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# HUTCHINGS'

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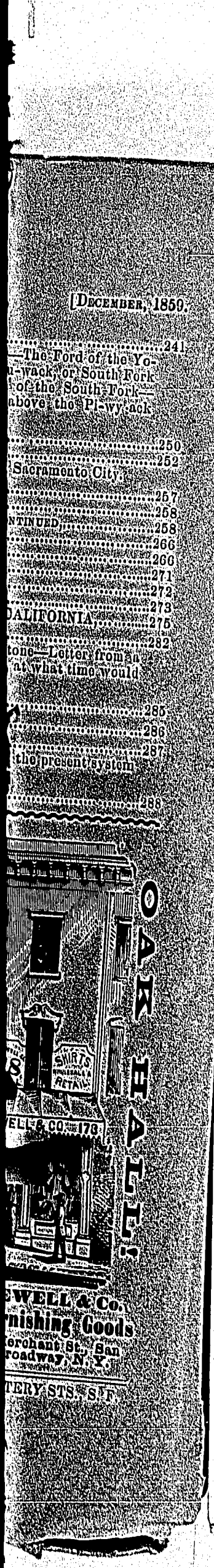


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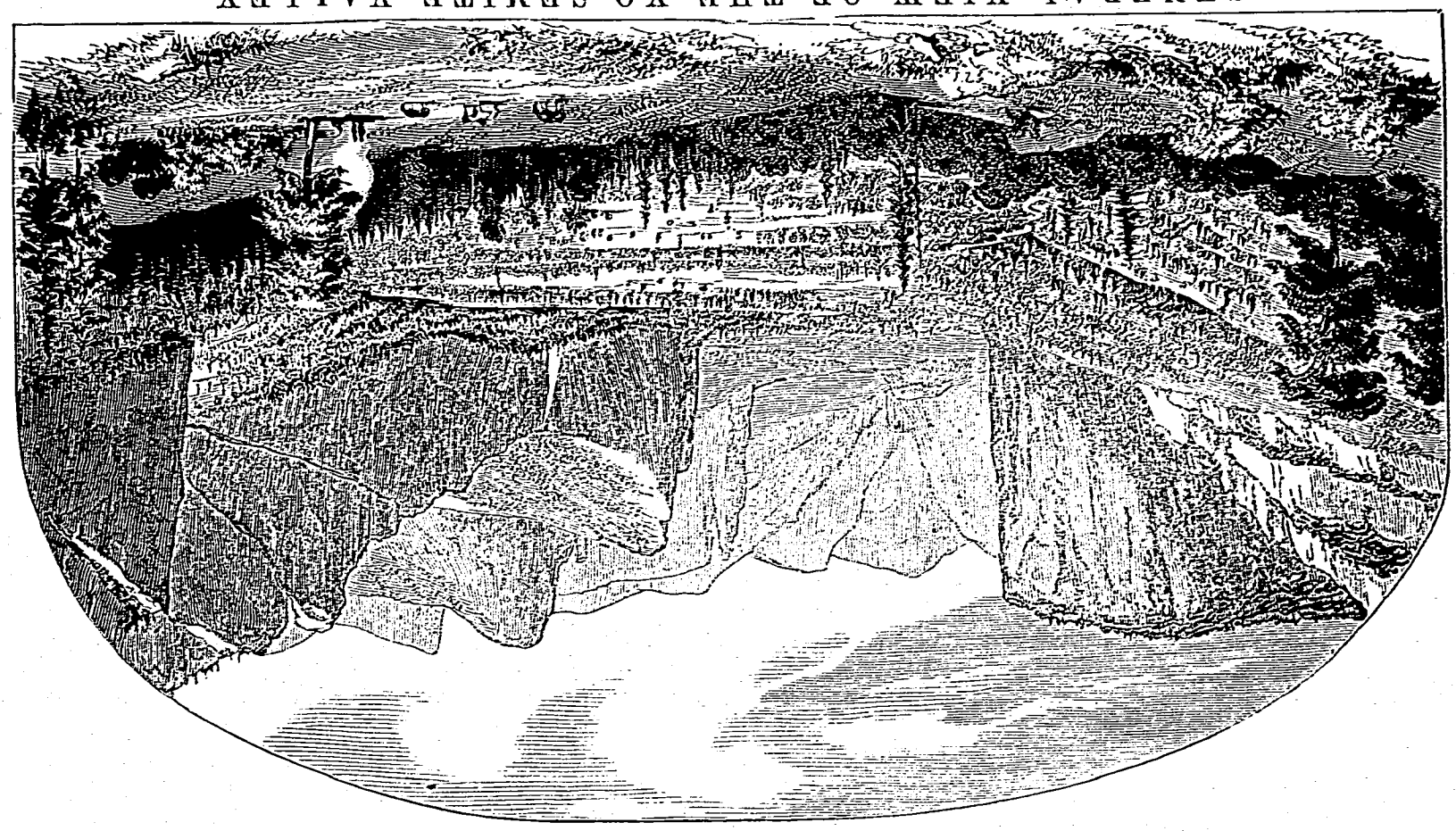
GENERAL VIEW OF THE YO-SEMITE VALLEY,

From Open-eta-noo-ah,—Inspiration Point,—on the Mariposa Trail.





VOL. IV.

THE

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## THE GREAT YO-SEMITE VALLEY.

### CHAPTER IX.

### Excursion to the Pohono, or Bridal Veil Fall.

All are but parts of one stupendous whole.
POPE.

THE FORD OF THE YO-SEMITE.
[*From a Photograph by C. L. Weed.*]

A RIDE down this valley to the beautiful Pohono fall is deservedly considered one of, if not the most charming of them all. Leaving the hotel, our pathway lay among giant pines, from two hundred to two hundred and fifty feet in height, and beneath the refreshing shade of outspreading oaks and other trees. Not a sound broke the expressive stillness that reigned, save the occasional chirping and singing of birds, or the low distant sighing of the breeze in the tops of the forest. Crystal streams occasionally gurgled and rippled across

GENERAL VIEW OF THE YO-SEMITE VALLEY,
From Open-eta-noo-ah,—Inspiration Point,—on the Mariposa Trail.

the trail, whose sides are fringed with willows and wild flowers that are ever blossoming, and grass that is perpetually green. On either side of us stood almost perpendicular cliffs, to the height of thirty-five hundred feet; and on whose rugged faces, or in their uneven tops and sides, here and there a stunted pine struggled to live, and every crag seemed crowned with some shrub or tree. The bright sheen of the river occasionally glistened from among the dense foliage of several long vistas that continually opened before us. At every step, some new picture of great beauty would present itself, and some new shapes and shadows from trees and mountains form new combinations of light and shade in this great kaleidoscope of nature.

Surrounded by such scenes of loveliness and sublimity, we felt a reluctance to break the charm they had thrown upon us, by speech; when our guide informed us that it would now be necessary for us to dismount and tie our animals, as we had nearly reached the foot of the fall, and the remaining distance was over a rough ascent of rocks, and would have to be accomplished on foot. As this was short, we threaded our way among bushes and boulders, without much difficulty, until the heavy spray that saturated our clothing, and the velvety softness of the moist grasses growing upon the little ridge we had climbed, reminded us that we had reached the goal of our desire, and stood at the foot of the fall.

The feeling of awe, wonder, and admiration—almost amounting to adoration—that thrilled our very souls, it is impossible to portray, as we looked upon this enchanting scene. The gracefully undulating and wavy sheets of spray that fell in gauze-like and etherial folds; now expanding, now contracting; now glittering in the sunlight, like a veil of diamonds; now changed into one vast many-colored cloud, that threw its misty drapery over the falling torrent, as if in very modesty, to veil its unspeakable beauty from our too eagerly admiring sight.

In order to see this to the best advantage, the eye should take in only the foot of the fall at first, then a short section upwards, then higher, until, by degrees, the top is reached. In this way, the majesty of the waterfall is more fully realized and appreciated.

The stream itself—about forty feet in width—resembles an avalanche of watery rockets, that shoots out over the precipice above you, at the height of nearly nine hundred feet, and then leaps down in one unbroken train to the immense cauldron of boulders beneath, where it surges and boils in its angry fury, throwing up large volumes of spray, over which the sun forms two magnificent rainbows that arch the abyss.

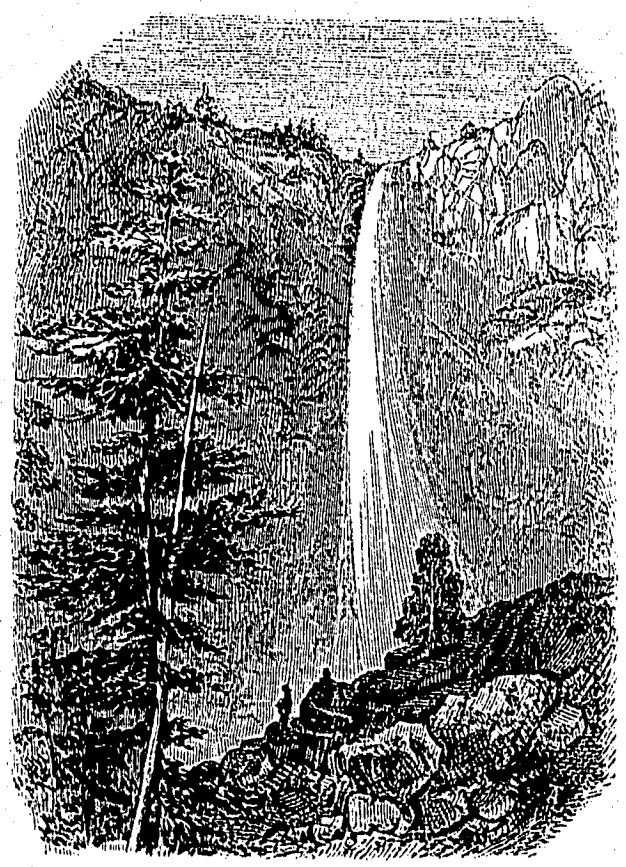
Like most other tributaries of the main middle fork of the Merced, this stream falls very low towards the close of the summer, but is seldom, if ever, entirely dry. When we visited the valley in July, 1855, this branch did not contain more than one-tenth the water seen in June of the present year; and that amount was not more than the half of what it was three weeks before our visit.

This river has its origin in a lake at the foot of a bold, crescent-shaped, perpendicular rock, about thirteen miles above the edge of the Pohono fall. On this lake a strong wind is said to be continually blowing; and as several Indians have lost their life there, and in the stream, their exceedingly acute and superstitious imaginations have made it bewitched.

One Indian woman was out gathering seeds, a short distance above these falls, when, by some mishap, she lost her balance, and fell into the stream, and the force of the current carried her down with such velocity, that before any as-

sistance could be rendered, she was swept over the precipice, and was never seen afterwards.

"Pohono,"—from whom the stream and the waterfall received their musical Indian name—is an evil spirit, whose breath is a blighting and fatal wind, and consequently is to be dreaded and shunned. On this account, whenever, from necessity, the Indians have to pass it, a feeling of distress steals over them, and they fear it as much as the wandering Arab does the simooms of the African desert; they hurry past it at the height of their speed. To point at the waterfall, when traveling in the valley, to their minds, is certain death. No inducement could be offered sufficiently large to tempt them to sleep near it. In fact, they believe that they hear the voices of those that have been drowned there, perpetually warning them to shun "Pohono."



THE POHONO, OR BRIDAL VEIL FALL.
[*From a Photograph, by C. L. Weed.*]

How much more desirable is it to perpetuate these expressive Indian names—many of which embody the superstitious and highly imaginative characteristics of the Indian mind—than to give them Anglicized ones, be they never so pretty? We think the name of "Bridal Veil" to this waterfall is not only by far the most musical and suitable of any or of all others yet given, but is the only one that is at all worthy of the object named; and yet we confess, that we should much prefer the beautiful and expressive Indian name of "Pohono" to the "Bridal Veil." What say our readers?

The vertical, and at some points, overhanging mountains on either side of the Pohono possess quite as much interest as the fall itself, and add much to the grandeur and magnificence of the whole scene. A tower-shaped rock, about 2700 feet in height, standing at the southwest side of the fall, and nearly opposite "Tu-tooh-ah-nu-lah," having on its top a number of projecting rocks that very much resemble cannon. In order to assist in perpetuating the beautiful legend given in our last number concerning that Indian semi-deity, we christened it Tu-tooh-ah-nu-lah's Citadel.

Other wild and weird-like points of equal interest stand before you on the

summit and among the niches of every cliff; so that it is not this or that particular rock that attracts you so much as the infinite variety, all of which is so distinctly different.

At the foot of the rocky point where we had left our horses, we sat down to discuss the relative merits between good appetites and an excellent lunch; and, although there was a difference of opinion about the middle of the repast, at its close, the former was lost, and the latter had disappeared; so that, both being *non est inventus*, the argument, unlike many in our courts of law, was satisfactorily closed in favor of both sides. Therefore, as evening was slowly lengthening the shadows of the trees and mountains, we slowly and thoughtfully retraced our way to the hotel.

## CHAPTER X.

### Canon and Waterfall of the South Fork.

Its bounding crystal frolick'd in the ray,
And gushed from cleft to crag with saltless spray.
BYRON'S ISLAND.

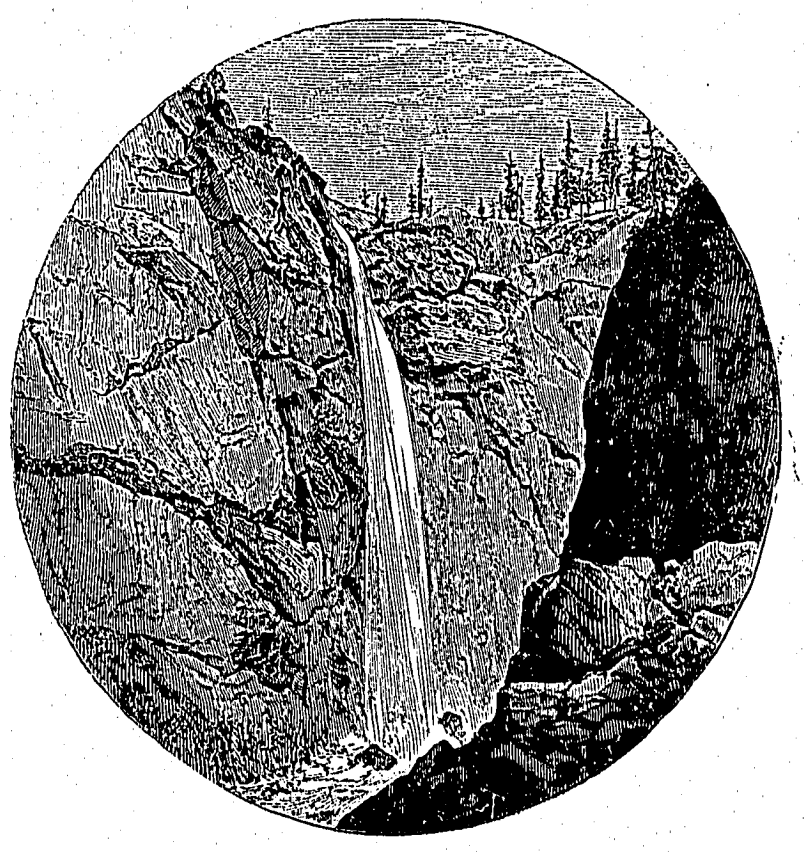
I love not man the less, but nature more,
From these our interviews, in which I steal
From all I may be, or have been before,
To mingle with the universe, and feel
What I can ne'er express, yet cannot all conceal.
BYRON'S CHILDE HAROLD.

This morning, three out of five of our agreeable little party, left the valley for the Mammoth Trees; and their absence created a social vacuum that reminded us at every turn how much we were dependent upon each other for the luxuries of social converse. Besides, it was with us here, in some respects, as Mr. Dana has so well expressed it in his spirited nautical narrative, entitled "Three Years Before the Mast," when one of their number had fallen overboard and was drowned: "At sea, to use a homely but expressive phraze—you miss a man so much. A dozen men are shut up together in a little bark, upon the wide, wide sea, and for months see no forms and hear no voices but their own, and one is taken suddenly from among them, and they miss him at every turn. It is like losing a limb. There is always an empty berth, and one man wanting when the night watch is mustered. There is one less to take the wheel, and one less to lay out with you upon the yard. You miss his form, and the sound of his voice, for habit had made them almost necessary to you, and each of your senses feels the loss."

It is true new faces were seen almost daily at the hotel, and on the numerous trails in the Yo-Semite valley; but after you have traveled with intellectually jovial companions, whose tastes are in a great measure similar to your own; when you have eaten together, camped together, joked together, or admired the wonders and beauties of the landscapes together, there is a sympathetic bond of union formed that causes one to miss them from our side when they have departed. It was thus with us, and the pleasurable impressions received from this companionship, we trust will ever linger in our hearts.

As a visit to the South Fork waterfall has seldom been undertaken, and never by more than about half a dozen persons altogether, and as two of that half dozen were then in the valley, and, moreover, very kindly proffered us their services as guides, we gratefully accepted them. These were Mr. J. Wolberton, and Mr. B. Beardslee, the latter of whom generally responded to the hearty and familiar cognomen of "Buck," and by which he is generally known in the valley.

The reader would have laughed could he have seen us ready for the start. Mr. Beardsley, who had volunteered to carry the camera, had it inverted and strapped at his back, when it looked more like an Italian "Hurdy Gurdy," than a photographic instrument, and he like the "grinder." Another carried the stereos-



THE TOO-HU-HU-WACK, OR SOUTH FORK WATERFALL.
*[From a Photograph by* C. L. Weed.]

copic instrument and the lunch; another, the plate-holders and gun, etcetera; and as the bushes had previously somewhat damaged our broadcloth unmentionables, we presented a very queer and picturesque appearance truly.

In the best of humor and spirits, we set out upon our severe task just as the sun had began to wink between the pine trees on the top of the mountain.

At first, we began to pass round the granite points that extend into the level meadow land, just above the hotel; then, as we advanced, the valley opened gradually wider, and with the oak trees growing at irregular intervals of distance, reminded us of the beautiful parks of Europe, especially those of England and France.

On our right, a high wall of granite nearly perpendicular, to the height of 3,470 feet, and down which, three small silvery, ribbon-like streams were leaping. Here and there, from this vast mountain, a single tree or shrub was standing alone. This is one of the most impressive scenes in the whole valley. Surmounting one of the lower points of rock, several rugged peaks united, resembled an immense hospice, and which have been named Mount St. Bernard. Another has a distant kinship, in form, at least, with a bear. Another, a huge head. In fact, you can look at the various parts of the mountain, and trace a resemblance to a hundred different objects; and as the shadows change when the day advances, to as many more.

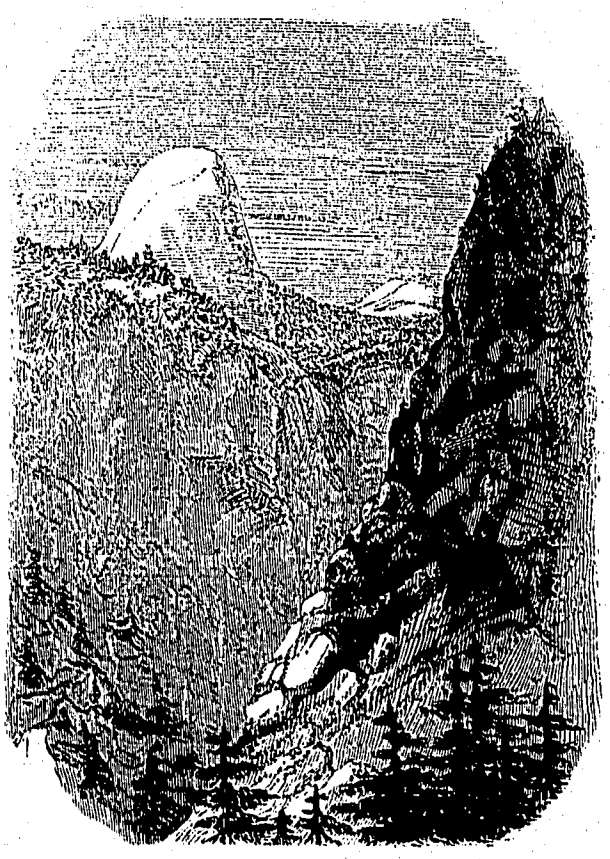
About two and a half miles from the hotel, we arrived at the usual place of

leaving animals, when visitors are on their way to the Pi-wy-ac (Vernal), Yo-wi-ye, (Nevada) and other falls on the main branch of the river; the trail, in its present condition, being too rocky and rough to admit of its being traveled by horses or mules above this point. Now, however, we had to turn out of it, and soon found that, poor as it undoubtedly was, we were prepared to accord it any amount of excellence in comparison with the steep, boulder-filled and trailless cañon of the south fork.

Here we had to stoop or creep beneath low arches; there we assisted each other to climb a rock; yonder a spur shot out from the mountain to the very margin of the stream, forcing us to cross it. At such places, fortunately, the few who had preceded us, had bridged the river, by felling trees over it, thus enabling us to follow in their footsteps with great advantage to ourselves. Miniature mountains of loose rocks seemed to be piled on each other, still higher and higher, as we advanced.

It was as amusing as it was astonishing, to see "Buck" advancing with sure and shoeless feet, seeking to avoid the overhanging limbs of this tree, or that rock, lest the inverted hurdy gurdy-looking instrument, one end of which was nearly a foot above his head, should strike them, and not only throw him backwards, at the risk of his neck, but break the instrument into numberless and unnecessary parts.

About a mile and a half above the confluence of the south with the middle fork, we emerged from a heavy growth of timber, into an open and treeless chasm, the bed of which was covered with large angular rocks, bounded on either side with vertical walls of time-worn and rain-stained granite. On the uneven tops of these, a few of the Douglass spruce trees were struggling to weather the storms and live.



THE SOUTH DOME, AS SEEN FROM THE CANON OF THE SOUTH FORK.
[*From a Photograph by C. L. Weed.*]

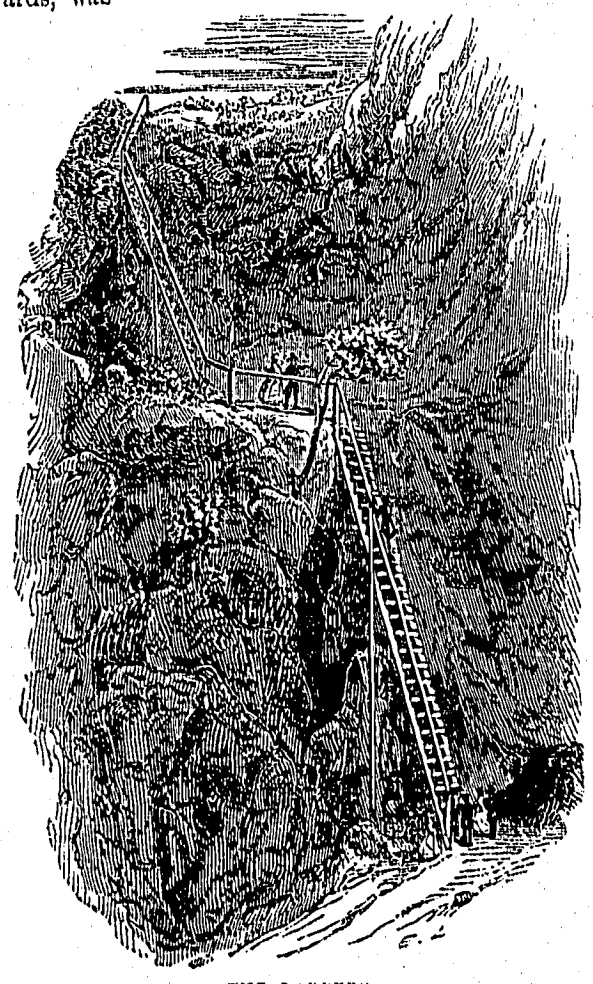
About three o'clock, P. M., we reached the head of the cañon, and the foot of the Too-lu-lu-wack fall. This cañon here is suddenly terminated by an irregular, horse-shoe shaped end, the sides and circle of which on the one side are perpendicular, and on the other so much so as to be inaccessible, without great danger of slipping, and, consequently of being dashed to pieces.

This waterfall is about seven hundred and fifty feet in height, which, after shooting over the precipice, meets with no obstacle to break its descent, until it nearly reaches the basin into which it falls. It is a fine sheet of water, of about the same volume as the Yo-Semite (named by the Indians Cho-lock), at the time we visited and measured it. As we had no instruments for ascertaining the altitude of the Too-lu-lu-wack fall, of course, the above is only given as its approximate height.

The engraving given of this on the preceding page being taken below, presents a side section only, as the distance across the canon, opposite the fall, not being over one hundred and fifty yards, was altogether too short to allow the instrument to take in the whole front view on one picture.

Our fatiguing ascent having occupied the greater portion of the day, and the sunshine having already departed from the west side of the canon, and as we were not prepared to pass the night here, our work and return had to be conducted with brevity and despatch; consequently, the moment the picture was taken we commenced the descent. On our way down, we secured a view of Tis-sa-ack (the South Dome) from the south canon, and which from this point, presents a singular conical shape of that mountain which is not to be seen from any other point.

We fortunately reached our quarters at the hotel in safety just after dark, well pleased with the result of our difficult undertaking. While discussing the viands of our much relished evening's repast, we ventured to predict that, before five years had elapsed, we should be able to ride to the very foot of each of those magnificent waterfalls. And we would respectfully suggest to residents in the valley, or others, that a good mule trail constructed, not only to the Tu-lu-lu-wack, but to the foot of the Yo-wi-ye fall; and up Indian canon, to the top of the great Yo-Semite, would not only prove a good investment, at a fair toll, but be a strong additional inducement to parties of pleasure in visiting the valley. And we know, too, that every visitor will heartily respond with a hearty—amen.



THE LADDERS.

RIVER RUSHING THROUGH THE GORGE ABOVE THE PI-WY-ACK FALL.

## CHAPTER XI.

### Visit to the Pi-wy-ack, or Vernal, and Yo-wi-ye, or Nevada Falls.

Without good company, all dainties
Lose their true relish, and, like painted grapes,
Are only seen, not tasted.

MASSINGER.

We have borne
The rustling wind scarce conscious that it blew,
While admiration feeding at the eye,
And still unsated, dwelt upon the scene.

MILTON.

Reinforced by a party of old friends, of both sexes, when our cavalcade set out the following morning, for the Pi-wy-ack and Yo-wi-ye falls, it presented quite a respectable appearance again, —we allude to the number, and not to the dress of either ladies or gentlemen, for, although many, especially of the gentler sex, when visiting this valley, have too often sacrificed good taste to show, and substantial comfort to pretentious display, we are happy to be able to say that those of this party did not indulge in any such indiscretion.

Journeying upon the same course as that described in our last chapter, to the point there alluded to, we fastened our animals and proceeded on foot, by a broken and rough trail, up the main and middle fork. On our left, at intervals, the uneven pathway lay beside the river; the thundering boom of whose waters rose at times above the sound of our voices, for as soon as we had fairly left the level valley and commenced our ascent, that large stream formed one magnificent cataract, up to the very foot of the fall.

Soon we came to the mouth of the South Fork, which we crossed on a rude and log-formed bridge. An excellent and nearly correct estimate of the quantity of water rolling over the fall of this stream, can be formed from examining the several branches into which this stream is here divided.

THE YO-WI-YE, OR NEVADA FALL.
[*From a Photograph by C. L. Weed.*]

Upward and onward we toiled; and after passing a point, we obtained suddenly, the first sight of the Pi-wy-ack, or Vernal Fall. While gazing at its beauties, let us, now and forever, earnestly protest against the perpetuation of any other nomenclature to this wonder than *Pi-wy-ack*, the name which is given to it by the Indians, and means *a shower of sparkling crystals*, while "Vernal" could with much more appropriateness be bestowed upon the name-giver, as the fall itself is one vast sheet of sparkling brightness and snowy whiteness, in which there is not the slightest approximation, even in the tint, to anything "vernal."

Still ascending and advancing, we were soon enveloped in a sheet of heavy spray, driven down upon us with such force as to resemble a heavy storm of comminuted rain. Now many might suppose that this would be annoying, but it is not, as the only really unpleasant part of

the trip is that which we have here to take, through a wet, alluvial soil, from which, at every footstep, the water splashes, or rather spirts out, much to the inconvenience and discomfort of ladies who wear long dresses. As the distance through this is but short, it is soon accomplished, and in a few minutes we stood at the foot of "the ladders." Beneath a large, overhanging rock, at our right, a man who takes toll for ascending the ladders, eats, and "turns in" to sleep upon the rock. The charge for ascending and descending was seventy-five cents; and as this included the trail as well as the ladders, the charge was reasonable.

This fall we estimated—it has not been measured we believe—at two hundred and fifty or three hundred feet; others have placed it as high as four hundred and fifty, but we think that such an estimate is altogether too high. It is certainly an awe-inspiring and wonderful object to look upon.

Ascending the ladders, we reached an elevated plateau of rock, on the edge of which, and about breast high, is a natural wall of granite that seems to have been constructed by nature for the especial benefit and convenience of people with weak nerves, enabling them to lean upon it and look down over the precipice into the deep chasm below.

Advancing gently and pleasantly, we arrived at a gorge, through which the river rushed with great speed and power, and on the angry bosom of which, dead trees, that we rolled in were as mere waifs. Near this we took lunch.

About half a mile above is the great Yo-wi-ye, or Nevada fall, the estimated height of which is seven hundred feet. After the base of this fall is reached, or as nearly so as the eddying clouds of spray will permit, it appears to be different in shape to either of the others; for, although it shoots over the precipice in a curve, and descends almost perpendicularly for four-fifths of the distance, it then strikes the smooth surface of the mountain, and spreads, and forms a beautiful sheet of silvery whiteness, about one hundred and thirty feet in width.

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A wandering Camp Stool, from the mountains, claims to introduce its load of indignation.

The Hon. Horace Greeley, having spent a *whole day* in the Yo-Semite Valley, has gone and published to his two hundred thousand readers, as the result of his observations, that the Great Fall is "*a humbug!*"

Now this Camp Stool holds up its three legs, and in the most solemn manner which a Camp Stool is capable of assuming, asseverates that the fall is *not* "a humbug." Camp Stool protests against *any* of nature's works being termed "a humbug." Least of all, one of the grandest ever created.

Ask the painters of California, who now make their annual pilgrimage to this Art Gallery of Nature, to receive inspiration among its sublime pictures, if it is a "a humbug"? Who, better than they, are capable of determining whether it is so or not? It is their hourly occupation, to watch the ever-changing beauty and grandeur of nature, and their delightful business, day by day, to transfer, as far as in their power lies, that beauty and that grandeur, to the canvass. Were the Fall "a humbug," they would not sit, as they do, for days, vainly endeavoring to catch the fleeting forms of its gauzy mist, or watch so eagerly the glorious majesty of its waters, thundering down its rocky steeps. To them it is a Great Teacher; and, in love and humbleness do they receive its lessons.

Ask the hunters, who, in pursuit of game, have penetrated to the valley, while it was buried beneath the deep snows of winter, and when the sculptur-

ed whiteness of the giant mountains pierced with dazzling brightness the dark and threatening clouds which lowered round their summits. When the spray of falls, becoming congealed, forms at their base a multitude of icy pinnacles, each a hundred feet in height. And when the mist, driven by the bleak winds, along the face of the cliffs, encrusts them with an armor of ice, which sparkles and glistens in the morning sun, like burnished silver. And when, as the day advances, great sheets of this icy coating become detached, and go thundering down the abyss, dashing themselves upon the rocks below, with a crash, which seems to shake the very foundations of the mountains.

Ask the hundreds of travelers, who, later in the season, when the winter's accumulation of snow was melting fast, have seen the swollen torrent come over the cliffs in a compact mass, leaping entirely clear of the precipice, and striking the shelving ledge below, with a continuous roar, whose thunders echoed and re-echoed along the cliffs, until every turret, dome and spire, for miles around, added its voice to the universal din. When the whole valley becomes a lake, from the vast overflowing of the great waters.

Ask the reverend divines, who have stood at the base of the falling flood, and while gazing upon the inspiring spectacle, have exclaimed with deep emotion, "The Lord God reigneth"!

Ask any one of the thousands of travelers, who have visited the valley, who has a soul in his body capable of appreciating the grandeur of nature, in her wildest moods, if the Fall is "a humbug!"

Ask the everlasting rocks, themselves, if "a humbug" carved those frightful chasms, deep in their adamantine sides.

No! Not one of all this "cloud of witnesses" will sustain the heartless, the cold-blooded assertion.

You, Mr. Editor, have clambered up to the top of the dizzy hight, and can tell the honorable calumniator the dimensions of his "*trout stream.*" You can tell him that it was *thirty-four feet and six inches wide*, and with *an average depth of one foot.* And this in June! when the volume was not half so large as it was in May.

But the man who can see no beauty in the Fall, even when its waters are diminished to a mere "*tape line,*" could not truly appreciate it, if "a Niagara" occupied its place.

There is no such phenomenon as "a Niagara" or "a Mississippi," falling from a great hight. All lofty cascades are small in volume. It is their chief attribute, to ornament with *contrasting* beauty, the massive ruggedness of the rocks over which they fall. The very attenuation of the stream increases the grandeur of the cliffs.

Camp Stool may almost assert that *all substances* having great height, are small in circumference. As, for instance, the pine trees and the palms; and, in a comparative sense, the attenuated stalk of wheat, than which, nothing can be more graceful.

Man but imitates the proportions of nature, when he gives to a beautiful monumental column the greatest height which its circumference will sustain with safety. Did Mr. Greeley, while at the grove of Big Trees, happen to notice one of the thousand graceful firs, whose plume-like summit was not greatly overtopped even by its "big brothers" of the forest? If he was not too busily engaged in calculating how many boards the latter would make, to cast his practical eye on ordinary trees, Camp Stool would like to ask him which were the more beautiful, the Fir—perfect in proportion, towering to the utmost height which its slender trunk could sustain, or its neighbor, the bloated, apoplectic "Big Tree"?

Perhaps it is presumptuous for an insignificant Camp Stool to attack so distinguished a person as the honorable Horace Greeley; but a warm love for the grand scenery of the noble State which he calls his own, is one of the chief of a Californian's virtues. And by virtue of this feeling, if the Chair Presidential, the august chair of Buchanan, himself, should publish to the world such a downright insult to the great California family of worshippers of the sublime in nature, this particular Camp Stool would

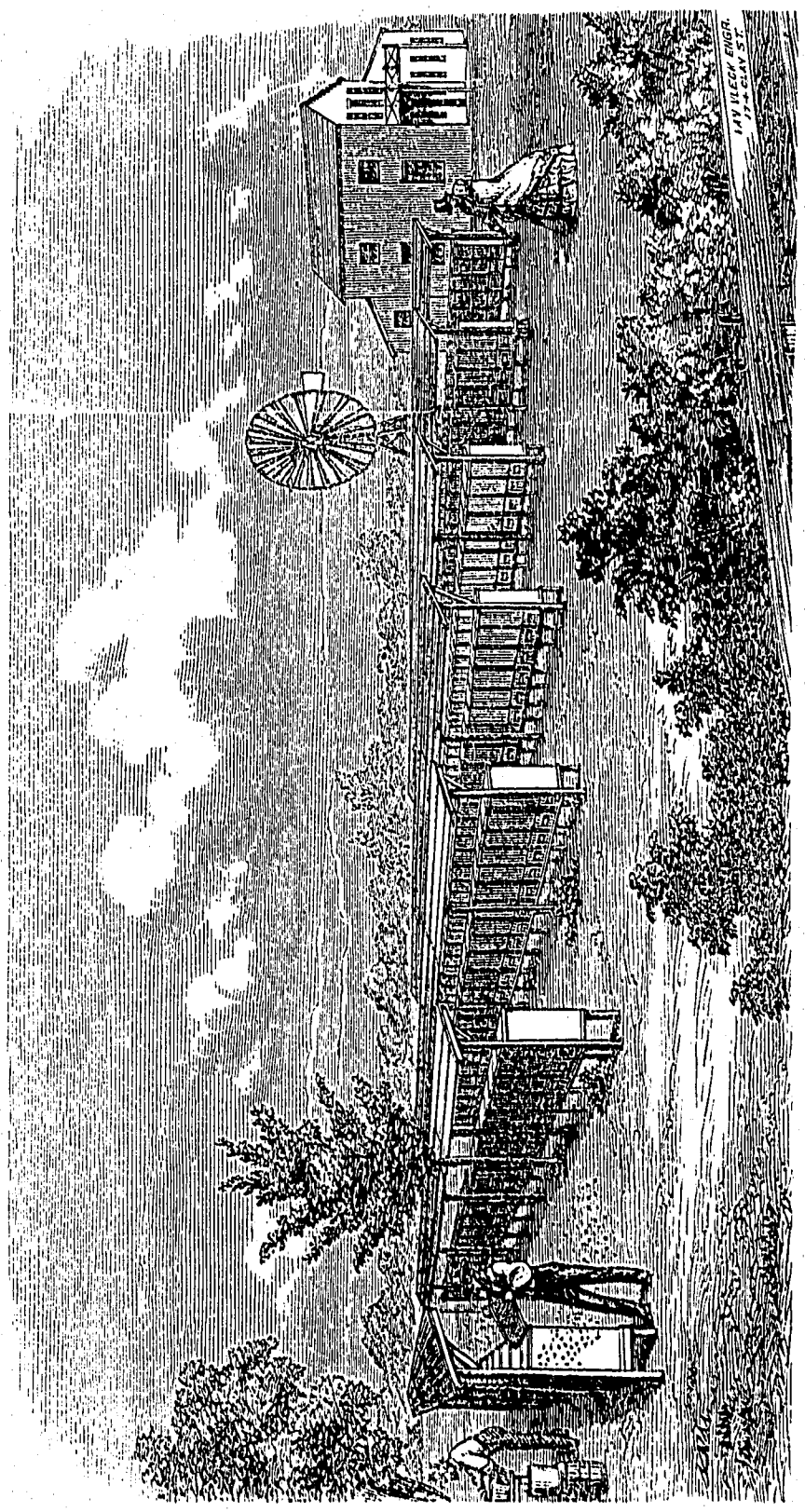
raise its legs in feeble, though earnest protest against it. CAMP STOOL.

## THE HONEY BEE OF CALIFORNIA.

In connection with the illustration which we present to our readers, of the Apiary of Harbison & Bros, we also give a statistical sketch of the rise and progress of this, now quite lucrative branch of husbandry.

During the month of February, 1853, Mr. C. A. Shelton, formerly of Galveston, Texas, started from New York with twelve swarms of bees (in which Commodore Stockton and G. W. Aspinwall were interested) and arrived in San Francisco during the month of March following, with but one live swarm: this he put on board a steamer bound for San Jose; en route the steamer burst her boiler and, though Mr. Shelton was numbered with the dead, his bees escaped uninjured, and were taken to San Jose. Of their increase we are not fully advised. In the fall of 1854, Messrs. Buck & Appleton, of San Jose, received the next swarm which was brought to California. During the fall of 1855, Mr. J. S. Harbison, of Sacramento, who was thoroughly acquainted with the habits and treatment of the bee from an early period of his life, sent East for a swarm, which arrived in Sacramento February 1st, 1856; most of the bees had died during the passage. Enough, however, remained to prove that, with careful handling, they could be successfully imported and allowed to propagate in California. Having full confidence in this, he returned to the Atlantic States in the spring of 1857, and prepared for shipment, sixty-seven swarms, with which he arrived in Sacramento December 1st of the same year. By the March following, the effects of the voyage reduced them to fifty, at which time they were again reduced to thirty-four, by sale. During the ensuing summer (1858) he increased these to one hundred and twenty; and in the fall he sold all save six. Again, on the steamer of September 20th, 1858, he went East for the purpose of transporting another stock, which had been prepared for that purpose during the previous spring and summer. On the 6th of December, he sailed from New York with one hundred and fourteen colonies, and arrived in Sacramento January 1st, 1859, with one hundred and three, in a living condition. Of this importation, sixty-eight were from Centralia, Illinois—the longest distance which bees have been known to be transported — the remaining forty-six were from Lawrence county, Penn. The length of his last voyage, together with the backward and unfavorable spring of 1859, decreased the number of this importation to sixty-two: these, with the remaining six from the previous year, he increased to four hundred and twenty-two colonies; or, at an average increase to the hive of five and seven thirty-fourths. During the fall just past, he sold two hundred and eighty-four swarms. The plan for the now celebrated "Harbison Hive," was perfected by J. S. Harbison, between the 20th of December, 1857, and the 18th of January, 1858, at which time he mailed his application for the patent, which was issued January 4th, of the present year; farther improvements have since been made by him which, in due time, will be made public. From as close an estimation as can be made, by those well informed, the State now contains three thousand two hundred swarms, of which number twelve hundred are in the Harbison hive.

Of the modes of importing bees to California, the most novel was that of Mr. J. Gridley, who brought four swarms across the plains from Michigan, lashed to the back part of his wagon; he arrived at Sacramento on the 3d of August last, and seemed much surprised on learning



THE APIARY OF J. S. & W. C. HARBISON, SACRAMENTO CITY.

the extent of their cultivation in this State.

As an instance of the growing importance of this branch of industry, it may be of interest to state that Mr. L. Warner, at Sacramento, (who is the General Agent of Mr. Harbison) has sold, since the 1st of August of this year, upwards of sixteen thousand dollars worth of bees. Mr. W. has been engaged in the business since the year 1855, and sold the first swarm of bees in the Sacramento valley.

Many of those interested in bees, have of late expressed fears lest the country would soon be overstocked: if such persons will consider for a few moments the large population of this State, and which is daily increasing, but few of whom, as yet, have *a single swarm*, (for all the bees in the State are contained in *nine* counties) and let them also consider that the people of the United States are *but just finding out how* to make bee keeping profitable, and if this will not quiet their nerves, let them make a few figures on the demand and limited supply of honey. In Germany, where the best and most scientific attention has been devoted to bee keeping, for the last *two centuries*, and whose authors have thrown more light upon the natural history of the bee, than any others in the known world, the people find the business very lucrative. To one who has not made a close calculation, it may seem a bold assertion, but it is an undeniable fact, that California can export honey and wax with profit to the New York market! The climate of California is peculiarly adapted to bee culture; for, while a swarm in the Atlantic States does well when it produces two swarms and from twenty-five to thrity pounds of honey, in the vicinity of the Sacramento river, five strong swarms can be made from the one that will yield surplus honey during the season, which may be set down as from the latter part of February to the first of November,—eight months! two-thirds of the year! And there is not a month in the year but what they may be seen out of the hive. It has been said that "the bee will cease to lay up stores for winter when it learns that forage is so easily obtained"; those who speak thus, certainly know nothing of its natural history, *for no bee* (save the queen) *ever lives over six months*, and during the height of the working season, they seldom attain the age of fifty days; hence, if no better reason could be produced (and there can be) they would never find out the fact in time to profit by it. In any and all countries, bees *will* work, as long as they have pasturage, and room in which to store the produce of their labors.

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The honey bee, which from the early dawn of civilization, has been the wonder of philosophers and the admiration of poets, is now attracting a degree of attention in this land of flowers, that will, in the course of a few years, enable us to speak of our State as one literally "flowing with milk and honey."

Much in regard to the habits of this interesting insect, which was formerly enveloped in profound mystery, has recently been explained, through the agency of the ingenious transparent hives that are now in common use; and many of the facts which curiosity has discovered, have been of great pecuniary benefit to the practical apiarian.

In the family of twenty-four thousand, which compose a good swarm of bees, there are about two thousand drones and one queen. The others are called workers. The queen is a large, long, graceful insect, with a small waist and small wings; she moves about in the hive with great rapidity, depositing her eggs in the cells prepared by the workers for that purpose, and acts as the leader in the exodus of the new swarm. She lives about three years.

The workers which, of course, compose the most of the hive, are small and compact in form, and vigorous in their movements. They are supposed to be imperfectly developed females, and are generally called neuters. They have the power of producing from the ordinary grub or egg, a queen, when, from any cause, one is required. The means by which this singular result is accomplished, is not known, but it is believed by some of those who have given the matter their careful attention, that a peculiar kind of food, which unerring instinct designates, has much to do in producing the queen!

The drones, which are the males, are considerably larger than the workers, and move about slowly, rarely leaving the interior of the hive, except in very pleasant weather. They collect no honey, and in autumn they are nearly all destroyed by the workers, to which they fall an easy prey, being destitute of stings.

Nursing the young, building the cells and collecting the honey together, with all the fighting with rival swarms, devolves upon the workers; which in industry, and in fidelity to their superiors, afford an example worthy of the imitation of rational creatures.

Volumes might be written upon the singular habits of the bee, but I propose to simply state a few practical facts in connection with bee raising in California, and to point out the great advantages it has over other localities. It has by some been sagely assumed that, on account of the mildness of our winters, bees will have no *motive* for working, and will, consequently, become "lazy"; but this belief is unfounded in philosophy or fact, for, bees work from *instinct*, and not from motive, as for the attainment of an object which reason shows to be necessary, and it is a fact that in the Red river swamps, where the climate is more mild than that of this State, bees abound in the greatest profusion, and fill the trees with vast quantities of honey which they never consume.

All things considered, California, as a honey producing State, has no equal. The climate is not so warm as to melt the combs, and so mild are our winters that the bees can work during the entire year, in the vallies. During about two months in the rainy season, they do not collect quite so much honey as they consume; but, during the remaining ten months, they are constantly accumulating a surplus.

In the Atlantic States, they produce but little honey between the last of June and the middle of September, the time at which the buckwheat fields are in bloom, when they enjoy a short season of honey-gathering, that is suddenly terminated by the frosts, which make them consumers until the blooming of orchards in the ensuing spring. In this State, at all seasons, they have access to rich honey-producing sources, among which I may mention the tule swamps, the bottom willows, the mustard fields, the numerous flower gardens, and the vast profusion of wild flowers which, during a considerable portion of the year, beautify our fertile plains, and gracefully undulating foot hills, and adorn even the lofty summits of our mountains. In the valley of the Sacramento, there is a peculiar plant or shrub which, in the dryest part of the year, affords large quantities of the finest honey.

In the valley of the San Joaquin, after the spring flowers are past, during the months of July and August, they gather mainly from the Button-bush; and from that time to the end of the year, nearly every oak tree being covered with a kind of honey dew, they gather from this their main harvest. The sap of the Osage orange is also much used. Their principal time of working is from ten to three o'clock.

From one hive, in Capt. Webber's garden, at Stockton, housed April 5th, 1857, the following quantities of honey were taken the same year:—

27th April.....18 pounds 6 ounces.
4th June.....17 do
5th July.....17 do 8 do
20th July.....20 do
11th August.....20 do
2d September.....19 do

and during the same month, twenty lbs. more, giving a total of 132 pounds surplus honey, and one swarm of bees.

To every twenty pounds of honey, about one pound of wax is produced. Honey left for their sustenance during the winter was never touched; proving that a certain amount of honey is produced here all the year. Since then they have yielded from two to three swarms of bees per year, and when this is done, less honey is gathered and stored.

Moths, and other insects, which often prove destructive to bees in the Atlantic States, have seldom given the apiarian any trouble, except in the case of weak hives, brought from the East. The natural vigor of the bees in this country, enables them to repel all such foreign invaders.

In the Atlantic States a hive rarely swarms more than once in a season; but here, a single hive has been known to produce in one year, no less than nine healthy swarms, making, with the original, ten swarms; and, in one instance, in Sacramento county, a single hive produced eight swarms direct—two from the first new one, and two from the second—making an increase of twelve swarms in one year, which, with the original hive, yielded one hundred and twenty-five pounds of honey.

When the production of honey is the principal object, the swarms are not divided so often as when the multiplication of the number of hives is desired by the owner. Under favorable circumstances, five good swarms can yearly be produced from one, when increase in the number of hives is the main object; and, under ordinary circumstances, an increase of four per year may be put down as a moderate average. If the production of honey be the leading object, each old hive will annually yield two new swarms, and with these new swarms, furnish one hundred and fifty pounds of honey. In this State each hive will, of itself, yearly produce twice the quantity of honey which, with the same amount of attention, it would yield in the Atlantic States.

The ruling price for a full hive of bees is one hundred dollars. Eighteen months ago, a gentleman in San Jose, purchased six good hives for six hundred dollars, and since that time, he has realized from their increase alone, the snug sum (in cash) of eight thousand dollars.

Such are a few brief but significant facts concerning the culture of bees in this State. The demand for honey which, at wholesale, is worth about fifty cents per pound, is greater than the supply, and even at greatly reduced prices, bee raising must, with the facilities afforded by California, remain a safe, profitable and agreeable business.

Of the many moveable comb hives now in use, Langstroth's is considered by many practical apiarians, as one of the best; but the common bee hive answers a very good purpose, and perhaps, for those unacquainted with the bee business, they are preferable to any of the complicated patent hives.

Among the books on bee culture that may be read with profit by those interested in the further examination of this subject, I may mention Quimby on Bee Keeping, and the last edition of Langstroth on Bees. They contain much curious and valuable practical information in regard to matters pertaining to bees, and should form part of the library of every apiarian.

J. A. B.

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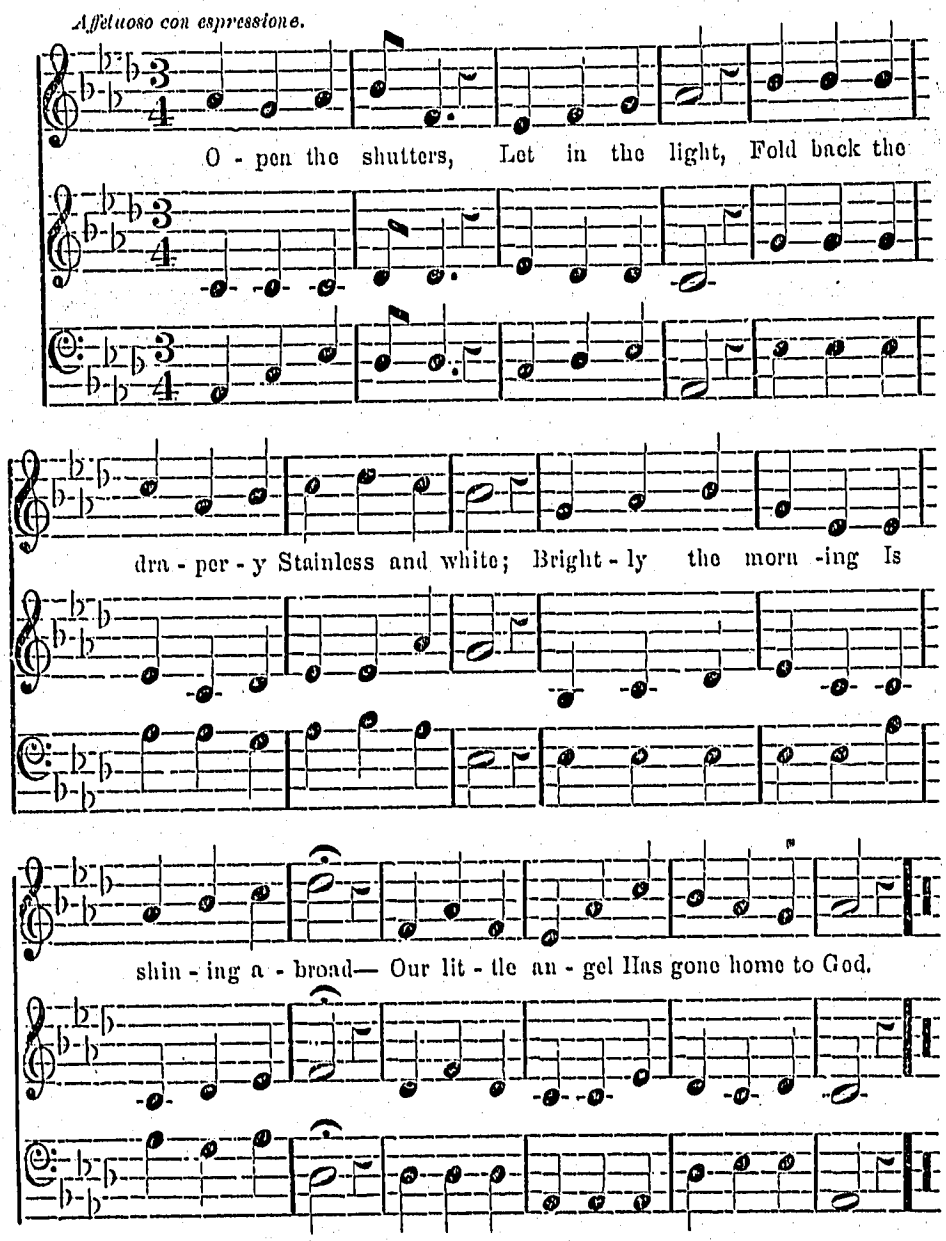
# Our Little Angel.

Words by G. T. SPROAT. Music by JAS. C. KEMP.

*Affettuoso con espressione.*




II.

Sweet birds are singing
On rose-tree and thorn.
Are they rejoicing
A sweet spirit born?
Born into heaven—
Her life-journey trod?
Our little angel
Has gone home to God!

III.

Weep no more for her!
There let her rest!
With her hands folded
Calm on her breast.
Dress her with violets
Fresh from the sod!—
Our little angel
Has gone home to God!

## "GOOD BYE."

BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

"Good bye!"
How many an ear has sadly heard
That heart-felt, dear old Saxon word;
How many a shadow has it cast
Upon the sunlight of the past.
And so you pen it—does it end
In thoughts and memories of a friend?
And for the future, does "good bye"
Mean that you pass one coldly by
Like the great crowd of other men?
If so, my hand can never pen
"Good bye."

Good bye!
It is an easy word to trace;
Good bye! thy quiet soul-lit face
Has been to me a daily prayer,—
Good bye, God keep thee in his care!
Our kindred thoughts are all unspoken,
Kind memories will remain unbroken;
The glance and tone that wound the heart,
With no "good bye" will e'er depart.
The *past* is mine—I claim it yet—
I could not, if I would, forget.
"Good bye!"

Good bye!
I gazed upon the heavens to-night,
And saw the stars, in splendor bright,
Look down from that great silver sea
Upon a mortal man like me;—
Thy soul has ever seemed as far
Above me as an undimmed star;
I saw its spirit-radiance shine
And reverenced as a light divine.
Forgive me, that I dared to dream
My eye might catch a single beam.
Unworthy though I seem to thee,
A silent friend still let me be,
Then will I gaze once in thine eye
And say, with thee, a last "Good bye!"
"Good bye!"
"Good bye!"

## AGNES EMERSON.

### *A Tale of the Revolution.*

BY GORDON GREENLAW.

EPOCH FIRST.—THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

[*Continued from page* 226.]

### CHAPTER III.

### *Convalescence.—Love.—The Quarrel.*

"To say he loved
Was to affirm what oft his eye avouch'd,
What many an action testified, and yet
What wanted confirmation of his tongue."
SHERIDAN KNOWLES.

It was some days before Harrison was able to be moved from his bed, and during that time the constant attention necessary for one in his condition, continued to be shown to him by Hartley, as well as by his kind hosts.

He saw, however, but little of the young lady, who had already to some extent captivated his heart; two or three brief visits a day being all that he had been favored with. When, however, he was able to move into the adjoining room, his strength, too, being equal to prolonged conversation, he enjoyed lengthy and frequent interviews with both Miss Emerson and her brother. From his old schoolfellow he learned much of the actual condition, not only of the city, but of the whole country, and these details served but the more to strengthen the sympathy he already felt for the revolutionists.

Wm. Emerson and his sister were, in heart, supporters of the cause of emancipation from the thraldom of the mother country; but their father, a large Virginian proprietor, always had been and still was, strongly opposed to that resort to arms which a long system of injustice had eventuated in. Nevertheless, Mr. Emerson, senior, being well acquainted with all the facts, was, truth to say, but a lukewarm Royalist, and but for early associations, and fixed opinions as to *the*

*divine rights of Kings*, might possibly have been a rebel whig himself.

The old gentleman had, in early youth, held a commission in the army; had been out in what was then termed *The Affair of Forty-five*, and used proudly to point to the stump of his amputated arm, the result of a slight tap from one of those fearful weapons, the Scotch broadsword. It would never do, he used to remark, for him who had once drawn the King's pay, and enjoyed a pension for his lost member for over thirty years, to use his other arm in opposing the Royal forces; and, moreover, as he had only the left arm *left*, further sword drawing had better be left alone.

Such were the particulars gathered by George, in his conversations with Emerson and his sister, the former of whom longed to join the American army, and would, ere this, have done so, but for the fear of wounding the feelings of his father, who was expected, whenever opportunity offered, to arrive in New York.

Weeks now passed away. George was daily gaining health and strength, and would be compelled shortly to resume his military service. His constant intercourse with the beautiful and fascinating Agnes, had matured his first predilections into the warmest and most devoted affection, but to give utterance to the feelings of his heart seemed to him impossible. Was he not about to return to duties which would place him in opposition to those for whose welfare and success were offered the daily and hourly prayers of the American maiden? Oh, how he now hated the profession that he had embraced. Already, through Hartley, he had ascertained that no application, either for exchange or for permission to quit the service, would be for a moment entertained at Head Quarters. Misery, on the one hand, and death and dishonor on the other, were apparently the only alternatives—the latter, to one of his noble disposition, were impossible, and it only remained to nerve himself to the bearing of the former.

Partly from its being known that Mr. Emerson, senior, was an old soldier and a loyalist, and partly from the reports of its inmates, spread by Hartley, Wm. Emerson's house was frequently visited by British officers; and even Sir Henry Clinton, amidst his multifarious duties, had found time to call twice: once to see Harrison, and once, as he expressed it, to pay the proper respect due to the daughter of an old King's officer.

The young lady, however, showed such a lack of loyalty in the manner she replied to Sir Henry's remarks, that he d'd not repeat his visit, and had she consulted some spiritualist of the day (if there were any) she might have learned that she figured in the British Commander's memoranda of Rebels, as "*Enthusiastic, beautiful and dangerous; under the control of a worthy and loyal father, and a dreamy and doubtful brother.*"

The constant visits of the officers of Harrison's and other regiments, gave that young gentleman a new opportunity of studying the character of Agnes, namely, how she conducted herself in the reception of the many flatteries and compliments offered her on all hands. Truly, she maintained her part well, receiving them with just such sufficient acknowledgment as politeness demanded, but in so cool and quiet a way as plainly showed that they dwelt not a moment in her memory.

Towards George, however, her manner had insensibly become warmer. Involuntarily she found herself stealing looks towards him, even when surrounded by others. On his opinion she seemed to depend, when any subject was under discussion; whilst his tender, assiduous, but never obtrusive attentions to herself, were treasured up in the innermost recesses of her heart.

Agnes was not woman of the world enough to conceal a partiality she could not deny to herself; and some there were who, not perceiving the delicate and affectionate attentions of Harrison, saw with clearer eyes her evident preference of him to the butterflies around her.

Among the occasional visitors to the house was Lord Edward Thynne, a young Lieutenant of Cavalry, with a handsome person, but by no means corresponding disposition. Lord Edward was a clever man, well read, satirical, and spiteful; but his most prominent feature was self-love. Vain of his family, vain of his person, vain of his acquirements, he considered he had but to come, to see, and to conquer. To the world at large, so well did he play his part, that his lordship actually appeared all he wished to be thought; he was called handsome, high spirited, generous, well bred, and clever. To Agnes, however, he was simply odious, and she made but little effort to conceal her aversion.

It was one evening, two days before George was to return to his regimental duties, that Wm. Emerson had invited four or five of his brother officers to dinner, as a parting compliment to his old schoolfellow. After dinner, Miss Emerson retired, with three lady guests, requesting her brother and the gentlemen to follow soon, as several others had been asked to drop in to coffee.

Among the latter, was Lord Edward Thynne, and he arrived in company with Captain Barclay and another, just as Harrison, having made his escape from the gentlemen below, entered the drawing-room.

The conversation turned on the late horrible massacre at Wyoming, and, while all condemned it in most unqualified terms, the expressions of loathing and hatred for the perpetrators, which fell from the lips of Miss Emerson, were the strongest and most vehemently uttered. From Lord Edward, who attempted to stay the violence of her denunciations, she turned with a shortness and suddenness almost rude, (for when excited, Agnes was not exactly a stickler for all the minutiæ of politeness), and turned her eyes instinctively to those of Harrison, in whose face she read a perfect reflection of her own sentiments, although he appeared grieved at her vehemence. All this she saw at a glance. Crossing the room, towards him, she calmed herself instantly, and said: "Come, Mr. Harrison, and join me in singing the *Landing of the Pilgrim Fathers*, it may tend to allay our excitement, and make us more christian-like."

"Ah, Miss Emerson, that is well," cried Captain Barclay, "for you are dreadfully bitter; remember, scripture tells us to 'love our enemies.'"

"'And pray for those who despitefully use you,'" replied Agnes; "why, Captain Barclay, I should have to pray for *you*."

"To secure your prayers, one would almost be inclined to bear the odium of despitefully using you," said the Captain, good humoredly.

"Such love as the lady may have for her enemies, is decidedly, in this case, *only singular*," sarcastically observed Lord Edward, with an expressive and unmistakable look at Harrison.

George was at this moment in the act of handing Agnes to a chair, and arranging the music for the proposed song. She retained his hand in her grasp for a moment, with a significant pressure desiring silence, while the color suffused her face, neck, and arms, even to the tips of her fingers. Recovering herself, by the strong effort of a powerful will, and drawing up her girlish but stately figure to its fullest height, she fixed her eyes, flashing with indignation, full on the tory lord.

"And who, my lord," said she in a

contemptuous tone, "gave you the right, in this house, to judge of, or call in question, my love for my enemies, either singular or plural, individual or general? be assured, it can have no affinity with either arrogance, conceit, or impertinence. Sam," she continued, to a negro bringing in tea and coffee, "show Lord Edward Thynne to my brother's study, till it suits his convenience to proceed to his quarters."

Sinking into a chair, she buried her face in her hands, while, choking with suppressed passion, Lord Edward hurried from the apartment, and rushing past the negro, had just reached the bottom of the stairs when a heavy hand was laid on his shoulder.

"My Lord, I could not let you go without telling you that your conduct is that of an unmannered whelp, who, but for respect to those in this house, I would horsewhip out of it."

"Enough, my rebel lady's champion," answered Lord Edward, in a husky whisper, "there is no need to goad a willing horse; you shall hear from me in the morning," and flinging himself free from Harrison, he strode forth from the house.

## CHAPTER IV.

### *The Duel.*

"It is a strange, quick jar, upon the ear,
That cocking of a pistol, when you know
A moment more will bring the sight to bear
Upon your person, twelve yards off, or so."

BYRON.

By the time Miss Emerson had recovered her self-possession, which she did in a few moments, George was again in the room, his absence not occupying a minute; he pressed her to take a glass of weak wine and water, which, it would almost appear, in his momentary absence he had been to procure; whereas, it was to a negro servant that she was really indebted for this thoughtfulness. Apparently satisfied that this was the real cause of his leaving her, she thankfully accepted it.

At this instant, the sound of footsteps ascending the stairs, gave intimation of the approach of the gentlemen from the dining room.

"Let us," said Miss Emerson, hastily, "forget the unpleasantness of the last few minutes, and discuss it no farther. What say you to a Scotch reel? Captain Barclay has already asked me, if such a dance were proposed, to be his partner."

"Ah, Hartley, just in time," cried the good-natured Barclay, as that gentleman entered the room followed by the others, "secure a partner, if you can, from the few ladies here; Miss Emerson honors me with her hand for a reel—quite an impromptu affair, I assure you."

Hartley, Emerson, and another of the gentlemen acted at once on the suggestion, and Captain Barclay's foresight having early in the evening secured the attendance of a violinist and a harpist, the dance commenced.

The quick eye of Hartley was, however, not to be deceived. The confused looks of the ladies, and the abstracted manner of his own partner, convinced him that some contretemps had occurred, which, despite their efforts, damped the spirits of the majority of the party.

At the conclusion of the dance, the ladies partook of tea, coffee, or negus, which the gentlemen assiduously pressed upon them. No further dancing was proposed, and Miss Emerson appearing weary and indisposed, the visitors, with natural good breeding, took their leave as quickly as politeness allowed.

George accompanied Hartley towards the door, availing himself of the opportunity to push him into his own room, with the intimation that he wished to speak to him, and would be back as soon as he had bid the Emersons good night.

On his return he carefully bolted the door, and proceeded to give Hartley a

detail of the whole affair, and requested his friendly offices in the event which must of a certainty ensue.

"Certainly, my dear fellow, certainly," said Hartley. "So Thynne is showing out in his true colors, at last—envious, mean, and spiteful. I never fancied that man, and don't know how he has bamboozled so many into liking him. Bye-the-bye, Harrison, he is a crack shot, so no nonsense of firing in the air, mind, or he'll shoot you dead as a herring; cover him well with your pistol, so as to spoil his aim. It is a pity, as you will have the choice of weapons, that you are not stronger, else swords would be the best for you; but one bout would exhaust you, so pistols it must be. Now, George, as a man of honor, after this you must either declare yourself to Miss Emerson, or cease your visits on leaving. If the latter, you will have lost my good opinion, for the girl loves you—Thynne is right in that conjecture. I think, moreover, she is one who would not give affections unsought, and if I thought you had trifled with her pure and generous heart, rebel though it be, *roué* and wild as I am, I would call you myself to account for such ingratitude and heartlessness; from your conduct to-night, I hope better things."

"Hartley, you know that I love her deeply, madly, but my position has sealed my lips; yet, she *must* and *does* know it, I am sure."

"Thank God, it is so; indeed, I hardly doubted you. I will now tell you more: Agnes is the only woman I have ever seen whom I could truly and wholly, nay, *do* truly love, myself; but I saw her fixed preference for you, and if her happiness were assured, it would be all that I now seek."

"Oh, generous Hartley, how like yourself, your noble self, you now speak; believe me, you cannot overrate the intensity of my love for her; but, indeed, I never thought *you* loved Agnes."

"Well, we'll talk no more of it now," said Hartley, hastily. "I will pass the night on your sofa, so as to be ready when Thynne's friend calls, which will be early; and though, in times like these, doubless, you have all preparations made for any contingency, yet, perhaps you had better write a few lines, in explanation of this affair, to Emerson; in case of anything happening to you, it would be well he understood the facts, and your feelings, from yourself; and then to sleep, for a wakeful night is a sad unsteadier of the nerves."

"I will do so," answered Harrison; "also, I will write briefly to Agnes, and intrust them to you."

At six o'clock, the next morning, Sam introduced to Harrison's room a gentleman, whose card, which he handed to George, bore the name of Captain Neville Wortley.

"I presume, sir," said the Captain, with stately politeness, "you can understand the cause of so early a visit, which, under other circumstances, I could hardly sufficiently apologise for. I come on the part of Lord Edward Thynne, to demand satisfaction for the language you used to him last night, and I have come thus early lest our proceedings might be heard of, or suspected, and consequently interfered with."

"I have, sir, only to refer you," replied George, "to my friend, Captain Hartley, who is asleep on yonder sofa. Hartley, Hartley," he cried, and springing upon his legs, the gallant Captain was at once aware of the state of affairs.

"Good morning, Captain Wortley, good morning," said Hartley, bowing ceremoniously; "I am somewhat of a laggard, but if you will wait an instant I will accompany you where we can arrange preliminaries."

Captain Hartley was back before Har-

rison was dressed. "It is all arranged," said he, "you meet just beyond the 15th's lines, where there is a retired spot; the time, precisely, nine; so you must start from here, with me, at half past seven, and I will leave word that you are going to breakfast with me."

The distance to the ground not being above a mile from Hartley's quarters, they proceeded there on foot, and arrived about five minutes before the opposite party.

"There is a devil in that man's eye, George," said his friend, "don't play with your life, and when the word is given, fire the instant the word "twice" is spoken."

In a few moments the duelists were placed. Captain Wortley gave the word —are you ready?—once——twice——thrice.

The reports of the two pistols were simultaneous. George had intentionally missed his opponent, but he felt as if a hot iron had seared his shoulder. Not a word did he utter, nor did he move an inch from the spot on which he stood.

"Is your principal satisfied?" enquired Captain Hartley.

"Not without an apology," replied Wortley.

"Then we may as well load again, for there is no chance of that," responded Harrison's second.

Again placed on the ground, Hartley whispered, as he put the pistol into George's hand, "look him *full in the eye*, and aim better—I wonder how he missed you—remember, the moment I say twice, fire."

"He did not miss me, Hartley," said Harrison, "but not a word; I am sure the wound is very slight. I shall not try to miss him this time, depend upon it."

Hartley retired, and this time gave the words: "Are you ready?—once——twice——thrice."

Thynne took longer aim, under the impression that he had before missed by too hasty firing, so that Harrison's pistol echoed in the waste a moment sooner than that of his antagonist, who, flinging his weapon to the ground, lifted his hands to his face in agony.

George had fired with the hope of wounding Lord Edward's pistol arm, but the ball went too high and struck his nose, breaking the bones and shattering the left jaw, in a manner which would forever disfigure him.

"Spoiled the puppy's beauty, at any rate," said Hartley, after ascertaining this, and returning to George. "I suppose as it is no worse we may probably hear but little of it."

The surgeon, who was in attendance, having bound up Lord Edward's face in the best manner possible, had him removed to his quarters, which were within a few hundred yards.

George and Hartley then left the ground and proceeded to the regimental surgeon, where the former's shoulder was examined and the wound found to be trifling, the ball having passed along the top of the shoulder, close to the surface, without injuring the bone.

"Lucky it is no worse; it would have been a bad thing, had the bone been broken again; it was badly enough shattered before," said Dr. Maxwell, as he applied a soothing salve, and promised silence as to the trifling injury received, by our hero, in the duel.

## CHAPTER V.

*Accepted love consoles trouble.*

"She listened with a flitting blush,
With downcast eyes and modest grace,
And well she knew I could not choose
But gaze upon her face."—COLERIDGE.

The garden of the Emerson's house extended nearly to the banks of the Hudson. A narrow lane alone dividing it from a few houses, occupied by small but thriving mechanics, shipwrights, coopers,

ship-chandlers, &c., and which abutted upon the river. None could now, after a lapse of eighty years, find, in the multitude of stores, wharves, and ferries, the spot of which we write. Under the shade, which the many trees afforded, might be seen, for two or three hours, on the day of the duel, Harrison and Miss Emerson. With his arm around her, and her hand clasped in his, he listened to her earnest words.

With her frank and honest heartedness she had, upon his declaration that day, acknowledged that her affections were wholly and entirely his. But the joyousness of the pure spirit had been indeed damped, when, after several vain attempts to commence, Harrison at length communicated to her the occurrences of the morning. Apart from her grief at the duel itself, and her sorrow that Harrison should have been engaged in that which her right-minded principle so strongly condemned, was the feeling that *she*, the cause of the *emeute*, would be the subject of unusual comment and notoriety; and from *this*, her sensitive and modest mind did indeed painfully shrink.

Gentle and kind was the manner in which Agnes chid him for the sin, which she, in her purity of soul, considered that he had committed in meeting Lord Edward. The words of reproof, from loving lips, fell softly upon the lover's ears and sank deep into his heart, rendering his devotion to her, if possible, of a higher and loftier character.

George's regrets, his promises in future to try hard to control himself, the natural feelings arising from the knowledge that it was an insult *to her*, which he had resented, after a time somewhat quieted her; and as he soothed her with fond, endearing words, and, with the impassioned eloquence which love alone can command, pleaded his deep and fervent devotion, as his extenuation, she could not but pardon—could not but love, and give way to that great and holy happiness resulting from reciprocated affection.

"With you, my Agnes, for a monitress, I will indeed strive and conquer what I have of impetuosity," said he, "but you are apt, also, to be a little carried away by your feelings when your indignation is aroused, eh, lady love? I think I have hit you there."

"Ah, now George, you refer to last night. I *was* too violent, but I was *so* angry. We all have our faults, dearest, and you must, I see check *me too*, sometimes. There now, impetuosity again—you've nearly broken my comb—George, George—there, that will do—thank goodness, there's William coming."

William Emerson was slowly advancing towards them, followed by a sergeant of Harrison's corps, with the Regimental Order Book. The face of Agnes' brother wore a look of deep distress and anxiety. Nodding kindly to his guest, he led his sister to the house, evidently desirous of privacy.

The sergeant, meantime, handed his officer a note from Hartley, containing the cheering intelligence that unless it was *officially* brought to the notice of his superiors, the probability was he would hear but little of the duel; that personal feeling appeared to be pretty equally divided between Lord Edward Thynne and himself. "But the order book will inform you of a promotion and removal, which, at present, will be trying to you. The dispatches arrived from England this morning, in the 'Seagull,'" was the conclusion of the note.

"Captain Hartley told me he would be here shortly, sir," said the sergeant, handing George the order book.

Harrison opened it and read:—

"New York, September 27th, 1778. Extract from the London Gazette of August 2d, 1778: '7th Light Dragoons.—Ensign George Beale Harrison, of the

35th Regt. of foot, to be Lieutenant, *vice* Lieutenant Lord Edward Thynne, promoted.' Ensign George B. Harrison is, therefore, struck off the strength of the Regiment from this date."

Truly had Hartley written. At this time it *was* trying, very trying, to be placed in the same regiment as Lord Edward Thynne, where that officer's popularity would probably cause him to be received with coldness and dislike. Much as Harrison had desired to get into a cavalry corps, he would willingly have forfeited this opportunity and *his promotion also*, to be once more Ensign in the 35th foot.

There was one thing which consoled him. Lieut. Colonel Hyslop, commanding the 7th Cavalry, was an old friend of his father, and had always shown himself warmly interested in George. After some reflection, he resolved to seek that estimable officer's advice, and proceeded to his room to dress for the visit, when Emerson entered and claimed his attention.

"My sister, Harrison, has informed me of all that has passed, and I feel greatly your conduct on this occasion. I am both pleased and pained, but the most pained. I am naturally averse to an attachment with one who is in arms against my own land; imagine my feelings, if hereafter I had to draw my sword against my sister's husband! Personally I am, you know your friend, and esteem you as you merit. Agnes is the judge of her own affairs; but, without the sanction of my father, this must proceed no further, nor must you extort any pledge from her. Your own sense of honor will assure you that in this I only do my duty. My father has written—he is on his return from Virginia, and in a week will be at our widowed aunt's, near Croton River, about thirty-five miles from here. I shall send my sister there to meet him, for his health is fast failing, and he requires a daughter's care. Indeed, from the tenor of another letter, I fear he will never again perfectly recover. As there is to be an exchange of prisoners, I shall ask from Sir Henry Clinton the protection of the escort for Agnes. I will not object to your continuing to see her until she goes, with the understanding that you exact no promise not dependent on her father's will. And now, George, I must say something unpleasant, and that pains me also. As you leave us to-morrow, I may say, that for reasons I can not or will not explain, I *myself* wish to see as little as possible of you for the next week or two."

For the few minutes Emerson remained and the conversation continued, Harrison observed that although he wished to be cordial, yet there was a restraint in his manner;—but the most vexing thing was, that probably all this would curtail or limit his interviews with Agnes.

Hartley having come, accompanied him to Colonel Hyslop's quarters, advising and cheering him by the way.

"Emerson has engaged me to dinner again," said the captain, "and I'll keep him in chat, so as to give you a long time with your love. . . That chap is plotting something, Harrison—I do hope he will not get himself into trouble; but, *entre nous*, I know that the commander-in-chief will not allow him *now* to quit New York—the brigade major told me as much to-day."

Colonel Hyslop received George with great kindness, and he found that upon his friendship he could rely.

"Report yourself to the adjutant immediately, and remember to be here at eight o'clock, the morning after to-morrow," said the Colonel, as he shook hands with him.

Harrison called at the adjutant's as desired, and was directed by that officer to come the next day, to be *officially* presented to the Colonel.

Hartley kept his word that night; and

saddened though it was by approaching separation, and by Agnes' anxiety about her father, still very sweet and long was the interview of the lovers, before they were interrupted by the voices of Emerson and his guest on the staircase as they quitted the dining-room.

## MEMORY.

I.

Go pluck from off its parent stem
  The smiling rose at morn,
While dew-drops sparkling in the sun
  Bedeck the grassy lawn:
Its petals—trembling while they die—
  So beautiful and fair,
Will write their sweetest memories
  In perfume on the air!

II.

Tear from its bed the pearly shell
  That gems the ocean strand,
Where mad waves, roaring in their might,
  Break o'er the yielding sand;
Bear it away to other lands,
  Far from its native shore,
It still will murmur of its home—
  The wild waves—evermore.

III.

Go forth on yonder mountain's hight,
  At nature's vesper hour
When Darkness leaves his dismal caves,
  And daylight owns his power:
Mark'st thou those penciled rays of light
  That linger in the west?
The sun in nature's album wrote,
  Then sank in peace to rest.

IV.

Gaze thou upon the dark'ning clouds
  That sweep along the skies,
While lightnings herald forth the blast,
  And fearful storms arise:
See'st thou yon brilliant arch that hangs
  Suspended in the air?
Sweet Bow of Promise! God's own hand
  Traced the memento there!

V.

And thus upon the human heart
  A gentle spell is thrown,
That whispers o'er of love and joys
  Its youthful days have known;
Our darkest hours of grief and wo
  Not all life's pleasure mars,
For sorrow brings us memory's light,
  As darkness brings the stars!

VI.

Sweet Memory! the silvery thread
  That binds us to the past,
Reaches its trembling fibres where
  Our joyous youth was cast;
Each friendly word, each look of love
  That blessed those hallowed days,
Are woven in its mystery
  To cheer our hearts always!

VII.

Kind friend, may Memory's future voice
  Be full of peace to thee;
Not one false note disturb the charm
  Of its blest harmony!
And when the silver chord is loosed
  That binds life's fleeting breath,
May memory of deeds well done
  Rob all the sting from death!

## THE TURNIP-COUNTER.

SECOND LEGEND.

*Translated from the German,*
BY P. F. JOHNSON.

From time immemorial, mother Earth has been the asylum for the subjects of blighted love, for which many poor wretches among Eve's children, disappointed in their desires and expectations, make the best of their way, some by steel or rope, others by lead or poison, and many by consumption, and a broken heart. Spirits, however, are excepted from such circumstantialities; they enjoy the privilege of returning to the upper world at pleasure, by roads forever debared to mortal men, after their sulks and passions have expended their force.

Deeply chagrined, the Gnome left the upper world, intending never again to brave the light of day; but then, his

AGAZINE.

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grief became obliterated, by a nine hundred and ninety years' absence, during which time old sores were apparently healed. At length, while suffering from *ennui* and bad humor at home, his favorite and clown, a goblin made up of fun and oddity, proposed a pleasure trip to the Riesengebirge, to which his lordship at once consented. The wink of a minute sufficed for traveling the long distance, and he stood in the centre of the large grass-plot, once the memorable park.

The sight of objects his former love affair had once flooded with rose colored tints, again stirred up old remembrances; so that the events in reference to the beautiful Emma and himself, seemed as of but yesterday. Her picture came home to his memory so distinctly that her own self again stood beside him; but she had outwitted and deceived him, and that was enough to stir up his old grudge against all mankind.

"Miserable worms of the soil," he cried, in beholding from his eyrie the spires of the churches and convents of the surrounding towns and villages, "I see, you are at your old tricks in the valley below. You played off on me your pranks and arts, but I'll make you suffer for it; I will haunt and spite you enough to make you tremble before the doings of the mountain-spirit."

Hardly had he spoken, when voices sounded in the distance. Three young fellows trotted along, and the boldest of them cried lustily, "Turnip-Counter, come on!—Turnip-Counter—maiden robber!"

The chronicle of gossip, in the place of omitting the love affair of the mountain goblin, had even enlarged upon it by slanderous reports, and made it a favorite theme for travelers in general. Many ghost stories, which never had happened, were freely transmitted from mouth to mouth, and excited the fear of timid souls; while strong minded persons, wits and philosophers, who generally affect a disbelief in such tales, showed their insolence in broad daylight by calling the spirit nick-names, openly to defy him; but while a resident in the depths of his subterranean kingdom, these derisive invectives had never come to his notice. No wonder, then, that he was startled at this laconic "summing up" of his own case.

Like the storm, he swept through the sombre forest of firs, prepared to strangle the poor wretch who had made him, unwittingly, the target of his pleasantries; when, just in time, it struck him that such a cruel revenge, being noticed abroad, would banish travelers from his territory, and thus spoil the fun he was bent on at the very outset. Therefore he allowed the scamp and his companions to pass by unmolested, saying to himself, "I have not done with you yet."

At the first by-road, the offender parted company, and safely reached the town of Hirchberg. His invisible enemy followed him to his lodgings, in order to find him without trouble, if he wanted, and then returned to the mountains, revolving in his mind some suitable plan of revenge, when he chanced to meet a rich Israelite, wending his way out of Hirchberg. Why not make him the instrument of his vengence, as well as any other? Transforming himself into an exact counterfeit of the young fellow who had mocked him, he frankly proffered his companionship to the new comer, conversed freely and friendly with him, led him off by degrees from the highroad, until they arrived at a dense copse-wood, when he seized the pedlar by his long beard, shook him to his heart's content, threw him to the ground, gagged him, took his bag, well filled with gold and jewels, and went off, leaving the poor, plundered victim on the spot, little better than dead

The son of Israel had no sooner recovered the use of his senses, than he groaned and called out for help, fearing he might famish in that desolate spot where he lay. A gentleman, who looked like a well-to-do citizen from some neighboring town, stopped up and enquired the reason of his lamentation; butseeing him bruised and tied, he loosened the ropes from his hands and feet and assisted him, like the kind Samaritan, who assisted his fellow-man, after his having fallen among robbers. The stranger presented the illused man with a cordial, after tasting of which he felt quite refreshed, when he was led upon the highway, and taken care of by his benefactor—like Tobias by the angel Raphael—until both arrived at Hirchberg before the tavern, where he gave his protege a silver coin, to pay his night's lodging, and then went on his way.

But how did the Jew open his eyes with wonder, when, on entering the tavern, he found the robber sitting at the table, and acting in as free and easy a manner as only becomes a man who has done no wrong. He enjoyed himself over a pint of cheap wine, cracked his jokes and sported with other merry fellows, while his wallet laid beside him, in which Turnip-Counter had secreted the bag, taken by main force. The peddlar, confounded by so much coolness, could not, at first, believe his own eyes; he sought a corner, quietly to consider the best way by which to recover his lost property. It seemed impossible that he could be mistaken about the person before him; so he went out, unobserved, sought out the judge and lodged his complaint. A warrant was obtained, constables were armed with lances and sticks, the tavern surrounded, the innocent man arrested and brought before the tribunal of justice, which was composed of the wisest of the city fathers.

"Who art thou?" the chief magistrate enquired, as the prisoner was brought before him, "and from whence dost thou come?"

Candid and fearless, he answered: "I am an honest tailor, by trade, called Benedix, arrived here from Liebenau, and am engaged at work in this town."

"Dost thou deny having assaulted this Jew in the forest, maltreated him, bound him, and robbed him of his bag?"

"I never set eyes on this man before, therefore I neither assaulted him, bound or robbed him of his bag."

"How canst thou prove thy honesty?"

"By my testimonials, and a good conscience."

"Produce thy testimonials."

Benedix opened his wallet without delay; he knew it contained nothing but his rightful property. In emptying out the contents, lo! the sound of silver was heard among the traps. The constables quickly lent a helping hand in stirring up the rags, and took from amongst them a heavy bag, which the happy owner soon identified as being his. The poor wretch seemed struck as by lightning; fear nearly made him faint; he turned pale, his lips quivered, his knees trembled; he had no more to say. The brow of the judge darkened, and a threatening gesture proclaimed what would follow.

"How now, villain?" the mayor thundered, "art thou insolent enough to deny the robbery any longer?"

"Mercy, your Honor!" howled the accused, kneeling with uplifted hands. "I call the saints to witness, I am not guilty of the robbery; I don't know how the bag came into my wallet; God only knows."

"Thou art convicted sufficiently," the judge went on; "the bag tells the story. Therefore, give due honor to God and the court, and plead guilty ere the torture will wring from thee a confession."

The troubled Benedix still proclaimed his innocence; however, it was so many

words wasted, for he was considered a wily rascal, trying to get his neck out of the noose that was waiting for him.

Master Hammerling, the terrible extractor of truth, was called for, the force of whose solid 'arguments' (they having been fabricated of excellent steel) hardly failed to convince certain persons of the necessity of giving due honor to God and the court by putting their neck into the halter. At this juncture, the strength of a good conscience, left its possessor in the lurch; for, when the man of torture thought the thumb-screw a useful operator, Benedix concluded that it would disable him from swinging the needle in future. Prefering death to maiming, he confessed to the crime he knew nothing of. The criminal's trial was thus closed, and the judges and aldermen doomed him "*to the rope*" before they adjourned; which sentence, partly to serve the end of justice, and partly to avoid the expenses of feeding the prisoner, should be promptly carried out early the following day.

The spectators, who had witnessed the proceedings, found the sentence, as pronounced by the honorable magistrates, just and proper; yet none was louder in his exclamations of satisfaction than the good Samaritan of the forest, who took his stand in the court room during the trial; he did not cease lauding the sense of justice in the gentlemen of Hirchberg, and after all, no person could be more interested in the present case than this philanthropist, for, with invisible hand, he had hidden the pedler's bag in the wallet of the tailor, he being the famous Turnip-Counter himself.

Early the following day, he awaited the coming of the procession, which in those days always escorted the culprit to the scaffold. He had borrowed the plumage of the raven for the occasion, and felt already the raven's appetite grow strong upon him, to pick out the victim's eyes. This time, however, he waited in vain.

It so happened, that a pious ecclesiastic, not thinking highly of a conversion on the scaffold, and always taking great pains in making the most of a malefactor, if left to his care, found Benedix such an awkward and uncouth specimen of his class, that he thought it necessary to demand an extension of the time allotted him, for shaping a saint out of such rude material. It was a hard matter to gain a three days' suspension of his sentence; in fact, the pious judges only consented to it, after his threatening them with excommunication, in case of refusal. Turnip-Counter hearing this, flew back to the mountains, till the time of the execution should have arrived.

In the interval he roamed, as was his wont, over the forest, and beheld a young girl resting under a shady tree. Her head, supported by a snowy arm, rested in melancholy ease upon her bosom; her dress was not made of costly material, but yet was cleanly, and of the fashion of those worn by the common people. Her hand wiped off the tears that were falling on her cheek, as deep sighs escaped from her lips. The impression of a woman's tears had formerly left its mark on the gnome; again he felt sympathetic compassion in seeing them flow, and made an exception to his general rule of invoking and spiting those children of Eve, who neglected to give his mountain-home a wide berth. The feeling of pity seemed to do him good; and to minister comfort to the suffering beauty, might be of greater service still. Soon he molded himself into a respectable citizen, and then, in a winning way, tried to gain the young girl's confidence, as he thus began —

"Why dost thou grieve in loneliness, child! in this out-of-the-way place? Tell me thy troubles, that I may help thee if possible."

The girl, lost in melancholy meditation, started at the strange voice, and raised her head. But what a look she gave from those languishing, dark blue eyes. Their dimmed lustre must be powerful enough to melt a heart of steel! How bright the tears sparkled! The lovely, Madonna-like face was none the less interesting, because clouded by sorrow. She looked up to the benevolent man standing in front of her, and opened her purple lips and said:

"What can my sorrow be to yours, kind sir, hopeless as it is? I am an unhappy being; a murderess, who has killed the man of her heart, and now justly suffers in tears and remorse, and will, until death shall have broken her heart.

The respectable citizen wondered.

"Thou a murderess?" he cried; "with such a heavenly face, canst thou carry a hell in thy bosom? Impossible! Although I know men to be capable of all kinds of imposition and malice: yet this is a riddle to me."

"Which I may solve," the stricken maiden replied, "if you want to know."

"Speak out, then, fair lady."

"From early childhood I had a playmate, the son of a neighbor; he became my sweet-heart in later years. So good and kind was he, so faithful and noble; loved me so steadfastly and strong, that he gained my heart, and I promised him eternal fidelity. Behold! a viper has poisoned the youth's heart, and made him forget the instructions of his pious mother, and goaded him onward to commit a crime, which the law makes him expiate with his life!"

The gnome emphatically cried, "Thou!"

"Yes, sir!" she repeated, "I am the cause of his death; on my account, he committed a highway robbery, in plundering a rascally Jew, for which the gentlemen of Hirchberg, after catching him, found him guilty; and—ah, misery! will hang him to-morrow!"

"For which affair, you consider yourself responsible?" asked Turnip-Counter, astonished.

"Yes, sir! On my head will be his blood."

"How so?"

"When he set out on his wanderings over the mountains, he bid me farewell, clung to my neck and said:

"My love, be faithful! When the appletree blossoms for the third time, I shall return from my travels, to claim thee as my lawful wife."

"To this I consented, taking a solemn oath to that effect. The apple blossoms came for the third time, and Benedix returned, to remind me of my promise, and to lead me to the altar. But I wickedly made light of it, as girls often do to their swains, by asking him: 'Pray, how would'st thou support thy wife? My couch has not room for two; where, then, shall I look for a homestead? Procure some bright dollars first, before thou call-est again.' At these unfeeling remarks, he was much troubled, as he replied,

"Oh, Clare! she that now craves riches to gladden the heart, is not the brave girl of former times, who made her vow of constancy. Were prospects brighter then than now? What means such pride and prudery? Am I to understand, Clare, that a rich suitor has stolen thy heart from me? Was it for this, false one, that I hoped and waited three long years; counted each hour, until now, that I might claim thee for my own? How eagerly I traversed the steep mountain paths, led on by hope and gladness, alas! only to find myself slighted!"

He tried to make me alter my mind, but I did not yield an inch to his pleadings; and made answer, "My heart does not slight thee, Benedix! only I can not become thy wife as yet; go hence, procure wealth, and I'll be thine!"

[Continued.]

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## RHYME OF A PEDAGOGUE.

In this progressive and poetive time,
When all the world is running into rhyme,
When sentimental dunces drive the quill,
Which keeps the virtues of the gander still,
I may be pardoned, though a prosy ped,
For writing rhymes revolving in my head:
School-teaching is my prose-poetic theme,
A thread-bare subject for a poet's dream;
A little school-room, benches in a row,
Where urchins whisper, and ideas grow,
Where some prospecting, patient drudge explores
The unwrought *placers* rich in mental ores,
Hoping of genius, some rich 'lead' to find—
Some mammoth 'nugget' of immortal mind—
Some 'quartz claim'—matrix of a mighty will,
Worked by the public school-room's crushing mill.

The miner, with his spade and pick, and pack,
And household furniture upon his back,
May travel on with dust upon his face,
And find no *placer* that is just the place—
May pick his way to canons of the Feather,
And see whole *herds* of elephants together,
Or turn his back on humbug mines forever,
And seek the paradise of Frazer river.

But he who 'prospects' after mental signs,
Finds diggings poorer than exhausted mines;
The surface diggings of the embryo man,
Scarce yielding color in prospecting pan.
Ecstatic task! in these auriferous days,
To guide young striplings in their devious ways,
Who snap their fingers with a saucy grace,
In both their father's and their teacher's face,
Or stalk, like heroes through the bustling street,
And pull the *queues* of all the 'Johns' they meet—
For schools keep pace with progress of the day,
Old fashioned government has passed away—
The pupils are the wheels of 'patent' school,
Which run, like auction watches, without rule.

In the ancient times,—the rough old iron age,
Ere moral suasion was the ranting rage,
When Spartan learning, with its rigid sway,
Taught youth at least one lesson—to obey,
And gymnasts trained them into brawny men,
As fit to wield the sword, as hold the pen.
Old Plato, rich in intellectual feasts,
Said: 'Boys are worse to tame of all wild beasts,'
But he is sneered at by the 'modern lights,'
Great Chinese lanterns, which illume our nights,
Who show like gaudy colors of the prison,
Fantastic blendings of each modern *ism*.

These modern Solons talk mysterious rant,
And read by moonlight Emerson and Kant,
Until each urchin under their control,
Becomes a Plato with the golden soul.
Hapless the teacher who lags on behind;
This spirituality of an age refined,
Or dares to tread the hard 'old fashioned' way,—
Progression is the watchword of the day,
Teachers must rule by ratiocination
And potent power of pertinent persuasion.

The march is onward; 'twill not do to waste
Much time in study in this age of haste.
Impatient people will not brook delay;
The scholar is the product of a day.
The young ideas must be *forced* to grow,
Like hot-house plants which prematurely blow,
Or seeds subjected to galvanic power,
Which sprout and grow up in a single hour.
Precocious genius must grow pale and white,
Like mushrooms sprung up in a summer's night,
And joyous spirits of exulting youth
Be drowned in diving into wells of truth.
Sweet, red-cheeked girls, while yet the morning dew
Of life is glistening in their eyes of blue—
Torture their throats and tender voices wrench
In mispronouncing unintelligible French,
Or shock weak nerves by thumping with hard knocks
Tattoos of operas from a music box;
Or learn to think the height of bliss below
Is in a ball-room on the tripping toe,
Until like Lilliputian grandames grey,
They imitate old age in childhood's play;
And flirt and simper, little half-fledged belles
Escaped from thraldom of the nursery cells,
Like maiden aunts instead of artless girls,
And wanting only artificial curls
To be a small edition of their ways,
Bound up in Fashion's artificial stays.

In wise old Socrates' and Plato's day,
Rough was the road and rugged was the way
They struggled on with mingled hope and fears,
Attained to wisdom through the vale of years,

Those gray old fogies! little did they dream
That, in this age of telegraph and steam,
'Progressives' would forsake the turnpike road,
Where moss-grown mile-stones Learning's temple showed,
Construct a railroad up the hill of Science,
And bid 'slow coaches' and their 'nags' defiance;
Whizzing into the classic halls of learning,
With startling scream and signal lanterns burning.
Solon and Socrates were prattling boys,
Amused with rattles, pleased with infants' toys,
Who picked up pebbles on the shores of seas
Which modern 'clippers' navigate with ease,
Who lived in blindness of the first Great Cause,
Which spirit rappers clutch with clumsy paws.
Peace to their shades! in darkness let them rest;
Some good 'old fashioned' virtue they possessed:
They taught mankind—lived not alone for self,
Nor bartered wisdom for poor paltry pelf:
Queer antique virtues, which, if truth be told,
Are curious relics in this land of gold.

S.

## INSTINCT AND REASON.

BY LUNA.

"And Reason raise o'er Instinct as you can,
In *this* 'tis God directs, in *that* 'tis man."

POPE.

Instinct is the involuntary power and emotions of the life-principle, which receives its impulses direct from Deity, and is governed by unerring, but mysterious laws.

Man, if endowed alone with instinct, could not have been a progressive being, although he might have been happier and less degraded than many who have used the God-like power of reason for evil, instead of good.

Some one has remarked, "that the progress of man was in proportion as his reason gained the control over his instincts." This is erroneous; for, much of the unhappiness of man is caused by his reason warring against the innate power of instinct. Reason should govern, but instinct should not be enslaved. The power of *moral* reasoning, at least, was not conferred upon man until he had eaten of the forbidden fruit; then it was said "their eyes were opened," and that "they had become as gods, knowing good and evil." The good they know by instinct, but evil, by the dearly-bought gift of knowledge, which makes men, indeed, like gods, creative and progressive.

As man fell from his negative state of happiness by the subtle reasoning of his arch adversary, so God ordained that man, thereby obtaining the same power, should at last triumph over evil, and ultimately attain to a far higher sphere of intelligence and happiness than if he had retained his first estate; and, it may be, to become the teachers and ministers of God throughout the universe, in unfolding the mysteries of the Divine goodness and love, as displayed on this our earth, where, perhaps, moral evil is to be forever exterminated, and that here God has set the bounds that it cannot pass, and hath said, "hither shalt thou come and no farther," But knowledge and reason, alone, cannot make mankind happy, for, their constantly accelerating force maddens the brain, when not checked by the gentle powers of instinct, which govern the affections, and restores the equilibrium between the head and heart. From instinct it is, that reason gets the first idea, and miniature pattern, of all the great inventions of man, and, it is thought, there is not one, but its prototype may be found among, and is practically worked by, the most inferior orders of animated nature. The whole duty of man is, to understand and obey the laws of his being, in the order and manner that they were ordained by the Creator, and not to seek out so many inventions of his own false reasoning, as to pervert the principle of instinct by which the most ignorant are led and guided to do right, and to enjoy a degree of happiness not agreeable to their condition. Therefore, while we cultivate the one, let us not neglect the other.

## THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS OF SAN FRANCISCO.

A good system of public schools is essential to the existence of a republican form of government.

Public schools are not peculiar to the United States; but the American free schools differ very materially from those of European nations. There, they are designed for those who are too poor to pay private tuition, and the children of the rich never darken their doors; here, the wealthiest and most aristocratic make no apology for sending their children to the free schools, which public opinion pronounces the best in discipline and training, and most in accordance with our republican institutions.

A system like ours is too great a *leveller* to be encouraged by a titled aristocracy.

The American system of free schools was nurtured and sustained by the liberty-loving, God-serving Puritans of Massachusetts Bay, and wherever the sons of New England have settled, they have carried it with them as a household god. Across a mighty continent, stretching further and further west, the little school houses have taken up their line of march, until, pouring over the slopes of the Sierra Nevada, they rest, with the weary emigrants, on the golden shores of the Pacific; and, to-day, the schools of San Francisco will compare not unfavorably with those of Boston—the great radiating point of the system on the Atlantic coast.

The school department owns two fine buildings—the Union Street and Denman—the other schools are mostly held in inferior rented rooms. Those teachers, who, like the present Superintendent, and ex-Superintendent Mr. Pelton, taught in the "shanties" of early times, would consider them comparatively comfortable, but compared with the palaces of eastern cities, they are inadequate, ill-ventilated and unsightly. In other respects our schools will generally compare pretty favorably with eastern ones, though irregularity and change of pupils, render it impossible to advance classes with the same degree of accuracy as in more stationary communities. Neither is there the same strict discipline here as in eastern city schools; children are under less rigid home-government, and consequently more difficult to govern at school. And the system of running at large, from one school to another, over the whole city, is destructive to school government. In some respects, our schools are undoubtedly in advance of the less progressive ones of older States.

There is less of the *forcing* system,—less of overtaxed brain and precocious development. The school room is made a pleasanter place. More attention is given to physical training. The hours of study are fewer, though at present too long. A return to the hours of two years ago—from 10 A. M. to three o'clock P. M.—would be far better, and more acceptable to a vast majority of parents.

Many of the schools are well provided with gymnastic apparatus, and in some, the classes are regularly drilled in gymnastic feats on the "horizontal bar," "parallels," "ladders," and with "clubs," "dumb-bells" and "rods." Two years ago, on a visit to the schools of Boston and New York, we found none of the schools so provided; we doubt if any now are. The muscular development given to the boys, the love of athletic exercises and manly sports, will be worth quite as much to their future life, as the mental culture and book knowledge there imparted. The boy needs strong muscles to fight his way in the world;—coop him up in close rooms, leave his muscles flabby and soft, and no amount of book-feed will make a manly man of him.

In some of the schools calisthenic exercises are as regularly given as the daily

recitations; and the girls are deriving incalculable benefit from the daily drill. Erect forms, well developed chests, grace of movement, and ease of carriage are the results.

Dancing is also very generally a part of school recreation; what would the staid old Puritans have said at the thought of it? No harm seems to result, however.

The annual May parties are quite a feature of the schools, giving a vast amount of enjoyment to smiling faces and twinkling feet, and real delight, and a merry time, to friends and parents—not Puritanical, but social. Singing receives a good degree of attention, but should receive still more.

Music is an essential element in the education of girls. It is vastly more important for a young lady, in the social circle, to know how to sing, than to comprehend all the mysteries even of cube root, square root, algebra and geometry. "A gentle voice is a pleasant thing in woman."

We think the course of study in the grammar schools might be slightly modified for the better. One half the time in all the schools is devoted to arithmetic—the grand hobby of American teachers, and Yankee ones, in particular—while penmanship, drawing, and spelling receive comparatively little attention. The *crack* classes are the *arithmetic* classes, and the merits of a whole school not unfrequently rise or fall with exploits of the great first class in arithmetic, on "examination day." Arithmetic is well enough in its place, but the sky is not a black-board, nor are mountains all made of chalk; children have other faculties than that of *calculation*, which can better be exercised on something else. Is it not quite as important that a boy of fifteen should write a neat, well-spelled letter, as to give the analysis for dividing one fraction by another, or, "to explain the reason of the rule for extracting cube root"? Might not the girls learn the elements of botany, eat a few less figures, and admire flowers a little more? Could not the boys, who devote two hours a day, for three years, to arithmetic, spare a little of that time to learn enough of Natural History to tell the difference between a hippopotamus and a rhinoceros; or a condor and a gray eagle; or a fish and a quadruped?

Ought not both boys and girls to learn enough of Physiology and Hygienne, to understand and obey the common laws of health? Ought not a boy of fifteen, leaving a grammar school, to know how to keep a commom, plain, working man's account book? Practical men would say, that all these things were quite as important as complicated problems in arithmetic, or complex analysis in grammar?

A natural system of teaching little children would train them to use their senses for gaining a knowledge of common things around them; yet most of the primary room teaching still consists in "learning how to read and spell." In this respect, our primary schools are a quarter of a century behind the European. It is now an exploded notion that education consists in learning how to "read, and spell, and cypher." Education is development—the harmonious development of all the faculties of man's nature. The perceptive and expansive faculties, and training, as well as the reasoning and reflective.

The physical nature should be cared for; and the *soul* needs expansion quite as much as either mind or body. The best teachers are not those who can cram the most mathematics into the heads of pupils; or hitch on the longest trains of pondrous verbatim recitations to the crack teams of "smart" classes, but those who can win the love, and touch the hearts, and awaken the sympathies, and move the souls of unfolding man-

hood and womanhood. Feeling, affection, and sympathy are better teachers than cold, reasoning intellect.

The *truest* teaching is something intangible—an electric fire, which cannot be set down in figures and percentages, by examining committees. A teacher with a great heart is better than one with a great head. It will always be so, while children have *souls* as well as *brains*.

Many of our best female teachers never pass "brilliant" examinations; their column of "percentage" is always low, but a great woman's heart, womanly tact, love, and kindness which are all set down as "zero" in the column of "percentage," if expressed in figures—as if such a thing were possible—would place them far up in the scale. A week in the school-room is a better test than forty columns of "percentages."

The truest teaching, that which influences manner, stamps the character, electrifies the heart, cannot be reduced to a mathematical system; it is superior to "rules and regulations." It needs neither "reviews" nor regulations forbidding them. It will not be limited to so many pages of arithmetic, or grammar, or geography. It is the intangible Aurora which plays over the sky of the school, until one gorgeous glow rests upon the firmament of heavenly faces. Bunglers may think that a school is a complicated mechanism of wheels and pivots — a weekly clock, which the teacher has only to "wind up" and then watch its running—but in truth, each individual unit of humanity is a living harp, ready to breathe forth harmonious tones, if touched with the light fingers of a master hand. Would you have the teacher an organ grinder or a harpist?

On the whole, the present condition of our schools is encouraging. The teachers, as a body, are enthusiastic and progressive. The present Superintendent is a man in every way fitted for his position. Five years a teacher in our schools, rough-hewing the elements into symmetry, few understand their wants so well as he. He has no "crotchets" in teaching; no particular hobbies; no fine spun theories of attenuated transcendental instruction, or homœopathic dilutions of milk-and-water "reforms." There is much work for him to do, and we shall be much mistaken if he does not do it, and do it well.

The "nativities" of the pupils illustrate the cosmopolitan character of our population. Every State in the Union is represented, every nation of Europe but four—Spain, Portugal, Greece and Turkey. Asia gives us the "Mongolians," and even Africa sends us a return wave of civilization. All the islands of the Pacific yield us their mite of humanity, and "off Cape Horn" and the Atlantic, swell the rising generation. What a composite race will result from this strange mixture of nationalities? Of the States, it will be seen that New York leads the list, but Massachusetts is more largely represented in proportion to population. Here are the statistics:

| Born in | | Born in | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Maine | 168 | Louisiana | 334 |
| New Hampshire, | 55 | Texas | 30 |
| Vermont | 17 | Wisconsin | 19 |
| Massachusetts, | 726 | Michigan | 40 |
| Rhode Island | 48 | Ohio | 70 |
| Connecticut | 45 | Kentucky | 39 |
| New York | 1468 | Tennessee | 19 |
| New Jersey | 102 | Arkansas | 11 |
| Pennsylvania | 230 | Missouri | 84 |
| Delaware | 10 | Iowa | 10 |
| Maryland | 72 | Illinois | 57 |
| Virginia | 29 | Indiana | 10 |
| North Carolina, | 5 | Minnesota | 6 |
| South Carolina, | 8 | Oregon | 5 |
| Georgia | 14 | California | 1010 |
| Florida | 6 | Utah | 1 |
| Alabama | 17 | Dist. Columbia, | 18 |
| Mississippi | 29 | Wash. Territory, | 1 |

| Nationality. | | Nationality. | |
|---|---|---|---|
| England | 150 | Panama | 5 |
| Scotland | 35 | Chili | 59 |
| Ireland | 72 | Peru | 3 |
| Canada | 53 | Brazil | 1 |
| Australia | 191 | Mexico | 47 |
| France | 57 | Van D. Land | 5 |
| Germany | 149 | New Zealand | 16 |
| Austria | 14 | Sandwich Isls | 13 |
| Prussia | 15 | Madeira Isls | 1 |
| Russia | 8 | Prince Edward, | 2 |
| Switzerland | 6 | West Indies | 2 |
| Holland | 1 | China | 29 |
| Italy | 7 | Africa | 1 |
| Denmark | 1 | Off Cape Horn, | 7 |
| Belgium | 4 | voyage to Cal. | |
| Sweden | 1 | Pacific Ocean | 1 |
| South America | 19 | Atlantic Ocean, | 1 |

By the Annual Report of the City Superintendent, for the year ending November 1st, 1859, to the State Superintendent, the number of pupils attending the public schools, is as follows:—

| | Total No. of Pupils registered. | Average daily attendance. | No. of Teachers. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Rincon School | 912 | 470 | 11 |
| Denman | 445 | 225 | 6 |
| Powell Street | 506 | 231 | 6 |
| Union Street | 937 | 338 | 10 |
| Spring Valley | 246 | 126 | 4 |
| Mission Dolores | 152 | 80 | 2 |
| Market Street | 489 | 212 | 5 |
| Hyde Street | 364 | 165 | 4 |
| Sutter St. Intermediate | 268 | 137 | 3 |
| Sutter St. Primary | 512 | 179 | 4 |
| Greenwich Street | 341 | 153 | 4 |
| Wash'ton St. Primary | 361 | 151 | 4 |
| Mission St. Primary | 257 | 82 | 2 |
| Evening School | 91 | 38 | 2 |
| Chinese School | 32 | 21 | 1 |
| Colored School | 100 | 39 | 1 |
| High School | 139 | 97 | 3 |
| Total | 6152 | 2704 | 72 |

The whole number of pupils registered is 6152; deduct from this total 600 promoted from one department to another and registered twice; also, 600 more who have changed schools, there will remain 4952, an approximation to the exact number. The returns by this census indicate 4865 in attendance at the public schools. For this large number, the average daily attendance is only 2704—being 55 per cent. of the whole number. This does not indicate the irregular attendance of children, but only shows the floating character of the population. The number belonging to school at any one time is about two-thirds of the whole number registered for the year, which would give 66 per cent. for regularity of attendance.

In 1854, the number of pupils was 1803; in 1855, 2081; in 1857, 2823; in 1858, 5283, all subject to the same deductions as the returns for 1859.

To teach these schools, seventy-two teachers are employed — fifteen gentlemen and fifty-seven ladies; also a teacher of foreign languages in the High School, and a general teacher of singing.

Their salaries are as follows:—
Principal of High School $250 per month.
Teacher of Natural Sciences $240 per mo.
Assistant, lady.....$125 per month.
Principals of Grammar, $200 per month;
Female Prin. Prim. & Inter. $105 per mo.
Assistants.....$85 per month.

But the teachers are seldom employed ten months, and the average annual salaries would be about ten per cent. dis count on the above rates.

## ONLY ONE PAGE FROM THE GREAT LIFE-BOOK OF CALIFORNIA.

BY MARY MORRIS KIRKE.

"What is the tale that I would tell? not one
Of strange adventure, but a common tale
Of woman's wretchedness; one to be read
Daily, in many a young and blighted heart."
MISS LANDON.

"Good by! good by, my darling; my own precious wife! Oh! how can I leave you? Yet I must not linger. Good by! good by!"

And the strong man wept like a child, as he imprinted a last kiss upon the lips of his wife, to whom he had been wedded

but one short week. The parting was indeed a sad one; yet, that year—the memorable 49—witnessed many such, as men bade farewell to home, and turned their steps California-ward in hope of gaining wealth for the dear ones left behind. The young wife stood pale and motionless; not a nerve quivered, not a tear fell; but when she knew her husband had really gone, she sought her own room, and falling on her knees, she prayed in all the agony of her soul for comfort from above, for guidance and protection to the dear one who had just gone, for a speedy return and a happy meeting with the only friend and protector she could claim in the whole world.

Emily Wilde's life had been a singularly isolated one. Her father was a wealthy, fashionable, dissipated man, from whom she had never received a single word of affection, or fatherly regard. Colonel Wilde seemed to think his whole duty performed toward his only, motherless child, when he had bestowed upon her a certain yearly sum of money to use as she chose, or paid the extravagant demands of fashionable teachers, employed for the purpose of genteelly educating "Col. Wilde's daughter." And so she grew up in her father's stately home—cold, proud, exclusive; unloving, and unloved. Her heart had never been drawn out in sympathy or love toward any human being. True she had formed acquaintances among those of her own particular circle, but for none had she ever felt true friendship, or warm affection.

Emily Wilde was not naturally selfish, but she needed the hand of gentleness and love to lead her into a higher life; to reveal to her the depth of her own nature; but this she had never known.

One evening soon after she had passed her eighteenth birth-day, her father summoned her to his library, and in a very business-like manner told her that as she was now quite old enough to marry, he had selected a husband for her, and that he wished her to commence preparations immediately for the marriage.

Poor Emily was aghast at this unexpected announcement, but when Mr. Augustus Brookes was mentioned as the man to whom her hand had been promised, she was overwhelmed with horror and dismay, for Mr. James Augustus Brookes was the man, above all others, whom she despised and detested. She had often been obliged to entertain him as her father's guest and friend, but she always shrank from the boldness and freedom of his manners toward her. He was course and ungentlemanly in his deportment, more than twice her own age, and in fact there was nothing about him to recommend him to a refined, high-minded girl like Emily Wilde. Nothing save *money*—and of that he possessed an almost fabulous amount—would have admitted him to the circle in which he moved—the money-worshipping, the aristocratic "upper circle" of New York—that charmed circle, glistening with gold and with diamonds, dazzling the eye with their brilliancy, so that the character, the false heart beneath is all concealed.

A feeling of burning indignation filled Emily Wilde's heart, when she could realize how she had been bartered away by the man, who in *name*, was her father. She knew how worse than useless entreaties or tears would prove with him; for, to change Col. Wilde's mind when once it was determined upon an object, was a thing unheard of. With as much calmness as she could assume, Emily asked her father for one week to consider upon the unexpected proposal.

"One week to consider? What consideration does it need, pray?" answered Col. Wilde, his violent temper rising at the bare possibility of opposition. "*Of*

*course*, you will marry Mr. Brookes! If you once dare to speak of refusal, you are no daughter of mine! Now go. My future son-in-law will be here to-morrow evening, to receive your consent."

Emily Wilde went to her room in a state of mind little short of distraction. She was a spirited girl, and inherited withal, something of her father's violent temper; so she did not, as a weaker woman might have done, sit down in tears and despair, then meekly consent to sacrifice herself, but the most intense determination not to submit to such a hateful marriage, let the consequences be what they might, filled her whole being.

After the first violence of her anger had passed, she sat down to think calmly upon the course to pursue; and the result of her thinking was, that before the clock told the hour of midnight, her clothing, jewelry, and valuables belonging to herself, were ready packed for a journey. After this was accomplished, she went quietly to bed, and slept till morning.

At the usual hour, Emily Wilde took her place at the breakfast table opposite her father. Not a word was spoken by either, of the previous night's scene, but there was a dangerous fire in the young girl's eyes, which bespoke a boldness and strength of will, able to battle with the dark spirit of the man opposite her.

Contrary to his custom, Col. Wilde left home that morning. Urgent business called him a short distance into the country, and he would not return till late in the afternoon, which left Emily free to carry out her plans unmolested.

As soon as her father was out of sight, she ordered a servant to call a hack, and when it arrived, she came quietly down stairs, dressed in a plain traveling suit, bade the man take the trunks to the carriage, gave a note into the hands of her maid for Col. Wilde, when he should return; and amid the wondering gazes of the domestics, entered the hack, and was driven off, they knew not whither.

About a month after Emily Wilde left home, she obtained, through the assistance of some wealthy acquaintances to whom she had applied, a situation as teacher of music and French in a young ladies' seminary, in one of the most remote eastern towns.

She found the duties of her situation very irksome, but when she thought of the slavery from which she had escaped, she was content. Soon there dawned for Emily Wilde a new joy, which made every trial and vexation sink into nothingness. She met Walter Rockwell, and to him her heart bowed, as to its highest lord;—she lived but for him, and in the strength and intensity of her love, her character was developed into new beauty, and life assumed a glory and loveliness she never knew before. For his sake she endeavored to overcome all that was evil in her nature, and well did she succeed; for, to a woman like Emily Wilde, love is a powerful teacher, overpowering, and making subservient to it every other sentiment.

Happiness had at length come to her, and her heart sent up a song of thanksgiving all the day long, that God had made her life so gloriously beautiful.

Walter Rockwell, though not wealthy, was a merchant, doing a fair business, but he was ambitious to place Emily Wilde, as his wife, in the same high position in regard to wealth, she had known in her father's house, for Col. Wilde had, true to his word, discarded his daughter forever.

After much persuasion, both with his own heart, and Emily, Walter Rockwell decided to start immediately after his marriage, for California, hoping to return in a few months with sufficient wealth to enable him to pass the remainder of his days with the only one he felt that he ever could love, in luxury and ease.

The parting was bitter for the young husband and wife, but while the husband was all tears, and protestations of eternal fidelity, the wife was calm, and tearless in her sorrow. One might have thought her cold and indifferent, had she been judged by mere outward show of grief, but one glance at the *heart*, would have told the depth and strength of her love.

Walter Rockwell for a time, succeeded in his new enterprise beyond his highest hopes; but after a while, his good fortune seemed to desert him, and at the end of two years he wrote his wife that he was pecuniarily just where he was when he first landed in San Francisco, and he must not think of returning home for many months.

Poor Emily! this was a sad disappointment, but she would not indulge in vain regrets, or idle tears; but, with her true woman's heart, resolved to resume her old occupation of teaching, that she might have no necessity to use the remittances her husband sent her from time to time; and she hoped too, by industry and economy, to add considerable to the sum, so that at the end of the year she could offer it to Walter in proof of her active sympathy and love.

She accordingly opened a small private school, obtained a few music scholars for evenings, and fortune favored her in an unexpected manner. The organist employed in one of the largest churches in the town, became, through ill health, unfitted for his duties, and as Mrs. Rockwell was known to be a very superior performer, the vacancy was offered to her, which she joyfully accepted.

Months passed by, and still Mrs. Rockwell worked on, though her health began to fail under the unwonted exertion. She would not yield to discouragement, for she was working for an object dearer than life. While he was toiling for her sake, in a far-off land, depriving himself of all the dear delights of home, she too, would work, and when the time come, she would lay her offering, small as it was, before him, though she knew he would chide her for doing as she had.

Sometimes Mrs. Rockwell thought her husband's letters rather short and cold, but her loving heart readily offered the plea of weariness, discouragement, or the press of business. At such times, how the faithful wife longed to be near her husband, to speak words of comfort and encouragement!

One evening she was sitting sad and lonely in her room, holding the last California letter in her hand. Walter had written more than usually desponding, and even her own hopeful spirit seemed fainting. She had been obliged to give up her school, her health was failing so rapidly, and now, when she needed a husband's care more than ever before, thousands of miles of sea and land separated them. Here a thought presented itself. Why should she not go to him? Strange she had not thought of it before! She had heard of several wives who had rejoined their husbands in California, and doubtless her health would be benefitted by a change of climate. Yes, she would go!

Wtth Emily Rockwell, to decide, was to act; and when the next steamer sailed from New York, she was on board, looking joyfully forward to a happy meeting with her beloved husband. The fresh sea air brought a bright bloom to her cheek, and a lightness to her step, while the joyousness of her heart shone in her sparkling eye, and in dimpled smiles around her lips.

"Oh! how happy Walter will be to see me!" was her constant thought; "and then my little offering may come in just the right time, he has been so unfortunate in business. At any rate, it will show what I *would* have done."

It was evening when the steamer arrived in San Francisco—one of those

soft, balmy moon-light evenings which makes one forget that aught save purity and loveliness dwells on earth.

Mrs. Rockwell stood upon the deck of the steamer, and gazed with rapture upon the great city before her, with its myriad lights glittering from hill-side and valley; at the shining waters of the beautiful bay over which they had just passed; then looked up into the cloudless expanse above, where the brilliant stars were looking down upon the earth, and the moon was sailing in splendor surpassing anything she had ever seen before; and above all, realized that she was near her husband, her loved Walter; she felt that she was nearer heaven than she had supposed it possible for mortal to be on earth. Ah! life has but few such moments of rapture! Yet they give us fleeting gleams from that world where not one sorrow, not one pain, can ever come. And do we not go forth encouraged and strengthened to battle bravely with life yet a little longer? Yes, if the blight fall not too suddenly.

It was yet early, and Mrs. Rockwell determined to take a carriage and go out at once to her husband's residence. She knew where to direct the driver, as her husband had often spoken in his letters of his lodgings in a certain part of the city; "his lonely home—a poor home, to be sure, but the best he could afford, and good enough for him, so long as he had the assurance that *she* was comfortable," (so he had always written), and it was with some surprise that Mrs. Rockwell saw the driver stop before an elegant cottage, around which were all the appliances of comfort and wealth. In the gardent in front, a fountain was throwing a pearly shower into a marble basin, white statuettes gleamed amid the dark foliage, the air was heavy with the perfume of flowers, while a softened light came stealing through the half-opened shutters and delicate lace curtains of the parlor windows.

"Surely, driver, you must be mistaken in the place," said Mrs. Rockwell, as she stepped upon the pavement; "wait a moment, until I enquire at the door." A man servant answered the bell, and in answer to the enquiry if Mr. Walter Rockwell boarded there? "Oh, yes, ma'am, Mr. Rockwell lives here, this is his house," and stood, as if hesitating whether to ask the lady in.

Mrs. Rockwell's heart beat faster. She was indeed standing upon the threshold of her husband's home! that haven of rest, of joy, of love! Her words came fast and indistinct, as she gave her name and enquired of the servant if Mr. Rockwell was at home.

"No, ma'am, he is not in, would Miss Rockwell walk in? The gentleman had not said he was expecting a sister," said the officious servant, mistaking the *Mrs.* for *Miss* Rockwell. Mrs. Rockwell was too disappointed to notice the servant's remark, and requested him to show her a room where she might make some little change in her toilet.

"Well," she thought, as the servant led her up the thickly carpeted stairway, "it is best that I should have a little time to prepare myself for the meeting. Now that I am really here, I feel strangly nervous and excited."

If Mrs. Rockwell felt surprised at the external appearance of her husband's home, her astonishment was increased at the internal adornments. A strange feeling of uncertainty took possession of her, as she sat down for a moment in the elegant chamber assigned her. As yet, she had seen nothing to remind her of her husband—could not there be two persons of the same name? Yet the street and number were the same. Yes, this must be his home, yet how different from what he had represented!

Here again the true woman's heart prompted, "perhaps Walter has intended to send for me, and surprise me with the beautiful home he has provided." Then

she remembered how positively he had written about his unfortunate business speculations, and that idea was discarded.

Ten o'clock, said her watch; surely, he must come soon.

A door leading into a front chamber, stood partly open, and she took the lamp and passed into the room; perhaps in this there might be something to explain the mystery. A mossy velvet carpet into which her feet sank with noiseless tread, covered the floor, curtains of the richest rose-colored satin, draped the windows, an elegant bed, with hangings of rose satin, and snowy, delicately laced pillows, stood in one corner of the room, a luxurious sofa occupied a recess beside the mantel, which was loaded with costly ornaments; rich paintings were suspended from the walls; flowers from rare vases filled the air with a delicious perfume; all was luxury and beauty, yet nothing of her husband!

Beneath the mirror stood a little table covered with books. Mrs. Rockwell mechanically opened one. On the fly-leaf was written "Emily Wilde, to Walter Rockwell." It was a book she had given him before their marriage. Now she knew there was no mistake—she was in her husband's home!

A little blue velvet miniature case lay beside the book. Ah! the old loving smile comes back to the wife's troubled face! Her husband! Her Walter! Suddenly she started and turned pale. Lying there, just before the sofa, was a tiny satin slipper — a woman's slipper, delicate, Cinderella-like in its proportions; and not far from it was the mate—beautiful, fairy-like slippers! A sharp, quick pain went through the heart of the wife; her breath came thick and gaspingly, as her eye glanced quickly about the room.

Upon the marble-top bureau rested a pair of gloves, fit companions of the tiny slippers on the floor. Then there was a jewel-case, and all the paraphernalia of a lady's toilet. Adjoining the chamber was a wardrobe, into which the wife passed with trembling footsteps. Rich dresses were there; dresses of silk, of satin, and cloud-like lace; delicate little dresses, made for a dainty little figure.

Mrs. Rockwell noted it all, closed the door, and taking the lamp, returned again to her own room. What a look out of her eyes! What a marble face! it seemed scarcely human, but she was calm — calm as the stream when it lies cold and frozen in the embrace of winter.

A light, rippling laugh came floating up from the garden below, mingled with the deeper tones of a manly voice.

The figure of the marble listener above seemed to grow more rigid, as the light, rippling, girlish laughter came to her ear. Her hands were clenched until the nails sank deep into the tender flesh, and around the eyes were great circles of purple; yet she stood and listened to the tones of the manly voice mingling with the silvery chime—listened as they came up stairs together into *that* room. Her lamp had gone out; yet there she stood, in the darkness, with her gleaming eyes riveted upon the scene she could behold through the half-open door.

Yes, there he was, handsome, manly-looking as ever. For an instant the wife forgot all, everything, save that her husband was before her, and her first impulse was to throw herself into his arms. But the next instant came the reality.

She was beautiful, truly, the young creature who came with Walter Rockwell—a slight, petite figure, full of grace; brilliant eyes and features of faultless regularity. Throwing aside the fleecy opera hood which partially concealed her luxuriant hair, the beautiful girl threw herself with indolent grace upon the sofa, while her companion gazed with rapture upon her.

"Oh, Isa, *my* Isa, how radiantly lovely you are to-night!" exclaimed Walter

Rockwell; "one might well forego the joys of a future heaven for an earthly heaven with you."

"Am I then so much to you, Walter," replied the girl, "that you can willingly give up home, wife, everything, for my sake?"

"Isa, Isa! do not talk to me of wife, or home; you, and you alone, are wife, home, happiness!"

And thus they sat and talked, while the eyes of the white figure in the other room glared with a burning, wild light upon them.

"Oh, Walter! what dreadful noise is that?" suddenly exclaimed Isa, as a sort of gasping, gurgling sound came from the back room.

Walter Rockwell heard it too, and in a moment more, stood incapable of motion before that ghastly face and those wild eyes.

Poor Emily Wilde Rockwell! Nature was a kind mother! Reason had fled!

The *law*—the law of man—has freed Walter Rockwell from his crazy wife. He is married to the companion of his guilt; two beautiful children—one, the child of shame—call her mother.

Wealth has poured in upon them, and their home is an abode of luxury and splendor; but there is a form forever at *his* side, which will never, never leave him. And may a merciful God forgive him before he shall stand before the great White Throne, to give account for his actions here!

In that mournful house at Stockton, where so many histories, unwritten, save by the Recording Angel on high, dwells a feeble, wasted maniac! a poor, miserable wreck of womanhood, beauty, and intellect! Day after day she wanders listlessly about, moaning to herself, gazing away out into vacancy. Sometimes she has terrible fits of raving; she curses God, man, beauty, everything, and her words are more terrible than imagination can conceive; she seems more like a vindictive, accusing spirit, risen from the dead, than anything human.

The physicians say she cannot live long. The feeble spark of life is almost extinguished, and soon the grave will cover another murdered one—aye, murdered! and will she not be avenged in that day when all things shall come to judgment?

# Our Social Chair.

THERE are some natures that are ever willing to accept and enjoy, but never feel under the least obligation to return the compliment, by contributing, in any possible way, to the pleasure and enjoyment of others. Now, whether this may arise from thoughtlessness or selfishness (it is generally from one or the other of these causes) the effect is the same. If from the former, an attempt should be promptly, and even studiously made, to correct it; otherwise, it may, sooner or later, be attributed to the latter; and there are but few, however lost to all those finer and more ennobling feelings of our common brotherhood, that would like to be classed among the possessors of one of the lowest traits of human character—namely: that of selfishness.

In the social circle, how often do we find persons who either exclusively monopolize the conversation, or those who say nothing at all? An extreme, in either case, that is alike uncommendable; for, as we are to a great extent mutually dependent upon each other for our social happiness, it is not an unworthy consideration on our part, how we can the best cultivate the agreeable,

and of acceptably contributing as well as of agreeably receiving favors.

An esteemed friend who occasionally occupies a seat in our little social circle, and who well understands the principle of *meum et tuum*, has applied it to writing as well as to conversation, and handed us the following capital story: —

There is, not a thousand miles from the Bay City, a very worthy pedagogue, who once on a time 'read law' in a certain aristocratic village of the Green Mountain State, himself being a worthy scion of the most aristocratic of the aristocracy of the place. B——, as we will designate him, was one of those unfortunate sinners who, having nothing in his rather extensive cranium, save a large amount of emptiness, and being easily imposed upon—as all good-natured people usually are—was the butt and laughing stock of his associates, who lost no opportunity of making him the victim of their practical jokes.

His *pater familia*, wishing to make as much of him as possible, concluded to let him study that profession in which rogues and fools have, to say the least, an equal chance with honest men, and, placing him in a law office, he was directed to acquaint himself with the mysteries of Blackstone. Here he assigned to himself a daily task of reading twelve pages, having completed which, he carefully marked the place with a short string, or 'marker,' between the leaves. For a few weeks he progressed finely, completing his task in a wonderfully short time, and passing the remainder of the day in loitering about the village, where he had already begun to assume all the swagger and consequential airs of a newly-sprouted limb of the law.

One day, Joe L——, a fellow-student, conceived the brilliant idea of placing B—'s book-mark *back* twelve pages—a thought he instantly put in execution. Soon after, B—— came in, took his accustomed seat, read his allotted task, and went off on his usual round. The next day Joe put the marker back again; B—'s task was gone over as before. The next day, and the next, it was the same. On the fifth day, Joe, thinking the game could not last much longer, had collected at the office some dozen or more of the 'boys,' young and old, whom he had posted in regard to the fun going on, when the door was opened, and B——, innocent and unsuspecting as a lamb, came in, and, after the usual salutations, took down his Blackstone and commenced reading.

"B——, how do you like Blackstone?" enquired Esquire S——, a somewhat noted lawyer, and always up to fun. "Why," replied B——, in his usual drawl and twang, "*I—like—it—very—well—as—a—whole,—but—don't—you—think—there—is—a—good—deal—of*—S-A-M-E-N-E-S-S—*about it!*"

The yell that went up from that office would be hard to describe; suffice it to say, B—— gave up the study of the law, and took to school-teaching; thus verifying the adage that it is less difficult to be a guide-post than a post-chaise: one points out the way—the other 'goes it!' M.

We hope the Social Chair will hear often from M., as we know he will be always welcome with such good jokes as the above.

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*Dear Social Chair:—*

After the many pressing claims upon your notice and consideration—although modesty is said to form no large share of my composition, yet I do feel a delicacy in presenting my "case" to your kind consideration.

There are few chairs in the world more misrepresented and abused than I am. From the commonest dolt in the community to the penny-a-liner, I am made the butt of jest, witticism, and flings at knavish cunning; and so far is this morbid taste cultivated, that demagogues of all creeds and shades seek the popular ear by showing me up; and if I demand a "retraxit" they "demur" to my "complaint," or should they "answer" it is the "plea" of "*damnum absque injuria*" and compel me to "join issue."

Nothwithstanding all this Mr. Social Chair, whenever there's a flare-up in community (and that's pretty often), the very first act is to seek the advice, and counsel services of this chair.

The blushing maiden, after having been *woed* and *won*, and waited impatiently a reasonable length of time for her plighted lover to consummate his vows, often seeks me to bring her "action of trespass in the case upon promises;" not that any 'trespass' has been committed, but for a failure and refusal on his part to divest her of her "sole"-character, and place her under 'coverture'. The man of large estate, desirous to know whether he can read his titles clear to mansions here below, approaches me with a simple fee, to know if he owns a 'fee simple.' The merchant, trader, and man of business enterprise after having buffetted the storms of adversity and disappointment met with nothing but frowns from the fickle goddess; turns to me to seek that relief and protection which it is the peculiar office of this chair to give. The man, overcome in an evil hour by temptation, and arraigned at the bar of justice and called upon to speak in his defence, procures me to say that he is not guilty, and is overjoyed if by my superior learning and skill, *twelve men* are induced to concur.

And for services of this character this chair often receives unjust censure and blame. Why, *Dear Social Chair*, (don't be alarmed, I am not angry, only feel my blood warming a little with earnestness,) will you believe it? I have been abused because I opposed administering capital punishment "in a summary way" as some of the more mealy mouthed express it; but which, in plain English, means hanging men "without Judge or jury." Of course, I would oppose such action. I am a Chair of very ancient and honorable origin. The "landmarks of civilization," centuries ago, were carved into my sides, and have ever been kept there, burnished and bright as the nation's coat of arms; and these are sought after in all cases of emergency, doubt and importance. In this Chair may be found the *forms, rules, and precedents* of ancient as well as modern times—a "complaint" for all, and a "plea" for all, and never an objection to a "fee" from any one.

And after all is said of this Chair, it has offices to perform and duties to discharge, which must always remain unknown to the world. It has a storehouse for all the confidence, truths, and secrets, of all its brothers and sisters; and in its sympathizing ear are poured tales of sorrow, misery, and wretchedness, sufficient to melt to tenderness and pity, hearts not encased in flint or steel. Secrets which weigh down the mind, like an incubus, are told without trepidation or reserve to this Chair. To my dissatisfied "brother and sister Chairs," I have a word to say. If you desire a life of quiet—if you dread to live in a state of perpetual warfare, fighting other men's battles for a consideration, one, too, that often *fails*—if you desire to be your own conscience-keepers, and the keepers of your own secrets only—if you would not take upon you the responsibility of the conduct oftentimes involving the fortune and reputation of others, be content to remain what you are. Be anything else—rather than a

LAWYER'S CHAIR.

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IN distant imitation of most of the great literary luminaries at the East, we have concluded with deliberation and aforethought yet not with "malice prepense" as runneth criminal accusation, to steal, take, and appropriate the following pieces from an exchange:—

A WESTERN cattle-dealer, who rarely had the privilege of sitting down to meat with a family, and had never been in a minister's house in his life, was not long ago benighted and lost in his ride across the prairies, and compelled to ask for lodgings at the first house he could find. Happily for him, it proved to be a dwelling of a good man, a parson, who gave him a cordial welcome, and, what was specially agreeable, told him supper would soon be ready. The traveler's appetite was ravenous, and the moment he was asked to sit by he complied; and without waiting for a

second invitation, he laid hold of what he could reach.

"Stop! stop!" said the good old man of the house, "we are in the habit of saying something here before we eat."

This hint to wait till a blessing was asked the rough customer did not understand, but with his mouth full he muttered,

"Go ahead; say what you like; you ca'nt turn my stomach now!"

Governor Ford, of Illinois, tells a very rich anecdote of one of the early judges of that state, but unhappily the governor does not put upon record the name of the sensitive and considerate magistrate.

At the court over which this judge presided, a man by the name of Green was convicted of murder, and the judge was obliged to pass sentence of death upon the culprit. Calling on the prisoner to rise, the judge said to him, "Mr. Green, the jury says you are guilty of murder, and the law says you are to be hung. I want you, and all your friends down on Indian Creek, to know that it is not I who condemned you; it is the jury and the law. Mr. Green, at what time, sir, would you like to be hung? the law allows you time for preparation.'

The prisoner replied, "May it please your honor, I am ready at any time: those who kill the body have no power to kill the soul. My preparation is made, and you can fix the time to suit yourself; it is all the same to me, sir."

"Mr. Green," returned the judge, "it is a very serious matter to be hung; it can't happen to a man but once in his life, unless the rope should break before his neck is broke; and you had better take all the time you can get. Mr. Clerk, since it makes no difference to Mr. Green when he is hung, just look into the almanac, and see whether this day four weeks comes on Sunday."

The clerk looked as he was directed, and reported that that day four weeks came on Thursday.

"Then," said the judge, "Mr. Green, if you please, you will be hung this day four weeks, at twelve o'clock."

The attorney-general, James Turney, Esq, here interposed and said,

"May it please the Court, on occasions of this sort it is usual for courts to pronounce a formal sentance, to remind the prisoner of his perilous condition, to reprove him for his guilt, and to warn him against the judgment of the world to come."

"Oh, Mr. Turney," said the judge, "Mr Green understands the whole matter; he knows he has got to be hung. You understand it Mr. Green, don't you?"

"Certainly," said the prisoner.

"Mr. Sheriff, adjourn the court."

Four weeks that day Mr. Green was hung, but not so much to his own satisfaction as his appearance promised on the day of his conviction.

The art of dunning is not reckoned among the fine or polite arts. Indeed, there are no rules on the subject, as each case must be tried by itself, the success of various expedients being very much "as you light upon chaps." At times a lucky accident brings the money out of a slow debtor, after the manner following: One of our merchants, nervous and irritable, received a letter from a customer in the country begging for more time. Turning to one of his counting-room clerks, he says,

"Write to this man immediately."

"Yes, sir; what shall I say?"

The merchant was pacing the office, and repeated the order:

"Write to him at once."

"Certainly, sir. what do you wish me to say?"

The merchant was impatient, and broke out, "Something or nothing, and that very quick."

The clerk waited for no farther orders, but consulting his own judgment, wrote and dispatched the letter. By the return mail came a letter from the delinquent customer, inclosing the money in full of the account. The merchant's eye glistened when he opened it, and, hastening to his desk, said to the clerk,

"What sort of a letter did you write to this man? Here is the money in full."

"I wrote just what you told me to, sir. The letter is copied in the book."

The letter-book was consulted, and there it stood, short and sweet, and right to the point:

"Dear Sir,—Something or nothing, and that very quick. Yours, &c.,——,"

And this letter brought the money, when a more elaborate dun would have failed of the happy effect.

## The Fashions.

Our last "cut patterns" for dresses—and the prettiest of the season, we think—are plain waist, with moderately long point front and back, hooked in front, and ornamented with "fancy buttons" of a large size; for bright colored materials, plain mould, covered with black velvet, commencing about one inch from the top of the waist—the first, the size of a "fifty

cent piece," and eight or ten in number, so graduated that the last is not larger than a "half dime." In some instances each button has two tassels, of colors to match the stuff, and proportioned to the size of the button.

The sleeves accompanying this waist, are very stylish, called the "New Pagoda." They are in one piece and cut straight way of the cloth, "tunnel shaped." Any of our readers may cut this pattern for themselves, by observing this much: get the length of the arm, from shoulder to wrist, then fold your cloth and measure across the top ten inches; cut one third of the way down, bearing off so that at this point it measures twelve inches; the remaining two thirds are left open, and ruffled with the same, three inches in width. For woolen, or silk, it is best to have the ruffle "bias," with a small cord hemmed in, top and bottom. It has two box-plaits at the top, four inches in length, which are to be trimmed with buttons to match the waist.

The skirts do not vary from what we have described in the earlier part of the season.

The thin material of which evening dresses are mostly made, have oftener high than low bodies, gathered on the shoulders and open in front, with chemisette, and undersleeves of Tulle. Ribbon sashes, with long ends, or where belt and buckle are preferred, there must be long floating ends of Tulle, trimmed round with narrow blonde lace. This is airy and pretty for evening. The headdress should be of mingled flowers, tulle and blond.

### Bonnets.

Velvets, Leghorns, and Belgian Straws, trimmed with ostrich feathers and black chantilly lace. By the late steamer we have precisely the same advices now that we gave our readers two months ago, in respect to the shape and size of Ladies' Bonnets, and style of trimming, etc., etc. We call the attention of the ladies to this fact; that we are ahead in our publication of the Fashions, and mean to keep so. We refer you to our October number to compare it with what we now extract from "Leslie's": "Whatever doubt might have been entertained, a month or two ago, of the tendency of Bonnets to increased size, there cannot possibly be any at the present time. The latest importations from leading Parisian houses settle the question definitely; bonnets are larger, not wider, but decidedly longer. As we have noticed elsewhere, there is an actual crown, or head-piece, fitting the head, besides the front, which has of late done duty for it; and which, indeed, has been called front, apparently, because it was always on the back of the head. The result of this increase of size, is a decided increase of comfort to the wearer."

### A few General Remarks.

Mink is the fashionable fur; Scotch brown is the fashionable color for street gloves, as also a favorite color for parasols. The newest importation of shawls are the Long Shawl. It is confidently expected that tight sleeves will be our next established fashion—indeed, it may properly be said they are fashionable now, as some of

"The fortunate few,
With letters blue,
Good for a seat and nearer view,"

on that occasion (The Diamond Wedding) wore them.

## Monthly Record of Current Events.

Two thousand one hundred ounces of silver bullion were deposited in the U. S. Branch Mint, in this city, on the 18th and 20th of October, which had been extracted from ore brought from the silver mines in Washoe Valley.

A new paper entitled the *Northern Journal*, was issued at Yreka, on the 3d ult. by J. Dumont & Co.

A disastrous fire broke out at Volcano, Amador county, on the 29th of October, destroying the entire business portion of the town, with the exception of a few fire-proof stores. Losses from $60 to $75,000.

The *Democratic Age*, is the title of a new paper published on the 5th ult. in Sonora, Tuolumne county, by T. N. Machin.

Six thousand gallons of wine, says the *Age*, were produced this year near Sonora.

A petition to the legislature was in circulation in a portion of Sierra county, to create a new county, the name of which is to be Alturas.

On the 5th ult. the steamers Uncle Sam and Sonora left their respective docks, for Panama; the former carried about 600 passengers, and the Sonora about 400. The amount of treasure shipped by the Sonora was $1,599,648 50. A very large number of women and children were on board.

The new iron tubular bridge, in course

of construction, across the Yuba river, at Park's Bar, was washed down by the sudden rise of the river on the 5th ult.

C. K. Garrison sold out his interest in the old Nicaragua line of steamers to Commodore Vanderbilt.

The *Evening Post* is the name of a new daily paper published in Sacramento city, at twelve and a half cents per week.

The California Steam Navigation Company passed a resolution to run a Sunday boat to Sacramento city whenever the arrival of the Atlantic mails may make it requisite.

October 20th a fire broke out in the flourishing town of Coulterville, when a mother and her two children were burned to death. Nearly every building consumed.

A new line of stages was established October 25th, to run between San Andreas and Mokelumne Hill.

The *Sonora Herald*, established July 4th, 1850, ceased to exist, after braving the uncertainties of newspaper life for nine years and nearly four months.

A new steamboat, named the "Dashaway," was launched at Steamboat Point, on the 9th ult. and commenced her trips to Sacramento as an opposition boat.

The largest schooner yet built in this State was launched from the shipyard at Redwood City, on the 20th ult. She is 105 feet long, has 28 feet 6 inches breadth of beam, and is 220 tons measurement.

Honey Lake, which was formerly about sixteen miles long by eleven broad, (not twenty by forty miles, as has been asserted), has become entirely dry.

Two hundred and eighty U. S. troops arrived in the Golden Gate on the 12th ult. bound for the North.

The Germans of California celebrated the centennial anniversary of the birth-day of Schiller, on the 13th and 14th ult.

The publication of the Yreka *Union* was discontinued.

A new military company, called the "California Light Guards," made its first public appearance in San Francisco on the 14th of November.

Lieut. Gen. Winfield Scott arrived in the Northerner from San Juan, on the 20th ult. and left for Washington on the J. L. Stephens on the 21st.

The lectures of Bayard Taylor in this State are said to have netted him $5,000, in two months.

The amount of gold sent to the East this year, up to November 21st, is $44,302,051, whilst for the corresponding period of last year, $43,975,686 were sent off, so that the shipments thus far for this year, exceed those of last year by $326,365.

The Marysville Water Works were completed, filled, and ready to supply the city.

On the 21st ult. the John L. Stephens sailed with $1,877,429 in treasure, and —— passengers. Owing to the non-arrival of the mail steamer Cortes, the Sierra Nevada not being in sailing condition, the P. M. S. S. Co's steamer Stephens was the only one that left for Panama on the 21st, and she carried the U. S. mails, for which the Mail Company paid $10,000.

On the morning of the 26th ult. the Cortes arrived with the U. S. mails and passengers, having been detained by the non-arrival of the North Star at Aspinwall, caused by her running on a coral reef off the Bahama Islands, where she was detained six days.

More rain fell during November of this year than at any former time in the same month since California has been a State.

# Editor's Table.

OWING to the recent and extensive discoveries of gold, silver, copper, and other metals, on the flats, and in the ravines surrounding Washoe, Walker's, and Carson rivers, Mono Lake, Honey Lake and other vallies on the eastern slope of the Sierra Nevada range, there are signs of a second golden era being quietly inaugurated on the Pacific Coast. Prospecting parties now out, from the Siskiyou mountains to the Colorado river, we doubt not will add their quota of experience in confirmation of the fact.

Unfortunately, these discoveries create too much excitement in unstable minds, and revive the morbid desire to become suddenly rich. Such failures—to the many—as Gold Bluff, Gold Lake, Kern River,

and Frazer river, are valueless in the lessons they might teach. Nothing less than a personal trial and disappointment will satisfy. Some men in their impatience to be there, are even now selling out good claims, at a great sacrifice, in which most probably their fortunes could be found. *Now*, when snow is covering every foot of ground, and provisions, clothing, and tools are exorbitantly high; and when not a stroke of successful labor can possibly be performed for several months; or one blow given to advance the worker in his road to fortune. Our advice to such eager spirits must be this: "keep cool, wait, do not be induced by any fine imaginary picture of wealth to be procured, to quit a claim that is paying you moderate wages; or any business that is reasonably remunerative. Think this over quietly."

That there is gold and silver in paying quantities, in some explored districts, there is no reason to doubt. That hundreds of men already there, are obtaining nothing, is also equally clear. That others will go who never did or could accomplish anything, is alike plain; for the simple reason that labor, which is the philosopher's stone, they will not, as they love it not. Many are carried away with the delightful idea of kicking out nuggets of gold as they walk; or expect to *find* a fortune without the fatigue of working for it — these *may be* disappointed, And their reports—like many who visit California, and return because they did not make their fortune in a few brief weeks or months, and which, in any other section of the Union is the work of a life-time — will be unfavorable and untrue.

As this discovery will give a new impetus to emigration from the other side, it must have an important influence on the future destinies of the entire Pacific coast; and be an additional reason, with clear and candid minds, for the early commencement and rapid construction of the Pacific and Atlantic Railroad.

Judging from the past as well as from the present mail facilities by sea, the effect of Government patronage, by contract, unfortunately for California, seems to be to retard, rather than accelerate the speedy transmission of mail matter. When the Pacific Mail Steamship Company carried the U. S. mails, between San Francisco New Orleans and New York, the average time consumed was about twenty-five days. But as that company does not now possess the contract, they can perform the trip in about twenty-two days. While the Atlantic and Pacific Mail Steamship Company's vessels—the old Nicaragua and Vanderbilt line united, and never very swift—now they carry the mails, do not accomplish the trip in less than from twenty-five to twenty-six days, and are sometimes much longer: the Overland mail anticipating the steamer's news, three fourths of the time.

In order to correct this, we would propose that the contract be continued *only* with that Company that will accomplish the trip and carry the mails in the shortest time — accidents excluded.

## To Contributors and Correspondents.

*A. H. K.*—Will you please to explain what you mean by these lines from your poem entitled "The Hills?"—

> "I love the hills whose *kindly* soil
> *No tribute* yields to sons of toil."

Also —

> "I love the rough old hills whose ban
> Of ruggedness doth rise 'gainst man."

Others are equally doubtful; and yet there is considerable poetic merit in the piece. Why did you not send us your name, that we might confer with you privately?

*R* —Our hands are perfectly full in simply attending to our own business only. We have neither time nor disposition to meddle with the affairs of others. Go thou and do likewise.

*A. P., Hornitos.*—Before you get too much excited about the Washoe diggings, where now there is several feet of snow, we would ask you to call to mind the Gold Lake, Gold Bluff, Kern and Frazer river bubbles. Hard work will be quite as hard in Washoe as in diggings near your town. You had better make up your mind to that before you start. Take things a little more coolly, A. P.

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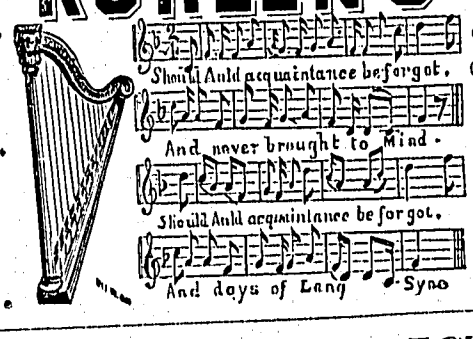


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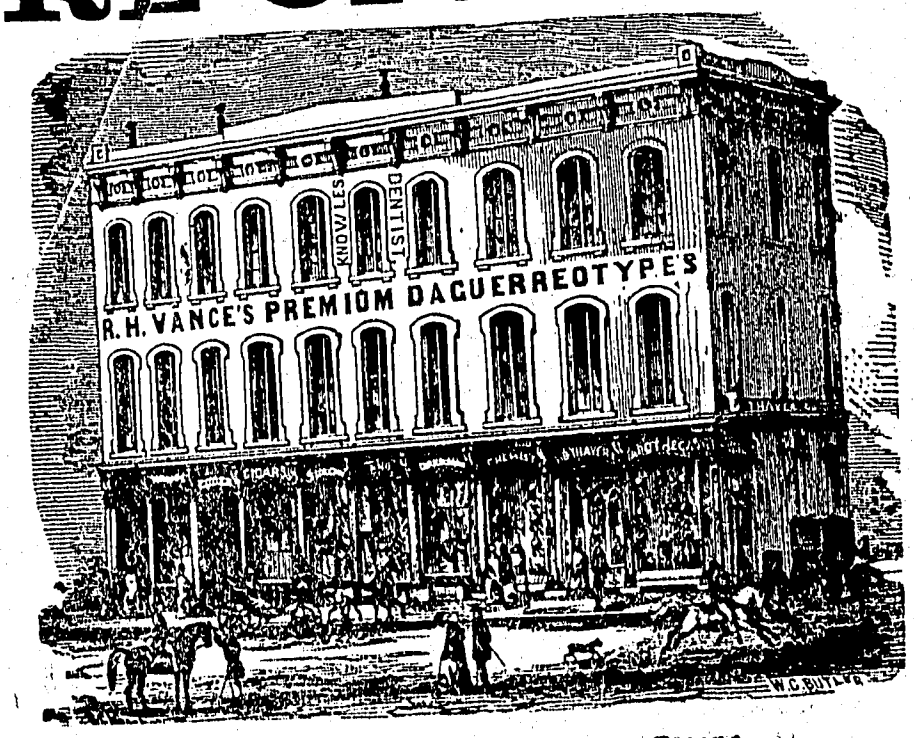


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