer, that the people might choose the fattest for the feast. He roused the bear from his cavern in the mountain, that the brave might hunt. From his lofty rock he prayed to the Great Spirit, and brought the soft rain upon the corn in the valley. The smoke of his pipe curled into the air, and the golden sun breathed warmly through its blue haze and ripened the crops, that the women might gather them in. When he laughed, the face of the winding river was rippled with smiles; when he sighed, the wind swept sadly through the singing pines; if he spoke, the sound was like the deep voice of the cataract; and when he smote the far-striding bear, his whoop of triumph rang from crag to gorge—ochood from mountain to mountain. His form was straight like the arrow, and elastic like the bow. His foot was swifter than the red deer, and his eye was strong and bright like the rising sun.

"But one morning, as he roamed, a bright vision came before him, and then the soft colors of the West were in his lustrous eye. A maiden sat upon the southern granite dome that raises its gray head among the highest peaks. She was not like the dark maidens of the tribe below, for the yellow hair rolled over her dazzling form, as golden waters over silver rocks; her brow beamed with the pale beauty of the moonlight, and her blue eyes were as the far-off hills before the sun goes down. Her little foot shone like the snow-tufts on the wintry pines, and its arch was like the spring of a bow. Two cloud-like wings wavered upon her dimpled shoulders, and her voice was as the sweet sad tone of the night-bird of the woods.

"Tutochahnulah," she softly whispered—then gliding up the rocky dome, she vanished over its rounded top. Keen was the eye, quick was the ear, swift was the

foot of the noble youth as he sped up the rugged path in pursuit; but the soft down from her snowy wings was wafted into his eyes and he saw her no more.

"Every morning now did the enamored Tutochahnulah leap the stony barriers and wander over the mountains to meet the lovely Tes-sa-ach. Each day he laid sweet acorns and wild flowers upon her dome. His ear caught her footstep, though it was light as the falling leaf: his eye gazed upon her beautiful form, and into her gentle eyes; but never did he speak before her, and never again did her sweet-toned voice fall upon his ear. Thus did he love the fair maid, and so strong was his thought of her that he forgot the crops of Yo-Semite, and they, without rain, wanting his tender care, quickly drooped their heads and shrunk. The wind whistled mournfully through the wild corn, the wild bee stored no more honey in the hollow tree, for the flowers had lost their freshness, and the green leaves became brown. Tutochahnulah saw none of this, for his eyes were dazzled by the shining wings of the maiden. But Tes-sa-ach looked with sorrowing eyes over the neglected valley, when early in the morning she stood upon the gray dome of the mountain; so, kneeling on the smooth, hard rock, the maiden besought the Great Spirit to bring again the bright flowers and delicate grasses, green trees, and nodding acorns.

"Then, with an awful sound, the dome of granite opened beneath her feet, and the mountain was riven asunder, while the melting snows from the Nevada gushed through the wonderful gorge. Quickly they formed a lake between the perpendicular walls of the cleft mountain, and sent a sweet murmuring river thro' the valley. All then was changed. The birds dashed their little bodies into the pretty pools among the grasses, and fluttering out again sang for delight; the

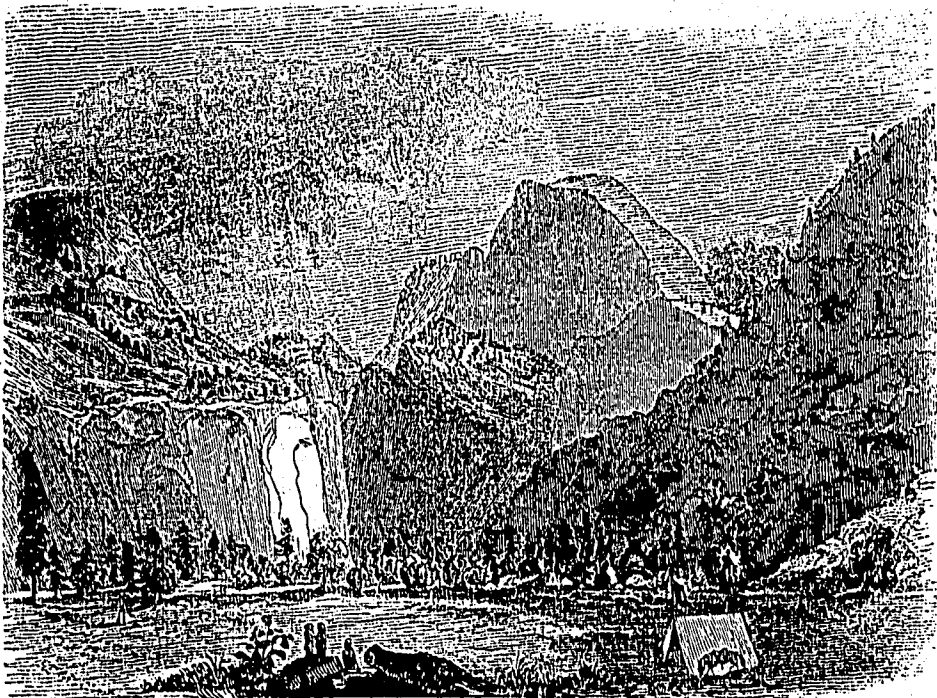
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moisture crept silently through the parched soil; the flowers sent up a fragrant incense of thanks; the corn gracefully raised its drooping head; and the sap,

with velvet footfall, ran up into the trees, giving life and energy to all. But the maid, for whom the valley had suffered, and through whom it had been again



VIEW OF NORTH AND SOUTH DOMES, "TO-COV-EE" AND "TIS-SA-ACK," FROM THE VALLEY.

clothed with beauty, had disappeared as strangely as she came. Yet, that all might hold her memory in their hearts, she left the quiet lake, the winding river, and yonder half-dome, which still bears her name, 'Tis-sa-ack.' It is said to be 4,500 feet high, and every evening it catches the last rosy rays that are reflected from the snowy peaks above. As she flew away, small downy feathers were wafted from her wings, and where they fell, on the margin of the lake, you will now see thousands of little white violets.

"When Tutochahmulah knew that she was gone, he left his rocky castle and wandered away in search of his lost love. But that the Yo-Semites might never forget him, with the hunting-knife in his bold hand, he carved the outlines of his noble head upon the face of the rock. And there they still remain, 3,000 feet

in the air, guarding the entrance to the beautiful valley which had received his loving care. IOTA."

The rapidly declining sun and an admonishing voice from our organs of digestion, were both persuasive influences to recommend an early departure for the hotel and dinner, and which, we need not add, were promptly responded to.

As we sat in the stillness and twilight of evening, thinking over and conversing about the wondrous scenes our eyes had looked upon that day; or listened, in silence, to the deep music of the distant waterfalls, our hearts seemed full to overflowing with a sense of the grandeur, wildness, beauty, and profoundness to be felt and enjoyed when communing with the glorious works of nature; and



which called to mind those expressive lines of Moore,

The earth shall be my fragrant shrine;  
My temple, Lord! that Arch of thine;  
My censor's breath the mountain airs,  
And silent thoughts my only prayers.

#### CHAPTER VII.

##### A Climbing Excursion.

Expect great things, attempt great things.

DR. CAREY.

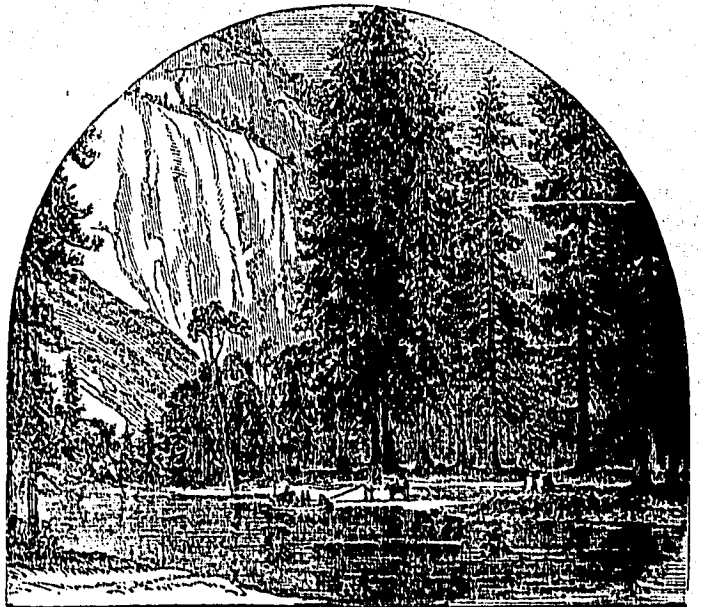
An undefinable longing to look down from the top of the mountain walls that encompass this valley; to examine the surrounding country above, and measure the width and depth of the Yo-Semite river, before it leaps down into the abyss below, stimulated the writer and Mr. J. Lamson, an artist, to make the attempt. Accordingly we repaired to the foot of an almost inaccessible mountain gorge, named Indian Canon, situated about a quarter of a mile to the east of the Yo-Semite falls, and nearly opposite to the hotel, for the purpose of making the ascent. It was a fatiguing and difficult task that few had ever undertaken. In order the better to insure our success, we started early in the morning. The day proved to be one of the warmest of the season, as the thermometer in the valley stood at 104°.

Yet, after fairly entering the canon, the trees and shrubs that grew between the rocks, afforded us a very grateful shelter for a quarter of the distance up; when the almost vertical mountain side on our right, threw its refreshing shadow across the ascent for the greater portion of the remaining distance.

Thus protected, we climbed over, crept beneath, or walked around, the huge boulders that formed the bed of the gorge; and which, owing to their immense size, frequently compelled us to make a detour in the sun to avoid them, or seek as easy an ascent as possible in the accomplishment of this our excessively fatiguing task.

A cascade of considerable volume was leaping over this, dashing past that, rushing between those, and gurgling among these rocks, affording us gratuitous music and drink as we climbed.

Large pine trees that had fallen across the canon during the rapid melting of the snow, had been lifted up and tossed, like a skiff by an angry sea, to the top of some huge rocks, and there left. Onward and upward we toiled, the perspiration rolling from our brows; but we were cheered and rewarded by the increasing novelty and beauty of the scenes that were momentarily opening to our view as we ascended.



THE FERRY.

[From a Photograph by O. L. Weed.]

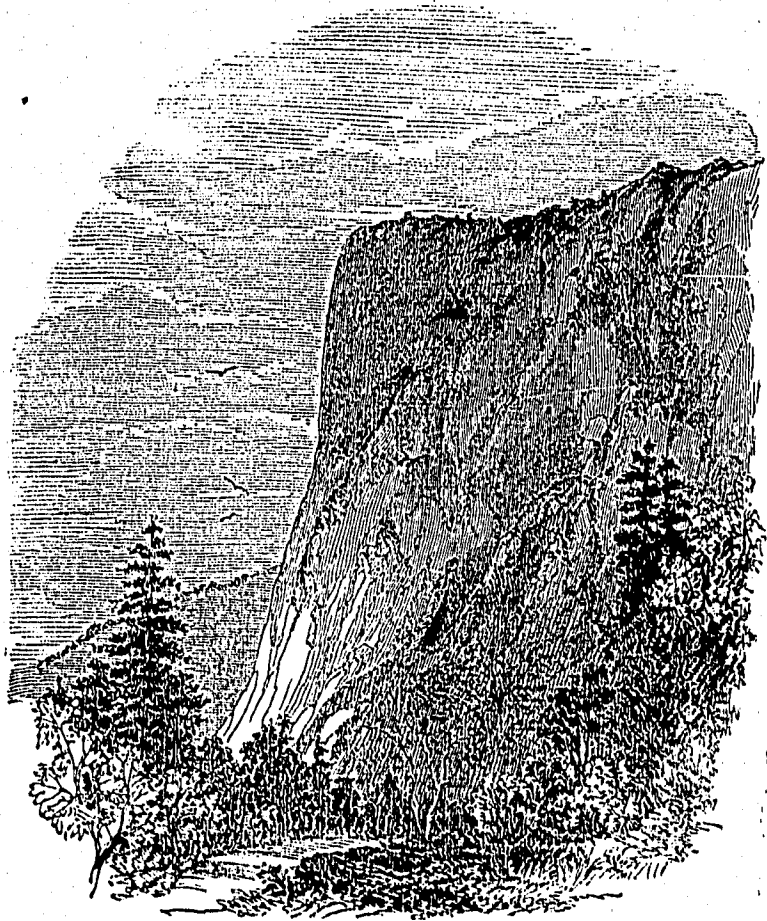
When about half way up, progressing as well as we could on hands and knees, without a thought of danger, a large snake sprung his rattle before us, just in

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TU-TOCH-AH-NU-LAH, THREE THOUSAND AND EIGHTY-NINE FEET ABOVE THE VALLEY.

[From a Photograph by C. L. Weed.]

time to give information that a forked tongue and a pair of fangs were within a few inches of our face. To leap back, was the prompt, spontaneous act of a moment, and, when duly armed, we valourously charged upon the enemy, and relieved him of his life and rattles.

At noon we reached the summit of the mountain. From its lofty top, the magnificent panorama that was spread out before us, it is impossible to describe. Deep, deep below, in peaceful repose, slept the valley; its carpet of green cut up by sheets of standing water and small brooks that ran down from every ravine and gorge, while the serpentine course of the river resembled a huge sil-

ver ribbon, as its sheen flashed in the sun. On its banks, and at the foot of the mountains around, groves of pines two hundred feet in height, looked like mere weeds.

All the hollows of the main chain of the Sierras, stretching to the eastward, and southward, apparently but a few miles distant, were yet filled with snow; above and out of which sharp and bare saw-like peaks of rock, rose well defined, against the clear blue sky. The south dome from this elevation, as from the valley, is the grandest of all the objects in sight; a conical mountain beyond, and a little to the south of the south dome, is apparently as high, but few

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The bare, smooth granite top of this mountain upon which we stood; and the stunted and storm-beaten pines that struggled for existence and sustenance in the seams of the rock, with other scenes equally unprepossessing, presented a view of savage sterility and dreariness that was in striking contrast with the productive fertility of the lands below, or the heavily timbered forests through which we had passed on our way to the valley.

From this ridge, which most probably is not less than 3,500 feet above the valley, we descended nearly 1,000 feet, at an easy grade, to the Yo-Semite river, where we took lunch. The current of this stream for half a mile above the edge of the falls runs at the rate of about eight knots an hour. Upon careful measurement with a line, we found it to be thirty-four and a half feet in width, with an average depth of twelve inches. The grey granite rock over which it runs is very hard, and as smooth as a sheet of ice, to tread which in safety great care is needed; or before one is aware of it he would find his head where his feet should be, when the force of the current would sweep him over the falls.

After placing a flag upon the tree standing nearest the edge of the fall, the accomplishment of which was attended with considerable danger, owing to a very strong wind that blow through the gap, we prepared to return.

But when we had reached the top of the ridge before mentioned, and again saw the wonders and glories that were beyond us, all that we seemed to wish or hope for was the possession of a single pound of bread, that, after building us a fire, by which to sleep for the night without blankets, we might pursue our interesting explorations to a more satisfactory close on the morrow.

As the sun had nearly set before we

were content to leave this charmed spot, and our descent occupied us busily for over four hours, we did not arrive at the hotel until very late at night, so that we had to find our way over the jagged rocks and among the smooth boulders, of the gorge, in the dark, with the risk of breaking our limbs or neck.

#### CHAPTER VIII.

Comparison between the Yo-Semite and some parts of Switzerland.

While recruiting a little, after our fatiguing jaunt to the top of the falls, we had the pleasure of meeting the Rev. P. V. Veeder, who, having visited Switzerland and Savoy, has sent us the following:

According to promise, I send you a few notes of comparison between the scenery of Yo-Semite valley and that of some parts of Switzerland.

The Alps of Switzerland and Savoy, may be compared to a vast shield, or buckler, lying on the bosom of the earth, and extending one hundred and fifty miles, from the borders of France to the Alps of the Tyrol, and one hundred miles from the plains of Piedmont to the broad valley between the Alps and the Jura Mountains. From this rough-seamed surface, there rise three immense bosses, or projecting points—three radiating centres, sending off lofty chains of mountains towards each other, and into the plains of France, Italy, and Switzerland, at their feet. The loftiest of these bosses, or centres, is Mt. Blanc in Savoy, the height of which is 15,744 feet; the next in height is Monte Rosa, 15,200 feet high; and the third is the Bernese Alps, the culminating point of which is the Finster-aarhorn, 14,100 feet high. These three grand centres are about sixty miles apart, and each has a scenery peculiar to itself. They are alike, vast rugged mountain masses, towering 6,000 feet into the region of perpetual snow; but

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INDIAN CANON.

Mt. Blanc has its "aiguilles," or needles; Monte Rosa, its wonderful neighbor, Mt. Corvin; and the Bernese Alps have their beautiful valley of misty waterfalls, leaping over perpendicular cliffs. The traveler who visits Yo-Semite valley after seeing the Alps, will be reminded of each of these three grand centres. He will see the Aiguilles of Mt. Blanc, in the "Sentinel," or "Castle Rock," rising as straight as a needle, to the height of 3,200 feet above the valley, and in several other pointed rocks of the same kind. He will be reminded of the sublimest object in the vicinity of Monte Rosa, the Matterhorn, or Mt. Corvin, the summit of which is a dark obelisk of porphyry, rising from a sea of snow, to the height of 4,500 feet. The "South Domo," at

Yo-Semite falls is a similar obelisk, 4,593 feet in height.

But above all, the general shape, the size, and the waterfalls of Yo-Semite valley give it the closest resemblance to the famous valley of Lauterbrunnen, at the base of the Jungfrau, in the Bernese Alps. No part of Switzerland is more admired and visited. To me, its chief charm is not so much its sublime precipices, and its lofty waterfalls, which give the valley its name, "Lauterbrunnen," meaning "sounding brooks," as the magnificent mountain summits, towering up beyond the precipices, and the unearthly beauty and purity of the glistening snows on the bosom of the Jungfrau, and the mountains at the head of the valley. But these summits are not the peculiar

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## VIII.

the Yo-Semite and Switzerland.

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characteristic features of Lauterbrunnen valley. These are the waterfalls, the perpendicular precipices, and the beautiful grassy and vine-clad vale between. And these are the grand features of Yo-Semite valley. Here you stand in a level valley of about the same dimensions as the Lauterbrunnen valley—from eight to ten miles long, and a little more than a mile wide—covered here with a magnificent pine forest, the trees averaging two hundred feet in height—there, with a growth of noble oaks, and elsewhere, opening into broad grassy fields. These natural features almost equal in beauty the vineyards, gardens, and cultivated fields of Lauterbrunnen.

But look now at the waterfalls: only one of them in the Swiss valley has a European celebrity—the Staubbach, or "Dust Brook,"—known as the highest cascade in Europe. It falls at one leap, 925 feet. Long before it reaches the ground, it becomes a veil of vapor, beclouding acres of fertile soil at its foot. It is worthy of all the admiration and enthusiasm it excites in the beholder. But the "Bridal Veil" Falls in Yo-Semite valley is higher, being 940 feet in altitude, leaps out of a smoother channel, in a clear, symmetrical arch of indescribable beauty—has a larger body of water, and is surrounded by far loftier, and grander precipices.

When we come to the "Yo-Semite Falls" proper, we behold an object which has no parallel anywhere in the Alps. The upper part is the highest waterfall in the world, as yet discovered, being 1,500 feet in height. It reminds me of nothing in the Alps, but the avalanches soon falling at intervals down the precipices of the Jungfrau. It is indeed a perpetual avalanche of water comminuted as finely as snow, and spreading as it descends into a transparent veil, like the train of the great comet of 1858. As you look at it from the valley beneath, a

thousand feet below, it is not unlike a snowy comet, perpetually climbing, (not the heavens,) but the glorious cliffs which tower up 3,000 feet into the zenith above, not unlike a firmament of rock.

The lower section of the Yo-Semite Falls has its parallel in Switzerland, the Handeck, but is much higher. The scenery around the "Vernal Falls," which resemble a section of the American Falls at Niagara, is like that of the Devil's Bridge, in the Great St. Gothard road, which is perhaps the wildest and most savage spot in Switzerland, unless we except that wonderful gorge of the Rhine—the Videllala. But when you climb through blinding spray, and up the "ladders," to the top of the Vernal Falls, and follow the foaming river to the foot of the Nevada Falls, all comparison fails to convey an idea of the sublimity and wildness of the scene. The Swiss traveler must climb the rugged sides of Mt. Blanc, cross the More de Glace, and stationing himself on the broken rocks of the Gardin, imagine a river falling in a snowy avalanche over the shoulder of one of the sharp Aiguilles, or needle-shaped peaks, around him. There are no glaciers at the foot of the Nevada Falls, but every other feature of the scene, has an unearthly wildness, to be equalled only near Alpine summits.

To return again to the comparison of the sister valleys—the Yo-Semite and the Lauterbrunnen. The third peculiar feature of the Swiss valley is the parallel precipices on each side, rising perpendicularly from 1,000 to 1,500 feet. They are indeed sublime, and where the cliff projects, in a rounded form, like the bastions of some huge castle, you might imagine that you beheld one of the strongholds of the fabled Titans of old. But, what are they, compared with such a giant as Tutochahnulah, lifting up his square, granite forehead, 3,000 feet above the grassy plain at his feet, a rounded, curving cliff, as smooth, as symmetrical, to

the eye, and the upper pillar on each standing in than a mile granite wall other, they together hurley! What scarcely a m and the other you stand in nen, and lo Jungfrau, a object in 00 map will tel tant, and by find that you only twenty mounix, you of Mt. Blanc you, but you six' and one and the au only twenty sharpest an is twenty-five you need l rocks at the and leaning look up, if to wither cliffs are fa the summit nearly and you will be feet above the stupend side of the precipice o like "Tu to absolutely

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the eye, and absolutely as vertical for the upper 1,500 feet, as any Corinthian pillar on earth! What shall we say when standing in the middle of a valley, more than a mile wide, you know that if those granite walls should fall towards each other, they would smite their foreheads together hundreds of feet above the valley! What magnificent domes are those, scarcely a mile apart, the one 3,800 feet, and the other 4,593 feet in height. When you stand in the valley of Lauterbrunnen, and look at the snowy summit of Jungfrau, or "Virgin," you behold an object 11,000 feet above you; but your map will tell you that it is five miles distant, and by a little calculation, you will find that you raise your eye at an angle of only twenty-three degrees. So at Chamounix, you look up at the snowy dome of Mt. Blanc, rising 12,330 feet above you, but you must remember that it is six and one-half miles distant from you, and the angle at which you view it is only twenty degrees, while the very sharpest angle at which you can view it is twenty-five degrees. But at Yo-Semite, you need but climb a few rods up the rocks at the base of that granite wall, and leaning up against it, you may look up, if your nerves are steady enough to withstand the impression that the cliffs are falling over upon you, and see the summits above you, at an angle of nearly ninety degrees; in other words, you will behold a mountain top 3,000 feet above you *in the zenith*. I have seen the stupendous declivity of the Italian side of Monte Rosa—a steep, continuous precipice, of 9,000 feet—but it is nothing like "Tu-tech-ah-nu-lah," being nowhere absolutely perpendicular.

As most of our readers are aware that Horace Greeley, the eccentric and talented editor of the *New York Tribune*, paid this valley a visit about two months ago, they will be pleased to read

## MR. GREELEY'S ACCOUNT.

I left Bear Valley, two hours later than was fit, at 6 A. M. on Thursday, resolved to push through to my immediate destination that night. My friend had preceded me betimes to Mariposas, 12 miles on our way, to complete preparations for our trip; but were unluckily delayed here again by misapprehensions and the pre-engagement of animals for attendance on a camp-meeting, so that it was high noon when we reached the end of the wagon-road, 12 miles below Mariposas, where the saddle is the only resource, while it is still nearly 40 miles (many of them steep ones) to the Yosemite fall. Every one assured us that to get through that day was impossible, yet I had no more time to give to the journey and must try. My friend is a good rider, while I can barely ride at all, not having spent five hours on horseback, save in my visit to the Kansas Gold Mines, within the last thirty years.

But the two gentlemen from Mariposas who accompanied and guided us knew all about the journey that we didn't—which is saying a great deal—so we pressed buoyantly, confidently on.

Hussey's Steam Saw-Mill, where we mounted (or rather I did, for the rest had done so before), marks pretty fairly the division between the Oaks of the lower and the Firs of the higher elevations, though the two of course melt into each other. As we rose gradually but steadily the White soon faded out, then the Black, and last the Live Oak, though the genuineness of this last is disputed, while the Yellow, Pitch, and Sugar Pines, Cedars, and Balsam Firs, became more numerous and stately, till they at length had the ground almost wholly to themselves, save that the Manzanito and other shrubs (mostly evergreens also) clustered on nearly every opening among the trees. There is little or no precipice or bare rock for miles, and we rose along the southern face of the ridge overlooking the Chowchilla Valley, until we seemed to have half California spread out before us like a map. Our range of vision extended south to the tulo lake, or immense morass, in which the San Joaquin has its source, and west to the Coast Range, which alone barred the Pacific Ocean from our view. Still rising, we wound gradually around the peak of our first mountain through a slight depression or pass, and soon looked off upon the valley



of the South Fork of the Merced, which opened for miles north and east of us. On this side, the descent is far steeper, and we traversed for miles a mere trace along the side of the mountain, where a misstep must have landed us at least a thousand feet below. In time, this too was left behind, and we descended fitfully and tortuously the east end of the mountain to the South Fork, whereon, sixteen miles from Ilussey's and but five from the Big Trees of Mariposas, we halted for rest and food. Before six, we were again in the saddle, crossing the fork and winding up over another mountain northward, with a precipitous descent of at least two thousand feet beside us for a mile or so. A steep ascent of half a mile carried us over the divide, whence we descended very rapidly to Alder Creek, at the northern base. Following up this creek over a succession of steep pitches, interlaved with more level patches, we bade adieu to daylight at "Grizzly Cat," a spot noted for encounters with the monarch of our American forests, and thence crossed a ridge to "Summit Meadows," a succession of mainly narrow grassy levels, which wind in and out among the promontories of more or less shattered granite which make down from the mountain peaks on either side, but pursue a generally eastward direction to pour their tiny tribute into the Great Chasm. Our route led us six or eight times across these Meadows which were often so boggy as to require a very nice choice of footing, across the generally wooded promontories which deflected the probably continuous meadow into what seemed to us many, until we stood at length, about ten o'clock P. M., on the brink of the awful abyss and halted a moment to tighten girths and take breath for the descent.

And here let me renew my tribute to the marvelous bounty and beauty of the forests of this whole mountain region. The Sierra Nevadas lack the glorious glaciers, the frequent rains, the rich verdure, the abundant cataracts of the Alps; but they far surpass them—they surpass any other mountains I ever saw—in the wealth and grace of their trees. Look down from almost any of their peaks, and your range of vision is filled, bounded, satisfied, by what might be termed a tempest-tossed sea of overgreens, filling every upland valley, covering every hill-

side, crowning every peak but the highest, with their unfading luxuriance. That I saw during this day's travel many hundreds of pines eight feet in diameter, with cedars at least six feet, I am confident; and there were miles of such and smaller trees of like genus standing as thick as they could grow. Steep mountain-sides, allowing these giants to grow, rank above rank, without obstructing each other's sunshine, seem peculiarly favorable to the production of these serviceable giants. But the Summit Meadows are peculiar in their heavy fringe of balsam fir, of all sizes from those barely one foot high to those hardly less than two hundred, their branches surrounding them in collars, their extremities gracefully bent down by the weight of winter snows, making them here, I am confident, the most beautiful trees on earth. The dry promontories which separate these meadows are also covered with a species of spruce, which is only less graceful than the firs aforesaid. I never before enjoyed such a tree-feast as on this wearing, difficult ride.

Descent into the Yosemite is only practicable at three points—one near the head of the valley, where a small stream makes in from the direction of the main ridge of the Sierra, down which there is a trail from the vicinity of Walker's River, Utah—a trail, practicable, I believe, for men on foot only. The other two lead in near the outlet from Mariposas and Coulterville respectively, on opposite banks of the Merced, and are practicable for sure-footed mules or horses. We, of course, made our descent by the Mariposas trail, on the south side of the little river which here escapes from the famous Valley by a canon which water alone can safely, if at all, traverse, being shut in by lofty precipices and broken by successive falls.

My friends insisted that I should look over the brink into the profound abyss before clambering down its side, but I, apprehending giddiness and feeling the need of steady nerves, firmly declined. So we formed line again, and moved on.

The night was clear and bright, as all summer nights are in this region; the atmosphere cool but not really cold; the moon had risen before seven o'clock, and was shedding so much light as to bother us in our forest path, where the shadow of a standing pine looked exceedingly

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like the substance of a fallen one, and many semblances were unreal and misleading. The safest course was to give your horse a full rein and trust to his sagacity or self-love for keeping the trail. As we descended by zigzags the north face of the all but perpendicular mountain, our moonlight soon left us, or was present only by reflection from the opposite cliff. Soon, the trail became at once so steep, so rough, and so tortuous, that we all dismounted, but my attempt at walking proved a miserable failure. I had been riding with a bad Mexican stirrup, which barely admitted the toes of my left foot, and continual pressure on those had sprained and swelled them so that walking was positive torture. I persisted in the attempt till my companions insisted on my remounting, and then floundering slowly to the bottom. By steady effort we descended the three miles (4,000 feet perpendicular) in two hours, and stood at midnight by the rushing, roaring waters of the Merced.

That first full, deliberate gaze up the opposite height! can I ever forget it? The valley is here scarcely half a mile wide, while its northern wall of mainly naked, perpendicular granite is at least 4,000 feet high—probably more. But the medium of moonlight that fell into this awful gorge gave to that precipice a vagueness of outline, an indefinite vastness, a ghostly and weird spirituality. Had the mountain spoken to me in audible voice, or begun to lean over with the purpose of burying me beneath its crushing mass, I should hardly have been surprised. Its whiteness, thrown into bold relief by the patches of trees or shrubs which fringed or flecked it wherever a few handfuls of its moss, slowly decomposed to earth, could contrive to hold on, continually suggested the presence of snow, which suggestion, with difficulty refuted, was at once renewed. And, looking up the valley, we saw just such mountain precipices, barely separated by intervening water-courses (mainly dry at this season), of inconsiderable depth, and only receding sufficiently to make room for a very narrow meadow inclosing the river, to the furthest limit of vision.

We discussed the propriety of camping directly at the foot of the pass, but decided against it, because of the inadequacy of the grass at this point for our

tired, hungry beasts, and resolved to push on to the nearest of the two houses in the valley, which was said to be four miles distant. To my dying day, I shall remember that weary, interminable ride up the valley. We had been on foot since daylight; it was now past midnight; all were nearly used up, and I in torture from over eleven hours' steady riding on the hardest trotting horse in America. Yet we pressed on, and on, through clumps of trees, and bits of forest, and patches of meadow, and over hillocks of mountain debris, mainly granite boulders of every size, often nearly as round as cannon balls, forming all but perpendicular banks to the capricious torrent that brought them hither—those stupendous precipices on either side glaring down upon us all the while. How many times our heavy eyes—I mean those of my San Francisco friend and my own—were lighted up by visions of that intensely desired cabin—visions which seemed distinct and unmistakable, but which, alas! a nearer view proved to be made up of moonlight and shadow, rock and tree, into which they faded one after another. It seemed at length that we should never reach the cabin, and my wavering mind recalled elfish German stories of the Wild Huntsman, and of men who, having accepted invitations to a midnight chase, found on their return that said chase had been prolonged till all their relatives and friends were dead, and no one could be induced to recognize or recollect them. Gladly could I have thrown myself recklessly from the saddle, and lain where I fell till morning, but this would never answer, and we kept steadily on.

"Time and the hour wear out the longest day."

At length the *real* cabin—one made of posts and beams and whipsawed boards instead of rock, and shadow, and moonshine—was reached, and we all eagerly dismounted, turning out our weary steeds into abundant grass, and stirring up the astonished landlord, who had never before received guests at that unseemly hour. (It was after one A. M.) He made us welcome, however, to his best accommodations, which would have found us lenient critics even had they been worse, and I crept into my rude but clean bed as soon as possible, while the rest awaited the preparation of some refreshment for the inner man. There was never a

dainty that could have tempted me to eat at that hour. I am told that none ever before traveled from Bear Valley to Yosemite in one day—I am confident no green-horns ever did. The distance can hardly exceed thirty miles by an air line; but only a bird could traverse that line, while, by way of Mariposas and the South Fork, it must be fully sixty miles, with a rise and fall of not less than 20,000 feet.

The *Fall* of the Yosemite, so called, is a humbug. It is not the Merced River that makes this fall, but a mere tributary trout-brook, which pitches in from the north by a barely broken descent of 2,600 feet, while the Merced enters the valley at its eastern extremity, over falls of 600 and 250 feet. But a river thrice as large as the Merced at this season would be utterly dwarfed by all the other accessories of this prodigious chasm. Only a Mississippi or a Niagara could be adequate to their exactions. I readily concede that a hundred times the present amount of water may roll down the Yosemite fall in the months of May and June, when the snows melting from the central ranges of the Sierra Nevada which bound this abyss on the east; but this would not add a fraction to the wonder of this vivid exemplification of the Divine power and majesty. At present, the little stream that leaps down the Yosemite and is all but shattered to mist by the amazing descent, looks more like a tape-line let down from the cloud-capped height to measure the depth of the abyss. The Yosemite Valley (or Gorge) is the most unique and majestic of Nature's marvels, but the Yosemite *Fall* is of little account. Were it absent, the valley would not be perceptibly less worthy of a fatiguing visit.

We traversed the Valley from end to end next day, but an accumulation of details on such a subject only serve to confuse and blunt the observer's powers of perception and appreciation. Perhaps the visitor who should be content with a long look into the abyss from the most convenient height, without braving the toil of a descent, would be wiser than all of us; and yet that first glance upward from the foot will long haunt me as more impressive than any look downward from the summit could be.

I shall not multiply details, nor waste paper in noting all the foolish names

which foolish people have given to different peaks or turrets. Just think of two giant stone towers or pillars, which rise a thousand feet about the towering cliff which forms their base, being styled "The Two Sisters!" Could anything be more maladroit and lackadaisical? "The Dome" is a high, round, naked peak, which rises between the Merced and its little tributary from the inmost recesses of the Sierra Nevada already instanced, and which towers to an altitude of over five thousand feet above the waters at its base. Picture to yourself a perpendicular wall of bare granite nearly or quite one mile high! Yet there are some dozen or score of peaks in all, ranging from 3,000 to 5,000 feet above the Valley, and a biscuit tossed from any of them would strike very near its base, and its fragments go bounding and falling still further. I certainly miss here the Glaciers of Chamounix; but I know no single wonder of Nature on earth which can claim a superiority over the Yosemite. Just dream yourself for one hour in a chasm nearly ten miles long, with egress for birds and water out at either extremity, and none elsewhere save at three points, up the face of precipices from 3,000 to 4,000 feet high, the chasm scarcely more than a mile wide at any point, and tapering to a mere gorge or canon at either end, with walls of mainly naked and perpendicular white granite from 3,000 to 5,000 feet high, so that looking up to the sky from it is like looking out of an unfathomable profound—and you will have some conception of the Yosemite.

We dined at two o'clock, and then rode leisurely down the Valley, gazing by daylight at the wonders we had previously passed in the night. The spectacle was immense, but I still think the moonlight view the more impressive.

Our faithful beasts climbed the steep acclivity at a little more than the rate of a mile per hour, so that we had still an hour or two of sunshine before us as we stood at last on the summit. I took a last long look into and up the Valley, with the sun still lighting up the greater portion of the opposite cliffs, and then turned my horse's head westward. We reached, at half past ten o'clock P. M., the rancho on the South Fork, kept by a solitary man, who has no neighbor nearer than sixteen miles, and there halted for the night.

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HE DID NOT SAY HE LOVED HER.

BY MRS. C. A. CHAMBERLAIN.

He did not say he loved her;  
But oft, with tender air,  
He brought her passion-breathing flowers  
That seemed love's tale to bear;  
What right had she to trust in them,  
Or cherish them with care?

He did not say he loved her;  
Yet, whatever was his theme,  
Love seemed around his words to play,  
Like the music o'er the stream;  
And the lovely young interpreter—  
She could not choose but dream.

He did not say he loved her;  
Yet subtly, day by day,  
He round her wove his silken toils,  
That none might rend away;  
And her young heart—ah! that forgot  
For aught but him to pray!

He did not say he loved her:  
And when, for pomp and power,  
He chose from lordly halls a bride,  
And left that cottage flower  
To perish in its first sweet bloom,  
None guess'd the spoiler's power.

He did not say he loved her;  
And no broken vow confess'd,  
When the green earth took the weary child  
To her own tranquil breast.  
O, nature! kinder still than man,  
Our last friend, and our best!  
*Sacramento, Sept. 16th.*

COUSIN NELL.

BY D. N. D.

The day was drawing to a close, as  
after a long and tiresome ride through  
cities and villages, open fields, and dark,  
tangled woods, my destination was finally  
reached. It was the place of my birth  
and early years, the place where my  
mother still lived—a mother I had not  
seen for five years—years that had chan-

ged a country youth into a man of the  
world, had covered smooth cheeks with  
dark, heavy hair, had given a more de-  
termined set to the eye, and maybe a  
little more hardened crust to the heart.  
California is a severe school; she gradu-  
ates her followers rapidly, proficient in  
some lessons perhaps better unlearned.

The time of wandering had been long  
and eventful, but it seemed annihilated,  
as through the glimmering and misty  
window of the car, I looked once more on  
those well-remembered scenes. First and  
most conspicuous, rose above the trees,  
the spire of the old meeting house, crown-  
ed by the tin weather-cock. Then came  
the store and post-office, and close by, the  
school house—still the same low, one-  
story structure. Then through the mead-  
ow glided the brook, and the mill could  
not be a great way off. Those things  
swept on my vision, and then came the  
whistle, the rough jarring of the brakes,  
and home was finally reached. The rain  
had been falling all day, and still contin-  
ued as I descended to the platform in  
front of the "station." The usual crowd  
of stragglers was housed, and the station-  
master, a stranger, was the sole one to  
receive me. I was not the sole one to  
be received, however, as I learned on a  
second look. From the platform of the  
next car came a thin veil, brown travel-  
ing dress, and commendably small ankles  
and gaiters. The figure was neat, and  
interested me. Will she stop in this vil-  
lage? does she live here? who can she  
be? were enquiries my thoughts put.  
But they took a more worthy channel  
soon and centered on them. The station-  
keeper informed me there was no convey-  
ance of any kind to be had. This brought  
an exclamation of "Oh, dear! what shall  
I do?" from within the provokingly  
thick veil.

"I don't know, ma'am," said the offi-  
cial, "perhaps this gentleman may be  
going your way and will help you along."



I offered my services instantaneously, and was rewarded by a low murmured "thank you." So leaving luggage to be sent for, we set off under an umbrella along the pathway that led to the village, the lady picking her way daintily along on those charming gaiters. Our conversation was very common-place; my companion seemed disinclined to talk, and my own thoughts could not but be engaged by surrounding scenes and the near approach of home. We soon turned off on a road that led away from the village, my road as well as hers, and it was not long ere the tall poplars that shaded that roof hove in sight. What a welcome beacon!

"Oh dear!" again exclaimed my companion, "what a road!" True enough. One of those dear gaiters was drawn from a treacherous mud-hole in a pitiable condition. I remedied matters a little with a stick, and took greater care in piloting.

One obstacle, apparently insurmountable, was finally reached—a mud-hole the full width of the road; it yawned threateningly and mysteriously.

"Oh dear!" came the third time; "now we can right about and march back."

"Not if you will allow me—" I uttered, proceeding to reef my pants in bowery style.

"Allow you to what, raise your pants?"

"And yourself," I finished, then without waiting for positive permission, I lifted my fair companion in my arms, and plunged gallantly forward. My captive submitted quietly, and the passage was effected safely, excepting to my boots, which were slightly muddied, and my heart a little discomposed.

Not a word was said till the poplars were reached, and the little gate that opened into the small front yard. How thick the flowers used to be there in summer—the stately hollyhocks and sunflowers, the modest violets and rosy mari-

golds—but now it was early spring, and everything was quite barren and drear.

I was lamenting the necessity of passing on with my companion, when she stopped, opened the gate, and commenced thanking me for my kindness, etc.

The thought struck me that my mother must have moved, and the old homestead was occupied by strangers, as I ventured the enquiry,

"Does Mrs. Day live here?"

"Yes; will you walk in?"

"Thank you. You are acquainted with her?" I asked, curious to know who the fair stranger might be.

"She is my aunt, sir."

"Your aunt!" I burst out; "and you are my cousin!"

"Your cousin!" came as wondrously. "Who are you?" and that confounded veil was dashed aside, and a pair of large, blue eyes stared at me a moment. And then,

"Cousin Dan!" "Cousin Nell!" A warm embrace, and a pouting kiss completed our introduction.

From twelve to seventeen is a growing time, and transforms a girl into a woman. I had noted the changes time had produced in me. It was not strange, that intimate as we had been in childhood, we met as strangers. But we were old friends now, and the little circle that gathered round a cosy tea-table that evening, was a happy one. Mother, Nell, and I. Mother had grown old some; wrinkles were deeper; gray hairs more numerous, but those deep, clear eyes shone with as much love as ever; they were fixed on the long-absent one most constantly. How often had they been raised to heaven in supplication for the wanderer—how often blended with tears, when letters were too long delayed, God knows, dear reader. I loved to gaze on them, and (occasionally) on those others, hidden under long ashes, at intervals coyly raised, and as suddenly drooped.

Nell had been going the house, and the evening, except Mother finally rallied.

"Nell, what is know you to be a 'lover' behind answer as a substitute."

"Yes, cousin, humble services."

"I think you quite useful so far and thereupon she journey from the."

The evening, finally came to a close.

were those of mother offered her hand.

ly drawing her to night, let me be chosen I pressed a kiss blushed, unsuccessfully.

How the days a hours, with angel on apace, and the ers, and songs of Eden. Glorious homestead; the fre as ever, and the to stretch themselves.

Many a pleasant around the neighborhood where a cordial west, unsophisticated of my boyhood in school-house, and to its square paws, But all were as not and Nellie. For us—we would not was not the Nellie romping, and kissing man and woman trary, there was, part, a reserve to explain. So rarely ances that did not



Nell had been quite silent since entering the house, and said but little through the evening, except when spoken to. Mother finally rallied her on her silence.

"Nell, what is the matter? I never knew you to be so stupid. Left some 'lover' behind? Perhaps Dan may answer as a substitute."

"Yes, cousin, allow me to offer my humble services," I said.

"I think you have proved yourself quite useful so far," said Nellie, smiling, and thereupon she related our romantic journey from the cars.

The evening, full of quiet happiness, came to a close. Fond good-night kisses were those of mother's. Nellie simply offered her hand. "Come," I said gently drawing her towards me, "this first night, let us be children as of yore," and I pressed a kiss on the soft cheek that blushed, unnecessarily, I thought.

How the days and weeks flew—angel hours, with angel-wings! Spring came on apace, and the green sod, bright flowers, and songs of birds, made almost an Eden. Glorious looked the little old homestead; the front yard was charming as ever, and the tall poplars seemed to stretch themselves with youthful vigor.

Many a pleasant visit had I made around the neighborhood, receiving everywhere a cordial welcome from the honest, unsophisticated farmers. The haunts of my boyhood had been explored—the school-house, and the meeting-house, with its square pews, and sounding-board. But all were as nothing to home, mother, and Nellie. For Nellie was still with us—we would not let her leave. But it was not the Nellie of olden times—no romping, and kissing, now—no, we were man and woman grown. On the contrary, there was, at least on Nellie's part, a reserve towards me I could not explain. Scarcely one of her acquaintances that did not receive more smiles

and chit-chat than myself. At first, I thought her disposition had undergone a complete revolution, and the gay girl become a semi-nun; but at times, her old nature flashed out as bright as ever, liberated by excitement. Then I became convinced she disliked me; seldom was it we were alone together, and very brief were such tete-a-totes. In presence of others, her conversation was never directed to me, and my questions received short replies. Yet, time and again, did I find those deep blue eyes fixed on me with a hesitating, longing gaze, quickly removed on catching mine, and perhaps soon fluttering back. What glorious eyes she had! I finally spent my happiest moments watching them through the down-cast lashes.

Earthly bliss never lasts long. The time drew near when I must plunge again into the maelstrom of life, and at the thought, Home, Mother, and Nellie, became more than ever precious. Must I leave them?—could we not always live thus?—let the world go—here was my world. But one morning, Nellie told us she must leave, her visit had been much longer than she designed—she could not stay any more. I awoke to a consciousness that, though she might be persuaded to linger a few days, I could not have her always with me, and without that I should be miserable!

My feelings were in a sort of chaos, and I gazed, I dare say, very stupidly at the fair speaker on the opposite side of the table—we were at breakfast—for mother spoke:

"Dan, what is the matter? Don't eat Nellie up!"

"I wish I could, mother," I burst forth, "if it would keep her with us."

"I don't think it would, my son," she replied calmly, and with a half-smile; "but there is another way"—

"What—how?" I exclaimed, eagerly. The smile deepened slowly on the, be-

nign countenance. Nellie's head hung low down, but, brow and cheeks were crimson. Slowly the state of affairs dawned on me.

In a moment I was bending over the head that dropped still lower, asking softly, while my heart kept silence,

"Will you stay, Nellie?"

Nellie staid, dear reader; staid, till in the little, old, square-pewed church, we stood up and promised to stay together all our lives. God grant we may! and when the time comes—go together!

#### CALIFORNIA GOLD.

BY A. P. MOLITOR.

THE following valuable essay on California gold, originally appeared in the *Alta California*, but owing to its intrinsic worth, for consultation and reference, we deem it desirable to depart from our usual custom and republish it in this work.

#### INTRODUCTORY REMARKS.

It is a curious fact that very few people, even in this, our Golden State, have any clear and distinct knowledge about the true nature of the metal by the magic power of which all of us have been attracted to this distant shore; which everybody handles, or at least wishes and expects to handle, and which, no doubt, is the principal element, the soul—we would almost say, the God—of this famous country of California. The hardy miner, though perhaps digging for years after the glittering grains, generally knows little more about the natural properties of the same than that he finds so many cents' worth in the bottom of his pan; or, that he clears so many dollars a day; or, that he sells his "dust" for so many dollars and cents per ounce. The enterprising trader, in most cases, knows hardly more about his gold than that it came from this or that locality; that he paid so much for it; that, in consequence, he expects to gain at least two "bits" per ounce, and that something must be wrong somewhere if the returns should fall

somewhat short of his calculation. Nay, even among that class of our population which is, or ought to be, imbued with a larger amount of general instruction, you will seldom meet a person that has an accurate, substantial knowledge of the natural history of gold. Hence, it arrives that so many absurd statements and descriptions, relating to gold or its exploration, make their appearance in the papers; this gives rise to so many wild theories about the "origin of gold," about "fountain heads" and "lakes" of gold; to so many amusing stories about "big lumps of pure gold," boulders and rocks quite "lousy with gold," &c., &c.

For the purpose of throwing a little more light on this interesting and well deserving subject, this unassuming treatise has been written by one who, during a series of years, had plenty of opportunity, and every facility to study the nature of the precious metal, theoretically as well as practically. It is, however, to be well understood that this work being intended merely for popular use, all lengthy details and scientific disquisitions about the geological formations of the gold fields of California, or about the mineralogical features of the same, or about the various ways and means of their exploration, must entirely fall without the range of our task. We intend to confine our observation principally to the shining metal after its extraction from its mother earth, and to accompany the same through all its phases of purification and valuation, until we see it arrive at its highest point of perfection, when assuming the shape of that most powerful agent in our present state of civilization—money.

#### GENERAL CHARACTERISTICS OF GOLD.

Gold, by the ancient alchemists styled the king of metals—and till our epoch, the most precious of all of them—distinguishes itself from the rest, when pure and unalloyed:

1. By its deep yellow, or rather rich orange color, as long as it remains cold and solid, but which color gradually changes into a bright green, when liquid or near the point of fusion.
2. By its aptness to receive a most beautiful and resplendent polish.
3. By its great density or heaviness, which is 19 3-10 times greater than the weight of water.

4. By its malleability.

5. By its property of Wedgwood hardening.

6. By its solubility in nitric acid.

7. By its property of becoming whence, if oxydized, a solution with of the state of

Owing to its ductility, gold is in its metallic state divisible into such minute particles that it is mechanically mixed with quartz, pyrite, &c.

Another property never found in any other metal is always combined with silver, and of other metals, &c. The native gold may be assayed by a mixture of two metals containing some gold.

Out of the great variety of alloys, the most valuable in the same is the one which will be found to be the most valuable. Of course it contains gold, and is called gold.

HO

In our country, in the same way as in every other country, scarcely any gold is formed in its primitive state; it is found in quartz; which is a crystalline transition (etc.) of the same, however, in alluvial deposits, which are composed of

4. By its unsurpassed ductility and malleability.

5. By its fusibility at the 32d degree of Wedgwood's pyrometer, and its quick hardening at a lower temperature.

6. By its resistance to any acid-menstruum, except a mixture of muriatic and nitric acids, called *aqua regia*.

7. By its want of affinity for oxygen, whence, if left alone, it never will get oxydized, and only by artificial combination with other substances can pass into the state of an oxyde.

Owing to the last mentioned peculiarity, gold is found in nature only in the metallic state. By reason of its infinite divisibility, it may sometimes occur in such minute particles as to be invisible to the naked eye; but, in every instance, it is mechanically—never chemically—mixed with its matrix: may this be quartz, pyrites, or whatever else.

Another peculiarity of gold is, that it is never found in nature perfectly pure, but always contains a certain proportion of silver, and sometimes a slight admixture of other metals, such as iron, tin, lead, &c. The proportion of silver in the native gold varies very much; in fact, it may be asserted that almost every degree of mixture has been found between the two metals, from nearly fine gold, containing some traces of silver, to silver containing some traces of gold.

Out of this fact, which is generally ignored by the multitude, there arises the great variation in the value of the noble alloy. The less the proportion of silver in the same, the finer, of course, in gold it will be; and consequently the more valuable. On the contrary, the more silver it contains, the more it must decrease in gold, and consequently in fineness and value.

#### HOW FOUND IN CALIFORNIA.

In our state the precious metal is found in the same mineral formations as in every other country where it exists. It has scarcely been observed in any *secondary formation*, but occurs in many instances, in its primitive state in *leads* or *veins* of quartz; more seldom of some other gang; which leads we find again imbedded in *crystalline primary rocks* or in *compact transition rocks* (serpentine trachitic trap, etc.) of *igneous origin*. In most cases, however, the gold of this country occurs in *alluvial grounds* or *drift-beds*, principally composed of the *debris* of the forma-

tions just mentioned. As a natural sequel, we always find our Gold more immediately accompanied by the same ores and mineral substances as met with in the gold mines of other countries. In its solid *veins of quartz* the precious metal sometimes occurs without any distinct satellite, but in most cases it is surrounded either singly or promiscuously by *Iron-Copper* or *Arsenical pyrites*, by *Galena* (Sulph. of Lead) *Blende*, etc. In the *alluvial soil* it almost invariably is accompanied by *Protoxyde of Iron*, commonly called *Black Sand*, which probably is nothing else than preëxistent Iron pyrites in a decomposed state. Besides this, various sulphurets and oxydes of other metals and metalloides, will be frequently found in our auriferous formations. Grains of *native copper* are of occasional occurrence; but in certain districts the shining grains and scales of a metallic substance composed of a group of the hardest and heaviest metals: *Iridium*, *Platinum*, *Rhodium*, *Osmium*, etc., occur in considerable proportion, imparting to these gold fields the same feature as exhibited in the mining districts of Siberia.

This principally takes place in our *northern mines*, above *Shasta*, but most strikingly in the auriferous deposits on the northern coast, between *Humboldt Bay* and the *Columbia river*, where not less than one third of the precious metal washed out of the beach-sand consists, on an average, of the above mentioned metallic combination, of which again about one third consists of *Platinum*, the only valuable substance of the whole lot.

The beach just mentioned, being continually exposed to the action of the tide of the Pacific Ocean, abounds in vast deposits and layers of *black sand*, in which the roundish, flat spangles of Gold and Iridio-platinum are imbedded. Nothing can be more gorgeous than some of this sand viewed through a microscope. The curious eye will wander among huge blocks of *quartz*, splendid cubes and crystals of all shapes and colors: *Garnets*, *Amethysts*, *Corindons*, *Beryls*, *Chrysolites*, etc., etc.—and here and there it will be startled by some big chunk of glittering gold, or some heavy slab of shining Platina.

#### NATURAL SHAPES OF CALIFORNIA GOLD.

The most appropriate general classification of Gold in this country, is the pop-

alculation. Nay, of our population, imbued with a general instruction, a person that has a knowledge of gold. Hence, it is absurd statements as to gold or its appearance in nature to so many "origin of gold," and "lakes" of gold, boulders and "gold," &c., &c. throwing a little resting and well unassuming treatment one who, during plenty of opportunity to study the natural, theoretically. It is, however, to this work being popular use, all identical disquisitions of formations of ornia, or about the of the same, or ways and means of entirely fall with ask. We intend on principally to its extraction from to accompany the cases of purification we see it arrive perfection, when that most powerful state of civiliza-

#### STATISTICS OF GOLD.

Alchemists styled till our epoch, of them—distinct, when pure

or rather rich it remains cold color gradually when liquid on.

receive a most at polish.

ty or heaviness, greater than the

ular one, into *Quartz-Gold* and *Placer-Gold*.

In its *Quartz veins* Gold always occurs irregularly distributed, mostly in *loose particles*, hidden in holes and clefts of the chrySTALLINE mass, which in most cases, were originally filled with pyrites and oxydes, after the decomposition of which, the unalterable precious metal was left behind in spangles or flakes of various shapes or sizes. Sometimes it is found *firmly imbedded* in the compact rock, in which form it is eagerly sought after by lapidaries of our city, and worked up by them into all sorts of elegant jewelry articles. Both kinds of auriferous quartz are sometimes met with in one and the same lead.

More seldom quartz-gold is found in the shape of *thin leaves*, cleaving to the sides of occasional crevices in the rock; still more seldom in continuous *veins or threads*, branching out in every direction; and most seldom in its *crystalline form*, exhibiting a series of octahedral crystals of more or less perfection.

For those places in the leads where gold is found accumulated in considerable quantities, the California miner has invented the graphic name of *pockets*; quartz containing no gold at all, he calls just as pointedly *dead rock*.

It is the capricious dissemination of gold through its gang, which makes the working of quartz mines so very precarious. Veins of most other metals may be worked for many years with a sure prospect of a constant yield; but the owner of the richest quartz-ledge can never be sure whether his source of treasure will last for many days, or come to a sudden end only a few feet deeper. Such a calamity is more to be dreaded in veins containing rich pockets, with intervals of dead quartz between, than in rock through which the precious metal is more equally distributed, even if in very minute and almost microscopic particles.

Auriferous quartz has to be crushed to powder in *stamping mills*, of various construction, or by *arastras* and other works more or less fit for the purpose, before the gold can be extracted, which generally is done by *amalgamation* with quicksilver. After the evaporation of the mercury, the amalgam-gold mostly appears in the bullion market in lumps of various sizes, moulded according to the shape of the *retort*, or vessel in which

the process of evaporation had been performed; but frequently, also, in loose, irregular fragments of such lumps. Sometimes, however, it is formed into the shape of *flat cakes or balls*, which is mostly done by the Mexican miner.

In the alluvial grounds, commonly called *Placers*, by far the greater part of California gold is found. It is extracted from the surrounding *dirt*, partly by action of water, partly by quicksilver, and goes by the common term of *Gold-dust*, though not often occurring in such a fine state of disintegration as to warrant this generally adopted name.

Placer gold having invariably and through a great length of time been subjected to the mechanic action of water, appears in most cases in *lumps and grains* of various sizes, with their edges and sides rounded or ground off, to a certain extent. These grains, although generally of the most diversified shapes, show in certain localities a kind of family likeness, so that an experienced eye often is able to designate the place where a parcel of gold hails from, by the particular appearance of the "dust."

In many locations, especially on river banks or *bars*, these grains are almost of a uniform size, small, thin, and roundish, very much of the shape of small fish scales (scale gold). In other cases they are more thick and plump, sometimes approaching the form of melon seeds, beans, etc. (shot gold). But most commonly they are irregularly rough, with all sorts of holes, wrinkles and creases on their surface, which not seldom are filled with earthy particles, clay, small bits of quartz, and the like. Sometimes the grains are partly or entirely covered with oxydes, imparting to them, in many cases, a false and deceptive coloring.

In certain places the gold grains exhibit an eminently *crystalline* formation. Single perfect octahedrons, with more or less worn off corners, are very scarce; but specimens with some crystalline sides and edges, or groupings of imperfect crystals, are of more frequent occurrence. The rarest and most beautiful of all gold specimens, however, are those of *dendritic* (tree-like) construction, being composed of minute crystalline spangles, and fashioned in such a way as to imitate almost a vegetable-like growth.

In other places, namely, in the southern district of our mines, on the rivers

Fresno and Colusa frequently occur *needle-shaped* particles, some previous to the beautiful and very rich color of an unlucky gold in the State proportion of

#### VARIATION

About five of the size of where in the (according to itor), was assayed late firm of found to be quite an unit. 970 thous. fine sayed in this the gold from tains such a la to be almost of the ancient icans, which of about half Between these groes of mixt been found in once of sever that 885 thou dium fineness it must be ad part of the v group itself, around the al virtue of this therefore, that of this country 840 and 930 cases exceedi garded as exo

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Fresno and Chowchilla, the precious metal frequently occurs in elongated *fibre*, or *needle-shaped* grains, owing probably to some previous admixture of lead. By the beautiful appearance and seemingly very rich color of this sort of dust, many an unlucky gold dealer has come to harm, this being one of the coarsest kind of gold in the State, on account of the great proportion of silver it contains.

#### VARIATION OF QUALITY, OR FINENESS.

About five years ago, a gold specimen of the size of a man's hand, found somewhere in the neighborhood of *Downieville* (according to the statement of the depositor), was assayed in the laboratory of the late firm of *Wass, Molitor & Co.*, and found to be 992 thous. fine. This was quite an unique case; but gold of above 970 thous. fineness has been frequently assayed in this city. On the other side the gold from the *Kern river* mines contains such a large proportion of silver, as to be almost identical with the *Electrum* of the ancients, or the *Zoroche* of the Mexicans, which means, a metal consisting of about half and half, silver and gold. Between these two extremes all degrees of mixture of the two metals have been found in this country. The experience of several years shows, however, that 885 thous. would be about the medium fineness of California gold, to which it must be added, that by far the greater part of the whole gold produce seems to group itself, in regard to fineness, close around the above average figure. On the virtue of this statement we may say, therefore, that the greatest part of the gold of this country ranges, as a rule, between 840 and 930 thous. fineness, and that all cases exceeding these limits may be regarded as exceptions to the general rule.

It is impossible, even to the most practised eye, to determine the quality of any known sort of gold dust by merely looking at the same, and even in judging a well known description of dust, the purchaser may deceive himself very easily, to his own damage. The gold may, for instance, by some natural accident, possess a richer color than entitled to by its quality; or it may be taken for a superior kind of gold, on account of the shape of its grains, which may be similar to some known dust of good quality; or, it may be mixed with some inferior gold, either with or without an intention to

defraud the buyer; or adulterated in some way or another; and so on.

Even the knowledge of the region, or gold field, from where a certain description of gold originated is not always a sure evidence of its quality. Nobody can depend on it, that the gold taken out of one and the same flat, hill, bar, or even the same claim, or quartz lead, will always be the same. Very often the most astonishing differences in this regard are found within comparatively short distances. Thus, there are quartz leads with very low gold, surrounded by placers famous for the fineness of their metal; and on the contrary, veins with very rich metal in the vicinity of diggings not much renowned for the superior quality of their gold crops.

There is, in fact, only one sure method to determine the fineness, and consequently the exact value of the precious metal, and that is the regular metallurgic process of *assaying*, after the previous *melting* of the dust into a *bar*, or *ingot*.

#### FINENESS OF GOLD IN DIFFERENT DIGGINGS.

As a conclusion to this work, we are going to make some remarks on the fineness of gold found in various localities of the great Pacific gold district, taking all the data from our own experience.

1. Gold coming from *British Columbia* or the *Frazer River* mines, generally ranges between 840 and 860 thous. fineness. In some cases it was found as low as 820; in others, some thous. above 860; but these may be considered as exceptions to the rule. It mostly appears in our market as coarse lumps of amalgam gold, and suffers an average loss of 10 per cent. by melting.

2. The average fineness of dust from the *Gold Beach*, above and below *Port Orford*, (Oregon), is 880 thous. The gold dust appears throughout in fine scales, and is extracted from the sand and accompanying minerals, including Iridio-Platinum, chiefly by amalgamation.

3. The gold which finds its way to this place principally by *Crescent City*, and therefore has been worked chiefly on the *Klamath River* and its tributaries, seldom exceeds 880 fine, and seldom descends below 850. The average fineness of the same would be, therefore, 865. In this district we include the counties *Del Norte*, *Klamath* and *Siskiyou*, and the

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adjoining southern border-tract of Oregon. This gold mostly appears in coarse and heavy grains, and sometimes contains a considerable admixture of Iridium.

4. The placers on *Trinity River* and on the western tributaries of the upper *Sacramento*, belonging to *Trinity* and *Shasta* counties, seem in general to yield a better quantity, and we may safely put the average 10 thous. higher than under the previous number. Some dust from the neighborhood of *Weaverville* shows the fineness of above 900 thous.

5. *Feather River* gold shows an average fineness of 890, and most frequently occurs in very regularly shaped and almost uniform grains or scales.

6. Gold on the north forks of the *Yuba* is generally much finer than the above, in many cases going up as high as 950, and seldom below 900. We don't think to be far off the mark if we put the average of the same at 920. This dust is also mostly of a scaly description, and a great deal of it appears in market as amalgam gold. We have before mentioned, that the very finest specimen of gold that we know of was found in the neighborhood of *Downieville*.

7. On the south fork of the *Yuba* the general fineness seems again to decrease. Around *Nevada* placer gold seldom shows more than 880 thous. The quartz gold from the various veins of *Grass Valley* ranges between 800 and 850, and may be put down at 820 thous. average fineness.

8. On the north and middle forks of the *American River*, gold is again rising in fineness, especially in the diggings around *Auburn*, approaching here the figure of 900 thous.

9. On the south fork of the same river, in the vicinity of the towns of *Coloma* and *Placerville*, the fineness of the dust varies very much. *Coloma* gold seldom ranges above 890, and generally comes nearer to 870. But in the neighborhood to *Placerville*, the gold rises in most cases up to 900, and in some places thereabout, still much higher. At *Coon Hollow* a peculiar kind of dust, of a dark, rusty appearance, is found, which is over 940 thous. fine.

10. In *Amador* county, around *Drytown*, *Jackson* and *Volcano*, the fineness of gold is rather below the general average of 885.

11. In *Calaveras* county, great varieties occur in this respect. *Mokelumne*

*Hill* gold is seldom above 890; *San Andres* averages 890; *Campo Seco*, 905; *Vallecito* rises up to 910-920.

12. *Tuolumne* is the county most renowned for the fineness of its gold. *Sonora* and *Columbia* dust seldom falls below 900, and often rises above 950. The average may be marked down at 930 thous. This gold is generally rough and coarse grained, and of a very rich color.

13. In the adjoining county, *Mariposa*, the fineness of the precious metal decreases very sensibly; the average can scarcely be put higher than 850 thous. The fineness of the *Merced Mining Company's* quartz gold is about 820 thous.

14. Still farther south, on the upper *San Joaquin* and its first tributaries, the rivers *Chowchilla* and *Fresno*, the fineness of the gold falls below 800, and sometimes even as low as 700 thous. This dust consists generally of diminutive spangles of a treacherously rich appearance, intermixed with curiously elongated, almost needle-shaped grains.

15. The lowest degree in the fineness of gold in this State, is found in the most southern parts on the diggings of *Kennerly* and its numerous branches. This dust gold seldom reaches above 700, and often falls down to near 600 thous. The average fineness of the same may be fixed at 660 thous.

16. *Carson Valley* dust, on the eastern slope of the *Sierra Nevada*, although beautiful to the eye, is also exceedingly low—generally below 800 thous.

17. *Gila* and *Colorado* river gold, which finds its way to this city in small quantities, is of a very fine description, with grains similar to *Australia* gold. Some parcels of it have shown the fineness of above 970; others fell below 920 thous.

The foregoing statements about the fineness of different sorts of gold dust which make their appearance in our market, have to be considered merely as approximative, and based on the experience of only one private assay office in this city. It would be rather a difficult task to collect more precise statistical data in this matter, as the gold is bought up in the mining towns and camps mostly in small quantities, from miners digging and working in all directions around the trading post, and afterwards deposited for assay in larger lots of a generally mixed description. Besides this circum-

stance, the dust is little inclined to place where lying, perhaps, especially if the

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 pecially if the gold be of a superior quality.

MY HOME.

BY G. T. SPROAT.

Mine is not a hall of marble,  
 Built by some proud lord of old,  
 Glittering in the gorgeous sunlight  
 With barbaric gems and gold;  
 Where the crimson rays are flashing  
 On the tesselated floors,  
 And the festal song is pealing  
 Through the lofty corridors.  
 'Tis a cottage in a valley,  
 With broad meadows girt around;  
 Nestling in the elm trees' shadow,  
 And with trailing roses crowned.  
 There, in spring, the blue-eyed violets  
 Early rising burst the sod;  
 There look up the summer lilies,  
 Smiling in the face of God.  
 There, all day, three white-winged angels  
 Through that dwelling gently rove,  
 Ever whispering, ever singing  
 Words of comfort—words of love.  
 Oh! with these, my home is lovelier  
 Than the palaces of Kings;  
 All my cup o'erflows with blessings,  
 And my heart leaps up and sings.  
 Beautiful the morning shineth  
 On me with these angels there,  
 And the gentle evening closeth  
 With its anthem and its prayer.  
 And a holy calm comes o'er me,  
 And a blessing falls on me;  
 'Tis reflected all around me,  
 On each flower, and bird, and tree.  
 Love, and Joy, and Peace—these angels  
 Ever there upon me wait,  
 Dwelling with me and my loved ones,  
 In our lowly cottage gate.  
 Oh! with these, I am rich past telling;  
 All I ask is freely given—  
 Heaven is with me here already—  
 All beyond me, too, is heaven.

DRAWING THE LONG BOW.

A Naval Reminiscence.

BY ROLLING STONE.

FEW who have read Capt. Marryat's  
 "Peter Simple," but will recollect Capt.  
 Kearney, the *lying* commander of one of  
 the ships which Peter served in,—the au-  
 dacious falsehoods which he had been in  
 the habit of telling, until by a sort of  
 idiosyncrasy, he in a manner believed  
 them himself—his wonderfully inconsis-  
 tent habit of constantly inculcating the  
 necessity of truth upon the minds of his  
 juniors, and his final death with the  
 same moral advice given to those around  
 him, and then with his last breath utter-  
 ing possibly his very greatest lie.

The characters in Marryat's nautical  
 novels are almost all taken from life, and  
 the leading ones are many of them re-  
 cognizable by officers in the naval service  
 of Great Britain; that of Captain Kearney  
 is understood by the naval service gener-  
 ally, or at least by a number of officers  
 of old standing, to be a somewhat exag-  
 gerated expose of a well known and gal-  
 lant officer, whose conduct in all other  
 respects was most exemplary, and who  
 was one of the highest ornaments of his  
 profession.

It is singular that although the career  
 of the late Sir John R— of Arctic notori-  
 ety, afforded ample material for the narra-  
 tion of extraordinary adventures, and  
 that with the strictest adherence to fact,  
 yet that world known man, had imbibed  
 a habit of exaggeration and even of inven-  
 ting fictions which militated much against  
 his interests; and which indeed was prob-  
 ably the cause of his being *laid on the*  
*shelf* by his government, instead of being  
 employed on those further voyages of dis-  
 covery which were afterwards projected.

A statement of some of these really  
 wonderful vicissitudes that he experi-  
 enced in his earlier life may be interest-  
 ing.

John R—, acquired a thorough knowledge of his profession at a very early age, and amongst other places became well acquainted with the navigation of the Firth of Forth and a portion of the North Sea.

Subsequently he entered the service of the East India Company, and rose to the rank of third officer in one of their trading ships.

In those days the many perquisites allowed, and the many opportunities to trade which were afforded to their officers by the company, (who then possessed the entire monopoly of the East India traffic), rendered the position of third officer in their employ worth some 2 to 3000 dollars per year.

At that time and for many years after John R— was a single man; not so his brother James, who with a wife and young family, an inaptitude for business, and improvident habits, seemed to be continually struggling out of one difficulty just to fall into another.

The father of the writer of this article, was once his partner, for some seven or eight weeks only, in the wholesale wine trade, and during that short time sunk some \$10,000, winding up with a docket of bankruptcy.

John R— arrived home from the East Indies and China, shortly after a failure of his brother's which had left him and his family in actual want.

The act of the sailor on that occasion was an example of fraternal love and inconsiderate generosity, which is seldom to be found save in those possessed likewise of indomitable energy and extraordinarily great mental as well as animal courage. From James' representations, he believed that his brother could again be placed in a position to maintain his family, and recover his losses, if a certain not very large sum of money was forthcoming. The whole of this sum John R— had not at command, but

with him to think was to decide, to decide was to act. Within twenty-four hours he had sold his large stock of clothes, his uniforms, instruments, books, rings, watch and chain, and even his collection of Indian curiosities, which he greatly valued, had drawn his pay, disposed also of the merchandise he had brought home on his recent voyage; and placed the proceeds in his brother's hands.

"Take it, James," said he, "it will help you and yours. I have a profession and can work up again. I can not be floored as long as I have health."

John R— retained £10, (about \$50), and walked down to Woolwich, ten miles from London; he there purchased a foremast seaman's limited outfit of strong, servicable clothing, and shipped as an able seaman, on board the ten gun brig-of-war, the Wasp, bound for a cruise in the North Sea.

After cruising for some time, and when well to the northward a fearful gale came on. The ten gun brig (cossins, they used to be called,) was thrown on her beam-ends, and only righted, half full of water, after the mainmast had been cut away. In the performance of this service, the sailing master met with an accident which completely disabled him, and he was carried below. The Captain and Lieutenants were but very little acquainted with North Sea navigation, so that the accident to the master was a very serious matter—a crippled ship, a northeasterly hurricane, a lee shore, and ignorance of the localities on the part of the officers, placed the ship, indeed, in an extremely precarious situation.

At this time, the Captain had all hands called aft, by the boatswain, and asked if any man was thoroughly acquainted with the Firth of Forth, and could pilot the ship to a safe anchorage.

John R— stepped forward, and said, that having served years on the ground, he knew it well, and could do so.

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Captain — having noticed the boldness, activity and intelligence of R— when the brig was on her beam-ends, after a few more questions told him to consider himself in charge of the vessel as pilot.

John R— gave the course, ordered a light jury-mast to be got up with all speed, and in a few moments, as the captain afterwards described it, showed that he was one of those men formed by nature to command.

It was a fearful night; the position of the brig was not certainly known by several miles: but by an approximate latitude, gained by a momentary glimpse of the polar star, a quick eye and a steady nerve, the Firth was entered. Nine vessels were lost the same night, at or near the entrance of the Firth of Forth.

The next day found H. M. Brig Wasp safely at anchor in Leith Roads, where the admiral of the station was.

Captain — sent for John R—, and with great delicacy drew from him a sketch of his life, and the reason of his being in his present humble sphere. Thence the captain proceeded to the admiral, and on his return again summoned him to his cabin. Captain — at once offered to place him on the quarter-deck as midshipman; but at the same time, told him he would, after a necessary examination, have an acting order as lieutenant, as the second lieutenant wished to invalid. Of course the examination was nothing to John R—, who had passed a much severer one when in the service of the East India Company.

For the following six years he was only a *passed midshipman*, and ineligible for promotion, but during that time he *never performed midshipman's duty*, nor joined the young gentlemen's mess—he had *made his mark*, and was moved from ship to ship, with acting Lieutenant's orders, until the period required by the rules of the service had elapsed, when

he was immediately promoted. In no other case was such a thing ever known.

Two or three years after that, the Admiralty had, in one month, six applications from Captains, appointed to ships, each one requesting that John R— might be appointed as his first Lieutenant, so highly was his ability appreciated. Indeed, throughout his early naval career, John R— was continually on active service; in action, in boarding, in cutting out, or in the performance of other dangerous duties, he was always the first and most daring. He was many times wounded, and that was the only claim he had, together with his conduct, to promotion; and his claim was allowed even in those days of favoritism, though he had neither Parliamentary or family interest at the Admiralty.

From step to step he progressed, and, in all probability, *but for the failing before adverted to*, would have held the very first position amongst Arctic Discoverers.

Many have been examples to their fellow men, and have achieved greatness, but the reader must rest assured that there can be no greater stumbling-block in the way of fame and honor, than the foolish—nay, culpable practice of DRAWING THE LONG BOW.

## LIFE SCULPTURE.

BY MARIA BARBER.

"Sculptors of life are we, as we stand,  
With our souls uncarved before us,  
Waiting the hour when, at God's command,  
Our life-dream shall pass o'er us.

If we carve it then, on the yielding stone,  
With many a sharp incision,  
Its heavenly beauty shall be our own,  
Our lives, that angel-vision."

As I stood wondering why man was placed upon this world, a sleeping vision of beauty appeared, floating upon a wave of Time, attended by an angel, bearing upon her left an unpolished gem, or life-stone, known to mortals as the Soul.



Those heavenly eyes were melting into dowy softness as she left with the sleeper her priceless gift. Pearly tear-drops shone amid the wavy ringlets, christening the babe a "Sculptor," whose mission was to carve this life-block and beautify with our Father's gifts the Soul. An unseen radiance left dimpling smiles chasing each other over the face of Innocence, and tiny hands nervously grasped after the angel-vision that vanished!

The immortal artist is attended both by seraphs of Light and angels of Darkness, through a sphere filled with the spirits and demons of two worlds; and when Death gives to dust its stray atoms, the victor will bring before the angelic throng an unpolished, shapeless mass of deformity, that reflects no saving light, or a carved, transparent gem, made limpid by the light of Heaven.

The infantile Sculptor totters forward at the first faint rays proceeding from the internal light, Knowledge, when the star of Reason rises, revealing to him a life-model, perfect and symmetrical in every feature, carved from an earthly nature for the diadem of Heaven, or an opaque gem fitted for the crown of Misery and Death, and worn by the Prince of Darkness. As these two models rise before the Sculptor, Faith sees in the one a reflection of the great original prototype, of which man is a faint shadow, and in the other a fearful spectre of the evil one that beguiled the heirs of Heaven.

While beholding these two types of life, the Sculptor's eye brightens with pleasure, as he sees his ideal model portrayed in the first; and joyfully does he beautify, with his glorious gifts, Knowledge and Genius, the life-block—not with the bold, triumphant strokes of a master workman, but tremblingly, and with fear, as an humble apprentice, who feels that even a life-service may fail to transcribe the beauties of this heavenly model.

Infant years endow the babe with bold-

ness and strength; dimpling smiles, baby cooings, and innocent, artless prattlings, chisel their semblance of beauty and sweetness upon childish features. Hope, fancy, and memory steal from the divinely sculptured model its boldest angles, and most graceful curves, blending them in wild confusion, till the artist knows not his master-stroke, whether 'tis seen in the dimpled track of the smile, the quivering of the delicately chiseled lip, or in the flash of the eye, dispensing the wildest joy, or the deepest sorrow.

From the pleasing yet laborious trials of infancy the happy youth steps forth into the arena, with a magical Sculptor, Thought, as his assistant—an Artist that inhales the essence of ethereal life, drinks of the mysteries of creation, bathes in the ocean's liquid depths, rests upon its foaming billows, and roams through a shoreless space upon lightning flashes stolen from the thunder-bolt, to behold the world a *Statuary Receptacle*, filled with deformed, virtueless statues of Ignorance, and with noble master-pieces of Wisdom.

By this magician, baby innocence, delicate beauty, and childish sympathy, are transformed into emotions of untold earnestness; careless glee and delight into enthusiastic wants and desires, which, like sand grains, wear away the jutting points left upon this life-jewel!

His bold, rapid strokes, retain the gay fancies of early childhood and the wild longings of strengthened boyhood, clothing their bright, fantastic shapes, in the sober garb of truth, till the manly face is beautiful with the light of love, and more heavenly in its expression as it is tinged with the softer glow of virtue.

The Sculptor gazes, entranced, upon this higher beauty. He beholds the eye, radiating the steady light of knowledge, in its softened, though none the less brilliant flashings; the curling lip, firmly compressed, trembling anon with honor

and pride, or the infant br joy and sorrow the delicate has engraved hood.

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and pride, or with loathing and contempt; the infant brow, where once sported only joy and sorrow, now placidly serene from the delicate pencilings of Thought, who has engraved upon it the seal of manhood.

The beautiful *vision* that left a gift with the passive babe, became invisible in the dream-light of its sleeping world, but ever hovered near the prattling boy, and thoughtful child, and was caught up by manhood.

The *angel-dream*, that left flitting shadows chasing each other o'er the smiling babe, is carved into the perfect man, and reflected as the image of the Supreme Invisible, whose only form is wisdom, goodness, holiness, love, mercy and truth.

Heaven's lost treasure has been borne by the tides of life down the stream of time, now concealed from the loving gaze and watchful care of that Guardian Spirit that launched it forth upon a surf-beaten strand; and again, led onward midst the fury and angry strifes of a more stormy life-sea, till manhood is wrecked, and the dust-casket broken.

Bending o'er the sinking mariner, Old Age, is an angel form, watching the rending of the silken chain that binds the immortal soul to earth, and, as soon as the last link is broken, that winged seraph speeds heavenward, bearing the *freed soul* to angel keeping, where, in conscious beauty, it rests till the *Divine Sculptor* declares it "PERFECT!"

## MY PHILOSOPHY.

## I.

Deal gently with the world, my friend,  
If thus thou'dst have it deal with thee;  
Speak nobly of its honest worth,  
But of its faults—in charity.  
Look on its brighter side to-day,  
There's time enough to grieve to-morrow;  
Pass discontent and murmuring by,  
And smile at grief and laugh at sorrow.

## II.

When gloomy cynics growl and fret,  
And say the world is full of woe,  
Why, don't believe them, they are false,  
And not the world—so let them go.  
The earth is full of love and truth—  
Bright Friendship sparkles everywhere,  
There's not a day but brings some good  
To hearts deserving of a share!

## III.

The man's a fool who mocks at life  
And calls it but a fleeting breath,  
Yet looks to find a happiness  
Beyond the gloomy shades of death;  
The soul that finds no pleasure here—  
No joy in aught that God has given  
To bless the life He gave to man—  
Would grumble in the courts of Heaven!

## IV.

I doubt the wisdom of the man  
Who, proving all things in the past,  
Held fast to nothing, good or bad,  
And said "all's vanity" at last.  
A thousand better thoughts than that,  
Are whispered every day and hour  
By Nature's Universal Voice, [flower!  
That speaks through forest, field and

## V.

The passing and the changing ills  
That flit across our sunlight skies,  
And nerve our hearts to noble deeds,  
Are naught but blessings in disguise.  
Were earth all fair—mankind all true—  
And all hearts free from care and woe—  
Were all souls sinless here, my friend,  
'Twere not a virtue to be so!

## VI.

So then, hurrah! for Life and Love!  
Hurrah for earth! just as it is—  
Its joys and griefs, its hopes and fears,  
Its yearly, daily, hourly bliss!  
Let every friendly heart rejoice,  
Let no one list a murmur'ring breath;  
Hurrah for Life!—while yet we live—  
And then?—why, then hurrah for Death!

M.

AGNES EMERSON.

*A Tale of the Revolution.*

BY GORDON GREENLAW.

EPOCH FIRST.—THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

CHAPTER I.

*Philadelphia in 1778.*

"Oh! once was felt the storm of war,  
It had an earthquake's roar;  
It flashed upon the mountain height  
And smoked along the shore;  
It thundered in the dreaming ear,  
And up the farmer sprang;  
It muttered in a bold, true heart,  
And a warrior's harness rang."—BRAINARD.

IT WAS on a fine afternoon in the month of May, 1778, that two officers might have been seen pacing to and fro, in earnest conversation, opposite the house occupied as their regimental mess-room, in Philadelphia.

The senior of the two held the rank of Captain, as was seen by the uniform he wore. His age might be thirty, but he looked older, for although his figure was erect and his movements elastic and youthful, there were those signs to be discerned in his face which showed, but too plainly, the effects of early dissipation; while the easy good nature of its expression was of that kind so peculiarly attractive, to those just entering upon the world's stage, and whose inexperienced leads them to prefer the society of the off-handed, easy tempered, and social pleasurer, to that of the more staid and higher principled man.

The subaltern, who accompanied him, was a youth of some twenty years; in person, he was pre-eminently handsome; in appearance, aristocratic and *distingue*, and in manners, frank, elegant and prepossessing.

He had but a few days before arrived in a transport, from England, to join his regiment in Philadelphia, which had been occupied by the British since the preceding fall.

"And so, Harrison," said the elder, "you don't seem to relish this war with the rebels; goes against the grain, eh? Well, so it does with me, for if we are to be moped up here much longer, without the pleasure of excitement, one will die of *ennui* and poor living. Then the rebel women, with their pretty faces, they hate the very sight of a good looking fellow, if he is encased in a Tory uniform; and last, not least, d—n me, sir, if there is a glass of decently flavored wine to be got for the mess, though we pay enough for it, God knows. Brandywine got us here, and faith, brandy-wine seems to be the only wine we are likely to get while here. Inactivity, without solace from either women or wine, is at least enough to disgust you with the campaign."

"It is not exactly the lack of them," answered Harrison, laughing, "which causes my distaste for the present war, nor the inactivity of which you complain. The latter will not last long; we shall soon evacuate Philadelphia, at least, such was the opinion of the staff officers with whom I came out, and Washington is certainly on the point of leaving his winter quarters at Valley Forge. There will be warm work soon, depend upon it."

"Washington," said Hartley, musingly, "Washington, yes, he is a *gentleman*, though he is a rebel; that is some consolation in meeting him. The wonder is, how he can bear with the blacksmiths, butchers, tinkers, and clod-hoppers that Congress associates with him, and give their pretended commissions to, for I have heard him described by those who know him, as a somewhat proud and even haughty man."

"To be a *patriot*, Hartly, there must be a total abnegation of self; feelings, prejudices, nay, even friends, must be forgotten, in devotion to the cause. Such a man I believe Washington to be."

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retorted Hartley, "I think you speak marvelously like a traitor yourself. Abstractly, your remark is true enough, but taken in connection with existing circumstances, such remarks almost indicate sympathy with the insurgent forces, and might irretrievably injure you; be careful, therefore, how you make them."

"I can hardly say," replied Harrison, "that I have sympathy with the American forces; but I own frankly, to you, I have sympathy for the American people, and in the injustice and oppression they have suffered, I find much extenuation for their ultimate resort to arms, and I might quote the words of Colonel Barre, twelve years ago, in the House of Commons, in support of this opinion. Irrespective of this, there is, to me, something repulsive in fighting against those whom we have hitherto regarded as countrymen, even in a case of necessity, which *now* it may possibly be; but which I can not help thinking might have been avoided, by a commission, in the first instance, to enquire into American grievances, with a view to their removal. I regret this the more, Hartley, because should we have eventually to acknowledge their independence, as France has already done, I do not foresee a happy result. Colonies and young nations produce politicians and demagogues in abundance; but few statesmen, and able must be the statesman who can raise a country from debt, poverty, and ruin, to a high standard in the scale of nations."

"*Mirabile visu*," exclaimed Hartley, somewhat sneeringly, "a boy of twenty, and soldier of two years' growth, talking like a second Socrates; truly, George, you have mistaken your profession, and might almost aspire to wearing Colonel Barre's vacant mantle on the parliamentary benches, but that you lack the years of discretion necessary for admission to that august body. But, seriously, remember Barre could express opinions on

the strength of a *known reputation*, which, *in your case*, might be attributed to a laudable desire to avoid too close an acquaintance with lead or steel."

Harrison stopped suddenly in his walk, for an instant his face flushed and then turned pale, while the color forsook his lips, and the veins of his forehead seemed to gather into knots; involuntarily his hand sought his sword hilt, but he restrained himself, and commanding his voice he replied: "Had any other man but *you*, my boyhood's friend, taunted me with such a thing, either he or I should never have left this ground again, except it were to seek a more convenient place to settle our differences. Hartley, I demand a retraction of your insinuation, and that instantly."

Hartley gazed in amused admiration for an instant at the indignant youth, and then said—"Pshaw! boy, retract what? I made no insinuation, and meant none;—but I did mean," he added, more gravely, "to show you what might be said by others, and most assuredly will, if you guard not your unruly member, and should chance to talk, (as you did to me a while ago,) of leaving the army at such a time. Ah! there's the dinner bugle; so let us go and discuss Yankee beef in preference to Yankee politics." And, linking his arm affectionately within that of his young friend, the gay and dashing Hartley—the favorite of the whole division—sauntered with him into the mess-room.

George Harrison was the third and youngest son of an old naval officer, who had, somewhat late in life, married a lady of fortune and no little pride, she being the daughter of an ancient and distinguished family, possessed of immense wealth, but which, with the exception of moderate portions for the other members, was of course strictly entailed on her brother, who was several years her junior.

With this brother, however, Mrs. Harrison had not been on the most affectionate terms; indeed, it may be said they had cordially hated each other. This estrangement had arisen from constant disagreements between her brother's wife (an ambitious parvenu,) and herself. Mrs. Harrison had, indeed, mortally offended her brother by refusing to present his wife at the Royal Drawing-room after his marriage; desiring him to find some other to perform the humiliating office of presenting so vulgar a person at court. For many years, therefore, little or no intercourse had been maintained between the families, and Admiral Harrison's three sons had no personal knowledge of their wealthier relations.

George's mother had, however, been dead many years at the period of which we are now writing, and his father, who had been a *bon vivant* of the olden time, was now far advanced in years, and from his generous, not to say extravagant manner of living, had greatly reduced the fortune which he had obtained by his marriage.

A hundred pounds a year, to each, was consequently all the allowance that the Admiral could now afford to make to his sons. The eldest of these, however, had attained the rank of Major in the British army, and was on staff employment in England, whilst the second was a Captain in an infantry regiment, stationed in the West Indies.

George Harrison had been educated at Eton, and, after leaving that seminary, had been for twelve months in London, awaiting his commission, which his father had obtained the promise of. Being at length appointed to the—Regiment, he was stationed within a few miles of the metropolis; and even after the embarkation of his corps for America, he was retained some months at the Depot in England, until he was finally shipped off in charge of a number of recruits to join the Regimental Head Quarters.

During his stay in and near London, the violent discussions at this time arising in the House of Commons, on the subject of the American rebellion, had greatly interested him. His father being a member, he had constant admission to the House, and he had, from the debates he there heard, and other sources, gradually formed opinions decidedly favorable to the Americans, but which he dare not hint to his father, a stern and somewhat fanatical Royalist.

Having promised this much, we will return to our tale.

## CHAPTER II.

*The Battle.—Female Beauty.*

"Though far and near the bullets hiss,  
I've 'scaped a bloodier hour than this."

BYRON.

..... "Her hair,  
In ringlets rather dark than fair,  
Does down her ivory bosom roll,  
And, hiding half, adorns the whole."—Pope.

A few days subsequent to the conversation between Captain Hartley and Harrison, above related, preparations were commenced by the British Commander-in-chief for evacuating Philadelphia, and marching to New York. On the 18th of June he finally quitted the former place, and as the last of the Royalist troops departed from the town, the Americans came flocking into it.

Washington, on hearing of the British movements, had quitted Valley Forge, and, having been joined by the New Jersey militia, overtook the rear of Sir Henry Clinton's army and brought them to battle near Monmouth.

To risk a general action, with his limited and badly equipped force, was contrary to the general able policy of the American Commander-in-chief, and which was to harass the enemy only, so as to inflict, at small cost of blood to themselves, the greater injury upon the Royalists. The attack was, however, ably conceived, but owing to the ill-judged conduct of General Lee, (who had op-

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posed the idea of a pitched battle), the usual success of General Washington did not, in this case, attend him.

Both sides have always, hitherto, claimed the advantage; and certain it is, that the loss on the side of the British was the heavier of the two, being, by official returns of Sir H. Clinton, 513; whilst, on the other hand, the forces under his command continued their march to New York, without a renewal of the combat.

Such being the facts, and without referring further to the different opinions of historians, we can leave the readers to form their own conclusions on the point, from the facts stated, merely remarking that the British officers present always allowed that but for General Lee's behavior, at the commencement of the battle, the Americans would have had occasion to congratulate themselves on a much greater success.

It was when the ground lost by Lee, was being partially recovered by General Washington, that George Harrison received a musket ball in the shoulder, which seriously shattered the collar bone. In this state he was removed in the baggage train to New York. The jolting, and other inconveniences to which he was subjected on the transit, increased the inflammation, and a high fever having supervened, his situation became extremely precarious.

For some days after the arrival of the British in New York, Harrison remained in a state of delirium; but, at length a favorable turn took place, and weak, powerless, and considerably emaciated, George awoke from a sweet and refreshing sleep to consciousness.

The room in which he found himself was old-fashioned, built in the Dutch style, and heavily wainscotted with dark walnut; grotesque figures were carved on the entablatures of the heavy beams overhead, and on the many salient points produced by that style of architecture.

Facing his bed were two windows, and sleeping in the embrasure of one of them he could perceive the well known figure of his friend, Captain Hartley, whilst in the other embrasure sat a young lady occupied with embroidery.

For a few moments, the events of the last fortnight seemed to crowd upon his memory, to the exclusion even of the objects which now met his eye, but his recollection was confused, and the last thing that he could distinctly remember was being removed from a wagon and carefully placed by Hartly on a litter, carried by four men of his company; from that time all appeared to be a blank. Dismissing, therefore, from his mind the attempt to recall recent events, Harrison endeavored in the meanwhile to realize his present situation. That he was well cared for and kindly nursed, was clear from the position that he found himself in, and his curiosity was excited to know what part or interest, if any, in his well-doing, was taken by the fair embroideress, on whom his eyes were now fixed.

A lovelier vision, indeed, could hardly be imagined, than that on which our invalid now gazed; long tresses, of the richest auburn, floated over a neck and *figure* which were moulded in the perfection of litho and graceful beauty, and as she stooped over her work, the light fell on one of the most perfectly formed faces it is possible to conceive; whilst the constant smile that seemed to hang around her mouth, and the merry sparkle of her brilliant eyes, seemed, as if for the time, charged by graver and sadder thoughts than were mete for so joyous a looking creature.

Sadder and sadder seemed these thoughts to become, for, after a while, she paused in her embroidery, and presently a hot tear dropped upon her white hand, where it had listlessly fallen on her lap. Hastily wiping her eyes, she now looked to George's bed, and seen



that he was awake, gently approached him with some cooling mixture from a neighboring table. Placing one hand gently beneath his head, she administered two or three spoonfuls of a febrifuge in which the taste of lemon was principally perceptible.

"Thank you, thank you," faintly said George, but she placed her finger to her lips to enjoin silence, saying, "You must not talk till you have seen the Doctor; you are not strong enough."

"But tell me where I am," persisted Harrison, "and if angel nurses always float around the beds of sufferers here, investing even pain and sickness with a charm."

"Hush, hush, or I shall leave you; the surgeons have desired the most perfect silence to be kept."

"At least you know, fair lady, how to enforce silence, and I obey," said George, and in truth his prostration was so great, that even these few words seemed to have exhausted him.

Captain Hartley shortly awoke, and after a few words with the lady, advanced to the bed, she at the same time softly quitting the apartment.

"Harrison, you must not talk, for you are frightfully weak," said Hartley kindly, "but I will tell you what you asked Miss Agnes, in a few words, so as to set your mind at rest, as you are doubtless anxious to know your whereabouts. On your arrival in New York, we were met at the landing by Wm. Emerson, who was with you at Eton, and whose sag you were. He is, as you know, independent, but has been for three years with a lawyer in this city, and purposes following that profession. He has purchased this house, to which he insisted on your being at once brought, and for which we got permission from head quarters. Miss Agnes, his sister, is staying with him, whilst his father is at present in Virginia (and a loyalist, by the way) and would

have returned ere this, but for the unsettled state of the country. Both she, her brother, and Aunt Martha, their favorite negress, have been unremitting in their attentions to you, since you have been here. Andre has had a letter from your brother in the West Indies, and all are well at home by latest intelligence, so now try and rest till the doctors come, with your mind at ease, for positively I will talk no more to you at present."

Hartley once more returned to the window, and drawing the blinds closer, betook himself to a book, leaving the wounded man to his own *now* pleasant reflections, and to repose.

Not one word had the wild, but kind-hearted Captain, hinted of his own watchful and sleepless nights, passed at the bedside of his comrade, where, indeed, every hour he could be absent from his own duty, had been spent.

The love of one man for another has often been exemplified, and, unquestionably, the more than fraternal affection of Hartley for our hero, was, up to this time, as pure as it was disinterested. Indeed, the frank, affectionate, and generous disposition of Harrison, had insensibly won upon the gay but somewhat dissipated Captain, in a manner that was unaccountable even to himself.

So it is through life; the careless, dashing man of the world, will, while the heart is yet in the right place, turn with pleasure to the freshness and kindliness of those young minds, as yet untainted by rough contact with the grosser vices of manhood, and which were, alas, but too general in the circles in which our *dramatis personæ* at that time moved.

[To be continued.]

A courteous answer is as cheaply given as a ruffianly one; for the former you receive thanks and a smile, and for the latter you obtain neither; there lies the difference.

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THE UNKNOWN LOVER.

BY J. R. R.

She knows not, bright unconscious thing,  
That in my soul she is enshrined,  
With such sweet pain as love may bring—  
A living portion of the mind.

She cannot know my life is nought,  
Except a daily dream of her,  
The regnant, bright, eternal Thought,  
Which makes me still a worshiper.

Accursed I am to feel how blest  
I might but cannot hope to be;  
To know that love is in that breast,  
But love that ne'er will smile on me!

For who could ask a boon so rare  
As dwells in her delicious kiss?  
Or dare aspire to arms which are  
The wreathed boundary of bliss?

The rose may touch her lips of red,  
The wave receive each glowing charm,  
And night its downy curtains spread  
Around her sweetly slumbering form;

But I must still at distance gaze,  
And mourn my dark, unhappy fate,  
And sing to one these dreamy lays  
Who neither bears me love nor hate.

THE PACIFIC RAILROAD CONVENTION.

MEMORIAL.

To the President of the United States, the  
Heads of Departments, and to the Senate  
and House of Representatives of the U. S.

The undersigned, the President and Mem-  
bers comprising the Pacific Railroad Con-  
vention, held in San Francisco, California,  
September, A. D. 1859, have the honor to  
address you on behalf of the said Con-  
vention, and the People of the States of Cali-  
fornia, Oregon, and the Territory of Wash-  
ington, whom we represent, on the subject  
of a Continental Railroad, from the Pacific  
to the Valley of the Mississippi.

The Convention was called in pursuance  
of the following

CONCURRENT RESOLUTIONS

Of the Legislature of the State of California.

Resolved, By the Assembly, the Senate  
concurring, that to promote the interest  
and insure the protection and security of  
the People of the State of California and  
Oregon, and the Territories of Washington  
and Arizona; and especially to consider  
the refusal of Congress to take efficient  
measures for the construction of a Railroad  
from the Atlantic States to the Pacific, and  
to adopt measures whereby the building of  
said Railroad can be accomplished, it is  
expedient that a Convention be held on  
the twentieth day of September, A. D.  
eighteen hundred and fifty-nine, at the  
City of San Francisco, in the State of Cal-  
ifornia, composed of Delegates from the  
said States and Territories.

Resolved, That the people of the several  
counties of the said States and Territories,  
are hereby especially requested to send to  
said Convention, Delegates equal to the  
number of the members of the Legislature  
of the said States and Territories, to which  
they are entitled, to represent them in said  
Convention.

Resolved, That His Excellency, the Gov-  
ernor of this State, be requested to send  
copies of the foregoing Resolutions to the  
Governor of the State of Oregon and Ter-  
ritories of Washington and Arizona, re-  
spectively.

Passed, April 5th, 1859.

Office of the Secretary of State,  
Sacramento, Cal., August 4, 1859.

I, FERRIS FORMAN, Secretary of State  
of the State of California, do hereby certi-  
fy that the foregoing is a full, true and  
correct copy of Concurrent Resolution No.  
25, passed April 5th, 1859, now on file at  
my office.

Witness my hand and the Great  
Seal of State, at office in Sacra-  
mento, California, the 4th day of  
August, 1859.

FERRIS FORMAN,  
Secretary of State.

The Convention was numerously attend-  
ed; representing two of the sovereign  
States, and one of the great Territories of  
the General Government; embracing the  
entire extent of United States territory on  
the Pacific Coast.

The Convention continued its session  
through five days, carefully canvassing, in  
all its relations and bearings, the subject  
of the Continental Railway, and reached  
its conclusions and adopted its measures

with remarkable and most gratifying unanimity.

As the result of the deliberations of that body, touching the subjects relating to Congressional action in behalf of the States and Territory bordering upon the Pacific, we are authorized respectfully to present to you the following statements and suggestions:

California has been a sovereign State of the Union more than nine years. She has a population exceeding five hundred thousand—active, intelligent and loyal.

For ten years, and without intermission, has her people contributed unprecedented sums to the gain and prosperity of the nation. She possesses unrivalled mineral, agricultural and manufacturing resources, excellence of climate, and commercial position

These, with her harbors, navigable bays and rivers, geographical position, commercial relations, and intermediate station on the direct line of Asiatic and European trade, justly entitle the State and her people to a consideration from the General Government far greater than has been granted.

Notwithstanding the abundance of her local resources, and the great advantage of her commercial position, the State has failed to make that progress in improvements, population, and general development legitimately anticipated. The causes operating so unhappily to embarrass the due development of California, and tending so decisively to prevent the enterprise of the citizens of this coast from resulting in forms of progress equal to the superior local advantages enumerated, exist mainly in the relation California sustains to the Atlantic States.

The States of California and Oregon, and the Territory of Washington, are the most distant and difficult of access of any over which the Government is pledged to exercise its protection and fostering care. They are without the ordinary means of a healthy and natural growth. While the avenues of emigration are comparatively

open, easy and safe to every other part of the Union, the route to its Pacific possessions, whether by land or sea, is constantly beset with every species of difficulty and danger. Our remote position and the difficulties encountered in travel, transit and general commerce with the eastern and more populous States of the Union, are sufficient to explain the slow degrees which have marked the progress and development of the Pacific Coast.

There are other great difficulties with which these States have to contend, operating to prevent State aid of railroad enterprise within their limits.

In the State of California the revenue is unjustly and most unequally divided. Her taxable area of land does not exceed one-ninth of the area of the State; the remainder contributes nothing to the revenues of the State, because it is a part of the public domain, and therefore not subject to taxation.

Three-fourths of the population of the State occupy what is denominated as the "mining lands." These lands are, and have been to this time, acknowledged to be the property of the General Government. The State is called upon to exercise all its governmental functions over the people occupying said territory, without deriving revenue from the land so occupied. Although this question of federal exercise of power against the true interests of a sovereign State is important, and claims early and serious consideration, we do not now propose to discuss it further.

Oregon and the Territory of Washington stand in a similar relation upon this important question.

It is referred to here for the purpose of explaining to the General Government a hardship which has seriously affected the progress and development of this State.

It cannot be charged as the fault of the Pacific States, that their revenue is so unequally derived; nor will the General Government be at a loss to account for the present inability of these States to aid in the construction of expensive railroad en-

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torprises, when they learn, what is the fact, that but an inconsiderable part of the people of the State contribute to the support of the Government.

The State of Oregon—although a young State, inexperienced in the demands upon, and in the exercise of sovereign power—already wisely foresees her inability to construct, or to aid in the construction of railroads within her limits, without the help usually granted by the General Government.

It will be observed, that the State of California has an unprotected Coast line, exceeding seven hundred miles. Oregon, five hundred miles, and the Territory of Washington, including the waters of Puget Sound, of one thousand miles. The people on this Coast entertain very firm convictions that their interests, as well as the general security of the territory of the United States on this Coast, have been constantly overlooked.

The States of California and Oregon, and Washington Territory, represent the intelligence and patriotism of every section of the Union. They are national in sentiment, and in action; and have no connection with the local difficulties which excite and tend to divide the Eastern States of our Union. While they claim to understand their duties, as consistent parts of the confederacy, they also claim to be informed of their Sovereign rights, and believe them to be at least equal to those of other States, and entitled to respect and consideration. These States hold that they understand the objects and purposes of a federal compact; they believe that the principal purposes to be answered by *union*, are the common defense of its members;—the preservation of the public peace (internally and externally) and the proper adjustment of differences arising between the several sovereignties.

That for such purposes the States are united in conferring and centralizing power in the Federal Government; and that if it be put to use, it is fit and proper, to be directed to any and every National exigency which may arise.

The circumstances tending to endanger the safety and tranquility of this portion of the Union, are too numerous to be herein specified; and, if the power or influence of the Federal Government were not created only to be exercised upon the Eastern seaboard, it can be called upon to provide for the defense and protection of the States and Territories on this coast.

While yielding to no other portion of the Union, in the devotion of its people to the General Government, the reflection may not be amiss, that there is growing up on this portion of the continent a new generation, bound by no ties of birth to the older States, and that, should their interests be neglected after the manner of the nine years past, there will naturally spring up a coldness and indifference, which it is the part of wisdom to avoid.

It is both unwise and impolitic, on the part of the General Government, longer to delay a practical recognition of the claims of the States and Territories on this coast. In a national, or any other point of view, works which increase our means of defense, or which afford to us an independent, speedy, and reliable communication with the Eastern portion of the Union and the seat of the Central Government, are of paramount importance.

The known policy of the Government, respecting foreign intervention in American affairs, although most cordially approved by the people of this coast, but adds to the liability to be involved in all the disasters of war, and that, too, while it is utterly beyond the power of the Government to strike one effective blow in their defense; at the same time, also, the people on the whole frontier line of these States and Territory are exposed to forays and rapine, from numerous and powerful Indian tribes.

It is a true principle, never to be forgotten by statesmen, that while it is the duty of the citizen to obey the Government, it is no less the duty of the Government to protect the citizen; and it is an admitted truism, that a free people will not long endure a Government which re-

fuses to afford them that protection for which Governments were instituted.

Addressing those who are presumed to *survey* the great interests of the Republic—who regard the common dictates of good faith, and who recognize the binding force and equal obligation which characterize our federal compact, we believe it will not be in vain to represent the condition of these sovereignties, and demand that measure of relief which has been too long delayed.

The great project of constructing a trans-continental Railway, answering the purpose of protection of this coast—of stimulating immigration—of securing a speedy settlement of the country lying between the Sierra Nevada and the Rocky Mountains—of developing our great resources—of putting our people in a line of success—of building up our commercial interests—of turning the commerce of Asia through the United States, and of realizing generally the benefits of uninterrupted, cheap, and speedy communication with our sister States—we commend to your earnest consideration.

This Convention and the people of this coast are united in a demand for a Railroad, which shall be constructed from some point upon the western border of the Atlantic States, along what is known as the "Central Route," to some point on the frontier of California; whence divergent lines can be run—one to the waters of Columbia River, or Puget Sound, of the north, and one to San Francisco, in the south.

They are also united in demanding of the General Government a liberal donation of the public land, by which they shall be enabled to aid the construction of the said branch lines of Railroad.

It cannot be believed that Congress will refuse so simple an act of justice to these States, or will be so blind and unmindful of the interest and duty of the Government, as not to meet their expectation in this behalf, or that it will fail to extend to this coast the benefit and security of Railroad communication with the East.

It is a fact universally conceded, that an expenditure of one hundred million dollars in the construction of fortifications upon this coast, will not render it as secure against invasion as the construction of the Pacific Railroad.

The celerity, too, (having a Continental Railway), with which an army and its accompanying supplies would be transferred across the continent, in any national exigency requiring expeditious movement to this frontier, is worthy of great consideration at your hands.

The completion of the Continental Railroad will be the nation's announcement of readiness to take part in the stirring events of the coming time. Its construction is practicable, necessary, and promising the greatest results. Once completed, the States of the Union will realize the advantages resulting from the trade of nations passing over this great highway. It will heal the political asperities which afflict the nation, hush the elements of discord and fanaticism which spread dismay over the country, and afford ready employment to a multitude who labor for their bread. It will lead to the establishment of steamship communication between San Francisco and the ports of Japan and the Chinese Empire—inagurate a new era in the commercial exchanges between these countries and our own—greatly benefit every interest of the North, South, East and West. It will rescue a hundred thousand leagues of land from desolation, and will people the same with millions of stout hearts and strong arms.

Are not these objects which should incite our representatives in Congress to the greatest effort? Are they not advantages worthy of immediate and zealous consideration? Are these not interests, so common to the Republic, that the *South* and the *North*, the *East* and the *West* may unite in fraternal faith and patriotic purpose, to attain?

If, like *Cæsar*, men would be read, to their *great praise*, let them favor a scheme which has for its object the benefit of this State,

this coast, our ten whole Union, an great and glorious their adhesion to knit our several strong that subtle in, or foes and er never unravel t inherit.

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*First.*—That t struction of the the territory of guaranty by th ment of intere centum per ann the bonds whi company const resenting a su cost of the Ro

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this coast, our territories intermediate, the whole Union, and the development of a great and glorious destiny. Let them give their adhesion to an enterprise which shall knit our several sovereignties in amity so strong that subtle, intriguing artifices within, or foes and envious force without, may never unravel the federal covenants we inherit.

These grand results to the nation, and simple justice to these distant sovereignties, bound to you by strong ties, may, in the estimation of the undersigned, be attained in the greatest degree by the favorable consideration of the Government, granted to the following propositions:

*First.*—That the Government aid the construction of the Continental Railroad across the territory of the United States, by the guaranty by the Government, of the payment of interest not exceeding five per centum per annum during twenty years, on the bonds which may be issued by the company constructing the said Road, representing a sum not exceeding the actual cost of the Road.

*Second.*—That the Government grant liberally from the public lands of the territory over which the said Road shall pass, to such company or companies as shall construct the same from the Western Frontier of the Atlantic States, to the Eastern Frontier of the State of California.

*Third.*—That in such grant of lands, the Government offer a *bonus*, conditional, to wit: if the company construct the said Road, and put the same in complete operation within five years from the date of the contract, grant to the company alternate sections *thirty* miles deep, on each side of the road; but if the company occupy a longer period of time in its construction, grant them sections only *ten* miles deep.

These grants and these conditions, with the right of way, and such subsidies and transportation contracts, as the Government can well give, will insure the speedy undertaking and completion of the work.

*Fourth.*—That the Government donate to the State of California all the public lands

within her limits, (excepting the mining lands), also to repay to said State the sum of two million seven hundred and six thousand five hundred and twelve dollars, claimed to be legally due said State, having been collected as customs, at the port of San Francisco, between the dates of August 6th, A. D. 1848, and September 9th, A. D. 1850; these lands and this sum to be placed to the credit of "State Railroad Fund," and used as the Legislature of the State may direct, in aid of the construction of that portion of the Pacific Railroad, which shall run from San Francisco to connect with the Grand Trunk Road, authorized by Government to be constructed to the Eastern Frontier of the State.

*Fifth.*—That the Government grant like and similar aid to the State of Oregon, and to Washington Territory; whereby they may be enabled to construct a line of Railway to intercept the Grand Trunk Road of the Government, at such a point as shall be practicable at or near the Eastern Frontier of California.

JOHN BIDWELL, PRESIDENT.

Thomas J. Dryer,	M. H. Farley,
Thos. A. Savier,	F. A. Bee,
A. B. Hallock,	J. A. McDougall,
J. Ramsdell,	L. Archer,
Nath'l Holland,	Wm. J. Lewis,
Louis R. Lull,	T. B. Wade,
W. S. Watson,	J. F. Farley,
Wm. H. Dalrymple,	R. W. Russell,
Joseph Levinson,	T. Robertson,
Thomas Baker,	Thos. H. Pearne,
Rich'd P. Hammond,	Marcus Kimball,
Geo. W. Crane,	E. Lander,
Z. Montgomery,	Seth Luelling,
Jno. Gillig,	B. S. Lippencott,
H. Mills,	E. McCarthy,
J. A. Taylor,	A. Meek,
F. S. Balch,	James Michael,
J. A. Amerman,	G. M. Hanson,
Grove K. Godfrey,	A. C. Hinkson,
Henry S. Fitch,	L. Hite,
T. Dame,	M. Hirsh,
Jas. C. Cobb,	S. J. Axtell,
Horace Austin,	John H. Atchison,
R. J. Latz,	G. Baechtell,
J. S. Ormsby,	W. T. Barbour,
J. H. Carothers,	A. T. Bailey,
J. G. McCallum,	J. M. Blossom,
Benj. R. Nickerson,	R. Hale,
Dan'l S. Howard,	Theo. D. Judah,
S. D. Mastick,	J. B. Crockett,

S. M. Mezes,  
 Jos. C. McKibben,  
 J. W. Osborn,  
 Wm. H. Rhodes,  
 Ed. M. Hall,  
 E. K. Vandecar,  
 Alex. P. Ankeny,  
 W. B. Farwell,  
 G. M. Hanson,  
 E. S. Holden,  
 J. S. Titus,  
 R. C. Gere,  
 Henry Gerke,  
 T. W. Lander,  
 E. Burke,  
 R. S. Miller,  
 Phil. Wasserman,  
 W. S. Sherwood,  
 Lafayette Balch,  
 R. Matheson,

Wm. Blackburn,  
 Eugene Crowell,  
 Ira P. Rankin,  
 Henry M. Hale,  
 D. O. Mills,  
 H. G. Worthington,  
 Levi Parsons,  
 Lewis M. Starr,  
 Francis B. Camp,  
 F. A. Bishop,  
 Thomas J. Arnold,  
 E. A. Rockwell,  
 Daniel Gibb,  
 R. H. Mitchell,  
 W. W. Porter,  
 Geo. W. Prescott,  
 W. H. Rector,  
 Chester N. Terry,  
 P. Hooker,  
 W. A. Housel,

C. P. Jackson,  
 Ed. Jansson,  
 E. Joynt,  
 J. Kamp,  
 J. B. Knapp,  
 John Connors,  
 J. H. Cutter,  
 V. B. Daub,

A. D. Ellis,  
 George Flavel,  
 F. Ford,  
 E. S. Gillespie,  
 A. B. Gove,  
 L. C. Gray,  
 J. E. Hale,  
 L. A. Booth.

City of San Francisco, }  
 October 10, 1859. }

I, WILLIAM RABE, Secretary of the Pacific Railroad Convention, do hereby certify that the foregoing is a full, true and exact copy of the Memorial No. 2, ordered on file among the documents of the Convention.

WILLIAM RABE,  
 Secretary Pacific R. R. Convention.

## Our Social Chair.

TO that nature which is truly noble, it is ever a source of pleasurable satisfaction to realize that the humanizing and heart-enlarging influences of social converse, which, while making every member of our common family happier, raises them to a higher life and destiny. To such, existence is simply one long day in which to make people happy; the crowning hope and end of an earnest brotherhood of sympathy; the joy of the inner life, and the carrying out of the great plans of the Infinite One. Selfishness, the great bane and stumbling-block of the realization of this God-like principle; yet, as a consequence, while its policy has defeated its own purposes, by abridging rather than enlarging its enjoyments, its very defeat has asserted the perfection of the Divine plan that secures the greatest amount of happiness and joy to him who deals out these heart-gladdening gifts, without stint or measure to others. No man ever did a good action but he met with an instantaneous reward. No word of encouragement in the ear of the disheart-

ened; no kindly spoken word of sympathy to the bereaved or poor; no well-meant and unostentatious assistance to the needy, whether its recipient be clothed in rags or broadcloth; in short, no proof whatever that a man possessed the heart of a true brother, even though it were never breathed to human ear, ever went without immediate payment, "in full of all demands" by the happy warmth and contentment enjoyed within, from the conviction of the pleasure given when the duty was performed. The acquisition of riches is generally understood to be synonymous with the acquisition of happiness; and, to a certain extent, this is true; but it is none the less equally true, that often all those finer feelings that make life itself a luxury, are sacrificed, or crushed out by the iron heel of Avarice, so that when the goal of their heaven is reached, those ministers of grace, Charity and Love, are no longer abiding guests in their hearts.

There is truth as well as poetry in the wise aphorism,—"Contentment is great gain,"—so that, whether the reader or the writer be rich, or "no better off than he

might be," let each of us take the probability that we are in a worse position than we are, and are annoyed by annoyances and most insurmountable calling, business, or that we can all do men, and make the

In this connection, take pleasure in what are our socially-inhitching their chainsome precious thstance, or good grasp, by escaping that, one by one, to join our magi need not be said welcome. And feeling a decided that are polished cheerfulness, we include those, who sundry bumping rubbed off some away some of their condition habit of perpet case they are for, from sero devoutly say, g timber ever de

Now, permit me to introduce a new seeks admission about whom ing stories name of who vive an unp or of thank Sympathizing.

'Tis said to be true, the for mouldi to base pu misery se is a reflect clay shot made ye naught in

might be," let each reflect that there is a probability that we could easily be in a worse position than we are; and, as there are annoyances and perplexities, and almost insurmountable difficulties in every calling, business, or profession, the best that we can all do is to meet them like men, and make the best of them.

In this connection we remark that we take pleasure in witnessing that not only are our socially-inclined friends gradually hitching their chairs closer together, lest some precious thought or happy circumstance, or good joke, should elude their grasp, by escaping their attention, but that, one by one, other chairs are seeking to join our magic circle; and we know it need not be said—"most cordially are they welcome." And, although we confess to feeling a decided preference for those chairs that are polished by contentment and cheerfulness, we would not wish to exclude those, whose frequent 'movings' and sundry bumpings from place to place, have rubbed off some of the varnish, or broken away some portions of the veneering, if their condition does not necessarily imply a habit of perpetual screeching--in which case they are inadmissible to the circle; for, from screeching beds and chairs we devoutly say, good workmanship, glue, and timber ever deliver us.

Now, permit us, gentle reader, to introduce a new acquaintance, who modestly seeks admission to our jovial circle, and about whom many hard, and even agonizing stories have been told; and the very name of which, at first, may to some revive an unpleasant chain of reminiscences, or of thankful deliverances:

*Sympathizing Social Chair:—*

'Tis said, "The Gods are just." If this be true, then "Fate" should not be blamed for moulding one to noble, and another to base purposes. But exaggerating one's misery seems to be an impiety, because it is a reflection upon our maker, and the clay should not say to the potter "why made ye me thus?" So I will set down naught in malice, nor grumble at my des-

tiny. Still, I keep up a terrible thinking if I were thus and so, I should be the happiest chair alive. Out upon the theory that there is less suffering in the world than formerly. I ought to know, for I have had a vast deal of experience. Day by day gives me fresh proof that this is not so, and that pain and anguish were bequeathed to every mother's son of us, when that fatal apple was munched. I never could blame Eve as much as some people do. I think I should have done just the same, provided it was a good fall pippin, and I could reach it by standing on tip-toe, and without disarranging my costume. To that one little circumstance I owe my being. From that fatal hour, the molar organs began to assert their privileges, and Eve's apple tooth was the first to "grumble." (For a full account of the method of extracting in those days, I would refer you to the fourth volume of Dow Jr's Profane History, and for the size, shape, color, and peculiar flavor of the said apple, to Caxton's late edition of "Eve in Eden.") Both deservedly popular works. But for the disobedience of that rollicking little piece of femininity, I might at this day be towering in primitive grandeur on the banks of the south fork of the stream she used for her looking glass, or what is better, been transformed into an envied "Social chair," "Teacher's Chair," "Chair of State," or a "Political Platform," "Board of Delegates," an "Orator's Stump," a "Limb of the Law," or anything you please, rather than live to curse my being! Of all the miserable wretches on the face of this terrestrial footstool of Providence, you may count on my being the most to be pitied. The atmosphere which surrounds me is rife with shrieks, and pain, and fear. The strong man trembles as he approaches me; his blood runs back, "his knees against each other knock"; women—even the "strong minded"—weep and go into hysterics at the sight of me, and children are instructed from their infant years to shun me as they would some frightful ogre in the dark. I have seen the brow of beauty pale at my

A. D. Ellis,  
George F. Veil,  
Ford,  
S. Gillispie,  
B. Goy,  
C. Gray,  
F. Hale,  
A. Booth,

San Francisco, }  
October 10, 1859. }  
Secretary of the Pacific  
hereby certifies that  
the true and exact copy  
of the proceedings of the  
orderd on file  
of the Convention.  
I AM RABE,  
R. Convention.

word of sympathy  
r; no well-meant  
ance to the needy,  
clothed in rags or  
proof whatever  
heart of a true  
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ent without im-  
of all demands"  
d contentment  
onviction of the  
y was perform-  
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ous with the  
to a certain  
is none the  
all those finer  
a luxury are  
the iron heel  
goal of their  
sters of grace,  
onger abiding

poetry in the  
nent is great  
reader or the  
off than he

approach, and you wonder how I can "behold such sights of blood and torture, and keep the natural ruby of my cheeks, when theirs are blanched with fear." I call up visions of the grave-yard; and the high road to that "undiscovered country" is opening to the mental vision of all whom I embrace. The wretched are my companions. I am seldom free from pain during the day, and am never sure of a sound sleep at night. It is true, I pay no taxes, am exempt from sitting on juries, or serving in the militia, but these are small evils, compared with those entailed upon a

DENTIST'S CHAIR.

But here is another, from a Miss in her teens, written in one of the prettiest and most lady-like hands that can be imagined; and, moreover, folded, enclosed, and addressed in as methodical a manner as though it had been invented (we mean the style) on purpose to embody the idea of *neatness*—and nothing more:

*Kind Social Chair:*—

I hope you will not think me forward in addressing you [of course we do not, nor will the reader, when he has read your letter to the end] but I have so much longed to say a few words to you, more perhaps to ask your advice than to say anything unpleasant of any one; but, my teacher gives me such hard lessons to learn in mathematics that my head aches very hard before I have a quarter solved a single problem, and when I have conquered—which I generally do—I am so weak and dispirited that I have not strength or courage to attempt any other study. Now, do you not think that it would be better for me to devote the same amount of time to other subjects that would be more useful and much more agreeable to me (as I dislike *that* very much), and in which I might have some hope of excelling—or at least, be able to keep up with my class? I am also growing very thin and pale, and my dear mother looks so anxiously at me, as much as to say, "what is the matter with you, Jenny, my dear?" (and I sometimes can see that she goes out of the room on purpose

to cry, where I cannot see her), and knowing how much she longs to see me become an excellent scholar, I do not like to hurt her feelings by telling her the cause. Hoping that you will excuse the liberty I have taken, and not tell any one my name, I remain, very respectfully,

Yours,  
SCHOOL STUOL.

Now, Miss Jenny, it is a difficult matter for this Chair to stand between you and your teacher in giving advice, because we think that were we in his position, we should not like for any one to interfere between us; and were we in yours, we should go straight to him and candidly explain the whole matter, when, he will doubtless, find the remedy; for we cannot think that any one who occupies so responsible a post would, for a moment, wish to sacrifice your health and prospects, or the carrying out of the darling wish of your mother's heart, did he know it, by neglecting the other, and to our thoughts, the more important portions of a good education, by offering you upon the Mathematical altar. We thank you for your confidence, which we shall endeavor to deserve, by attending to your wishes; and when this is in print we shall enclose it to your teacher; sincerely hoping that others will take this gentle hint.

Different to the above, in almost every essential particular, is the annexed epistle, and as it will tell its own story, we introduce it at once:

*Happy Social Chair:*—

It may be matter of surprise to those who do not reflect that I should presume to have any existence whatever; or, at all events, other than at the back of other chairs, there to be perpetually on the watch for any beckoning look or nod from my more aristocratic neighbors. Yet, I think that as I have to live, and, after all am a very useful piece of furniture, in my place; and moreover give standing evidence of my existence and utility, from very early in the morning until very late at night, at which time I am stowed away, until wanted, on a cot, in some very small, yet, exalted

position, in the cook-  
among the dead"  
ones, with the prov  
basement, (and: whe  
one of the largest of  
lodgers—or rather  
night, took a fancy  
I think that I am  
sideration, and a  
comfortable seat-  
sky-tending bed-  
Now, dear sym  
let me pour into  
rows—I will not  
simply repining-  
opening of the  
lieve it of its  
ness; and possib  
little more end  
tlemanly chair-  
might pass as  
namental cari  
"Waiter, did I  
to my meat?"  
you bring me  
In vain do I  
eral prefer grav  
customary to  
it is to carry  
unless it is  
men in genera  
of the 'gave  
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position, in the cock-loft; or, low "down among the dead" — rats, as well as live ones, with the provisions in the earthy basement, (and where, on one occasion, one of the largest of my long-tailed fellow lodgers—or rather runners, who 'run all night,' took a fancy to a piece of my ankle), I think that I am entitled to a little consideration, and a small portion of your comfortable seat—if only as large as my sky-tending bed-room.

Now, dear sympathizing Social Chair, let me pour into your ear a few of my sorrows—I will not call them sufferings, but simply repinings — in the hope that the opening of the heart to another, may relieve it of its superabundant oppressiveness; and possibly make my occupation a little more endurable. First, then, a gentlemanly chair — or at least, one that might pass as such, judging from its ornamental carving and gilding — says, "Waiter, did I order you to bring me gravy to my meat?" "No, sir." "Then why did you bring me that which I did not order?" In vain do I explain that gentlemen in general prefer gravy to their meat—that it is as customary to carry gravy with the meat as it is to carry a plate to contain the meat, unless it is otherwise ordered. "Gentlemen in general," did you say? I am not of the 'gentlemen in general,' but one in particular, and particularly request that you do not give me anything that I do not order in the future, sir, d'ye hear?" "Yes, sir." When he requested me to pass him the potatoes, or preserves, had I enquired if he would like the dish passed that contained them, he would have denounced me an impertinent puppy, no doubt; and yet, in obeying his instructions to the letter, I ought simply to have passed the potatoes—without the dish. Then, again, when he asked me for "pudding," I took him pudding; but as he had not instructed me concerning the sauce, I dare not presume to add sauce to it without his particular order; and when he enquired why I brought him "such dry stuff as that to eat?" and "if the house could not afford

sauce to its pudding?" I very humbly suggested that he had not ordered sauce; and as I did not wish to offend him, I of course, as per his order, did not bring it without that order, he immediately flew into a passion, and threatened that "if I gave him any of *my* sauce, (with or without the pudding) he would throw it at my head," but as he did not mention whether it was the pudding or the sauce that he intended to present me with in such a playful manner; and, as the boisterous confusion this created had not only attracted the attention of every one at the table, but had even brought my employer from a far-off corner in the cellar, where he had been engaged in roasting old mouldy crusts of bread to make *coffee* of, I was ordered out of the room without the satisfaction of ascertaining anything further about it.

Then, again, one tells me that I "ought not to bring him such ancient and muscular flesh, under the deceptive cognomen of 'roast beef,' as though I had either grown, or provided, or cooked the meat. Another asks me how many years I have enjoyed the personal acquaintance of that chicken? A third suggests that if the meat before him was brought for 'lamb,' that I exchange it for a nice, rare slice of that 'lamb's mother,' instantler. One frowns at me because this 'was too cool'; another, swears at me for not 'informing him that that was so infernally hot,' 'this is too fat,' and 'that too lean'; so you see I get all the blame, and none of the credit, and yet am only

A WAITER'S CHAIR.

A DAGUERRETYPE MUSING,

OR, AN EPISTLE TO THE EDITOR.

My room-mate, a pedagogue tall,—  
He was raised in the Green Mountain  
Has rolled himself up in a ball [State,  
And forgotten his flea-bitten fate.  
He has left in plain sight on the table  
A daguerreotype set in a locket;  
I really wish I were able  
To have such an one in *my* pocket.



He says it's his sister—no doubt—  
 My perceptions are not very keen,  
 But I really can't make the point out  
 That the slightest resemblance is seen.  
 For he is long, lean, lank and tall;  
 The lady a delicate *Itebe*—  
 No family likeness at all,  
 No sister then, to him, can she be!

Some "notes" folded neater than wax,  
 Are lying close by on the stand,  
 And now I observe on the backs  
 Is a delicate, lady-like hand.  
 I can *guess* how this all comes to pass:  
 This pedagogue tall, left behind [lass,  
 Some "school ma'am," or sweet Yankee  
 Round whom his affections are twined.

The original must be very fair,  
 It is strange he ever forsook it,  
 And as for the ideal there,  
 I declare, I am tempted to hook it!  
 But lol! by some magical freak  
 Of that pretty daguerreotype face,  
 Those rosy lips suddenly speak,  
 Applying these lines to my case:

"Pedagogue! I advise you to wed,  
 No longer about the thing tarry,  
 Like that sensible fellow in bed,  
 Who has promised *me* that he'll marry!  
 You certainly look, my dear teacher,  
 As if you had *half* of a soul,  
 The other—am I not a true preacher,  
 Would produce one harmonious whole!

Your romantic days are all past,  
 And permit a young lady to say  
 It is certainly time you should cast  
 About you without a delay.  
 Don't tell me you "really don't know,"  
 Or will think in the future about it;  
 You never will get along so,  
 ' You can't exist longer without it.

Your hair and your coat have turned gray,  
 A wrinkle is set in your face,  
 A wife now, would smooth it away,  
 And put all your wardrobe in place.  
 Your life is so trying in school,  
 I'll tell you just what you must do,  
 Before you can pleasantly rule,  
*Somebody must rule over you!*

But mind—if you write a love letter,  
 Don't run into doggerel rhyme,  
 You are old enough, now, to know better,  
 You will only waste paper and time.  
 It is really strange you don't know it,  
 Were you ever in love in your life?  
 If you try to pass off for a poet,  
 You never will get you a wife.

Don't pen a poetical ditty,  
 Or sit like a furnace and sigh,  
 You might as well quote to her 'Chitty,'  
 But say like a man, '*I will try!*'  
 If you want to get married, just say  
 That you want to, and that is enough;  
 You never will get on your way,  
 By penning poetical stuff."

Shall I take photographic advice,  
 And as pictures are taken of man,  
 Do the thing neatly up in a trice  
 By placing myself under ban?  
 I really think if some Miss  
 Would give me a sweet little face,  
 I could glide into honeymoon bliss  
 With a very commendable grace.

FINIS.

To those whose sympathies for the be-  
 reaved may lead them in imagination to  
 the sad scene, the annexed touching inci-  
 dent, from the Tuolumne Courier, will be  
 read with melancholy tenderness:—

When the conflagration which destroyed  
 Murphy's Camp broke out, the mournful  
 services of a funeral were being performed.  
 A mother had lost her little child of some  
 two years old. The little procession had  
 reached the village church, and were there  
 paying the last sad tribute of affection,  
 when the fearful cry of fire smote upon the  
 ear of that little group. So great was the  
 panic, as the flames burst upon their sight  
 through the church windows, that, invol-  
 untarily, all rushed out to render aid in  
 staying the progress of the flames. In a  
 moment, the poor mother found herself  
 alone with her dead child; and, taking up  
 the little coffin, returned to her home alone  
 and unnoticed!

Poor lonely mother, at that moment thou  
 must have needed the angel-ministerings  
 of thy departed little one, to soothe and  
 comfort thee on thy sorrowing journey of  
 return. God help thee.

Far o'er you distan  
 Where the summer  
 And the Storm-spi  
 Where the tall pine  
 Where grow the o  
 And white-hooded  
 And laughing litt  
 Singing their sun  
 There huge rock  
 Keep sentry, lik  
 Where a bright  
 And nature we  
 There snowy cl  
 Fit canopy for  
 I love the gras  
 And in the eve  
 Waked by the  
 From out the  
 And with na  
 Read the vol  
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In that b  
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 From man  
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 Sacramento City,

The

The size of the  
 reaching nearly,  
 the dress, and  
 patterns vary m  
 The favorite a  
 made of either  
 same, (size exc  
 have been. T  
 with quilling  
 tom, and sle

You write a love letter,  
 To doggerel rhyme,  
 Enough, how, to know better,  
 Wast paper and time.  
 I go you don't know it,  
 I'm in love in your life?  
 I'll kiss off for a poet,  
 I'll get you a wife.

Medical d...  
 I'll qu...  
 man, "will try!"  
 I'm married, just say  
 to, and that is enough;  
 on your way,  
 Medical stuff."

Graphic advice,  
 I'm taken of man,  
 I'm up in a trice  
 I'm under ban?  
 The Miss  
 Sweet little face,  
 I'm in bliss  
 I'm a mendable grace.

FINIS.

sympathy for the bo-  
 m in imagination to  
 nexed touching inci-  
 mmo Courier, will be  
 tenderness:—  
 tion which destroyed  
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 little child of some  
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 are smote upon the  
 So great was the  
 st upon their sight  
 dows, that invol-  
 to render aid in  
 the flames. In a  
 er found herself  
 and, taking up  
 to her home alone

hat moment thou  
 angel-ministerings  
 to soothe and  
 wing journey of

Far o'er yon distant mountains, in Sierra's lovely vale,  
 Where the summer's softest breezes woo the stormy winter gale,  
 And the Storm-spirit sings her requiem, in its low weeping wail;  
 Where the tall pines are robed in white, like giants ghostly pale,  
 Where grow the opening flowers, and glows the glittering snow,  
 And white-hooded peaks, like hoary monks, frown on the plain below,  
 And laughing little brooklets adown the mountain flow,  
 Singing their summer song, as merrily they go;  
 There huge rocks and giant trees, upon the mountain side,  
 Keep sentry, like grim Warders, o'er that valley, fair and wide,  
 Where a bright and fairy landscape unfolds to every view,  
 And nature weaves her carpet of ever-varied hue;  
 There snowy clouds above float in the ether blue—  
 Fit canopy for hearts, as ever, fond and true.  
 I love the grassy margin of thy deep and crystal streams,  
 And in the ever shady groves indulge in sunny dreams,  
 Waked by the dashing, flashing water, as fitfully it gleams  
 From out the darkened shadow, and in the silver beams;  
 And with nature's book before me, in these enchanted bowers,  
 Read the volume of the skies, and mark its leaves with flowers;  
 When, at the zephyrs' kiss, the blossoms fall in showers,  
 Unmindful of the march of Time, or of his passing hours.

In that bright distant valley I know a fair retreat;  
 The way is plainly marked, by many a pilgrim's feet—  
 From many a far-off home, and many a distant shore—  
 That leads you to a dwelling, with its ever open door,  
 Which makes a sunny dial upon the polished floor.  
 I remember well the place, and the welcome smile it wore—  
 A broad and spacious mansion, and yet a peaceful cot,  
 Where the ever welcome sojourner will always bless his lot—  
 For here the rites of hospitality are never once forgot.  
 Who the ministering genius of this loved and lovely spot,  
 Where the stranger finds a welcome, the friend a holy shrine,  
 I'll answer, then, 'tis "Alice," and "A HEALTH TO THREE AND THINE."

Sacramento City, Sept. 23d, 1859.

E. R. C.

The Fashions.

Cloaks.

The size of this garment is very large—  
 reaching nearly, or quite to the bottom of  
 the dress, and falling in ample folds; the  
 patterns vary much, but size is indispensable.  
 The favorite appears to be the Pardessus,  
 made of either cloth or velvet, and cut the  
 same, (size excepted) as the summer silks  
 have been. The cloth is mostly trimmed  
 with quilling of the same, around the bot-  
 tom, and sleeves, and top of the hood.

The hood is correspondingly large, and  
 has two large tassels, which terminate  
 nearly half the length of the skirt below  
 the waist. Some of the most costly are cut  
 "double circular," the upper one reaching  
 a little less than half way, and elaborately  
 covered, with *pasamenterie*, finished with  
 deep fringe, same shade as the material  
 of the cloak; the largest proportion of the  
 embroidery is put upon the upper circular.  
 The fringe on the bottom one should be at  
 least two inches the deepest,—they are not  
 joined together, but left for convenience,

so that they may be worn single, whenever the state of the weather demands it.

Another is the "Solferino," a large mantle of striped cloth, with a deep hood, cut pointed, and bound with galoon. Our opinion is, that it will not find favor in California; it is too gaudy, by far.

The greatest novelty of this Fall, in New York City, has been a "circular," with a hood reaching nearly to the bottom, made of a material called *Velours de Paris*; it is of wool, with small chintz pattern of silk woven in, and is worn only with a dress of the same stuff, both trimmed with black velvet. The mildness of this climate, notwithstanding the advanced season, renders this dress acceptable still.

We have not space for more on the subject of fashions, this time, and conclude by mentioning that "Valenciennes lace" is most fashionable for Sets. Ribbons are wider, and dark bright plaids, and broads with black grounds, and bright bunches of flowers. No. 30 in width.

#### Monthly Record of Current Events.

The convicts of the State prison made numerous attempts to escape, during the month, when many were fired upon, some killed, and others mortally wounded.

Monte Cristo was almost totally destroyed by fire on the 20th Aug.

The citizens of Downieville gave a magnificent ball of celebration on the 22d September, on the opening of the Sierra Turnpike road, which unites their mountain city with the valleys below, by stage.

Diamond Springs, El Dorado county, was almost entirely destroyed by fire September 23d.

James M. Crane, delegate to Congress from the new Territory of Nevada, died suddenly at Gold Hill, near Sonora, September 26th.

The ladies of Columbia gave a festival, the proceeds of which, amounting to \$846 75, were devoted towards the purchase of a fire engine for that town.

The Sonora arrived with 682 passengers Sept. 28th.

The Cortez arrived Sept. 29th with 486 passengers.

The commencement of the Jewish New Year, 5620, was celebrated Sept. 28th.

The El Dorado county Treasurer's office was robbed of \$8,500 on the night of the 28th Sept., \$6,000 of which belonged to the State.

A. C. Lawrence, Assemblyman elect from Trinity county, caught a grizzly in a trap. While waiting for assistance the bear got loose, gave chase, and ran him up a tree, after taking a bite off—the seat of his pantaloons.

The Rabbit Creek Flume Company, and a large number of the citizens of La Porte purchased of John Conley, the two East Branch ditches, and the Rabbit Creek and the Yankee Hill ditch, for \$20,000.

The heavy jolt of an earthquake was experienced in San Francisco at 15 minutes past 12 o'clock, M., on the 5th ult.

The first annual Fair of the Alameda Agricultural Society was held at Oakland, from the 4th to the 14th ult., and proved a great success.

The Cortes sailed on the 5th ult. with 550 passengers, and the United States Mail, for the first time. The Golden Gate had 665 passengers and \$1,863,280 in treasure.

Gold dust was deposited in the San Francisco Branch Mint to the amount of \$589,988 80 during the month of September.

There are at present 506 hands working on the San Francisco and Marysville Railroad, says the *National Democrat*; 150 of these are Chinese, employed by a Chinese sub-contractor.

A man named Geo. Kohler was suffocated, on the 30th Sept., by fumes from a charcoal furnace, while attempting to solder a lead pipe in a well, at Benicia.

Fresno City was entirely destroyed by fire on the 2nd ult., with the exception of the Overland Mail Company's stables, and A. J. Downer's store.

A new semi-weekly line of stages to run across the Sierra Nevadas, between Placerville and Genoa, (Carson Valley), has been started by the undaunted mountain expressman, J. A. Thompson—fare \$15. Mr. Thompson used to carry the mail over the Sierras alone and in the depth of winter, using the Norwegian snow shoes.

One fourth of the town of Auburn, Placer county, was destroyed by fire on the 9th ult.

The stock owners of Yuba county, in the vicinity of the Oregon House, have organized themselves into a Vigilance Committee, for the purpose of suppressing cattle stealing.

On the afternoon of 11th ult. the first Quaker nuptials ever celebrated in this

city, took place before Mr. O. W. Still and were united in the money.

Four steamboats at this city and the "Huma.")

The steamship Un Panama at 1 o'clock ult., with 626 passengers.

The Golden Age on the 16th.

Lieut. Gen. Win in-chief of the U. rived from the East

OF ALL of is said to greatest doubt if any, a could chronicle You see a hundred and there is so pression which of it; and ye perflcial acqu owner, your fear that you you unjust; jury done, Y it. A man, writo him of repent joining him some temp rejoices in ing hand and prosp work—an in how confidentive," s one, bu course, plied a tentior the n and C

city, took place before Justice Culver, when Mr. O. W. Still and Miss A. M. Pearson were united in the holy bonds of matrimony.

Four steamboats are now plying between this city and the "Haystack," (near Petaluma.)

The steamship Uncle Sam arrived from Panama at 1 o'clock, A. M., on the 14th ult., with 626 passengers.

The Golden Age brought 687 passengers on the 16th.

Lieut. Gen. Winfield Scott, commander-in-chief of the U. S. army, and suite, arrived from the East on the Golden Age, on

the 16th ult., to whom an imposing public reception was given. All the various avenues of the city, through which the soldier-hero was to pass, was densely packed with people, and every window, and front of every house-top covered with spectators. At 5 o'clock on the evening of the 17th, Gen. Scott embarked on board the Northerner for San Juan Island, to examine into the difficulty between Gen. Harney and the English authorities there.

The Sonora sailed on the 20th ult. with 450 passengers, and \$1,559,648.50 in treasure. The Uncle Sam had 633 passengers, and the United States Mails.

Editor's Table.

**O**F ALL other gifts, that of Charity is said to be, and doubtless is, the greatest; and yet, we very much doubt if any, aye, all others put together, could chronicle as much abuse as that one. You see a human face, for the first time, and there is something about that first impression which makes you feel suspicious of it; and yet, as time rolls on and a superficial acquaintance is formed with its owner, your charitable nature makes you fear that your first impression has made you unjust; and, in order to repair the injury done, you trust him, and—suffer for it. A man, whose life and history would write him down a scoundrel, shows signs of repentance, by attending and perhaps joining himself to a christian church, or some temperance organization; every one rejoices in it, and willingly extends a helping hand in every way that may encourage and prosper him in his good intentions and work—and this is very commendable—yet in how many cases has all this assisting confidence been thrown away? "The motive," say you, "was a good and laudable one, but it was abused." Aye, verily. Of course, such illustrations could be multiplied *ad infinitum*, but it is far from our intention to say a word that should lessen the number, or the power of such exalted and God-like actions and attributes among

the children of men, for, "We are brethren all." And, "Let him that is without sin, cast the first stone."

But we wish to call the reader's attention to the charitable and conciliatory spirit with which the U. S. Government has met the treasonable, and even murderous, actions of the Mormons in Utah, and shew its utter and hopeless failure to effect a change in their unholy practices. With their religious views, as such, we have nothing to do; but the moment those views are embodied in actions, and those actions encroach upon the privileges and rights of others, then we have something to say. That they should believe that "the earth is the Lord's, and the fullness thereof," and that they are "His people," is all very well; but, when one of those "people" comes and steals our property, and says the Lord sent him, then we say, that he is not only a blasphemer, but a thief, and having violated criminal law, should be made amenable to that law.

Again, when a system of religious beliefs, like that of the Mormons, instructs its disciples that to *cut off* all the enemies of their church is "doing God a service," however much we may deplore and deprecate such satanic doctrines, while they are simply doctrines, we have nothing to say or to do concerning them; but the mo-

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ment that its believers attempt to put their tenets into actions, and organize themselves into a band of murderous zealots, and commence by stealthy wayside shooting, poison, tomahawk, or knife, to take away life, then are they amenable to criminal law—or should be—and their just deserts be dealt out to them upon the scaffold.

Our readers are well aware that for the last ten years there has existed, among the Mormons, such an organization as that to which we have alluded, who bear the name of "Danites," or "Angels of Death." These men are elected to their dark office, and supported in the execution of its duties, *by the church*. And never, since the days of the Spanish Inquisition, have as many fallen under ban.

By their bloody hands several hundred have been quietly and ignominiously murdered and disposed of—but how many the last day alone will disclose. Scarcely a mail, or messenger, has reached California that had not some deed of violence to relate, under different aspects, from members of this band. And yet, the United States Government has permitted this to go on, unpunished and uncorrected, from year to year; and that, too, when every officer sent by it has met with nothing but defeat and abuse. We would, therefore, earnestly ask: "How long is Murder to go unpunished? How long is Treason to stalk defiantly abroad in Utah, and the Government do nothing to suppress it?"

The testimony of P. K. Dotson, U. S. Marshal for Utah Territory, will add another to the many warning voices that have been received, but as yet, have remained unheeded, and as it will clearly explain our position there, we present it to the reader for his consideration:

GREAT SALT LAKE CITY, U. T.,  
August 1st, 1859.

To His Excellency, James Buchanan, President of the United States:

Sir—I hereby tender to your Excellency my resignation as United States Marshal for the Territory of Utah, to take effect from the 20th instant.

In tendering this resignation, I deem it my duty to warn you, so far as my humble voice will avail, that the present policy of the Government towards this Territory will be fatal to Federal supremacy in Utah, and can only tend to build up, consolidate and perpetuate the political and ecclesiastical power of Brigham Young and his successors. The unasked, and to this day, derided pardon extended to treason, has only tended to encourage treason; and the presence of Federal troops, crippled and humiliated by the instructions and restraints imposed upon them, serves only the purposes of enriching the coffers of the Mormon church, and of subserving the ends of Mormon policy.

The Courts of the United States in the Territory, powerless to do good, in dreadful mockery of justice, are compelled to lend the power and majesty of the law to subserve the evil designs of the very criminals whom they seek to punish. Impotent to protect innocence, they encourage crime. The Federal officers of the Territory, opposed and annoyed continually by those whose cardinal support and co-operation could alone enable them, effectively, to sustain the dignity of the positions which they occupy, are as forms without substance, shadows without reality. Tho' willing to serve the Administration from which I received my appointment, I cannot remain an officer of the Government without the power to maintain its dignity.

#### To Contributors and Correspondents.

*J. H. W.*—There is considerable merit in your article, but the subject has been so frequently before the public, and treated in such a vast variety of styles, by very able hands, that it is worn thread-bare; we must therefore decline it. Try some other.

*Prof. Horn.*—Thank you, for your good will and friendly expressions—"almost thou persuadest us to be," &c. But that alphabet beats us. And your earnestness is equal to any 2:30 time on record. May you win; or, in other words, "may you never die at all, at all, but swither like a po-esy"—may you. Still, a little more system might not be amiss.

*A. J. H.*—We should be happy to oblige you, but think that you had better rewrite it first, and in various ways improve it.

*Philo.*—The word Arizona is said to be derived from the Aztec, and means *silver-bearing*.

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Making a stitch alike on  
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WITH EQUAL FACILITY,

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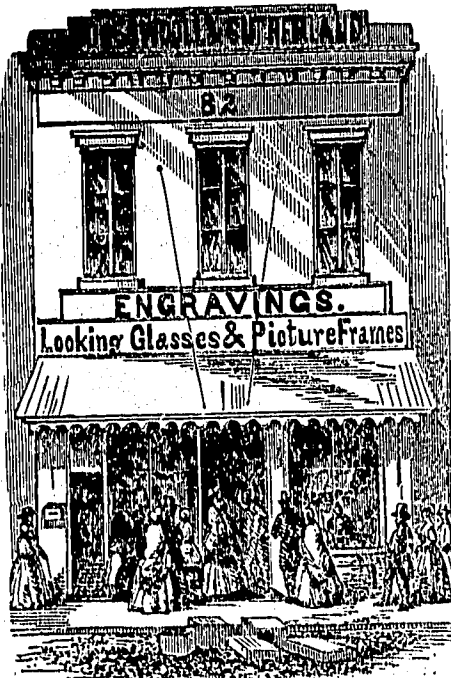
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**FIRE! FIRE! Look to your Safes!**  
See that you have one of Tilton & McFarland's Fire and Burglar-Proof Safes.

READ THE FOLLOWING.

MURPHY'S, Aug. 29, 1859.

F. TILLMAN, Esq., 90 Battery street, San Francisco: The safe purchased of you, one of Tilton & McFarland's, withstood the fire nobly. In answer to your letter, concerning the lock, we will say that the lock was so injured that we were obliged to cut the rivets which held the strap of iron around the back; and so intense was the heat, it sprung the bands, so that by cutting the strap we could spring the lock open. If we do anything with the lock, we think it best to send all below and have it properly repaired. The papers and books came out all right and safe. The coin was all right, and in the safe was a large amount. The fire was a shocking one. The safe fell to the cellar, where our liquors were, and the lower regions could have been but little warmer. The roof was secured by heavy tarring, and the two feet of water from a reservoir standing on the roof, kept the heat below for a long time, until the roof fell in, then the burning of the roof threw out an awful heat. There was a large safe of another make in this fire, and it did not stand anything—the papers and everything in it were destroyed; and unless we can have one all right, of your make, we would sooner have none.

You will please write to us in regard to the lock, and we will ship the whole to you, provided you think it advisable.

Yours, Respectfully,  
**SPERRY & PERRY.**

Receiving by every clipper from New York, and have in store, a large assortment of the above celebrated safes. For sale by **F. TILLMAN,**  
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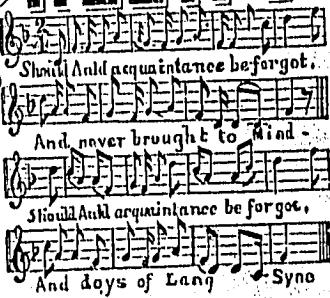
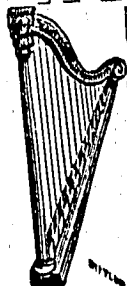
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