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HUTCHINGS'

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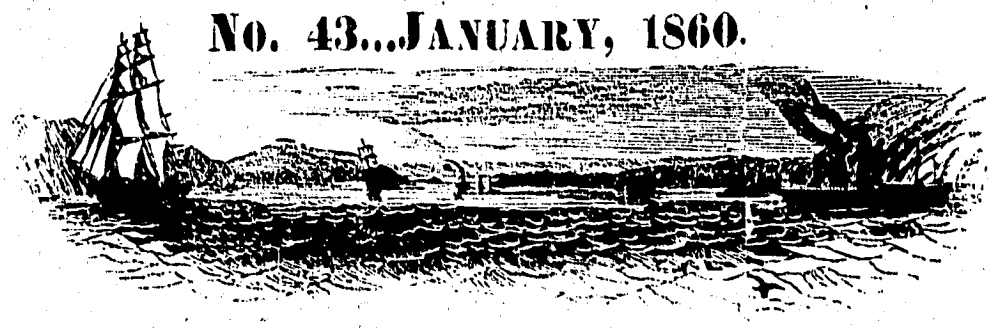

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If ten or more persons will form a Club, we will send our Magazine, Postage-paid, to any address in the United States each one may name, at Two Dollars each per year.

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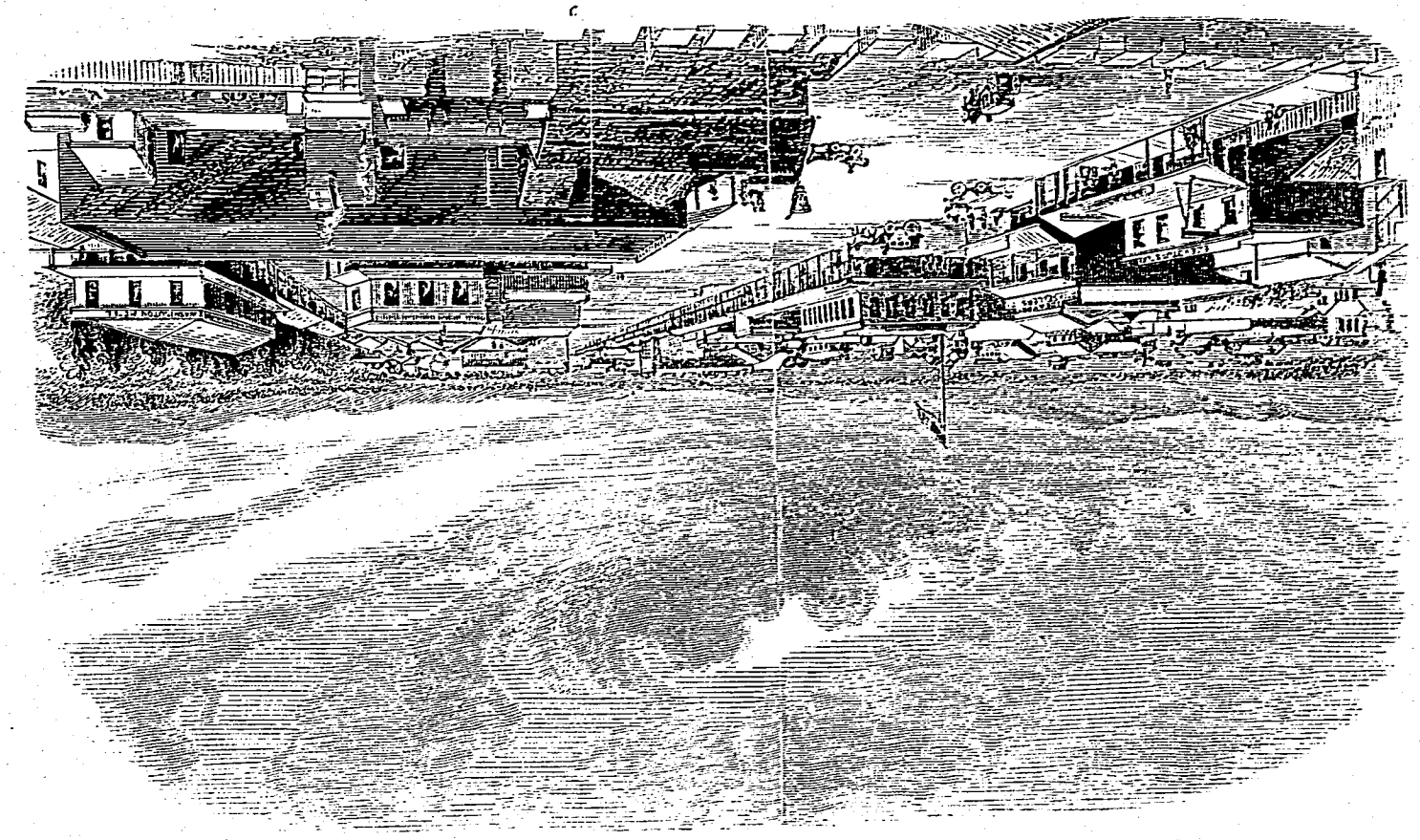
SANTA CLARA COUNTY, CALIFORNIA.



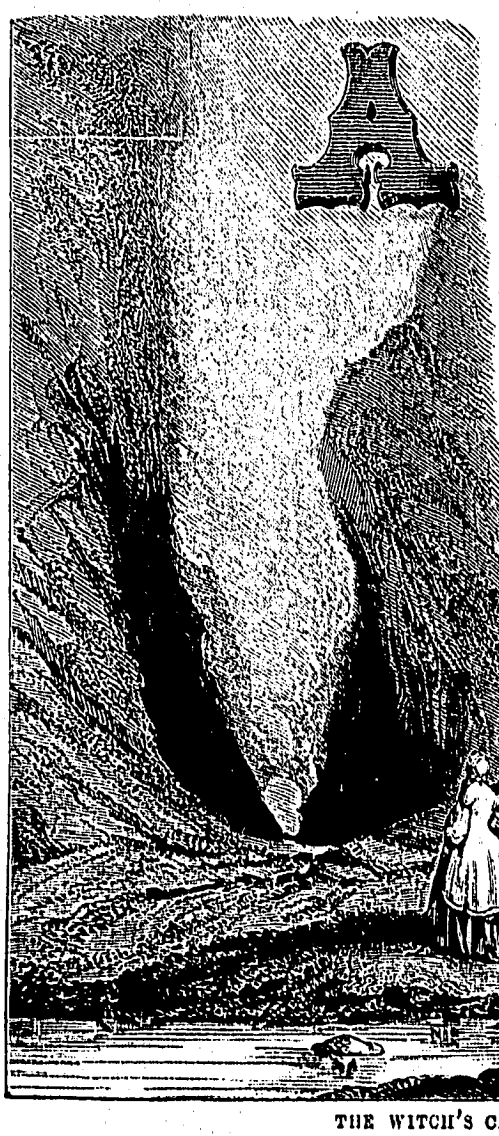
HUTCHINGS'

CALIFORNIA MAGAZINE.

VOL. IV. JANUARY, 1860. No. 7.

A TRIP TO THE CALIFORNIA GEYSERS.

BY PANORAMICS.



S THE fine little steamer "Rambler" was sounding her last whistle, the writer received a parting injunction, from a friend on the wharf, "to keep well aft," and stepped on board.

It was one of the chilliest, dreariest, most disagreeable of San Francisco's summer mornings. A dense fog, fresh from the great factory out on the Pacific, was rolling in over the hills at the back of the city, and hurrying across the bay, before a stiff north-west wind. The waves, as they rolled along the sides of the shipping, or splashed among the piles, seemed to be playing a most melancholy march, to which the great army of fog-clouds

THE WITCH'S CAULDRON.

moved across the cheerless water; and their commanding officer—the wind—seemed to be continually saying "forward," as it whistled through the rigging of the ships.

The individual who is always just too late, made his appearance, as usual, as the steamer's fasts were cast off, and her wheels commenced their lively though monotonous ditty in the water.

Two or three Whitehall boatmen, who were lying off the wharf, evidently expecting such a "fare," gave their lazily playing skulls a vigorous pull, which sent their beautiful little craft darting in to the wharf. The boy with the basket of oranges hastened to offer the would be traveler "three for two bits," by way of consolation; and as he slowly proceeded up the dock again, the other boy with the papers and magazines called his attention to the last "Harper's," or "Hutchings," I could'nt distinguish clearly which.

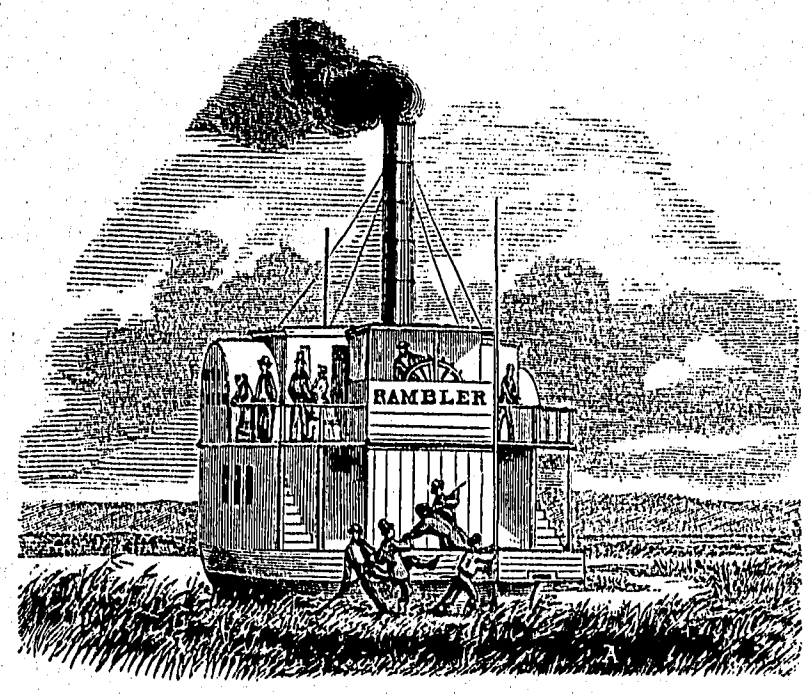
The ten thousand voices of the city became blended into a continuous roar, as we glided out into the stream; the long drawn "go-o-o ahead," or "hi-i-gh," of the stevedores at their work discharging the stately clippers, being about the only intelligible sound to be distinguished above the mass.

Soon the outermost ship, on board of which a disconsolate looking "jolly tar" was riding down one of the head stays, giving it a "lick" of tar as he went, was passed, and we struck the strong current of wind which was blowing in at the Golden Gate, (carelessly left open, as usual.) The young giant of a city had become swallowed up in the gloom of the fog, and its thousands of busy people ceased to exist, except in our imaginations. After passing Angel Island, the fog began to lift; we were approaching the edge of the bank; and soon the sun appeared, hard at work at his apparently hopeless task of devouring the intruding fog, which had dared to interpose its cold billows between him and the bay, upon which he loves to shine.

The course of the boat was along the western side of Pablo Bay, close enough to the shore to give the passengers a fine view of it, as well as of the inland country, and the more distant mountains of the coast range. Large masses of misty clouds, which had become detached from the main fog bank, still partially obscured the sunlight, casting enormous shadows along the hill sides and across the plains; heightening, by contrast, the golden tinge of the wild oats, and giving additional beauty to the varied tints of the cultivated fields. Beyond, Tamal Pais, and the lesser peaks of the coast range, piled their wealth of purple light and misty shadows against the brightness of the western sky.

I wonder that our artists in their search for the picturesque, have overlooked the splendid scene which Tamal Pais and the adjacent mountains presents from the vicinity of Red Rock, or from the eastern shore of the straits. It is certainly one of the most picturesque scenes any where in the vicinity of San Francisco; especially towards sunset, when the long streaks of sunlight come streaming down the ravines, piercing with their golden light the hazy mystery which envelops the mountains, and brilliantly illuminating the intervening plains and hill sides. From the familiarity of the view, a good picture would, without doubt, be much sought after.

The seamanship of the pilot was much exercised while navigating the Rambler up Petaluma Creek. The creek is merely a long, narrow, ditch-like indentation, which makes up into the flat tule plains at the northern side of Pablo Bay, and into which the tide ebbs and flows. Its course very much resembles the track of a man who has spent half an hour hunting for a lost pocket-book in a field. If,



NAVIGATION OF PETALUMA CREEK.

after gazing awhile at the creek, the eye should be suddenly turned to a ram's horn or a manzanita stick, the latter would appear perfectly straight, by comparison. First we would go towards the north star awhile, then we would come to a short bend where an immense amount of backing and stopping and going ahead would occur, which all resulted in running the boat hard and fast ashore. Then the pilot, perspiring freely from his violent exertions at the wheel, would thrust his head out of the window, and, after taking a survey of the state of affairs, would set himself to ringing the signal bells again. Then the crew would get out a long pole, and planting one end in the bank, would apply their united strength to the other. No movement! Then the captain would heroically rush ashore in the mud and tules, and call for volunteers to help him push. Human strength and steam would triumph in the end, and the "Rambler," with one side all besmeared with mud, would go paddling off towards Cape Horn. After going a short distance in this direction, another bend would be reached, when more superhuman exertion on the part of the pilot would ensue, and plump we would go ashore again! The captain would give utterance to a vigorous exclamation, (but as the expletive did no good, it is hardly necessary to repeat it here), and then he would jump into the mud again. Half the passengers would follow suit, the crew would go through with their pole exercise, pilot would play another tune on the bells, engineer would get bothered, and finally off we would start in the direction of Japan, leaving the captain and his shore party standing in the mud. Upon backing up for them to get on board, the boat would become fast again. This is a fair specimen of the navigation of Petaluma Creek above the city, (of one house,) called the Haystack.

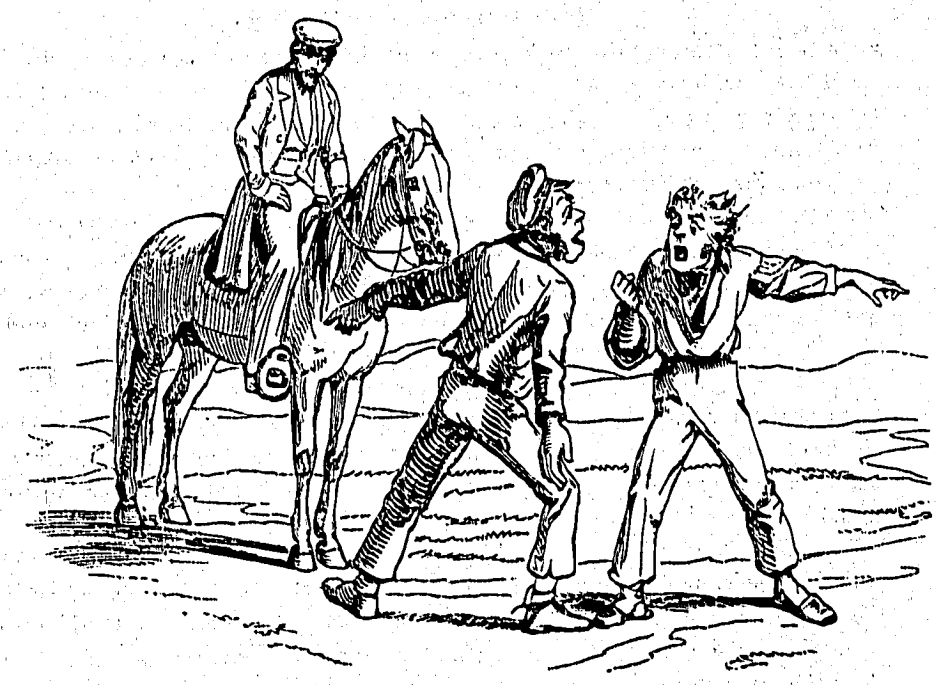
Before reaching Petaluma, we met a little steamer coming down with a load of wood. She resembled an immense pile of wood with a smoke-stack in the

centre, floating down the stream. She appeared to take up the whole width of the creek, and our passengers began to wonder how we were to get by. It was a tight fit. There was not room enough left between the two boats to insert this sheet of paper. The "Rambler" puffed, and from the depths of the wood pile was heard a sort of wheezing, as if half a dozen people with bad colds were down there somewhere, all coughing at once. The captain gave utterance to a few more expletives, as the rough ends of the wood defaced the new paint on our boat; but the skipper of the wood pile only laughed, yet as the Rambler, in passing, scraped off two or three cords of his cargo, it then became our turn to laugh.

Petaluma was reached at last, and the passengers for Healdsburg found a stage in waiting. Jumping in, we were soon whizzing across the plains behind a couple of fine colts. The road lay directly up Petaluma and Russian River valleys. Past the ranches—along the sides of interminable fields of corn and grain—through the splendid park-like groves—sometimes across the open plain, at others winding around the base of the hills which make up from the eastern side of the valley.

Santa Rosa, was reached by sunset. Our arrival was hailed by the ringing of a great number and variety of bells. How singular it is that the arrival of a stage-coach in a country town always sets the dinner bells to ringing, especially if the occurrence happens about meal time.

By the time supper was dispatched, and a pair of sober old stagers put to in the place of our frisky young colts, the moon had risen over the mountains, and



"WELL, YOU NEEDN'T QUARREL ABOUT IT."

was flooding the valley with her glorious sheen, tipping the fine old oaks with a silvery fringe of light, and laying their solemn shadows along the grass and across the road. A pleasant ride of two hours carried us to the end of our first day's journey, Healdsburg.

On the following morning, I was recommended to apply at the stable opposite the hotel for a horse. Having selected

one warranted not to kick up nor stand on his hind legs, nor jump stiff-legged, nor play any other pranks, "Old Peter" was saddled and bridled; my portfolio, (which for want of a better covering, was carried in an old barley sack,) was slung on one side, and my wardrobe, (consisting of one article, which it is hardly necessary to specify,) depended at the other. A whip was added to complete the outfit, accompanied by the observation that as "Old Pete" was apt to "soger," "I might find it useful."

Then the stable man attempted to describe the road to Ray's ranch. First I would come to a bridge; a mile beyond that I would see a house, which I was to pay no attention to, but look out for a haystack. Having found the haystack, I was to turn to the left, and would soon come to a long lane, which would lead me to another house, where I was either to turn to the right or keep straight ahead, he had forgotten which. At this point of the description, a bystander interposed that I must turn to the left, and upon this an argument sprung up between the two which nearly led to a fight.

Finding that there was not much information to be elicited from those witnesses, I gave "Old Pete" a touch and started, with my head buzzing with right and left hand roads, while a regiment of ranches, lanes and haystacks, seemed to be "a bobbing 'round" just ahead of the horse's nose. I found the bridge, and saw the house (which I was to pay no attention to;) there was no need of looking out for *a* haystack, for a dozen were in sight; so, selecting the biggest one, I turned to the left, according to the chart. Rode along about a mile, and came to a fence which barred any further progress in that direction. Kept along the fence until I came to a lane which took me to a pair of bars. Let down the obstruction, traversed another lane, and at the end of it, found myself in somebody's dooryard. It was evident that I had taken the wrong road. I obtained fresh directions at the farm house, but as three or four attempted at the same time to tell me the way, all talking at once, and each insisting upon his favorite route, I speedily became mixed up again with another labyrinth of fences, lanes and haystacks. I began to doubt the existence of such a place as "Ray's Ranch." It seemed forever retreating as I advanced, like the mythical crock of gold, buried at the foot of a rainbow, which I remember starting in search of once, when a youngster.

WHICH WAY NOW, I WONDER?

But the ranch was found at last, and a very fine one it is, too. The house is situated a little way up in the foot-hills, and commands a splendid view of Russian River Valley, the Coast Range, Mount St. Helens, &c. The ranch itself, garden, orchards, and fields of wheat and corn, is situated in a valley, just below the house, which makes up between the steep mountain sides. A brook winds

through the whole length of the little valley, affording capital facilities for irrigation.

I had the good luck here to fall in with Mr. G——, one of the proprietors of the Geysers, who was also on the way up. From the accounts which have been published, I expected to find the road from here a rough one. But it is nothing of the sort. It is a very good mountain trail, wide enough for a wagon to pass along its whole length. Buggies have been clear through, and could go again, were a few days' work to be expended upon the trail. It is quite steep, in many places, as a matter of course; but from the fact that Mr. G—— (who was mounted upon a young colt, that had never before been ridden, and had simply a piece of rope by way of bridle) *trotted* down most of the declivities, the reader may infer that the grade is not so very steep. I must say, though, that "old Pete" didn't exactly relish the idea of being in such a hurry.

The first three or four miles beyond Ray's, to the summit of the fisrt ridge, is all up hill; nearly 1700 feet in altitude being gained in that distance, or 2268 feet above the level of the sea, Ray's being 617.

There are few places in all California, where a more magnificent view can be obtained, than the one seen from this ridge. The whole valley of Russian River lies like a map at your feet, extending from the southeast and south, where it joins Petaluma valley, clear round to the northwest. The course of the river can be traced for miles, far

RAY'S RANCH AND RUSSIAN RIVER VALLEY.

away; alternately sweeping its great curves of rippling silver out into the opening plain, or disappearing behind the dark masses of timber. From one end of the valley to the other, the golden yellow of the plain is diversified by the darker tints of the noble oaks. In some places they stand in great crowds; then an open space will occur, with perhaps a few scattered trees, which serve to conduct the eye to where a long line of them appears, like an army drawn up for review, with a few single trees in front by way of officers; and in the rear, a confused crowd of stragglers, to represent the baggage train and camp followers. Here and there, among the oaks, the vivid green foliage, and bright red stems of the graceful madrono, can be seen; and on the banks of the river, the silvery willows and the dusky sycamores.

The beauty of the plain is still more enhanced, by the numerous ranches, with their widely extending fields of ripe grain and verdant corn.

Beyond the valley, is the long extend-

ing line of the coast mountains. The slanting rays of the declining sun was overspreading the mysterious blue and purple of their shadowy sides, with a glorious golden haze, through whose gauzy splendor could be traced the summits, only, of the different ranges—towering one above the other, each succeeding one fainter than the last, until the indescribably fine outline of the highest peaks, but one remove, in color, from the sky itself, bounded the prospect.

Towards the southeast, we could see Mount Saint Helen's, and the upper part of Napa Valley. Saint Helen's is certainly the most beautiful mountain in California. It is far from being as lofty as its more pretentious brethren of the Sierra Nevada, and by the side of the great Shasta Butte it would be dwarfed to a mole hill; but its chaste and graceful outline is the very ideal of mountain form. There is said to be a copper plate, bearing an inscription, on the summit of this mountain, placed there by the Russians many years ago.

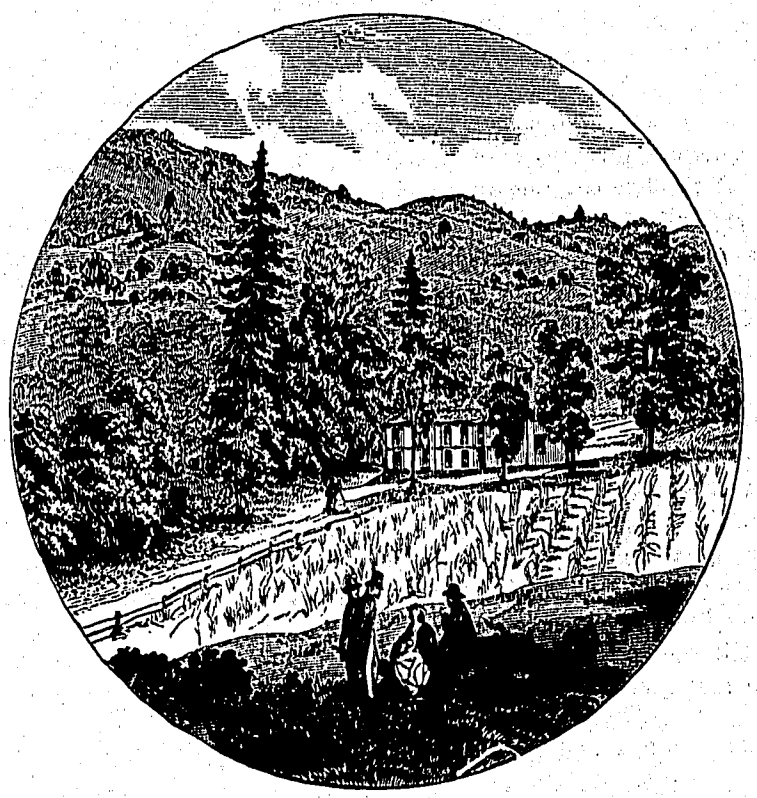
Away off, towards the south, we could discern that same old fog, still resting, like a huge incubus, upon San Francisco bay. Its fleecy billows were constantly in motion, now obscuring, now revealing the summits of different peaks, which rose like islands out of the sea of clouds. Above, and far beyond the fog, the view terminated with the long, level line of the blue Pacific, sixty or seventy miles distant.

From the point where we have stopped to take this extended view, (too much extended, on paper, perhaps the reader will think), the horses climbed slowly up the steep ascent, leading to a plateau, on the northern side of a mountain, which has received no less than three different names. As it is a difficult matter, among so many titles, to fix upon the proper one, I will enumerate them all, and the reader can take his choice. The mountain was first called "Godwin's Peak," in honor of———there, G——, the cat's out of the bag! your name has got into print, in spite of my endeavor to keep it out. With characteristic modesty, Mr. G——declined the honor which the name conferred upon him, and it was changed by somebody or other to "Geyser Peak;" but, for some unknown reason, this name also failed to stick, and somebody else came along and called it "Sulphur Peak." Both the latter names are inappropriate, for there are no Geysers nor no sulphur within five miles of the mountain. G., I am afraid you will have to endure your honors, and stand god-father to it.

The "Peak" rises to the height of 3471 feet above the level of the sea, and its sides are covered, clear to the summit, with a thick growth of tangled chaparal. From here, the trail runs along the narrow ridge of the mountains, forming the divide between "Sulphur Creek, (an odious name for a beautiful trout stream,) and Pluton River. The ridge is called the "Hog's Back"—still another name, as inappropriate as it is homely. The ridge much more resembles the back of a horse which has just crossed the plains, or has dieted for some time on shavings, than that of a plump porker. From the end of this ridge the trail is quite level, as far as the top of the hill, which pitches sharply down to the river, and at the foot of which the Geysers are situated.

When about two-thirds of the way down the hill, the rushing noise of the escaping steam of the Great Geyser can be heard; but, unless the stranger's attention was called to it, he would mistake the sound for the roaring of the river. About this time, too, is recognized the sulphurous smell with which the air is impregnated.

Just as the traveler begins seriously to think that the hill has no bottom, the white gable end of the hotel, looking strangely out of place among its wild



GEYSER SPRINGS HOTEL.

surroundings, comes unexpectedly into sight, and his trip is ended.

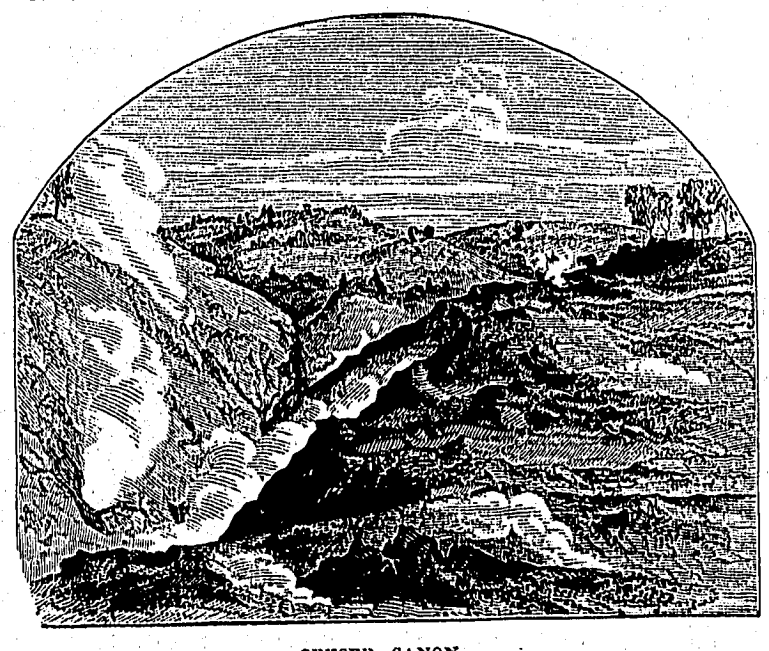
Upon awakening, on the following morning, it was a difficult matter to convince myself that I had not been transported, while asleep, to the close vicinity of some of the wharves in San Francisco —there was such a *powerful* smell of what seemed to be ancient dock mud. It was the sulphur. The smell is a trifle unpleasant at first, but one soon becomes accustomed to it, and rather likes it than otherwise.

The view of the Geysers, from the hotel, is a very striking one, more especially in the morning, when the steam can be plainly seen, issuing from the earth in a hundred different places; the numerous columns uniting at some distance above the earth, and forming an immense cloud, which overhangs the whole cañon.

As the sun advances above the hills, This cloud is speedily "eaten up," and the different columns of steam, with the exception of those from the Steamboat Geyser, the Witches' Cauldron, and a few others, become invisible, being evaporated as fast as they issue from the ground.

Breakfast disposed of, Mr. G. kindly offered to conduct me to the different springs. The trail descends abruptly from the house, among the tangled undergrowth of the steep mountain side, to the river, some ninety feet below. We passed on the way the long row of bathing-houses, the water for which is conveyed across the river in a lead pipe, from a hot sulphur-spring on the opposite side.

The unearthly looking cañon, in which most of the springs are situated, makes up into the mountains directly from the river. A small stream of water, which rises at the head of the cañon, flows through its whole length. The stream is pure and cold at its source, but gradually



GEYSER CANON.

becomes heated, and its purity sadly sullied, as it receives the waters of the numerous springs along its banks.

Hot springs and cold springs; white, red, and black sulphur springs; iron, soda, and boiling alum springs; and the deuce only knows what other kind of springs, all pour their medicated waters into the little stream, until its once pure and limpid water,—like a human patient, made sick by over-doctoring,—becomes pale, and has a wheyish, sickly, unnatural look, as it feverishly tosses and tumbles over its rocky bed.

A short distance up the cañon, there is a deep, shady pool, which receives the united waters of all the springs above it. By the time the stream reaches here, its medicated waters become cooled to the temperature of a warm summer day, and the basin forms, perhaps, the most luxurious bath to be opened in the world. A few feet from this, there is a warm alum and iron spring, whose water is more thoroughly impregnated than any of the others.

A little way farther up, is "Proserpine's Grotto," an enchanting retreat among the wild rocks, completely surrounded and enclosed by the fantastic roots and twisted branches of the bay trees, and roofed over by their wide-spreading foliage. Glimpses of the narrow gorge above, with its numerous cascades, can be obtained through the openings of the trees; the whole forming one of the finest "little bits," as an artist would call it, to be found in the country.

As we proceeded up the cañon, the springs became more numerous. They were bubbling and boiling in every direction. I hardly dared to move, for fear of putting my foot into a spring of boiling alum, or red sulphur, or some other infernal concoction. The water of the stream, too, was now scalding hot, and the rocks, and the crumbling, porous earth, were nearly as hot as the water. I took good care to literally "follow in the footsteps of my illustrious predecessor," as he hopped about from boulder to boulder, or rambled along in (as I thought) dangerous proximity to the boiling waters. Every moment he would pick up a handfull of magnesia, or alum, or sulphur, or tartaric acid, or Epsom

salts, or some other nasty stuff, plenty of which encrusted all the rocks and earth in the vicinity, and invite me to taste them. From frequent nibblings at the different deposits, my mouth became so puckered up, that all taste was lost for anything.

In addition to these strange and unnatural sights, the ear was saluted by a great variety of startling sounds. Every spring had a voice. Some hissed and sputtered like water poured upon red hot iron; others reminded one of of the singing of a tea-kettle, or the purring of a cat; and others seethed and bubbled like so many cauldrons of boiling oil. One sounded precisely like the machinery of a grist mill in motion, (it is called "The Devil's Grist Mill,") and another, like the propeller of a steamer.

High above all these sounds, was the loud roaring of the great "Steamboat Geyser."* The steam of this Geyser issues with great force from a hole about two feet in diameter, and it is so heated as to be invisible until it has risen to some height from the ground. It is highly dangerous to approach very close to it unless there is sufficient wind to blow the steam aside.

But the most startling of all the various sounds was a continuous subterranean roar, similar to that which precedes an earthquake.

I must confess, that when in the midst of all these horrible sights and sounds, I felt very much like suggesting to G—— the propriety of returning, but a fresh handfull of Epsom salts and alum, mixed, stopped my mouth, and by the time I had ceased sputtering over the puckerish compound, the "Witches Cauldron" was reached. (See Vignette.) This is a horrible place. "Mind how you step here," said G——, as we approached it; and with the utmost caution, I placed my *tens* in his tracks, that is, as much of them as I could get in.

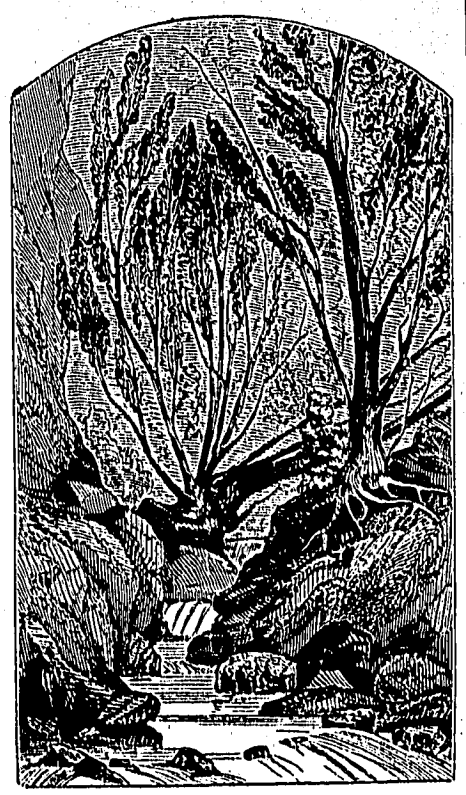
The cauldron is a hole, sunk like a well in the precipitous side of the mountain, and is of unknown depth. It is filled to the brim with something that looks very much like burnt cork and water. (I believe the principal ingredient is black sulphur.) This liquid blackness is in constant motion, bubbling and surging from side to side, and throwing up its boiling spray to the height of three or four feet. Its vapor deposits a black sediment on all the rocks in its vicinity.

There are a great many other springs —some two hundred in number, I believe—of every gradation of temperature, from boiling hot to icy cold, and impregnated with all sorts of mineral and chemical compounds; frequently the two extremes of heat and cold are found within a few inches of each other. But as all the other springs present nearly the same characteristics as most of those already referred to, it would be but a tedious repetition to attempt to describe more. They are all wonderful. The ordinary observer can only look at them, and wonder that such things exist; but to the scientific man, one capable of divining the mysterious cause of their action, the study of them must be an exquisite delight.

It is worth the traveler's while to climb the mountains on the north side of the Pluton, for the fine view which their summits afford on every hand; towards the north, a part of Clear Lake can be seen, some fifteen miles distant. But perhaps the scene which would delight a lover of nature most, can be obtained by rising early and walking back half a mile upon the trail which descends to the hotel. It is to see the gorgeous tints of the eastern sky as the sun comes climbing up behind the distant mountains, and

* This Geyser is shown in the view of "Geyser Canon." It is the upper large columnof steam on the left side of the canon; the one below it, and nearer the spectator, is the "Witches' Cauldron." The foreground of the view is occupied by the "Mountain of Fire," from which the stream issues by a hundred different apertures.

afterwards to watch his long slanting rays in the illuminated mist, as they come streaming down the Cañon of the Pluton, flashing on the water in dots and splashes of dazzling light, and tipping the rich shadows of the closely woven foliage with a fringe of gold.



PROSERPINE'S GROTTO.

Some people have said that California scenery is monotonous, that her mountains are all alike, and that her skies repeat each other from day to day. Believe them not, ye distant readers, to whom, as yet, our glorious California is an unknown land. The monotony is in their own narrow, unappreciative souls, not in our grand mountains, towering ridge upon ridge until the long line of the farthest peaks becomes blended with the dreamy haze that loves to linger round their summits. And the gorgeous glow of our sunrises, or the still more gorgeous green and orange, and gold and crimson, of our sunsets, reflect their heavenly hues upon dull eyes indeed when they can see no beauty in them.

LASSEN'S PEAK.

BY G. K. GODFREY.

During the first few years after the discovery of gold in California, there were thousands of rumors in circulation about big strikes and rich mines in various quarters, that kept even the more cool and self-calculating in a flutter, while the more mercurial were constantly on the tramp, in search of better diggings.

It was summer time, in the year 1851, when a party consisting of ten miners set out from Onion Valley, in search of "the lone cabin," purporting to have been built somewhere near the head waters of Feather River, which take their rise some distance northeast of Lassen's Peak, and occupied by a small party of miners, who had spent the winter there, and were making their fortunes.

Madam Rumor had reported, quite currently, that one of their party had come after a supply of provisions, and confidently told one of his friends of the whereabouts of the new diggings. This news excited the miners in the vicinity of Onion Valley, and our party was soon made up, and started in search of this new El Dorado. Between Indian Valley and the north fork of Feather river, we met Peter Lassen, with a small pack train, conveying provisions and merchandise to his store in Indian Valley.

Our trail led in a northwesterly direction, over an undulating country, heavily wooded with cedar and pine trees, till we struck the lower end of "Lassen's Meadows," through which his wagon road passes, leading from the Humboldt river to the Sacramento valley.

These meadows are situated on the north and main branch of Feather river,

and are about thirty miles in length and from ten to fifteen miles in width. Passing up this valley, you are forcibly struck with its geological formation. It is a level prairie, covered with green verdure. Through the centre of these meadows, Feather river pursues its meandering course, being augmented by streams every few miles, running down the mountains on either side, and large springs welling out of the valley, thus watering the land and giving it that luxuriance and beauty which it is impossible to describe. About one half of the valley is good, arable land, and this is a wide strip, lying on either side of the river, the whole length of the meadows. The earth is generally sufficiently moist to render irrigation unnecessary.

There are vast numbers of wild fowl, mostly geese, duck, and brant, which rear their young in this valley during the spring time.

Here lives a friendly tribe of Indians, consisting of some two hundred souls. These Indians subsist on acorns, fish, and wild game. Lassen's road passes over the lower end of this valley and strikes the head waters of Deer Creek. It is a good road, from the meadows, to the valley of Sacramento.

Lassen's Peak stands at the head of these meadows, and is about twelve thousand feet above the level of the sea, and next to the highest mountain in Alta California. After all, there is something peculiarly interesting connected with the associations of this mountain, as being a prominent land-mark of one of the early pioneers in coming to California. Lassen was the first man who made the ascent of this peak; and what think you were his feelings, after he had made his way from Salt Lake, and ascended this mountain to look, for the first time, from its summit upon the broad valley of the Sacramento?

Winding our way, in a zigzag course, up the mountain, for some distance, we heard a rumbling noise, which resembled that of the puffing of a steamboat. Following up this sound, some four miles, in the direction from whence it emanated, we arrived in sight of a hot spring, gurgling and bubling up through the earth, emitting steam, and occasionally sparks of fire, [!] and lava, while all around was scattered ashes and other volcanic matter. Many have doubted the identity of this volcano, but we saw fire, smoke and lava, issue from this crater; the lava scattered over the ground, shows conclusively, that at times this volcano sends forth its fiery cinders. This volcano is situated to the south-east, or next to the highest table land of Lassen Peak.

This mountain, severed by deep chasms and rugged ravines, and often broken into abrupt terminations by steep precipitous crags, looks grand and imposing. All bears the appearance of lava, and probably has been upheaved by some subterranean convulsion of nature.

No verdure decks the granite crags of Lassen's Peak. No trees are scattered over its summit to relieve the eye from its barren waste—all seems to have been blasted by nature. The rocks which are scattered over its sides, yield no soil for the refreshing beauties of vegetation. This mountain is composed of gray granite, darkened by the storms of ages into a deep brown, while over its summit extends a wild and uncouth aspect of desolation.

After resting for an hour, we made the final summit. The ascent was easy until we arrived on the last bench, and from this up to the highest point it became more difficult. The large rocks, and long angular fragments, impeded our progress, and it required great efforts with our feet and hands to advance upwards. But we finally succeeded in reaching the summit, from which we beheld one of the most sublime panoramas to be seen in California.

LASSEN'S PEAK, FROM THE NORTH FORK OF FEATHER RIVER.

Travelers who are accustomed to visit and behold landscapes of the sublime and the beautiful, can hardly conceive of a finer view than the one from this mountain. What endless food for memory and association presented itself to view in all directions. The sight is unrivaled in beauty and magnificence. It is like the vision of some dream land. Looking down, I fancied I could see all of the kingdoms of this world at one glance. My position commanded a wide scope of the surrounding country. The view towards the west presented the long and lofty wall of the Coast Range Mountains, extending north and south as far as the vision could extend, with Mount Linn, Mount St. John, and Mount Ripley, cutting in clear wavy outlines against the blue heavens. Stretching between me and those distant mountains, is the great valley of the Sacramento, through which can be seen the ever memorable Sacramento River, winding its way peacefully, like a serpentine mirror, towards the Pacific. Its banks are distinctly defined by a long line of oaks and sycamores. Below, to the north and south, the foot hills of the Sierra Nevadas lay stretched; westwardly, one tier of mountains after another, valleys, cañons and creeks, become lower and lower until they reach the great plain of the Sacramento.

On the other side of the mountains, to the eastward, Feather River wound its course through Lassen's Meadows, across which we had just made our way. Still further to the eastward, towards Utah, beautiful lakes lay like bright meadows, far in the distance. Looking to the northward, you beheld proud Mount Shasta in solemn kingly grandeur, at the head of the Sacramento Valley, and from whence that river takes its rise, looming up and piercing the heavens with its bold summit, while clouds resting below, slept here and there, and all appeared silent and beautiful Oh, what a vision lay spread out around me in every direction.

I love nature always, but especially when in her noblest and simplest grandeur. The eye will turn and turn again to that wondrous mountain, whose peak is resting so clear, and pure, and cold, against the blue heavens. There it has stood for centuries, towering in the heavens, with its hoary helmet on, looking down on the winding line of mountains and rivers that glitter like a silver chain. I gazed in silent rapture upon it, drinking in the beauty and strangeness of the scene, until I was lost in wonder and admiration. Nothing I ever saw, in point of scenery, so delighted me as a view from this peak, so gloriously beautiful, with dense masses of mist here and there obscuring the view, but giving an effect of softness and distance. Mountain heights in varied forms are grouped in the happiest and most capricious humor, now sweeping along in graceful outlines, daintily crossing each other's path, or meeting in cordial embrace—there, gathered in generous rivalry, and then breaking away sullenly in abrupt terminations and frowning precipices. All is Alpine variety, intricacy, surprise, and confusion: while the beautiful panoramic view commanded a vast assemblage of ridges and precipices, varied in every characteristic—the large in opposition to the small, the barren in contrast with the wooded; the formal and the eccentric, the horizontal and the perpendicular.

How grand are these old mountain heights, with their rocky brows bound with clouds, and their summits capped with the snows of winter. How beautiful the heavens, bright and blue, smiling on the luxurious forest with its sheen of light. How invigorating the air, pure and fresh, and which inspired an independence, a love, a mental and physical vigor, which braced every energy of body and soul.

TO ONE I LOVE.

BY S. H. DRYDEN.

I miss thee, dear one; the path of my life
From thine has been severed for years,
And the scenes of the past, with sorrowful strife,
Have been wet with our separate tears;
For we weep not together, now, as we wept
When we lived in our own quiet home;
I think of the arms which around me have crept,
And the tears which have joined with mine own.

I miss thee, dear one; thine image, to me,
Is drawn on a shadowless scroll;
It is hid in my heart, and naught can erase
The treasure away from my soul.
Is the smile on thy lip, and the light on thy brow
As sweet and as bright as before?
It may be thy heart has seen sorrow, e'er now,
And thy brow is o'ershadowed with care.

I miss thee, dear one, when the daylight grows dim,
And the stars light their lamps in the sky;
How sadly my heart sings its sweet twilight hymn,
As memory's visions float by.
I think of thee then, for the shadows grow less,
Which have been in my heart thro' the day,
And I sigh for thy presence my spirit to bless,
As the dove mourns her lost one away.

I miss thee, dear one; Oh! when do I not
Miss thy voice, which was music to me?
And a presence of love seems to gladden the spot
Where I fancy thy footsteps may be.
And I wander in spirit o'er mountains and seas,
To the places so dear to me yet;
I gaze on thy sweet face and listen again
To that voice which I cannot forget.

I may miss thee, dear one, for years yet to come,
And this heart may be lonely indeed,
But I'll think of that home beyond the far skies,
Where the stricken in heart will be healed.

Yes, thou wilt be mine in those regions of
So free from all sorrow and care; [light,
For Heaven will bless with a purer delight
The love which is sanctified here.

MEN AND WOMEN.

BY A. B. KIMBALL.

To dwell upon the proper duties of the different members of the human family, is an employment which can never do harm to any, who bring to the task a mind which seeks to find, not to distort, the truth. Not, as some have weakly endeavored to show, that we think the sexes, mathematically speaking, are not only equivalent but equal—that is, have exactly the same rights and powers, in the same degree; or, as others have held, that women have no rights, nor any capacity for any, except to keep the place which the self-styled "lords of creation" may be pleased to assign them. To speak the words "Woman's Rights," in this age, instantly brings to mind the monstrosity of "Women's Rights Conventions," and brands any female who dares believe in such a thing, as a disciple of Mrs. Lucy Stone. Notwithstanding all the controversy about the matter, woman does have rights! But they are those which belong properly to her, and not to man. Her place is not at the polls, nor in the halls of legislation; and these are the last places in which she should desire to figure. Her's is a more powerful weapon than is wielded there, if she but make the proper use of it. If she is careful to exert her power judiciously, she can have a moral influence over her friends that will tell more effectually on the prosperity of the country than if she had an equal chance with man in the administration of government. J. Q. Adams thinks that woman's influence has never been over-rated; and in reading the lives of the good and great, we are inclined to agree with him. How common is the expression, "Whatever I am, I owe to my mother." Woman moulds the minds that rule the world. In doing this, she fulfills her destiny, as a helpmate for man, but she does not usurp his place.

Man's influence on the affairs of the world is, of course, not less, but it is more generally acknowledged, because more apparent, and commands more strength to vindicate it. It is his to produce great changes which, like the mighty convulsions of nature, astound and destroy in the present, to bring forth a glorious harvest of mighty results in the future. Woman, in a capacity no less necessary, beautifies all, like the light and rain of Heaven. There is little danger that any person will over-estimate man's influence, for it requires so much self denial to make the proper use of what one really has. It is an awful thought for any one to contemplate, that his influence will

> "Live through all life—extend through all extent,
> Spread undivided, operate unspent."

But it would be vastly better for humanity if people had as much egotism on this subject as they have on others.

There are many faults which the world seems to charge almost exclusively to woman, but which in fact are common to both sexes. Vanity, for instance, unmindful of man's lofty intellect, often creeps in and shows its effects quite plainly. It will make him as careful about the fit of his apparel, and the trimming of his invaluable moustache, as any lady is of similar trifles. Flattery, too, often affects the strongest of the stronger sex. But worse than all, some men do really follow fashion, that tyrant who bids us do all sorts of foolish things, and we obey; thinking all the time that we are acting in the most sensible manner possible. They don't wear short waisted coats, when she says long; nor long, when she says short. If she says wear standing collars, they do it, no matter what

the effect upon the ears; if she orders them turned down, it is done, regardless of long necks. True, they do not generally follow to all lengths, as many ladies do. Few men make it their chief end to shine in the fashionable world, because society tells them that such an ambition shows weakness; but whether they substitute a more innocent aim is yet an open question.

There are so few employments that the laws of society allow to women, that many are idle who would gladly be busy. But if she undertakes anything new, no matter how light the task, immediately there is great alarm felt, lest she should depart from her sphere. Where the erring creature would wander in that case, nobody knows; but poor, friendless man is left free to rove through the universe of employments: cooking, sewing, washing, and dealing in fancy dry goods included, with "not a generous friend, a pitying foe," to tell him that he is far from his native element. Just take the case of a strong, able bodied man standing behind the counter and studying the quality of laces, ribbons, etc., and wasting his eloquence, that might be employed for the good of his country, in expatiating in the sweetest and softest of tones upon their fineness, to his lady customers. Would not any thinking person say that it was a position much better suited to the tastes and capacities of the *weaker* sex? But it is objected, that women do not like to trade with women. This being the case, think ye, husbands and fathers would object to the change? There is work enough to be done in the world to employ every human being in it. If those who find time hanging heavily on their hands should seek to use it, instead of killing it, by running into folly or vice, they might become blessings to the world instead of curses. Let those of us who expect soon to enter upon the duties of active life, remember that it will be of great assistance in keeping the heart pure, and driving sorrow from our doors, for—

> Time well employed is Satan's deadliest foe—
> It leaves no opening for the lurking fiend.

Oh! that all of us might honor the school which has done so much for our education, by becoming true Christian men and women. And that in future years our teachers may have the pleasure of saying, "The life of every member of that class does me honor."

"WHEN I WAS A CHILD."

BY G. T. S.

"When I was a child,"—and away go the thoughts back to the green fields, and sunny hills, and waving meadows, in that far country of the Past, where the flowers ever bloom, and the birds sing, and the summer lasts all the year long. And what heart does not love to lie down, at times, by the still waters of his childhood, and hear the music of the birds, and the singing of the summer winds through the low brook willows—and all the sweet, soul-stirring melodies of that pleasant land?

"When I was a child,"—and away up the valley are sounding sweet voices, and merry laughter, as away over the years Memory takes the wings of the morning and flies to one spot, ever fresh and blooming, like another Eden. Oh! blessed be God for that spot! It is the only one left bright and changeless, on all the green earth, since our father and mother went weeping out of Paradise. There, up through the mist, rises an old gray house, with its sloping roof, and jutting eaves, and mossy seats at the door. And all through that place are singing the old, familiar voices, and kind faces are beaming, and among them is one—"never seen but once, and to be remembered forever."

And there are walks in the summer woods, and rambles in the meadows, by the brooks, and in the old orchards, and by the side of the rivers; and sailing on the summer lake, which lay spread beneath us, like another heaven; and bright Sabbath mornings, and Thanksgiving evenings, and walks by moonlight beneath the burning stars.

Then, there was spring, with its green, fresh grass, its banks of violets, and its blooming orchards; and summer, with its hay-makings, and strawberry gatherings, and cherry rides in the morning; and autumn, with its huskings, and fruit gatherings, and changing woods, and clear, frosty nights; and winter, with its sleigh rides, and sled rides down hill, and going to school at the old red school house.

All this comes looming up, and writes its daguerreotype on the heart, whenever I utter these few simple words: "When I was a child."

THE SLEEPER ON THE MOUNTAINS.

BY G. T. SPROAT.

Alone— thou sleep'st alone!
  Above thy ashes cold
The holy stars look mildly down,
  The mountain mists are rolled,
And the night winds sing thy dirge,
  In wailings, sad and deep,
Or, swelling to a thunder tone,
  Through the solemn forests sweep!

Alone—thou sleep'st alone!
  Wo! wo, to them who wait
And watch at eventide for thee,
  At the lonely cottage gate.
Thy mother looketh out
  Across the misty sea,
Crying, oh! come to thy childhood's home?
  Wand'rer, return to me!

Alone—thou sleep'st alone!
  No winds that round thee sweep,
Nor rattling thunder's loudest tone,
  Can break thy long tranced sleep!
But, when the trump shall sound,
  And heaven and earth shall flee,
Arise, thou sleeper, from thy grave!—
  Thy loved ones wait for thee!

AGNES EMERSON.

A Tale of the Revolution.

BY GORDON GREENLAW.

EPOCH FIRST.—THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

[Continued from page 256.]

CHAPTER VI.

Which touches on Enmity, Neutrality, and Friendship,

"Hope, like a glimmering taper's light,
  Adorns and cheers the way,
And still, as darker grows the night,
  Emits a brighter ray."—GOLDSMITH.

The following morning Harrison removed his baggage at an early hour to Capt Hartley's quarters, until he could be settled in those to which he might be ordered by his new commander.

He found on arrival two cases which had been that morning landed from the *Sea-Gull*. They contained the complete cavalry uniforms and outfit for a lieutenant in the 7th Light Dragoons. They had been sent by his London tailor in consequence of instructions from his brother at home.

Attiring himself in an undress suit he proceeded to the Adjutant's quarters, and was taken by him and presented to his Colonel, who, as the reader knows, had been acquainted with him from earliest childhood.

Military etiquette must be observed, but sometimes it looks marvellously like humbug.

After this they called on the second in command, Major Williams.

Here Harrison was treated not only with coldness, but with a rudeness bordering upon insult.

"He is a great admirer of Thynne's, and so are some of the others. I fear you will have to suffer a good deal of this sort of thing for a time," said adjutant Brown, as they left the house.

It was not so bad, however, as that officer anticipated. Though coldly enough received by some, still it was with politeness; for these officers, unlike Williams, were gentlemen; though from their friendship with Lord Edward Thynne, they did not affect a cordiality they did not feel; they were at heart courteous.

"Well, Hartley, that's well over—better than I expected," said George, upon his return; "and now I will off and see as many of our officers as I can, settle with the pay master and quarter master, and after that you will, I know, accompany me to call at Sir H. Clinton's, the brigade major's, Major Andre's, and our brigadier's."

"No," said Hartley, "Sir H. Clinton may say that to you which he would desire to be private, but to the rest I will;—we dine though at mess, so go to the commander-in-chief before you come back for me."

Sir Henry Clinton evidently desired to see our hero, not to seek to glean information as to Emerson's movements from the invalid inmate of a hospitable house, for it is well known he possessed the very nicest sense of honor; but because he desired to give him sóme plain but perhaps not very palatable advice.

"Mr. Harrison," said the veteran after dispatching his secretary on a commission from the room, "I wish to speak to you as a friend, as a friend of your father's and brother's. I wish to advise you to drop your great intimacy with Mr. William Emerson, for it may compromise you fearfully as things go. I am well aware that the great kindness shown you by an old school-mate, and personally I have no doubt a worthy man, renders this a hard as well as a delicate matter, but when I tell you confidentially that he is undoubtedly engaged in some scheme antagonistic to the royal cause, you must see that in the event of a discovery, your intimacy and constant association with him would most certainly bring your loyalty in doubt. Your name has already been lightly mentioned in connection with this subject—need I say more, to an officer holding His Majesty's commission?"

"Your excellency must surely be misinformed. I have never seen even enough of energy in Emerson to make such a thing possible, not to say probable;—his father's principles too, and William's great respect for *him*, would make him in any case neutral."

"There can be little or no honest neutrality, Mr. Harrison, in a war of this kind," said Sir Henry, emphatically. "A *man* in the true sense of the word must take one side or the other;—if he have any character at all he must defend the one he adopts, whether it be the rights of his majesty (God bless him) or what he considers the rights of the land of his birth. If he do neither he is simply contemptible. Old Mr. Emerson is but lukewarm, in fact I find now he is little of a loyalist at all, and he may have the only excuse a man can have for neutrality, namely: his convictions being in favor of independence, while his early associations and services prevent him from contending with a King whose hand has for fifty years contributed for his support. As for William Emerson—still water runs deep—he has determined for the side of the Colonists. I have seen it over his own signature. He has contributed largely from his own means to Congress. I honor him for it more than for dreaming away his time in uncertainty; still it is my duty to try and counteract his schemes. Remember this conversation is private, and remember my advice."

George having paid the other visits with Hartley, presented himself for the first time in New York at the mess-table of his old regiment. It was quite cheering to him to find himself among those whom he had found to be fast friends, and who, whilst they congratulated him upon his promotion, appeared all to regret his removal from their midst.

At dessert, the regimental order book of his new corps was brought to him for the first time, and he observed that he was appointed to the 5th troop, commanded by Capt. Donald Campbell.

"I *am* glad you are appointed to his troop," cried Hartley, "he is the finest fellow in the 7th, always excepting the Colonel. The saying, *there is a silver lining to every cloud*, is sometimes true, you see."

The morning following, mindful of Col. Hyslop's instructions, George was at that officer's quarters at eight o'clock.

"I understand, Mr. Harrison, that you are perfect in the cavalry drill—is this so—and how is it?"

"When in the neighborhood of London for some months, Colonel," answered Harrison, "I attended the riding school of the 11th Light Dragoons, of which my

brother was then Major, and as I hoped for a commission in it, I was allowed to drill as a volunteer. Afterwards, sir, my father could only lodge the cash for an infantry commission, and so I had to abandon my hopes of cavalry service for a time."

"I am very glad to hear it," replied Col. Hyslop, "for we are short of officers, and also because if you are perfect in drill, I shall send you away to-morrow with Capt. Campbell to escort officers who are to be exchanged at some place far above the White Plains; on your return your troop will relieve one which is stationed near our outposts. I think absence from head-quarters for a time would be advisable for you, until excited feelings blow over. I have therefore appointed you to Campbell's troop, which is next for detachment duty. As we parade at ten o'clock you will take your station, and after a sharp drill exercise I will judge whether I can in your case, and contrary to custom, dispense with an adjutant's drill. Take that book, you have a good hour and more to spare, and study the 12th, 16th, and 17th sections of cavalry manœuvres. I have ordered a troop horse for you which is well trained, until you are suited with chargers; he will be at Capt. Hartley's soon after half-past nine. Now be off and make the most of your hour."

It was with a joyful face that Harrison, after performing his part in the subsequent parade to the satisfaction of both colonel and adjutant, hastened to call upon Agnes.

He had ascertained that Emerson was out; not particularly desiring to see him after his own request to the contrary, and which, coupled with the words of Sir H. Clinton, began to engender the fear that his old school-fellow was really engaged in something which involved risk.

Agnes was in a very pensive mood when he entered. "Oh! George, this will be our last meeting for long, perhaps forever," she sobbed—"read this—there is one, too, marked "on service" for William."

"Sir Henry Clinton presents his compliments to Miss Emerson, and has the pleasure to inform her that a detachment of the 7th Light Cavalry proceeds to-morrow, at 9 A. M., to escort officers for exchange to the continental lines in the neighborhood of Fishkill. Instructions have been given for the safe conduct of Miss Emerson to such place as she may desire, not exceeding eight miles from the line of march already proposed, as requested by her brother, who had better communicate with Capt. Campbell commanding the detachment.

"Sir Henry sends the earliest intimation, to enable Miss Emerson to make her preparations, and he hopes she may find her father in better health than Mr. Emerson represents.

"*New York, 29th Sept.*, 1778."

The happiness of Agnes, when she found her lover was to form one of her escort, was of course great. "And if, George, we find my father has arrived, William will introduce you, for *I* could not do it well——and...and you will try to please the old man for my sake, and... be first to tell him of our attachment."

"How can William introduce me, except by letter?" said Harrison; "rather a roundabout way, when *you* will be upon the spot?"

"O! William has decided to go with me," said Agnes. "Why, what's the matter?—does not that please you?"

"O, yes, dearest," stammered Harrison, "I shall be very glad indeed if he goes with us."

"*If* he goes—*if* he goes! Dear, dear George, what *if* can there be about it? Surely, no objection can be made to a civilian and non-combatant going to a sick parent?"

George was in an unpleasant position. He felt sure Emerson would not be allowed to join the party, but to hint this to Agnes would be a breach of confidence, probably of honor. The sudden entrance

of Emerson therefore greatly relieved him.

CHAPTER VI.

Interrupted Arrangements.—An Enemy.

"Who steals my purse steals trash; 'tis something, nothing;
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands;
But he who filches from me my good name
Robs me of that which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed." SHAKSPEARE.

After a word with Harrison, Emerson took up the dispatch from Sir H. Clinton, and having read it with evident annoyance, handed it to Harrison, who at his desire read it aloud. It was as follows:

HEADQUARTERS,
New York, 29th Sept., 1778.

SIR,—I am directed by the general commanding-in-chief to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of this date, and in reply to inform you that he will be happy to afford Miss Emerson the protection of the British escort proceeding to the Continental lines, which leaves the brigade major's office at 9 A. M. to-morrow, and which will call as it passes your house, for the accommodation of the lady.

Sir H. Clinton desires me further to say, that in consequence of information which he has received, he regrets extremely that he cannot permit you at present to leave New York.

If to-morrow morning you will give your parole of honor not to leave the city without his permission, you will remain unmolested; but in case of your declining to do this, you will be placed under closer surveillance than you are now, and under which you have been for some days past.

Sir H. Clinton will be ready to receive you from ten to eleven in the forenoon.

I have the honor to be,
Sir, your most ob'dt serv't,
MILES ATTWOOD, (Major)
A. D. C.

"I know now," said Emerson, "why I have been so closely watched and followed the last week. It is nothing more than I expected; but my mind has been made up for some time—I will be neutral no longer. Shame on me for my indecision! but God knows it was only the fear of involving my father that prevented my acting sooner—and not knowing how to dispose of Agnes. Harrison, you must go. I wish to consult with my sister, and what I say must not meet the ear of a royalist officer. I will be out to-night, when you can bid Agnes good-bye."

"There is no occasion for you to be out," said Agnes; "I cannot spare you, and I shall be too busy packing to see George. He is one of the escort, so we can say good-bye at our leisure."

Descending to the door, Emerson extorted from Harrison a solemn pledge not to accept any further promises from Agnes until her father's will should be known. He was very earnest in his manner, and stood with the front door open, when having obtained the promise, he grasped Harrison's hand fervently, saying—"I knew I could depend upon you, and I do rely on you. Farewell!"

As George emerged from the porch, he saw a cavalry officer slowly riding past, whose sinister face betokened both malice and gratulation.

Harrison had yet another ordeal to pass through. He was to make his first appearance at his new mess that evening, and from *this* he knew that he must not shrink. As dinner hour approached, he felt a little nervous at the coolness he was confident would be exhibited by the brother officers of Lord Edward Thynne; the more so, as Capt. Hartley had warned him that Williams was everywhere speaking in cautious but most disparaging terms of him.

Near the mess-room door he met Capt. Campbell, who, taking his arm, ascended the steps with him.

"Why, Campbell," cried a young lieutenant, "this is indeed a wonder. The only officer of the regiment who has a wife in New York, leaving her, the night before parting, to join *us!*"

"Why, the fact is, gentlemen, I thought it but right to meet my new subaltern

here at his first dinner, lest any little acerbity of feeling, arising from late events, and foreign to your natural generosity, might prevent your receiving him as kindly as you otherwise would;"—and so saying, Campbell entered the room, still holding George by the arm.

The effect of this speech was most gratifying, for the speaker was much beloved and had great influence, and nearly every officer advanced and cordially welcomed Harrison to the mess. The colonel not being there, the major was the senior officer present, and he held himself entirely aloof from our hero.

The conversation during dinner turned upon the march before Campbell and his detachment, and its probable dangers.

"There is but little chance of a brush," said he, "unless it be with some of those rascally Skinners whom the rebels employ. To all others our errand renders us non-combatants; but in such a case I have every reliance on the valuable assistance of Lieutenant Harrison."

"Humph!" sarcastically interrupted Major Williams. "Well, now, I heard to-day a known and marked rebel express the very same opinion (privately, as he thought,) to Lieutenant Harrison himself. He is fortunate to be relied upon by both parties."

"I quite agree with you, Major," rejoined Campbell, with great urbanity; it is really fortunate to command the esteem of both friends and brave honorable enemies. Sometimes," he added, more slowly, "a man is not to be depended upon even by his friends."

The Major reddened; possibly the cap fitted. "Very true," said he, "and the safest plan is to rely upon no one, but to depend upon one's self, as my father used to say."

"Why, I understood from you, Major, that you lost your father when you were quite an infant?"

"Well, sir," angrily responded the Major, "my brother heard him say so, often; it does not matter precisely whom he said it to."

"Certainly not, Major," quietly resumed Campbell. "It must be a mistake of mine, but I had thought you were an only child."

"Of my mother, yes," said the Major, commanding himself by an effort, "but of my father, no. My father was no saint, sir, and was perhaps father to more offspring than that of his wife."

"Very probably," dryly replied Campbell, thinking he had gone far enough to show the Major that any attack on his young friend might induce him again to take up cudgels in his behalf.

Pleading the necessity of finishing their preparations for the morning, Harrison and his captain left the mess-room early. George took his way through the lane at the back of Emerson's house, being a nearer cut to Hartley's quarters. To his surprise he came suddenly and unperceived upon the negro Sam, lifting up a heavy branch of shade tree, from which but few leaves had yet fallen, and which had evidently been recently cut from the parent stem, as it overhung Emerson's wall. Crossing the lane with his burden, he entered the inclosure of one of those tenements before mentioned; and which was occupied by a boat-builder and shipwright.

He had not proceeded twenty paces further, when he met William Emerson himself, who was visibly annoyed and disconcerted at the rencontre. Recovering himself, he retraced his steps so as to walk with George, and asked him how he had been received at mess.

George related the particulars in a few words, and, of course, the conduct of Major Williams. In return he received from Emerson some sound advice how to avoid coming in collision with that worthy. Arriving at the end of the lane, at parting, he concluded the admonition

with—"Remember, with such a cunning rascal as I believe the major to be, we can never be too careful."

As if everything conspired against George, in stepping into the moonlight from the shadow of the wall, he nearly ran against an officer about to cross the end of the lane.

"I beg your pardon, sir," said he, politely.

"Certainly," answered the other, "but you soon forgot your friend's remark, that *of me you can never be too careful!*"

It was Major Williams!

CHAPTER VIII.

Plotting a ruin.

—"'Tis here, but yet confused;
Knavery's plain face is never seen 'till used."
[SHAKESPEARE.

Upon a camp-bed, his face swathed in a multitude of bandages secured *secundem artem*, and his head and shoulders supported by numerous pillows, laid Lord Edward Thynne. Conveniently placed close to the bed, was a small table with shortened legs, upon which was a slate and pencil. By this means he was enabled to hold intercourse with those around him. Now, however, the only person present was Major Williams, who sat beside him speaking in a low tone of voice, or reading his lordship's writing upon the slate, and occasionally rubbing it out with a sponge which he held in his hand. In this manner the conversation, if such it can be called, was maintained between them.

"On your action in this matter," wrote his lordship, "depends my further conduct to you. I have saved your commission once, I have advanced you sums upon sums to pay your gambling debts, and though you did not know it, I was the means of obtaining for you your majority in the regiment, which otherwise you would not for years have obtained by service—fail me in this and I cease to be your friend."

"Your lordship," said Williams, "has been indeed a constant friend, and the cause has, to own truth, often been a puzzle to me. If then, I can possibly fulfil your wishes, you know you may rely on my doing so."

"Possible or impossible, you must do it; here am I, disfigured, most probably for life, by this boy—ruin him, disgrace him, court-martial him on any charge you choose, so you but ruin his future, and I am content; surely your wit can betray one of Harrison's impetuous, fiery temper, into some unpardonable breach of military discipline. Look here, Major! we are alone, and I will let you into a secret. I know more of your antecedents than you do yourself. I know all about you from your very cradle up to this hour. You say my friendship puzzles you; *well it may*.—You cannot suppose that in three years £4,000 has been advanced by me to purchase your last promotion, and support your gambling. With my own means I could not have supplied a third of that sum. To be plain with you, I am your father's confidant,—he has supplied me with the money; on my report depends his further assistance; one word from me puts a stop to the exercise of interest in your behalf at home, as well as to the pecuniary aid you occasionally receive."

"*You* know my father—oh! my Lord, you are disposed to be facetious," replied Williams. "My father died when I was a perfect child. I never saw him to my remembrance."

The patrician glanced at him sneeringly, and having by means of his slate, communicated to the Major what he was about to do, drew from beneath the coverlet a slip of paper containing a few lines, and which had been cut from a letter; on the one side he showed him his name on the address, and the London post-mark with date as proof of its genuineness.

Reversing it, but still holding it fast in

his own hands, he permitted him to read as follows;–

"I am glad you say that the reports detrimental to the character of Williams have but little foundation in truth. I promised his mother faithfully that I would see to his interests, but should I find that such aid as I can render him through you is undeserved, I will continue it no longer. I have lodged the money for his majority in his own name, and expect that he will be gazetted major of your regiment shortly. Few men would do as much for an illegitimate son. You can tell him that any further attempt to trace his supposed benefactor will prevent further assistance."

Having allowed the major to read this scrap, Lord Edward motioned him to be silent, and resuming the slate wrote: "After your mother's death, whose income latterly depended on her leading you to believe your father dead, you were brought up at the expense of an unknown friend. You were placed in the army; your lieutenancy you got by a death vacancy, but your cornetcy, troop and majority were all of them purchased for you. You attempted by means of spies, and by bribing a banker's clerk, to ascertain who your unknown benefactor was — your supplies were therefore stopped — you got in debt—you gambled—reports injurious to your character were circulated. Three years ago your father wrote to me on the subject; what you have just read is a part of his second letter to me. More—to recover your fortunes you used loaded dice; you were suspected, all but taxed with it. I was present, and I requested to look at them, when doubt was expressed. I changed them for a pair in my pocket, and then insisted on their being split; unnoticed I gave you a word of encouragement. They were split, at least those I had substituted were, and your character was saved. Now I did not do all this for nothing; I thought I might want your assistance some day—to be plain, I thought I might want a tool, so I did my best to make one, and for my own possible convenience, and not for any love to you, have I done what I have."

For several minutes, Major Williams sat silent and motionless, with his face averted and concealed by his hand; then rising, he crossed the room to where a cellaret stood; opening it, he filled himself nearly a full tumbler of brandy, and adding a little water, drank it off at a draught. For a few minutes more he gazed out of the window; then, returning to his seat, addressed Lord Edward, who had been watching him keenly the whole time.

"My lord," said he, "after reflection I will say that I believe every word you have written, and there is *that* in it which grieves me. *I have lost my love for the only human being for whom I ever had any.* I too speak plainly; your apparent kindness had aroused whatever there was of good in me—I thought I had one friend, *the only one I had ever met in the wide world.* I now find I was mistaken, and am weak enough to feel grieved at it. I am what circumstances, ill-training, and associations have made me. Self-interest to a certain extent now binds me to you, and to the best of my power I will do your bidding—*on one condition,* namely, that you tell me why and how I was led to believe that my father was a surgeon and dead; who my mother *was,* and, under a pledge of secrecy, who my father *is.* A tool is but a tool, but it requires delicate handling, or it may break. Nay, hear me out—I am as self-willed as your lordship, and these are *my only terms.* If you turn on me, you will only temporarily inconvenience me, for in such case I will so conduct myself as to give the lie to any assertions you may make against me to my father. As for the dice story, any statement whatever about it would too much involve yourself, either for you to make it, or for it to obtain credence."

The decided manner in which the major spoke convinced Lord Edward that he was determined. His lordship was disappointed in his expectations; he had relied on Williams as a pliant sycophant, who by self-interest could be moulded to his will; he now saw that he had misjudged the major; that in showing himself in his true colors, he had lost his affection, arising from gratitude, and which affection had been his surest hold of him. But Lord Edward, knowing no love save for himself, had been unable hitherto to attribute the major's servility to him to aught but interested motives. He now remembered that this very servility was contrary to Williams' usual disposition, which was haughty and discourteous even to those very high above him in authority; so that instead of strengthening his own position by his communication, he had actually destroyed the strongest foundation of the major's friendship.

Having mused awhile, he had recourse to the slate, and replied thus: "I agree to your terms, but I must have some security that you will persevere in my purpose. I will now reply to all your questions *but one*, and that is the last. When Harrison is under arrest for an offence which involves at the least cashiering, I will tell you who your father is, on the pledge of secrecy you mentioned. Do you agree to this?"

"Yes," replied the major.

"Your father seduced your mother—she was a Miss Brown, a farmer's daughter—you were the result. Your father was at this time a married man; this she found out. Her father had discarded her, and she had no other near relation. Her seducer agreed that if a young surgeon, a Mr. Williams, married her and adopted you, he would give her a dowry of £5000. Mr. Williams announced that he had been privately married for eighteen months; you were then about eight months old. Your *putative* father got into a good practice through the patronage of friends of your *real* father, aided by his own ability, which was considerable. He died when you were five years old. It turned out that he had lived with a woman in Scotland, and had a son by her, before he had been acquainted with your mother; it also appeared that he had in Glasgow always called this woman his wife, which in Scottish law constitutes a marriage. She had, however, eloped from him with another, and he had never heard more of her. Some years after she saw the announcement of the death of Mr. John Lloyd Williams, surgeon, in the newspapers. She laid claim to his property for her son, and under the circumstances I have told you of, she obtained it. Your mother was consequently penniless, and your putative father a bigamist. Your own father made her an allowance for two years, when she died; afterwards you were by your father's bankers, placed at school and provided for. You know the rest."

Major Williams rose, and in a cold, steady voice, addressed Lord Edward. "My lord, I have no more to say. I will do my best to fulfil your wishes, in the case we have discussed, according to our compact, and report anything which transpires. Good day; — and although I promise to do this, allow me to say that your knowledge of human nature does not equal your knowledge on other points. I had been the more earnestly desirous to aid you in this matter, had I retained my affection for yourself, than I now am from other motives, which, however strong, are, to say the least, humiliating."

Immediately after the utterance of these words, the major quitted the room, leaving the patient to his own reflections.

[*To be continued.*]

CHRISTMAS MEMORIES.

Let us talk, Sons of New England, of the good old Christmas times,
When sleigh-bells on our northern hills rang out their merry chimes;
Let memory call up the tales to us in childhood told,
And gather up the golden grains of friendships, true and old;
Those northern hills—our native hills—are shrouded now in snow,
But round the firesides of that land warm hearts are in a glow:
No biting frosts, no wintry winds, no winter snows, can chill
The hearts that loved us long ago, the hearts that love us still!
As the year brings back Thanksgiving and merry Christmas morn,
Our hearts go flocking homeward to the land where we were born.

Born 'mid those granite mountains, walk you ever in your dreams
On the hill-sides, in the valleys, by the rippling meadow streams?
Think you ever of the pastures in the pleasant summer hours,
On the clover-scented hay fields after cool refreshing showers?
Dream you ever of the autumn, when the gorgeous forest lies
A grand old northern painting, touched by lights of northern skies?
Glide you ever like an arrow adown the snow-clad hills?
Sweep you ever on the ice-fields, till each tingling fibre thrills?
Think you ever of our comrades, bold, hardy, tough and stout,
Who fought fierce snow-ball battles, when the pent-up school was out?

Dream you ever of the Yankee girls?—I need not ask you this,
Until your hearts are icicles, your lips forget to kiss.
Tell not of dark-eyed maidens under burning tropic skies—
They charm us not like northern girls with blue and soul-lit eyes;
If the thrilling pulse of passion throbs not with a tropic heat,
No purer hearts, no truer hearts, in love responsive beat;
Their souls are stainless as the hills white-robed in driven snow,
Their lips the same as those we kissed at Christmas long ago;
The same heroic spirit have the Yankee girls to-day
As their high-souled Pilgrim Mothers of Massachusetts Bay.

Ring out the merry Christmas bells, and sing the songs we sung
Round the firesides of New England in the days when we were young,
When we gathered in the kitchen around the blazing hearth—
Father, mother, sister, brother—our hearts all *one* in mirth;
When our hearts were ALL Thanksgiving, and we worshiped God in truth,
Contented with the priceless boon of home, and health, and youth.
Ring out the joyful Christmas bells!—the same true mother's prayer
Ascends to heaven for us to-day, as when when we bent low there.
Ring out the bells, raise thanks to God, that memories of home
Attend like angels on our steps wherever we may roam.

God bless the rough old Granite Land, and Plymouth's sea-washed rock;
God bless all wandering children of the hardy Pilgrim stock.

New England's wealth lies treasured not in golden stream or glen,
But in priceless souls of women, and the iron hearts of men;
Our footsteps wander from her, but our pride is still to know
We keep the free New England hearts she gave us years ago:
Like the needle always turning to the polar star at sea,
We are ever drawn, New England, trembling, quivering, to thee!
The ties that bind us unto thee, nor time nor space can sever—
Our homes are on Pacific's strand.... our hearts are thine forever!

S * * * *

MY GRANDMOTHER'S NOTIONS.

Stay, gentle reader, any rising ridicule commonly suggested by the caption we have chosen.

The soundest wisdom of age, is always slighted and scoffed at under some misnomer. For our part we could never have the heart to ridicule even the old grandmother's P's and Q's. From the earliest fun-loving days of our childhood up to the present hour, it has always been very painful to us to see any one prone to such impiety. The peculiarities of age have an inexpressible charm for us—doubtless some unique traits which go to make up a complete character in one individual, would not befit another quite so well; for the very obvious reason, that they would be neither original or natural.

But if we had our way! O that some good genii or demon would loan us his scissors one precious moment or so, that we might cut and clip right and left to our pattern! But oh, no; we are not at all in earnest in this last aspiration of unhallowed ambition; indeed we are always sorry to see either the devil or the saints get the scissors, and we don't wish them for fear we might misuse them.

We neither look for nor desire to see our extreme modern phases of fashion in the representatives of a past age. All that we can say is, that we love and admire plain, sensible and tasteful moderation in all things.

We cannot contend with Captain Captious nor Mr. Fiddledee Fou about the exact hair line where the different colors begin and end, in the beautiful bow in the cloud; we have ceased chasing such phantasms long since. Only show us the right sort of principles springing from a heart ruling in a region above mere conventionalities, and we scorn to carp: nevertheless we bid God speed to the best patterns. But even these will also appear quaint, to the next generation.

Without a little of this queer element, now and then, as the spice of life, who among us would enjoy with such a lively zest and pleasant play of good humor our ordinary social interchanges. Any quaint way of saying or doing a thing always clung with unusual tenacity to our memory; and the wisdom thus half disguised often passed into a proverb, and became a rule of life, which but for its queer dress would have been lost forever.

"Would you believe it," said grandmother to me the other day, "here is the top of my frying-pan and the nose of my stew-pan both stuck on the wrong side! Now do just think of it a moment? a hungry man is waiting, and we women folks are all in a hurry—we must needs set down our galley-pots and pans, and change hands in order to pour out any thing! What foolish people tinkers and foundry men must be! I wonder if they think people are all left-handed? Well, well, how can they be so stupid! But

perhaps here in California, where folks change trades so strangely—who knows now, but some sensible cook may turn tinner; or some enterprising stewart take to casting pots and pans for a living. O! it will all come around right one of these days, I'll venture!"

Wonderfully hopeful, you discover; always amiable, she's rather inclined to look upon the right side, as well as the bright side.

To her many "wise saws and modern instances," she adds a great store-house of medical samples. No trivial treasures are these in the eyes of the old matron, and we more than half incline to say she is backed in much of her belief by all the weight of mature talent and good sound sense of the whole Esculapian fraternity. But all this apart, we will call in the doctors when she fails.

With a little sweet oil, air and exercise, and now and then a dish of cracked wheat, and a cup of buttermilk—that good old Dutch physic which kept the Yankee doctors out of practice so long, down there in New Amsterdam, and which, even now, needs no recommendation of ours south of Mason and Dixon's line—with these I say, and a seasoning of sensible advice, she helps all, if she does not absolutely cure four-fifths; and with the other little fifth, she has miracles of restoring mercies in her elder blossoms, sage, mint, and thyme teas, &c. Where would we doctors be, in the footing up of the great day of accounts, if it had'nt been for our grandmothers? I very much doubt if we'd be in existence. As for the water remedy! why, she can use it in more ways than ever a duck dreamed of; in short, she attributes ten total years of her past life to water, and as many more to come; and, besides all this, the best part of the balance is some how or other pretty clearly aquatic. She declares to this day, she does'nt believe she'd survive a fortnight if twas'nt for water. You may know by this, that her very life is in *neatness*.

We confess to some slight reluctance in detailing all her notions, useful as they may be;—but please, gentle reader, set the precedent over against the strong-minded, and we will proceed.

Grandmother, as before observed, seldom follows the fashions to the full, but although she's 70, and set in her way, she is still prompt to perceive, and ready to adopt any real improvements; strange to say, she contends stoutly in favor of bloomer dresses, and she never intends to give it up, to the day of her death. She gives so many sensible reasons, no one would presume to put up a plea in her presence, in favor of draggletail dresses. Suppose she does have pockets in her dresses in the old fashioned way: let me tell you her notion about it; not pockets in general, but her kind in particular. When she makes a new dress she takes a portion of it for a pocket; then if a spark from the open fire—I forgot to tell you that with all the economical conveniences and facilities of modern stoves, her heart still lingers around the old open fire-place; and she envies the miner in his cabin. "Stop!" says she, the other day; "read that over again; did'nt the paper say something about a back-log?"—Then, as I was saying, if a spark flies and burns a hole, or gets torn, just as apt as not, she cuts the pocket out, and there she finds the proper materials to mend her dress with.

Perhaps I ought to give you her notion about washing and drying a black dress without streaking it, as it surely would be if washed and dried in the usual way. She folds it in an old sheet, and rolls it up, letting it lie twenty-four hours; it comes out almost dried through, with a satiny gloss as good as new. The self-same principle she applies to her ribbons, yarns, and all bright colors; her notion is, they should always be wrung out in

another dry, white, clean cloth, for then the colors never flow or mix confusedly as when the common mode is adopted.

"Green, let me consider." Yes, somebody will bless the good old grandmother's notion when they see how like a charm it saves the lustre of that ever pleasing color. She always dips her green cloths, or those in which the green color abounds, in *alum water*.

Let those young ladies who have been in trouble on these points take a hint from her life-long experiences; "they are better than thy theories," as the old Quaker doctor said to the young professor of physic.

Such a vast field of the science of home life opens out before us, we know not where to conclude; will not some of your female patrons take up the subject of dresses and give us a useful essay, one of these days.

Grandmother had a great many kitchen, pantry, and table notions, and among the rest, her particular *Corned Beef* notions.

What are they? you ask. I am glad to see you becoming interested.

We must premise a word. Modern city and village markets are convenient institutions—very. But grandmother, you must know, in the early part of her life, lived in the country, so you will excuse her; she cannot quite shake off the good old country habits; and I'm really glad of it. She likes to superintend, I had almost said, every step from the stall to the table—it's one of her notions.

We will suppose then a nice choice cut to be procured, under her eye, in the small domestic way. She abhors brine, and all such washy doings, fancying—very justly we think—that the sweet juices are often lost thereby. She places the meat in a platter, or any low-edged dish; takes salt, a little saltpetre and sugar, and rubs it well in. This reminds us of some 3 *year old hams* we were treated to away down in Alabama,—prepared in a good, careful way; the first process of which was, as I have told you. Like good old wine 'twould make your mouth water to think of it, as it does our's now. Grandmother covers up everything, not air tight, to be sure, but as she says, "so as to keep in the sweet aroma;" of course this is no exception to the rule. While penning this we have been trying to think of a table dish or article, as an exception—have to give it up—not one—boiled meat, ham, vegetables, butter, cheese, &c., &c. with names to fill a dictionary—it's all one to her.

Stop! I take it back; some things must not be closed up. I forgot to tell you a tale of romance in real life. When grandmother was married and first began to reign queen of the domestic circle, an accident happened to her, memorable indeed, by reason of the peculiar circumstances.

The beautiful bride, (nature had done a great deal for her,) sweet dove of the Home Paradise! happy of heart and radiant with anticipations of delight in feasting her female and male friends who were to meet to congratulate her upon the greatest event in life, &c.—but not to dwell—suffice it to say: the young wife, as in duty bound, intended to do her best; or quietly speaking, *distinguish* herself. The prestige of a good name at the start, is everything in the battle of life—as important, be it remembered, to a good cook, or a discreet housewife, as to a general. The grand climax of all great and good country dinners, upon which every eye was fixed in those thanksgiving days, was the huge *Chicken Pie;* every thing else played second fiddle, or was next to nowhere at all. So it was on grandmother's reception day.

Uncle Isaac, her husband, was an awe-inspiring and very dignified personage—had been over to old England and heard Bow Bells chime, and all that—could do

the honors of his table like an English squire. When Isaac came down with the glistening knife upon that pie, silence and he alone reigned supreme! With the first bold incision, an unwonted smell came forth; some half-whistled at the table, contrary to good manners; gladly would they have whittled a stick to keep from it, but they had none; meanwhile the ladies pinched their noses so sharply out of shape, while their cheeks swelled into such babyish proportions that the scene put on a comical aspect; finally one incontinent twitter burst, and broke a hole so big, that it let the whole out at once. Uncle Isaac still self-possessed, unbent his dignity so far as to look around enquiringly of grandmother. She, poor victim, red as a rose, and innocent as a lamb, would have taken her oath on the Family Bible that cleaner, sweeter meat was never seen! It was no use treating the matter seriously, now that the fun was up. It was naively, cruelly suggested that there must be something in it.

This threw a great deal of light upon the subject. It was further insinuated that somebody had played a trick; but unfortunately there was no *sinner* about to lay it to.

The diamond dew-drops of the heart peeped forth and glistened in grandmother's eyes—instantly the mirth was checked. But grandpa wasn't a bit like me, or he would have kissed her in such an extremity, without caring who knew it.

Ever after this well-nigh tragic disaster, one was sure to see a supplement to her chicken pies in the shape of an extraordinary big trap door ventilator, crowning the top. I, like an impertinent boy, as I was, must needs know the "why and wherefore," "and what the dickens, this or that was there for;" otherwise perhaps posterity might never have been one whit the wiser for her woful experiences.

Rarely have we felt called upon to apologise for her dinners; and never for the final dessert.

She took the best papers and periodicals in the country, which were brought out, and served up *a la mode;* then came the "feast of reason and the flow of soul" you read of. Each one, as occasion offered, reading out whatever pleased or interested them, without ever dreaming of interrupting any one; and as all were in equal freedom, the variety was as charming as the different tones in a choice musical performance.

It is always easy to glide with interest into the ruling current of thought and feeling, or tacitly retire with grace when no note of interest responds.

A new broom is said to sweep clean; but according to grandmother's notions it always kicked up such a dust over everything, that she seldom or never introduced one into her parlor, or finest carpeted rooms. She thought brooms very good helps in their way, but better suited to the kitchen and such like common-place purposes of life.

She *mopped her carpets.*—"What! mop carpets? O, you must be joking." No, indeed, we are in downright earnest. Suppose you take grandmother's notion on trial before you unchurch a good christian idea.

Take a clean cloth, fixed for the purpose, and a bucket of water; wring it out well; and begin rolling and licking up the dust and dirt—change waters often, and when done, her word for it, a brighter gloss never shone out of a new carpet. If Providence has blest you with the costliest, richest, velvet carpets, so much the more need of the good old lady's advice.

Long years ago, when she lived in the country and looked after the dairy, she entertained her dairy notions too.

Her churn went by water in the most approved style of the times; but even this apparently perfected improvement

was superseded and laid aside as useless, for good and sufficient reasons—

"Which we will state if 'tis your pleasure,
Much more at large when more at leisure." K.

SONG.

Do the sunbeams still play as brightly,
And the birds unto the lattice come—
Do the footsteps still fall as lightly
As they did when I dwelt in our home?

Chorus.

Lonely shades are stealing round me,
And I'm sad with a wearying pain,
As my heart wanders homeward, homeward,
Where my footsteps may never stray again.

One will miss my voice in the hours,
When the blooming May calls to the grove
The gay child with garlands of flowers,
And the youths with the legends of their love.

Chorus—Lonely shades are stealing, &c.

The loved ones will look for my coming,
Till their eyes grow weary with their watching,
But the door where woodbines are blooming
Shall ne'er ope with my hand upon the latch.

Chorus—Lonely shades are stealing, &c.

[Continued from page 270.]

THE TURNIP-COUNTER.

SECOND LEGEND.

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

"'So be it,' he said, gloomily; 'I shall brave the world again; I shall hurry and speed, beg and steal, plan and act, to gain the prize thou deemest necessary to win thee. Until then we shall not meet.' In such a manner I treated poor Benedix; he went off in anger, his good genius left him, and he was tempted to commit an act at which his heart I know revolted."

The respectable citizen shook his head on hearing this, and after a while thoughtfully exclaimed—"This is remarkable! But why," he added, "dost thou thus fill the forest with thy lamentations, without benefit to thyself or to thy lover?"

"Kind sir," she responded, "I was on the road to Hirchberg, when, nearly overcome by anguish, I took refuge under this tree."

"And pray, what wouldst thou do in Hirchberg?"

"Kneel before the executioner; startle all the town with my pleading, and call on its daughters to join me in my supplications. Perhaps the judges will deal mercifully, and spare the young man's life; else I shall gladly die with him."

The gnome in the height of his emotions forgot his revenge, and made it a point of gallantry to give back the youth to his distracted lover.

"Dry thy tears," said he, sympathizingly, "and give not thyself up to sorrow. Before another sun shall rise, thy sweetheart will be free. Be awake to-morrow at the first cock-crow, listen for a finger knock at thy window, for Benedix will be asking and waiting for admittance. Beware that thy prudishness does not drive him to desperation in future. I may tell thee, besides, that he did not commit the crime of which he is accused; neither has thy wilfulness instigated him, as yet, to do wrong."

This speech astonished the girl, and she looked long and earnestly in his face; but failing there to discover any signs of trifling humor, she gained confidence, and the clouds on her brow dispersed, as she said, between joy and hope:

"If you scoff not at me, but speak the truth, you must be a prophet, or my Benedix's good genius, thus to know all beforehand."

"His good genius!" exclaimed Turnip-Counter, somewhat astonished; "no—I am something less than that. However, I may become so—we shall see! I am a citizen of Hirchberg, and sat against him in judgment; but his innocence has

been proclaimed, therefore have no fear for his life. I go to strip his chains, because I have great influence in town. Cheer up, and return home in peace." The damsel obeyed, although fear and hope kept her mind alternately on the rack.

Meanwhile the padre labored hard in preparing the culprit for the next world. Poor Benedix was an ignorant layman, and better versed in the use of the needle and scissors than the rosary. The *ave* and *paternoster* with him were nothing, and the *credo* he knew only by name; nevertheless the zealous monk devoted himself for two days to the work of instructing his pupil. Even then the poor sinner would season the formula with groans, and such stray exclamations as—"Ah! Clare! Clare!" and thus spoil the lesson. The religion of the pious father caused him to picture hell as a terribly hot place, and so lively was his description of it, that he made the stray lamb of the flock throw off streams of perspiration, and impressed him with the prospect in view to such an extent as fully to obliterate Clare from his memory.

"Thy misdeeds, my son," the holy man argued, "are great; yet do not despair—the flames of purgatory will purify thee. It was fortunate after all, that thou didst not harm an orthodox Christian, as in such a case for thousands of years thou wouldst stand up to thy neck in a seathing sulphur-pit, as a just punishment for thy wickedness. However, as the robbery was only committed on a despicable Jew, thy soul becomes pure like virgin gold in the space of a century, while the number of masses I shall read for its benefit will only require thee to wade girdle deep in ever-burning lava."

Benedix, aware as he was of his innocence, nevertheless blindly believed in his confessor's binding and absolving power; he did not count upon a reversion of judgment in the world to come, in spite of the "poor show" they had given him in this one. Yet he did what seemed to him the most practical act; he pleaded with his spiritual adviser for mercy so earnestly, and chaffered with him to such an extent, that at length a knee-deep immersion in the fire-bath was conceded him; but there the negotiation ceased, without the abbreviation of another inch.

The priest, wishing the delinquent a last good night, had just left the prison, when he came across Turnip-Counter, who this time had adopted the invisible style of clothing; but he could not make up his mind as to the best manner of liberating the poor tailor, without spoiling for the judges their case in hand, for their prompt action in the matter had won his admiration. Now a thought struck him, exactly to his liking. He followed the monk into the convent, borrowed a cowl out of its wardrobe, and tried the fit. Thus disguised, he sought, as a father confessor, admittance at the prison, to which the jailor with due reverence responded. Once in the prisoner's cell, he thus addressed him:

"The care for thy soul, after my short departure, once more calls me hither. Let me know, my son, if thou hast anything yet untold upon thy heart and conscience, that I may console thee."

"Reverend father," Benedix answered, "my conscience troubles me much less than thy purgatory, which gives me fear and anxiety; it squeezes my heart as if it were in the thumb-screw."

Friend Turnip-Counter had very crude and jumbled notions of theological matters, wherefore a cross-question on his part—"How do you mean?"—could be well enough accounted for.

"Ah!" Benedix interposed, "I cannot stand that wading knee-deep in the fire-pit!"

"Fool!" repeated the other, "why not keep out of it, if the bath be too hot?"

Benedix thought that a screw was loose somewhere, and he stared at the priest in a manner that warned him not to commit another blunder; and he turned away abruptly, saying: "but of that some other time; what about Clare? Dost thou love her still as thy bride? Hast thou a message for her at thy last hour? If so, let me know."

The young man felt the magical effect of that name with such force, that he gave vent to cries and sobs, without being able to speak. The monk, in pity, thought it about time to put an end to the performance. "Poor fellow," he said, "keep quiet and take courage, thou shalt not die. I know thee to be innocent, and thy hands clean of the imputed crime; therefore I have resolved to open the prison and unlock those chains." He drew forth a key from his pocket, saying, "Let me see if it will fit the lock;" the experiment proved satisfactory, the iron dropped from the prisoner's hands and feet, and he stood unencumbered. Next, the monk changed clothes with Benedix, saying, "Pass slowly out, like one of our brotherhood, through the outside guards and down the street, until thou reachest the boundary-line of the town, then hasten with all thy speed to gain the mountains; rest not, until thou art in Liebenau, at Clare's house; then knock softly at the window, for there is no harm in that, if she is waiting."

Benedix thought that this must be all a dream; he rubbed his eyes, and pinched his arms, to find out his real condition and situation, and when he found that he was wide awake, he fell down before his deliverer, embraced his knees, and tried to stammer his thanks. But as time was valuable, he gratefully took the proffered loaf of bread and a sausage with him, to lunch upon, and passed the sombre prison walls, trembling for fear of being recognized. Yet, the sacred cowl possessed such excellent virtues in disguise, that the jailors never would have thought the bird it covered was one of different feathers.

Clare, lonely and depressed, sat in her little chamber, listening to the whispering wind, and starting at the footsteps of every passer-by. Hark! did not something rustle at the window shutter?—was that not the door-knocker which sounded? With fluttering heart she jumped to her feet, peeped through the wicket and found herself disappointed. Time wore on; the roosters in the neighborhood shook their wings, while their crowing told of the breaking of day, as the convent bell sounded to matins. To her it sounded like a death knell and burial requiem; the night watch blew his horn for the last time, to rouse the sleepy female bakers to their early work.* Clare's lamp burned dull, because its oil gave out; her anxiety rose with each passing moment, which must account for her neglect to notice the splendid rose of good omen, as it burned at the glowing wick.† Her heart sickened, but tears flowed freely, when she sighed: "Benedix! Benedix! what a terrible day is breaking for both of us!"

From the window she beheld the sky towards Hirchberg of a bloody red, while black clouds flitted like messengers of evil across the horizon. It was enough to make a feverish and excited brain reel. Finding relief in a sort of dull apathy, she did not observe the dead silence around. This was broken by three light but distinct knocks at the window; surely it was a reality this time. A sensation of awe crept over her, and she rose quickly, but could not repress a scream at hear-

* In accordance, of course, with the customs of the country where these scenes are laid.
NOTE BY TRANSLATOR.

† Superstition feeds not only on strange phenomena but also on trifles. A chip observed by the initiated from a burning candle wick, is made the fore-warner of some misfortune; a rose, the reverse, although it requires a queer noddle to find chips, roses, and burning wicks, so near related to one another.
NOTE BY TRANSLATOR.

ing a voice whisper from outside, "Sweet love! art thou awake?" In a twinkling she stood at the door. "Oh! Benedix, dost thou come, or is it thy ghost?" Beholding the reverend father, she dropped down in horror; but, happily, his faithful arm and kisses of love—acknowledged to be the best remedy for all hysteric fits of this kind—soon restored her to consciousness again. The first joy of their re-union over, Benedix attempted to tell her of his wonderful escape from the sombre prison, but his tongue, from painful thirst, stuck to his mouth, until Clare brought him some fresh water; this revived him, but hunger exercised its cravings, and Clare had the only common panacea of lovers, salt and bread, over which many an impassionated couple have vowed somewhat rashly, perhaps, to enjoy life satisfied, and happy together. He remembered his sausage, drew it from his pocket, somewhat astonished at finding it heavier than a horse-shoe; but this did not prevent him from breaking it asunder, when lo! the bright gold pieces dropped to the floor, occasioning Clare new anxiety, doubting as she did, if Benedix, after all, was as innocent as the gentleman from the forest had proclaimed him to be, and the gold not a part of the plunder.

In making her understand how the good monk undoubtedly had bestowed on him this treasure, to commence housekeeping decently, the youth's honest face went far to convince her that he spoke the truth. With deep gratitude, both blessed the generous benefactor; they left their birth-place and settled in Prague, where Master Benedix as a man of means, lived with Clare for his wife, in conjugal happiness, surrounded by a numerous offspring. So deeply had the fear of the gallows taken hold of him, that he never acted dishonestly against his customers, (in opposition to a settled habit of his craft) and he never appropriated the smallest trifle of cloth as cabbage* from its owner.

About the same time that Clare heard her lover's taps at the window, a person knocked at the prison door in Hirchburg; this was no other than the real father confessor, anxious to deliver up his pupil to the hang-man, in a manner that reflected credit on the master. Turnip-Counter had taken up the delinquent's part, and in honor of justice resolved to go through with it; to suit the case, he seemed to meet his fate with fortitude; to the monk's great delight, as the blessed reward of his holy labors. Satisfied in his own mind, he ordered the penitent's chains taken off, as he would have him confess, and then absolve him; but after all he thought that it would be well to make him repeat the yesterday's lesson over. What dire disappointment for the good father to find that credo and everything creditable had vanished from the fellow's memory, like smoke from the chimney. The priest was certain that Satan had a hand in the matter. Exorcism was resorted to, but all endeavors to make him leave the victim, that he might take care of his soul, were in vain, neither would the credo come home to his memory. No further respite could be granted, no further delay in favor of a hardened sinner was allowed; and he was taken to the place of execution.

Pushed from off the ladder, Turnip-Counter sprawled to his heart's content, and with such vigor did he ply at the rope that the hangman felt afraid lest some of

* One of Musæus's good-natured jokes. Tailors are a much abused craft in some parts of Germany. Since the tailor, John of Leyden, betook himself to the goat-skin, and thus produced his historical feats on the rampart of the belaugured city, the goat, among other varieties, has been the symbolic standard of the fraternity; besides, turning up one's nose in contempt at a person being of "tailor's weight," ranks in force of point with the English "only small potatoes"; but the severest charge laid at their door is, it is said, a habit adroitly to cut out of the piece of cloth, handed them by a customer for a new suit, enough to make up another suit for themselves. Such cloth, along with odds and ends, is thrown, till resurrection time, in the large drawer or "capacious hell" of the workman. NOTE BY TRANSLATOR.

the crowd who were looking on should hint that they ought to stone him for doing his work so bunglingly, and to which must be ascribed the horrid torture of the dying man. Now, as Turnip-Counter wanted to avoid any new misfortune, he settled himself in a rigid position, and pretended to be dead; however, when the people had dispersed, and some persons, taking a walk near the gallows, stepped up to have a look at the corpse, the wag played his odd tricks again, and his grimaces were such that he made them take to their heels in great consternation.

It being noised abroad that the hanged individual was unable to die, and had got off so many strange antics as to astonish the people, the report induced the Senate to send off a committee of investigation early the following morning. When they arrived, their surprise may be guessed at, to find a man of straw only, covered with rags, and swinging from the suspended beam like a scare-crow; such as people sometimes put up among their green peas, to keep the sparrows at a respectable distance from the garden—who quietly was put by, and a report circulated that the tailor being of "easy weight," was blown away by the high wind,(!) last night, and was far beyond the frontiers.

FANCIES.

BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

I.

Rest!

Rest for the troubled soul,
Whose turbid waters roll
Their solemn dirges
In sullen surges
Up from the gloomy caverns of my breast,
Flinging their spray of salt and bitter tears
Over the skeleton wrecks of bygone years,
Driven upon the rocks in wild unrest!
Gay barks were they of youth,
Freighted with love and truth,
With sails all spread to catch life's balmy breeze,
But in the gloom of night,
Before the tempest's might,
Amid the breaker's roar
Went down forevermore,
And hope, and love, and faith, were buried in the seas.

II.

Peace!

From labor comes a sweet release,
A relaxation which the toil-worn mind,
Throbbing with thought, so longs to find,
Here, all its stormy surgings cease.
Birds flood with song the incense-laden air,
Which softly bathes the heated brow of care,
'Till the sweet warblers in the olive trees
Seem soft Æolians wakened by the breeze,
Which waft the thoughts into the land of dreams,
As wild flowers float away on meadow streams.

III.

Rest!

The balmy air floats lazily around,
The trees are rustling with a soothing sound,
The sun is slowly sinking in the west;
Delicious peaches in the foliage green
Hide their red cheeks, half blushing to be seen,
While their rich lips in softest touches meet
Each stealing from the other kisses sweet.
The pear trees shower their fulness on the plain,
In luscious drops of Autumn's golden rain;
So let the memories which these scenes recall
Ripen in idleness, and thickly fall,
While twilight hours lull every dreamy sense
In deep, delicious, dreamy indolence.

IV.

Dream!

The silver stars which flood the skies
Beam brightly down, like love-lit eyes.

Dream!

Sweet pictures of the dear home band
Far, far away in Eastern land—
Some now walk heaven's sapphire strand,
And one comes back whose name has long

Been whispered by an Angel throng—
Thus would I dream,
'Till morning's beam,
And float aback on times' swift stream,
Forget the present, let the past
Bring, rest, and peace, and love at last.
The twilight hour, so still and calm,
Shall breathe a dreamy vesper psalm,
And soothe me with the quiet joy
Which blessed my spirit when a boy.

TRYING MOMENTS.

An incident, though of small moment, occurring within hearing, at my hotel one morning, gave rise to some reflections, and I now submit both the incident and reflections (or a few of them) to the consideration of all who may deem them worthy of perusal.

It was early in the morning, a gentleman, his wife, and their little son some five years old, occupied the room adjoining mine, separated only by a cloth and paper partition, thus making me, *nolens volens*, a listener to what I am here relating. It seems that a friend intended leaving that morning for the home town of the parents and child; the little boy, being an earlier riser than his parents, had been up and invited by this friend to accompany him home, one day in advance of his parents. Elated with the proffer, he ran up stairs to his father and mother and asked them if he might go. Their consent was readily given; but how sincere the mother was in thus consenting to part with her son for *one day*, I leave mothers to judge—at any rate the lips and voice gave the consent.

When all was ready, she bade him come and give father and mother a parting kiss, readily and heartily (judging from the sound) it was given—all was accomplished but to walk out of the presence of his parents; but here came "trying moments." Those little feet whose movements so recently over the floor, and up and down the stair-way, made merry music, were still and silent—that little voice, all gleeful and mirthful, in a moment was hushed in silence—for the first time the painful reality broke upon his youthful mind that he was going away from his father and mother. Probably he began to wonder who would kiss away his little troubles, and when night came, disrobe and lay him down to his evening slumbers. Halting and hesitating a moment, the wells of filial love breaking loose, overflowed his little heart, and with sobs and tears he retraced his steps and ran to the arms of his mother, already outstretched to receive him. To the mother too, these were "trying moments." Could her boy, so young, voluntarily leave her for a whole day? And when she found filial love so deep seated in her son, her joy may be judged by her utterance of such expressions as these:—"I knew mother's boy could'nt go away and leave her." "If that old stage had upset and killed him, what would mother have done for a little boy." "His mother's only darling;" and others of similar character.

And thus it is from childhood, from our earliest infancy to life's close, and at almost every step we take, we are met with "trying moments,"

When the child-boy has arrived at an age deemed advisable by his parents to be sent from home to an academy or college, to acquire an education, that he may be qualified to discharge, with credit and profit, the duties and requirements of life; the selection of location having been made, his clothing arranged and packed, the carriage to bear him away standing at the door, and he for the first time is called upon to take leave of a kind father who has always loved and provided for him; of a devoted mother, who watched over and nursed him during his infancy, and at whose knee he had been taught and accustomed to lisp his infantile, evening vesper—when smaller brothers

and sisters, with tearful eyes stand around to receive the parting kiss; and his own heart, ready to burst asunder by suppressed emotion; to him, these are "trying moments!" He must have a stout heart, indeed, and one not to be envied, who can pass through them unmoved. But the absence is to be only temporary; in a little while—consoling thought—he will return doubly endeared to those whose leave-taking now constitute his "trying moments."

Follow a little farther the boy-subject of our reflections. In a few years, with diploma in his pocket, having acquired the advantages which education gives, returns to the parental roof; but his stay is of short duration; it has become necessary for him now to enter upon the duties of manhood life. It is true, the world is before him, but how dark and gloomy the prospect of success. In the various pursuits and professions, every department seems already overcrowded, and by each aspirant who would swell the number, instead of extending the helping hand of encouragement to meet and hail him as a brother and co-worker, he is scowled upon and repulsed. Hitherto he has always had a home, and been surrounded by those that loved and cared for him. In sickness nursed by a devoted mother and kind sisters, and all his wants provided for by an indulgent father; now he is to leave his old home—to expatriate himself from kindred and friends, to seek a new home in a world unknown and untried. The time has come, and he must again take leave—for aught he knows, a last and final leave of his childhood home, and be borne away from all that is near and dear to him in life—these are "trying moments."

A little further, and there are moments of still greater trial than these if his aspirations lead to eminence or distinction. The goal of ambition being a knowledge of the science and practice of law—after having passed through years of adversity and sacrifice, burning the midnight oil in laborious research and study.

We will not stop to recount the moments of trial which come and go with the days, weeks, and months, and often years which intervene between the new fledgling of the bar and his *first case*. They are negative in their character, and require only patience, perseverance, industry, and a moderate share of good common sense to overcome them all; for, at some stated period, after putting up his "shingle" the first client makes his appearance and states the facts which are to constitute his *first case*. This long looked for, important personage having introduced himself and stated his case, and desiring "advice;" to know what his remedy is—it may be said presents to the new novitiate "moments of trial"—but it is of another time, and a different occasion I would now speak.

After having successfully overcome each difficulty in its progress—the *first case* has so far been presented that nothing remains but the "summing up" and to make his plea to the jury." His opposing counsel for hours, has dealt in eloquent appeals to the jury—has dwelt long upon the great injury and injustice attempted to be practiced upon his client, and has left them to hear what may be said in a cause so manifestly unjust. The time has now come when he must stand up before the court and jury—surrounded by a promiscuous crowd of idle, curious, criticizing spectators. All eyes are directed to the spot where he sits, expecting to see him rise and make his *debut*—borne down by the weight of anxiety and excitement consequent upon the occasion, the many pointed, convincing arguments and appeals which had crowded themselves upon his mind, all suitable to the case, have now vanished from his mental vision. But he cannot longer sit—he must rise—he does rise, and though he knows

not what to say, would speak, but is denied the power of utterance. One expedient, and but one, stands between him and failure—ruin; it is a glass of water—he seizes it and while slowly emptying its cooling contents, seeks to compose his thoughts and remove the cloud from his mind. It is his last auxiliary—the terrible, death-like stillness must be broken—these, these are "trying moments."

And now, kind reader, I leave these "reflections" to be extended, if desired, by your own reflections drawn from your storehouse of observation and experience. The world is full of "trying moments;" they are to be found everywhere, more perhaps in its unwritten, than in its written history. He who would win the prize and experience the exultant joy of victory and triumph—he who would attain to position, honor, wealth, fame, or any of the unnumbered, priceless objects which excite the honorable ambition of the wise and good, must pass through "moments" aye, oftener "hours" of trial; to say nothing of the years of study, toil, and privation which goes before. Let not this truth, however, deter one aspiring spirit from entering the field of contest, but be like unto the sturdy oak; which, striking deeper and deeper its roots, as the storms grow stronger and more violent, it grows and continues to grow taller, until it becomes a majestic tree, and is universally recognized and known as *King* of the forest.

LENAUD.

DAISYBANK.

BY MARY VIOLA TINGLEY.

CHAPTER I.

Little more than two years ago, as I sat in the school-room at noon, a note was handed me. This was on examination day. Upon opening it I read the following:

Dear May:

I know your vacation is near, and you faithfully promised me to spend the time at Daisybank. Cousin Byron has arrived from the East, and is to stay with us this summer. He looks just like that handsome little Carlos, who went to Celeste's dancing school, when we did, in the old garret on Washington street, in '53. Oh! you'll admire him so much—he is altogether so charming! So, my dear, throw aside equations and French rules, and come without fail. FLORENCE.

I hastily replied:

With all my heart. Tell Ben Browning that I'm coming, and that I wish to ride that magnificent black horse of his, "Lassie." I think I'll like Byron—but not if he isn't as proud as Cæsar. You know I always despised a tame, obsequious man. MAY.

Two mornings after this, I was seated in Col. Ellet's carriage and on my way to visit Florence, my school-mate, who had left us one year before. I had been to see her two or three times during that time, as we were inseparable confidants. We followed the road to San Mateo, and beyond, where we turned off among the hills for several miles, till we came into the little valley, or rather cañon, where a beautiful white cottage appeared, the only one to be seen, and soon I jumped from the carriage and was cordially welcomed by my friends.

Daisybank is situated near the farther end of the cañon, on the high, and in spring time, always daisy-covered bank of a beautiful streamlet "meandering at its own sweet will," and selfishly taking care to always glide from side to side, where the most lovely flowers grow, and where the most graceful shade-trees bend low.

Florence and I christened the place Daisybank, and the brook Afton—for we always loved that streamlet and its name, of which Burns so tenderly speaks. Then there was a big, noble oak tree, that we called "Washington." Surely, if there was ever an earthly paradise, this was

one. Behind the house, the bank sloped far down to the water; then up rose a high, gradually sloping mountain, the side of which was covered with luxuriant foliage, and trees, and mossy stumps, and winding paths. Then such sweet singing birds, so many tiny nests, and squirrels, and creeping vines, and dainty hanging mosses. On the left was an even meadow full of trees and flowers, and green grass. And there that roguish stream gurgled and laughed o'er its pebbles; and beyond were more hills. In front, a well cultivated garden spread out, and beyond that the most beautiful, lazy, rolling hills, velvet-covered, and among which were the oldest of tumbled together rocks, and ups and downs, ever found—a capital place for hide and seek by moonlight. Then the cottage was almost smothered with honeysuckles, Madeira vines, and Australian creepers; sweet roses peeped in at the windows, and the multiflora covered the large bay windows of the library. There was a pretty parlor, a fine library, with very comfortable lounges and good books, and an airy dining hall, that opened its wide French windows on the brook-side; and large chambers with white curtains. Oh, it was just my idea of a fine country home! There was not the waft of a breeze that was not sweet—not a laugh or expression from the heart that was not of gladness, and in harmony with the songs of the birds, that looked like winged flowers among the green foliage.

How many such homes there are in California, that thousands know not of. Oh, those lovelier-than-Italian sunbeams do not all dance merely upon torn up golden mountains, and upon hearts whose only prayer is for the precious metal. No, God bless us! there are homes where they shed their heavenly light on flowers of purity, sweetness and contentment, and as the wanderer leans on the gate and "brings his thoughts from their wanderings," he exclaims, "Oh, home! so much like home! dear, bygone days!"

"'Tis too bad, May, that Byron has gone off hunting; but yet I am glad, for I want you all to myself a while."

So we talked and laughed, and towards evening we made a wreath of wild flowers and followed up the hill-side, behind the house, to place it at the head of her little brother Eddy's grave. I well remember the dear blue eyes that had gone to sleep in the Lamb's bosom, since I first went to Daisybank.

As we returned to the house, I saw a shadow moving on the hill and soon old "Rover," the dog, came up, and following was Mr. Byron Reeve—a handsomer man, by far, than any that I have since seen—to whom I was duly introduced, and at whom I slyly peeped from under my hat. He then turned and left us, politely excusing himself. I had only a glimpse of him—but I will not say what my first impressions were.

"That's my knight! Is not he brilliantly magnificent?" said Florence, enthusiastically, as he left us.

"Decidedly, brilliantly dark," I replied.

"That is just why we golden-haired girls like such—dont we know? I'd like to see the blue-eyed man that we'd admire—would'nt you, May?"

"Guess that is because we are contrary—nevertheless 'tis true. It is nonsense to hear school-girls talking of beaux, anyhow," said I.

"Is it? We'll see. I imagine you have as susceptible a heart as any one. Why, did'nt we used to cuddle down in a corner of the school-yard at recess, and study the 'Lady of Lyons?'—(dont you remember what fun we had in making the gestures in—'Would'st thou have me paint the scene, etc.?) and devour 'Byron' and 'Moore?' and dont we know as much sentimental poetry as any body? Oh, I'd laugh if you were to feel a wild-

beating in your bounding heart, pretty soon!" and we passed into the house.

CHAP. II.

That evening we sat on the piazza and sang, whilst Mr. Reeve accompanied us on the guitar. Then Ben Browning made his appearance and played a real lively old darkey tune—one of those which you cannot help timing with your foot—and "Jim" danced such a plantation jig that made us laugh wildly.

Byron Reeve was from Georgia—but had spent much of his time in traveling when he could get the means, not being a man of wealth. He had gained for himself in the Eastern States quite a reputation as a fine writer.

Col. Ellet, his uncle, being a practical old gentleman, and more of an enthusiast over a new cargo of goods consigned to his care than over any brilliant poetical effusion emanating from a noble and toiling brain, soon denounced him as an idle young rogue, throwing away his life, and that he ought to isolate himself from society, instead of living in fresh air where the glorious beauties of nature lay before him—where his brilliant fancy could wing its flight; and, catching the music of the passing breeze and the mystic words of the monitor flowers, weave them into beautiful notes that would live for ages, cheering the weary and keeping young the joyous hearted—he ought to stand in a dark corner, behind a desk, and scribble from morning until night.

The next morning at breakfast, putting my hands before Florence's blue eyes, I said, "What news from dreamland, little lassie?"

"Only of you and your voice, and, consequently, as Ben Browning would say of you, of all that was charming and delightful, you little mouse!"

"What was *your* dream?" she asked, as we walked up the daisy bank.

"Oh, an exquisitely beautiful one! I dreamed that I had roses in my hair, and that I was rambling in a lovely Persian grove, redolent of everything that is charming. Sweet spices grew there, and orange-blossoms drooped near my cheek, and the pearl-spray from fragrant fountains lit upon my brow, and white lilies bent lower as I stepped nearer, and mossy tangles hung on the rough rocks of a waterfall, over which a beautiful rainbow hung, as if an angel's wing had swept the air. A mellow light glanced through the trees, and the velvety turf was studded with rare and delicate flowers! Oh, such a lovely spot I never before, even in dreamland, beheld! But yet, that was not what caused the great beauty and love in my heart; 'twas the companionship of one whose every word was music and poetry, such as I had never before known. Though strange, bright birds sang the sweetest lays, yet I listened only to the music that came from his eloquent lips.

"Now, whom think you it was? Ah, you would never guess! None other than the Persian bard, Hafiz. He sang of the dew-drop that kissed the petals of the rose, of the breeze that stole the breath of the sweet white narcissus, of the dropping water that came like tinkling bells to the ear, of the music of the human voice, of the tender glance of the eye, the wild throbbing of the heart, and of the beauty, love and immortality of the soul. Was it not charming?" I asked.

"Indeed, indeed it was! but I hope you did'nt enjoy that promenade with the old bald-headed Hafiz?"

"Not at all! for he had the form, voice and features of your cousin Byron."

"He had!" she said, half jealously.

"Yes, and here is the mystery. During this visit to dreamland, I heard constant music; and after I had awakened, still heard the sweetest music of birds, far off, trilling and singing. I listened

to it for half an hour, for I am sure the music continued for that length of time."

"Oh, you are a romantic, superstitious little goose, May! birds singing half an hour in the night! I'm sure you were never more deceived. I guess you have such a musical birdie in your heart that you hear its echo at all times. I think you must be poetical, for don't you remember what a wise old gentleman said to a young man when he asked if he thought him a poet? 'Tell me your dreams, if they are all full of beauty and sentiment, then you do not mistake your calling,' or something of that kind. So I'll go and break a spray of wild laurel to crown your brow."

"Very well, but I cannot help thinking of that mysterious music," replied I.

"Are you so sure? we'll both listen to-night; but I fear no lovely dream will come to wake the fairy-minstrels. I don't know but what they hold their midnight revels in the damask roses at my window. We'll see."

By this time we had wandered over the hill and down the other side, near a clear, beautiful lake, almost smothered by the graceful foliage that margined it. As this was as near the "Como" of our imagination as any thing we had seen, it was so called — Como in miniature. We sat down on a grassy plot beneath a big tree, overlooking the waters, and quietly chatted. Soon as I jumped up, a voice familiar said, "Voyons donc, Mesdemoiselles! ne vonges pas!"

"Nous voila donc, devant le grand Horace Vernet! Eh bien! Allez toujours, nous y voila!" for upon looking on a little rise to the right of us, I beheld Mr. Reeve with a sketch-book, and we sat still for some time, weaving delicate wreaths from the petals of the wild lark-spur that lay in our laps.

"Please to give my nose a Grecian turn, Mr. Artist, as almost every painter flatters!" said I.

"And I command that my face be Madonna-like, after the old Spanish Murillo!" followed Florence.

"Very Grecian and Madonna-like you young sauce-boxes are, with golden ringlets and gipsey hats!" answered the sketcher.

"Does he paint?" I asked.

"Very little, but sketches a great deal, a kind of a Jack at all beautiful trades."

"Including love-making?"

"Of course not, little monkey," said she, putting her hand over my mouth for fear he would hear.

Sure enough, as we peeped over his shoulder, there we were; pretty good likenesses, with "Como" in the front and the tree in the background. Florence bent near enough his cheek to have kissed him, and then very impolitely whispered, when I, fearing I was Mlle. de Trop, went back to the tree, and taking her little copy of "Keats," read. They walked further off, Florence merely turning and saying, "Excuse me, May dear, be there in one moment." I smiled and nodded my head, but very many moments fled, and no young lady returned. There they stood away at the foot of the hill.

I started for the house, and as I came over the hill I was met by Ben Browning, who was just going home.

"You startle as prettily as a fawn, Miss May! How beautifully blue your eyes are this morning," said he, as he looked in my face.

"You are not only a flatterer, but are vain," returned I. "And why? because you are looking at yourself in my eyes."

"And you are not only vain, but proud of their blue."

"Tis only the shade of these violets and lark-spur that are looped in my hat-strings."

"Here, then! I presume as I hold these wild marigolds to my cheek that mine are yellow; or, as I pass through a waving rye-field, they are green; or

among the roses o
they are damask."

I laughed at the
black.

"If that be true
wear lark-spur or
cheek."

"And you, flatter
leaving him abruptly
side to the house, w
Mrs. Ellet, who said,

"Where have you

"Over by 'Como,'"
replied I.

"And what is Flor

"I left her there, st
assiduously—perfect

"And do you not
as 'Keats?'"

"Oh, yes, there is m
the former; still, I am
tle an admirer of him
and from my wickedly
suspected nothing, as s
Byron Reeve had gon
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MAN, as we have b
considered the on
really laugh, and
er would have been gifted
it was not designed that
We love to see a man laugh
one of your little *smirks*,
regular *horse laugh*—a lau
the cobwebs out of his sou
blood tingling to the ends
Every such laugh adds to
his existence. Heaven de
man who never laughs; w
once, and avoid him as we
bear.

There are some well br
think it clownish to laug

among the roses of Florence's balcony, they are damask."

I laughed at the idea, for his were so black.

"If that be true, Miss May, always wear lark-spur or blue-bells near your cheek."

"And you, flattering!" I replied, and leaving him abruptly, ran down the hill-side to the house, where I was met by Mrs. Ellet, who said,

"Where have you been, dear?"

"Over by 'Como,' reading 'Keats,'" replied I.

"And what is Florence doing?"

"I left her there, studying Byron very assiduously—perfectly enraptured!"

"And do you not like Byron as well as 'Keats?'"

"Oh, yes, there is more *real life* about the former; still, I am not as enthusiastic an admirer of him as is Florence;" and from my wickedly innocent face she suspected nothing, as she understood that Byron Reeve had gone off on a hunting expedition, no doubt supposing the portfolio to be a shot-bag; whereas he had been sketching Florence, the idol of his dreams, and doubtless murdering the beautiful productions of his renowned namesake. Therefore she only added—

"Ah, my pets are very sentimental this morning."

Perhaps I admired "Browning" most—but, to tell the truth, I didn't, for he had no poetry in his soul—at least, he never breathed it to me. Now, if he could have said something as pretty as this—

"Say over again, and yet once again,
That thou dost love me. Though the word repeated
Should seem a cuckoo-song, as thou dost treat it;
Remember, never to the hill or plain,
Valley and wood, without her cuckoo strain
Comes the fresh Spring in all her green completed!
Beloved, I, amidst the darkness greeted
By a doubtful spirit-voice, in that doubt's pain
Cry, speak once more—thou lovest! Who can fear
Too many stars, though each in heaven shall roll—
Too many flowers, though each shall crown the year?
Say thou dost love me, love me, love me—toll
The silver iterance! only minding, dear,
To love me also in silence, with thy soul!"

But I was not at all fascinated.

[Concluded next month.]

Our Social Chair.

MAN, as we have before remarked, is considered the only animal that can really laugh, and of course he never would have been gifted with this power if it was not designed that he should use it. We love to see a man laugh, sometimes—not one of your little *smirks*, but a downright regular *horse laugh*—a laugh which shakes the cobwebs out of his soul, and sends the blood tingling to the ends of his fingers. Every such laugh adds to the sum total of his existence. Heaven deliver us from a man who never laughs; we suspect him at once, and avoid him as we would a grizzly bear.

There are some well bred people who think it clownish to laugh—they smile sometimes—a sickly smile, which dies from want of blood, before it is fairly born. There are others, who, like the old covenanters of Cromwell, go about with sour faces, thinking it an unpardonable sin to crack a joke, or laugh at others who do crack them. Life is a very serious burden to themselves and to all about them.

There is another class of non-laughers, who carry too much dignity to laugh. They would like to do so, but then it would lower their dignity. Behind a hay stack they might indulge in a vociferous roar, but before folks, oh! never.

Not that we would always have a man grinning like a monkey, but the gravest man is by no means always the wisest. The

owl is perhaps the gravest of birds, and the stupidest. A donkey carries a grave face, and has a great deal of professional dignity, but nobody thinks any more of him for that. Doctors and undertakers are excusable for not laughing—they deal in *grave* subjects: folks also with heavy heads, for they cannot appreciate the ridiculous. Schoolmasters need'nt laugh, for everybody laughs at them. But common people ought to laugh and grow fat. Laugh—in company, and out of it. A merry laugh is better music than a piano. If you are melancholy, laugh to drive the blues away. If you are gay, laugh because you want to laugh. If you have white teeth, laugh to show them; if you have none, don't pucker up your mouth to hide the loss.

If you have nothing better to laugh at, laugh at this: It is a rich specimen of the art, and the *bona fide* production of a poetical young man "down east"—we know the parties, and vouch for it. Clark, of the *Knickerbocker*, wanted these verses, but he could'nt be accommodated. Here they are; let them tell their own lemancholy story, *xerbatim et literatim*:

Written on the sad accident that occurred in Pittsfield, N. H., July 4th, 1853, that brought one of our number to the grave.

PRICE THREE CENTS.

1 One more in hand I take my pen
To compose a few lines again
Now look these o'er with tender care
That you may read with equal share

2 Prehaps this will make you weep
To think of one that in death doth sleep
To think how soon he was born away
His lifeless body cold as clay

3 In the morn was sprightly as any one
At ten o'clock the scene began
It was on the fourth day of July
That one was calld for to die

4 He went out for to celebrate
But how unhappy was his fate
He lingered along in pain and woe
And did expire about two

5 O what a wicked life hes run
And what becomes of such a son
That has not made that blessed choice
Nor harkned to the saivours voice

6 He has gone we cant tell where
Prehaps he is in misery there
There to live and always reign
And never to return again

7 He did not think being called so soon
But his morning sun sot at noon
And left him in a dismal light
Thus he has gone from our sight

8 Only think of the dreadful woe
That we know not of here below
But how unhappy he must be
To dwell in hell eternally

9 Prehaps the father tried all his might
To train him up as he thought right
But there was something lacking here
That would make him happy in that sphere

10 Now the father has something to reflect
To think how he endulged the son [upon
Perhaps now he would ben here
If it had not ben for the father dear

11 But he had no thoughts of this
That morn was so happy in bliss
But now you can plainly see
Your son has gone far from the

12 Hes left his friends kind parents dear
To mourn the loss of a son so near
Oh they may look with weeping eyes
But the last view in the grave he lies

13 There he must lay and turn to dust
Never more in his fathers trust
There he must lie all silent around
Untill the last trump doth sound

14 Then he must come forth again
Whither he be happy or in pain
If he is sentenced to heaven or hell
None earth knows nor can tell

15 The fathers love the eldest one
Was snatched by death and gone
Hes gone never more to return
Has left his friends in grief to morn

16 Think how soon he was calld and went
All owing to the sad accident
That happend in the morning of life
That put him in the deepest strife

17 Now dear brothers be not mistaken
For one of you number shurely is taken
One that you loved while here below
Now has gone and left you in deep sorrow

A friend from Shasta relates the following amusing little incident that occurred in that town, and which is well worthy of a place in this Social Chair:

A bright eyed little three year old, was with her father a few days ago on a visit to the Rev. Mr. S. When they were seated at the dinner table, and the minister had begun to

ask a blessing, it being th
kind she had ever seen or h
struck with wonder, her ey
speaker. In the evening,
again sitting around th
good old man was engage
a blessing, her father ha
still at the moment, when
him, in an audible whis
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again."

BETTING ON A CERTAINT
ago, when nabobs from a
dia were as plentiful as
now a-days — when men
paradise were paid like pri
it like asses, gambling of
mon; but even that was
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or impossible thing. Ev
statement, if disputed, wa
bet, sometimes to an enormo
the extent of it the follow
ecdote is an illustration:

M——, a civilian, in Cal
office, kept a sumptuous tab
at eight o'clock in the even
his—Major Gordon—who w
him, remarked, "M——,
little too high, thirty inch
mum height for a comforta
ble." "It suits me very w
host, "and, moreover, I a
not exceed thirty inches." "
quoth Gordon. "I assure
are mistaken," said M——.
as sure of one thousand mo
rejoined Gordon. You had
for you would lose.." "I
that I'll bet you a thousand."
"Done."

"But I tell you I bet *on a*
you like to take it, well and
tell you plainly I bet *on a cer*
"Never mind, I am equa
done," said M——.

A rule to measure the table
"Now," said Gordon, "if
word, we want no rule; yo

ask a blessing, it being the first thing of the kind she had ever seen or heard, she sat still, struck with wonder, her eyes riveted on the speaker. In the evening, when they were again sitting around the table, and the good old man was engaged in again asking a blessing, her father happened not to be still at the moment, when she remarked to him, in an audible whisper, "pa, pa, be still, the man is going to talk to his plate again." J. C. C.

Betting on a Certainty.—Forty years ago, when nabobs from and in British India were as plentiful as fillibusters are now a-days—when men in that oriental paradise were paid like princes, and spent it like asses, gambling of course was common; but even that was nothing to the constant habit of betting on every possible or impossible thing. Every opinion or statement, if disputed, was backed by a bet, sometimes to an enormous amount. Of the extent of it the following truthful anecdote is an illustration:

M——, a civilian, in Calcutta, high in office, kept a sumptuous table. At dinner, at eight o'clock in the evening, a guest of his—Major Gordon—who was staying with him, remarked, "M——, this table is a little too high, thirty inches is the maximum height for a comfortable dining table." "It suits me very well," said the host, "and, moreover, I am sure it does not exceed thirty inches." "Oh, but it does," quoth Gordon. "I assure you that you are mistaken," said M——. "I wish I was as sure of one thousand mohurs" ($8000), rejoined Gordon. You had better not bet, for you would lose.." "I am so certain that I'll bet you a thousand."

"Done."

"But I tell you I bet *on a certainty*, so if you like to take it, well and good; but I tell you plainly I bet *on a certainty*."

"Never mind, I am equally sure; so done," said M——.

A rule to measure the table was sent for.

"Now," said Gordon, "if you take my word, we want no rule; you know you *would* bet, though I told you I had a certainty; the fact is, I thought the table too high, and I measured it this morning after breakfast." "I know you did," coolly replied M——. "How so?" "I was in the next room, and saw your reflection in the mirror through the open door as you measured it; so I sent for a carpenter after you went out, and cut three-quarters of an inch off each leg!"

A few weeks ago, a couple of produce dealers from Contra Costa, arrived at the Broadway wharf, in this city, after having indulged together a little too freely at the bar on the ferry boat, while crossing the bay. Now it so happened—as it has often done before—that the effect of liquor upon the one was to make him more good natured and jovial than when sober; while upon the other it produced the opposite effect, for he became quarrelsome and insulting, and ultimately sent the former a challenge. This was promptly accepted, and by the custom of "the code," the party challenged—whom we will call B—had the choice of weapons.

Now as B. was a man of generous impulses; and moreover, enjoyed a good joke as well as most men, although possessing as much true bravery as any man, he informed G.—who was somewhat of a bully, and consequently a coward—that he would send his friend to him to make all the necessary arrangements for their duel.

G. went away in a very melancholy and uncomfortable mood, seriously pondering upon the loss his family would sustain in case of his fall, which was not at all improbable, since B. was always cool and self-possessed, and moreover was an excellent shot. These thoughts sobered him a little; and just as he was reproaching himself for his egregious folly in provoking the quarrel, and for placing the circumstances of his family, and his own life in jeopardy, his second walked in and informed him that he had met B's second, and that every thing was arranged for their hostile meeting, and that he wished his principal to

walk down with him immediately to the end of Clay street wharf, where the duel was to take place.

The first impression of G. was that the place chosen was not altogether suitable; but as his thoughts were mainly with his family, they did not recur to that subject again, or even to suggest an enquiry, as to the kind of weapons to be used. In fact, he heartily wished himself out of it, and but for the laughter and scorn he must provoke, he would even now have apologized rather than fight.

As all the party were near neighbors and friends, who knew G's quarrelsome disposition when in liquor, and wishing to break him of his chivalric impetuosity, taking the cue from B., they readily agreed to have the duel, and dispense with balls in the weapons. It was also otherwise arranged that in order to turn the whole more completely into ridicule, and at the same time restore the parties to good humor, so soon as B. had fired off his balless pistol, he should renew the fire with eggs!

As G. was entirely in the dark upon this arrangement, when his antagonist resorted to this mode of combat, he was taken by surprise, but finding that a similar style of warfare was very handy at his side, partly instigated to it by his second, he returned the fire, when each presented such a ludicrous appearance, covered with egg shells and their contents, that one spontaneous laugh broke from the seconds, in which both the principals most heartily joined, and as the ill feeling was now at an end, they shook hands and were as good friends as ever. Thus ended a bloodless duel, to the entire satisfaction of both parties.

Captain Evans was an old naval veteran of sixty-seven; he had lost an arm and an eye years and years before at Navarino, which last action settled his understanding, both legs being carried off by a chain shot. Cork legs were coming into fashion. Capt. E. had a pair of the first quality made for him: he had a false arm and hand; into the latter he could screw a fork or a hook as occasion required, and being gloved, the deficiency was not easily perceived. As increasing years rendered him infirm, his valets took advantage of him, so that he wrote to his brother — a Somersetshire squire — to send him up some tenant's son as body servant. "No matter how stupid, if but honest and faithful," he wrote.

His brother was absent, and sent to his steward to select a lad. This the steward did, but merely mentioned that Captain Evans was infirm, not apprising the lumpkin of his new master's deficiencies, and sent him to London at once, where the Captain lived.

At ten at night, he arrived, and was immediately shown to Captain Evans' sitting room.

"What is your name?"

"My name be John, zur."

"Well, John, my rascally valet is absent again without leave; help me to bed, as it is late, and then you can go down to your supper."

Adjourning to the bedroom, the old gentleman said,

"*John, unscrew my leg.*"

"Zur," said John.

"Unscrew my leg; this way, see.

John did so, tremblingly.

"*John, unscrew my other leg.*"

"Zur," said John.

"*Unscrew the other leg, sir*"

John did so, now, in a state of bewilderment.

"*John, unscrew this arm.*"

Trembling still more, to the Captain's great amusement, he obeyed.

"John, put this eye on the table."

John took it as if it would have bitten him.

"Now, John—no I won't take the other eye out—lift me into bed."

This done, the waggish Captain continued, "John, beat up the pillow, it is not comfortable."

It was done.

"Beat it up again, sir: it is quite hard."

Again John shook up the pillow.

"That won't do; John, I can't get my

head comfortable. D—n it, John, *unscrew my head.*"

"No, by G—d, I'll unscrew no more;" and John fled from the room to the kitchen, swearing his master was the d—l, taking himself to pieces like a clock.

As Christmas and New Year come round, think of this, ye lonely bachelors:

Every heart must have a shrine,
Worshipping with love divine;
Souls must ever blend in one,
As the brooks together run.

Stars that shine upon the river,
Waken answering star gleams ever;
Wild flowers, where the fountains flow,
Kiss the flowers which sleep below.

Thus do mortals ever find,
Answering soul and kindred mind;
Feelings blending into one,
As the brooks together run.

As the good natured epistle that follows is brief, as well as sprightly, we shall allow it to speak for itself:

LETTER TO MINERS.

San Francisco, Dec. 15, '59.

My Dear Brothers: —

The sweet summer months are passed again, and we have not spoken to each for such a long, long time, I almost fear that you've forgotten little sister May. So soon? But I have not forgotten you, and the old *Magazine* is still one of my best friends, because it speaks so kindly of you.

Do you wish to know where I've been? Well, I'll tell. You are acquainted with "Bessie," who writes so sweetly, are you not? I visited her during the summer. She lives in a little fairy cage, just fit for two such wild birds as she and I were. You remember some gentleman writing to the "*Golden Era*" and saying that "Bessie" had such *a grave-yard kind of a face*, and was never known to smile. *Wall!* if I didn't laugh! Guess he saw the wrong lady. Wish I could peep in her face now, and say, "*look in my roguish eyes, Bessie!*" just to see her spring up and laugh. Why, we skipped through the flowers, and under the grape and rose covered bowers, like mad-caps. And then such romps, and jokes, and joyous laughs, and songs, and flowers! Dear me! Guess I'd know a *grave face* sooner than most persons!—couldn't live a week where there is such a preventive to mirth. Bessie's nothing but a fun-loving girl, in disposition. When that gentleman comes where I am, I'll just draw my round cheeks down in the shape of an angle, and look as though I had no friends. Wouldn't his description of me be funny enough. If he should, he had better recollect that I have a great many *big brothers* in the mountains, who, I'm sure, would take my part. How could Bessie be unhappy, with such a home, with its thousands of roses, and fruit trees, and birds?

Whilst I was there, every morning a bird came and sang on a rose bush over my window, at dawn. Bless its sweet song! the music is yet in my heart. Thus do these soothing minstrels contribute to our happiness.

I hope that you are very happy, brothers, and that success may come from your honorable labor. Do not forget me, and remember that you have at least one friend in San Francisco.

Where are those brothers who used to write me, Joe and Frank, or Doings? Have they gone away?

Best wishes—best love, and good night, from yours, affectionately,

Sister May.

The Fashions.

Head Dresses.

There never was a time when head dresses were as much worn as they are now. No woman of fashion is seen without them at any hour of the day; nor is this article confined to the simplicity of construction and material, either in quantity or quality, as has often been the governing principle heretofore. Capes are considered the most distingué ornaments, and many of them, on account of the trimming, cost as much as the dress bonnet, and require nearly as large a base to hold them, but as this article of dress admits of more variation from established rules than any other, every milliner will understand as much from the hints above given as is required for practical purposes.

Bonnets,

Are very useful as well as stylish this

winter, and the tendency to droop the crown less, adds still more to comfort. Velvet, mixed with white chip, and even tulle are very fashionable,

Dresses.

The tight sleeve is most assuredly more stylish and fashionable for promenade and morning dresses than any other; they are not made so very tight to the arm as when they were in fashion in 1848, and have been adopted very readily, not only for the sake of change, but for the merit they have of being warm. The waists, most of them, are plain and high, laced in the back; bows and rosettes down the whole front of the dress where the skirt is plain, have a charming effect, especially for the new style of woolen material, with silk stripes or ribs. We have not space for more this time on the subject of fashion, unless to remark, that with all our heart, as with our best wishes and feelings for your welfare and prosperity, we waft all our dear readers a "Happy New Year's" greeting, and should there be amongst you any who are in want of such articles as cannot be procured in the "mountain towns," we offer our services (gratis) should you consider our taste a criterion for you, from a bridal suit to a plum cake: direct to Fashion Department of Hutchings' California Magazine.

Monthly Record of Current Events.

Thanksgiving Day, Nov. 24th, was generally observed throughout the State.

Three distinct shocks of an earthquake were felt in this city, between 7½ and 8 o'clock on Sunday evening, Nov. 27th.

The Sonora arrived, Nov. 27th, from Panama, with 1047 passengers and 1012 packages of merchandise.

On the 30th Nov. the Uncle Sam arrived with 735 passengers and the U. S. mails.

The Orizaba sailed Nov. 30th, instead of the 21st—owing to her detention at Panama, and consequent late arrival in this port—with 113 passengers.

On the 1st ult. the wages of the laborers on the Government works at Fort Point, were reduced to $1 90 per day.

A rich decayed quartz vein, of small size, was struck by Indians on the ridge between Hunt and Murphy's Gulches, Calaveras county. It paid as high as $30 to $40 per pan.

Elbridge Gerry Paige, the large-hearted and gifted author of the deservedly famous "Patent Sermons," most of which were originally published in the *Golden Era*, under the *nom de plume* of "Dow, Jr.," breathed his last on the evening of the 4th ult.

The Golden Gate and Uncle Sam steamships sailed for Panama on the 5th ult.; the former with 352 passengers and $1,409,821 in treasure; and the latter with 493 passengers, the U. S. mails, and $73,520 in treasure.

The Collector of the Port of San Francisco confiscated 148¼ carats weight of smuggled diamonds, and which were sold at auction for $46 50 per carat.

Hay is selling at $80 per ton in Trinity; and at $100 per ton in El Dorado county.

The San Francisco Branch Mint closed on the 9th ult., for the purpose of making its customary annual settlement.

An extensive lead mine has been discovered on a tributary of Carson River, near Virginia City.

On the 10th ult. an election was held for Senator, in and for the city and county of San Francisco and San Mateo, when the following votes were polled: for Peachy, 3,178; Hathaway, 1,892; Pierson, 1,401.

Col. J. J. Musser was elected delegate to a seat in Congress from Nevada Territory, vacant by the death of Hon. James M. Crane.

Two Russian steam corvettes, the "Novick," Fedoosky, and "Rynda," Andruf, arrived in our harbor, Nov. 11th, from Hakodadi, Japan. They each carry 10 guns, 14 officers, and 163 men.

The Golden Age arrived from Panama on the 12th ult. with 953 passengers and 1264 packages of freight. Time made was 20 days and 16 hours, from New York to San Francisco—the quickest on record.

On the 14th the Orizaba arrived, with 540 passengers, the U. S. mails, and 300 packages of freight.

Nearly 500 Pitt River, Hat Creek, and Sierra Indian prisoners, captured by Gen. Kibbe, passed through this city on their way to the Mendocino Indian Reservation.

At the close of the annual examination of the San Francisco High School, on the 14th ult., the following scholars formed *the first graduating class*, in the public schools on the Pacific:—Misses, Adelia B. Kimball, Virginia R. Rabe, Mary Casebolt, and Emma J. Swasey; Masters, David R. McKee, Patrick Barry, Frederick Elliott, John Carroll, James R. Estill, Henry Gibbons, Jr., and Robert Wilson.

The new California built war steamer, Saginaw—the first ever built here—made

her trial trip on the 15th ult., and with fifteen pounds of steam sailed twelve miles per hour.

Collections in the various churches of this city, for the Protestant Orphan Asylum, were made on the 11th and 18th ult., amounting to $1,146.

The price of a through passage to New York, on the Sonora, was, 1st cabin, $132; second, $107 70; steerage, $47 50, on the 20th ult. By the Orizaba, promenade deck, $137 50; saloon, $107; steerage, $49 50. The former carried away 253 passengers and $1,812,536, and the latter, 208 passengers, $25,000 treasure, and the U. S. Mails.

Editor's Table.

"A MERRY Christmas to you! 'God bless you!" But merry Christmas has come and gone, you say, and brought with it holy recollections of home, and friends; and carried with it many fond hopes of the future! How many a lonely cabin, half buried in the snows of the Sierras, was lighted up with memories of homes far away; and how many hearts were made glad as they gathered around the happy firesides, on the other slope of the continent, and turned fondly to the golden land, breathing fervent prayers for the safety of some wandering father, or son, or brother?

"A happy New Year!" to one and all, we give from our heart's holiest thoughts and prayers. There is no phrase in the English language more musical than this, when it falls from the lips of those who love us? The music of a well known voice is sweeter than the whisperings of an Æolian; and when the greeting comes from even passing acquaintances, it sends a glow over the affections, quickens our sympathies, makes our hearts lighter, and our smiles more cheerful, and strengthens the ties which unite us to our fellow mortals, who, with us, are drifting down the stream of time.

Even the stranger's voice falls pleasantly upon the ear at such a time. Fortunate is it for us, that, in this country of hurry, excitement, anxiety, reverses, and restless changes, we have the holidays—seasons of relaxation for the overtaxed brain—loopholes of escape from the tollsome round of daily life, when the mind can forget the bitterness of disappointment, and the heart go forth to pluck the flowers of friendship, and from our souls we thank God for it.

"A happy New Year!" How many pleasant memories does the wish awaken, how many familiar faces does it call up from the mists of the past. The old years die, but the *joys* they gave us—their loves, their hopes, their cherished hours—are ours forever. They never die. The happiest moments of our lives, live through all eternity.

"A happy New Year!" Our Chair becomes a sledge, and at the merry jingle of the sleigh bells, away we are dashing across the Sierras and the Rocky Mountains, and the broad plains, faster than ever the Esquimaux dogs dashed over the snows of Greenland with Dr. Kane. Away we go, under those wintry skies, where the old year has been wrapped in a shroud of snow, and consigned to the fetters of an icy tomb. The storm-winds of the North howl his death dirge, and Nature's tears are frozen in icicles over his grave. Far behind us, the mild breezes of the South and West, even to the Pacific, are softly sighing his requiem, and the New Year is strewing flowers over his tomb. There, the New Year comes like a blushing maiden, with sunny smiles and airy step; but, over those granite hills of the East, a lusty youth, full of vigor, bounding over deep snows, laughing at the biting frosts, and gliding over the sealed rivers and congealed lakes. The merry music of the sleigh-bells is welcoming in the New Year, and light sledges are chasing the frosty hours over the hills and through the vallies. It is a star light winter evening: the air is clear as a bell; Orion, the Pleiades, Ursa Major, come trooping up the heavens, their bright eyes trembling with delight; the hard

beaten road is of dazzling whiteness; the snow groans and rumbles beneath the runners; and a snug sleigh, silver bells, warm buffalo robes, a muff encasing a pair of hands, whose touch is like an electrical machine; a snug hood, barely revealing cheeks upon which the warm blood blushes and glows like the Northern Lights flashing over the skies, and a voice more musical than ten thousand strings of sleigh-bells, and more than all to think—oh! here we go plunging into a snow bank!

"A happy New Year!" Ye of the frozen North and sunny South, turn back and read if Christmas memories touch any old heart-chord of love and sympathy. May the New Year come to each like those pleasant memories of the past, and when it shall depart, may its memories be treasured up with delight in the casket of the heart. Ye you are happy, may you all be happier still. Ye who have known disappointment, who have seen the brilliant hopes of youth fade away into viewless air, who are sick at heart when you look to the future, may God give you the strength you need. Ye who feel that your life is slowly ebbing away, that the New Years of the future will be few, that ye must leave this beautiful world, with your life half lived; ye who lie awake at night and only pray to God to take you home where the throbbing heart shall cease to pain, gather your thoughts about you, and learn to die like men. The years of destiny shall open to you a nobler life. Let us all love each other more, and thank God for another "Happy New Year."

The annual examination of the public schools, in all the principal towns and cities of the State, was held from the first to the fifteenth of the past month; and by the reports received, must have given general satisfaction. Those of this city were thoroughly conducted by various examining committees of the Board of Education, and although scrutinizing care and great impartiality were manifest, the pupils, as a whole, acquitted themselves with laudable proficiency. The article on schools, in our last number, will give the statistics.

That of the High School, which was continued for four days, was particularly interesting, not only from the gratifying success of the students in the numerous and difficult branches that form the course of this institution, but from the fact that eleven of the class that entered three years ago, graduated and received their diplomas; being the first class of graduates from the Public Schools on the Pacific coast. On this occasion, each of the graduates read or delivered an original composition, that would have done credit to the students of colleges, of greater age, with much more lofty pretensions. The teachers of all the public schools of the city closed the arduous labors of the session by a joyous social réunion at Musical Hall; and the students of the High School gave a select, though large, private subscription party, in Turn Verein Hall, at the end of the examination. Both were well calculated to unite each other in a closer bond of union.

While upon the subject of schools, we wish to call the attention of the Board of Education to the lamentable deficiency of a large majority of the pupils, in the beautiful and useful art of caligraphy; for while it is matter of proud congratulation that nearly all of the "higher branches" are well taught and studied, but few can write a passably decent hand. This is much to be regretted, and should be promptly corrected. We would also suggest, that with one or two happy exceptions, the *physical education* of both sexes is not sufficiently cultivated; although we presume the Board admit that a well-developed and healthy body is essential to the possession of a clear and vigorous mind, and is, moreover, one of the best assistant teachers they can employ.

To Contributors and Correspondents.

G.—Next month.

T. B. P.—Send us something that will make the heart beat quicker, nobler and better, then we will publish it and thank you.

C. M.—The present American flag originated in a resolution of Congress, passed June 13th, 1777; "That the flag of the thirteen United States be thirteen stripes, alternately red and white; that the Union be thirteen stars, white, in a blue field, representing a new constellation."

A. W.—Certainly, with pleasure.

T. M.—We should think as much; but if it cost you no trouble to write, (which admission is not very complimentary,) we regret that we cannot say as much for the reading of it, or in the attempt to discover any portion of that excellence which you mention. Declined.

S. J.—Give us your ☞ We take delight in welcoming an earnest and large-souled thinker back again to our columns. A corner is always, and most cordially, at your disposal.

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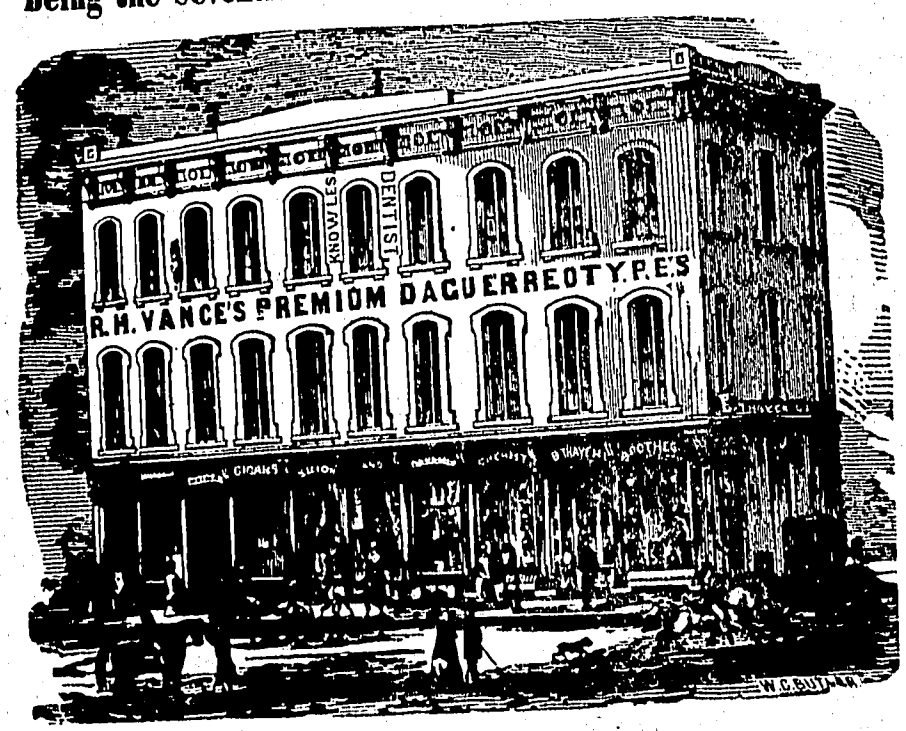

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